

SHS

Department of Education
National Capital Region

SCHOOLS DIVISION OFFICE
MARIKINA CITY

21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World

First Quarter - Module 4
Creative Representation
of Literary Texts



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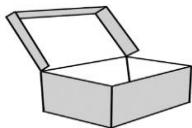
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What I Need to Know

Literary writing has evolved a lot already if we go back from the very beginning and scrutinize each of them. Its improvement is done little by little as it goes with the trend of time. If we can still remember, the literature before was simple and less complicated. Not until the time that technology was discovered and men become dependent on it. Since then, writers become insatiable of their simple work. They become innovative and technology savvy. Their technical knowledge is applied on their writings and become evident in these modern times.

At the end of the lesson, the students are expected to produce a creative representation of a literary text by applying multimedia and ICT skills (EN12Lit-Ie-31.1).

Specific Learning Objectives

In this lesson, you will learn to:

1. respond creatively to some challenging questions;
2. work collaboratively to improve one's work and cater wide variety of audience; and
3. employ multi-media and ICT skills in the presentation of a literary output.



What I Know

Write **TRUE** if the statement is correct; otherwise, write **FALSE** on the blank provided.

- _____ 1. Facebook, Twitter, and Google sheets are example of social media platforms where you can upload your creative literary works.
- _____ 2. The style and elements of literary works like short story never changed from the beginning until these modern times.
- _____ 3. Collaborative working among classmates is possible in virtual learning environment.
- _____ 4. It is possible to travel to your dream destination during this pandemic time.
- _____ 5. You can only use 150 characters or less in posting something for Twitter.



Lesson 1 Creative Representation of Literary Texts



What's In

In this module, we are going to read and analyze pieces of literature. We will critically respond to some questions that challenged our creativity and aesthetic sense. This module should endeavor experimentation, fun, and personalization. We will try to mold our own story and share a piece to the class via Google classroom. We will write collaboratively and your classmates will share lots of feedback in order for your work to become more interesting and can cater wide range of audience. We will try to maintain a safe environment by taking the criticisms constructively.



What's New

Technology has developed a lot from the earliest time up to now. It has had and will continue to have a huge impact in our society. It has changed everything we do today; the way we dress, the way we talk, the way we get around, and even the way we reach out with people.

What are the advantages and disadvantages of technology? Fill-out the table below to present your thoughts about it.

Advantages of Technology	Disadvantages of Technology
1.	1.
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.
5.	5.
6.	6.
7.	7.
8.	8.
9.	9.
10.	10



Virtual Center
By: Raissa Claire U. Rivera

Delia stepped onto the escalator leading to the MRT as she did every morning. Beside her, robots were making adjustments to the down escalator. As she ascended, she thought how lucky she was that robots could not do the work she was doing now, had been doing for the past twelve years, ever since she graduated from high school. She shoved her pass into the turnstile, and pressed a button to indicate her destination. The Center, of course, as it was for virtually everyone else. The turnstile beeped, flashed that her ticket was accepted and that the corresponding amount of money was deducted from her account. She was lucky to find a seat on the train.

She remembered her first trip on this train as a tiny child of three. Her mother had taken her, and they had gone to visit her grandmother in the hospital. There were just as many people then, but maintenance robots were just starting to be used. And there were the same number of stops, but more people got off at every stop. Now everyone who got on was headed for the Center for work. After work, a few went shopping. Delia went occasionally herself, but she avoided the malls when she was low on cash. That was the trouble with paying for everything with a debit card. You could use up your money quickly if you weren't careful. The debit card machines showed you exactly what your account balance was every time you paid, but some people, like her friend Mariel, never learned and sometimes had to go through the hassle of refunding an item or applying for credit. Interest rates were so high that credit wasn't worth it. If you tried to leave without paying, the security cameras would record your transgression and the authorities would shut off your access to your bank account until you returned to the store and paid. It was a fool proof system. Children who didn't have debit accounts would find their parents contacted by the authorities. Delia used to think when they introduced the system in high school that it would never work. A person could simply hide his identity by disguising himself and never be caught, right? She found out otherwise when her brother Nick and a couple of his friends tried shoplifting wearing hooded sweatshirts and bandanas covering most of their faces. The exit beeped a warning, and the glass doors slid shut, entrapping all the young miscreants, except her brother, who managed to dash through. Her father had received a letter and pictures that informed them that their son had shoplifted, and if he did not make restitution he would have a criminal record and his guardians would have restricted access to their bank accounts. Nick returned the silver bracelet to the store, and never again tried to steal. He figured that the store cameras had x-ray vision. And the government's



computers, their father told him, had records of every person in the country, which had to be updated every year if they wanted to have access to their money.

