

# SHS

Department of Education  
National Capital Region  
**SCHOOLS DIVISION OFFICE**  
**MARIKINA CITY**

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

First Quarter - Module 1  
Various Dimensions of Philippine Literary History  
from Pre-Colonial to Contemporary



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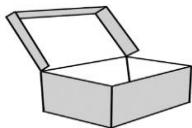
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## What I Need to Know

This module advocates the fact that modern Filipinos should trace back history to know themselves better. They should recognize the roots of their literature as they indulge themselves with the 21<sup>st</sup> Century Literature. This provides us with the glimpse of various components of earliest to contemporary literature.

At the end of the lesson, the students are expected to identify the geographic, linguistic, and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to contemporary.

### Specific Learning Objectives:

In this lesson, you will learn to:

1. name some literary works published during the Spanish colonial period;
2. identify some Filipino writers, who produced significant works of literature on the different periods;
3. analyze a few selected literary works representatives of the literature it belongs; and
4. comment on some literary works.



## What I Know

Identify the writers of the literary pieces enumerated below. Match Column A with Column B by writing the letter before the number.

### Column A

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. Florante at Laura
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. Sampaguitas y Poesias Varias
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. El Filibusterismo
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. Blasted Hopes
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Pag-ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa

### Column B

- A. Pedro Paterno
- B. Jose Rizal
- C. Andres Bonifacio
- D. Francisco Baltazar
- E. Leona Florentino



# **Lesson 1 Various Dimensions of Philippine Literary History**

Every established nation has its own humble beginning. Its colorful past is etched in the minds and hearts of its people. As every nation has its own scholars, these notable events in the past were put in the printed materials in the form of varied kinds of literature.

In this module, we will tackle the various dimensions of Philippine literary history from the time that the Philippines was totally free from invaders up to this point. You may want to recall that our fore parents do not have a formal form of writing that is why they preserved their literature through the words of mouth from generation to generation. This fact has been set aside by most of the Filipinos due to the impression that our country was discovered and Philippine history started in 1521. But the truth is, the pre-colonial inhabitants of our country showcased a rich past through their folk speeches, folk songs, folk narratives, and indigenous rituals and mimetic dances.

While it is true that there are a lot of not so good imprints we learned from Spain's invasion, it is undeniable that they have contributed much in shaping and recording our literature. Aside from their religious representation, Spain also brought liberal ideas and internationalism that influenced our own Filipino intellectuals and writers for them to understand the meaning of liberty and freedom.

Due to the so-called oppression of the powerful, Filipinos began to write about the downside of colonization. Calls of reforms led to the formation of the Propaganda Movement where prose and poetry had more political themes. These ushered the Philippine revolution resulting in the downfall of the Spanish regime, and at the same time planted the seeds of a national consciousness among Filipinos.

The introduction of English medium of instruction in the Philippines outweighed the Spanish so that by the 1930's, English writing emerged. New literary forms such as free verse, the modern short story, and the critical essay were introduced. English became the medium of instruction in all schools. This literary modernism highlighted the writer's individuality.

The flowering of Philippine literature in the various languages continued and bloomed in the 1960's and 1970's. Filipino writers continued to write poetry, short stories, novels, and essays whether these are socially committed, gender oriented, ethnic, or are personal in intention or what not. Contemporary writers become more conscious of their art with the proliferation of writer workshops and the bulk of literature available via mass media including the internet.





