



Discovering Identity Amidst Diversity

BatStateU Learning Module

BRUNEI | CAMBODIA | INDONESIA | LAOS | MALAYSIA | MYANMAR | PHILIPPINES | SINGAPORE | THAILAND | VIETNAM

Cristina G. Geron | Richard M. Bañez | Elaine Noreen G. Baxa



Foreword

Literature has no boundaries. It is from anywhere, anytime, and any age.

This instructional material tries to bind together people and culture of ASEAN countries in the hope that this becomes an instrument to orient the people of the diversity and similarities of member countries. This becomes the basis of now students and future professionals and technicians to deal and adapt to the ASEAN environment. This minimizes the possible barriers in business, education, engineering, and other trades. This may also encourage collaboration and cooperation among member countries. This may include academic update, economic growth, and trade facilitation. This also considers peace and stability of the members.

Moreover, as communication to neighboring countries is at the click of the finger, learning language and culture through this instructional material adds confidence in communicating with neighboring countries.

This instructional material includes the basic member countries like Philippines, Vietnam, Brunei, Myanmar, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, Singapore, Indonesia and Malaysia. Each country showcases important pieces of literature.

Every piece is considered a lesson. Activities are done before reading the piece. These are to set the context of each piece for a better understanding. The traditional vocabulary building is dealt with to ensure better perusal of the piece. Various techniques may be used to enhance student vocabulary. New and important words and expressions are lifted from the text. Language use is enhanced through this vocabulary building. Added are motive questions or guides while reading.

After Reading Activities do not only deal with the readers' understanding but also analyzing to figure out matters on culture, values, and craftsmanship of the authors. These make use of the readers' higher order thinking skills which may help them in dealing with various situations.

This instructional material attempts to make the readers creative. Every lesson has creative activity using skills and language learned. It may be individual, dyadic or group.

In addition, each lesson poses On A Personal Note activity making the readers express more their ideas on the focus of each piece of literature. Technology is used in publishing individual output. This aims to make the learners express with basis and to have more sensible ideas.

In capsule, this material is an attempt to make the learners read, think, express, create, appreciate, and connect to the neighboring countries in the region. This makes them know no boundaries in learning and in trade.

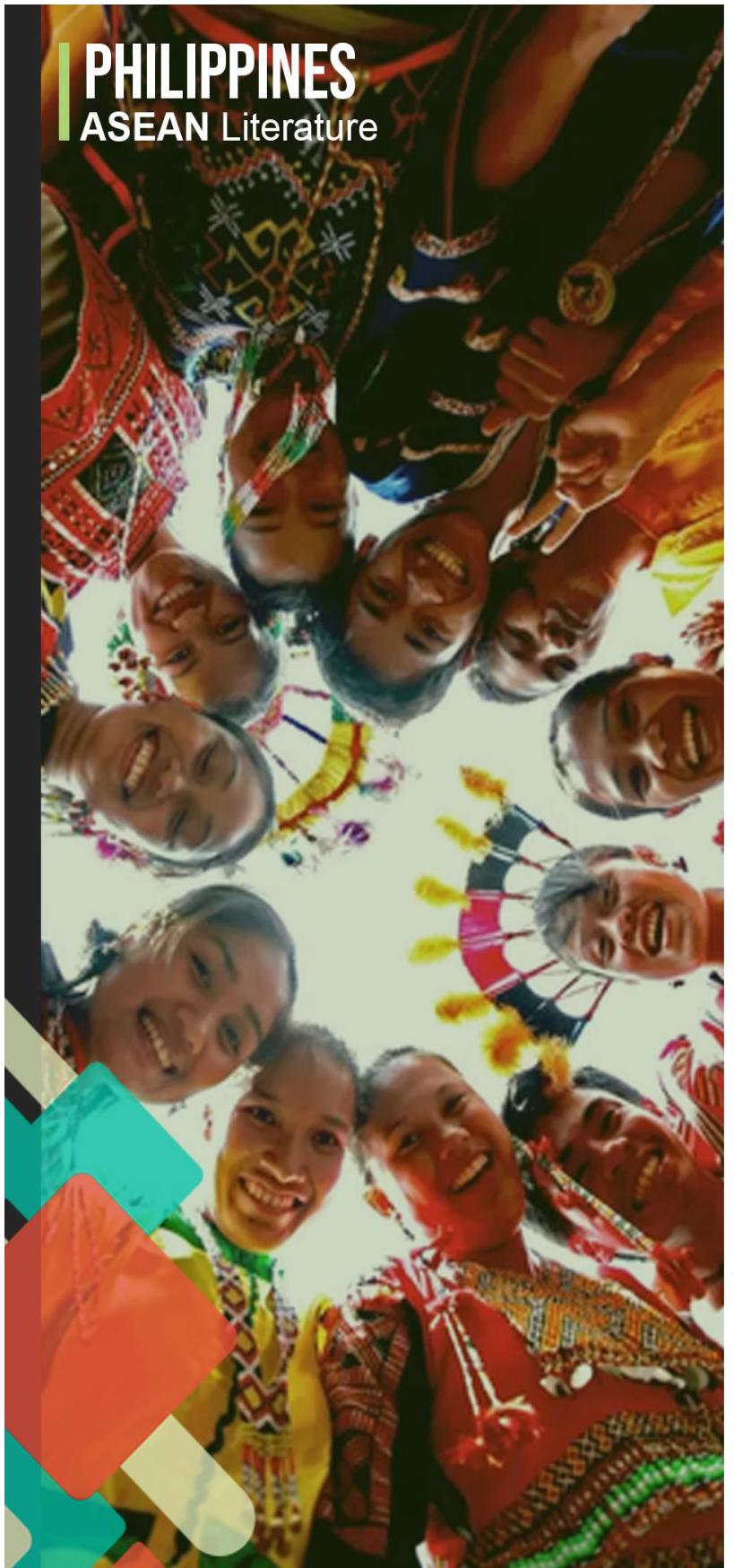


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LEARNING MODULE

Batangas State University



Philippines



Fiction 1

Objectives

- A. Discuss the theme of the fiction based on experience.
- B. Compare the language used in the fiction and the present language.
- C. Talk about the emotions given by the fiction.
- D. Criticize characters' roles, values, and abilities.
- E. Create performing art from the theme of the fiction.
- F. Write commentary on women's roles.

Pre-reading Activity

Teen-agers are fond of name-calling. They do it to everyone and teachers are not exceptions to this. Share to class the names you have given your teachers. Do not give the real name or identity of the teacher. Tell also why you have given the name.

Vocabulary at Work

Say something about these Filipino words.

malirip
naulinig
kariktan

agam-agam
kandungan

napatda
magmasid



While Reading

Why did her students call her Mabuti?

Si Mabuti

Ni
Genoveva Edroza-Matute

Hindi ko siya nakikita ngayon. Ngunit sinasabi nilang naroroon pa siya sa dating pinagtuturan, sa walang pintang paaralang una kong kinakitaan ng sa kanya. Sa isa sa mga lumang silid sa ikalawang palapag, sa itaas ng lumang hagdang umiingit sa bawat hakbang, doon sa kung manunungaw ay matatanaw ang maitim na tubig ng isang estero.

Naroon pa siya't nagtuturo ng mga kaalamang pang-aklat, at bumubuhay ng isang uri ng karunungan sa kanya ko lamang natutuhan. Lagi ko siyang inuugnay sa kariktan ng buhay. Saan man sa kagandahan; sa tanawin, sa isang isipan o sa isang tunog kaya, nakikita ko siya at ako'y lumiligaya. Ngunit walang anumang maganda sa kanyang anyo. at sa kanyang buhay. Siya ay isa sa mga pangkaraniwang guro noon. Walang sinumang nag-ukol sa kanya ng pansi. Mula sa pananamit hanggang sa paraan ng pagdadala niya ng mga pananagutan sa paaralan, walang masasabing anumang pangkaraniwan sa kanya. Siya'y tinatawag naming lahat na si Mabuti kung siya'y nakatalikod. Ang salitang iyon ang simula ng halos lahat ng kanyang pagsasalita. Iyon ang mga pumalit sa mga salitang hindi nya maalala kung minsan, at nagging pamuno sa mga sandaling pag-aalanganin.

Sa isang paraang alirip, iyon ay nagging salaminan ng uri ng paniniwala sa buhay. "Mabuti," ang sasabihin niya, "ngayo'y magsisimula tayo sa araling ito. Mabuti nama't umabot tayo sa bahaging ito. Mabuti, Mabuti!" Hindi ako kailanman magtatapat sa kanya ng anuman kung di lamang nahuli niya akong lumuluha nang hapong iyon, iniluha ng bata kong puso ang pambata ring suliranin.

Noo'y magtakipsilim na at maliban sa pabugso-bugsong hiyawan ng mga nagsisipanood sa pagsasanay ng mga manlalaro ng paaralan, ang buong paligid ay tahimik na. Sa isang tagong sulok ng silid-aklatan, pinilit kong lutasin ang aking suliranin sa pagluha. Doon niya ako natagpuan. "Mabuti't may tao pala rito," wika niyang ikinukubli ang pag-aagam-agam sa narinig. "Tila may suliranin, mabuti sana kung makakatulong ako." Ibig kong tumakas sa kanya at huwag nang bumalik pa kailanman. Sa bata kong isipan, ay ibinilang kong kahihiiyan at kababaan ang pagkikita pa naming muli sa hinaharap, pagkikitang magbabalik sa gunita ng hapong iyon. Ngunit, hindi ako makakilos sa sinabi niya pagkatapos. Napatda ako na napaupong bigla sa katapat na luklukan. "Hindi ko alam na may tao rito . . . naparito ako upang umiyak din." Hindi ako nakapangusap sa katapatang naulinig ko sa kanyang tinig. Nakababa ang kanyang paningin sa aking kandungan. Maya-maya pa'y nakita ko ang bahagyang ngiti sa kanyang labi. Tinanganan niya ang aking mga kamay at narinig ko na lamang ang tinig sa pagtatapat sa suliranin sa palagay ko noo'y siyang pinakamabigat. Nakinig siya sa akin, at ngayon, sa paglingon ko sa pangyayaring iyo'y nagtataka ako kung paanong napigil niya ang paghalakhak sa gayong kamusmos na bagay. Ngunit siya'y nakinig nang buong pagkaunawa, at alam ko na ang pagmamalasakit niya'y tunay na matapat. Lumabas kaming magkasabay sa paaralan. Ang panukalang naghihiwalay sa amin ay natatanaw na ng bigla kong makaalala. "Siyanga pala, Ma'am, kayo? Kayo nga pala? Ano ho iyong ipinunta ninyo sa sulok na iyon na iniiyakan ko?" Tumawa siya



nang marahan at inulit ang mga salitang iyon; "ang sulok na iyon na . . . iniiyakan natin. . . nating dalawa." Nawala ang marahang halakhak sa kanyang tinig: "Sana'y masabi ko sa iyo, ngunit ang suliranin. . . kailanman. Ang ibig kong sabihin ay . . . maging higit na mabuti sana sa iyo ang . . . buhay."

Si Mabuti'y naging isang bagong nilikha sa akin mula nang araw na iyon. Sa pagsasalita niya mula sa hapag, pagtatanong, sumagot, sa pagngiti niyang mabagal at mahihiyain niyang mga ngiti sa amin, sa pagkalim ng kunot sa noo niya sa kanyang pagkayamot, naririnig kong muli ang mga yabag na palapit sa sulok na iyon ng silid-aklutan. Ang sulok na iyon. . . "Iniiyakan natin," ang sinabi niya nang hapong iyon. At habang tumatagting sa silid namin ang kanyang tinig sa pagtuturo'y hinuhulaan ko ang dahilan o mga dahilan ng pagtungo niya sa sulok na iyon ng silid-aklutan. Hinuhulaan ko kung nagtutungo pa siya roon, sa aming sulok na iyong. . . aming dalawa. At sapagkat natuklasan ko ang katotohanang iyon tungkol sa kanya, nagsimula akong magmasid, maghintay ng mga bakas ng kapaitan sa kanyang mga sinsabi. Ngunit, sa tuwina, kasayahan, pananalig, pag-asa ang taglay niya sa aming silid-aran. Pinuno nya ng maririkit na guni-guni an gaming isipan at ng mga tunog ang aming mga pandinig at natutuhan naming unti-unti ang kagandahan ng buhay.

Bawat aralin namin sa panitikan ay naging isang pagtighaw sa kauhawan naming sa kagandahan at ako'y humanga. Wala iyon doon kanina, ang masasabi ko sa aking sarili pagkatapos na maipadama niya sa amin ang kagandahan ng buhay sa aming aralin. At hindi naging akin ang pagtuklas na ito sa kariktan kundi pagkatapos lamang ng pangyayaring iyon sa silid-aklutan. Ang pananalig niya sa kalooban ng Maykapal, sa sangkatauhan, sa lahat na, isa sa mga pinakamatibay na aking nakilala. Nakasasaling ng damdamin. Marahil, ang pananalig niyang iyon ang nagpakita sa kanya ng kagandahan sa mga bagay na karaniwan na lamang sa amin ay walang kabuluhan. Hindi siya bumabanggit ng anuman tungkol sa kanyang sarili sa buong panahon ng pag-aaral namin sa kanya, Ngunit bumabanggit siya tungkol sa kanyang anak na babae, sa tangi niyang anak. . . nang paulit-ulit. Hindi rin siya bumabanggit sa amin kailanman tungkol sa ama ng batang iyon. Ngunit, dalawa sa mga kamag-aran namin ang nakababatid na siya'y hindi balo. Walang pag-aalinlangan ang lahat ng bagay at pangarap niyang maririkit ay nakapaligid sa batang iyon. Isinalaysay niya sa amin ang katabilan niyon. Ang paglaki ng mga pangarap niyon, ang nabubuong layunin niyon niyang baka siya ay hindi umabot sa matatayog na pangarap ng kanyang anak. Maliban sa iilan sa aming pangkat, paulit-ulit niyang pagbanggit sa kanyang anak ay iiisa lamang sa mga bagay na "pinagtitiisang" pakinggan sapagkat walang paraang maiwasan iyon. Sa akin, ang bawat pagbanggit niyon ay nagkakaroon ng kahulugan sapagkat noon pa man ay nabubuo na sa aking isipan ang isang hinala.

Sa kanyang magandang salaysay, ay nalalaman ang tungkol sa kaarawan ng kanyang anak, ang bagong kasuotan niyong may malaking lasong pula sa baywang, ang mga kaibigan niyong mga bata rin, ang kanilang mga handog. Ang anak niya'y anim na taong gulang na. Sa susunod na taon niya'y magsisimula na iyong mag-aran. At ibig ng guro naming maging manggagamot ang kanyang anak at isang mabuting manggagamot. Nasa bahaging iyon ang pagsasalita ng aming guro nang isang bata sa aking likuran ang bumulong: "Gaya ng kanyang ama!" Narinig ng aming guro ang sinabing iyon ng batang lalaki. At siya'y nagsalita. "Oo, gaya ng kanyang ama," ang wika niya. Ngunit tumakas ang dugo sa kanyang mukha habang sumisilay ang isang pilit na ngiti sa kanyang labi. Iyon ang una at huling pagbanggit sa aming klase ang tungkol sa ama ng batang may kaarawan. Matitiyak ko noong may isang bagay ngang mali siya sa buhay niya. Mali siya nang ganoon na lamang.

At habang nakaupo ako sa aking luklukan, may dalawang dipa lamang ang layo sa kanya, kumirot ang puso ko sa pagnanasang lumapit sa kanya, tanganan ang kanyang mga kamay gaya ng ginawa niya nang hapong iyon sa sulok ng silid-aklutan, at hilingin magbukas ng dibdib sa akin. Marahil, makagagaan sa kanyang damdamin kung may mapagtatapatan siyang isang tao man lamang. Ngunit, ito ang sumupil sa pagnanasa kong yaon; ang mga kamag-aran kong nakikinig ng walang anumang



malasakit sa kanyang sinasabing, "Oo, gaya ng kanyang ama," habang tumatakas ang dugo sa kanyang mukha. Pagkatapos, may sinabi siyang hindi ko makakalimutan kailanman. Tiningnan niya ako ng buong tapang na pinipigil ang pagnginig ng mga labi at sinabi ang ganito:

"Mabuti.. mabuti gaya ng sasabihin nitong iyon lamang nakararanas ng mga lihim na kalungkutan ang maaaring makakilala ng mga lihim na kaligayahan."

"Mabuti, at ngayon, magsimula sa ating aralin". Natiyak ko noon, gaya ng pagkakatiyak ko ngayon na hindi akin ang pangungusap na iyon, nadama kong siya at ako ay iisa. At kami ay bahagi ng mga nilalang na sapagkat nakaranas ng mgan lihim na kalungkutan ay nakakilala ng mga lihim na kaligayahan. At minsan pa, nang umagang iyon, habang unti-unting bumabalik ang dating kulay ng mukha niya, muli niyang ipinamalas sa amin ang mga natatagong kagandahan sa aralin namin sa panitikan. Ang kariktan ng katapangan; ang kariktan ng pagpapatuloy anuman ang kulay ng buhay. At ngayon, ilang araw lamang ang nakararaan buhat nang mabalitaan ko ang tungkol sa pagpanaw ng manggagamot na iyon. Ang ama ng batang iyon marahil ay magiging isang manggagamot din balang araw, ay namatay at naburol ng dalawang gabi at dalawang araw sa isang bahay na hindi siyang tirahan ni Mabuti at ng kanyang anak. At naunawaan ko ang lahat. Sa hubad na katotohanan niyon at sa buong kalupitan niyon ay naunawaan ko ang lahat.

After Reading

- Narration:
1. Who is telling the story?
 2. What point of view is used?
 3. Why is she telling the story?
 4. How is the story told? What technique is used?
 5. What do you think if the story is told in another perspective?

An author uses narrative conventions in writing fictions. They are the techniques used by the author in making meaning in the fiction. These may be particular to characters, development of plot, settings, point-of-view, or style.

With regard to plot convention, it has a number of techniques. These are backstory, tells the events of the story that happen before the present story; Chekhov's gun, tells of an inherent object inserted in the narrative; in medias res, narration that starts at the middle of the story; narrative hook, tells a catchy story opening to hook the attention of the readers; story within a story or hypodiegesis, tells a story within a story; deus-ex-Machina, tells a good character in a bad situation ensures character wins with an unexpected or implausible used to resolve the situation; plot twist, tells a surprise ending; poetic justice, tells a reward to the good characters and punishes the bad characters; cliffhanger, tells an abrupt ending which places the main characters in a perilous situation with no resolution; flashback, tells an interjected scene of the story that takes it back in time from the current point in the story and often used to tell the events that happened before another important event; flash forward tells a scene that takes the narrative to a future time from the current point of the story ; foreshadowing, indicates or hints something is coming in the latter part of the story.



Point-of-view is a narrative convention which tells from whose perspective is the story told. It may be a character, first person point-of view; third person narrator, telling the story by an impersonal narrator not affected by story situations; and unreliable narrator, telling the story by an insincere narrator, misleading the readers; stream of consciousness, exposing the character's mind to the readers through his monologue; audience surrogate, character who expresses queries or agitations which are the same questions that readers would ask.

Another convention is style. There are also a number of techniques under this convention. Figures of speech like hyperbole, metonymy, euphemism, oxymoron, and many more are style techniques. Pathos or emotional appeal is another style technique used to inspire or pity a character.

In addition to these techniques for style are sensory detail, which forms mental images of scenes using descriptive words; Leitwortstil, which repeats on purpose the words that usually express a motif or theme important to the story; dramatic visualization, which presents an object or character with much description or gestures and dialogues making scenes vivid for the audience.

Theme:

1. What reality of life is shown in the story?
2. Which parts of the story reveal this?
3. If you were Mabuti, how will you react to people's negative comments to you?
4. If you knew your teacher's secret, will you react the same as the student who said "Gaya ng kanyang ama?"
5. If you were Mabuti, how will you respond to this reaction?

The theme of the story is the underlying message or the central idea. It is about life that the author is conveying in the story which is universal in nature. It is about human experience.

Short stories often have one theme. The theme is entwined in the story which is reflected in the characters' words and actions, events, and other elements. The reader can ask himself the following to get the theme:

What is the author trying to convey in the characters and events of the fiction?

What are the key phrases or sentences? Repeating symbols or motifs is a writer's way of revealing the theme.

What's the big idea - love, hate, war, passion, peace, friendship, crime ?

Does the title suggest the theme?

What does the story tell about human life?



Emotional Appeal:

1. How did you feel while reading?
2. Read the story parts that make you feel that way.
3. What are in these line that make you feel that way?

Emotional appeal moves the emotion of the reader or audience. It is a way or method used by the author to create emotional response among his reader or audience.

Persuasive writing is used. The language should sway the emotion to convince the readers. The author fills more emotional content with descriptive details to make the readers feel the scene.

Metaphor or simile is often used to create comparison to feel the connection in the story.

Authors show emotional scenes rather than telling, making characters sympathetic or unsympathetic, using words which can greatly affect reader emotions, turning the story in an unexpected direction, and using details to mire readers in the reality of the scene.

Literary Approach: Feminism

1. Is Matute's creation of Mabuti moral?
2. Comment on Mabuti's support to her daughter's dream of becoming a doctor.
3. Does Matute elevate or not women's role in society through Mabuti?

Feminism uplifts women goals by defining and establishing equality in the family, civil, social, political, and economic arena. Feminist literature is often associated with literary pieces written by women that deal with women in the society. It also involves characters or ideas which chide the common gender norms dominated with masculinity. This approach gives an impact to the voice of women.

New Historicism

1. What expressions in the story tell you this story was written long time ago?
2. Is the case of Mabuti still present in schools?
3. If you were an owner of a school, will you hire a teacher like her?

New Historicism deals with the cultural context during the writing of the piece of literature. This approach interprets literature for its meaning or idea in a particular socio-historical atmosphere. It needs an understanding of the author's milieu and the cultural context during its production.



Creating With Them

Students bring songs with lyrics which they think have the same theme like the story or songs which represent the story.

Students are grouped and exchange ideas to which song can best represent the story as to its theme.

Each group presents a dance number using the song.

Each group briefly explains the choice of song and the steps in the dance.

On A Personal Note

Have a short write up about Mabuti as a woman. Send your work to the teacher through messenger.



Fiction 2

Objectives

- A. Give the fiction a satisfying ending.
- B. Expose the era of the fiction.
- C. Justify the focus of the fiction.
- D. Evaluate the acts of the characters.
- E. Compare Philippine society then and now

Pre-reading Activity

Have three pairs in front.

Stick them together using packaging tape round their arms and calves (one side only).

Have them tour the classroom in bondage.

Ask them to free themselves in front without scissors, cutters, and knives.

Interview

1. Was it good to be in bondage?
2. If you were not freed, what will you do?
3. Give the moral lesson of the experience.

Vocabulary at Work

paulik-ulik
tinungkod
naembargo

istaked
propitaryo

cabesa
lilik

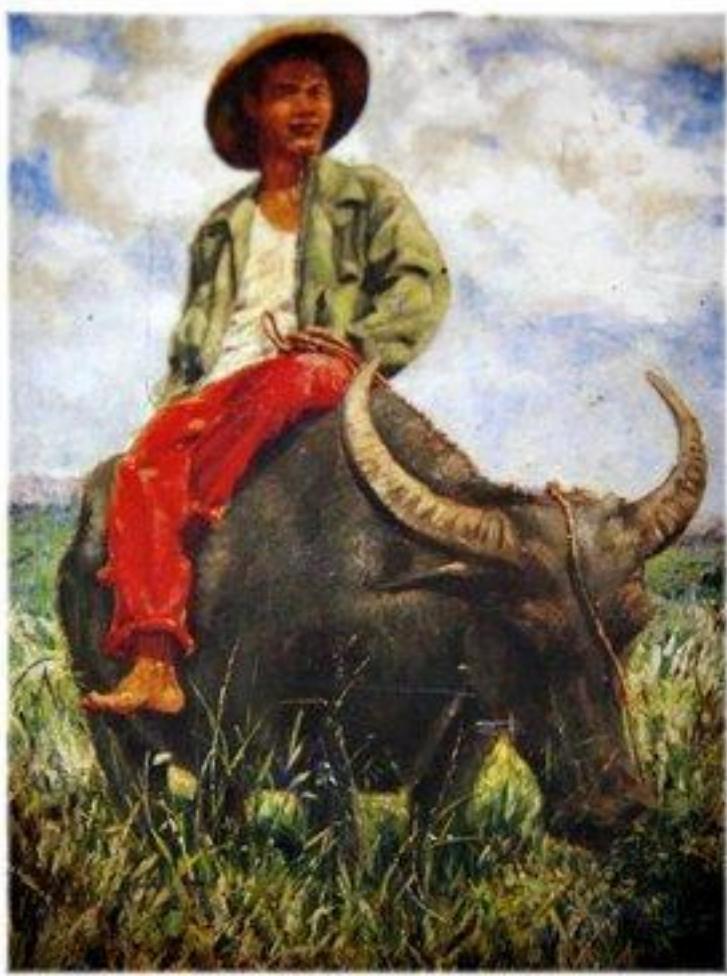
While Reading

Do you pity Tata Selo or not?

Tata Selo
ni
Rogelio Sikat

Maliit lamang sa simula ang kalumpon ng taong nasa bakuran ng munisipyo, ngunit ng tumaas ang araw, at kumalat na ang balitang tinaga at napatay si Kabesang Tano, ay napuno na ang bakuran ng bahay-pamahalaan.

Naggitgitan ang mga tao, nagsiksikan, nagtutulakan, bawat isa'y naghahangan makalapit sa istaked.



“Totoo ba, Tata Selo?”

“Binawi niya ang aking saka kaya tinaga ko siya.”

Nasa loob ng istaked si Tata Selo. Mahigpit na nakahawak sa rehas. May nakaalsang putok sa noo. Nakasungaw ang luha sa malabo at tila lagi nang may inaaninaw na mata. Kupas ang gris niyang suot, may mga tagpi na ang siko at paypay. Ang kutod niyang yari sa matibay na supot ng asin ay may bahid ng natuyong putik. Nasa harap niya at kausap ang isang magbubukid ang kanyang kahangga, na isa sa nakalusot sa mga pulis na sumasawata sa nagkakagulong tao. “Hindi ko ho mapaniwalaan, Tata Selo,” umiiling na wika ng kanyang kahangga, “talagang hindi ko ho mapaniwalaan.”

Hinaplus-haplos ni tata Selo ang ga-daliri at natuyuan na ng dugong putok sa noo. Sa kanyang harapan, di kalayuan sa istaked, ipinagtitilakan ng mga pulis ang

mga taong ibig makakita sa kanya. Mainit ang Sikat ng araw na tumatama sa mga ito, walang humihihip na hangin at sa kanilang ulunan ay nakalutang ang nagsasalisod na alikabok.

“Bakit niya babawiin ang saka?” tanong ng Tata Selo. “Dinaya ko na ba siya sa partihan? Tinuso ko na ba siya? Siya ang may-ari ng lupa at kasama lang niya ako. Hindi ba’t kaya maraming nagagalit sa akin ay dahil sa ayaw kong magpamigay ng kahit isang pinangko kung anihan?” Hindi pa rin umalis sa harap ng istaked si Tata Selo. Nakahawak pa rin siya sa rehas. Nakatingin siya sa labas ngunit wala siyang sino mang tinitingnan.

Hindi mo na sana tinaga ang Kabesa,” anang binatang anak ng pinakamayamang propitario sa San Roque, na tila isang magilas na pinunong bayan nakalalahad sa pagitan ng maraming tao sa istaked. Mataas ito, maputi, nakasalaming may kulay, at nakapamaywang habang naninigarilyo.

“Binabawi po niya ang aking saka,” sumbong ni Tata Selo. “Saan pa po ako pupunta kung wala na akong saka?”

Kumumpas ang binatang mayaman. “Hindi katwiran iyan para tagain mo ang Kabesa. Ari niya ang lupang sinasaka mo. Kung gusto ka niyang paalisin, mapapaalis ka niya anumang oras.” Halos lumabas ang mukha ni Tata Selo sa rehas.

“Ako po’y hindi ninyo nauunawaan,” nakatingala at nagpipilit ngumiting wika niya sa binatang



nagtapon ng sigarilyo at mariing tinapakan pagkatapos. “alam po ba ninyong dating amin ang lupang iyon? Naisangla lamang po nang magkasakit ang aking asawa, naembargo lamang po ng Kabesa. Pangarap ko pong bawiin ang lupang iyon kaya nga po ako hindi nagbibigay ng kahit isang pinangko kung anihan. Kung hindi ko na naman po mababawi, masasaka man lamang po nakikiusap po ako sa Kabesa kangina. ‘kung maaari po sana, ‘Besa’’, wika ko po, ‘kung maaari po sana, huwag naman po ninyo akong paalisin. Kaya ko pa pong magsaka, ‘Besa. Totoo pong ako’y matanda na, ngunit ako pa nama’y malakas pa.’ Ngunit...Ay! Tinungkod po niya ako nang tinungkod, Tingnan po n’yong putok sa aking noo, tingnan po ‘nyo.”

Dumukot ng sigarilyo ang binata. Nagsindi ito at pagkaraa’y tinalikuran si Tata Selo at lumapit sa isang pulis.

“Pa’no po ba’ng nangyari, Tata Selo?”

Sa pagkakahawak sa rehas, napabaling si Tata Selo. Nakita niya ang isang batang magbubukid na nakalapit sa istaked. Nangiti si Tata Selo. Narito ang isang magbubukid, anak-magbubukid na naniniwala sa kanya. Nakataas ang malapad na sumbrerong balanggot ng bata.

Nangungulintab ito, ang mga bisig at binti ay may halas. May sukbit itong lilik.

“Pinuntahan niya ako sa aking saka, amang,” paliwanag ni Tata Selo. “Doon ba sa may sangka. Pinalalis ako sa aking saka, ang wika’y iba na raw ang magsasaka. Nang makiusap ako’y tinungkod ako. Ay! Tinungkod ako, amang, nakikiusap ako sapagkat kung mawawalan ako ng saka ay saan pa ako pupunta?”

“Wala na nga kayong mapupuntahan, Tata Selo.”

Gumapang ang luha sa pisngi ni Tata Selo. Tahimik na nakatingin sa kanya ang bata.

“Patay po ba?”

Namuti ang mga kamao ni Tata Selo sa pagkakahawak sa rehas. Napadukmo siya sa balikat.

“Pa’no po niyan si Saling?” muling tanong ng bata. Tinutukoy nito ang maglalabimpitong anak ni Tata Selo na ulila na sa ina.

Katulong ito kina Kabesang Tano at kamakalawa lamang umuwi kay Tata Selo. “Pa’no po niyan si Saling?”

Lalong humigpit ang pagkakahawak ni Tata Selo sa rehas. Hindi pa nakakausap ng alkalde si Tata Selo. Mag-aalas-onse na nang dumating ito, kasama ang hepe ng pulis. Galing sila sa bahay ng kabesa. Abut-abot ang busina ng dyip na kinasaksayan ng dalawang upang mahawi ang hanggang noo’y di pa nag-aalisang tao.

Tumigil ang dyip sa di-kalayuan sa istaked.

“Patay po ba? Saan po ang taga?”

Naggitgitan at nagsiksikan ang mga pinagpawisang tao. Itinaas ng may-katabaang alkalde ang dalawang kamay upang payapain ang pagkakaingay. Nanulak ang malaking lalaking hepe.



“Saan po tinamaan?”

“Sa bibig.” Ipinasok ng alkalde ang kanang palad sa bibig, hinugot iyon at mariing ihinagod hanggang sa kanang punog tainga. “Lagas ang ngipin.”

Nagkagulo ang mga tao. Nagsigawan, nagsiksikan, naggitgitan, nagtulakan. Nanghataw ng batuta ang mga pulis. Ipinasya ng alkalde na ipalabas ng istaked si Tata Selo at dalhin sa kanyang tanggapan. Dalawang pulis ang kumuha kay Tata Selo sa istaked.

“Mabilanggo ka niyan, Tata Selo,” anang alkalde pagkapasok ni Tata Selo. Umupo si Tata Selo sa silyang nasa harap ng mesa. Nanginginig ang kamay ni Tata Selo nang ipatong niya iyon sa nasasalaminang mesa.

“Pa’no nga ba’ng nangyari?” kunot at galit na tanong ng alkalde. Matagal bago nakasagot si Tata Selo.

“Binawi po niya ang aking saka, Presidente,” wika ni Tata Selo. “Ayaw ko pong umalis doon. Dati pong amin ang lupang iyon, amin, po, Naisangla lamang po at naembargo—“

“Alam ko na iyan,” kumukupas at umiiling na putol ng nabubugnot na alkalde.

Lumunok si Tata Selo. Nang muli siyang tumingin sa presidente, may nakasungaw nang luha sa kanyang malalabo at tila lagi nang may inaaninaw na mata.

“Ako po naman, Presidente, ay malakas pa,” wika ni Tata Selo. “Kaya ko pa pong magsaka. Makatuwiran po bang paalisin ako? Malakas pa po naman ako, Presidente, malakas pa po.”

“Saan mo tinaga ang Kabesa?”

Matagal bago nakasagot si Tata Selo.

“Nasa may sangka po ako nang dumating ang Kabesa. Nagtatapal po ako ng pitas na pilapil. Alam ko pong pinanonood ako ng kabesa, kung kaya po naman pinagbuti ko ang paggawa, para malaman niyang ako po’y talagang malakas pa, kaya ko pa pong magsaka. Walang anu-anong po, tinawag niya ako at nang ako po’y lumapit, sinabi niyang makakaalis na ako sa aking saka sapagkat iba na ang magsasaka.

‘Bakit po naman, ‘Besa?’ tanong ko po. Ang wika’y umalis na lang daw po ako. ‘Bakit po naman, ‘Besa?’ Tanong ko po uli, ‘malakas pa po naman ako, a’ Nilapitan po niya ako. Nakiusap pa po ako sa kanya, ngunit ako po’y... Ay! Tinungkod po niya ako ng tinungkod nang tinungkod.’”

“Tinaga mo na no’n,” anag nakamatayag na hepe.

Tahimik sa tanggapan ng alkalde. Lahat ng tingin—may mga eskribante pang nakapasok doon—ay nakatuon kay Tata Selo. Nakayuko si Tata Selo at gagalaw-galaw ang tila mamad na daliri sa ibabaw ng maruming kutod. Sa pagkakatapak sa makintab na sahig, hindi mapalagay ang kanyang may putik, maalikabok at luyang paa.

“Ang iyong anak, na kina Kabesa raw?” usisa ng alkalde.

Hindi sumagot si Tata Selo.



“Tinatanong ka anang hepe.”

Lumunok si Tata Selo.

“Umuwi na po si Saling, Presidente.”

“Kailan?”

“Kamakalawa po ng umaga.”

“Di ba’t kinakatulong siya ro’n?”

“Tatlong buwan na po.”