Money really talked, nowadays, in a way it hadn't when they were young children. Life certainly was much better now than it had been in their parents' youth. Delia's heart ached for her mother, who had been the valedictorian of her high school class but got pregnant and couldn't go to college. Instead, she worked in the best job she could get without higher education. She took care of a rich family's children all her life, and died miserable over not having been unable to truly utilize her potential. Her husband worked as a delivery truck driver. Of course, such jobs were obsolete now. Only the poor had children now, and computers had replaced human drivers just as they had replaced factory workers.

At the next stop, she saw Mariel through the window and waved at her. She wasn't sure Mariel had seen her, but it didn't matter, as she knew where to look for Delia. Mariel squeezed into the seat Delia had saved for her. "Where's your brother?" she asked Delia.

Delia threw up her hands. "On strike. Rebell ing as usual, even if nobody's following him anymore."

"Why should anyone rebel?" Mariel said. "So maybe our lives aren't as great as those of the people we take care of. But we certainly have things a lot better than our parents did. At least everybody has a job. Would he rather farm?"

Since the government restricted access of all provisions and privileges to those who worked and those who had worked and retired at the appropriate time, the only way one could possibly avoid depending on the government for his daily bread was to go to the few wild spots left and live off the land. Few people knew how to do traditional farming anymore. It was something you read about in history books. Computers and robots took care of cultivation and processing these days. Who would want to work that hard?

"Nick complains it's just like in our grandparents' time. There's class division. And there's no way out of it unless you can afford to pay someone to take care of you for life. And that they pay us just enough to feed and clothe us and transport ourselves to the Center, so we're never going to be able to break out of the cycle."

"Well, that's just how things have been throughout history," Mariel said. "Don't tell me he's becoming a Marxist like those people back in the sixties, or was it the seventies? My God, that was a hundred years ago! And they didn't accomplish anything, did they?"



Delia just nodded. She didn't let Mariel into her thoughts. She was remembering Reggie, her first and only love. He had big dreams. He wanted to start a new society, free from their government. He had tried to escape to the mountains. He had asked Delia to come with him, but she was frightened, and refused. A few weeks later, his lifeless body was shown on the evening news, next to the makeshift vehicle he had created, which had somehow caught on fire. Nick hinted darkly that he was attacked by the robotic patrol helicopters, but Delia was sure it was an accident. One man alone seeking freedom wasn't a threat to society, was he?

The train was growing increasingly more crowded, and even though Delia hadn't been paying attention to the number of stops, she knew they were close to the Center. She looked out the window and saw Manila Bay, grayish and murky beneath her. She saw the Center, a massive dome of interwoven steel rods and glass, appropriately looking not unlike a greenhouse. And then the train slowed to a stop and the recorded voice announced: "Virtual Center Station." Delia and Mariel got off the train, rode with the tide of workers, put their cards through the turnstile and retrieved them, then stepped on to the moving walk that conveyed them to the Center itself. They entered their identity cards through another turnstile. The steel door opened to the large ward. And they went to work in an enormous room with a domed ceiling. Its temperature was nearly freezing, despite the sunlight filtered through the mirror-tinted glass. It did not have the temperature of a greenhouse, but it was like a greenhouse nevertheless, for it was here that bodies were cultivated.

The room was filled with people's bodies strapped on chairs that belonged in the dentists' offices of old. They were fitted with masks, wires, electrodes, IVs and feeding tubes. They reminded Delia of her grandparents on life support machines in the hospital after they had strokes or heart attacks, of her mother in the last days before she succumbed to kidney disease. Except that these people were not ill. They were the very rich who had given up on ordinary living and were living a virtual life. The masks on their faces were supposed to project images they watched, images corresponding to the type of life they wanted to lead. Electronic impulses gave them the appropriate sensations. Even their tongues had electrodes on them to stimulate taste. Delia and Mariel's job were to check on their bodies during their waking hours. They were programmed to sleep at a certain time of the night, and to wake up and experience their virtual lives at nine in the morning every day. The caretakers monitored the individual bodies, watched for signs of distress, listened to their requests (Delia's body often had a craving for pizza) and inputted these into the computers by the bedside. They also observed them for any symptoms of illness or deterioration, though in this capacity they



were really only a back-up to the more reliable electrodes and cameras. Bedsores were prevented by the special cushioning of the seats. There was really not much work to do, but no one shirked or moved from their place until the bell rang in the evening. They were paid to stay there all day, making sure their particular charges were happy and healthy. They could not die if they were cared for properly. If one happened to die, then the income of that body's caretaker would be terminated. Mariel called hers DOM, though his name, as indicated on the plate on the back of his seat, was Roberto Paez. She often blushed while at his side, watching and listening. "Why couldn't I have gotten a woman?" she often asked Delia. The girl working on Mariel's other side had the luck of having a former movie star. They often laughed at her antics. She was always going to the beauty parlor and tossing her head, and she would sometimes scream or cry alarmingly, but they soon realized that she was imagining herself acting in a film. Delia had one of the youngest, a man who had been a famous singer in her youth. She remembered watching him on TV when she was little. He looked about her age, even though she knew he was at least ten years older. In their refrigerated climate, protected from the stresses of daily living and pumped full of hormones, the bodies hardly seemed to age.