## What's In

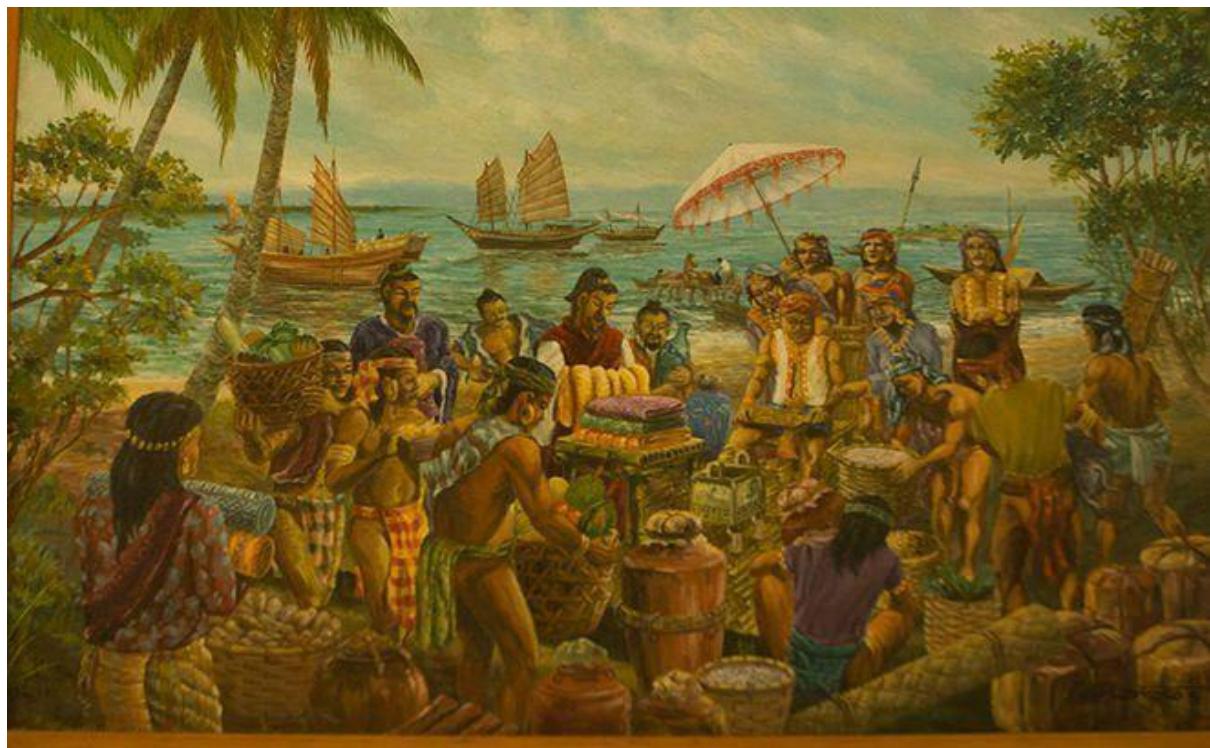
There is hope that reading the pieces of Philippine literature featured in this module, the reader will find a reflection of oneself and a reflection of Philippine society. It is composed of samples of literature from a different era.

There is pleasure in reading and analyzing literature that is slowly being forgotten. This pleasure in analyzing texts is something that this module can help you understand and appreciate that there is a discipline that close reading of literature involves.



## What's New

### ***Pre-Colonial Period***



**Source:** ["Paintings of the Filipino during the Pre-Colonial Period"](https://www.google.com/search?q=Paintings+of+the+Filipino+during+the+Pre-Colonial+Period), accessed June 6, 2020. [Https:// google.com](https://www.google.com/search?q=Paintings+of+the+Filipino+during+the+Pre-Colonial+Period)





**Source:** "Paintings of the Filipino during the Pre-Colonial Period", accessed June 6, 2020. [Https://google.com](https://google.com)

These paintings depict the life of the Filipino during the Pre-Colonial period. Can you express your thoughts about them?

Filipinos have their own literature already even before they are colonized by the Spaniards. Mostly, their literature spread through the words of mouth. Ibalon of Bikol, Darangan which is a Muslim epic, the Kudaman of Palawan, the Alim of the Ifugao, Bantugan of the Maranao, the Hinilawod of Panay, and the Tuwaang of Manobos are some of the original Filipino literature.

Can you narrate any of the literary pieces that were mentioned above?

The Spanish missionaries taught the gospel through the native language, so they hired natives to translate Spanish religious instructional materials. Eventually, the natives became fluent in Spanish and became known as Latinos.