“Bakit siya umuwi?”

Dahan-dahang umangat ang mukha ni Tata Selo. Naiiyak na napayuko siya.

“May sakit po siya.”

Nang sumapit ang alas-dose—inihudyat iyon ng sunod-sunod na pagtugtog ng kampana sa simbahan na katapat lamang ng munisipyo—ay umalis ang alkalde upang mananghalian. Naiwan si Tata Selo, kasama ang hepe at dalawang pulis.

“Napatay mo pala ang kabesa,” anang malaking lalaking hepe. Lumapit ito kay Tata Selo na Nakayuko at di pa natitinag sa upuan.

“Binabawi po niya ang aking saka.” Katwiran ni Tata Selo. Sinapo ng hepe si Tata Selo. Sa lapag halos mangudngod si Tata Selo.

“Tinungkod po niya ako ng tinungkod,” nakatingala, umiiyak at kumikinig ang labing katwiran ni Tata Selo.

Itinayo ng hepe si Tata Selo. Kinadyot ng hepe si Tata Selo sa sikmura. Sa sahig napaluhod si Tata Selo, nakakapit sa uniporment kaki ng hepe.

“Tinungkod po niya ako ng tinungkod... Ay! Tinungkod po niya ako ng tinungkod ng tinungkod...”

Sa may pinto ng tanggapan, naaawang nakatingin ang dalawang pulis.

“Si Kabesa kasi ang nagrekomenda kay Tsip, e,” sinabi ng isa nang si Tata Selo ay tila damit na nalaglag sa pagkakasabit nang muling pagmalupitan ng hepe.

Mapula ang sumikat na araw kinabukanan. Sa bakuran ng munisipyo nagkalat ang papel na naiwan nang nagdaang araw. Hindi pa namamatay ang alikabok, gayong sa pagdating ng buwang iyo'y dapat nang nag-uuulan. Kung may humihip na hangin, may mumunting ipu-ipong nagkakalat ng mga papel sa itaas.

“Dadalhin ka siguro sa kabesera, Selo,” anang bagong paligo at bagong bihis na alkalde sa matandang nasa loob ng istaked. “Don ka suguro ikukulong.”



Wala ni papag sa loob ng istaked at sa maruming sementadong lapag nakasalampak si Tata Selo. Sa paligid niya'y natutuyong tamak-tamak na tubig. Naka-unat ang kanyang maiitim at hinahalas na paa at nakatukod ang kanyang tila walang butong mga kamay. Nakakiling, naka-sandal siya sa steel matting na siyang panlikurang dingding ng istaked. Sa malapit sa kanyang kamay, hindi na gagalaw ang sartin ng maiitim na kape at isang losang kanin. Nilalangaw iyong.

“Habang-buhay siguro ang ibibigay sa iyo,” patuloy ng alkalde. Nagsindi ito ng tabako at lumapit sa istaked. Makintab ang sapatos ng alkalde.

“Patayin na rin ninyo ako, Presidente.” Paos at bahaga nang narinig si Tata Selo. Napatay ko po ang Kabesa. Patayin na rin ninyo po ako.”

Takot humipo sa maalikabok na rehas ang alkalde. Hindi niya nahipo ang rehas ngunit pinagkiskis niya ng mga palad at tiningnan niya kung may alikabok iyong. Nang tingnan niya si Tata Selo, nakita niyang lalo nang nakiling ito.

May mga tao namang dumarating sa munisipyo. Kakaunti lang iyon kaysa kahapon. Nakapasok ang mga iyon sa bakuran ng munisipyo, ngunit may kasunod na pulis. Kakaunti ang magbubukid sa bagong langkay na dumating at titingin kay Tata Selo. Karamihan ay taga-Poblacion. Hanggang noon, bawat isa'y nagtataka, hindi makapaniwalala, gayong kalat na ang balitang ililibing kinahapunan ang Kabesa. Nagtataka at hindi makapaniwalang nakatingin sila kay Tata Selo na tila isang di pangkaraniwang hayop na itatanghal.

Ang araw, katulad kahapon, ay mainit na naman. Nang magdadakong alas-dos, dumating ang anak ni Tata Selo. Pagkakita sa lugmok na ama, mahigpit itong napahawak sa rehas at malakas na humagulgol.

Nalaman ng alkalde na dumating si Saling at ito'y ipinatawag sa kanyang tanggapan.

Di-nagtagal at si Tata Selo naman ang ipinakaon. Dalawang pulis ang umalalay kay Tata Selo. Halos buhatan siyang dalawang pulis.

Pagdating sa bungad ng tanggapan ay tila saglit na nagkaroon ng lakad si Tata Selo. Nakita niya ang babaing nakaupo sa harap ng mesa ng presidente. Nagyakap ang mag-ama pagkakita.

“Hindi ka na sana naparito Saling,” wika ni Tata Selo na napaluhod. “May sakit ka, Saling, may sakit ka!”

Tila tulala ang anak ni Tata Selo habang kalong ang ama. Nakalugay ang walang kintab niyang buhok, ang damit na suot ay tila yaong suot pa nang nagdaang araw. Matigas ang kanyang namumulang mukha. Pinalipat-lipat niya ang tingin mula sa nakaupong alkalde hanggang sa mga nakatinging pulis.

“Umuwi ka na, Saling” hiling ni Tata Selo. “Bayaan mo na...bayaan mo na. Umuwi ka na, anak. Huwag, huwag ka nang magsasabi...”

Tuluyan nang nalungayngay si Tata Selo. Ipinabalik siya ng alkalde sa istaked. Pagkabalik niya sa istaked, pinanood na naman siya ng mga tao.

“Kinabog kagabi,” wika ng isang magbubukid. “Binalutan ng basang sako, hindi ng halata.”



“Ang anak, dumating daw?”

“Naki-mayor.”

Sa isang sulok ng istaked iniupo ng dalawang pulis si Tata Selo. Napasubsob si Tata Selo pagkaraang siya'y maiupo. Ngunit nang marinig niyang muling ipinanakaw ang pintong bakal ng istaked, humihilahod na ginapang niya ang rehas. Mahigpit na humawak doon at habang nakadapa'y ilang sandali ring iyo'y tila huhutukin. Tinawag siya ng mga pulis ngunit paos siya at malayo na ang mga pulis. Nakalabas ang kanang kamay sa rehas, bumagsak ang kanyang mukha sa sementadong lapag. Matagal siyang nakadapa bago niya narinig na may tila gumigising sa kanya.



“Tata Selo...Tata Selo...”

Umangat ang mukha ni Tata Selo. Inaninaw ng mga luha niyang mata ang tumatawag sa kanya. Iyon ang batang dumalaw sa kanya kahapon.

Hinawakan ng bata ang kamay ni Tata Selo na umabot sa kanya.

“Nando'n amang si Saling sa Presidente,” wika ni Tata Selo. “Yayain mo nang umuwi, umuwi na kayo.” Muling bumagsak ang kanyang mukha sa lapag. Ang bata'y saglit na nag-paulik-ulik, pagkaraa'y takot at bantulot nang sumunod...

Mag-iikaapat na ng hapon. Padahilig na ang sikat ng araw, ngunit mainit pa rin iyon. May kapiraso nang lihin sa istaked, sa may dingding na steel matting, ngunit si Tata Selo'y wala roon. Nasa init siya, nakakapit sa rehas sa dakong harapan ng istaked. Nakatingin siya sa labas, sa kanyang malalabo at tila lagi nang nag-aaninaw na mata'y tumatama ang mapulang sikat ng araw. Sa labas ng istaked, nakasandig sa rehas ang batang Inutusan niya kanina. Sinabi ng bata na ayaw siyang papasukin sa tanggapan ng alkalde ngunit hindi siya pinakinggan ni Tata Selo, na ngayo'y hindi pagbawi ng saka ang sinasabi.

Habang nakakapit sa rehas at nakatingin sa labas, sinasabi niyang lahat ay kinuha na sa kanila, lahat, ay! Ang lahat ay kinuha na sa kanila...

After Reading

Emotional Appeal (dyadic activity, few minutes are given to couples then discussion by class)

1. How do you feel about Tata Selo?
2. Read the lines that make you feel that way.
3. What is used by the author in those lines making you feel that way?
4. If it were not written that way, do you think you will still feel the same?

Theme

1. What reality does the fiction present?
2. What makes you think about it? What clues does the author use to show the theme?
3. As a young person, what can you do about it?



Narration

1. What narration is used in this fiction?
2. Is there any other narration that will make this fiction more appealing?
3. Do you like the ending? How do you say that?
4. If you were to end this fiction, how will it be?

An author uses narrative conventions in writing fictions. They are the techniques used by the author in making meaning in the fiction. These may be particular to characters, development of plot, settings, point-of-view, or style.

With regard to plot convention, it has a number of techniques. These are backstory, tells the events of the story that happen before the present story; Chekhov's gun, tells of an inherent object inserted in the narrative; in medias res, narration that starts at the middle of the story; narrative hook, tells a catchy story opening to hook the attention of the readers; story within a story or hypodiegesis, tells a story within a story; deus-ex-Machina, tells a good character in a bad situation ensures character wins with an unexpected or implausible used to resolve the situation; plot twist, tells a surprise ending; poetic justice, tells a reward to the good characters and punishes the bad characters; cliffhanger, tells an abrupt ending which places the main characters in a perilous situation with no resolution; flashback, tells an interjected scene of the story that takes it back in time from the current point in the story and often used to tell the events that happened before another important event; flash forward tells a scene that takes the narrative to a future time from the current point of the story; foreshadowing, indicates or hints something is coming in the latter part of the story.

Point-of-view is a narrative convention which tells from whose perspective is the story told. It may be a character, first person point-of view; third person narrator, telling the story by an impersonal narrator not affected by story situations; and unreliable narrator, telling the story by an insincere narrator, misleading the readers; stream of consciousness, exposing the character's mind to the readers through his monologue; audience surrogate, character who expresses queries or agitations which are the same questions that readers would ask.

Another convention is style. There are also a number of techniques under this convention. Figures of speech like hyperbole, metonymy, euphemism, oxymoron, and many more are style techniques. Pathos or emotional appeal is another style technique used to inspire or pity a character.

In addition to these techniques for style are sensory detail, which forms mental images of scenes using descriptive words; Leitwortstil, which repeats on purpose the words that usually express a motif or theme important to the story; dramatic visualization, which presents an object or character with much description or gestures and dialogues making scenes vivid for the audience.



Literary Approach

(Feminism)

1. What do you think is the illness of Saling?
2. How is Saling depicted in the fiction?
3. What do you think the mayor did to her? Why didn't she want to go home?

4. If you were the author how will you make Saling react to the situations?
5. What does the author want to tell of the role of the mayor towards Saling?

(New Historicism)

1. What in the fiction can you base your assumption of the year it was written?
2. Compare the culture of the people on this kind of situation during the time of its writing and the present time.

(Formalism)

1. What pictures of scenes or places or things become vivid in your mind as they are described in the fiction?
2. Do they have meanings or are they symbols of what?
3. How do the incidents help you create conclusions about the characters and events?

Another approach that shapes the mind of literary enthusiasts is formalism which is also called new criticism. This uses close reading of a piece of literature. This means that the formalists' interpretation of a work of art is formulated by the information and details of the piece itself. Formalists do not interpret a work based on matters that are outside the confines of the work like history, politics, society, time or even the author. They see it autonomously and can be gauged through internal structure and language. Considered are form, structure, technical features as more important than the content and context.

Formalists focus is on rhetorical and logical connections within the writing. Moreover, formalists look into the sound and syntax of poetic language, rhyme, repetitions and word pictures. This criticism favors medium over content. Also, this criticism philosophically questions the method of communicating ideas and value expression. It looks into the manipulation of language by the artist to achieve the aesthetic effect.

Creating With Them

Students in groups produce TV news reports. The report should have a live feed of the news about Tata Selo. A balanced news should show different angles of the news. It should try to bring out the truth about the incident.

Other groups should comment on the news report presented by a group.

On A Personal Note

Write a blog about the story of Tata Selo. Upload it in the class' page.



Fiction 3

Objectives

- A. Criticize the characters of the fiction.
- B. Enumerate the symbols found in the fiction and their meanings.
- C. Compare the mothers in the fiction.
- D. Explain the themes of the fiction.

Pre-reading Activity

Three students are asked to go in front of the class, one after the other. Each talks about his/her pet/s.

They are asked about the care given to their pets and what they get in return of having pets.

Vocabulary at Work

stray goats
clay stove
whore

bitch
husky legs

rice straw
bawl

While Reading

Many netizens upload their pictures in the morning writing “**woke up like this.**” Will you do the same when your morning is like this story?

Morning in Nagrebcán

by
Manuel E. Arguilla

It was sunrise at Nagrebcán. The fine, bluish mist, low over the tobacco fields, was lifting and thinning moment by moment. A ragged strip of mist, pulled away by the morning breeze, had caught on the clumps of bamboo along the banks of the stream that flowed to one side of the barrio. Before long the sun would top the Katayaghan hills, but as yet no people were around. In the grey shadow of the hills, the barrio was gradually awaking. Roosters crowed and strutted on the ground while hens hesitated on their perches among the branches of the camanchile trees. Stray goats nibbled the weeds on the sides of the road, and the bull carabaos tugged restively against their stakes.

In the early morning the puppies lay curled up together between their mother's paws under the ladder of the house. Four puppies were all white like the mother. They had pink noses and pink eyelids and pink mouths. The skin between their toes and on the inside of their large, limp ears was pink. They



had short sleek hair, for the mother licked them often. The fifth puppy lay across the mother's neck. On the puppy's back was a big black spot like a saddle. The tips of its ears were black and so was a patch of hair on its chest.

The opening of the *sawali* door, its uneven bottom dragging noisily against the bamboo flooring, aroused the mother dog and she got up and stretched and shook herself, scattering dust and loose white hair. A rank doggy smell rose in the cool morning air. She took a quick leap forward, clearing the puppies which had begun to whine about her, wanting to suckle. She trotted away and disappeared beyond the house of a neighbor.

The puppies sat back on their rumps, whining. After a little while they lay down and went back to sleep, the black-spotted puppy on top.

Baldo stood at the threshold and rubbed his sleep-heavy eyes with his fists. He must have been about ten years old, small for his age, but compactly built, and he stood straight on his bony legs. He wore one of his father's discarded cotton undershirts.

The boy descended the ladder, leaning heavily on the single bamboo railing that served as a banister. He sat on the lowest step of the ladder, yawning and rubbing his eyes one after the other. Bending down, he reached between his legs for the black-spotted puppy. He held it to him, stroking its soft, warm body. He blew on its nose. The puppy stuck out a small red tongue, lapping the air. It whined eagerly. Baldo laughed – a low gurgle.

He rubbed his face against that of the dog. He said softly, "My puppy. My puppy." He said it many times. The puppy licked his ears, his cheeks. When it licked his mouth, Baldo straightened up, raised the puppy on a level with his eyes. "You are a foolish puppy," he said, laughing. "Foolish, foolish, foolish," he said, rolling the puppy on his lap so that it howled.

The four other puppies awoke and came scrambling about Baldo's legs. He put down the black-spotted puppy and ran to the narrow foot bridge of woven split-bamboo spanning the roadside ditch. When it rained, water from the roadway flowed under the makeshift bridge, but it had not rained for a long time and the ground was dry and sandy. Baldo sat on the bridge, digging his bare feet into the sand, feeling the cool particles escaping between his toes. He whistled, a toneless whistle with a curious trilling to it produced by placing the tongue against the lower teeth and then curving it up and down.

The whistle excited the puppies; they ran to the boy as fast as their unsteady legs could carry them, barking choppy little barks.

Nana Elang, the mother of Baldo, now appeared in the doorway with handful of rice straw. She called Baldo and told him to get some live coals from their neighbor.



“Get two or three burning coals and bring them home on the rice straw,” she said. “Do not wave the straw in the wind. If you do, it will catch fire before you get home.” She watched him run toward *Ka Ikaō*’s house where already smoke was rising through the nipa roofing into the misty air. One or two empty carromatas drawn by sleepy little ponies rattled along the pebbly street, bound for the railroad station.

Nana Elang must have been thirty, but she looked at least fifty. She was a thin, wispy woman, with bony hands and arms. She had scanty, straight, graying hair which she gathered behind her head in a small, tight knot. It made her look thinner than ever. Her cheekbones seemed on the point of bursting through the dry, yellowish-brown skin. Above a gray-checkered skirt, she wore a single wide-sleeved cotton blouse that ended below her flat breasts. Sometimes when she stooped or reached up for anything, a glimpse of the flesh at her waist showed in a dark, purplish band where the skirt had been tied so often.

She turned from the doorway into the small, untidy kitchen. She washed the rice and put it in a pot which she placed on the cold stove. She made ready the other pot for the mess of vegetables and dried fish. When Baldo came back with the rice straw and burning coals, she told him to start a fire in the stove, while she cut the *ampalaya* tendrils and sliced the eggplants. When the fire finally flamed inside the clay stove, Baldo’s eyes were smarting from the smoke of the rice straw.

“There is the fire, mother,” he said. “Is father awake already?” *Nana Elang* shook her head. Baldo went out slowly on tiptoe. There were already many people going out. Several fishermen wearing coffee-colored shirts and trousers and hats made from the shell of white pumpkins passed by. The smoke of their home-made cigars floated behind them like shreds of the morning mist. Women carrying big empty baskets were going to the tobacco fields. They walked fast, talking among themselves. Each woman had gathered the loose folds of her skirt in front and, twisting the end two or three times, passed it between her legs, pulling it up at the back, and slipping it inside her waist. The women seemed to be wearing trousers that reached only to their knees and flared at the thighs. Day was quickly growing older. The east flamed redly and Baldo called to his mother, “Look, mother, God also cooks his breakfast.”

He went to play with the puppies. He sat on the bridge and took them on his lap one by one. He searched for fleas which he crushed between his thumbnails. “You, puppy. You, puppy,” he murmured softly. When he held the black-spotted puppy, he said, “My puppy. My puppy.”

Ambo, his seven-year old brother, awoke crying. *Nana Elang* could be heard patiently calling him to the kitchen. Later he came down with a ripe banana in his hand. Ambo was almost as tall as his older brother and he had stout husky legs. Baldo often called him the son of an Igorot. The home-made cotton shirt he wore was variously stained. The pocket was torn, and it flipped down. He ate the banana without peeling it.

“You foolish boy, remove the skin,” Baldo said.

“I will not,” Ambo said. “It is not your banana.” He took a big bite and swallowed it with exaggerated relish.

“But the skin is tart. It tastes bad.”

“You are not eating it,” Ambo said. The rest of the banana vanished in his mouth.

He sat beside Baldo and both played with the puppies. The mother dog had not yet returned and the puppies were becoming hungry and restless. They sniffed the hands of Ambo, licked his fingers. They



tried to scramble up his breast to lick his mouth, but he brushed them down. Baldo laughed. He held the black-spotted puppy closely, fondled it lovingly. "My puppy," he said. "My puppy."

Ambo played with the other puppies, but he soon grew tired of them. He wanted the black-spotted one. He sidled close to Baldo and put out a hand to caress the puppy nestling contentedly in the crook of his brother's arm. But Baldo struck the hand away. "Don't touch my puppy," he said. "My puppy." Ambo begged to be allowed to hold the black-spotted puppy. But Baldo said he would not let him hold the black-spotted puppy because he would not peel the banana. Ambo then said that he would obey his older brother next time, for all time. Baldo would not believe him; he refused to let him touch the puppy.

Ambo rose to his feet. He looked longingly at the black-spotted puppy in Baldo's arms. Suddenly he bent down and tried to snatch the puppy away. But Baldo sent him sprawling in the dust with a deft push. Ambo did not cry. He came up with a fistful of sand which he flung in his brother's face. But as he started to run away, Baldo thrust out his leg and tripped him. In complete silence, Ambo slowly got up from the dust, getting to his feet with both hands full of sand which again he cast at his older brother. Baldo put down the puppy and leaped upon Ambo.

Seeing the black-spotted puppy waddling away, Ambo turned around and made a dive for it. Baldo saw his intention in time and both fell on the puppy which began to howl loudly, struggling to get away. Baldo cursed Ambo and screamed at him as they grappled and rolled in the sand. Ambo kicked and bit and scratched without a sound. He got hold of Baldo's hair and ear and tugged with all his might. They rolled over and over and then Baldo was sitting on Ambo's back, pummeling him with his fists. He accompanied every blow with a curse. "I hope you die, you little demon," he said between sobs, for he was crying and he could hardly see. Ambo wriggled and struggled and tried to bite Baldo's legs. Failing, he buried his face in the sand and howled lustily.

Baldo now left him and ran to the black-spotted puppy which he caught up in his arms, holding it against his throat. Ambo followed, crying out threats and curses. He grabbed the tail of the puppy and jerked hard. The puppy howled shrilly and Baldo let it go, but Ambo kept hold of the tail as the dog fell to the ground. It turned around and snapped at the hand holding its tail. Its sharp little teeth sank into the fleshy edge of Ambo's palm. With a cry, Ambo snatched away his hand from the mouth of the enraged puppy. At that moment the window of the house facing the street was pushed violently open and the boys' father, *Tang Ciaco*, looked out. He saw the blood from the toothmarks on Ambo's hand. He called out inarticulately and the two brothers looked up in surprise and fear. Ambo hid his bitten hand behind him. Baldo stopped to pick up the black-spotted puppy, but *Tang Ciaco* shouted hoarsely to him not to touch the dog.

At *Tang Ciaco*'s angry voice, the puppy had crouched back snarling, its pink lips drawn back, the hair on its back rising. "The dog has gone mad," the man cried, coming down hurriedly. By the stove in the kitchen, he stopped to get a sizeable piece of firewood, throwing an angry look and a curse at *Nana Elang* for letting her sons play with the dogs. He removed a splinter or two, then hurried down the ladder, cursing in a loud angry voice. *Nana Elang* ran to the doorway and stood there silently fingering her skirt.

Baldo and Ambo awaited the coming of their father with fear written on their faces. Baldo hated his father as much as he feared him. He watched him now with half a mind to flee as *Tang Ciaco* approached with the piece of firewood held firmly in one hand. He is a big, gaunt man with thick bony wrists and stoop shoulders. A short-sleeved cotton shirt revealed his sinewy arms on which the blood-vessels stood out like roots. His short pants showed his bony-kneed, hard-muscled legs covered with black hair. He was a carpenter. He had come home drunk the night before. He was not a habitual drunkard, but now and then he drank great quantities of *basi* and came home and beat his wife and



children. He would blame them for their hard life and poverty. "You are a prostitute," he would roar at his wife, and as he beat his children, he would shout, "I will kill you both, you bastards." If Nana Elang ventured to remonstrate, he would beat them harder and curse her for being an interfering whore. "I am king in my house," he would say.

Now as he approached the two, Ambo cowered behind his elder brother. He held onto Baldo's undershirt, keeping his wounded hand at his back, unable to remove his gaze from his father's close-set, red-specked eyes. The puppy with a yelp slunk between Baldo's legs. Baldo looked at the dog, avoiding his father's eyes.

Tang Ciaco roared at them to get away from the dog: "Fools! Don't you see it is mad?" Baldo laid a hand on Ambo as they moved back hastily. He wanted to tell his father it was not true, the dog was not mad, it was all Ambo's fault, but his tongue refused to move. The puppy attempted to follow them, but *Tang Ciaco* caught it with a sweeping blow of the piece of firewood. The puppy was flung into the air. It rolled over once before it fell, howling weakly. Again the chunk of firewood descended, *Tang Ciaco* grunting with the effort he put into the blow, and the puppy ceased to howl. It lay on its side, feebly moving its jaws from which dark blood oozed. Once more *Tang Ciaco* raised his arm, but Baldo suddenly clung to it with both hands and begged him to stop. "Enough, father, enough. Don't beat it anymore," he entreated. Tears flowed down his upraised face.

Tang Ciaco shook him off with an oath. Baldo fell on his face in the dust. He did not rise, but cried and sobbed and tore his hair. The rays of the rising sun fell brightly upon him, turned to gold the dust that he raised with his kicking feet.

Tang Ciaco dealt the battered puppy another blow and at last it lay limpy still. He kicked it over and watched for a sign of life. The puppy did not move where it lay twisted on its side. He turned his attention to Baldo.

"Get up," he said, hoarsely, pushing the boy with his foot.

Baldo was deaf. He went on crying and kicking in the dust. *Tang Ciaco* struck him with the piece of wood in his hand and again told him to get up. Baldo writhed and cried harder, clasping his hands over the back of his head. *Tang Ciaco* took hold of one of the boy's arms and jerked him to his feet. Then he began to beat him, regardless of where the blows fell. Baldo encircled his head with his loose arm and strove to free himself, running around his father, plunging backward, ducking and twisting. "Shameless son of a whore," *Tang Ciaco* roared. "Stand still, I'll teach you to obey me." He shortened his grip on the arm of Baldo and laid on his blows. Baldo fell to his knees, screaming for mercy. He called on his mother to help him.

Nana Elang came down, but she hesitated at the foot of the ladder. Ambo ran to her. "You too," *Tang Ciaco* cried, and struck at the fleeing Ambo. The piece of firewood caught him behind the knees and he fell on his face. *Nana Elang* ran to the fallen boy and picked him up, brushing his clothes with her hands to shake off the dust.

Tang Ciaco pushed Baldo toward her. The boy tottered forward weakly, dazed and trembling. He had ceased to cry aloud, but he shook with hard, spasmodic sobs which he tried vainly to stop. "Here take your child," *Tang Ciaco* said, thickly.

He faced the curious students and neighbors who had gathered by the side of the road. He yelled at them to go away. He said it was none of their business if he killed his children.

"They are mine," he shouted. "I feed them and I can do anything I like with them."



MANUEL ESTABILLA ARGUILLA

- Nagrebcen, June 17, 1911 – Beheaded, Manila Chinese Cemetery, August 30, 1944) was an Ilocano writer in English, patriot, and martyr.
- He is known for his widely anthologized short story "How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife," the main story in the collection "How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife and Other Short Stories" which won first prize in the Commonwealth Literary Contest in 1940.
- Most of Arguilla's stories depict scenes in Barrio Nagrebcen, Bauang, La Union where he was born. His bond with his birthplace, forged by his dealings with the peasant folk of Ilocos, remained strong even after he moved to Manila where he studied at the University of the Philippines where he finished BS Education in 1933 and where he became a member and later the president of the U.P. Writer's Club and editor of the university's *Literary Apprentice*.



The students ran hastily to school. The neighbors returned to their work.

Tang Ciaco went to the house, cursing in a loud voice. Passing the dead puppy, he picked it up by its hind legs and flung it away. The black and white body soared through the sunlit air; fell among the tall corn behind the house. *Tang Ciaco*, still cursing and grumbling,

strode upstairs. He threw the chunk of firewood beside the stove. He squatted by the low table and began eating the breakfast his wife had prepared for him.

Nana Elang knelt by her children and dusted their clothes. She passed her hand over the red welts on Baldo, but Baldo shook himself away. He was still trying to stop sobbing, wiping his tears away with his forearm. *Nana Elang* put one arm around Ambo. She sucked the wound in his hand. She was crying silently.

When the mother of the puppies returned, she licked the remaining four by the small bridge of woven split bamboo. She lay down in the dust and suckled her young. She did not seem to miss the black-spotted puppy.

Afterward Baldo and Ambo searched among the tall corn for the body of the dead puppy. *Tang Ciaco* had gone to work and would not be back till nightfall. In the house, *Nana Elang* was busy washing the breakfast dishes. Later she came down and fed the mother dog. The two brothers were entirely hidden by the tall corn plants. As they moved about among the slender stalks, the corn-flowers shook agitatedly. Pollen scattered like gold dust in the sun, falling on the fuzzy green leaves.

When they found the dead dog, they buried it in one corner of the field. Baldo dug the grave with a sharp-pointed stake. Ambo stood silently by, holding the dead puppy.

When Baldo finished his work, he and his brother gently placed the puppy in the hole. Then they covered the dog with soft earth and stamped on the grave until the disturbed ground was flat and hard again. With difficulty they rolled a big stone on top of the grave. Then Baldo wound an arm around the shoulders of Ambo and without a word they hurried up to the house.

The sun had risen high above the Katayaghan hills, and warm, golden sunlight filled Nagrebcen. The mist on the tobacco fields had completely dissolved.

After Reading

Character Analysis (triadic activity)



1. Draw a table with three columns: characters (include animals), positive traits, and negative traits.
2. Fill-out the table.
3. Groups' outputs are posted on the board/screen for comparison.
4. Students discuss the comparison of the outputs.
5. What are common among the mothers: Nana Elang and the bitch? Is Nana Elang a good mother?
6. Do you like Tang Ciako's treatment to his wife and children? Is there any remedy to his rudeness?
7. Is he a father worthy of emulation? How did you say that?
8. Who is to blame in the fight of the brothers? Why?
9. What do you think will be the future of the boys?

Themes and Symbols

1. What realities of life do you see in the following:
 - Physical fight of the brothers
 - The mother like Nana Elang
 - The reconciliation of the brothers
 - Tang Ciako's rudeness
2. What do the following symbolize? Give their meanings.
 - The sun at the beginning and end of the story
 - The black-spotted puppy
 - The eating of banana with its skin
 - The single bamboo pole that served as the railing

Symbol in literature is anything that stands for something else. Authors use symbols to give deeper and significant meaning to their content or story.

Symbolism makes the author convey ideas to readers/ audience in a poetic matter instead of its outright expression.

Examples:

Poseidon is a symbol for the sea

Albert Einstein is the symbol of intelligence and scientific genius

The dove is a symbol of peace

A ladder may be a symbol for a connection between heaven and earth

Visual Appeal

1. Read from the text the parts that give you an image of their poor house and surrounding.
2. What is your interpretation of the image?

Emotional Appeal

1. Read the parts that stir your emotion.



2. Do you like them or not? Why?

Literary Approach

(Feminism)

1. Comment on Tang Ciako's treatment of Nana Elang.
2. Is the bitch a good mother to her puppies?
3. If you were the author will you treat Nana Elang the same?

(New Historicism/Cultural Studies)

1. The author, Manuel E. Arguilla, spent his childhood in Nagrebcen, Bauang, La Union, his birthplace. This was a peaceful place he immortalized in his stories. Enumerate the cultures of the place that you have seen in the story.
2. Do you think these are the same at present?
3. Are there words or things in the story which are scarce or not present anymore?

Creating With Them

In groups, brainstorm how you will make comic strips of the story. The strips can be manually drawn and colored or can be aided by a computer. The art should show the images created in your mind by the story. The boxes can range from 10 to 15. Present your strips on the board.

On a Personal Note

Write a short paragraph on the kind of father or mother you will be in the future. Send it to the teacher via messenger.





Vietnam



POEM 1

Objectives:

- Analyze sound devices used in poem to express appreciation.
- Create twists in poem ending.

Pre-reading:

Refresher on poetry terms. Checkout the meaning of the following from reliable books and sites to refresh your ideas on poetry.

Types of Poetry:

Lyric Poetry
Narrative Poetry
Descriptive Poetry

Subtypes:

Sonnet
Shakespearean or English
Petrarchan or Italian
Haiku
Elegy
Limerick
Ballad
Ode

**Types of Poetry:**

Lyric Poetry
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Subtypes:

Sonnet
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Elegy
Limerick
Ballad
Ode
Epic

Sound Devices:

Alliteration
Assonance
Consonance
Onomatopoeia
Rhyme
Rhythm

Figurative Devices:

Simile
Metaphor
Personification
Irony
Metonymy
Synecdoche

Vocabulary at Work:

Magpie
Areca nuts

Quan
Suit of clothes

Matchmaker



The Cherished Daughter

Mother, I am eighteen this year
and still without a husband.

What, Mother, is your plan?
The magpie brought two matchmakers
and you threw them the challenge:
not less than five full *quan*,
five thousand areca nuts,
five fat pigs,
and five suits of clothes.

Mother, I am twenty-three this year
and still without a husband.

What, Mother, dear, is your plan?
The magpie brought two matchmakers
and you threw them the challenge:
not less than three full *quan*,
three thousand areca nuts,
three fat pigs,
and three suits of clothes.

Mother, I am thirty-two this year
and still without a husband.

What, Mother, darling, is your plan?
The magpie brought two matchmakers
and you threw them the challenge:
not less than one full *quan*,
one thousand areca nuts,
one fat *dog* this time,
and one suit of clothes.

Mother, I am forty-three this year.
Still without a husband.
Mother, look, Mother,
will you please just *give* me away?

-- Anonymous (c. 1700 AD)--

trans. Nguyen Ngoc Bich

from *World Poetry: An Anthology of Verse from Antiquity*

After Reading

Understanding:

1. Do you believe that the daughter is cherished? Defend your answer.
2. What is the present day equivalent of magpie from the context?
3. What culture of the Vietnamese is shown in the poem?
4. Comment on the value of challenges of the mother.



5. How do you feel for the daughter at forty-three?

Valuing:

1. What family, economic, education, and social values should be cherished based on the poem?
2. Does obedience always give optimistic result?

Sound Device:

1. What sound device is used in the poem?
2. Expound on the use of repetition.
3. Do you appreciate the poem through its sound device? Why or Why not?

Poetry type:

1. What poetry type is The Cherished Daughter? Support your answer.

Creating with Them

The poem ends in a question. Answer it or give it your own ending by adding three to four line verse after the last stanza. Read it in class.

On A Personal Note

Pretend that you are the daughter who is now 32 years old. Write a prayer (all religions pray) with no less than 70 words for you to have a husband or wife.



POEM 2

Objectives:

1. Enumerate the effects of a phenomena to students.
2. Point out devices that make a poem appreciative.
3. Create a poem based on experience.

Pre-reading:

Surf the internet to have an idea of the last war Vietnam had. Share a bit in class.

Vocabulary at Work:

Shrivel

Dewdrop

Partitioned

While Reading:

There are times when student minds fly away during classroom lessons. Are those experiences that haunt you as grievous as the one in this poem.

A School Boy's Apology

By Le Thanh Huan

If sometimes I fall asleep in a lecture
Or shout and scream as if alone
Please forgive me, please don't be angry
For I have no place to play.

I'm growing up I want to be a sailor
I'm wishing for a giant arena, a stream
I feel like yelling my life is beginning
Every minute I want to hold tight to my dreams.

But the fires of war have shriveled my joys
At every step I see guns turned on me
At every word I hear the crash of steel
Not believing, not understanding I only stare.
The slaughter goes on and on,
Blood and bones and hatred all strained red.

People running from the front to look out for themselves
Cheating, lying, stabbing others in the back
Some of my friends have fallen.
No one knew, no one cared, they were dewdrops that's all.
My home will be burnt to the ground
The way back cut off, partitioned...



After Reading

Understanding

1. Why is the persona in the poem apologizing? Is it a proper act?
2. What does the second stanza tell about the persona?
3. What does the use of the word ‘but’ at the start of stanza three suggest?
4. What does this (stanza three) tell about the persona?