She smiled at her ward, even though she knew he couldn't see her. "Hello Art," she said. He was humming and moving his fingers as if playing a guitar. He did that a lot. The man beside her muttered, "I don't see how he could have become rich as a singer. I'm glad I have a quiet religious woman to work on." But Delia liked Art's voice. She remembered how, like most girls, she'd had a crush on him back in high school and was devastated when he chose to retire to the Center. She couldn't believe her luck when she was assigned to him.

Behind her, her brother's friend Bert was instructing a substitute on caring for Nick's body, the body of an ex-politician who often startled them by uttering slogans in a loud voice. Nick often complained about his dull speeches riddled with clichés. The new apprentice jumped back in surprise as the politician suddenly stretched out his hand. "You don't have to shake it," Bert assured her. "The electronic gloves take care of making him feel the pressure. The electrodes send the message to the glove that he imagines he's shaking someone's hand, and that's when he feels it. Your job is to detect signs of complex emotions, mostly negative ones, and input them and your recommendations for relieving them. You have the emotions and symptoms charts?"

"Yes." She held up a folder which showed different facial expressions and gestures and the corresponding emotions that they could be symptomatic of.



"We veterans don't bother with that anymore, but you'd better refer to that now and then," Bert advised. "Any questions?"

"Yes," said the girl. "If the support system is programmed to make their lives go the way they want it, how come they still feel unhappy sometimes?" Bert whistled. "That's a tough one. Well, I think it has to do with hormones, and that what they want changes, and sometimes it has to do with the fact that some people like to feel pain, like this old lady. She's always complaining that something hurts, and I input that into the computer, then she says, 'Thank you, hijo,' or, 'That's my good girl' or something like that. In the profile they gave me there's this essay she wrote where she says she wants to be in a virtual world where her children won't leave her and will take care of her all her life."

"Oh," the girl said. "What problems does this man have?"

"He gets into loud arguments once in a while, and the computer sets it up so he wins."

"Mine is pretty happy," Mariel said. "As long as he's having sex, though he gets into arguments with his jealous girlfriends once in a while. He likes making them jealous! The computer sets it up so that they always forgive him and come back to him. Delia's seems happy all the time."

"He gets frustrated sometimes, though, when a song he's practicing doesn't sound right to him," Delia told them. "The computer works it out so that he gets distracted from the song. There are some things the computer can't do, like make a song sound perfect. Not when Art himself doesn't know how he wants it to sound."

Art was making slurping sounds as he had his breakfast. He reminded Delia of Nick when he was a baby.

Bert didn't seem surprised that Nick wasn't around. Maybe Nick had told him about his plan. But Delia didn't want to ask Bert about it in front of everyone. Someone might report him. Nick had already been in trouble for rebelling against the system, back when he was a senior in high school. Delia was already working at the Center then. Nick questioned her constantly about her job. Then one day their dad had gotten a note from his social studies teacher complaining that the boy was always challenging the system. Their father had talked to him, and Nick had subsided, but after graduation he refused to work at the Center. He wanted to go to college and major in Management. It was one of two courses available now. College graduates supervised factories or stores or the Center, saving up until they could afford a virtual life. Some of them became teachers, who made slightly less than supervisors, but occupied an exalted place in society, and were assured of a virtual life upon retirement, paid for by the government.



But college was expensive, and they couldn't afford to send him. Nick didn't have any money to invest in the world stock market either, so he bummed around for a couple of years, much to their dad's disappointment. Then their father had become ill, and as the treatment for cancer was expensive, Nick reluctantly joined Delia at the Center so he could help out.

Delia was getting hungry just watching Art eat, so she reached into the small food locker underneath his chair for part of her daily ration. It was the apprentices' job to stock the food lockers each day, and the rest of the time to attend lectures and to observe the live action videos of the caretakers at work.

After Art ate, he talked to an imaginary girlfriend on the phone. Delia knew from his profile that he had never found the perfect girls for him while he was living in the real world. Nobody understood him, he complained in his essay. Sure, he was popular, but the people who lived with him always told him he took things too seriously and laughed at things that were important to him. By the time he chose to go virtual, his popularity was flagging. He wasn't as young as he used to be, and he was afraid his imagination and energy were waning.

How Delia wished she had known him before he had gone virtual. She would have understood him, she was sure, and could have been a friend to him. Maybe he would have found the perfect girl in her. She wondered what his virtual girlfriend was like.