Latinos mainly wrote devotional poetry. Two of them were Fernando Bagongbanta and Gaspar Aquino de Belen. Bagongbanta wrote "Salamat nang Walang Hanggan/Gracias de sin Sempiternas," which appeared in Memorial de la Vida Cristina en lengua Tagala (1605), a book containing basic Catholic doctrines. On the other hand, de Belen wrote "Ang Mahal na Passion ni Jesu Christong Panginoon Natin na Tola" (1704), the earliest version of pasyon.

The native drama called the Komedya or moro-moro was popular. It depicted the war between Christians and Muslims, wherein the former always won. The poet Jose dela Cruz (1746-1829) was a master of such art forms. Native literature continued. Though the Spaniards destroyed the written literature in their effort to replace it with their own, the oral tradition survived and flourished in areas beyond the reach of the Spaniards.

Francisco Baltazar (1788-1862), the master of traditional Tagalog poetry, became well-known for his work *Florante at Laura* (1838-1861), the most famous metrical romance of the country.

Pedro Paterno (1857-1911) wrote *Sampaguitas y Poesias Varias* (1880), the first poetry collection in Spanish by a Filipino, and the novel in Spanish *Ninay* (1885), considered to be the first Filipino novel.

Jose Rizal (1861-1896), a prominent ilustrado and the country's national hero, is famous for the novels *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*. These novels portray the corruption and abuse of the Spanish officials and the clergy.

Andres Bonifacio (1863-1897), the founder of the Katipunan, wrote the poem "Pag-ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa". This poem appeared in the *kalayaan*, the official newspaper of the Katipunan, in March 1896.

Leona Florentino (1849-1884), known as the mother of Philippine women's literature, was a poet in both Ilocano and Spanish. Twenty of her poems were preserved and exhibited in Europe. The poems were included in the *Encyclopedia International des Oeuvres des Femmes* in 1889.

## **American Period**

After the Filipino-American war in 1903, many Filipinos started writing again and the nationalism of the people remained undaunted. Filipino writers went into all forms of literature like news reporting, poetry, stories, plays, essays, and novels. Their writing clearly depicted their love of country and their longing for independence.

It is notable that the writers in English during this time imitated the themes and methods of the Americans. *Dead Stars* by Paz Marquez Benitez stands out as a model of perfection in character delineation, local color, plot, and message. *Footnote to Youth* by Jose Garcia Villa in 1933 became popular.

The active arousal in the field of literature started to be felt in the following newspaper: *El Nuevo Dia* (The New Day) established by Sergio Osmeña in 1900, *El Grito Del Pueblo* (The Call of the Nation) established by Pascual Poblete in 1900, and *El Renacimiento* (The Rebirth) founded by Rafael Palma also in the 1900.

The popular plays written during this era were as follows: *Kahapon, Ngayon, at Bukas* (Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow) written by Aurelio Tolentino, *Tanikalang Ginto* of Juan Abad, *Malaya* by Thomas Remigio, and *Walang Sugat* by Severino Reyes.



## **Contemporary Period**

On July 4, 1946, the Philippines regained its freedom and the Filipino flag waved joyously alone. The bondage was broken.

The state of literature during this period was marked by a kind of struggle of mind and spirit posed by the sudden emancipation from the enemy and the desire to see print. Tagalog literature was revived in this period. Most themes dealt with Japanese brutalities, poverty under the Japanese government, and the brave Guerilla exploits.

Some of the famous outputs during this time were: *Heart of the Islands* (1947) a collection of poems by Manuel Viray, *Philippines Cross Section* (1950) a collection of prose and poetry by Maximo Ramos and Florentino Valeros, *Prose and Poems* (1952) by Nick Joaquin, *Philippine Writing* (1953) by T.D. Agcaoili, *Philippine Harvest* by Amador Daguiio, *Horizon Least* (1957) a collection of works of the professors of UE, mostly in English (short stories, essays, research papers, poem, and drama) by Artemio Patacsil and Silverio Baltazar, *Who Spoke of Courage in His Sleep* by NVM Gonzales, and *Speak Not, Speak* also by Conrado Pedroche.

Many young became activists to ask for changes in the government. Some youth became completely rebellious during this period. This was proven not only in the bloody demonstrations and in the sidewalk expressions but also in literature. Campus newspapers showed rebellious emotions.