Valuing:

1. With the persona’s situation in class, many Filipino classmates might laugh at this boy or bully him. How would you react in the situation?
2. If you were a foreign teacher in Vietnam, knowing there was war in the country, what preparation would you do before facing your students?

Elements of Poetry:

1. Pick out sound devices in the piece. Tell how each help understand the poem.
2. How effective are the imagery in the piece?
3. What are used by the author to touch the readers’ emotions?

Poetry type:

1. What poetry type is A School Boy’s Apology? Why is it so?

Creating with Them

Create groups of four. Gather pictures of the Vietnam war to make a collage. Set it as the background picture of this poem.

Be ready to discuss your work for a minute in class.

On A Personal Note

Complete the poem below based on your experience of any catastrophe or phenomenon.

If sometimes I fall asleep in a lecture
Or shout and scream as if alone
Please forgive me, please don’t be angry
For I have no place to play.

I’m growing up I want to be a _____
I’m wishing for a giant arena, a _____

I feel like yelling my life is beginning
Every minute I want to hold tight to my dreams.

But the _____ have shriveled my joys
At every step I see _____
At every word I hear the _____
Not believing, not understanding I only stare.
The _____ goes on and on,
_____ all strained _____.



People _____

Some of my friends have _____.

No one knew, no one cared, they were _____ that's all.

My home _____

The way back _____,



POEM 3

Objectives

- A. Exound one's interpretation of the poem.
- B. Interpret figurative language.
- C. Complete cliffhanger.

Pre-reading

Recall your ideas about submarines. You may watch a video of a submarine while on its voyage to have a background for the poem.

Vocabulary at Work

Odd-shaped
Illusion

Plastic horizon
Void

Vague
Rouse

While Reading

Is the ‘someone’ in the poem right about his reminder or opinion?

Inside Submarines

by Phan Nhien Hao
tr. Linh Dinh

We live inside odd-shaped submarines
chasing after secrets and the darkness of the ocean
on a voyage toward plastic horizons
where vague connections can never be reached
and hopes are not deployed
before the storm arrives and the alarm command starts
to rouse the last illusions to stand up and put life jackets on
looking to each other for help

Once I was at the equator
trying to slice the earth in half along the dotted line



but someone held my hand and said:
“If you do that, friend, water will fall into the void,
and then our submarine
won’t have any place to dive.”

Phan Nhiên Hạo was born in Kontum, Vietnam in 1967 and immigrated to the U.S. in 1991. He is the author of two collections of poems in Vietnamese, Thiên Đường Chuông Giầy (Paradise of Paper Bells, 1998) and Chế Tạo Thơ Ca 99-04 (Manufacturing Poetry 99-04, 2004). In 2006, Tupelo Press published Night, Fish, and Charlie Parker, a bilingual poetry collection translated by Linh Dinh.

After Reading

Understanding:

1. How critical is it to be a crew of a submarine as shared in the first stanza?
2. What is meant by *chasing after secrets and the darkness of the ocean* ?
3. Can a life jacket save life when a submarine has been hit by anything in the water?
4. How can the persona *slice the earth in half along the dotted line*? Which is referred to as the dotted line?
5. Why was he trying to *slice* the equator?
6. Who probably is this someone?
7. What could happen when he sliced the earth?

Valuing:

1. Imagine that he sliced earth. Does the ‘someone’ give a sound reminder?

Elements of Poetry:

1. Pick out the figurative language used in the poem. Tell how each adds beauty to the poem.

Creating with Them

The poem is a cliffhanger. What happens next is left to the reader to finish. With a group, write the third stanza for this. A sample start may be *I stopped for a while and thought about it* or *I had orders to follow*.

I stopped for a while and thought about it

I had orders to follow



On A Personal Note

Write a short weblog (personal opinion, activities, experiences, etc.) on the topic of the poem.



BRUNEI
ASEAN Literature

The image shows two women in traditional Bruneian attire. They are wearing vibrant yellow headgear with intricate gold and red floral decorations. Their dresses are a mix of yellow, red, and purple with detailed patterns. They are holding large, ornate trays with gold-colored designs. The background is a bright, outdoor setting with greenery.

**LEARNING
MODULE**

Batangas State University



Brunei



Fiction 1

Objectives

1. Analyze characters for culture appreciation.
2. Justify atmosphere influence on people.
3. Complete a cliffhanger by creating a satisfying end.

Pre-reading Activity

Have a glimpse of Brunei (surf the net). What is it famous for? What government does it have? What is its foremost product? What are your thoughts about it after having a glimpse of it?

Vocabulary at Work:

Check the use of the word in the fiction

distraught	conflagration	suspended
mist	stumps	smouldering
derrick	taunting	emblazoned
protrude	akimbo	frantic

While Reading:

Notice the actions and words of each character. Tell who fell in the end.



The Oilfield Labourers

Kampong Umbi was on fire. Forty houses were burnt down.

Finally everything came under control. The fire trucks and the rescue team had left. Only a number of distraught old mothers remained, weeping and wishing they were dead. An old man, who had been critically ill, had also been found burnt to death in his home. Two conflagrations of fire were seen about a hundred and forty-two yards from the burnt houses.

At nightfall the area became still. The heat from the fire could still be felt and it made the stomach churned. Yazid saw puffs of tiny smoke dancing in the haze. He trembled. He visualised houses being destroyed; nothing was left untouched by the flames. He raised his face and stared far ahead and saw sparks of fire flickering as if they were suspended in the darkness of the night. Then he caught a glimpse of his own shadow in the mist but it was slowly disintegrating. It was no longer his shadow. So whose was it? The shadow doubled, and at times appeared to be swaying left and right.

“Are you searching for the stumps of your house Yazid?” Adam asked.

“I am searching for the stumps of all houses,” he replied.

Covered with coal dust his naked feet had turned black. He wanted to feel the heat from the fire that had razed his village to the ground. He wanted his skin to be burned by that same fire that had destroyed his village. He was cursing the fate of his village but he was full of praise for the happiness and peace that he had experienced living there.

“Maybe you should just leave this place,” Adam suggested. “Find a new place to build your home.”

Their shadows moved. Rings of fire far and near were blown by the wind. It was a moonless night, with thick clouds covering the sky.

“How was the old man?” Yazid asked.

“Dead.”

“When will he be buried?”

“Tomorrow.”

“We should help dig his grave.”

“Sure,” Adam replied.

“At the very least I have the right to put out the fire that had destroyed my house.”

“Where are you sleeping tonight?” Adam asked.



“I don’t know.”

“You can stay at my place.”

“Anywhere will do.”

“Let’s go home. You need to take a shower and remove all those worries.”

In the bedroom, he laid sprawled on his front, with his face pushed under the pillow. Outside, he could hear Adam telling a friend about the fire. Another story unfolded and they laughed hysterically. Their voices echoed through the silence of the night. Yazid covered one ear, then the other. In his imagination, he saw fire smouldering wildly outside, burning every grass and twig on the beach and rising to the treetop.

The large sparks of fire on the Casuarina tree danced in the rhythm of the wind blowing from the South China Sea. The old man would be buried on that beach the next day. He remembered the old man very well. He was a cock fighter with a peculiar style when facing a new contender. His movements were agile and his stamina seemed to increase the minute he entered the ring. His preoccupation with cock fighting took away all thoughts of death. He was only upset when his gamecock fluttered in defeat.

The vision and memory of the fire were slowly disappearing from his mind. What he saw then was the dead body of the old man, being washed. And in the distance he could see little flames floating on the South China Sea, the tall derrick and, from its top, a falling object. His heart stopped when the object hit the ground. The vibration caused by a passing truck lulled him to sleep. That night he dreamt of fighting the fire that had engulfed five villages.

He was out early the following day in the mist of the morning dew. He headed straight for the graveyard. Walking on sand and pebbles, he walked across the wet grass and then turned right to avoid them. He crossed the bridge and looked down. The water was black due to the oil spill. In between puddles of oil, he saw his own reflection, his head white, covered with dew.

Far across the sea, the sun was shining radiantly while the lights slowly dimmed. He passed through an alley. He observed the wreckage. There were traces of rain from the day before, which had snuffed out the fire and smoke. Bits of white dusts could be seen among the black columns which still stood erect. Amidst the haze, black stumps could be seen still rooted to the earth. His steps were slow but he was no longer looking around. He saw some men arriving with their hoes and scoops. The sandy soil made it easy for them to dig.

He continued walking slowly and directed his gaze straight ahead. At times his eyes glimpsed at the pebbles he was about to step on. And he was very careful with his steps. Climbing with a pair of wet shoes could be disastrous. He could see another derrick at the end of the road. A new oilfield had been discovered there. He felt tired. He could feel the cool sea breeze on his body. He had been troubled since morning. And that feeling got worse when all eyes fell on him. Their stares were taunting. Having nothing to say, he proceeded to climb the derrick. When his friends, who were on top looked down, the glaring sunlight that was reflected from their metal helmets hurt his eyes.



“You look very high-spirited today, Yazid!” exclaimed Jamal from the top. The glaring light that bounced off Yazid’s helmet hit his eyes. Jamal quickly shifted his glance to the greenery nearby.

Ignoring them, he climbed up further to where they were. Now his vision was dazzled by the light from the sea and by the whiteness of the foams on the sand. He could no longer hear the splashing waves hitting the beach. He looked up. Jamal, Ghani and Ibrahim were observing him. “Stop right there!” shouted Ghani, as he flung a coil of wire to Jamal. Yazid secured his safety buckle and wiped off his sweat, the shadow of the derrick’s poles emblazoned across his chest.

Yazid looked at his friends. Their faces were dark red. He could even see beads of perspiration on the wrinkles beneath their helmets. “Catch,” said Jamal. Yazid grabbed the wire. A black bag of tools was hung onto the baluster before him. He tied the bag with the wire. Jamal pulled the wire slowly. That morning, the workers were only preparing the equipment which would be assembled later in the evening.

They climbed down at almost eleven. The sky was cloudy by then. The labourers rested, enveloped by thin shadows, their bodies wet, from the sea vapour.

“Jamal,” asked Yazid, “did you see the condition of the old man when he was dying last night?”

“Yes. Why? I even carried him.”

“How was he?”

“His clothes were completely burnt. His skin, crinkled and black. His flesh was red and moist. He was screaming hysterically.”

“Do many people die that way?”

“Not many.” Jamal was only forty-nine years old. “Because such terrible fires seldom occur.”

“Easy, wasn’t it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Death without having to suffer long illness.”

“Perhaps his pain was far greater than that suffered by those having a normal illness,” Jamal suggested.

“Was he unconscious yesterday?”

“He lost consciousness after screaming hysterically. After that he died.”

“Did he recall what he was leaving behind?” asked Yazid.



“What did he leave behind?” Jamal asked.

“Whatever that he might have left behind.”

“I doubt. All his belongings were destroyed, all his chickens died.”

“Do you want to die that way?”

“Me! Me? Oh please dear God, give me a more peaceful death.”

“Peaceful? How?”

“From a mild illness perhaps.”

“But people rarely die from a mild illness.”

“A more or less fatal illness,” Jamal replied.

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He stared at the sea, then at the sparks of fire. In daily life he hesitates to commend bravery but he has always believed in diligence and hard work. He then looked up at the white clouds until his eyes hurt.

“Dad was not ill when he died. He committed suicide by taking poison,” Yazid revealed.

“Everyone dies differently.”

“You are a weird person.”

“Everyone has the right to choose on how he wants to die.”

“Why do you want to talk about death?”

“Because death is necessary,” Yazid replied, “to sever something.”

He avoided looking at Jamal’s face. His friend looked older than him. There were tender moments during their friendship when Yazid was comfortable regarding him as a father. The veins on Jamal’s forehead would protrude when he spoke loudly or whenever he opened his mouth wide. Yazid shifted his eyes to look at the sky, then to the top of the derrick and to its base. The derrick’s shadow zigzagged on the patches of dried, yellowish grass and stretched out before them.

They had finished their lunch. Yazid looked at the horizon that split the sea and the sky. In his heart, he still could not understand why Jamal was so scared to face death.

“Do you know Yazid?” Yazid was startled and turned his body towards Jamal.

“Know what?”



“How much longer do you think we will be working here, as derrick climbers?”

“As long as there is oil.”

“Do you know that there are already signs of it depleting?”

“I do,” Yazid answered. He had long known that.

“Once this derrick is ready, we will have to erect another one,” said Jamal.

“Who said so?”

“William.”

“Where?”

“Offshore, at aluh tiga” Jamal replied. This particular labourer was always quick to know about the company’s plans and strategies. He had very acute senses.

“It seems that we have more oil now.”

“How do you know?” Yazid asked.

“There, we are building a new derrick offshore.”

“Done with onshore drilling, now they are exploring offshore,” Yazid commented.

“It is amazing that oil can also be extracted from the sea.”

“Oil originated from the sea millions of years ago.”

“We are so blessed.”

“The oil in Seria is almost depleted. Just be prepared.”

The oilfield labourers began climbing the derrick. The higher they went the slower they got. Gradually the labourers appeared smaller and blacker. From above, all Yazid could see were black and grey roofs among the white tanks. His eyes hurt from the piercing glare of the sun. The black river flowed to the sea. Oil pipelines crawled overlapping each other everywhere.

Noise could be heard from the derrick base. William stood with arms akimbo. Through a pair of dark glasses he watched the noisy labourers. Amidst the noise, something crashed into the balusters. A body lay sprawled across the metal rods. The labourers were frantic. They almost could not recognise their friend’s face. His brain was shattered into pieces. Minutes later his eyes shut and he turned stiff.

Translated by Siti Badriyah biti Haji Md Yusuf
Editor: Hajah Sharifah Khadijah Husien Alkaff



After Reading

Character Analysis:

1. What role does Yasid play in the story? Is it major or minor?
2. Who does he interact with? Who is/ are important to Yasid?
3. What possessions does Yasid have?
4. What character is Yasid?

Flat: Displays few character traits and often does not change in the whole story

Round: Has complex traits with distinct personality, background, and motive

Dynamic: Goes through a dramatic change as a character in the fiction

Static: Has traits which do not change throughout the story, the same from the start to the end of the story.

5. What words are used to describe Yasid?
6. Pick out notable actions and dialogues of Yasid .

Actions	Dialogues

7. Do the same with other characters.
8. What desires and fears do the characters have?
9. From your details above, how do you find Yasid, Adam, Jamal, and William?
10. It was not clear who fell. Who do you think fell? Was it intentional or accident?

Setting:

1. Does the description of the burnt village give you a vivid picture? What words or descriptions help you picture out the place?
2. Go back to the text. Pick out the oilfield or derrick description. Given a chance, would you work in this place? Support your answer.
3. Is the author good enough in making you understand the story place?



Culture:

1. What cultures of Brunei are shown in the fiction.
2. Are there any similarities with the Philippines?

Creating with Them:

The fiction is also a cliffhanger. It does not tell who fell. Filipino readers do not like unfinished stories. Add a concluding paragraph or an ending which fits the flow of the story.

On a Personal Note:

Write a short account of how you see life after reading this story.



Poem 1

Objectives:

1. Deduce the purpose of the poem.
2. Expound the effectiveness of simple rhythm in a poem.
3. Create a comparative poem for the Philippines.

Pre-reading:

Surf the net for information regarding the monikers given to Brunei which will lead to the understanding of the poem. Examples are: Green heart-- <http://www.global-briefing.org/2012/07/the-green-heart-of-borneo/>; abode of peace – <https://www.thedailystar.net/news/brunei-an-abode-of-peace#:~:text=Brunei%20had%20been%20a%20British,influences%20like%20right%2Dhand%20driving.&text=Also%20the%20virtually%20non%2Dexistent,the%20%22Abode%20of%20Peace%22.>

Working Vocabulary:

den
neoclassical

oasis
comport

tranquility
sultanate

While Reading:

What impression of Brunei is given by the poem? Comparing Philippines, what poem can you write to promote your country?



Borneo's Green Heart

A gem of a nation
An abode of peace
A treasure of empire
A haven of tranquility
A kingdom of treasures
An oasis of modern empire
A space of warmth greeting
A den of hospitable people
A neoclassical form of politics
A gateway to beyond comports
An avenue of understanding
An environment of treasures
An ancient Sultanate kingdom
An indeed pampering Brunei Darussalam

Bandar Seri Begawan
Negara Brunei Darussalam
December 30, 2008

After Reading

Understanding the Poem:

1. From your readings, does each moniker fit Brunei? Name proofs.
2. What is the intention of this of this piece? Why do you think it is created?
3. Does it serve its purpose?

Valuing:

1. Based on the poem, would you expound whether the people of Brunei are proud of their country or not?
2. Should it be the case?

Elements of Poetry:

1. Is there any element that makes the poem appreciative?
2. What rhythm is used? Is it effective?



Creating With Them:

Have a partner and write a similar poem about the Philippines. Be ready to defend it in class.

On A Personal Note:

Write a short blog of what you feel for the Philippines compared to how they feel in Brunei.



Poem 2

Objectives:

1. Deduce the purpose of the poem.
2. Expound how imagery helps achieve literary purpose.
3. Create short poem for the same purpose using imagery.

Pre-reading

What are the famous places in Brunei? What places are the guests toured? Surf the net for these. Talk about them in class.

Working Vocabulary:

jungle produce	gleaming	flora and fauna
subjects	sampan	stilt
poignant	rucksack	baju melayu
egret	cutlery	harem

While Reading:

Notice how the places and people are described.

Travel Brunei Darussalam Poem - Bandar Seri Begawan by John Tiong Chunghoo

Bandar Seri Begawan weds the old and new -
roads, heritage buildings, museums, mosques, parks,
a market by the river selling jungle produce
and of course the Jerudong Amusement Park
where late Michael Jackson performed for
the Sultan's 50th birthday -- almost 20 years
before the release of his last album, That's It

it is not the town though that revs one's spirit up
but the humble Brunei river that flows by it
the river opens one to the heart of the Sultanate
here you could see the gleaming Sultan's Palace
the oil kingdom's diverse flora and fauna

as well as the way the Sultan's subjects live,



oil fuels the movements here and everywhere
sampans, motored boats go up and down the waterway
there is even a little oil station on stilts
right in the middle of the river
for the boatman to fill up their boat tanks

the most poignant here are the
smart young generation during sunset hours - -
tudong clad malay schoolgirls
in long white blouse and ocean blue skirt
bleary eyed boys in white shirts, dark green long pants
with rucksacks on their backs get down from their boats
and rush to their wooden houses - home sweet home

a newly wedded couple
in resplendent traditional baju melayu
hold each other, smile and speed
away in their boat to their new nest

coconut palms sway and
a Sharifah Aini song goes on air
while warm breeze blows
reminding me of a paradise on earth,

the egrets both the orange and black beak species
add grace to the picturesque river
the Malays call them banggau

I also have the Bruneian luck to spot the
proboscis monkeys- monyet belanda
with their long flabby nose, humanlike faces
the males moving with their harem

at one end of the river the Sultan's Palace
where cutlery are made of gold
and waiters get thousands in tips
glistens over the waters
there also I could visualise the smile of the
man with the songkok on the blue dollar notes
the man who led one of the oldest Malay sultanates
which gave away Sarawak - my beloved state to the
White Rajah

After Reading

Understanding:

1. Why do you think the concert of Michael Jackson is mentioned in the poem?
2. What is the focus of the second stanza? Why do you think it is added in this piece?



3. How come there are filling stations in the river?
4. What is poignant about the new generation?
5. Newly weds speed away in their boats, what does this mean? What is the implication?
6. Do you believe the cutlery are gold?

Imagery:

1. What items are described in the poem?
2. How is each described?
3. Are the descriptions effective?
4. What is the purpose of their description?

Culture:

1. What does all the description tell about the country?
2. How the persona in the poem value the country?

Creating with Them:

Group with classmates from the barangay, city, or province. Write a short poem or a paragraph describing your place with a purpose of promoting it for tourism. You may base it on the poem or have similar wordings like the poem.

On a Personal Note:

Make an fb post advertising your country. It has to be multi-modal.



MYANMAR
ASEAN Literature

**LEARNING
MODULE**

Batangas State University



Myanmar



Fiction 1

Objectives:

1. Do character analysis to offer help.
2. Create activity or things that would help troubled people.
3. Share insights on Myanmar culture.

Pre-reading:

How does the family help build child character? Share family strengths and problems that influenced positively or negatively their children.

Working Vocabulary:

rubbish	pagoda	bickering
toddler	heave	stingy
Pussy	spinster	nirvana

While Reading:

How do the characters react to each other? Would you submit to a matched wedding?

Close Proximity

by Journal Kyaw Ma Ma Lay

The Full Moon of Waso was U[1] Po Sein's birthday; he was seventy five.

At dawn of that day his only daughter Ma[2] Thaw was cooking rice for the dawn soon [3] offering to be made to the shrine and to the monks. Ma Thaw has been doing the same thing for each of her father's birthdays to offer the Full Years' soon, i.e., to offer to the shrine or monks the same number of spoonfuls of rice as the years reached. As she lay in her bed just



before getting up she reflected that father was now seventy five...where did the years go? She then remembered that her mother Daw Pan U would the same age in two month's time. Both of the same age and both healthy... apart from faded vision, neither has lost a tooth, their backs were still straight, and people of their community said that they must have bountiful merit.

The rain pounded down on the roof.

Dawn would soon be here and Ma Thaw was having trouble lighting up the firewood. Her eyes were starting to smart from the smoke. She was getting fed up with the flame that would spurt and then die down as quickly. She kept dribbling kerosene on the firewood and blowing hard through a pipe but the damp firewood was slow to catch. With the sound of the rain she at first did not hear the pounding on the kitchen door. When she noticed she hurried to open it. "How could you not hear the door? I've been pounding so hard and why is the door closed?" her mother Daw[4] Pan U scolded as she came inside. Even when scolding her mother's voice was not harsh.... it has a mewing sound that was rather shrill.

"Oh mother, I really didn't her anything, it's raining so hard. I couldn't get the fire to light. I closed the door so the smoke won't blow into the house."

Daw Pan U looked at the smoking fire with her hands on her hips and jerked her chin at it in derision.

"You right. Look at the time, the rice pot isn't on the fire yet. I heard you get up ages go...have you even washed the rice?"

Ma Thaw replied from blowing at the fire: "Yes, mother, it's washed, it's ready."

As Daw Pan U walked out to the toilet at the back Ma Thaw placed the pot on the stove. As she was washing the rice for another pot her mother returned and said,

"Do your own work; I can wash it by myself."

Ma Thaw did not reply but kept on washing the rice. Daw Pan U washed her face and then sat down to light the fire of another stove opposite from the one Ma Thaw was using. Ma Thaw put the pot of washed rice beside this stove and picked up a flaming branch from the first stove and approached her mother, who looked up from a bent position of blowing into the stove.

"And what do you think you are you doing with that?"

"The firewood's damp, mother, it's not going to catch for some time... so I thought this could help..."

Daw Pan U shook her head.

"Stop this rubbish; don't bring that fire to my stove. I can manage on my own...take it back." Looking upset Ma Thaw tried to plead with her.

"Mother, I'm just worried it would get too late...it's just lighting a fire ...you're not using anything."

Daw Pan U was already losing patience at not being able to get her stove to be lit.



"See here, when did I ever touch anything of his? If I say I cut off someone I cut off everything connected to that person...I won't use it, so take it away and go."

Ma Thaw turned away. The two of them, backs to each other, tried to keep the fire going in their own stoves. Ma Thaw looked over her mother's stove, still not working, and heaved sighs of despair.

When Ma Thaw was ten years old, one stove became two in this kitchenone for her father and one for her mother. For twenty five years and with Ma Thaw now an old maid of thirty five, her parents had not spoken to each other. They lived in one house but had separate earnings and cooked their food separately. Ma Thaw cooked for her father and helped her mother in the kitchen. In their small two-storey wooden house, her mother has a small grocery in a room downstairs and Ma Thaw worked as a seamstress.

U Po Sein was originally from up-country and had arrived in this village to treat a small-pox patient. The disease had spread to most of the village so U Po Sein stayed to treat them and became a traditional doctor for the whole community who all felt dependent upon him. So that he would not leave, the villagers had made a match for him with a forty year-old seamstress, Daw Pan U, so Ma Thaw was born when her mother was past forty. By the time she was three, she still did not know U Po Sein as her father ... she would often wonder who that man was when she saw him, for he would be away treating patients in other villages and be at home only once in three or six months.

The marriage of the confirmed bachelor and the old maid did not work out too well: first. out of shyness they would not go together to the pagoda or monastery like other couples. Even after Ma Thaw was born they were still shy. By the time she was a toddler, their apparent shyness changed into bickering as soon as they saw each other.

Daw Pan U was frustrated with her husband that he always spoke abruptly, that he thought too much of himself, that he was selfish, fussy, unforgiving and contrary.

U Po Sein too was frustrated with his wife that she was stingy, did not get along with anyone, had too many things going on, and was stubborn, ungrateful, self-centred, and unhelpful. They each kept their frustrations with each other bottled up and when Ma Thaw was ten it all exploded.

It was the day that U Po Sein returned home after about three months' of treating patients in the countryside. Early one morning, he had got off the boat at the jetty and walked home, carrying a woven box with his clothes and stuff, two baskets he had bought to use at home and a whole bunch of bananas. He had said he would be away for about ten days and as he then came home after three months Daw Pan U was sulky. As soon as she saw her husband entering the house, she went into the bedroom. When U Po Sein saw that, he dropped everything at the slipper-removing space[5]. First he thought he would call his daughter but remembering she would be at school, he fetched a drink of water for himself and dropped down tiredly into an easy chair.

After he had rested a bit he got up from the chair and shouted loud enough for Daw Pan U, still in her room, to hear: "Hey, box, hey baskets and bananas, go into the house, now, get inside!"



He was speaking as if these things were live entities. Daw Pan U knew that as long as she did not go out and take the things in[6], he would go on being sarcastic and was determined to see who would give up first....it was not going to be her, that's for sure. She stayed put in her room.

Two women customers of Daw Pan U came in; U Po Sein was still ordering his things to get inside. It was really funny but rather than laughing the two women, realising their doctor was very angry, scampered away in fright. They hurried to the monastery where Ma Thaw was at school[7] and told her the news.

Ma Thaw ran like the wind from the monastery back to her house.

U Po Sein was determined to continue shouting out his orders so long as the stuff was piled outside his house; never mind if he should drop dead from exhaustion. Ma Thaw could hear him from afar all along her way home.

She looked from her father to the piled stuff, trembling with fear and with tears welling in her eyes. Still in terror, she carried in the things one at a time. Only then did her father sit down in his easy chair, completely tired out. With his brow wrinkled and eyes shut tight he sat resting. After while he got up and taking down a longyi[8] from a clothes line and throwing it over his shoulder, walked off into the village.

Ma Thaw looked all over the house for her mother and finally found her in bed with a blanket pulled over her head. Ma Thaw called to her but got no reply. In a while U Po Sein came back; he carried pots and pans and wrapped in his spare longyi were bundles of rice, salt fish, dried chillies, onions and a bottle of oil.

That was the day that U Po Sein, with deep bitterness against his wife, declared himself no longer married to her and set up a separate kitchen. He cooked for himself until Ma Thaw grew old enough to do it for him.

Ma Thaw's rice pot boiled over; Daw Pan U was still trying to get her fire going.

Ma Thaw poured out all the water from the pot and replaced it on the stove to cook the last few minutes. She started to prepare the tray for the shrine offering.

"Oh dear, mother, there's no more palm sugar pellets left in father's tin, may I take a few from your shop?"

"There's no palm sugar left, there's only cane sugar slabs,"

While Ma Thaw took some cane sugar slabs from a tin from her mother's shop and was putting them on a plate, her mother was muttering irately.

"Well, I never touch his things but sure, he can use mine. When you were born, I wasn't even out of the maternity period[9], and he asked me to give him back the gold bangle he had made for me from his fees and since that day I never saw it again. Gone! From that day I never asked a penny from him and I've been earning enough on my own to this day."

Ma Thaw hurried to set the tray, making sure she was not forgetting anything and only half heard her mother; it might also be that she has heard the same words for over a hundred times from Daw Pan U and she got used to it. She was fed up with her life of being the buffer



between her parents, not even getting married and she no longer wanted to listen to the same things over and over again.

“He sits there all dignified as the head of the household and does not want to use his money for anything and then he badmouths me, and I’m the one earning my own living. It’s only because of you, you know, it’s only because I worry about you that I have not left this house.”

Ma Thaw could not waste anymore time to listen to her mother, and leaving her still muttering carried the tray on her head to the shrine upstairs. The shrine was brilliant with lit candles. Her father sat with his prayer beads as he waited for her to bring the offerings.

As Ma Thaw set the tray down on the shrine U Po Sein got up and asked her,
“Is the rice the full age number?”

“Yes, father, seventy five spoonfuls.”

“And what are these?”

Her father peered closely at the small plates of food with his blurry eyes.

“Dates are in this plate, this is popped rice balls, and bananas, and candied winter melon, and tiny biscuits, and cane sugar slabs.”

“Where did you get that from?”

“You’ve ran out of palm sugar so I took this from mother’s shop.”

Before Ma Thaw’s trembling words ended, U Po Sein, frowning, had taken away the plate of cane sugar.

“Here, take it away at once. Don’t put her things with my offerings. Take it away.”

She did not take the plate her father was handing her but tried to ease things a little.

“It’s not taking for free, father, I’ll pay her for it.”

“Free or not, I don’t want it. Don’t put it in here...take it away.”

She could not openly rebel so she took the plate and set it aside

“You know, daughter, before you were born we went to live with her relatives and they worked me without mercy[10]. They asked me to reap the paddy and I have never done anything like that before...my hands were all torn up and became infected, dripping blood and pus... she’s not even grateful that I suffered like that, that inconsiderate woman.”

Ma Thaw was trying not to get mixed up as she counted out seventy five spoons of water into the glasses and did not hear her father properly; it might also be that she has heard the same words for over a hundred times from U Po Sein and they were nothing new. Living as a spinster in consideration for her battling parents, she felt more wretched whenever she heard these words.



"Whenever I think of that time I feel like crying; it's only because I worry about you that I am still living in this house."

Ma Thaw placed the glasses of water on the shrine. She could not waste anymore time to listen to her father, and came downstairs; she must prepare her mother's offering tray.

In the kitchen Daw Pan U was pouring out the water from the rice pot. Ma Thaw hid the cane sugar she had brought down before she went into the kitchen. As she was cutting a pineapple for Daw Pan U, U Po Sein appeared at the doorway, looking alarmed.

"Daughter, where's my Zatar[11]?"

He was going to place his Zatar in front of the image before he began praying as he has done on every birthday, but he could not find it this morning.

"Father, you always keep your Zatar in the empty biscuit tin by your bed," Ma Thaw answered from where she was busy with the pineapple. Daw Pan U had not given a single glance at U Po Sein since he arrived at the kitchen door; she went on preparing her tray.

"It's not there... the other day I took it out and forgot to put it back. I left it on the tin and now it's gone."

Ma Thaw looked over at her mother, just in case she had seen it, but Daw Pan U acted as if she did not hear a word, and went on with her work.

"The biscuit tin is not in its own place, too, someone moved it when I was not there," said U Po Sein, his voice turning hard. Ma Thaw caught her mother's eye.

"The other day, it was raining so hard and nobody's home so I went upstairs to close the windows. The roof was leaking so I had to move some things," Daw Pan U said, addressing Ma Thaw and looking only at her face.

Ma Thaw was directly in line with U Po Sein; Daw Pan U was between them. Ma Thaw left the pineapple and walked towards her father.

"Really, daughter, what a messy way to do things, not at all in order ...see, now my things are not in their own places."

U Po Sein said it directly but through his daughter.

Daw Pan U's face hardened as she spoke up, looking at Ma Thaw.

"I moved it because it was going to get wet, am I to do nothing if it gets wet?"

"Well, if something is moved, it should be replaced where it was before, daughter." This was from her father.

"It was still raining so how could anyone replace it? It must be where it was moved. How can this be messy? How can this be not in order?"

Ma Thaw's face turned now to her mother's face and now to her father's, and when both were trying to speak at the same time her face moved this way and that, her eyes spinning.



"It's not there, daughter, I've looked."

Ma Thaw began to say, "I wonder if you, father, put it ..."

Before she could finish her sentence Daw Pan U broke in so she turned to her mother.

"What would anyone want to do with this thing? The other day, when Ba Win brought back the crude oil tin from the monastery, I heard someone saying he should give his Zatar another coat of oil."

Ma Thaw's eyes immediately flew to U Po Sein's face. Daw Pan U turned back to her work.

"What a disaster; I never gave my Zatar to Ba Win. I don't like anyone touching my things."

"Why should it be a disaster? If that thing is not in its place, he must have taken it. I only touched it to move it from the rain; don't think I even want to touch it."

Ma Thaw was always the medium they spoke through when they wanted to quarrel. Her heart began to beat faster while her mother spoke to her, jabbing a finger in her face. She had to do something to stop this from getting out of hand when they were just about to do an act of merit.

"Mother, perhaps Uncle[12] Ba Win went upstairs and took it himself, let me check on the bookcase downstairs."

She pushed past her father at the door and ran to see, U Po Sein following on her heels. Ma Thaw felt a rush of relief to see the freshly-coated Zatar left out to dry on the bookcase. U Po Sein went upstairs taking his Zatar with him. Ma Thaw dared not go into the kitchen before her father was safely upstairs for if her mother kept on nagging he would certainly hear.

As she walked into the kitchen, her mother immediately said to her,
"Well, thank goodness he found it, otherwise he'd just keep on picking at me. Did you hear him, saying it's a disaster? Now whose disaster was it, may I ask?"

Her mother began nagging in her drawn-out way and Ma Thaw, fed up, walked straight out to the water tank at the back. While she went on cutting the pineapple she heard the sound of the triangular gong[13] from upstairs and her father begin his prayers.

"Lord of the Three Worlds, the noble, the enlightened and glorious Lord Buddha who have our eternal gratitude, our Lord of infinite wisdom..."

The dawn prayer sounded sublime and Ma Thaw concentrated on the feeling of reverence that welled up in her chest, even as her fingers went on cutting the fruit.

Afterwards she called to her mother, "There's popped rice, mother, do you want it for your tray?"

"He bought that popped rice with his money so why on earth should I put it with my offerings? I told you I don't want anything to do with him and you, why do you keep insisting?"

Ma Thaw gave a thump to her own forehead in regret that she had spoken without thinking.



"How stupid I am," she scolded herself and dared not say another word as her good intentions had turned bad so quickly.

There was a separate shrine downstairs that was built when they had started having separate cooking arrangements. As she began lighting the candles on this shrine she heard U Po Sein's voice as he ended his prayers with a blessing towards all creatures.

"May all creatures have neither hatred nor enmity; may they have neither anxieties nor fears; may they keep themselves in well-being and prosperity."