Then Art went to the park, apparently to meet his girlfriend. Lucky him. There hadn't been green grass and trees in Manila since her high school graduation, except at the grounds of the Cultural Center of the Philippines Museum, which could only be accessed by robots and seen from the windows of the Virtual Center. Parks were low priority by now anyway, since most people were too busy working at the Center all day. The middle class, the supervisors, had their own homes in the distant suburbs with grass and trees and flowers. They monitored the factories, farms, stores, national security, power plants, museums, and the Center by computer, and they had cooperative stores in their neighborhoods so they need never go to the dirty city. Teachers came from the suburbs also and had their own shuttle to take them to their assigned schools. But luckily the school was air-conditioned. Delia's house was near the edge of the enormous landfill, and it depressed her terribly to return there every day after working at the sterile Center. But housing was hard to find these days, and that was the best place they could afford.

She wouldn't mind leading a virtual life herself, she thought. In her virtual world, she would live in the beautiful green suburbs. She would have a garden filled with every flower in existence. She would be married to Reggie, whom she had never forgotten.



They would have two or three children. They'd have all the modern appliances, and spend their days playing outdoors and listening to music. They could even travel. Nobody left the country nowadays. It wasn't necessary, since for business there was e-mail and there was virtual travel for those who just wanted a vacation. It was much cheaper. Delia had tried it once when she got her Christmas bonus. But of course, one thing the computer couldn't recreate was Reggie and the experience of having him by her side. After a while, it got boring swimming at the virgin beach alone. But if she described him accurately, she would be able to have him back in her virtual world.

The rest of the day went as usual. Mariel's DOM made startlingly loud grunting noises and soothed a jealous girlfriend who had apparently caught him in the act. The new apprentice nearly fell asleep while the politician made a lengthy speech. Bert's old woman was thrilled to receive the news that she was going to be a grandmother. Her other neighbor's old woman prayed a novena. The ex-movie star on Mariel's other side amused them by going ballroom dancing, swinging her arms, kicking her legs and swaying in her seat. Art spent a lot of his time singing.

Finally, the last bell rang, and everyone yawned and stretched and stood up to go. Delia joined the tide of workers going to the MRT station. Many of her friends stopped her to chat, but she apologized, telling them she was too tired, and hurried to the turnstile. Delia thought she saw Nick in the crowd, but she told herself she was hallucinating. She didn't know where he'd gone, but he was probably leading a demonstration in Malacañang, which was now maintained as a museum only. People often held symbolic demonstrations there anyway, knowing that the security cameras would show their activities to the government officials in their homes in the suburbs.

She reached into her pocket for her wallet. It wasn't there. She looked for it on the floor. Could it have fallen? Nobody stole wallets these days, as you couldn't access money in people's bank accounts and debit card machines demanded a thumbprint before acknowledging the transfer of cash. There was an impatient line forming behind her, and she apologized as she retraced her steps. Where was the wallet? She went all the way back to Art's place. The apprentices were there cleaning up and restocking the food lockers. Her wallet was on the floor under her chair. Most of the apprentices had finished their work by then and were leaving. She should leave too. But she paused to gaze at Art, who was smiling and whispering, "I love you." To his girlfriend, Delia supposed. He looked so happy, and Delia longed to experience what he was experiencing. She impulsively bent and kissed him, and he continued to smile.

The door alarm was sounding. The last remaining apprentices hurried through, and Delia ran after them. But just as she reached the door, there was an ear-splitting



explosion. The door slammed shut before she could go through and she crouched against it instinctively, covering her head. She felt the rush of the stinking air and the sprinkling of pulverized glass as the windows shattered. Alarms were going off all over the place, and she heard the sound of screams and stampeding feet down the moving walk.

A rope was dropped through one window, and someone carrying a bright emergency lamp slid down it. Nick, of course.

“What have you done?” she screamed at him.

He looked at her with concern. “No, I can’t believe I set off the bombs too early. My fault for being too excited. Are you all right Del?” He went to her and held out his hand. She leaped to her feet without his aid. “Guess you’re all right,” he said. He put down the emergency lamp and went to the bodies, pulling off electrodes and undoing straps.

“What are you doing?” Delia demanded. “Explain. The authorities will be here soon, and I’d like to know what to tell them.”

“Oh, don’t worry about them. They think the door has safely trapped me here until they’re finished attending to the hysterical people outside. The security system didn’t take into account someone blasting off the glass with homemade bombs and climbing through on a rope anchored to the steel with an electromagnet, also home-made, and pretty strong. Another fault of our government.”

“Some of these people could die,” Delia told him. “That lady, the one who’s always praying, must be over a hundred years old.”

“Okay, I’ll concentrate my energies on the younger ones. Like this guy.” He yanked the food tube out of Art’s nose.”

“But why?” Delia asked.

“They’re the ones who’ve entrapped us in our lives, Delia,” Nick exclaimed. “Because of them, we’ve lost our freedom to choose how we’ll make a living. Our entire lives center around taking care of the rich so their money will take care of us.”

“What’s wrong with that?” Delia said. “It seems like a fair arrangement to me. I was always happy with it.”