Established in 1950, the Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature had been giving cash prizes for short story, poetry, and one-act play writing as an incentive for Filipino writers.

In 1972, almost all themes in writing dealt with the development and progress of the country like the Green Revolution, family planning, proper nutrition, environment, drug addiction, and pollution.

After the Martial Law was lifted on January 2, 1981, the themes of the writing developed. Poems during this period were romantic and revolutionary. Writers wrote openly of their criticisms against the government. The supplications of the people were coached in fiery, colourful, violent, profane, and insulting language. Many Filipino songs dealt with themes that were really true-to-life like those of grief, poverty, aspirations for freedom, love of God, and love of country and of fellowmen.



## **Activity**

Answer the following questions based on the presentation of the lesson.

- 1) What do you think are the importance of Ladinos in history and Literature?

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- 2) Why is it that in Komedya or Moro-Moro, the Christians always won against the Muslims? How do you think the latter reacts to this?

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- 3) Name other personalities of the Pre-Colonial, Colonial, and Contemporary Literature that are not mentioned earlier.

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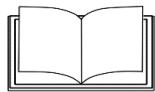
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## **What is It**

It always feels good to get back to the past and reminisce how far we have gone in terms of literature development. It can also remind us of the horrors of the past, and bring with its sensory experiences through rhyme, rhythm, image, and more. Reading and studying these pieces of literature is a very good medium about important events in the Philippines. These events have had a significant impact on our nation and merit remembrance and reflection.





## What's More

Read the following poem and be ready for analysis.

### Pag-Ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa

Ni: Andres Bonifacio



**Source:** Andres Bonifacio  
Portrait, "Moustache Cartoon"  
accessed July 27, 2020.  
<https://www.cleanpng.com>

Aling Pag-ibig pa ang hihigit kaya  
sa pagkadalisay at pagkadakila  
gaya ng pag-ibig sa tinubuang lupa?  
aling pagibig pa? Wala na nga, wala.

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

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

Pagpupuring lubos ang palaging hangad  
sa bayan ng taong may dangal at ingat,  
umawit, tumula, kumatha't, sumulat,  
kalakhan din niya'y isinasiwalat.

Walang mahalagang hindi inihandog  
nang may pusong mahal sa bayang nagkukop  
dugo, yaman, dunong, katiisa't pagod  
buhay may abuting magkalagot lagot.

Bakit? Alin ito na sakdal ng laki  
na hinahandagan ng buong pagkasi  
na sa lalong mahal nakapangyayari  
at ginugugulan ng buhay na iwi.

Ay! Ito'y ang inang bayang tinubuan  
siya'y ina't tangi na kinamulatan  
na kawili-wiling liwanag na araw  
na nagbigay init sa lunong katawan.

Sa kanya'y utang sa unang pagtanggap  
simoy ng hanging nagbigay lunas,  
sa inis na puso na sisinghap singhap  
sa balong malalim ng siphayo't hirap.





Source: Philippine Map, "World Tree" accessed July 27, 2020. <https://www.cleanpng.com>

Kalakip din nito'y pag-ibig sa Bayan  
ang lahat ng lalong sa gunita'y mahal  
mula sa masaya't gasong kasangulan  
hangang sa kataway mapa sa libingan.

Ang nanga karaang panahon ng aliw  
ang inaasahang araw na darating  
ng pagkatimawa ng mga alipin  
liban pa sa bayan saan tatanghalin?

At ang balang kahuy at ang balang sanga  
na parang nia't gubat na kaaya aya  
sukat ang makitad sa sa ala ala  
ang inat ang giliw lumipas na saya.

Tubig niyang malinaw na anaki'y bubog  
bukal sa batisang nagkalat sa bundok  
malambut na huni ng matuling agos  
na naka a aliw sa pusong may lungkot.

Sa aba ng abang mawalay sa Bayan!  
gunita may laging sakbibi ng lumbay  
walang alaalat inaanam asam  
kung di ang makita'y lupang tinubuan.