On hearing this blessing Ma Thaw felt a sudden sadness rise up in her heart, as if she wanted to cry, and felt choked.

Daw Pan U was ready with her offering and struck the gong before commencing her prayers. "Lord Buddha, I, your devoted disciple offer these towards gaining merit so that I might be free of the suffering of rebirth and hence enter Nirvana. I beg that you stride here on your blessed feet to accept my offerings, noble Lord Buddha..."

Ma Thaw went back into the kitchen, still feeling choked up, as her mother continued praying. Daw Pan U's prayer sounded beautiful, the way her voice pleasantly wove in a tuneful rhythm. As she listened she had a sudden urge to enter a nunnery and leave behind this wretched life of being caught between her two parents. The choking feeling rose to tighten her throat.

Her mother's prayer was ending with a long blessing.

"This body I call 'me', may it be well, body and mind; may it be free of danger, anxiety, and suffering. The celestials who guide this body, may they be well, body and mind; may they be free of danger, anxiety and suffering. Those I have seen, those not seen, all these creatures of the world, may they be well, body and mind; may they be free of danger, anxiety and suffering. Those who live far, those who live near, all these creatures of the world, may they be well, body and mind; may they be free of danger, anxiety and suffering."

The last words of her mother's blessing pierced Ma Thaw's heart. She could not control the tears that fell rapidly onto her cheeks, one drop after the other. She was highly doubtful about her parents' goodwill..

She thought that in her father's prayer "May all creatures have neither hatred nor enmity; may they have neither anxieties nor fears; may they keep themselves in well-being and prosperity", she was not at all sure her mother would be included; and in mother's blessing for "those who live far, those who live near....may they be well, body and mind; may they be free of danger, anxiety and suffering," she didn't think it meant her father.

May all creatures be blessed, but not that person in my house!

(Sandar Magazine. Issue 10, January 1970.)

[1] Formal prefix to male adults' names

[2] Prefix to female names, both adults and children. Not formal.

[3] Food offered to monks or at the shrine



[4] Formal prefix to female adults' names

[5] A level space at the top of the stairs for people to leave their shoes before entering the house.

[6] It is a tradition for wives at home to welcome the returning husband and take the things from his hands, even on a daily basis.

[7] All through history and even now in remote places, monasteries are schools where monks teach children to read and write.

[8] Waist garment

[9] Up to seven days after birth, a time when both mother and child are considered fragile and vulnerable

[10] To ask someone to do menial work is insulting

[11] A palm leaf packet with astrological calculations made at a person's birth

[12] Polite way of addressing any older male, related or not

A gong struck to call the attention of all creatures that a prayer is to be said

From <https://sites.google.com/site/thingsmyanmar/selected-myanmar-short-stories/2-journal-kyaw-ma-ma-lay>
retrieved July 23, 2020

After Reading

Characterization:

1. How is Ma Thaw as a daughter? Daw Pan U as mother? And U Po Sein as father?
2. What matters most to Daw Pan U and U Po Sein ?
3. Do the characters have fears and limitations?
4. Table the characters' dialogues and actions and tell their mental their mental health.



Character	Dialogue	Action

What Is Mental Health?

Mental health includes our emotional, psychological, and social well-being. It affects how we think, feel, and act. It also helps determine how we handle stress, relate to others, and make choices. Mental health is important at every stage of life, from childhood and adolescence through adulthood.

Over the course of your life, if you experience mental health problems, your thinking, mood, and behavior could be affected. Many factors contribute to mental health problems, including:

- Biological factors, such as genes or brain chemistry
- Life experiences, such as trauma or abuse
- Family history of mental health problems

MentalHealth.gov (2020) What is Mental health? Retrieved from
<https://www.mentalhealth.gov/basics/what-is-mental-health>

Emotional Appeal (dyadic activity, few minutes are given to couples then discussion by class)

1. How do you feel about Ma Thaw and her parents?



2. Read the lines that make you feel that way.
3. What is used by the author in those lines making you feel that way?
4. If it were not written that way, do you think you will still feel the same?

Theme:

1. What reality of life is shown in the story?
2. Which parts of the story reveal this?
3. If you were Ma Thaw, how will you react to your parents?
4. why is it the title of the fiction?

Culture:

1. What cultural practices are shown in the fiction?
2. Do you think Filipinos would adopt these?
3. As a future businessman, teacher, engineer, health worker, technician, craftsman, etc., does knowing their culture be of any help?

Creating With Them:

Have groups of five. Refer to your careers. As businessmen, teachers, engineers, etc.

Create

or design anything that could help in anyway any of the characters.

On A Personal Note:

Twit any lesson in life that you gain from this story.



Myanmar

Fiction 2

Objectives:

1. Discuss the effectiveness of the narrator's perspective in a fiction.
2. Defend the value of a good teacher.
3. Create a simple but valuable activity.

Pre-reading:

Do you still remember your kindergarten teacher? What is your memory like?

Vocabulary at Work:

shriek
dame

reluctant
plum

gape

While Reading:

Are the lessons non-sense?

The Kindergarten Teacher
by Aung Thinn

(A true story)

I was a lecturer at the University of Yangon since the early 1960s. Before that, I served about three years as a middle school teacher in my hometown of Taungdwin-gyi. At the risk of being thought boastful, I must say that I was considered quite a good teacher at both posts. Actually I had thought it was nothing much: one becomes known as a 'good teacher' without too much effort or talent. However, what I encountered on my trip home in 1963 shook me.

I arrived just as the schools reopened for the new semester and I realised I had been way off the mark with my evaluation of 'good teaching.'

Let me explain.

On that visit to Taungdwin-gyi, I liked to spend my time at the Shwe In Taung pagoda, where a little museum had been set up. I was one of the directors of the museum along with some of my best friends, so we liked to meet there in the evenings. On my way to the museum I would drop in at the primary school next to the pagoda to inform my friend, U Nyan Sein who teaches there, that I'd be waiting for him. He was also an art teacher but he also taught reading and writing to the newest children in school: the kindergarten.



One day I stood at the door of his class to tell him to come along to the museum afterwards. He was drawing something on the blackboard: I watched to see what it would be. His class of five-year-olds waited silently. After a few deft strokes they recognised a popular cartoon character, as I did.

“It’s Master Tortoise!” they cried as one.

U Nyan Sein added a walking stick.

“He’s holding a walking stick!” the kids chorused again.

Then, “He’s smoking a pipe!”

U Nyan Sein turned towards his children. “One day, Master Tortoise was out walking, and who do you think he met?”

He turned back to the board and started another drawing at the other end.

“Master Rabbit!” the children shrieked in one voice.

“Well, Master Rabbit said to Master Tortoise...”

He seemed to be making up the tale as he went. I did not remember any of it as I just waved at him and left.

“You can listen, too!” he called with a laugh. I told him I’d see him that evening.

For two or three days I would just see him making drawings and telling stories so I asked him why he was not teaching anything.

“I can teach reading and writing anytime,” he replied. “Yes, it’s true, I mean it, but right now it’s important that children enjoy school; they must love coming to school, not fear it. It’s the most important step.”

I reflected that it might well be true and the next day decided to spend more time watching him at work.

There was one young boy in the front row crying his eyes out.

He would not look at the drawings nor listen to the story: he cried steadily and without any sign of stopping. He would often glance out of the window and I saw an elderly lady, probably his grandmother, sitting under a nearby Tamarind tree.

After a while U Nyan Sein called out to the lady:

“Please go home, Daw Aye Thar, don’t worry about him. As long as you’re there I won’t be able to stop him crying.”

At this the boy’s sobs turned to shrieks. The grandmother looked reluctant to move.



"This is awful," he said to me. "It's much worse handling these old dames than the kids."

Then he called to her "At least, please go around the corner where he can't see you."

The old lady moved away slowly. The howls of the boy shook the room.

U Nyan Sein went on with his story while the kid sobbed on. This went on for some minutes until U Nyan Sein paused to look at the boy with a slight smile on his face.

"Now, class, it seems this little boy could not use up all his crying, that's why he can't stop. Why don't you all cry so that it will be used up quickly?"

The other kids immediately went into a loud pantomime of crying: they sobbed earnestly, rubbing their eyes, howling in glee. The room rang with their 'sobs.'

The boy stopped crying in amazement, looking around in confusion. Then the other kids stopped. I could not help chuckling at the sight of it.

U Nyan Sein went on with his tale. After a while, the boy started again: and again the others joined him, crying together to 'use it all up.' There were no more tears from anyone, real or fake, after that.

The next day I went early to his class. That kid looked as if he had been crying but was not at the moment. Their teacher looked happy and excited. He called to the class: "Hey, today I'm going to give you some plums, you want them?"

"Yeessss!" answered the kids.

"Fingers up those who want plums!"

The little fingers flew up. The kid who liked to cry did not raise his hand but gaped up at his teacher: would there really be plums, he seemed to be wondering. So was I.

U Nyan Sein turned to the board. He drew a circle, and put a stem at the top. "Here's a plum...who first? You, you're the youngest...here it comes!"

He pretended to pluck the fruit from the blackboard and threw it at a child who pretended to catch it and ate it with a smack of his lips. The class roared in appreciation.

"Here's another!" He drew the next one and threw it. "Here's one that is not sweet," he said, "It's not very round, it's sort of longish. But anyway, see how sour it is."

The kid he threw it to puckered up his lips. "It's very sour!" The other kids screamed with laughter. There were loud cries of "Me! Me next!"

"And this one is rotten, it must taste awful", he continued, drawing a wobbly circle.

The kid he threw it to made the appropriate face.

The class of five year olds were having a time of their lives; the plum picking session was a great success.



The next day I learnt that a new step was being taken.

“Today, I’m going to buy plums from you, five at a time” he announced. “But only the sweet ones will get paid with a mark. I won’t buy sour or rotten ones so you won’t get a mark. Now see how a sweet plum is made.....here...”

He drew a very round circle clock-wise on the blackboard.

“And a rotten plum is this,” he said, drawing the circle anti-clock-wise.

The kids made motions in the air with their little hands when he showed them.

“Like this! Not like this!” they chanted after him.

I wondered how he would check on writing anti-clock-wise, since he could not be watching all the kids at once.

A little voice piped up: “Teacher, he’s drawing a rotten plum, like this!” his little hand waving in the anti-clockwise move.

His neighbour said, drawing in the air, “No, no, I’ll write it like this!” making clock-wise motions with his hands. Aha, I thought, the kids check each other.

So that was all the plum picking was all about: the Myanmar alphabet is based on the circle and the letters are in that sense deviations of the sweet plum, a very round little circle.

The kids set to with a will, drawing ‘plums’ on their slates.

After writing five ‘plums’ each, they brought their slates for inspection.

“Now this is sour, next time I won’t buy it,” he’d say. “But this time

I will,” and made a mark. The kid went away happy.

The little cry-baby came up shyly.

“Hey, you may cry a lot but your plums sure are sweet!” U Nyan Sein told him. The boy scampered back to his place, very happy, and I noticed that he came up often and happily, to show more plums.

The next day a new lesson started. He asked each one to stand up, and to announce their names. Then he drew a ‘Ka’ (First letter of the alphabet) on the black board.

“Now, you all have names...tell me your names, one by one...now that’s a pretty name! What a fine one!...and what nice names you all have. Listen, he’s got a name, too, it’s ‘Ka’ ...don’t forget now, you like to be called by your very own name, right? So does he.”

It went on like this all through the alphabet.



After seeing my friend at work, I was truly shaken; was I as good a teacher, was I doing as much good for my students as he is?

From <https://sites.google.com/site/thingsmyanmar/selected-myanmar-short-stories/7-aung-thinn> Retrieved July 23, 2020

After Reading

Narration: 1. Who is telling the story?

2. What point of view is used?

3. Why is he telling the story?

4. How is the story told? What technique is used?

5. What do you think if the story is told in another perspective?

Emotional Appeal:

1. How did you feel while reading?

2. Read the story parts that make you feel that way.

3. What are in these line that make you feel that way?

4. How does the narrator feel about his kindergarten friend teacher as compared to him who is also a teacher?

New Historicism:

1. What expressions in the story tell you this is not a millennial? that it is Myanmar?

2. Can this kind of teacher still be seen in schools?

3. Are the parents outside the classroom similar to the parents in Philippines?

Valuing:

1. Does the kindergarten teacher love his pupils? What is your proof?

2. What is the relevance on pupil skills of the drawing and plum lessons?

Creating With Them:

If you were the kindergarten teacher, what other lesson will you teach? Have a partner and create an activity for the kindergarten which could be of value to the kids.

On A Personal Note:

As a future professional, what kind of businessman, engineer, teacher, health worker, etc. would you like to be based on your reflections on the story. Make an original quotation in an fb post.



Myanmar



Fiction 3

Objectives:

1. Compare wedding cultures.
2. Use imagery in composition.
3. Discuss how the characters are made convincing.

Pre-reading:

How are weddings in your place? What are there in the reception?

Vocabulary at Work:

jetty	sprigs of flowers	sauntered up
shuddered like a malarial victim	spick and span	goner
mend	high chignon	false tress
melee		

While Reading:

Think about similar situations in Philippine weddings.

The Wedding Reception

by Nyi Pu Lay

The group of people dressed in their best stood in the narrow lane, necks stretching to catch a glimpse of the car coming towards them on the bumpy road. They could see it in the dust, rolling as slowly as if it were a horse-drawn cart.

This was the car taking them to the wedding. In their eyes the car rolled on the bumps as if it were a boat riding the waves.

When it was near enough for them to see it through the whirling dust, one of the waiting women exclaimed to the groom, "Sein Hla, is that the car taking us to the wedding?"



Sein Hla smiled to himself. "Yep, it sure is. Why?"

"You said it's a van."

"It is a van, isn't it?"

It was, but just barely. The back end of car had been cut, remodelled and roofed; it was exactly the sort of car used for transporting vegetables from the jetty to the market.

But they could not be choosy: they were already late, and some of them must go early and hurry back in time to go to work. Anyway, in their part of Mandalay, there never has been such luxury as a car rented for the purpose of taking guests to a wedding. This time, the bride being the school teacher and all, and with the groom's best friend being the owner of a car, transport had been arranged as a wedding gift from the owner.

After making a five-point turn, the car was finally parked with its head towards the road. The first batch of passengers was the young girls who were in charge of handing out sprigs of flowers and cigarettes to each guest. They must be in their places before the guests arrive. There was an immediate uproar about who gets in first, who sits where. The driver obligingly shut off the engine, which shuddered like a malarial victim, before it died.

"Now where is that Sein Sein Aye? She's always slow... let's just see if she moves faster to catch a husband, then I'd tear her to pieces." Before the words ended, a bug-eyed girl dressed in bright red scampered up. Her make-up was exactly like the other girls'...its pink tones clashed alarmingly with her dark skin.

Uncle Than Sein and Grand Uncle Win Maung, as befit their age, had already installed themselves in the front seat.

"Oh, Uncle, take this child on your lap, she's Daw Aye Chit's little girl."

"Come, come, you can sit on my knee." The girl was overjoyed to be riding in the front seat and her wide grin showed off missing front teeth.

Sein Hla, the groom, tried to pack in as many as possible, for he did not want his friend making too many trips. Gas prices were not cheap, as he well knew.

The car began to look like a piece of candy with ants climbing all over it. It was indeed a happy scene.

To everyone's alarm the car would not start for a few minutes; then they were off in a cloud of dark smoke

"Now, bridegroom, you'd better go change, what are you waiting for?"

"Well I'm just so busy seeing to things..."

"Never mind! Everything will be fine. You go change; it's your wedding day, man, look lively."



“Who'll look after the gifts?” one lady asked anxiously.

“Don't worry, Aunt, there will be someone...go change, Sein Hla.”

The group of ladies who were left standing in the lane began to gossip.

“That red dress Sein Sein Aye's wearing, whose dress is it?”

“Must be hers, since she's wearing it.”

“No, the dress is too big on her, must belong to her sister who lives downtown.”

A quarrel broke out between two children about who was to wear the one pair of slippers belonging to both. Kywet Thoe, the best man, sauntered up, hands in the pockets of his jacket.

“Well now, how grand you look; you should look as spick and span as this all the time.”

“Of course I want to, Aunt, but look at me, I'm a mechanic, covered with grease all the time. I didn't go to work yesterday, that's why I look this clean. Even then I couldn't get rid of all the grime.”

He held out his hands.

“How is that old father of the groom? How is he, Kywet Thoe?”

“Better, thank god...we all thought he was a goner, when the invitations were already printed and all.”

The old man had fallen ill all of a sudden and the neighbourhood had held its breath but now, thank god, he's on the mend.

When the car came back it had picked up the bride Mar Mar Tin from the beauty salon. Anyone in the neighbourhood who was not going such as nursing mothers, old people walking with canes and toddlers with grimy faces, they all came as fast as they could to have a look at the bride.

She did not step out of the car. Her hair was done in a high chignon, and the false tress that dangled on the side was darker than her own hair. The rhinestone hairpin sparkled. Around her neck she wore a gem necklace and a strand of pearls, and in photos they would surely look real.

Her face was pink with the western foundation. Not used to having false eyelashes glued on her lids she kept batting her eyes. The beautician had done away altogether with her scanty eyebrows: they had been shaved off and he had drawn a curvy line in its place in sea-green pencil.

There were comments about how pretty she looked and they all asked how much it cost, the name of the shop and in the melee they heard a piping voice of a girl: “She doesn't look pretty at all!”

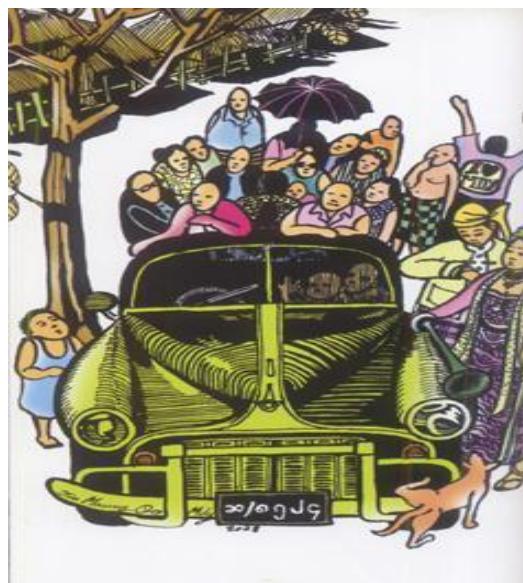


Mar Mar Tin pretended not to hear but her knuckles were itching to rap the little brat on the head.

The groom was wearing a dark golden yellow longyi as near the golden colour of the bride's htamein as possible. He too seemed to have rubbed some powder on his face because it looked dusty. He tried to open the car door: it did not budge, even with the bride working the handle from inside. The driver, his friend, leant over and pushed it open. The back of the van was already packed with guests.

He remembered his turban only when they drove off. Never mind, he could ask his friend to bring it along the next trip.

"Ko Sein, how's Father?" the bride asked him.



"He's had a pee, but couldn't pass motion yet. I moved him to a sunny spot."

"Who's with him?"

"Ma Ma Than from next door's keeping an eye on him..... he misses mother, you know. He doesn't say so but I can tell."

He tried putting his elbow out of the window but the glass could only be lowered mid-way so he felt uncomfortable. He took his arm down.

He turned to his friend. "When father heard you're helping out with the transport, he wanted to come, too. Said he should entertain his own friends himself."

"How did you persuade him to stay home, Ko Sein?" the bride asked.

"I told him there'd be all three of us brothers and that we'll see that everyone's welcomed properly. Even then he asked to wear a coat, just in case someone drops in at home."

The wedding hall was filled with guests. The bridal couple live in the same neighbourhood so there were no strangers. As the car went back for the third trip two kids did not stay behind but went back for another ride; it was a treat for them. One kid started to howl because he could not go with them.

The ladies manning the gifts table were busy making a list of the presents, while eating cake and gulping down tea. The elders sat in a group, happily smoking cigarettes. The pop songs blaring out of the speakers mingled with the chatter and the audible clearing of throats as the guests ate the dry cakes. The room was filled with smoke and the scent of cosmetics and perfumes.



All the way back the guests discussed the wedding, the dresses and the cakes. The newly weds had already given pocket money to the young men. It is called ‘Payment for Stones’, a sum paid off to avoid the teasing throwing of stones on the house that night. These guys trooped out joyfully for drinks and food. As for the girls they had promised to take them all to watch TV that night. The children overheard this and demanded that they too wanted to come along. The bride had agreed to keep them quiet but thinking about the one kyat fee for adults and half for kids at the house with the TV, she felt worried about having enough and stole a glance at the borrowed silver bowl holding the cash gifts.

Father had been eagerly asking news from anyone who returned from the wedding. As soon as he saw his son the groom, he asked for his potty. Sitting on it he asked detailed questions about the reception.

As Sein Hla cleaned up his father, the old man asked if it were true about the TV show. “What’s the program?”

“Mandalay Dance Troupe, Father, yes, we promised the girls.”

“Is that so? I want to watch it, too.”

“I’ll carry you then, Father, if you want to go.”

He thought of the sulky face of the owner of the TV and felt a twinge of worry.

The program was a favourite and the front room of that house would be filled with the wedding party.

As the nights were getting chilly he dressed his father warmly in an old jacket. His brand new wife Mar Mar Tin had gone on ahead, carrying his father’s folding chair. There were still traces of the morning’s make-up on her face. As it had cost her all of Kyat 150, she thought that surely she must still look as nice as this morning.

She had the money for the show tucked in her bodice. Her new slippers hurt her feet so she was wearing her old pair. Besides, people sometimes steal slippers at such places where they must be left outside, so its better this way.

Sein Hla showed his father the potty he carried in a plastic bag. “Let me know anytime you need to pee, Father, no need to feel embarrassed, everyone knows you.”

U San Tin the owner of the TV came out to greet Father when they arrived. He seemed happy to have a full house. He was rather strict and he did not allow any kids to eat snacks or throw plum seeds at each other. The audience sat on mats covering the floor. Sein Hla placed his father’s chair at the back. He himself sat on the floor holding the potty bag and his new bride sat close to him.

The program started. Well! How they enjoyed it all: the jokes, the songs, the dancing. It was as if they were all nailed to the floor.

They were still smiling as they took their leave when the show ended. Sein Hla lifted up his father and his face fell: the old man had peed, probably without noticing it. There was a small wet patch on the floor. U San Tin must surely notice! Sein Hla did not know what to do. He



grabbed the brand new handkerchief Mar Mar Tin was clutching and made as if to wipe the floor.

“Never mind, my boy, never mind.” It was an unexpectedly kind word from U San Tin.

They said their good-byes, apologizing. U San Tin squeezed Father’s hand as they left. Mar Mar Tin paid for her guests, bargaining with a beating heart to let off four kyat. The TV owners agreed, he said, just for this night.

Mar Mar Tin carried the folding chair with the wet burlap seat wondering how she could keep the make-up on until tomorrow. Sein Hla carried his father, wondering about how this night U San Tin had been so nice.

The audience made their way home, talking about the show.

From <https://sites.google.com/site/thingsmyanmar/selected-myanmar-short-stories/10-nyi-pu-lay>

After Reading:

Imagery:

1. How do you find the story?
2. Pick out some parts in the story which you can easily imagine.
3. What words make you vividly see the scene?

Culture:

1. Aside from the imagery used, what other factor makes you easily understand the wedding culture of Myanmar?
2. Is the wedding culture comparative to our wedding in Philippines?
3. Which are similar? Give details.
4. What factors make our wedding cultures similar?

Characterization:

1. How is Mar Mar Tin as a bride and a daughter-in-law?
2. How is Sein Hla as a groom and son?
3. Name other characters and comment on their words, actions, and clothes.
4. What are their priorities in the wedding?

Theme:

1. What is the focus of the story?
2. How does the author make you see this? What are used?
3. Is it realistic?

Create With Them:

Get a partner. Pretend that you will wed soon. Make a wedding plan from the bridal gown and



groom's suit, bridal car, sponsors, to the reception on a tight budget. Make an invitation and list of all needed. You have only P25,000 which you borrowed from close relatives and friends.

On A Personal Note:

As you have witnessed the wedding of Sein Hla and Mar Mar Tin, Write an essay of three paragraphs as wishes on your wedding day.



Thailand





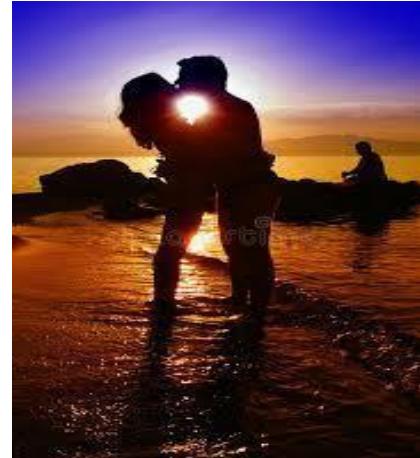
POEM 1

Objectives

- A. Learn commonly used Thai words as basic conversation
- B. Analyze the Boatman's song based on the writer's purpose and core of ASEAN culture.
- C. Identify the figures of speech used in the song.
- D. Relate the ideals of the song to Philippine ideals
- E. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.

Pre-reading Activity

Close your eyes. Think the face of your current love interest, crush or ideal person. Then, sing any song you would like to dedicate fondly on that person while imagining that you are going to take that person in a candlelight dinner while having a boat ride in Mae Klong River in Central Thailand. Sing louder!



Vocabulary at Work

Learn something new about these Thai words. So, search its meaning and match column A with Column B. Write letters only.



Perfect Match- Made in Thailand

ANSWER	COLUMN A	COLUMN B
1.	Sawadee	A. Can you speak English?
2.	Chai	B. No!



3.	Mai	C. Thank you
4.	Aaj ja	D. Maybe
5.	Khop khun	E. Yes!
6.	Khor thoad	F. Sorry, Excuse me
7.	Kun pood paasaa anggrit dai mai	G. No worries
8.	Mai pen rai	H. Hello!

Remember: In Thailand, if you are male, you end sentences with the word(khrup/krap) similarly if you are female, you end your sentences with the word (ka/kap) This is used to make your sentence or question polite and respectful.

While Reading

Have you ever fall in love?

How do you express your love?

What are the signs of love that you see manifested in people every day?

How would you describe a great love?



Boatman's Love Song?

A happy and reckless youth I am
As I ply boat on the deep. Menam;
My song shall end and my song begin
In praise of there, my darling.



CHORUS: Begin with the head and end with the toes;
My praise shall be strong as the tide
That flows.

Who that has been e'er forgot
Thy pretty hair tied in a sweet knot?

CHORUS: Begin with the head and end with the toes;
My praise shall be strong as the tide
That flows.

Thy eyebrow black, I'm sure that each
Is a shiny as any healthy leech;
No elephant, white, black, short, or tall,
Can boast of such eyes, so loving and small

CHORUS: Begin with the head and end with the toes;
My praise shall be strong as the tide
That flows.

As for thy nose, I'm certain that
None other has come has one so wide and flat;

And the ebony's bark in its core beneath'
Was never so black as thy shiny teeth

CHORUS: Begin with the head and end with the toes;
My praise shall be strong as the tide



That flows.

Complexion of gold and a high cheek-bone,
Such a lovely bride as my darling Chin.

CHORUS: Begin with the head and end with the toes;

My praise shall be strong as the tide

That flows.

Thy frame is as light as the forest stag
And as strong and firm as a rocky crag;
Thy feet and toes (the more good luck)
As pretty and broad as the web-footed duck.

CHORUS: Begin with the head and end with the toes;

My praise shall be strong as the tide

That flows.



Post Reading Activity

Answer the following questions below.

- What descriptions can you give to the feelings of the boatman?
- What does the chorus mean? Does it support the poet's view on love? Why
- What figures of speech are used in the song? In what part of the song it is evident? Does it appeal to
- Which part of the song appealed you the most? Justify your
- What is the mood of the song? Does it affect on your mood also?
- Compare the feelings of the boatman to the feelings of Filipinos
- How will you express romantic love in deeper and enduring ways?

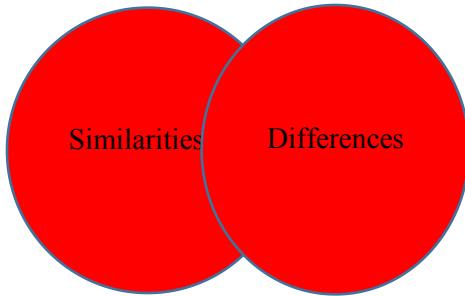
Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

- A. With groups, compose a song intended for your English instructor. Send it to his/her messenger privately or tag him/her FB account to post it if your group decided to capture a video to sing it for her. Groups are allowed to use musical accompaniments too.



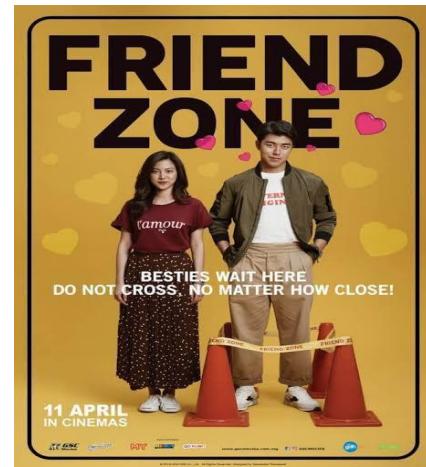
- B. Get two members and have triad exchange. Write down the differences between infatuation and love then put in a Venn diagram



On A Personal Note

FILM REVIEW: Watch “Friend Zone”, a Thai film of two longtime friends who start to have romantic feelings for each other; released March 20, 2019. Then write an essay about your realizations and a kind of love emphasized on the film.

Corroborate your essay with facts about Thailand too.





Film Review

Film Review is a critical judgment of a motion picture. It focuses on the art of the film maker and evaluates the techniques employed by the director.

As part of the introduction, it is a must that you mention and give credits to the screenwriter, director, cinematographer, actors, production designers and executive producers. In order to provide the readers with the needed information and for you to analyze the movie/film review very well, the following elements are of great help. Try to expand your review or critic by answering the following questions for each element:

GENRE- is the kind or type of film. Is it comedy? Tragedy? Musical? Action? Thriller? Horror? Sci-Fi? Romance? Historical? Melodrama? Animation?

SYNOPSIS- is the gist or summary of the film. What is the film all about? What are the objectives of the film? How were the elements of the story interrelated with one another?



CHARACTERIZATION- is the development or portrayal of the characters. How will you describe the characters in the film? What are their deprivations and motivations? Are their acting skills convincing and powerful for the viewers?

SOUND- is the essential aspect of the film and it consists **SPEECH** as the voice of the actors, the **MUSIC**, as the soundtrack or song laid in the film, and the **SOUND EFFECT** or embedded sound in the film.

CINEMATOGRAPHY- is the manipulation of the filmstrip and photographic image by the camera. How was the coordination of one shot with the succeeding shot? Does the speed, motion, and transformation of each photographic image help in the quality of the film?

PRODUCTION DESIGN- refers to the costumes and make-ups matched to the characters' role? Do the props stimulate the ambiance for the scene? Does the production design depict the setting of the story?



Thailand



POEM 2

Objectives

1. Understand and analyze Three Line Poem by Utan Mahamid
2. Differentiate Thai haiku from other kind of poetry
3. Identify the symbolism used by the writer
4. React on the style of the writer and compare it to other style of ASEAN writers
5. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.



Pre-reading Activity

Recall your experiences you had during your vacation in a rural area. This is what we commonly call as “probinsya or bukid” like Batangas. Do you like the place? What unforgettable incidents did you have? What lessons did you learn living in or staying at that place?



While Reading

Are you fond of making or collecting haikus? Did you know that **Anne Hathaway, Ellen de Generes, Oprah Winfrey and Pamela Anderson** are fond of collecting and reading HAIKUS? This conventional form of poetry refreshes them as they always say.



Three Line Poem

Uten Mahamid

Translated by: Mui Poopoksakul

In one remote area,
murdering one's own cat
is the most magical thing

Uten Mahamid writes a lot of Thai haiku, which are popular amongst young Thai writers. Compared to Japanese haiku, it has no real strictures beyond the number of lines.

Post Reading Activity

Theme:

1. What emotions were expressed in this Thai haiku?
2. What was the symbolism used by the writer? Explain.
3. What is the dominant subject matter discussed in the haiku?
4. What images are created into your mind in the haiku?



Literary Approach: Reader-response Approach

5. How do you differentiate a rural life from an urban life?
6. What makes a haiku different from other kind of poetry?
7. How will you define haiku on your own words?

Creating with Them

With a group, paraphrase the haiku into a dialogue and present it to the class.

Paraphrase is a restatement of an original text or passage.

Original passage

Only those you love most can hurt you the most.

Non-verbalized feelings are unhealthy in any relationship.

Paraphrased Passage

Those people you love most are capable to hurt you.

Feelings not expressed are dangerous in any kind of relationship.

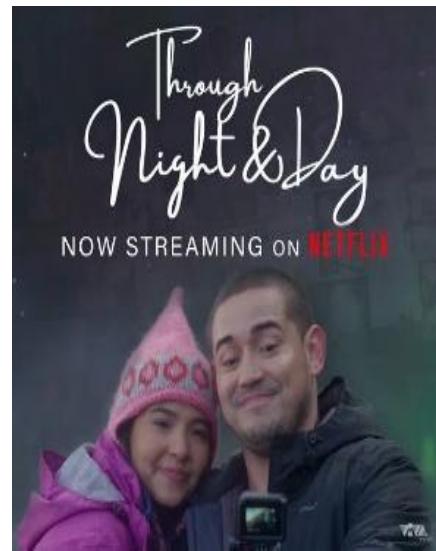
Tips in Paraphrasing



On A Personal Note

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

- A. Write your own haiku and create an illustration for it.
- B. Read some movie reviews of “Through Night & Day” and craft a haiku related to the reflected emotions in the movie.





Thailand



FICTION & POEM 3

Objectives

- A. Review the elements of poetry.
- B. Provide meaning of some vocabulary words.
- C. Analyze Thai literary pieces based on the writer's purpose and core of ASEAN culture
- D. Identify major themes of Thai poetic, fictional and dramatic works, and trace the influence of ASEAN literature upon Western literature
- E. Reflect on the values depicted in Thai literary pieces and its relation to the society.
- F. Compare the literature of Thailand to the literature of Philippines, Vietnam, Brunei and Myanmar.
- G. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.

Vocabulary at Work

Give the meaning of the following words below:

1. Fixed Marriage

2. Onomatopoeia

3. Pleated barbs

4. Dharma

5. Nirvana



Pre-reading Activity

Encircle the words pertained as Elements of Poetry either vertically, horizontally, or diagonally.