“Are you happy that they control the government, that they made the rules before they went out like this and we continue to follow them like programmed robots? We’re kept so busy by their demands that we’ve even stopped noticing what an unhealthy place the real world is becoming.”

“So what? Someday we could go virtual too.”



"If everyone were living in a virtual world, who would keep people alive?" Nick yanked off the last of the electrodes on Art and started working on his straps. "They've set up the system in such a way that we can't ever get out, so we'll always be there to look after them. Why do you think higher education is so expensive? So, the lower classes won't learn how to operate supercomputers and complex machines. And we can't sabotage them either. And of course, we are taught by our middle-class teachers who have been bribed by the promise of an eternal virtual life after retirement that the system is perfect. Perfect for these people maybe, but not for us." He removed Art's mask and gave his shoulder a shake. "Come on, buddy, it's time to see what's happened to the real world since you've gone." Art rolled over and fell on the floor. "Ow!" he yelled, and sat up and rubbed his eyes. Nick went on to free the politician while Delia knelt at Art's side. "Don't be scared," she said.

Art was looking around him in puzzlement. "What is this, a morgue?" he asked.

"It's a ward for people who...just want to rest." Delia didn't know if she should explain. "Art, do you feel okay?" she asked.

"I'm starving!"

She pointed to her food locker. "There's food there, help yourself. Though you'll be back soon." He helped himself to a sandwich, unwrapped it and took a big bite, then took a swig from her water jug.

The politician, now freed, stood up and reached his hand out to Art. "Thank you for voting for me," he said. Art shook his hand, still looking puzzled, and suddenly the politician clutched at his chest and crumpled to the floor. Delia rushed to him and put her ear to his chest, then began CPR. "He must have gotten a heart attack from the shock," she told Nick. "Nick, please stop. The shock is going to be too much, they'll just die and you won't accomplish anything!"

Nick ignored her and unstrapped the former movie star. She mumbled, "I need my beauty sleep," and covered her face with her arm. Nick went on to a fat Chinese man.

Delia just kept on doing CPR. There was a heartbeat, and she leaned back with relief against the politician's chair. She looked at Art. He took out a bag of chips and opened it as he gobbled up the rest of his sandwich. He looked at her, swallowed and apologized, "Such manners, I know, but somehow food never tasted this good. Thanks, miss. What's your name?"

"Delia. I already know you're Art."

"Do I know you?" he asked.



"I'm a fan." It was true enough and she felt the truth was too complicated to explain now."

"Don't lie to them!" Nick exploded. "How can I accomplish my purpose if they don't know the truth?" He ripped the mask off the Chinese man, who sat up and blinked. Nick started working on another person. "What's the last thing you remember, Art?"

Art smiled. "Sleeping with my girlfriend."

"No, before that, way back. Do the words virtual life mean anything to you?"

Art thought for a while. "That rings a bell." He paused, then said, "I remember signing these papers. I wanted a certain kind of life, and they promised it to me. They promised I would never get old or die. I would be free to do whatever I wanted."

"Free!" Nick laughed. "That's a good one. Only in your mind."

"Well, what other kind of freedom is there?" asked Art.

"The old-fashioned kind," Nick said. "The kind of freedom which you don't obtain at the expense of half of society's freedom. The kind of freedom where you are free to act but not to choose the outcome of your actions. That is freedom!"

"Well, I was happy the way things were," Art said. "I miss my girlfriend." There was a soft whir and Delia looked up to see a government security helicopter approaching."

"They're after me," Nick said calmly. "Listen, Delia, I'll tell them you weren't involved. They'll probably let you out through the door. But you'd better escape through the emergency entrance once it's unlocked and bring whoever's awake and alive with you. Bring them to our house. That ought to be enough."

"They don't have cards for the turnstile," Delia pointed out.

"Take them for a walk along the Bay, then." The helicopter was fast approaching, and a long, thin robot arm shot out and snapped up Nick. "Do it for me," he told Delia, as he rose through the air.

She didn't say anything. She wasn't going to do what he said. She didn't care if the security cameras were probably all damaged in the explosion. She had never been a rebel, and she wasn't about to start now. She would see to it herself that everyone was reinstalled in his or her virtual world.

Art was looking at her now. "Are you really a fan? I'd like to get to know you."

"What about your girlfriend?" she said teasingly.

"Just because I have a girlfriend doesn't mean I can't talk to other girls."

"I'm afraid they're going to put you back to sleep," Delia told him.

"Who are 'they'? Whoever they are, I'm not afraid of them. Nobody takes my freedom away from me," Art declared. He picked up a large package of cookies. "I don't



really know what's going on, if there was a bomb or anything, but we'd better have provisions if we're going into hiding." He handed her the package, filled his arms with sandwiches and hooked the handle of the jug of water with one finger.