Pati ng magdusat sampung kamatayan  
wari ay masarap kung dahil sa Bayan  
At lalung maghirap jo! himalang bagay  
lalung pag irog pa ang sa kaniay alay.

Kung ang bayang ito'y nasasa panganib  
at sia ay dapat na ipagtangkilik  
ng anak, asawa, magulang kapatid  
isang tawag niay tatalikdang pilit.

Dapuat kung ang bayan ng katagalugan  
ay linalapastangan at niyuyurakan  
katuiran puri niyat kamahalan  
ng sama ng lilong taga ibang bayan.

Di gaano kaya ang paghihinagsis  
ng pusong tagalog sa puring na lait?  
at alin kalooban na lalong tahimik  
ang di pupukawin sa panghihimagsik?

Saan magbubuhat ang paghihinay?  
sa paghihigantit gumugol ng buhay  
kung wala ding iba na kasasadlakan  
kung di ang lugami sa kaalipinan?



Kung ang pagka baun niya't pagka busabos  
sa lusak ng dayat tunay na pag ayop  
supil ang pang hampas tanikalang gapos  
at luha na lamang ang pina a agos.

Sa kaniang anyo'y sino ang tutunghay  
na di aakain sa gawang magdamdam  
pusong naglilipak sa pakasukaban  
na hindi gumugugol ng dugo at buhay.

Mangyayari kaya na itoy malangap  
ng mga tagalog at hindi lumingap  
sa naghihingalang Ynang na sa yapak  
na kasuklamsuklam sa kastilang hamak.

Nasaan ang dangal ng mga tagalog  
nasaan ang dugung dapat na ibuhos?  
baya'y inaapi bakit di kumilos?  
at natitilihang itoy mapanood.

Hayo na nga kayo, kayong nanga buhay  
sa pag asang lubos na kaguinhawahan  
at walang tinamo kundi kapaitan  
hayo nat ibiguin ang naabang bayan.

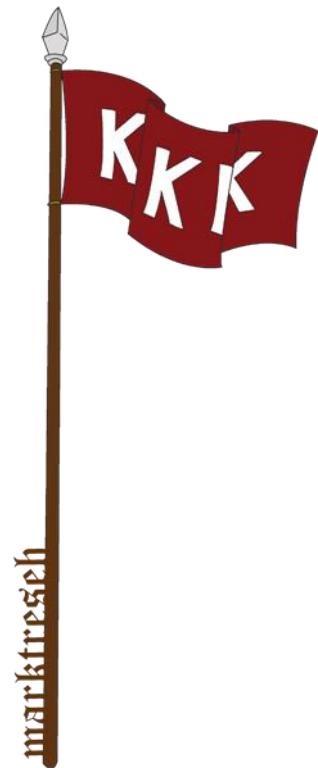
Kayong natuyan na sa kapapasakit  
ng dakilang hangad sa batis ng dibdib  
muling pabalungit tunay na pag-ibig  
kusang ibulalas sa bayang piniit.

Kayong nalagasan ng bungat bulaklak  
kahuy niaring buhay na nilantat sukat  
ng balabalakit makapal na hirap  
muling manariwat sa baya'y lumiayag.

Kayong mga pusong kusang?  
ng daya at bagsik ng ganid na asal  
ngayon ay magbanguit baya'y itangkakal  
aagawin sa kuko ng mga sukaban.

Kayong mga dukhang walang tanging?  
kundi ang mabuhay sa dalitat hirap  
ampunin ang bayan kung nasa ay lunas  
pagkat ang guinhawa niya ay sa lahat.

Ipahandog handog ang boong pag-ibig  
hangang sa mga dugo'y ubusing itiguis  
kung sa pagtatangol buhay ay?  
itoy kapalaran at tunay na langit.