WORD PUZZLE

V	M	E	A	N	I	N	G	T	S
O	I	R	O	N	Y	U	D	H	U
I	S	I	M	I	L	E	D		B
C	O	M	G	H	H	I	E	E	J
E	M	E	H	T	E	M	N	I	E
A	P	S	I	P	T	O	O	D	C
S	K	S	D	O	A	O	T	I	T
D	P	A	E	E	C	D	A	O	E
H	K	G	A	M	M	F	T	M	G
P	D	E	S	S	A	B	I	A	A
O	V	B	K	F	T	S	O	T	U
I	M	A	G	E	R	Y	N	I	G
P	R	N	S	A	T	A	O	C	N
O	Q	S	U	I	E	O	L	S	A
E	A	L	O	A	R	J	V	O	L
F	I	G	U	R	A	T	I	V	E

While Reading

Do you have a collection of something you value?

Are you fond of making poems or short stories to relieve stress and frustrations?

Where do you get your inspiration? What are the sources of topics you usually get to craft your masterpiece?

Summary Collection of Thai Century Literatures

In the project ASEAN 20th Century Literatures, the Office of Contemporary Art and Culture implements this project to promote understanding of Thai Culture and way of life among foreign readers. Only 9 literary pieces are selected by the appointed Committee for their appeal, literary value, and reflection of Thai literature development. All of them show Thai way of life, society and culture. Last but not least, they inspire imagination and creativity.



Three short stories and six poems are translated into English. They are Champoon by Dhep Mahapaoraya, Maum by Kukrit Pramoj, and The Barbs by Phaitoon Thanya. The poems are: What is such forging? By Ujjeni, A Poet's Pledge 1&2 by Angkram Kalayanapong, E-san by Nia Pee, Mere Movement by Naowarat Pongpaiboon, Smile of the Rice Goddess by Chiranan Pitpreecha, and Arrival of Nirvana at Egg- Noodle Shop by Montri Sriyong.



SMILE OF THE RICE GODDESS

By Chiranan Pitpreecha

This poem portrays pestle crushing of rice by several female farmers, showing harmony and mutual kindness as well as the agricultural tradition in Thailand. Onomatopoeia is mainly used, resonating the sound of pestle crushing and creating the image of harmonious rhythmic trampling. As rice growing is the most important profession in Thailand, the poem successfully symbolizes the farmers, female rice growers and its nation.

CHAMPOON

By Dhep Mahapaorayais

Champoon is a novella portraying Thai society prior to 1942 when women are mostly deprived of their rights and freedom. Their marriage needed to be

approved by their parents. In this novella, the heroine, Champoon, has a forbidden love with a non-local man. Having him as her one and only love leads Champoon to her doom. The novella not only reveals Champoon's strong determination and extreme sense of human dignity, but also reflects the background and atmosphere along with the way of life in the south of Thailand during that time.

**MAUM**

By Kukrit Pramoj

Maum reveals the hardship of life in Bangkok during World War II (1942-1945). Families fell apart- separation and poverty were common place. Men became soldiers. Women and children were killed by bombs. The author narrates the story through thru the eyes of a dog named “Maum”, turning series of unfortunate events into something lively and hopeful. Maum was very loyal to his master. With this kind of loyalty, the dog pretended his master from turning into a thief. The author seems to speak from the dog’s heart; and this short story reflects how much Thai people love their dogs.

THE BARBS

By Phaitoon Thanya

The Barbs is a short story reflecting the spirit and the way of living of Thai rural people in agricultural society, which is based on friendship. Old people are full of tender loving care. However, materialism and technological advancement create an industrial society in which friendship and compassion are in doubt. An old lady’s consideration is then not welcomed by a new mother who knows little about raising a newborn baby. It takes time for her to understand the old lady’s true intention. The author clearly shows the changing portrayal of Thai society, using the pleated barbs as the symbol of rural compassion.

**WHAT IS SUCH FORGING?**

By Uijjeni

This poem inspires people to get up and fight various obstacles in life. It raises the feeling of pride for being human. Filled with figures of speech showing vivid pictures and profound emotions, it is a classic poem inspiring people especially the young generations of each era. The poem gives moral support for every occasion, be it the political struggle of mass citizens or the grievance of an individual.

A POET'S PLEDGE 1&2

By Angkram Kalayanapong

The two poems under the same name written in different eras demonstrate and greatness of poets which differentiates from ordinary people. In general, the ultimate goal of any Buddhist is to practice Dharma and reach nirvana. However, the poet in this poem (referring to the author) makes a pledge that he would rather write forever without any wish for nirvana. His only wish is to create poetry for the world- to convey the meaning of all earthly matter through great poetry to benefit the world. This poem praises the extremely valuable qualities of a poet.

E-SAN

By Nai Pee

This poem vividly portrays the drought of E-san, or the northeast, during pre-1950's in a realistic way possible. The poet employs various figures of speech to successfully create rich emotions enabling the Thai people to realise how barren E-san was at that time. Having represented the poet's appeal to the world and humankind, this poem is another piece of the Thai classics. The author was a poet, a prosecutor and a political activist.



MERE MOVEMENT

By Naowarat Pongpaiboon

This poem was written a few days before the uprising of 14 October 1973. It reflects the poet's role in the movement of people's thoughts and ways of living in the society. The poem reveals the Thai people's inner state involving their frustration and oppression under a dictator's regime. With the author's profound creation of image, this poem has been praised at all times.

ARRIVAL OF NIRVANA AT EGG –NOODLE SHOP

By Montri Sriyong

This poem reflects the essence of work. The author is a duck noodle merchant who makes his own noodle by threshing flour. He then portrays this process in this poem from the beginning to the end. At the same time, the poem is rich in image and emotion, mainly happiness that spring from work. This coincides with the teaching of Buddhassa Bhikkhu who was well-known monk from the south of Thailand: "work is happiness". This poem touches the heart of those who seek to understand life.

Post Reading Activity

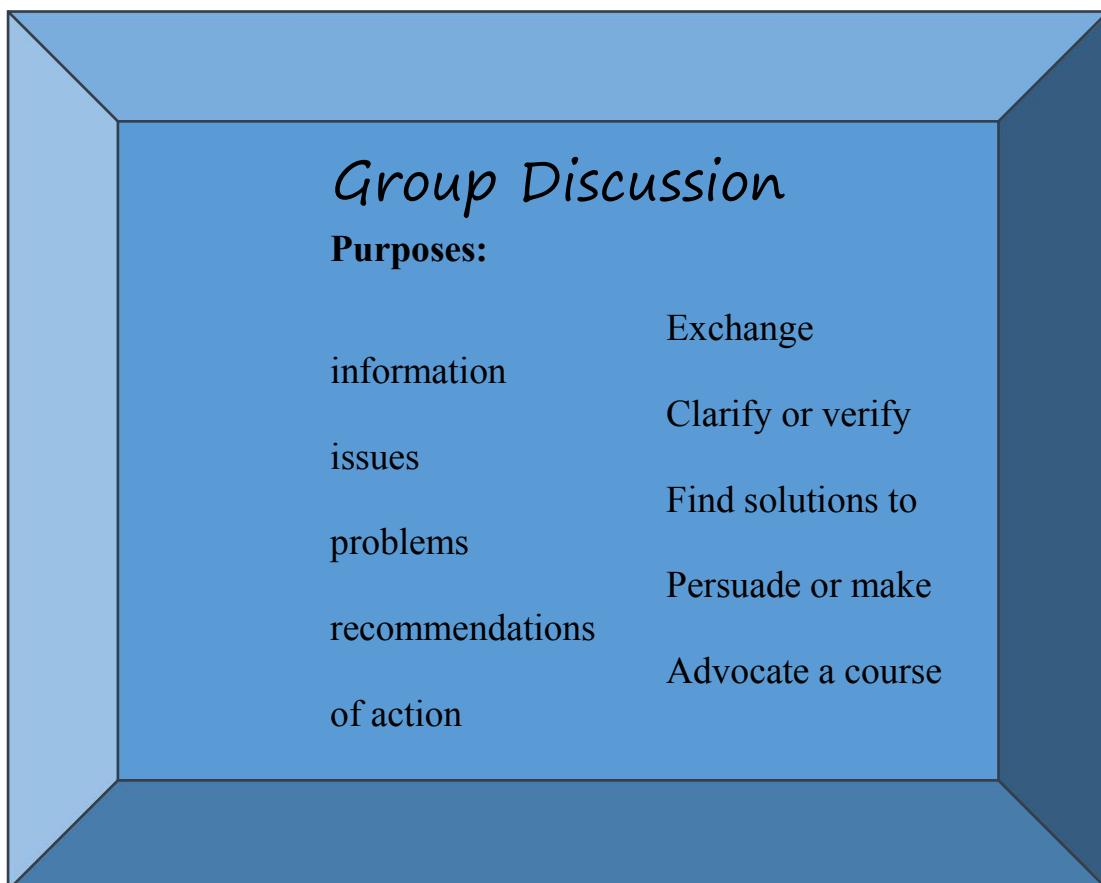
1. How will you describe the Thai century literature?
2. What are the common themes depicted in the short story? In the poems?
3. What are some ASEAN cultures reflected in Thai literary pieces? Cite specific details and examples.
4. What are the reflected values reflected in Thai literary pieces and its relation to the society?



5. Among the selected short stories, which is your most favorite? Why or why not?
6. Among the selected poems, which appealed you most? Why or why not?
7. Pick any Thai century literature and relate it to your own life.
8. Compare Thai century literatures to the literatures of Philippines, Vietnam, Brunei and Myanmar. Cite similarities and differences.

Creating with Them

With a group, discuss the themes and the values reflected on Thai Century Literatures. Present it through a panel discussion.





On A Personal Note

Conduct an interview to those who visited Thailand for vacation. Make a list of interesting discoveries and put it in a form of **INFOGRAPHICS**.



CAMBODIA
ASEAN Literature

LEARNING
MODULE

Batangas State University



Cambodia



Fiction 1

Objectives

- A. Determine the word from the unscrambled letters with its meaning
- B. Describe the setting of Cambodian's short stories and discuss how it influences the story's plot
- C. Characterize the main and minor characters of the story.
- D. Highlight the figurative words used in poetry and explain its meaning.
- E. Ascertain the moral lesson of the story.
- F. Compare the story to a real life situation.
- G. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.

Vocabulary at Work

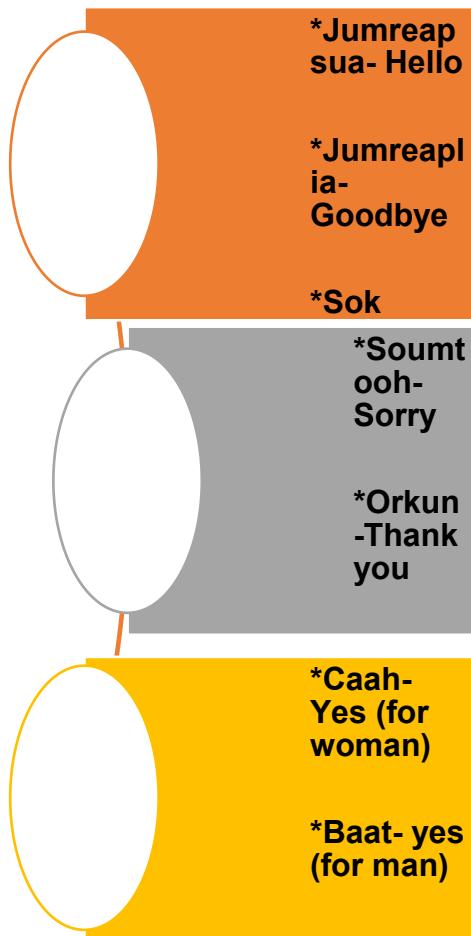
Unscramble the letters, then write the words on the space provided.

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------------------------|-------|
| 1. tifiupl | (full of commiseration, meanness) | _____ |
| 2. seurdpijce | (preconceived judgment) | _____ |
| 3. eirmises | (state of suffering) | _____ |
| 4. niesicvdie | (not definite) | _____ |
| 5. rbbeis | (unjust bait) | _____ |



Pre-reading Activity

Let's learn Cambodian words.





While Reading

Do you want to be a judge someday?
If not, who is the judge in the Philippines that
earns so much of your respect and admiration
What are his/her qualities that you admire
most? Is he/she a kind of judge who treats all
equally without personal gain?



The Crocodile and the Five Judges



In the dry season, waters in some lakes and ponds dried up. Once there was a male crocodile crawling out of a lake which had just dried up. It had tears in his eyes due to his miseries induced by having no food and water. It kept crawling till he reached near a cart track where it met a man who was driving a cart.

The cart-driver asked "where are you going, brother crocodile? I have been without food and water for days. I have been crawling very hard in search of a place where there is water, but I have failed

to find one. Please save my life by bringing me to a river," replied the crocodile in a sobbing and pitiful manner. The cart-driver freed his oxen from the yoke and told the crocodile to crawl up the front part of the body of cart. Then, he used a rope to tie the crocodile to the body of the cart so tightly that the crocodile might not fall off. Arriving at a river, the cart-driver untied the crocodile and let it crawl down into the river.

So ungrateful was the dishonest crocodile that after it had drunk its fill and gained back strength, it said to the cart-driver: you tied me so tightly that almost choked to death. Now, you must give me one of your oxen to eat and I will forgive you, or I will eat you right now.

The cart-driver absolutely disagreed. While arguing with the crocodile, the cart-driver spotted a fisherman owing a boat the middle of the river. He waved his hand, calling the fisherman to help judge his case.

The fisherman on seeing such a big crocodile felt terrified and thought: if I judge the crocodile guilty, he will bear me malice and will try to bite me one day and I can find no way to escape as I am a fisherman in this river". Out of such a thought, then fisherman judged the cart-driver guilty and said that the car-driver had to give one of his oxen to the crocodile to eat. This was the first judge who had judged partially because of his fear for the crocodile.

The cart-driver totally declined the fisherman's judgement and tied his oxen far from the river side. The fisherman then said goodbye to the crocodile and went away. The crocodile crawled up on



the land to deep arguing with the cart-driver when a one-armed old man came walking. The crocodile and the cart-driver asked him to seek justice for them.

The one -armed old man upon knowing the details became very angry with the other crocodile that had bitten off one of his arms. Therefore, he judged the crocodile guilty. This was the second judge who had made a partial decision owing to his hatred with the crocodile.

The crocodile disagreed with the one-armed old man's decision so strongly that he has about to dart to bite the old man, but the old man had already walked away. While the cart-driver and the crocodile were arguing, there was a large lizard crawling up from the river. The crocodile then called the lizard to help judge his case.

The lizard, which one of the crocodile's friends, on hearing the crocodile and the cart-driver out decided that the cart- driver was the loser and that the cart-driver had to give one of his oxen to the crocodile to eat. This was the third judge who judged partially because of friendship.

The cart-driver disagreed and kept arguing with the crocodile when there was a monkey going down to the river to drink the water. The cart-driver and the crocodile asked him to help judge their case.

The monkey was so ignorant and indecisive that he did not know what to do and how to judge, so he stood with his face pulled. When the cart-driver said that he would give cooked rice to him (the monkey) to eat if he (the monkey) judge he was the winner, the monkey judge the crocodile guilty and turned to look at the crocodile. When the crocodile said he would give more food than that given by the cart-driver to him (the monkey) to eat, if he decided that he (the crocodile) was the winner, the monkey judged the cart-driver guilty. The monkey kept making such an indecisive judgement so many times that the cart-driver and the crocodile drove the monkey into the forest. This was the fourth judge who judge with partially as a result of ignorance and being fooled by bribes without deal.

At that time, it was a little bit late in the afternoon. The crocodile was threatening to eat the man's ox when a rabbit jumped out of the forest. The two litigants begged the rabbit to judge their case fairly.

The rabbit was a wise and honest animal without the aforementioned four prejudices. He asked the two litigants about the details. On learning the truth, the rabbit told the crocodile to crawl up and lie on the front part of the body of the cart and then told the cart-driver to tie the crocodile. Then, the rabbit asked the crocodile did he tie you as tightly as he does now?"

No. I would not have been angry with him at all if he had tied me this way, replied the crocodile. Then, the rabbit told the man to further tighten the rope, but the crocodile still said he would not have been angry if the cart-driver had tied him such to such an extent. The rabbit then told the cart driver to get a wedge to tighten as tightly as possible. The crocodile was wedged so tightly that his eyes stuck out. Then he told the rabbit: yes, he had tied me as tightly as now.

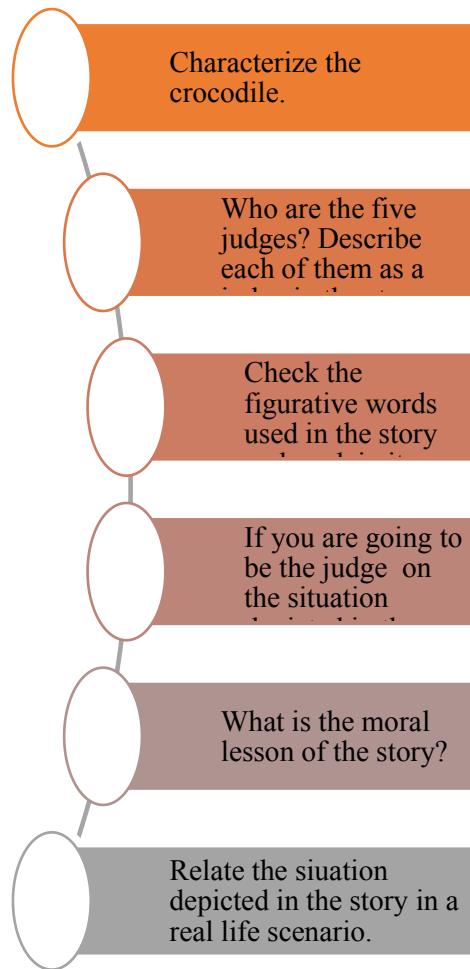
The rabbit said: if it has now reached such a critical extent, I will find justice for you. The rabbit told the cart-driver: take out your ax and chop off his head. He is very ungrateful, so do not let him live any longer. This was the fifth judge who judged fairly without the four prejudices.



The ungrateful crocodile was at that time killed by the cart-driver, who later gave out of the crocodile's meat to the villagers. As for the crocodile's head which was tied near the yoke of the cart, had been since then called the crocodile's head of the cart by the villagers.

Post Reading Activity

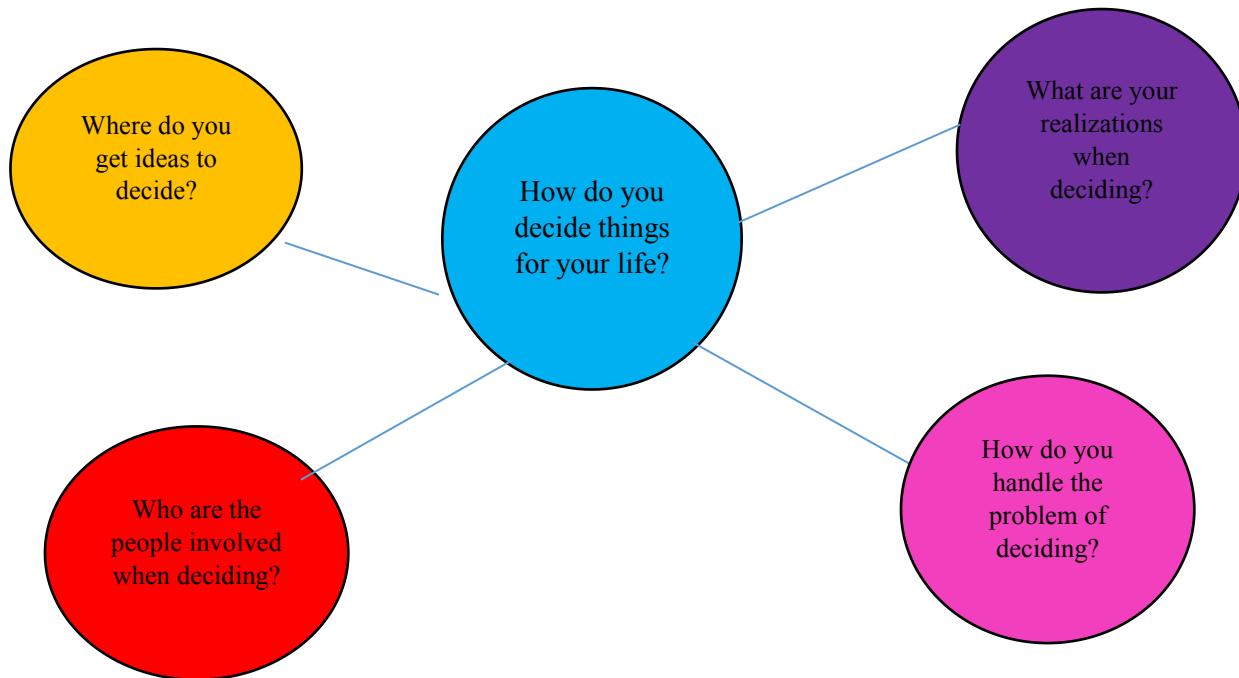
Answer the following questions below:





Creating with Them

Complete the Decision Bubble below. Share your answer with the group.



On A Personal Note

Craft a story map of "The Crocodile and the Five Judges", and rewrite or reorganize the story.



Cambodia



Fiction 2

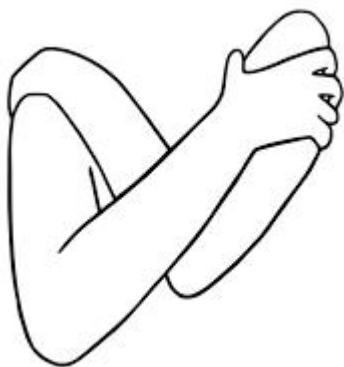
Objectives

- A. Provide the meaning of the given phrases
- B. Characterize the girl in the short story “Bed bug and the Louse”
- C. Compare the girl in the story to the girls in this generation
- D. Ascertain the impact of the story and acquire life lesson
- E. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities

Vocabulary

Give the meaning of the following phrases below.

1. Swarms of bed bugs _____
2. Kinky hair _____
3. Laughed mockingly _____
4. End of the world _____
5. Crushing with thumbnail _____



Pre-Reading Activity

There are self-care activities that helps to maintain good health and improve well-being. Some self-care activities might already be part of your routine, such as eating regular meals, enjoying a hobby, or spending time with friends. Nevertheless, during periods of stress, frustrations or bad habits, and busy schedules, self-care sometimes takes a

back seat to other responsibilities.

Go to Therapist Aid site at this URL, <https://www.therapistaid.com/therapy-worksheet/self-care-assessment> then, take the self-care assessment. Know how well you take care of yourself.

While Reading

Do you love yourself? How do you take care of yourself? Do you have self-care management? Cite some of your routine. Is it important to maintain personal hygiene, why, why not? Does it have impact in your overall personality?



Bed Bug and the Louse

In the room of a dirty girl, there were swarms of bed bugs living in the pleats of mattress, mat, pillows, bolsters and mosquito net. And there were a lot of dirty lice in her head with kinky hair.

One day, the girl was combing lice out of the hair, putting them down on the mat and crushing them with thumbnail when a big louse ran away to hide in the lace of the mat.

Swarms of bed bugs on seeing the frightened lice hiding themselves laughed mockingly at them and said: eh, brother lice! Have you stolen sucking people's blood enough? Why do you come to greet us? You must be very happy because there are a plough and a harrow to plough and harrow you every day. As for us, we do not have such to eat like you, brother.

The lice were very angry. They knew that the bed bugs envied them as they had not much to eat, so they insulted the bed bugs: Hey, you have the stench even when you are still alive. We know that you must envy us because you cannot steal sucking people's blood enough. As for us, you must not despise us. Although people try hard to plough or harrow, we will never be completely destroyed except when the end of the world by fire comes.



While the bed bugs and the lice were arguing, the girl stopped combing the hair and lied to sleep. Out of being very angry with the bed bugs, the lice bit the girl's head so hard that she could not sleep still so that the bed bugs could not suck her blood. The girl felt so annoyed when she could not sleep as her head was bitten hard by the lice that she got up and asked her mother to shave her head. While her head was being shaved, the lice panicked and told one another that: it is the end of the world now and we will soon be destroyed. After having had her head shaved, the girl gathered the hair fraught with dirty lice and lice's eggs, burn it up and then came back to sleep. Upon seeing the girl's shaved head, the bed bugs were delighted and thought: we will suck all the blood along and there will be nobody interfering because all the lice were gone.



Some bed bugs tried to bite the girl's shaved head. The girl kept scratching the head and thought: my hair is all gone and what lice are biting my head? Later on, when her head was bitten again, the girl got up and saw some beg bugs crawling on the pillow. She became so furious that she gathered pillow, bolster, mosquito net and the mattress and soaked them in the boiling water, killing all the bed buds.

Post Reading Activity

Answer the following questions below.

- What descriptions can you give to the girl in the story?
- Why do you think the girl has swarms of bed bugs and lice
- Check the figurative words used in the story and explain its
- Are bugs and lice, friends or foe? Explain why.
- Relate and compare the girl in the story to the girls of this generation.
- What is the life lesson you may get from this story?



Creating with Them

Form a group, share your self-care tips as college students then make a 60 second multimodal presentation about the shared information.

On A Personal Note

Do any of the following tasks.

Write your own poem in response to the message of the “Bed bugs and the Louse”.

Think of your favorite insect-it could be a butterfly, cockroach, caterpillar or ant, etc. Create an essay composed of three paragraphs about the lessons one can learn from your choice.



Cambodia



Fiction 1

Objectives

- A. Determine the connotative and denotative meaning of the given words.
- B. Determine the mood created by the setting in the story, “Two Women scrambled for a baby”
- C. Describe the characters of the story
- D. Craft another ending of the story
- E. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.

Pre-Reading Activity

- A. Give the connotative meaning of the following words.

1. baby- _____
2. mother- _____
3. impostor- _____
4. judge- _____
5. home- _____



B. Give the denotative meaning of each words listed below:



REMEMBER:

Denotation and Connotation

Denotation is the lexical or dictionary meaning of word while

Connotation is the implied or suggested meaning associated with the word. In denotation, cellphone is an electronic device while in connotation, it is a communication or bonding.



While Reading

Based on the title, what sort of a story is “The Two Women scrambled for a baby? Why do you think so?

The Two Women Scrambled for a Baby

Once there were two women who had respective babies. The baby of one woman had died and the baby of another woman was still alive. One day, the woman with the live baby held her baby



in the arm to bathe it. Coincidentally, the woman whose baby had already been dead came and walking and said. “Hi friend, your baby exactly resembles mine. Can I hold and kiss yours little?” The woman with the baby handed her baby to that woman, who kissed and breastfed the baby and walked to her home with the baby being held in her hands. The woman who was the mother called out: “Hey, where are you taking my baby?” The woman whose baby had died replied: It is

my baby. Why do you say it is yours?

The two women started quarrelling about the baby and they finally went to the court together. The woman who took the other woman’s baby told the judge: Your honour, when I was holding my bay, this woman saw it walked after me, claiming that the baby was hers. She asked me allow her to hold and kiss my baby and I let her do it, but she kissed and breastfed my baby and walked to her home with my kid, so please help solve the problem for me, your honour. The judge spent three days and nights solving the case, but could not settle it, so he took the two women to see the king and told the king what had happened. Out of his insight and extra ordinary wisdom, the king was able to see through the problem quickly, so he ordered the kid to be placed in the middle and told the two women to try to scramble for it.

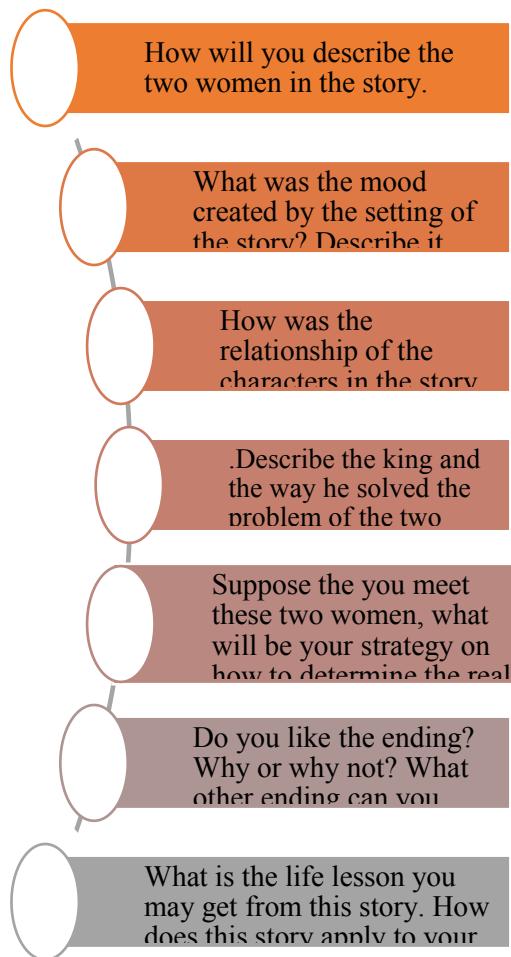
The king said to the two women. The kid will belong to the one who can scramble for it first. Upon hearing that, the two women started scrambling for the baby. The woman whose baby had been dead quickly snatched the baby’s leg mercilessly without being afraid of tearing its arm and legs. As the woman who was the baby’s real mother, she was very angry with the impostor, but she pitied the baby so much that she tried to hold the baby gently. However, when she saw the impostor doing her utmost to get the baby without caring about breaking the kid’s bones, the woman who was the real mother let go of her poor kid and allowed the impostor to get it easily.

The king then said: the woman who let go of the baby and allowed the other woman to get the baby was the real mother as she did it out of pitying the kid. And the other woman is not the real mother because she did not show any mercy to the kid and tried to get the kid, by hook and by crook. After saying that, the king ordered the baby returned to the real mother and the woman who was the impostor to be severely punished so that she would not dare to do that again.



Post Reading Activity

Answer the following questions perceptively below.



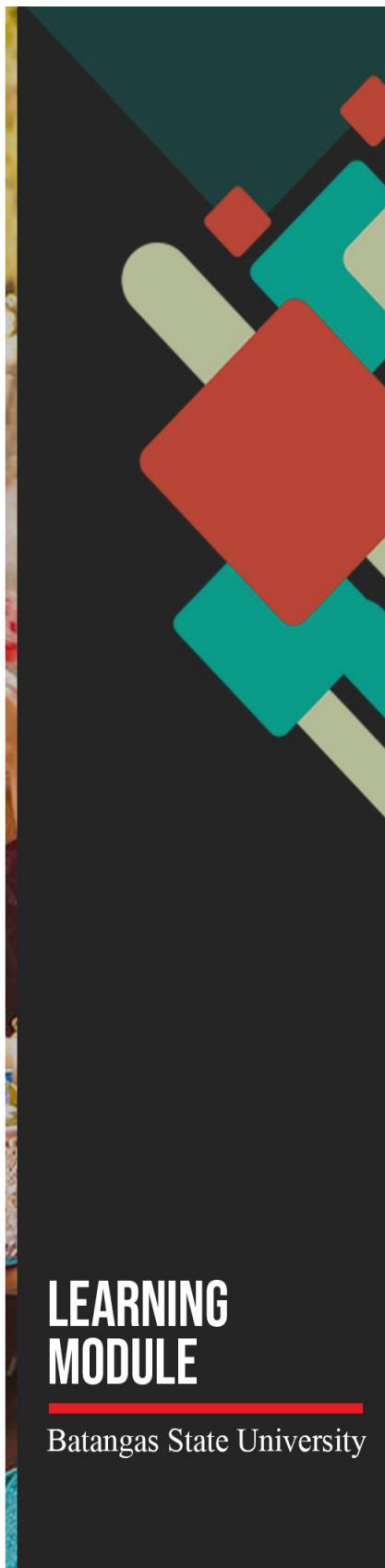
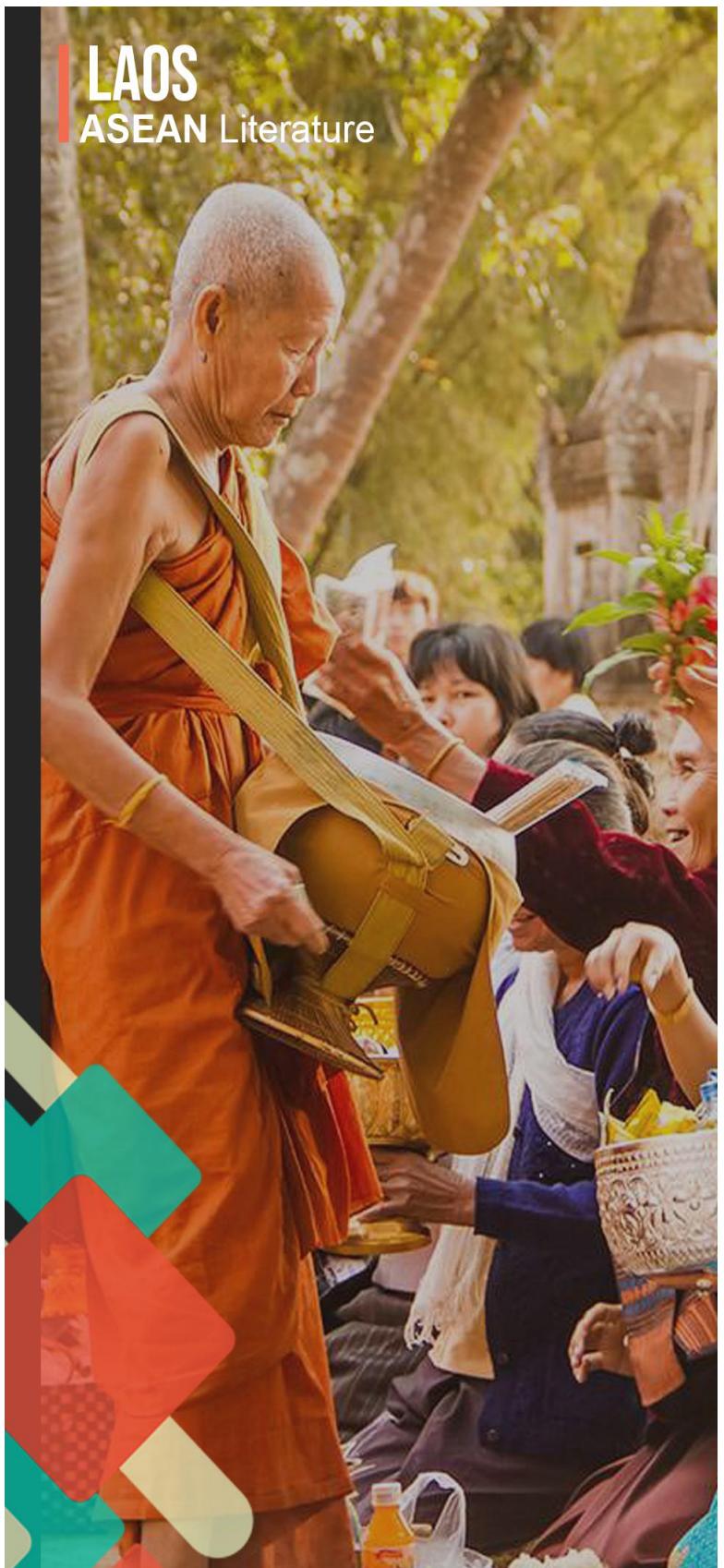


Creating with Them

Think of a K-drama or telenovela or movie that has the same plot of the story “Two women Scrambled for a baby”. With groups, choose a scene from it and present it to class. Let your classmates guess the title of it.