A click informed Delia that the door was now unlocked. As it rose slowly to reveal the feet of the Center's supervisors, she made her decision. She picked up the emergency lamp, tucked the package of cookies under her arm, grabbed Art's elbow and hurried to the emergency exit opposite. She turned the handle, and, ignoring the door alarm, went through, followed by Art.

She didn't know where they were going exactly. She was surprised to find herself on the edge of the bay, on the grounds of the Cultural Center. She hadn't been there since she was a little girl. Nobody really bothered going to the museums, except students. They had been to all the museums for school trips, but there was never anything new in them, so what was the point of going more than once or twice?

She crouched behind the wall, and Art followed suit. Delia wondered if they should run, but she did not see anyone at the emergency exit. They must be too preoccupied with the bodies to bother with her, she thought. Or maybe they believed that since Nick had been captured, they had nothing left to worry about. Another flaw in their government, Nick would say.

Art tensed at first, looked around wildly, then took a chance and peeked over the wall. "I guess we're safe," he said. Delia looked too. The emergency door was shut, though they hadn't bothered to close it. It must have shut automatically, or maybe one of the Center's officials closed it.

Art stood on the edge of the wall and looked about him. "Things have changed a lot in just a short time. Where are all the boats?"

"You've been asleep for twelve years," Delia told him. "Boats have been phased out. No more international trade, no more need to travel outside of the country. There are MRT systems to take us to the cities and suburbs."

"Progress comes with a price," Art said. "Did you know that I practically grew up here? My mother and I lived on the grounds of the Cultural Center. She begged to put food in our mouths. She died suddenly when I was about eleven, and I was found by the authorities and placed in an orphan's home. That was where my singing talent was discovered, and the rest is history." Art sat down on the wall. "I remember swimming here, and fishing, too. We didn't really catch much."

"Just as well, since a lot of the fish were poisoned," Delia told him.

"I liked watching the boats best, though, and sometimes I would dream of stowing away on one of them and seeing the world."



"Nowadays, all you need to do is go to a virtual travel salon," Delia told him.

"I didn't think that would really catch on, virtual travel. That's just like looking through a guidebook! You don't really get to experience a place, do you? You see things, but nothing happens to you. No adventure!" Art said. He turned to look at the dying palms. "I used to climb those and bring down coconuts." And he laughed. "I sound like an old man, yearning for the good old days."

"You're almost forty, you know," Delia informed him. "I'm ten years younger than you, and I'm twenty-nine."

Art looked down at himself in shock. He peered at his bony hands, inspected his long, gray-streaked hair. "My God," he gasped. "No wonder the world has changed so much."

"Those boats you talk about, they're in museums now," Delia told him. "There's a naval museum down there." She pointed to the other end of the bay, where there was an enormous tent and a few ships chained together. "Come on, let's go there." Art followed her like an obedient child."

Museums were never closed, though all the objects were kept safe from prying hands all day and night with burglar alarms. But there weren't really any objects displayed on the ships, anyway. They were the display themselves.

"I wish we could sail this ship," Art said, as they walked along the deck of an early twentieth-century model.

"Where would we go?" asked Delia.

"Aren't there still uninhabited islands around here?" Art asked.

"Lots."

"Maybe we could live on one of them. Like those people in that show they used to have when I was a kid, Survivor. Did you ever watch that? They were always showing the reruns."

"I don't think I remember seeing that," Delia said. "When I was a kid, technology was all anyone was interested in. Virtuality, especially."

"I can't believe I bought into that," Art said

"But weren't you happy?" Delia asked in surprise.

"I thought I was," Art said darkly. "I guess I was, but I always felt there was something missing, and now, after our great escape, I know what it was."

"What?" Delia couldn't understand what could have been missing.

"Adventure," Art said. "Challenge, surprise."

"You sometimes got frustrated over your music," Delia told him.



"Petty, very petty of me," Art said. "Here I am, nearly forty, and I haven't grown as a person at all. In my virtual world, I was always twenty-seven or so. I never grew older and I faced the same type of petty challenges over and over. I think I'd like to try something new." He tossed the things he was carrying in a lifeboat and inspected the pulleys that held it in place. Amidst horrible squeaking, he managed to let the boat down a little way, just until it was level with the deck.

Delia expected an alarm to go off somewhere, but there was no sound other than that unbearable screech of the rusted pulleys. "You know," Art said. "I could use your help, Delia."

"I don't know how these things work," she said, nervously.

"Not that. I can figure out the mechanism. There's a sail here; I'm sure I can figure out how to set that up too. It's you I want, Delia. I need you to face the challenge of starting a new life with me. Will you come?" He held out his hand."

Delia shuddered. "We only have a few provisions. We could die out there."

"We can get some more. Let's take things as they come. That's how my mother and I did it, and I survived."

She gazed at the face of the man she had cared for the past twelve years. She noted the determination in his expression. And she knew she could not leave him to risk his life alone, no matter how foolhardy she thought his enterprise was. She took his hand and climbed into the boat.