Source: KKK Flag, "Flag Background" accessed July 27, 2020. <https://www.cleanpng.com>



**Answer the following questions: (Use a separate sheet of paper for your answer)**

1. How did you feel upon reading the poem? How do you think the author feels while writing the poem?  
\_\_\_\_\_

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2. What do you think drives Andres Bonifacio to write the poem?  
\_\_\_\_\_

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3. Comment on the structure and style of the poem. Are they still being applied in today's way of poem writing? Why do you say so?  
\_\_\_\_\_

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4. Look for some words that are not familiar to you. Substitute them with words that we use today.  
\_\_\_\_\_

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5. Read the poem again and share how you feel now. You may want to extemporaneously deliver it or record for social media sharing.  
\_\_\_\_\_

Read the following story and be ready for analysis.

**Footnote to Youth by Jose Garcia Villa**

The sun was salmon and hazy in the west. Dodong thought to himself he would tell his father about Teang when he got home, after he had unhitched the carabao from the plow, and let it to its shed and fed it. He was hesitant about saying it, but he wanted his father to know. What he had to say was of serious import as it would mark a climactic moment in his life. Dodong finally decided to tell it, as a thought came to him that his father might refuse to consider it. His father was a silent hard-working farmer who chewed areca nuts, which he had learned to do from his mother, Dodong's grandmother. I will tell him. I will tell him. The ground was broken up into many fresh wounds and fragrant with a sweetish earthy smell. Many slender soft worms emerged from the furrows and then burrowed again deeper into the soil. A short colorless worm marched blindly to Dodong's foot and crawled calmly over it. Dodong go tickled and jerked his foot, flinging the worm into the air. Dodong did not bother to look where it fell, but thought of his age, seventeen, and he said to himself he was not young anymore. Dodong unhitched the carabao leisurely and gave it a healthy tap on the hip. The beast turned its head to look at him with dumb faithful eyes. Dodong gave it a slight push and the animal walked alongside him to its shed. He placed bundles of grass before it and the carabao began to eat. Dodong looked at it without interest. Dodong started homeward, thinking how he would break his news to his father. He wanted to marry, Dodong did. He was seventeen, he had pimples on his face, the down on his upper lip already was dark-these meant he was no longer a boy. He was growing into a man--he was a man. Dodong felt insolent and big at the thought of it although he was by nature



low in stature. Thinking himself a grown man Dodong felt he could do anything. He walked faster, prodded by the thought of his virility. A small angled stone bled his foot, but he dismissed it cursorily. He lifted his leg and looked at the hurt toe and then went on walking. In the cool sundown he thought wild dreams of himself and Teang. Teang, his girl. She had a small brown face and small black eyes and straight glossy hair. How desirable she was to him. She made him dream even during the day. Dodong tensed with desire and looked at the muscles of his arms. Dirty. This field work was healthy, invigorating but it begrimed you, smudged you terribly. He turned back the way he had come, then marched obliquely to a creek. Dodong stripped himself and laid his clothes, a gray undershirt and red kundiman shorts, on the grass. Then he went into the water, wet his body over, and rubbed at it vigorously. He was not long in bathing, then he marched homeward again. The bath made him feel cool. It was dusk when he reached home. The petroleum lamp on the ceiling already was lighted and the low unvarnished square table was set for supper. His parents and he sat down on the floor around the table to eat. They had fried fresh-water fish, rice, bananas, and caked sugar. Dodong ate fish and rice, but did not partake of the fruit. The bananas were overripe and when one held them, they felt more fluid than solid. Dodong broke off a piece of the cake's sugar, dipped it in his glass of water and ate it. He got another piece and wanted some more, but he thought of leaving the remainder for his parents. Dodong's mother removed the dishes when they were through and went out to the batalan to wash them. She walked with slow careful steps and Dodong wanted to help her carry the dishes out, but he was tired and now felt lazy. He wished as he looked at her that he had a sister who could help his mother in the housework. He pitied her, doing all the housework alone. His father remained in the room, sucking a diseased tooth. It was paining him again, Dodong knew. Dodong had told him often and again to let the town dentist pull it out, but he was afraid, his father was. He did not tell Dodong, but Dodong guessed it. Afterward Dodong himself thought that if he had a decayed tooth, he would be afraid to go to the dentist; he would not be any bolder than his father. Dodong said while his mother was out that he was going to marry Teang. There it was out, what he had to say, and over which he had done so much thinking. He had said it without any effort at all and without self-consciousness. Dodong felt relieved and looked at his father expectantly. A decrescent moon outside shed its feeble light into the window, graying the still black temples of his father. His father looked old now. "I am going to marry Teang," Dodong said. His father looked at him silently and stopped sucking the broken tooth. The silence became intense and cruel, and Dodong wished his father would suck



that troublesome tooth again. Dodong was uncomfortable and then became angry because his father kept looking at him without uttering anything.