On A Personal Note

Create a photo-essay (8R)
which is your response to the message of
the story “Two women Scrambled for a
babv.”





Laos



POEM 1

Objectives

- A. Determine the synonyms of the given words.
- B. Analyze the poem “There is not Only You”
- C. Ascertain the mood of the poem
- D. Interpret the meaning conveyed in the poem through paraphrasing
- E. Relate the theme of the poem to a real life situation
- F. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.

Vocabulary at Work

Give the synonyms of the following words below.

- | | | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. widower | a. not married | b. no partner | c. who lost partner by death |
| 2. descendants | a. originating from ancestor | b. directed downward | c. pendulous |
| 3. anxious | a. quieting | b. enthused | c. uneasiness |
| 4. merits | a. praiseworthy quality | b. reward | c. deficiency |
| 5. remote | a. cool | b. plain | c. unsociable |



Pre-reading Activity

Let's learn Lao basic conversation. Search for the meaning of the following and then match column A to column B.

Column A

Sabai dii
None lap fan dii
Sabai dii bo
Sabaii, khop tchai le tchao de?
Bo
Kho thot
La kone
Nyinditonhab
Khop tchai lai lai
Tchao
Than nyinditonhab
Bo khop tchai
Khaphachao khao tchai
Khoi bo khao tchai

Column B

Good morning
Good evening
How are you?
Fine, thank you, and you?
No
Welcome!
Goodbye
Sorry
Thank you very much
Yes
You're welcome!
No, thank you!
I understand
I don't understand



While Reading

Do you know anyone who is widowed? Describe her way of living and the way she takes care her children?

THERE IS NOT ONLY YOU

By: Dara Kanlagna

Translated by: Thanongsack Vongsackda

There lived a widower with her descendants

She is not anxious with any assistance

Day by day she does merits making

She thought there are no other mothers who can do as her

Oh dear! You feed your kids with no weeping

But you still said that you were poor

The poorest woman in this world

You asked to whom are poor level as you, please clarify

While feeding your kids you were helped by ten

You are not called for house works or cooking

But your poor can not be compared with remote women

Who make incomes for their daily surviving?

Imagining when their kids were killed by bombs

They were crying as if they would die

Those were the most awful time of their lives

Could you please clarify what level of their poor lives?

Post Reading Activity

Answer the questions intuitively.

1. Give the message of the poem.



2. Paraphrase the poem.
3. Give your interpretation of the poem.
4. What scene in the poem is evoked in the poem?
5. To whom was the writer speaking?
6. What perception does the writer imply on the readers like you?
7. What mood is aroused in the poem?
8. What do you feel while reading the poem? Why do you think these emotions evoke you?
9. Is the title appropriate? Why or why not? What other title can you give this poem?
10. What lessons on moral statement does this poem provide?

Creating with Them

Watch the movie “A Simple Favor”. Fill out the Think Chart based on the reflected insights of the members of the group upon watching the movie. Follow the pattern below.



Think Chart

Things WE Already Know About Widow	New Things WE learned about Widow	Questions WE still have about Widow



On A Personal Note

What consoling words will you extend to a widow who experiences pain and sorrow? Write a letter to her to lessen her burden.



Laos



POEM 2

Objectives

- A. Give connotative meaning of the given words
- B. Highlight the figures of speech used in the poem, “The Bewail of Mother”
- C. Determine the mood and theme of the poem.
- D. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities.

Vocabulary

Give the connotative meaning of the following words.

1. depressing tears _____
2. mother effort _____
3. sharp knife _____

4. sweet words _____
5. mind-changing _____



Pre-Reading Activity

Think of your mother. With its initials, put one-word description and expound it to the class.

M	_____
O	_____
T	_____
H	_____
E	_____
R	_____

While Reading

Do you love your mother? How do you show your love for her? Is this love unconditional and will last for a lifetime?

THE BEWAIL OF MOTHER

By Dr. Thongkham Onemanisone
Translated by Thanongsack Vongsackda

My dear daughter!
Why I cannot prevent my depressing tears
They are running over my cheers
In particular when discovered about the past
It seems sharp knife is placed in my heart

Mother effort is always assigned to daughter
To overcome all hardwork without any distress
For rearing the daughter up with carefulness
When growing up she forgot the mother deed
What made her mind changing?



Even if she doesn't care but mother still beg
To hear sweet words saying here is my mother
When I die I won't be boring
Since that word shown you accept the deed of your mother

Dr. Thongkham Onemanisone is a SEA Write Award poet and national author. He was born in 1949. He graduated with a Philosophy degree on language and literature from Hungary. His refined works are fashionable and recognized by the society and readers in the present period of literature. He is a researcher for Lao idiom, literature and traditions. His works are considered national literary treasures.

After Reading Activity

1. What picture is formed to your mind by the title “The Bewail of Mother”
2. What kind of emotion did you feel in the poem?
3. What was used to symbolize the poet’s feeling?
4. What figures of speech used in the poem? Does it appeal to your senses while reading the poem? Why or why not?
5. What are the words used to emphasize the grief of the writer?
6. What is the mood of the poem? Does it have effect your mood also?
7. In what line can we read the theme of the poem?
8. What impact lifted on you throughout reading the entire poem?
9. Comment on the last two lines of the poem.
10. If you are the writer of this poem, craft the new title for it. Cite your reasons.

Creating with Them

With groups, download videos from You tube that illustrate mothers who make difference in the world. Report them in class and draw conclusions on how you as a Red Spartan can make a difference in your own simple way.



On A Personal Note

Do any of the following and give it to your mother as a present.

1. Compose a poem about her.
2. Prepare a card with your pet names with it.
3. Gather all the photographs of you together or with the family then place or organize them in an album according to time, place, or occasion.



Laos



POEM 3

Objectives

- A. Provide the meaning of the given phrases.
- B. Summarize the tale, “The Mosquito”
- C. Determine the virtues exhibited by the main character in the tale.
- D. Relate the tale into Philippine folktales
- E. Accomplish varied multi-modal activities

Vocabulary at Work

Look up the meaning of the underlined words in the following phrases.

1. sometimes
unbearable.

2. dram taste
and pleasure

3. deep a
frivolous and
lazy girl

4. who is
feeble and
inconstant

5. whining and
pleading
incessantly



Pre-Reading Activity

Make an arrow on each part of the mosquito and put a label on it.



While Reading

How many legs do mosquitoes have? Do mosquitoes fly about between midnight and drawn? Are there mosquitoes in ice-bound or very dry desert areas? Do both male and female mosquitoes sting? What causes a mosquitoes bite to itch: the sting or the mosquito's saliva? Does the saliva keep the blood from clotting?

The Mosquito

A Tale from Laos

Mosquitoes are always annoying and sometimes unbearable, but few people know where they come from or why they whine incessantly as they try to suck a little of our blood.



Ngoe Tam a poor farmer married Nhan deep a frivolous and lazy girl who dreamt only of luxury and pleasure. She easily won over taste and pleasure. She easily hid her tastes and ambitions from her husband, whose love was neither exacting nor imageries and who thought her contentment with her life.

Nhan died suddenly leaving Ngoe Tam desolate and inconsolable. He refused to be parted from his wife's corpse and selling his possessions he set sail with her coffin and drifted down the river.

One morning he found himself at the foot of a little hill covered with grass and sweet smelling trees. He landed and wandered enchanted trees. He reached the top of the hill without knowing he was climbing and suddenly met an old man leaning on a bamboo staff. His hair was as white as cotton, but his wrinkled face was hardly tanned and his eyes under his thick eyelashes sparkled like those of a young man.

Ngoe Tam knew that the old man was the genii of medicine who travelled over the world on his magic mountain to teach his skill to mortal and to relieve suffering. Ngoe Tam threw himself at the feet.



The genii said "Knowing of your virtue, I have placed my mountain on your path. If you wish. I will enroll you amongst my disciples"

Ngoe Tam thanked him humbly but vowed he would never leave his wife and begged and genii to bring her to life again. The genii looked at him with kindness and pity in his eyes and said ' why do you cling to his life an illusion? What folly to trust being who is feeble and inconstant! I want to grant your wish but I hope that in time to come you will not regret its fulfilment.'"

At his order Ngoe Tam opened the coffin and cutting the end of his finger let three drops of blood fall on to body of Nhan Deep. She opened her eyes slowly as if awakening from a deep sleep. "Remember your duties, said the genii to her. "Think of what you owe your husband."

Ngoe Tam, anxious to reach home, rowed night and day until one evening he landed at a village to buy provisions, leaving Nhan Deep alone in the boat. While he was gone, a large barge moored alongside and the owner, a rich merchant, was struck with the girl 's beauty. He talked to Nhan Deep and invited her to take tea with him on his barge and, as soon as she was aboard, he set sail.

Ngoe Tam found her after a month of ceaseless searching, but Nhat Tam deep was living the life of her dream and refused to return to their house with him. He saw her for the first time as she was and curred of his blind love, said to her, " You are free but give me back the three drops of blood I spent restoring you to life. I do not want you keep the least part of me,"

Nhan deep was overjoyed to be rid of him so easily and, snatching a knife, pricked the end of her finger. As soon as the blood began to flow, she grew dreadfully pale and fell lifeless to the ground.

Nhan deep could not resign herself to his fate and returned to the world in the form of a little and insect and purred NGOE Tam, whining and pleading incessantly as she endeavored to steal the three drops of blood which would restore her life.

Her race multiplied and his is show these pets we all know
so well came into existence.

Post Reading Activity

1. Sum up the story explaining why mosquito are small insects.
2. Summarize the story explaining why mosquito whine and sting
3. Which is the most interesting part of the story? Why?
4. What virtues are exhibited by Ngoe Tam ?
5. Relate any Philippine folktales you know explaining the origin of mosquitoes.





Tips in Summarizing

Read the selection with full comprehension.

Identify the unfamiliar words.

Omit unnecessary words and retain the meaning of the selection.

Condense long ideas into short ideas.

Replace a word for a phrase or a phrase to a clause.

Creating with Them

#C

Assume that you will audition in a drama club. With partner, re-enact your favorite scene in the tale.

On A Personal Note

#M

Make a collage lifted from the theme of The Mosquito. Analyze it through its contents. Think of maxims or proverbs that you can associate and put it below your collage. Send it via email or messenger.



INDONESIA

ASEAN Literature

The image shows a traditional Balinese wedding ceremony. A man in a white shirt and gold crown places a hand on a woman's shoulder, while another man in a red turban looks on. They are surrounded by colorful fabrics and wooden structures.

LEARNING MODULE

Batangas State University



Indonesia



FICTION 1

Objectives

Determine the meanings of unfamiliar words through picture clues.
Distinguish the components of attitude as through completing a concept map.

Identify the attitude of the main character towards marriage.
Infer the feelings or emotions depicted in the dialogues of the main character.

Pre-reading Activity

Examine the given pictures depicting unfamiliar terms listed in the first column and match each word to its meaning from the choices found in the second column by connecting dots between them.



bronzing

a chant repeated to aid concentration



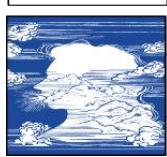
gorge

a makeup technique in applying hue to skin



infusion

a narrow valley between hills



mantra

a process of preparing an extract



Complete the concept map on the components of attitude by selecting statement from the given choices that illustrates each component.

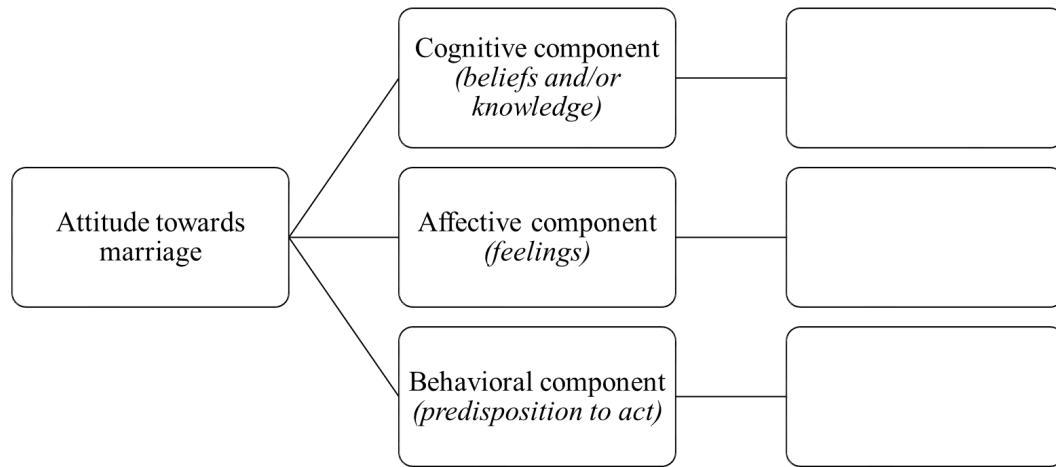


Figure. Components of attitude towards marriage

Statements revealing components of attitude

For Mrs. Geni, marriage is the most illogical of all ceremonies for it causes a lot of trouble.

If Mrs. Geni saw a sad face on the bride-to-be, she would not render her service as a makeup artist leading to the cancellation of the wedding ceremony.

Mrs. Geni is happy to do makeup for brides who are to be second and third wives as she considers marriage as not a success.

While-reading Activity

Read *Mrs. Geni in December* by Arswendo Atmowiloto and pay attention to the emotions expressed by dialogues delivered by the main character. Complete the table by selecting an emoticon that can best describe the emotion/feeling depicted in each dialogue lifted from the story.

Dialogues	Emotion/feeling expressed by each dialogue
“This child is already pregnant. Why are you hiding it? Why are you embarrassed?”	
“Can’t be like this. You have to be happy first.”	
“You all stress about working out an auspicious date, what sort of matching clothes to have, and it all has no connection with the marriage itself.”	
“Because something strange is thought of as normal, the people who do not marry, who are widows or widowers, are even thought of as strange.”	
“I’ve never thought about getting divorced. Have I thought about killing him? Often.”	

Emoticons expressing varied moods or feelings**Mrs. Geni in December**
by Arswendo Atmowiloto

"For Mrs. Geni, every month is December. Last month, the present month, or next month, they all mean December. So, if you have to deal with Mrs. Geni, it is better not to rely on dates, but rather on the day. If you want to book her, you have to say, "Two Fridays from this Friday." If you say the seventeenth, you could be in trouble because the seventeenth won't necessarily be a Friday. If you book her for the seventeenth, she might just not show up on the day.

The problem is a great many people deal with Mrs. Geni. For anyone wanting to arrange the wedding of a child, there is only one choice. Mrs. Geni. Bridal makeup artist. There are many other bridal makeup artists, but none can match Mrs. Geni. Even after considering the many other beauty salons, people stay with the choice of Mrs. Geni.

According to past clients, Mrs. Geni is no ordinary makeup artist. She can transform a would-be bride and make her so beautiful she is truly stunning. Unrecognizable. One of her specialities is to infuse cigarette smoke onto the face of the would-be bride. According to tradition, she explains, this is bronzing, applying a bronze, not gold, hue to the skin. Almost every bridal makeup artist uses this technique, but none can match her skill. One time at a wedding the host fainted because she thought the daughter she was marrying off had disappeared. The mother of the bride-to-be fainted, the father became embarrassed, and all the relatives started to search for the bride at friends' houses. Even after she was found, the mother of the bride-to-be could not accept it. "That is not my child. That is not my child," she exclaimed.

"Well, if it is not your child, that makes her my child. Let's go home."

Only later the mother of the bride-to-be realized, and said, "How is it possible that my child could be as beautiful as this?"

Despite this, Mrs. Geni does not always please everyone. Her voice is loud and the people who have to listen to her do become annoyed. "This child is already pregnant. Why are you hiding it? Why are you embarrassed? To have children, to be able to fall pregnant, this is a gift. This is not something to cover up, to be squeeze down inside clothes. It is your own child, right."

If I'm not wrong, the incident happened at the district head's house. As a result, the news spread and continued to reverberate long after the incident was over. Another wedding ceremony was almost cancelled simply because Mrs. Geni saw a sad face on the bride-to-be. Usually two or three days before a ceremony, Mrs. Geni needs to meet the bride-to-be in person. Why not with the bridegroom-to-be? "Well, his fate rests right here, right?"



When she met the soon-to-be-bride who she felt had the sad face, Mrs. Geni said, “Can’t be like this. You have to be happy first.” No matter that the invitations had already been sent out, the reception hall been paid for in advance, and, more importantly, the food been prepared. The story wouldn’t have been unusual if it had ended in cancellation. What was unusual was that two days later, a bus crashed off a cliff into a gorge. As it turned out, if the wedding had actually gone ahead and not been cancelled, there was a big chance the bridegroom-to-be would have gone into the gorge because he had in fact planned to travel on that very bus, at that very time.

Mrs. Geni’s story continues next with the time she was asked to do the makeup of the daughter of a government minister – possibly a senior coordinating minister – but she replied, “Just tell the daughter to come to my house. A lot of people here are going to be put out if I leave them.”

Last seventeenth of August, the neighbors in her area waited to see whether Mrs. Geni would put up the national red and white flag at her house, because in Mrs. Geni’s estimation that was the same as 17 August. As it turned out, Mrs. Geni did have a flag put up. “What’s wrong with flying the flag on the seventeenth of December?” she asked.

The officials in the village were happy too, because if Mrs. Geni hadn’t put out the flag on the anniversary of independence, there could have been a problem. On the following thirty-first of December, Mrs. Geni did not object to having a party at her house. But to her, the following day was not New Year’s Day, but rather 1 December again.

Many people say that Mrs. Geni’s magic is to always look young. And Mrs. Geni does indeed seem to have always looked the same, whether it’s doing the makeup for a neighbor, or doing it for her own child. Her face and appearance are the same. The photos taken at the time can prove this, along with the photos taken over the following 20 years. Or maybe also the 20 years before that.

“Marriage is the most illogical of ceremonies. It causes a lot of trouble. You all stress about working out an auspicious date, what sort of matching clothes to have, and it all has no connection with the marriage itself. Just look at the people who make the speeches at a wedding, the people who delivery advice to the newlyweds. That is the most boring part, the part that is listened to the least. But it is always included. That’s weddings for you.” It is somewhat odd for these words to come from Mrs. Geni, because she in fact makes her living from weddings. “Yes, it is strange. Isn’t marriage a strange thing. Because something strange is thought of as normal, the people who do not marry, who are widows or widowers, are even thought of as strange.”

On a different occasion, Mrs. Geni said, “The strange expression ‘soul mate’ hides the fear or questions that we do not have the courage to answer. ‘Oh, such and such is my soul mate.’ We commonly speak like that. Or if it fails, ‘Oh, such and such was not my soul mate.’” Mrs. Geni then laughs at length. “So, is my soul mate actually Mr. Geni? Because I married Mr. Geni, he becomes my soul mate. Not, because Mr. Geni was my soul mate therefore I married him. It would have been different if before that I had not married Mr. Geni. Then he would not have been my soul mate.”

Why marry Mr. Geni at the time?

“Yes, because it was time to get married, like everyone else.”

Does that then mean it wasn’t out of love that I married Mr. Geni?

“As with soul mates, as soon as you marry, well, that has to be accepted



as love. That is more important. Because if you rely on love beforehand it might not last. What you have, that is what you love, whether there is love before or not."

The question arises because there is word that Mr. Geni is to marry again. "Yeah, don't worry about it. And I will do the makeup for the bride," she says easily, in a flat, almost emotionless, tone. "To try to forbid it would be hard, and it would be useless anyway. Just let him do it."

Maybe that is the reason Mrs. Geni is still happy to do the makeup for the soon-to-be-brides who are to become second or third wives. "Let people feel joy once in their lives." For Mrs. Geni, marriage is joy, happiness. "If someone does not even feel happy when they get married, they aren't going to find any other joy."

According to Mrs. Geni, no marriage really fails because marriage itself is not a success. "All you need is a little courage and a lot of foolishness. That is what is needed for a marriage. In order to divorce on the other hand, you need to have a lot of courage and a small amount of foolishness."

Has Mrs. Geni ever thought about divorcing Mr. Geni?

"I've never thought about getting divorced. Have I thought about killing him? Often."

And so, Mrs. Geni, bridal makeup artist, has done the makeup for all the women in her village. You could say, for everyone who has been married, and for those who have not. The latter are done by Mrs. Geni as bodies when women pass away having never married. Before burial, Mrs. Geni makes them up fully. Many disapprove, for many it is regrettable, still others fear being made up. "Frightened it will come true in the marriage. Frightened of being too happy, too free, too enjoyable, so that's why we commit ourselves to a marriage that regulates responsibilities so much, regulates obligations, including the provision of a living, and the raising of children. Only it's strange, but basically, we are afraid of our own happiness, and restrict it through the existence of God's power."

Even though she says that humanity's most restricting and frightening discovery is marriage, Mrs. Geni continues to do peoples' makeup, still uses the infusion of cigarette smoke. For someone able to make time for herself – even though it is still tied to December – Mrs. Geni is able to do the makeup for people, bodies, bridal statues and trees as well as buffaloes. Mrs. Geni also chants the bridal mantra, breathes the three breaths onto the bride's crown, with the same seriousness she uses to fast before making someone up. "Let the buffaloes experience happiness, just as we have believed all this time that marriage is happiness."

Fortunately, all of this only happens in December.

Post Reading Activity

Theme

1. What belief does Mrs. Geni hold about marriage? How does this belief influence her work as a makeup artist for bride-to-be?
2. Mrs. Geni considers marriage as "not a success," how does this idea relate to her own marriage and her reason for marrying her husband?



3. How does Mrs. Geni react on the upcoming marriage of his husband to his second bride? What does she mean when she says that she will personally do the makeup for her husband's second bride?
4. Whenever Mrs. Geni does the makeup for the brides who are second and third wives, she makes them feel the joy of wedding ceremony. What does this action reveal about her attitude toward marriage?
5. What is the significance of this concluding statement from Mrs. Geni, "Let the buffaloes experience happiness, just as we have believed all this time that marriage is happiness"?

Literary Approach: Formalism

1. Which situation is emphasized in the story? What do you think is the writer's attitude towards this situation? Explain.
2. What is the dominant mood expressed among the dialogues of the main character in the story? How does this mood affect the readers?

Things to Remember:

- A. **Tone** refers to the methods by which writers and speakers reveal attitude or feelings – toward the material, toward their readers, and toward the general situation that they are describing or analyzing.
- B. The authors' attitude or attitude toward the subject matter and toward the readers may be deduced by reading the selection carefully.

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

1. Create a meme on marriage and relationship.
2. Take a photo of any object available at home that can symbolize marriage and relationship and compose a quotation to express this idea.
3. Film a short monologue on your attitude towards marriage and relationship.

On a Personal Note

Write a quatrain expressing your argument on the idea that marriage is the most illogical of all ceremonies.



Indonesia



POEM 1

Objectives

Explain the meaning of a quote through paraphrasing.

Relate the creative process of poetry writing to painting.

Interpret the message conveyed in the poem, *Only in Poetry* by Ajip Rosidi.

Pre-reading Activity

Examine the given quote carefully. Rearrange the jumble words below to paraphrase the given quote and answer the questions that follow.



drifts
between

heaven and earth.

existence from ideal reality slowly moves to

Guide Question

- What quote do you form out of the jumbled words? What does it mean?



Examine the pictures below and answer the questions that follow.



Guide Questions

1. How does a poet compare to a painter?
2. From which do these artists derive their inspirations in crafting their masterpieces?

While-reading Activity

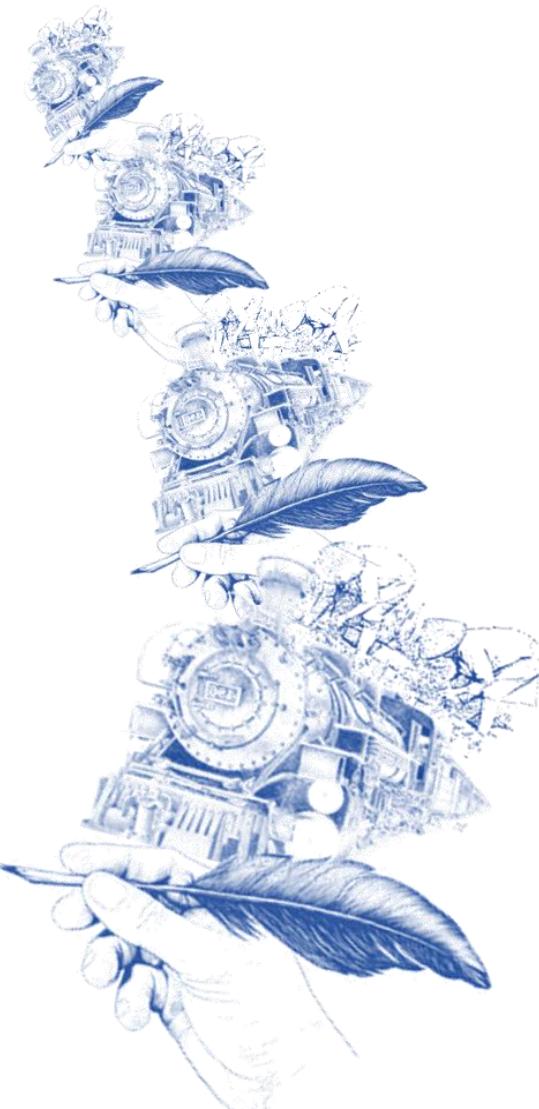
Read the poem *Only in Poetry* by Ajip Rosidi and identify a song matching your feeling upon reading this poem. Make a second and third reading of the poem while playing the song of your choice. What do you feel upon reading this poem with a background music of your choice?



Only in Poetry

by Ajip Rosidi

In the train
I read poetry: Rendra and
Mayakovsky
Yet the words I hear are yours
Above the rhythm of the wheels,
I look outside:
Rice-fields and mountains
And a poem rises
From every bead of sweat
On the brow of the farmer
Throughout his long and lonely
day.



I know you know
That life drifts between heaven
and earth
Adam was expelled from
Paradise
Then searched for Eve.

The poet's fate
Is to knock on door after door
And never find: Restlessly
Refusing
To surrender to his situation.

In the valley I see your calm face,
From the valley your hand
stretches forth.

In the train
I read poetry: submission to
emotion
Which through the iron fingers of
Time
Determines the path of Fate:
stretching out
Into the realm of dreams which I shape
to no avail.

I know,
You know,
In poetry
Everything is clear and definite.



Post Reading Activity

Theme and Genre

1. The first stanza suggests that a poem is created out of a challenging experience as the speaker relates this creative process of poem-making to a long and lonely day of a typical farmer on a rice-field. What can a reader benefit from this craft created from a challenging experience? What kind of connection can he or she make to benefit and better appreciate poetry?
2. The speaker describes the unveiling of hidden meaning of a poem as a continuously slow movement from heaven and earth? What do heaven and earth symbolize in this stanza? How do these symbols relate to the process of interpreting a poem? How is the allusion of Adam searching for Eve recounted this process of interpretation?
3. The third stanza narrates a poet's struggle in conveying his or her message to the readers. Characterize this struggle. How should a poet approach this struggle to overcome it? How does the image in the fourth stanza communicate the outcome of overcoming this struggle?
4. To which do the "iron fingers of Time" in the fifth stanza pertain? What effects can it bring to the lives of the readers?
5. What does the concluding stanza suggest on the nature of poetry?
6. What is metapoetry? How does this literary piece serve as a metapoem?

Literary Approach: Reader-response Criticism

3. Which emotion have you experienced often drive you to write a poem? What happens to this emotion after writing poetry?
4. Which subject or idea do you find meaningful whenever you read poetry? How does this subject or idea relate to your experience?
5. Is there a poem which you had read before that changed your perspective in life? What changes have occurred to you as a person upon reading this poem?

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

4. Assume yourself as a poet who is attending a press conference for the launching of your poetry anthology. What advice can you give to those would-be writers on crafting poetry?
5. Using a desktop publishing software, create a self-help pamphlet on writing poetry.
6. Make a vlog on the nature of metapoetry.

On a Personal Note

Write a short poem on your unforgettable experiences in reading and writing poetry.



Indonesia



POEM 2

Objectives

Determine the meanings of unfamiliar words through synonyms and antonyms.

Analyze a vlog on reading and writing poetry.

Paraphrase the poem, *The birth of a poem* by Subagio Sastrowardojo.

Pre-reading Activity

Examine the given words carefully and complete the table by listing synonyms and antonyms of each given word. Choose your answer from the word bank below.

bastard		melancholy	
synonyms	antonyms	synonyms	antonyms
1.	1.	1.	1.
2.	2.	2.	2.
3.	3.	3.	3.

Word bank

bliss gentleman glee goodman grief happiness rascal
rogue sadness saint scoundrel sorrow

Analyze the vlog on writing a poem and answer the questions that follow. You may access the vlog through the given link. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pYB3u9714IQ>

A Guide To Writing A Poem
565,423 views • Dec 22, 2011

Scribbles
287K subscribers

This guide shows you How To Compose Your Poem.
Watch This and Other Related films here - <http://www.videojug.com/film/how-to-w...>
Subscribe! http://www.youtube.com/subscription_c...

I. (2020). ASEAN literature: Discovering identity amidst diversity. Batangas City, Philippines: Batangas State University.

**Guide Questions**

1. How does the vlogger describe a poem?
2. What are her advices in writing poetry?
3. Which among her advices in writing poetry do you find most applicable to you? Why?

While-reading Activity

Read and analyze *The birth of a poem* by Subagio Sastrowardojo. Paraphrase the poem by selecting the equivalent of each color-coded line from the given choices. Explain the meaning of each paraphrased line.

The birth of a poem

by Subagio Sastrowardojo

Night pregnant with my seed
thrusts the nine-month child down
to the ground, Motherless bastard
bearing the first sin
on its brow. Its cry declares
my hunger and melancholy, my suffering
and my death, Kiss the ground
source of your suffering. It
is your soul.

Paraphrased Equivalents

The poem that is created recounts the extra-ordinary experiences of its creator.

Thus, this vicarious experience becomes a personal experience of its reader.

The creative process of poem-making is laborious as it gives birth to the would-be experience of its reader.

When read, the poem hands down the same extra-ordinary experiences of its creator to its reader.

Post Reading Activity

Personification

1. What human characteristics are endowed to the subject of this literary work?
2. What effect does this endowment of human characteristics bring to the subject of the poem and to the reader?
3. How does the use of personification help in conveying the central idea of this metapoem?

Literary Approach: Deconstructionism

1. Who owns the experience brought by poetry – the author, the persona, or the reader? Make an argument on this issue.



Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

1. Make a paraphrased version of a poem about writing poetry written by a well-known Filipino poet. What does it reveal about the art of writing poetry?
2. Personify a concept or experience (e.g. examination, enrollment or the like) on college education. What human qualities do you associate to that concept or experience? What is your reason for such association?
3. Using a Venn diagram, compare and contrast the two metapoems under Indonesian literature.

On a Personal Note

Write a short reflection about the art of writing poetry.



SINGAPORE ASEAN Literature

The image shows the Supertree Grove at Gardens by the Bay in Singapore, illuminated at night with vibrant purple, blue, and red lights. Overlaid on the bottom left are several large, semi-transparent geometric shapes in red, green, and yellow, creating a modern and dynamic feel.

LEARNING MODULE

Batangas State University



Singapore



FICTION 1

Objectives

Determine the meaning of unfamiliar words through context clues.

Relate Karen Horney's *Personality Types* to character development in fiction.

Evaluate the effectiveness of approaches to characterization in presenting human facsimiles in fiction.

Analyze how the traits and actions of fictional characters are

Pre-reading Activity

Read and analyze the following sentences carefully. Determine the meaning of each underlined word by selecting its synonym from the given word bank. Write your answer on the space provided before each item.

- _____ 1. One of my grandmother's atrocities to her servant is hurling a durian at the maid's head.
- _____ 2. She bought infants and reared them to be bondmaids working endlessly in a garment factory without any compensation.
- _____ 3. Husbands who were unfaithful and not loyal to their wives live with their concubines.
- _____ 4. The virulence of their hatred toward one another resulted to their painful separation.
- _____ 5. He was inconsolable when his partner left him for another man.

Word bank

heartbroken	cruelties	slaves
evil	mistresses	severity



Complete the given illustration by supplying the word appropriate for each box. Select the words to complete the illustration from the word bank and answer the questions that follow.

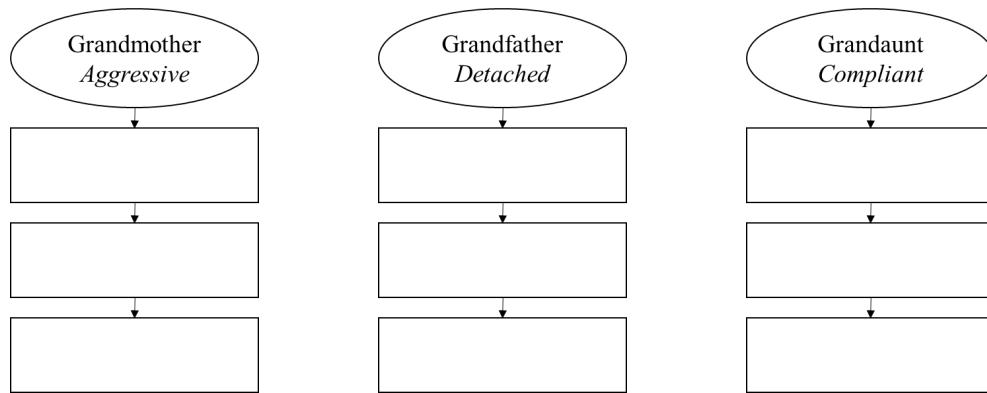


Illustration. *Three Types of Personalities from Karen Horney's Socio-psychological theory*

Word bank

atrocious barren genteel-looking	grief-stricken inconsolable murderous	single-minded soft-spoken withdrawn
--	---	---

1. What are the types of personality shown in the illustration? Describe each.
2. Looking at a typical Filipino family, are these personality types properly ascribed to the family members they represent? Why? Why not?
3. What do you think will happen if people with these personality types live together in the same house?

While-reading Activity

Read Catherine Lim's *Grandfather's Story* and pay attention to the words that are associated with each given character below. Complete the table by listing the action words attributed to these characters and determine their traits as revealed by the words attributed to them.

Characters	Action words associated with these characters	What do they reveal about these characters?
Grandmother		
Grandfather		
Granddaughter		

Analyze the completed table above. Based on the character traits revealed through word association, infer who among the given characters would likely do the following. Write your answer on the space provided before each item.