After much creaking, they hit the water. Art then struggled with the mast. Finally he unfurled the sail. They rode with a strong breeze to the south, not thinking to steer.

They rationed their food and water carefully. Just when they thought they were going to succumb to dehydration, Art sighted an island. He took an oar and rowed them closer, struggling against the wind, then decided to adjust the sail. The boat drifted onto the shore of the tiny island.

Art was at first disappointed to see some crumbling houses. Then he realized that they were abandoned.

There was a grove of coconut trees behind the houses. Art scrambled up one, laughing like a boy, and tossed a bunch of coconuts to the ground. He battered one against a sharp stone until it split open. He handed the shell to Delia, and they ate their first meal on their very own island. That was how they began their new life together.

It was a wonderful life, but sometimes Delia wondered if they were really better off. She longed for her father and brother. She feared to give birth to her first child alone. She was bored a great deal, much more than Art, who was having fun trying out the musical instruments he made from odds and ends.



She wondered what world her children would choose. Would they go back to the polluted cities and work as caretakers at the Center? Certainly, they couldn't go to college. Would they remain here and farm to stay alive? But how could they be content and happy knowing there was a world of wonders across the waves that they had never experienced?

And that was how she filled her lonely hours, when Art was busy improvising songs. Wondering. And waiting. The child grew within her. And her fear grew, not fear of the pain of childbirth, but fear that she was somehow cheating the child of a better life by remaining here with Art. He was loving towards her, he was determined to be a good father, but surely the child needed more than that. She had to provide the child with all the available advantages, didn't she? Any good mother would want her child to have the best life possible. She sat on the beach for long hours, staring in the direction of Manila and wondering, what was the best way to live? She could not decide.

Activity: Respond critically to the following questions.

1. Describe the setting of the story.
2. Tell something about the “class division” that Nick was talking about. Do we still see class divisions in the Philippines now a day? Elaborate your thoughts.
3. How does the story allude to martial law? Why is this done?
4. Do you identify yourself with any of the characters? If yes, which one and why? If no, how are you different with of the characters?
5. Did you imagine yourself living in a virtual world? Why or why not?
6. What does Art say about reality, and why is it better than virtual reality? Do you agree or disagree? Explain your point.
7. The virtual reality in the story alludes to today’s technology. What particular product or service do you think this alludes to?
8. What does the story have to say about technology? Do you think this is true in today’s society? Prove your idea.
9. Explain the name symbolism in the character of Art. What is the story trying to say about art?
10. Why does Delia long for Manila at the end of the story? What insight can you get from this?





What is It

Are you fond of travelling? If yes, how can you possibly do that in today's situation where the virus of COVID 19 is all around? That's right; this pandemic cannot hinder our hobby of travelling from places to places. We can travel through reading books, watching films, and creating narratives using our own imagination.

If you ever travelled to a new place, the first thing you probably did upon your return was tell your friends what you saw. Just imagine the tales you would have told if, like the authors of the literary pieces that we had talked about in the previous lessons, you put them into writings. You may have a lot of narratives already that you can share to your love ones and even in class, or you can have published them for wider audience.

While it is a fact that often times, other people have difficulty appreciating a culture radically different from their own, it will be our duty now to have them appreciate and accept a different culture.

Activity: Journal Writing

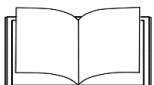
Choose the best travel you ever had in your life. Make a creative description of the place and its people. Write about the knowledge you gained from meeting someone from a different culture.

Now, it's time for you to share and collaborate with your group mates. This time, you are going to ask for comments and suggestions of your group mates to improve your work. And they will do the same thing. To share your file with them, be sure to complete the tasks below:

1. **Set up** and **Open** your **Gmail account**.
2. In **Drive**, right-click the file or folder you want to share and select **Share**.
3. **Enter** the email address of the person or group you want to share with.
4. Click **Edit** and choose the access level:
 - a. Can edit- Collaborators can add and edit content as well as add comments.
 - b. Can comment (Select files only) – Collaborators can add comments, but can't edit content.
 - c. Can view – People can view the file, but not edit or add comments.
5. Everyone you share with receives an email with a link to the file or folder.



6. (Optional) To add a note to the email, enter your note. To skip sending an email, uncheck the Notify people box.
7. Click **Send**.
8. Go to G Suite Checklist for New Users:
<https://support.google.com/a/users/answer/9296686> and search the topic if you need help with in performing the tasks.



What's More

Activity 1: Post It on Social Media

Social media are tools that allow for social interaction and easy creation of content by users. Example of popular social media tools are Twitter, Facebook, Blogger, Wordpress, and Pinterest. Social media can be an effective tool for learning as they can connect you to information and professional networks and communities.

What are the social media that you can use to post your journal entry and how?