- _____ 1. Reminiscing loved one by listening to music alone
- _____ 2. Slapping an enemy with a hard object
- _____ 3. Fulfilling a request from someone



- _____ 4. Annihilating a business rival with absurd tactics
- _____ 5. Starring on a picture to recall memories of loved one

Grandfather's Story

by Catherine Lim

Grandmother died when I was ten. I had always been in awe of her, mainly because of the stories I had heard relatives and servants whisper about her atrocities towards the many bondmaids she had bought as infants and reared to work as seamstresses and needlewomen in her rapidly expanding business of making bridal clothes and furnishings.

Grandmother's embroidered silk bed curtains and bolster cases and beaded slippers for bride and groom were famous and fetched good money. The more nimble-fingered of the handmaids did the sewing and headwork; the others were assigned the less demanding tasks of cutting, pasting, dyeing, stringing beads, or general housework.

It was rumoured that one handmaid had died from injuries sustained when grandmother flung a durian at her. The story had never been confirmed, and, as a child, my imagination had often dwelt on the terrible scene, giving it a number of interesting variations: grandmother hurled the durian at the bondmaid's head, and it stuck there; the durian was flung at the bondmaid's stomach, thus disemboweling her; the durian thorns stuck in the bondmaid's flesh like so many knives and caused her to bleed to death.

Whatever the circumstances surrounding her death, the bondmaid was certainly dead at fifteen and quietly buried at night in a remote part of the huge plantation in which stood grandmother's house.

Grandfather, who had been separated from grandmother for as long as anyone could remember, often said, "Look at her hands. Look at the strength and power in them. The hands of a murderer." And he would go on to assign the same pernicious quality to each feature of her body: her eyes were cold and glittering, her mouth was thin and cruel, her buttocks which by their flatness deflected all good fortune, so that her husband would always be in want.

I think I unfairly attributed to grandmother all those atrocities which rich elderly ladies of old China committed against their servant girls or their husbands' minor wives and concubines. Thus, I had grandmother tie up the ends of the trousers of a bondmaid close to the ankles, force a struggling, clawing cat clown through the opening at the waist, quickly knot the trousers tightly at the waist to trap the beast inside, and then begin to hit it from the outside with a broom so that it would claw and scratch the more viciously in its panic.

I never saw, in the few visits I remember I paid grandmother, any such monstrosity. The punishment that grandmother regularly meted out were less dramatic: she pinched, hit knuckles with a wooden rod, slapped and occasionally rubbed chili paste against the lips of a child bondmaid who had been caught telling a lie.

Grandmother did not like children. I think she merely tolerated my cousins and me when we went to stay a few days with her. When in a good mood, she gave us some beads or remnants of silk for which she no longer had any use.

I remember asking her one day why I never saw grandfather with her and



why he was staying in another house. Not only did she refrain from answering my question, but she threw me such an angry glare that from that very day I never mentioned grandfather in her hearing. I concluded that they hated each other with a virulence that did not allow each to hear the name of the other without a look of the most intense scorn or words of abuse, spat out rather than uttered.

Indeed, never have I seen a couple so vigorously opposed to each other, and I still wonder how they could have overcome their revulsions to produce three offspring in a row, for according to grandfather. They had hated each other right from the beginning of their marriage. It was probably a duty which grandmother felt she had to discharge. "It was an arranged marriage," said grandfather simply, "and I never saw her till the wedding night." But he did not speak of the large dowry that grandmother brought with her, for her father was a well-to-do pepper merchant who had businesses in Indonesia. As soon as her parents were dead and she had saved enough money to start a small business on her own, she left grandfather, took up residence in an old house in a plantation that she had shrewdly bought for a pittance, and brought up her three children there. Her two daughters she married off as soon as they reached sixteen; her son, who turned out to be a wastrel, she left to do as he liked.

She had put her life with grandfather behind her; from that day, he was dead to her, and she pursued her business with single-minded purpose and fervour, getting rich very quickly. She had a canny business sense and invested wisely in rubber and coconut plantations.

Grandfather took up residence with a mistress; he had her for a very long time, almost from the time of his marriage. It was said that she was barren, and he was disappointed for a while, for he wanted sons by her, but his love remained unchanged. There were other mistresses, but they were merely the objects for grandfather's insatiable appetite, while this woman, a very genteel-looking, soft-spoken woman whom I remember we all called Grandauant, was his chosen life companion. I saw her only once. She was already very old and grey, and I remember she took out a small bottle of pungent-smelling oil from her blouse pocket and rubbed a little under my nose when she saw me cough and sniffle. She died some three years before grandfather (and a year after grandmother).

Grandfather howled in his grief at grandauant's funeral, and was inconsolable for months. In all likelihood, he would not have attended grandmother's funeral even if she had not objected. As it was, she had stipulated, on her deathbed that on no condition was grandfather to be allowed near her dead body. She was dying from a terrible cancer that, over a year, ate away her body.

"Go, you must go," urged grandauant on the day of the funeral, "for, in death, all is forgotten." But grandfather lay in his room smoking his opium pipe and gazing languorously up at the ceiling.

When grandauant died – quite suddenly, for she was taking the chamber pot up to their room when she slipped, fell down the stairs and died – grandfather was grief-stricken and, at one point, even blamed the sudden death on grandmother's avenging spirit. He became withdrawn and reticent and sometimes wept with the abandon of a child in the silence of the night.

The change was marked, for grandfather was by nature garrulous and, on occasion, even jovial. He liked to tell stories – especially irreverently obscene tales of monks. In his withdrawn state, all storytelling ceased, except on one occasion when he emerged from his room, to the surprise of the relatives who were sitting around idly chatting after dinner, and offered to tell a tale.



“Once upon a time,” said grandfather, grey eyes misting over and the wispy beard on his thin chin (which he always tied up tightly with a rubber band, much to the amusement of us children) moving up and down with the effort of storytelling.

“A very long time ago, perhaps a thousand years ago, there lived in China a farmer and his wife. He loved her dearly, for she was a gentle, loving woman who would do anything to make him comfortable and happy. They had no children; the woman’s barrenness, which would have compelled any husband to reject her, did not in the least irk him. He worked hard to save for their old age, knowing no sons would be born to look after them, and he and his wife watched with satisfaction the silver coins growing in the old stone jar, which they took care to hide in a hole in the earthen floor.

“Now near the farm was a nunnery, and the head nun, a most cruel and mercenary woman who spent all her time thinking of how much in donations she could get out of the simple peasants, began to eye the growing wealth of this farmer and his wife. She knew that they were an extremely frugal couple and surmised that their savings were a goodly sum.

“Knowing that the farmer was a shrewd fellow who regarded her with deep suspicion, she waited one morning for him to be out in the fields before paying his wife a visit.

“So convincing was she in her promise of heavenly blessings upon those who would donate generously to her nunnery that the farmer’s wife was quite taken in. The foolish woman went to the hiding place in the earthen floor, brought out the stone jar and handed it, with its store of silver coins within, to the head nun. The nun thanked her effusively and left.

“When the farmer came back, his wife told him what had happened, in her extreme naiveté expecting him to praise her for what she had done. Instead, he picked up his changkul and repeatedly hit her in his rage. When he saw that she was dead, his rage turned into an overpowering pity, and he knew he would never be at peace until he had killed the one who had brought about this tragedy.

“He ran to the nunnery with his changkul¹, and there struck three hefty blows on the nun’s head until she fell down and died. In his panic, the farmer ran to a tree and hanged himself.

“The spirits of the three deceased then appeared before the Almighty, who sat on his heavenly throne in judgment.

“‘You have done great wrong,’ he told the farmer, ‘and must therefore be punished.’

“‘You,’ turning to the nun, ‘have done greater wrong, for you are a selfish, mercenary, cruel woman. You too will be punished.’

“He looked at the farmer’s wife, and, whereas his eyes had narrowed in severe censure when they looked upon the farmer and the nun, they now softened upon the gentle, timid woman.

“‘You are a good woman,’ said the Almighty, ‘and although you were foolish enough to be taken in by this nun, you will not be punished.’ “The Almighty’s plan was simple.

“‘I’m sending the three of you back to earth,’ said the Almighty. ‘You will be born and, at the appointed time, you,’ pointing to the farmer, ‘and you,’ pointing to the nun, ‘will be man and wife so that you will be each other’s torment. I can devise no greater punishment for you. Since your sin is less,’ he continued, addressing the farmer, “you will be freed of the retribution after a time and will be reunited with this woman, without whom you cannot be happy.”



"Then turning to the nun, he told her, 'You have been guilty of so much cruelty that your punishment will be extended further. While this man and this woman enjoy peace and happiness together, your body will be wracked by the most painful disease, which will, after a long time, carry you to your grave.'

"So the three were reborn on earth, and the Almighty's plans for them came to pass."

Grandfather finished his story and shuffled back to his room, smoking his opium pipe. He paused, before entering his room, to continue, "The woman, much beloved by the man, was to die soon, and he will shortly follow. For them, there will no longer be the pain of another rebirth."

¹A hoe of Chinese-Malay origin.

Post Reading Activity

Characterization

1. How does the author create a vivid illustration of the different personalities of grandmother, grandfather, and grandaunt?
2. Of the two approaches to characterization that the author employs in presenting her major characters, which do you deem more effective? Why?
3. What effect does the combination of two approaches to characterization create in presenting grandmother's personality?

Things to Remember:

- A. Authors present their character either directly or indirectly.
- a. **Direct presentation.** The author tells us straight out, by exposition or analysis, what a character is like, or has someone in the story tell us what he is like.
(e.g. *The change was marked, for grandfather was by nature garrulous and, on occasion, even jovial. He liked to tell stories – especially irreverently obscene tales of monks.*)
 - b. **Indirect presentation.** The author shows us the character in action; we infer what he is like from what he thinks or says or does.
(e.g. *The punishment that grandmother regularly meted out were less dramatic: she pinched, hit knuckles with a wooden rod, slapped and occasionally rubbed chili paste against the lips of a child bondmaid who had been caught telling a lie.*)
- B. How Character is Disclosed in Fiction?
- a. **Actions.** What the characters do is our best clue to understand what they are.
 - b. **Descriptions, both personal and environmental.** Appearance and environment reveal much about a character's social and economic status, of course, but also tell us about character traits.
 - c. **Dramatic statements and thoughts.** Although the speeches of most characters are functional, essential to keep the action moving along,



- they provide material by which you may draw conclusion.
- d. **Statements by other characters.** By studying what characters say about each other, you may enhance your understanding of the character being discussed.
 - e. **Statements by the author speaking as story teller or observer.** What the author speaking with the authorial voice, says about a character is usually accurate and the authorial voice can be accepted factually.

Literary Approach: Psychological Criticism

1. What can possibly be the reason for the grandmother's hostility towards her bondmaids? Does her cold relationship with grandfather contribute to her being hostile? Why?
2. When grandaunt died, grandfather suddenly became remorseful and detached from others. How does offering a story to children help him overcome such agony? What does the concluding statement in his story mean? How does it relate to his feelings?

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks through making a two-minute advocacy video.

7. Assume the role of a human right advocate. How would you free the bondmaids from grandmother's abuse?
8. You are a registered clinical psychologist. How would you help grandfather to overcome the extreme sadness due to grandaunt's death? What advice would you give him?

On a Personal Note

Using your mobile phone, capture a photo of any object available in your house that can represent one of your undesirable traits. Write a paragraph on how would you transform this undesirable trait into something desirable. Post your work online and share it to your class instructor/professor.



Singapore



POEM 1

Objectives

- Determine the synonyms of the given phrases.
- React on an issue involving opposition of views in social media.
- Infer the subject's reactions on the lines of the poem read.
- Determine the theme of the poem, *The Exile* by Edwin Thumboo.
- Relate the theme of the poem to a historical event.

Pre-reading Activity

Examine the given phrases in the first column and locate their respective meanings in the second column by drawing lines to connect the dots between synonymous phrases. Explain your answer.

ancestral agony

aggressive plan

China-wrought

benevolent response

gunboat policy

communist-caused

Confucian smile

idealism-imparted confidence

inherited pain

We possess ideologies that can shape the way we see things around us and eventually influence our actions. However, not all of us agree with the same ideology as we think differently depending on our beliefs and preferences. Examine these screenshots from an online news website and answer the questions that follow.



The screenshot shows a forum post on INQUIRER.NET. A user named kakie (@kakiep83) posted at 14 Jun 2020, saying:

- rape culture is real and a product of this precise line of thinking, where the behavior is normalized, particularly by men.
- the way anyone dresses should not be deemed as 'opportunity' to sexually assault them. ever.
- calling me hija will not belittle my point.

Another user, Ben Tulfo (@bitagbentulfo), responded:

Hija @kakiep83 , a rapist or a juvenile sex offender's desire to commit a crime will always be there. All they need is an opportunity, when to commit the crime. Sexy ladies, careful with the way you dress up! You are inviting the beast.

A third user, kakie (@kakiep83), responded:

the way he was braver on fb because he knows i'm not on there 😈😈

THE WANNABE SMART ALECK (Batang-bata ka pa para malaman mo ang mundo)

Hija, iba mag-isip ang mga manyakis at mga rapists. Hindi natin sila matuturuan at mababago ang kanilang pagnanasa at pagiging kriminal.

Ang tanging magagawa ay manamit ng tama. Huwag nating pukawin ang pagnanasa nila. Ito ang iyong magagawa.

Bago natin sila baguhin, baguhin muna natin ang sarili't pag-isip natin. Gets mo Hija?

Tatay mo ang author ng Juvenile Law.

kakie (@kakiep83 : 19) STOP TEACHING GIRLS HOW TO DRESS!! TEACH THEM RAPES.

Rappler (@rapplerdotcom : Jun 12) It is the cops, not women, who need to do some thinking.

GO! MANILA

Guide Questions

1. Opposing views is becoming rampant in social media platforms. How would feel when someone opposes your thought or view?
2. What will happen if you reside in a community wherein people have the extreme opposite of your views and beliefs about life and living? How would you deal with this opposition?

While-reading Activity

Read or listen to Edwin Thumboo's *The Exile* and assume that the speaker of the poem is directly addressing its subject. How would this subject react upon hearing these lines from the poem. Infer his reactions by selecting a statement from the given choices in speech bubbles towards each numbered group of lines. Explain your answer.



You may access Edwin Thumboo's reading of his poem *The Exile* in this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PeelC5RKnLg>



The Exile

by Edwin Thumboo

He was not made for politics,
For change of principles
Unhappy days, major sacrifice.
1 Even a bit part in a tragedy
Seemed most unlikely.
There was in him a cool Confucian smile.
Some suitable history would have been
A place in the Family Bank,
2 Consolidated by a careful match
A notable gain in family wealth,
A strengthening of the Clan.
An ordinary man, ordinary longevity.

Of these things his father sadly dreams.

He was not made for politics.
But those days were China-wrought,
Uncertain of loyalties, full of the search
For a soul, a pride
3 Out of ancestral agony, gunboat policy,
The nation's breaking up,
The disaster of the Kuomintang.
The new people took him in
To cells, discussions, exciting oratory,
Give him a cause.

Work quietly, multiply the cells
Prepare for the bloom of a hundred flowers.

The flowers came, fast withereth too.
Made conspicuous by the principles
4 And the discipline of the group,
He thought to stand his ground, defy the law.
Re-actionaries he said.

And so he stood in the dock.
Many documents were read. Those who planned
The demonstration, allotted tasks
Had run to fight another day – they had important work,
Could not be spared, were needed to arrange
More demonstrations.
Impersonally, the verdict was
Exile to the motherland,
A new reality.

He stood pale, not brave, not made for politics.

*I don't care about your thoughts.
This is what I believe and this is
what I will do.*

*How horrible it is to be judged
based on my ideology.
Repatriation awaits my poor soul.*



*This is me! Do you have a
problem with that?*

*You don't need to explain your side
of the story for I already saw it with
my own eyes.*

*Thank you for the effort but you
cannot change my mind by
offering those good things in
life. My beliefs are not for sale!*





Post Reading Activity

Theme

1. What are the instances cited that prove that the subject of the poem does not care about politicizing his ideology?
2. What does Confucian smile in line 6 mean? How does it relate to his inability to politicize his ideology?
3. What do you think could have happened if he had politicized his ideology by renouncing it?
4. Which event had caused his imprisonment? What does he realize?
5. As a result of his realization, what action does he make and what consequence does he encounter from his action?
6. What does the poem reveal about individuals whose ideologies are in contrast with the society they are living?

Literary Approach: Historical Criticism

1. Read the abstract below from a published article in Journal of Southeast Asian Studies. Relate this article to the poem discussed above.

The repatriation of the Chinese as a counter-insurgency policy during the Malayan Emergency

During the Malayan Emergency, British High Commissioner Henry Gurney pushed the policy of repatriating to China thousands of 'alien' Chinese detainees suspected of supporting the Malayan Communist Party's guerrilla war. This article traces the stages of this controversial policy, which, despite obstacles, remained a key counter-insurgency strategy until 1953. But the policy ignored the civil war in China and risked jeopardising Sino-British relations. When China closed its ports, the British administration put forth more desperate proposals to continue repatriation, often in the face of Foreign Office objections, ranging from negotiations with the PRC, to dumping deportees on the coast of China, and even approaching the Formosan government. Yet, while the Chinese were the target of both harsh early counter-insurgency techniques and communist violence, when the faltering repatriation policy was replaced by the mass resettlement of 'squatters' in Malaya itself, the Chinese were given a path to citizenship, changing their political future and that of the nation.

Chin, L. (2014). The repatriation of the Chinese as a counter-insurgency policy during the Malayan Emergency. *Journal of Southeast Asian Studies*, 45(3), 363-392.
doi:10.1017/S0022463414000332

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

- A. Devise an advocacy poster encouraging netizens to respect the views and ideologies of one another as posted in social media.
- B. Write a poem on respecting political views of other people.
- C. Write an open letter to a political social media basher to stop online shaming.



On a Personal Note

Take a photo showing your reaction to social media trolling. Write a paragraph expressing your feelings when somebody tries to troll your views or opinions in social media.



Singapore



POEM 2

Objectives

Determine the meaning of unfamiliar words through context clues.

Interpret the message of a one-minute video on a prevailing social problem.

Analyze the idea conveyed in each stanza of Lee Yzu Pheng's

Pre-reading Activity

Read the given statement and select a term from the word bank that can best replace each italicized word. Explain your answer.



“Stop calling a child a *reprobate* even though his or her little actions may slightly be *gibberish* for he or she is a flower still in the process of blooming. *Transgressors* of child rights should stop this *aberration*.”

WORD BANK

anomaly
nonsense

rascal
violators

Watch and analyze the one-minute video provided in the link below and answer the questions that follow.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GXZ7ubFoV1I>

1. What kind of violence has the child witnessed? How do you think can this violence affect him as a child?



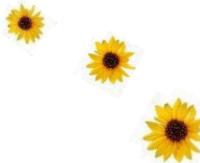
While-reading Activity

Netizens often attach hashtag to a phrase to identify messages for specific topic. They tend to summarize or advocate their ideas about this specific topic which allows them to participate in global discussion over social media platforms. Read and analyze Lee Yzu Pheng's *Sunflowers for a Friend* and select from the given choices a hashtag that can best describe the idea convey in each stanza. Explain your answer.

Sunflowers for a Friend

by Lee Yzu Pheng

To hear your own parent call you
not by name, not yet a
vulgar pet name, but
some gross epithet, as “cursed
death’s head, damned reprobate”,
when you, I know, endure even now
that innocence we renounce to escape censure;
heart itself shrinks; not so much at
the venom of the human tongue, as that
nature’s text itself may turn out gibberish.



#ThereIsHope

I fight this terror, cite aberrations,
transgressors of her law, that we all are.

#SilverliningFindingPositivity

And set my sights on grace – which, to be true,
though random-seeming is a thing hoped for.



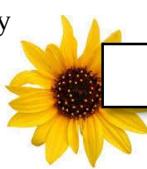
#ChildrenAreVulnerable

We cannot choose
our lot on earth; nor soil, nor weather
of our earliest years. And yet, some
warp or stunt, or run to seed, or die
despite the tenderest care.



#FightChildAbuse

Knowing this, I find I marvel still
that sunflowers grow from dirt, and pray
that you, like them, though forced
to live through night,
keep inner orientation strong enough
to turn to light.



#LabellingHurtsChildren

Post Reading Activity

1. What instance of verbal abuse to children is illustrated in the first stanza? What do you think may they feel upon experiencing this abuse?
2. The speaker describes the possible effect of this abuse as “a venom of human tongue,” What do you think is the reason for such description?
3. What long-term psychological effects may this abuse bring to children? How do you think may these children react to such adverse effects?



4. What action does the speaker want the readers to make to stop child abuse? Can this action mitigate this social problem? Why?
5. Examine the metaphorical statement in the last stanza. What does it suggest about helping children who had experienced abuse? How can the sufferings of these children from such abuses be healed?

Literary Approach: Reader-response Criticism

2. Is the social problem depicted in the poem happening in our country? What do you observe as the prevailing form of child abuse in the country?
3. What do you think will be the adverse effect of this prevailing social problem to our country in general and to every Filipino family in particular?

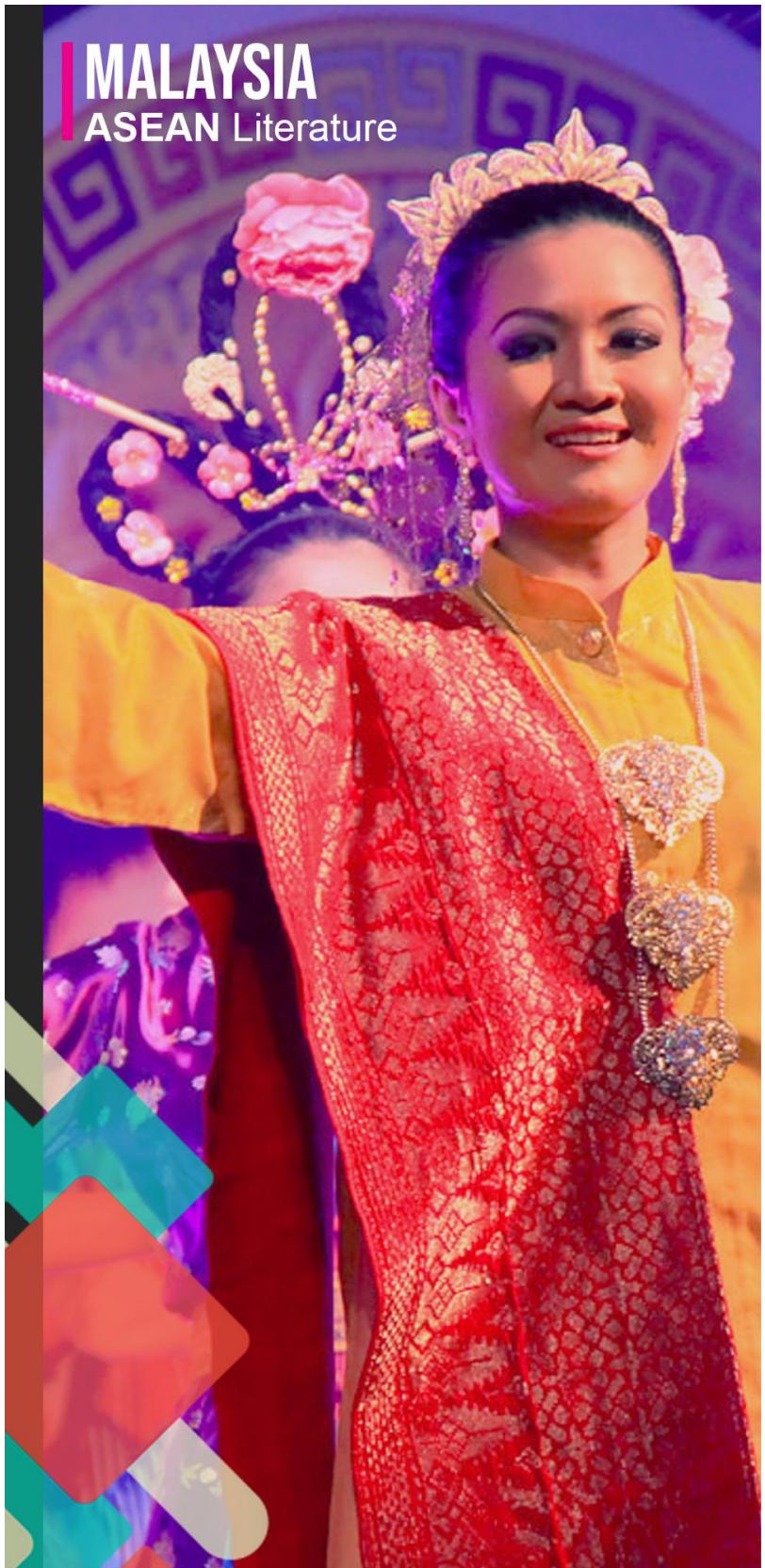
Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

- A. Devise a course of action to mitigate child abuse in the country.
- B. Propose an extension service program that can help children who had experienced abuse to lessen or eradicate their psychological sufferings from such abuses?
- C. Create a music video that will encourage victims of child abuse to move on with their lives.

On a Personal Note

Tweet or post a hashtag in asocial media platform that encourages people to fight child abuse. Write a short reflection regarding your post and tag your instructor/professor.





Malaysia



FICTION 1

Objectives

Determine the connotation of words and phrases through cultural equivalents.

Characterize an ideal friend through sketching symbolisms.

Read and analyze, *Friend (Sahabat)* by Anwar Ridhwan.

Evaluate the significance of the story's theme.

Pre-reading Activity

Examine the underlined words or phrases in the given sentences. Translate these words or phrases into utterances easily understand by Filipinos. Select a word or a phrase in the given choices that can express the connotation of each underlined word or phrase.

- _____ 1. The owner of the dormitory is looking for tenants.
- _____ 2. The apartment near the university is under renovation to accommodate student-tenants.
- _____ 3. We are childhood friends for we grow up in the same kampong in our province.
- _____ 4. Everytime he approaches people, he utters “Assalamualaikum” a form of greetings.
- _____ 5. The farmer uses diesel buffalo to plough the rice field.

ang kapayapaan ay sumaiyo barangay	bed spacers bhezzie	boarding house tractor
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Analyze the video, ONE FRIEND (Lyrics) - Dan Seals, through accessing the provided link. Based on the video, what characteristics are possessed by an ideal friend?



R.M. (2020). *ASEAN literature: Discovering identity amidst diversity*. Batangas City, Philippines: Batangas State University.



Click this link to access the video.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fGBIAK6lUGE>.

Think of someone whom you consider as your best friend or greatest friend. What qualities do you admire from him or her? Describe these qualities of your best friend by sketching in each designated box an object that can represent the thought, feeling, and action that you admire the most from him or her. Explain your reasons for such admiration.

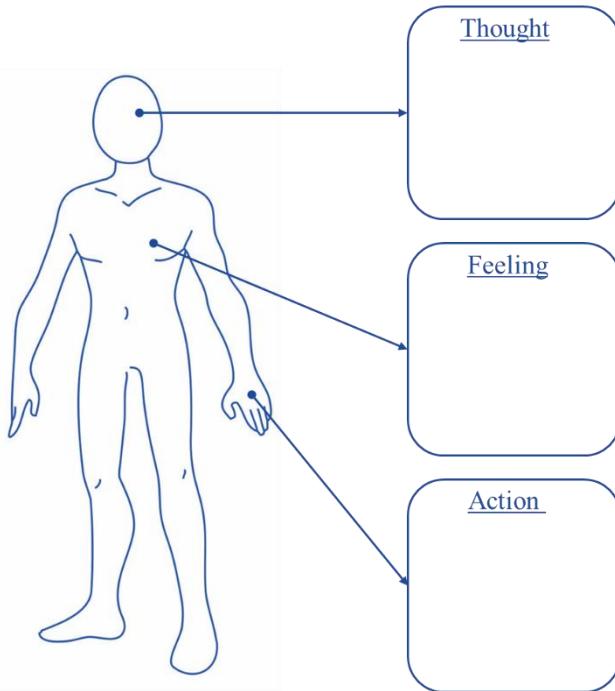


Figure. My best and greatest friend

While-reading Activity

Read and analyze *Friend (Sahabat)* by Anwar Ridhwan by paying attention to the traits possessed by each character. From the given selection of traits below, rank the traits possessed by each character by writing the highly exhibited trait in 1 and the least exhibited in 7. Explain your answer.

Anwar	Ismail
Character Traits	Character Traits
1.	1.
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.
5.	5.



6.	6.
7.	7.

Character Traits

honesty	humor	empathy
generosity	trust	encouragement
	steadfastness	

Friends (Sahabat)*by Anwar Ridhwan*

The first virtue: patience.
Nothing to do with simple waiting.
It is more like obstinacy.
(Andre Gide)

I have paced this small room countless times. With each step, each glance outside, seeing the millions of snowflakes falling from the Manhattan sky (like flour falling through a sieve onto the buildings and the streets), I think of how Nuriah is doing in the operating theatre. Her husband is with her, worrying; surely he is even more worried than I am, after all, this is the birth of his eldest child.

Sometimes my emotions mock my attitude: why should I be worried and nervous when it is my friend's wife who is giving birth? But my attitude holds out, defeating emotion with a quote by Sigmund Freud, that if we can share (in this case, all the hard times) this is the poetry in the prose of our lives.

On the corner of 104th Street Broadway there is a rather old single-floor building. I think it was built a few years before the Second World War. The interior of the building attempts to defy its age, especially the lobby. When I open the glass doors to the building, a patterned red carpet welcomes me. Nuriah, her husband and I enter. This was about a year ago.

I walk towards the receptionist, who doubles as the telephone operator. She is Caucasian, probably aged about sixty, older than the building itself.

"Good morning. I would like to see Mr. Yaakob, please," I say.

"Mr. Jacob?" she asks. "Mr. Jacob, the owner of the building?"

With a sidelong glance at Nuriah's husband, I smile.

"Yes," I reply.

"On what business? Do you want to rent rooms?"

"Well, we intend to. But we would like to meet him first. We are from the same country. In fact, we used to live in the same village."

"Oh," she says. "You are in luck. Mr. Jacob is around this morning. Please go to that office (points to a door not far away) and knock before entering."

"Thank you." I said. Without wasting any time, the three of us head for the room, knock on the door, open it and enter.

"Assalamualaikum," I say.

Yaakob is stunned for a moment.

"You must be Anwar, right? The son of Madam Habshah, the midwife?"

"Correct," I reply, and shake hands with him. "This is Ismail, and his



wife, Nuriah.”

He shakes their hands briefly. “I have to leave for New Jersey in five minutes. Is there anything I can do for you?”

“We need rooms. Two rooms.”

“You’ll have to ask the receptionist outside. Hopefully there are still some available.” With this, he gets ready to leave. We, too, go out immediately, to meet the elderly woman once again. Yaakob passes quickly behind us, carrying a bag. He opens the door and steps outside.

“We need two rooms,” I tell the receptionist.

“You’re in luck,” she answers, flipping through the register. “There is one vacant two-room apartment on the second floor. The previous tenant moved out just yesterday, and you’re here today. This place is very convenient. Only one block away, on 103rd Street, is the subway. Please fill out and sign this form.” She hands me two forms. One pass to Ismail, the other is for me.

From that day onwards, the three of us lived in apartment 2J on the second floor of Yaakob’s building. There was a rather small living room and a kitchen, next to which were the bathroom and the toilet. In the beginning, it was rather awkward for us to live in such a confined space, sharing a bathroom, toilet, and the living room that we turned into a study and dining area.

Ismail attends lectures at Columbia University. I am at New York University, either at its main campus in Washington Square, or its campus on 42nd Street, or on East 55th Street. Most of the time, Nuriah is alone.

Every time I look at the building from a distance, especially from the entrance to the subway on 103rd Street Broadway, behind the faded buildings, I am in awe of Yaakob, now known to his employees as Mr. Jacob.

We used to live in the same kampong, but he is about 15 years my senior. Although we lived in the same kampong, we were never close friends. Aside from the age difference, which made us have different groups of friends, I left the kampong when

I was 13 to live in a boarding school in Sabak Bernam. From then on, I seldom returned home, except during school holidays.

Yaakob’s parents I remember well, though. They owned several paddy fields and coconut plantations. While the other villagers were still ploughing the fields manually, Yaakob’s folks had already bought a Hino to plough their large plots.

They owned a “diesel buffalo”. They were the first to own a radio, the first to have an AJS motorcycle, the first to own a Hillman automobile, and the first to go to Mecca by flight.

When I was in secondary school, I heard that Yaakob’s parents had passed away. Coming back home a month later, I heard that Yaakob had sold all his paddy fields and the coconut plantation. After that I lost track of him.

Only two years ago a friend of mine in Ithaca told me that Yaakob was now a prosperous businessman living in New York City. I remember the Yaakob of old, the one who rode his bicycle to the English school, the one who would team up with a Chinese boy to share in buying the fish caught in the trenches around our paddy fields when the season came. Once again, we meet on God’s Earth.

“We’ve been renting this place for two months now,” Ismail says all of sudden while we are watching TV one night. “And we’ve been paying the rent for two months. We’re supposed to pay for the third month this week, but the Malaysian Students Department (MSD) hasn’t transferred our money yet.”



“How now?”

“Tell you what,” I say encouragingly, “I’ll see Yaakob tomorrow morning. I’m sure he’s a reasonable man. I’ll tell him that we will pay the rent once the MSD sends the money.”

“You think he’ll agree?”

“Insya-Allah. He is one of us after all.”

“Well, try it then.”

At around 8:00 the next morning, coincidentally I have no lectures, I knock on the door to Yaakob’s office. After entering, I give salam and sit down before him, explaining why I am there.

“What?” he bellows. “This is not the welfare office. In our agreement – the one that you signed – the rent has to be settled during the first week at the beginning of every month. At the b-e-g-i-n-n-i-n-g. Listen, there’ve been a lot of people asking for rooms.”

“We’re not trying to delay,” I tell him calmly. “The problem is that the MSD hasn’t sent us the money yet. Once we get the money, we’ll settle the rent.”

“Kampung boy,” he says, his voice harsh. “This is New York, not Sungai Besar. There, if you run out of salt, you can run next door, borrow some; if you run out of sugar, you can always get a cup from the neighbours. And you can pay them any time you like. Maybe in one week. Maybe in two.”

Silent, I bow my head.

“You have four days,” he says.

I get up. Before leaving the room, I say, as usual, “Assalamualaikum.” But this time, I say it unusually soft.

When the day comes, we are still unable to settle the rent. All the money we have is just enough to get us through another week or two. When I go to see Yaakob, he can tell from my face what I am about to tell him. He bangs his fist on his desk.

“Kampung boy!”

“What to do? The money from the MSD is not here yet. They can’t be blamed either, they have to take care of thousands of students.”

“Is that my problem?” Yaakob asks.

“No, but....”

“If I went by my instincts, the three of you would have to move out,” he says, looking right into my eyes. After a few seconds of silence, he asks, “Where’s Ismail?”

“He’s upstairs.”

“Both of you will come with me now. Wear some old clothes. Tell Nuriah that you’ll be back around midnight.”

“Where are we going?”

“Do you want to come with me, or move out?”

I don’t reply. I hurry back up the stairs to the second floor. Not much later, Ismail and I are back in his office, dressed even worse than the beggars in Harlem.

“True enough, that night, both Ismail and I get home at 1:00 in the morning, dog-tired. We have been scraping the walls of an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village.

Over the next two days we paint one section of the restaurant walls and wallpaper another. Yaakob shows us how. On the last night, Yaakob suddenly talks, “This kind of work is quite lucrative. When I first come to New York City, this is what I did, until I saved up enough to buy that apartment block on 104th



Street. Even though I can be considered pretty well-off now ("A millionaire," I interject), I still like doing this. As for your rent – I consider the work you have done here as payment. But remember, make sure all payments are settled on time from now on."

I say, "Thank you."

Ismail thanks him as well, "From me, too. Thank you."

"Hm."

Yaakob's 'slave labour' is attractive because of the dollars it pays. Which is why Ismail and I continue to "sign up" with "Mr. Jacob's employment agency" over the next few months, even though the MSD sends us our money on time. A number of urgent jobs are completed with our help. If not for the two of us, Yaakob probably wouldn't have been able to complete so many jobs at the same time. With the extra work, we also have more money on our hands.

One September night, Ismail whispers to me, 'Nuriah is pregnant.'

"How far along is she?" I ask him.

"Probably about three months."

"Oh, man. You should have put that on hold first. Going to a hospital here costs a lot. It's not like the GH in Kuala Lumpur."

"I guess we're just like tapioca. Stick it in, and it grows. But Nuriah doesn't look pregnant, does she? It's probably like that for chubby women."

"When are you going to see the doctor?"

"Tomorrow."

The next day, Ismail and Nuriah go to the clinic. They only return around noon.

"Not three, but five months," whispers Ismail.

"Five months? In that case, you'll be a father come January."

"January," Ismail says in low voice.

"Why don't we look for a new apartment? With a baby, this place will no longer be suitable."

"I agree," I answer truthfully. "Why don't you look for an apartment? Near Columbia University? Don't worry about me. I can find a room at the College Resident Hostel on 110th Street."

"Okay."

Although there are several months left, the rooms have to be booked early. In October, Ismail is told that a two-room apartment on 115th Street will be vacant from January 1st. I haven't got anything fixed about my room yet. Ismail offers that I can stay at his apartment until I get a room. Once I get a room, I can move out.

In December, Ismail and I give Yaakob notice that we will move out at the end of the year. Yaakob writes it down in his diary. After this, Ismail takes Nuriah to the clinic again. I remember that day, snow began to fall, blanketing the vehicles and the ground. A few days later, rain washes the snow away; removes it from our sight. At noon, Ismail and Nuriah return. While Nuriah goes to lie down on their bed, Ismail whispers to me, "I feel really bad to have to tell you this. I know you will scold me. Nuriah is probably going to have a caesarean."

I am quiet for a moment. "I'll try to help, financially or otherwise. I know that a C-section costs more than a regular delivery." I would like to scold him, but this time I don't have the heart to do it.

We do not talk long about Nuriah. Talking about the new apartment seems to make my friend forget his worries for the moment. Two days before



Christmas we begin packing our things little by little. On that day we also let Yaakob know we will vacate the apartment on the 31st of December.

Unexpectedly, four days before year's end, Ismail receives a telephone call which shocks us all. The apartment on 115th Street won't be available until the 1st of February. The tenant has extended his tenancy for another month."

A few minutes later, I am in Yaakob's office, "Looks like we have to stay here for another month."

"You can't do that!" he says angrily.

I explain, "The other apartment won't be vacant until February 1st."

"That's not my problem," he says. "I already have new tenants, from Hong Kong. You told me you would move out on the 31st of December. I have already signed a contract with them."

"Cancel the contract."

Harshly, he says, "It's not that easy, kampong boy. A contract is a contract. If I have to go to court here in New York, you know what would happen."

"So, how?"

"The three of you have to move out on the 31st," he says adamantly.

"You are no Malay!" The words, which I myself feel are rather harsh, just shoot out by themselves. "You have no compassion! It's not like you don't know that Nuriah is almost due to give birth. How much are those Hongkies paying?"

"Four hundred."

"Fifty dollars more than what we paid," I say, a little sarcastically. "Let us stay for another month. We'll pay you five hundred."

"My, my, kampong boy," his tone is sarcastic as well. "I remember when the MSD sent your money late and you came to see me with your sob-story. Now, with some cash in your hands, you can be arrogant and offer me more."

"I'm not being arrogant, I'm just thinking about Nuriah. Also...."

"You know, when I came here 10 years ago, I had 20 dollars in my pocket. I didn't have it as easy as you. Learn something about facing hardship in a foreign place. This is not Sungai Besar, where your neighbour will put you up for the night if your house burns down, or where you can fish in the trenches when you have no fish to eat. Where you spend your whole life working your tiny plot of land, and the ones growing rich are the middlemen."

I cut in, "We helped you with a lot of your jobs, Ismail and I. I can't believe you cannot help us out now."

"I have signed a contract," he says, his voice unyielding. "You and Ismail should have signed a contract for the other apartment. So that people don't play around with you. This is not Sungai Besar, kampong boy. There you may able to lease a whole paddy field by giving a verbal agreement, or you can make a will and divide up your land without putting it in writing. In the end, the heirs will squabble about a tiny plot of land."

If there is one person on this Earth who does not know the meaning of anger, it is Ismail. When I tell him what has transpired in my discussion with Yaakob, he sits calmly and leafs through his diary.

"There is a Chinese saying," he says with a calm voice, "a mistake committed at one moment brings misfortune for whole lifetime (he continues to leaf through his diary). Hmm, he may be able to help (points at something in his own handwriting)."

"Who?"



“Nordin.”

“I have never heard you mention him before,” I say.

“He used to live in Brooklyn. He’s just moved to 73th Street. We met by change on the subway. He asked me “Malay?” and I nodded. I gave him my telephone number and address. He gave me his address ... and his telephone number.”

“Try calling.”

Without hesitating, Ismail calls and tells of his misfortune. A few minutes later the conversation is over.

“So?”

“He says he has only one room, his bedroom. The three of us can sleep outside, in the living room.”

On the 3rd of December, the three of us move to Nordin’s tiny apartment. It is a wet day, with white snow falling from the Manhattan sky. Ismail has dropped Nuriah off in a taxi. Then, Ismail and I transport the boxes containing our books, suitcases and the few household item that we possess by subway – we enter the subway on 103rd Street, take the Number 1, and emerge again on 72nd Street, walk one block, and finally we are there. Nordin’s apartment is on the third floor. The building doesn’t have an elevator, so we have to take the stairs.

This is where I am now, in Nordin’s tiny apartment. A few months ago, he made the decision to leave FAMA and study at a college in New York. At first he lived in Brooklyn, but he got tired of commuting and moved here. Now, his funds are slowly depleting, while the application for a scholarship or study loan from MARA remains unanswered. To make some money, he sells watches, umbrellas or winter clothing on the sidewalks.

I have been staying here for seven days. Early this morning, Nuriah was groaning in pain. We carried her downstairs. Ismail took her to the hospital in a yellow taxi.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

I rush to get the telephone which is at the corner of the room.

It is Ismail. “Anwar”, he says on the other end, “I’ve got a son.”

“How is Nuriah?”

“Alhamdulillah, she is okay.”

“I’ll be there in a bit.”

I rush to put on my thick clothes to ward off the cold. How can I express my joy to this couple, friends who have laughed and cried with me? Probably, a single flower will do.

Post Reading Activity

Theme

1. What struggles are encountered by Anwar and his friends upon studying in other country?
2. How do they manage to overcome those struggles?
3. What does Anwar realize upon overcoming the many struggles with his friends?
4. How does this quote from Freud, “If we can share – this is the poetry in the prose of our lives,” resonate the theme of the story?

**Literary Approach: Psychological Approach**

1. What expectation does Anwar hold with Yaakob knowing that the latter is a fellow Malay and a childhood neighbor in a kampong back in Malaysia?
2. How does Anwar react when Yaakob treated him and his friends differently from his expectation?
3. What does the changing of name from Yaakob to Mr. Jacob symbolize? How does this symbolism relate to his transformation as a New Yorker businessman?

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

1. Make a music video of a song that you want to offer to a person as a gratitude for his or her friendship.
2. Create a greeting card expressing your appreciation to your best friend.

On a Personal Note

Write an appreciation poem for your best friend. Post it in your social media page.



Malaysia



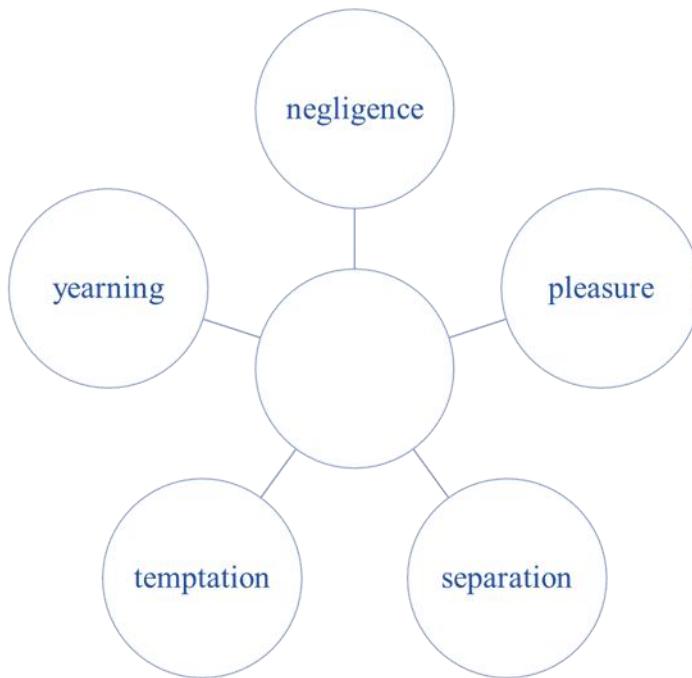
POEM 1

Objectives

- Determine a concept through word association.
- Reflect on the interrelated ideas conveyed by a biblical symbol.
- Read and analyze, *In the Distance (Saujana)* by Kemala through completing a concept map.
- Extract moral and philosophical insights out of the details of the

Pre-reading Activity

Examine the underlined words in the concept map. Think of a concept that can be associated with these words. Explain your answer.





Analyze the given picture and answer the questions that follow.

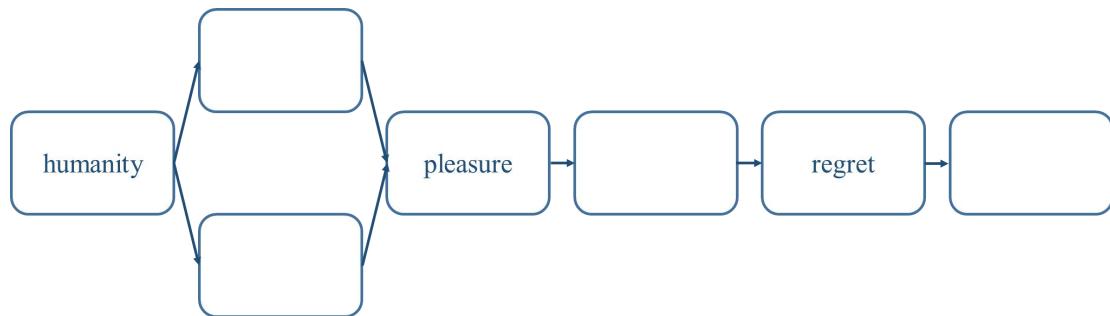


Guide Questions:

1. What concept can you associate with this fruit?
2. What will happen when you indulge yourself too much with this concept?

While-reading Activity

Read and analyze *In the Distance (Saujana)* by Kemala by paying attention to the theme it conveys. Complete the concept map by supplying the appropriate word in each box. Choose your answer from the given word bank.



Word bank

desire separation from supreme being intellect reconciliation

In the Distance (Saujana)

by Kemala

bring yourself
to the snow-field
and personality
to the deep jungle
shrill barkings of night-dogs
fall steeply into the emptiness of dawn
where is the final edge





of pure forgiveness?

in the distance.

eve was ignorant of sin
deceived by temptation
paradise was under trial
everlasting pleasure
making her uncomfortable &
eve wanted maturity
escaping from
adam's captivity.

and as for adam
separation wasn't a caltrop
but nectar
pleasure wasn't a green image
but a yearning
that flew through the sky
sprouting on the earth
left alone and isolated.

in the distance.

in the snow-field
molecules were more beauti
serenity was the beginning o
self. a flower of negligence
cast out from god's paradise
eve
searching her own way.

in the distance



Post Reading Activity

Theme

1. What common aspirations cause people to set aside their faith and relationship with the Supreme Being?
2. What do they derive from these aspirations? How does it lead them astray?
3. What drives them to reconcile with the Supreme Being?
4. How does the persona describe this reconciliation?

Literary Approach: Moralistic Approach

1. What does the allusion of Adam and Eve in the poem reveal about humanity?
2. How does this allusion relate to the title of the poem?



3. What insight on humanity can you glean from the poem? How does this insight affect your perspective as a person?

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

1. Make an advocacy poster on reconciliation with the Supreme Being for people who are losing their faith.
2. Create a music video on faith and relationship with the Divine Creator.
3. Make any visual artwork illustrating the theme of the poem.

On a Personal Note

Write a short prayer on humanity's reconciliation with the Supreme Being.



Malaysia



POEM 2

Objectives

- Associate words to the idea of motherhood.
- Illustrate an object to represent a mother.
- Read and analyze, *The Frying Pan (Kuali Hitam)* by Zurinah Hassan.
- Infer the thoughts of the persona expressed in the lines of the

Pre-reading Activity

Given are words that describe a typical mother. Which do you think of these words can best capture the concept of motherhood. Rank these words accordingly. Explain your answer.

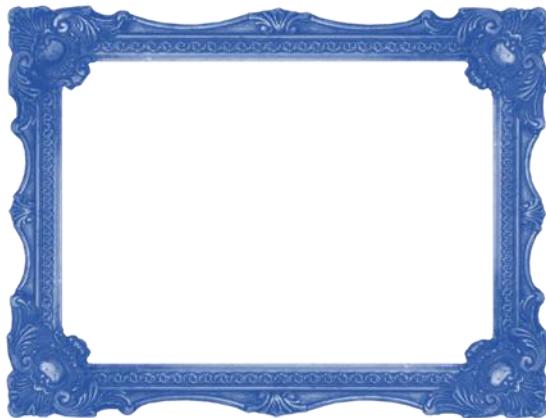




Words describing a mother

admirer caretaker economist
exemplar gift-giver organizer teacher

Draw an object that can represent your mother and discuss your reason for such representation.

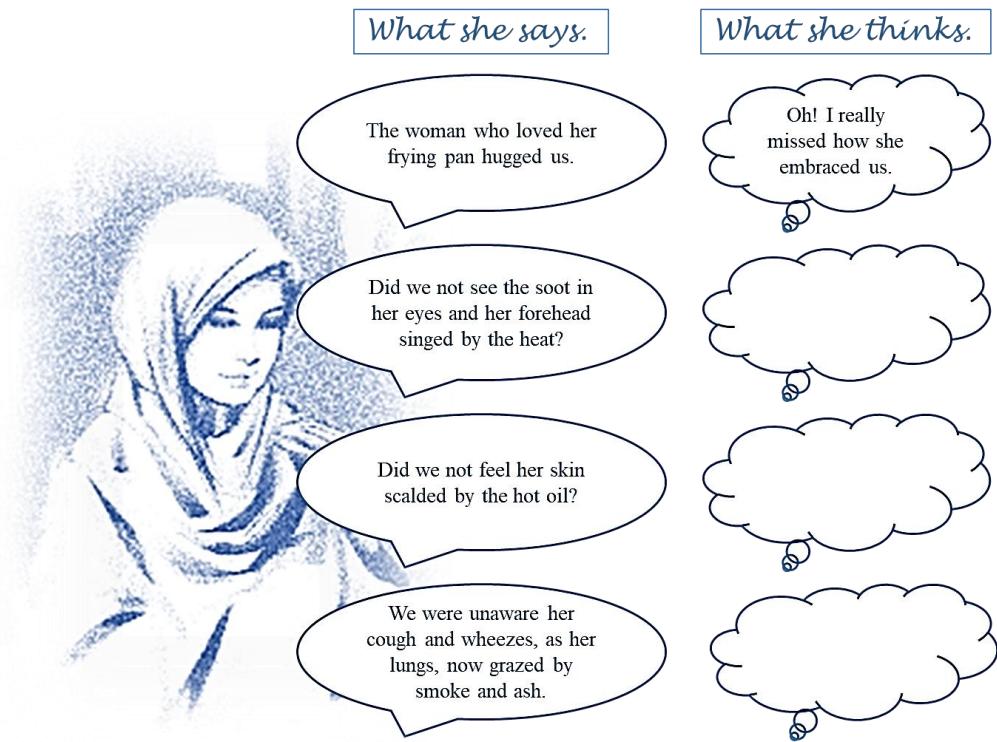


Guide Questions:

3. How can your mother be compared to the object you had illustrated?
4. What qualities do you admire the most from her? Why?

While-reading Activity

Read and analyze *The Frying Pan (Kuali Hitam)* by Zurinah Hassan. Pay attention to the thoughts of the poem's persona and complete the illustration below by writing what the persona thinks upon speaking each of the given line. Write your answer in the thought bubbles provided.



The Frying Pan (Kuali Hitam)

by Zurinah Hassan

In the old house
Where I was born
Is a frying pan,
My mum's loyal companion,
The whole day through.

On the stove, with its dancing content
Was my mother's delight,
While we waited in anticipation.

Over the countless years -
Day and night -
We were sustained by the content
Of the old frying pan.

The woman who loved her frying pan
Hugged us.
Did we not see
The soot in her eyes,
Feel her skin scalded by the hot oil,
Her hand darkened by the smoke,
Her forehead singed by the heat?
The heavy meals made us sleepy,
Unaware of her cough and wheezes,

I prepare meals from my non stick pan,
sparkling and expensive,
which I wash gently.
as though bathing a baby
with a soft detergent,
diligently following the instructions.

Mother came to stay, one day,
Helpful as ever.
Serving and relishing her food
Makes her happy.

Finished with the meal,
She helps to tidy up the kitchen,
Used to cleaning the old pan,
She scrubbed my pricey wok,
With a bristle brush.
Out came a scream from me,

“You have ruined my pan!
Do you know how much it cost?”

Sorrow descends upon mum's heart,
Tears in her eyes,



Her lungs, now grazed by smoke and ash?	Fury in my face.
We were unaware And neither did mother.	(3) Mother has been laid to rest, I feel a remorse within, That a frying Pan has been cherished More than a mother's love.
She only relished the joy Of seeing her children full and content. Over the years The frying pan justified itself, Till we left and lived in the distant city.	Now the pan hangs on the kitchen wall, Unaccompanied by mother's love, A quiet symbol of her life. Can we give it a price?
(2) Now in my spotless new kitchen, No ugly pan lies around. When there's time to spare, and this is very rare,	

Post Reading Activity

Theme

1. The persona narrates the care and love provided by her mother to her and her siblings. What sacrifices does her mother do to raise them? How do these sacrifices affect the appearance and health of her mother?
2. How does the non-stick pan differ from the frying pan? What does this difference reveal about the life transformation of the persona?
3. When the persona had her own family, her mother visit her to help in serving and relishing food. What incident had occurred which makes her mother cry? How does the persona react to this situation?
4. What does the persona realize after the sudden death of her mother? How does the frying pan relate to her realization?

Literary Approach: Reader-response Criticism

1. Why does a mother sacrifice for her family often take for granted? What would a mother feel upon such situation?
2. How would you show appreciation for the hardship of your mother in raising your family?

Creating with Them

Accomplish any of the following tasks.

4. Video a choreograph dance about the roles of mother in a family.
5. Make a music video on appreciating the sacrifices of a mother for her family.

On a Personal Note

Write an appreciation letter for the hardships and sacrifices that your mother had made to raise your family.



APPENDICES

Rubric on Commentary Writing

	4 Excellent	3 very Satisfactory	2 Satisfactory	1 Barely Satisfactory
Main/Topic Idea Sentences	Sentences are clear, correctly placed, and are restated in the closing sentence.	Sentences are either unclear or incorrectly placed, and are restated in the closing sentence.	Sentences are unclear and incorrectly placed, and re restated in the closing sentence.	Sentences are unclear and incorrectly placed, and are not restated in the closing sentence.
Supporting Sentences(s)	Paragraph(s) have three or more supporting sentences that relate back to the main idea.	Paragraph(s) have two supporting sentences that relate back to the main idea.	Paragraph(s) have one supporting sentence that relate back to the main idea.	Paragraph(s) have no supporting sentences that relate back to the main idea.
Elaborating Detail Sentences(s)	Each supporting sentence has several elaborating detail sentences.	Each supporting sentence has at least two elaborating detail sentences.	Each supporting sentence has one elaborating detail sentence.	Each supporting sentence has no elaborating detail sentence.
Coherence	Ideas are very clear.	Ideas are quite clear.	Ideas are fairly clear.	Ideas are not clear.
Mechanics and Grammar	Paragraph has no error in punctuation, capitalization, and spelling.	Paragraph has one or two punctuation, capitalization, and spelling errors.	Paragraph has three to five punctuation, capitalization, and spelling errors.	Paragraph has six or more punctuation, capitalization, and spelling errors.

Rubric on Poem Writing

	4 Excellent	3 very Satisfactory	2 Satisfactory	1 Barely Satisfactory
Purpose and Originality	Poem appears to be thoughtless or rushed. Work is very repetitive and ideas are impersonal or unoriginal	The poem is creative but appears to be rushed.	Poem is thoughtful and creative. A couple of phrases or ideas may be revisited, but the overall product is carefully written.	Poem is creative and original. It is evident that the poet put thought into their words and innovatively conveyed their ideas and emotions.
Form This will not apply to free verse poems.	Poem is not written in the proper form. Rhythm and rhyme scheme are non-existent.	Poem is somewhat written in the proper poem. Rhythm and rhyme scheme are discernible but not correct.	Poem is mostly written in the proper poem. Rhyme scheme is present, although the rhythm is slightly off.	Poem is complete and follows its intended form. Rhythm and rhyme scheme are exact.



Rubric on Debate

	4 Excellent	3 very Satisfactory	2 Satisfactory	1 Barely Satisfactory
Organization& Clarify: Main arguments and response are outlined in a clear and orderly way.	Completely clear and orderly presentation	Most clear and orderly in all parts.	Clear in some parts but not overall.	Unclear and disorganized throughout.
Use of Argument: Reasons are given to support the resolution	Very strong and persuasive arguments given throughout.	Many good arguments given, with only minor problems.	Some decent arguments, but some significant problems.	Few or no real arguments given, or all arguments given had significant problems.
Use of cross-exam and rebuttal: Identification of Weakness	Excellent cross-exam and defence against negative team's objections.	Good cross-exam and rebuttals, with only minor slip-ups.	Decent cross-exam and/or rebuttals, but with some significant problems.	Poor cross-exam or rebuttals. Failure to point out problems in negative team's position or failure to defend itself against attack.
Presentation Style: Tone of voice, clarity of expression, precision of arguments.	All style features were used convincingly.	Most style features were used convincingly.	Few style features were used convincingly.	Very few style features were used, none of them convincingly.



Rubric on Photo Essay

	4 Excellent	3 very Satisfactory	2 Satisfactory	1 Barely Satisfactory
Research Effort	Went above and beyond to research information; solicited material in addition to what was provided; brought in personal ideas and information to enhanced project; and utilized more than eight types of resources to make project effective.	Did a very good job researching; utilized materials provided to their potential; solicited more than six types of research enhance project; at times took the initiative to find information outside of school.	Uses the material provided in an acceptable manner, but did consult any additional resources.	Did not utilize resources effectively; did little or no fact gathering on the topic.
Creativity	Uses the unexpected to full advantage; very original, clever and creative approach that captures audience's attention.	Some originality apparent; clever at times; good variety and blending of materials/media.	Little or no variation; a few original touches but for the most part material presented with little originality or interpretation.	Bland predictable and lacked "zip. Repetitive with little or no variety; little creative energy used.
Use of Communication Aids	Graphics are designed reinforce presentation thesis and maximize audience understanding; use of media varied and appropriate with media not being added simply for the sake of use.	While graphics relate and aid presentation thesis, these media are not as varied and not as well connected to presentation thesis.	Occasional use graphics that rarely support presentation thesis; visual aids were not colourful or clear. Choppy, time wasting use of multimedia; lack smooth transition from one medium to another.	Student uses superfluous graphics, no graphics, or graphics that are so poorly prepared that detract from the presentation.



Rubric on Interview

	4 Excellent	3 very Satisfactory	2 Satisfactory	1 Barely Satisfactory
Preparation	Almost always prepared with required materials and prep work for discussion.	Usually prepared with required materials and prep work for discussion.	Often prepared with required materials and prep work for discussion.	Rarely prepared with required materials and prep work for discussion.
Accuracy of information presented	All information presented in discussion was clear, accurate and thorough.	Most information presented in discussion was clear, accurate and thorough.	Most information presented in discussion was clear, accurate and thorough.	Information had several inaccuracies or was not usually clear.
Listening Skill	Always listened respectfully to the perspective of others.	Usually listened respectfully to the perspective of others.	Often listened respectfully to the perspective of others.	Rarely listened respectfully to the perspective of others.
Speaking type	Consistently used eye contact, tone of voice and level of enthusiasm in a way that kept the attention of a group.	Usually used eye contact, tone of voice and level of enthusiasm in a way that kept the attention of a group.	Often used eye contact, tone of voice and level of enthusiasm in a way that kept the attention of a group.	Rarely used eye contact, tone of voice and level of enthusiasm in a way that kept the attention of a group.

Rubric on Comic Strip

	4 Excellent	3 very Satisfactory	2 Satisfactory	1 Barely Satisfactory
Clarity and Neatness	Comic strip is easy to read and all elements are clearly written and drawn.	Comic strip is easy to read and most elements are clearly written and drawn	Comic strip is somewhat easy to read and some elements are clearly written and drawn	Comic strip is hard to read and few elements are clearly written and drawn.
Spelling and Grammar	No spelling or grammatical mistakes in a comic strip with at least thirty lines of text.	No spelling or grammatical mistakes in a comic strip with at least twenty – five lines of text.	One to three spelling or grammatical errors in a comic strip with at least twenty lines of text.	More than four spelling and/or grammatical errors in the comic strip and / or less than twenty lines of text.
Required Elements	Comic strip includes all required elements as well as a few additional elements.	Comic strip includes all required elements and one additional element.	Comic strip includes all required elements.	One or more required elements is missing from the comic strip.
Use of Time	Used time wisely.	Used time wisely most of the time.	Used time wisely some of the time.	Wasted time in class.



Rubric on Crafted Video Speech

	Exemplary 19-20 Yes	Accomplished 17-18 Yes, but	Developing 15-16 No, but	Beginning 13-14 No
Vocal/Verbal Expression	Little verbal or vocal use. Expression monotone or difficult to hear.	Occasionally demonstrates variety in one or two of the criteria. Expression is mostly understandable.	Demonstrate in variety in volume, tone, pitch and voice quality. Expression is interesting and understandable.	Demonstrate in variety in volume, tone, pitch and voice quality appropriate to character. Expression enhances character/ situation.
Effect on Audience	Audience is confused.	Audience follows performance politely.	Audience clearly enjoys performance.	Audience is deeply engaged, eager to follow performance and responds enthusiastically.
Focus	Performance is inconsistent.	Performance is mostly consistent and relatively smooth.	Flashes of spontaneity and style enliven solid performance.	Performance is alive and explores the bounds of form.
Enunciation	Words are not clearly enunciated. Presentation is incomprehensible.	Some words are not clearly enunciated. Most of the presentation is comprehensible.	Most words are clearly enunciated. Most of the presentation is comprehensible.	All words are clearly enunciated. Presentation is easily understood.
Volume	Voice is inaudible.	Volume is too low.	Volume is adequate.	Volume projects well. All audience members can easily hear the presentation.
Preparedness	Students have not practiced and /or planned presentation thoroughly.	Students have practiced and general outlines with some details are in place.	Students have practiced and the outline is clear and ordered. Most details are planned ahead.	Students are well prepared. It is obvious from the polish and ease of the performance that much practice.



Rubric on ASEAN Magazine

Criteria	Exemplary 19-20 Yes	Accomplished 17-18 Yes, but	Developing 15-16 No, but	Beginning 13-14 No
TOPIC	Directly Relevant	Somewhat Relevant	Remotely Relevant	Totally Unrelated
ORGANIZATION	Good Organization; points are logically ordered, sharp sense of beginning and end.	Organized points are somewhat jumpy, sense of beginning and ending are unclear	Some organization points jump around; beginning and ending are unclear	Poorly organized, no logical progression; beginning and ending are vague
GRAMMAR, USAGE, MECHANICS & SPELLING	No errors	One or two errors	More than two errors	Numerous errors distract from understanding
QUALITY OF INFORMATION	Supporting details specific to Subject	Some details are non-supporting to the subject	Details do not support topic	Unable to find specific details
Uniqueness and Creativity	Uses the unexpected to full advantage; very original, clever and creative approach that captures audience's attention.	Some originality apparent; clever at times; good variety and blending of materials/media.	Little or no variation; a few original touches but for the most part material presented with little originality or interpretation.	Bland predictable and lacked "zip. Repetitive with little or no variety; little creative energy used.

Rubric on Pictorial Literary Anecdote

	Exemplary 19-20 Yes	Accomplished 17-18 Yes, but	Developing 15-16 No, but	Beginning 13-14 No
Style and Impact	All style features were used convincingly and all features are so impactful, related and relevant.	Most style features were used convincingly, some features are impactful, related and relevant.	Few style features were used convincing, a little impactful, related and relevant.	Very few style features were used, none of them are convincing, impactful, related and relevant.
Uniqueness and Creativity	Uses the unexpected to full advantage; very original, clever and creative approach that captures audience's attention.	Some originality apparent; clever at times; good variety and blending of materials/media.	Little or no variation; a few original touches but for the most part material presented with little originality or interpretation.	Bland predictable and lacked "zip. Repetitive with little or no variety; little creative energy used.
Use of Communication Aids	Graphics are designed reinforce presentation thesis and maximize audience understanding; use of media varied	While graphics relate and aid presentation thesis, these media are not as varied and not as well connected to presentation thesis.	Occasional use graphics that rarely support presentation thesis; visual aids were not colourful or clear. Choppy,	Student uses superfluous graphics, no graphics, or graphics that are so poorly prepared that detract from



	and appropriate with media not being added simply for the sake of use.		time wasting use of multimedia; lack smooth transition from one medium to another.	the presentation.
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GLOSSARY

ACTION. The element of a story's plot or sequence of interrelated events. What the characters do to one another.

ALLEGORY. A type of symbolism in which there is a systematic and consistent correspondence between story's details and its patterns of meaning. In allegorical stories, the characters, events, places, and objects stand for things beyond themselves that, taken together, suggest some general truth.

ALLUSION. A reference to something outside the story proper, often to a historical fact or a literary work.

ANTAGONIST. A character or force against which a main character struggles.

ATMOSPHERE. The mood or prevailing spirit of a story.

CHARACTER. An imaginary person that inhabits a literary work. Character may be simple or complex, unidimensional, or multidimensional. They may be major or minor, static or dynamic.

CHARACTERIZATION. The means by which writers present and reveal character.

CLIMAX. The turning point of the action in the plot of a story. The climax represents the point of great tension.

COMPLICATION. Something referred to as the rising action, an intensification of the conflict in a narrative.

CONFLICT. A struggle between opposing forces in a story, usually resolved by the end of the work.

CONNOTATION. The personal and emotional associations suggested by a word.

CONVENTION. A customary feature of a literary work, such as the use of a first-person narrator to tell his or her own story.

CRISIS. The climax of a story's action; a turning point for the protagonist or main character.

DENOTATION. The dictionary meaning of a word.

DENOUEMENT. The resolution of the plot of a story. French word meaning the unravelling of a knot.

DIALOGUE. The conversation of characters in a story.

DICTION. The selection of words in a story. The author's choice for a character's way of speaking.

DIDACTIC. Teaching a lesson, such as the moral of a fable.



DISTANCE. An author's or narrator's degree of remoteness or proximity to the character of a story.

EXPOSITION. The first stage of a fictional plot in which necessary background information is provided.

FABLE. A brief story, often including animal as character, in which a moral is explicitly provided.

FALLING ACTION. In the plot of a story, the action following the climax of the work that moves it toward resolution.

FICTION. An imagined story.

IRONY. A contrast or discrepancy between what is said and what is meant or between what is meant or between. What happens and what is expected to happen in a story. In verbal irony, characters say the opposite of what they mean. In irony of circumstance or irony of situation there is a discrepancy between what seems to be and what is. In dramatic irony, a character speaks without knowledge of a situation or event known to the reader or the other character.

METAPHOR. A comparison between essentially unlike things without the use of a word such as like or as. The comparison is something made explicit and is often stated as an equivalence or identity. Example: Life is a dream.

MOOD. The atmosphere of a story.

MOTIVATION. The internal and external pressures that propel a character to an action.

NARRATOR. The fictional person or character who tells the story, as distinguished from the actual author.

PACE. The rate of speed at which the action of a story proceeds.

PARABLE. A brief story that teaches ethical or spiritual lesson.

PLOT. The unified structure of incidents in a story is told.

POINTS OF VIEW. The main character of a story.

RESOLUTION. The sorting out of the complications of the plot. Sometimes called the falling action in which the story is made ready for its conclusion.

REVERSAL. A change in the fortune of character or characters, especially the protagonist.

RISING ACTION. A set of conflict and crises which constitute that part of a story's plot leading up to the climax.

ROMANCE. A type of narrative fiction in which adventure is a central feature in which adventure is a central feature and in which an idealized and in which idealized vision of reality is presented.



SATIRE.A fictional work that ridicules human misconduct and criticizes human failing.

SETTING.The time and place in which a story's action occurs.

SIMILE.A figure of speech involving a comparison between unlike things using like, as, or as though.Example: My afternoon was like a nightmare.

STRUCTURE. The design or form of narrative.

STYLE. The way an author chooses words, arranges them in sentences and dialogue, and develops ideas and actions with descriptions and summary by means of imagery and other literary techniques.

SUBJECT.What a story is generally about ; as distinguished from plot and theme.

SYMBOLS. An object or action in a story that means more than itself, that represents something beyond its literal self.

TALE.A story that narrates strange happenings in a direct manner without details descriptions of character.

THEME. The idea or point of a fictional, character, and actions and cast in the form of a generation.

TONE.The central organizing principle that animates a story; it is focused on the center of interest and attention.



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