Tools:

1. Wordpress for blogging
2. Twitter – Share resources, connect with others, and elicit feedback from others, all in 140 characters or less.
3. Diligo – Your bookmarks go where you go (access them from any computer or mobile device) and you can share them with others
4. Google Reader – Subscribes to websites, Twitter feeds and podcasts much like you subscribe to magazines.
5. Google Docs/ Drive- Collaborate on documents with colleagues and your documents are accessible from anywhere.

When we talk of social media, what immediately comes to mind is Facebook. This is not surprising considering the following:



“Filipinos are using the internet 10 hours a day. The global average is at 2 hours and 16 minutes. Brazil comes in second with 9 hours and 29 minutes, while Thailand is third at 9 hours and 11 minutes. Philippines ranks number one in spending the most time on social media at 4 hours and 2 minutes a day,” (Lardizabal-Dado, 2019).

Top social media platforms are Facebook, You Tube, Facebook Messenger, Instagram, Twitter, Skype, LinkedIn, Viber, Pinterest, Snapchat, WhatsApp, Reddit, WeChat, Tumblr, Twitch and Line (Lardizabal-Dado, 2019)

Now, having realized that it is not only through Facebook that you can post your journal entry, you may want to visit those other social media that are mentioned so you can try and experiment. Once you decide which one suits your liking, you may post now your journal entry. Be sure to notify your teacher so he/she can check your work.

Activity 2: Like, Love, or Care

This time, you are going to visit the posts of your classmates. You can go ahead and make at least 3 sentences comments in at least 3 of your classmates' posts. Be careful with your grammar because your teacher will also check your comments. Please make your comments light and constructive. No hatred please, just like, love, and care.

Activity 3: Compare and Contrast

Write a 5-paragraph compare and contrast essay about the life style of people now and then. Be sure to discuss the way people live and perform everyday tasks. You may want to focus your discussion on the use of technology. Allow one or two of your groupmates to read and suggest revision or improvement in your work before submitting it to your teacher.





What I Have Learned

Now that you have finished the lesson, you may have learned that:

- Literature writing has evolved already from simple to complicated ones. The way writers do their work before is no longer the way writers do it nowadays. The modern writers of literature are engaged already in the application of technology. However, the elements of the literary pieces being produced in these modern times are still almost the same as of the earliest times.
- One way of improving one's literary work is through collaborative efforts of the group. Though we are facing in a terrible pandemic, there are still ways to collaborate. One of those ways is by using Google classroom. Each member of the group can read, make suggestions, or edit his/her classmates' work. In this way, each literary piece that will be produced meets the standards of creative writing.
- There are varied tools and platforms of social media that we can use in uploading our literary works. The different social media tools are Wordpress, Twitter, Diligo, Google Reader, and Google Docs / Drive. The different social media platforms are as follows: Facebook, YouTube, Facebook Messenger, Instagram, Twitter, Skype, LinkedIn, Viber, Pinterest, Snapchat, WhatsApp, Reddit, WeChat, Tumblr, and Twitch and Line.





What I Can Do

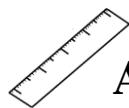
How do you usually learn about an event in your school?

There are several ways to advertise an event and one of these is through a flyer. A flyer is a form of advertisement being used in the community or in the school. It can be in a form of paper to be handed out to people or students. Sometimes, it can be seen in walls and windows. And nowadays, it can also be distributed online.

Think about an upcoming Literary Event in the school. You are making a booth that encourages students to read “Virtual Center by Raissa Claire U. Rivera”. For this project, you are task to design a flyer for the event. To do it, follow the steps below:

1. Start the word processing software and open a new, blank document.
2. You can create a flyer from a scratch using any word processing software. To do this, you can make a WordArt out of the name of the event. Type a catchy title and add other information such as date, time, and venue. Move the WordArt and change the font, size, style, and color according to your preference.
3. You may also add a clip art picture, draw AutoShapes, add colorful border and fill effects such as a pattern, texture, or gradient.
4. Save your work for checking.





Assessment

Write **TRUE** if the statement is correct; otherwise, write **FALSE** on the blank provided.

- _____ 1. Google drive is a social media platform where you can upload your literary work.
- _____ 2. A virtual learning environment refers to a system that offers digitally-based solutions aimed at creating interactive, active learning environments.
- _____ 3. Google Reader subscribes to websites, Twitter feeds and podcasts much like you subscribe to magazines.
- _____ 4. Philippines ranks number one in the whole world in spending the most time on social media.
- _____ 5. A flyer can only be in a form of paper to be handed out to people or students.



Additional Activities

Keep your journal entry updated for at least two months. You may visit one place in your dreams or imagination once a week. Please consider visiting tourist spots in the Philippines for the first month and tourist spots around the world in your second month. Be as creative as possible. If you can make a travel blog so you can post your work online, it is much appreciated. If not, you may write your travels in your notebook for submission to your teacher once you are done with it.





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