"I will marry Teang," Dodong repeated. "I will marry Teang." His father kept gazing at him in inflexible silence and Dodong fidgeted on his seat. "I asked her last night to marry me and she said...yes. I want your permission. I... want... it...." There was impatient clamor in his voice, an exacting protest at this coldness, this indifference. Dodong looked at his father sourly. He cracked his knuckles one by one, and the little sounds it made broke dully the night stillness. "Must you marry, Dodong?" Dodong resented his father's questions; his father himself had married. Dodong made a quick impassioned effort in his mind about selfishness, but later he got confused. "You are very young, Dodong." "I'm... seventeen." "That's very young to get married at." "I... I want to marry...Teang's good girl." "Tell your mother," his father said. "You tell her, tatay." "Dodong, you tell your inay." "You tell her." "All right, Dodong." "You will let me marry Teang?"

"Son, if that is your wish... of course..." There was a strange helpless light in his father's eyes. Dodong did not read it, too absorbed was he in himself. Dodong was immensely glad he had asserted himself. He lost his resentment for his father. For a while he even felt sorry for him about the diseased tooth. Then he confined his mind to dreaming of Teang and himself. Sweet young dream.... Dodong stood in the sweltering noon heat, sweating profusely, so that his camiseta was damp. He was still like a tree and his thoughts were confused. His mother had told him not to leave the house, but he had left. He had wanted to get out of it without clear reason at all. He was afraid, he felt. Afraid of the house. It had seemed to cage him, to compare his thoughts with severe tyranny. Afraid also of Teang. Teang was giving birth in the house; she gave screams that chilled his blood. He did not want her to scream like that, he seemed to be rebuking him. He began to wonder madly if the process of childbirth was really painful. Some women, when they gave birth, did not cry. In a few moments he would be a father. "Father, father," he whispered the word with awe, with strangeness. He was young, he realized now, contradicting himself of nine months comfortable... "Your son," people would soon be telling him. "Your son, Dodong." Dodong felt tired standing. He sat down on a sawhorse with his feet close together. He looked at his calloused toes. Suppose he had ten children... What made him think that? What was the matter with him? God! He heard his mother's voice from the house: "Come up, Dodong. It is over." Of a sudden he felt terribly embarrassed as he looked at her. Somehow, he was ashamed of his mother for his youthful paternity. It made him feel guilty, as if he had taken something not



properly his. He dropped his eyes and pretended to dust dirt off his kundiman shorts. "Dodong," his mother called again. "Dodong." He turned to look again and this time saw his father beside his mother. "It is a boy," his father said. He beckoned Dodong to come up.

Dodong felt more embarrassed and did not move. What a moment for him. His parents' eyes seemed to pierce him through and he felt limp. He wanted to hide from them, to run away. "Dodong, you come up. You come up," her mother said. Dodong did not want to come up and stayed in the sun. "Dodong. Dodong." "I'll... come up." Dodong traced tremulous steps on the dry parched yard. He ascended the bamboo steps slowly. His heart pounded mercilessly in him. Within, he avoided his parents' eyes. He walked ahead of them so that they should not see his face. He felt guilty and untrue. He felt like crying. His eyes smarted and his chest wanted to burst. He wanted to turn back, to go back to the yard. He wanted somebody to punish him. His father thrust his hand in his and gripped it gently. "Son," his father said. And his mother: "Dodong..." How kind were their voices. They flowed into him, making him strong. "Teang?" Dodong said. "She's sleeping. But you go in..." His father led him into the small sawali room. Dodong saw Teang, his girl wife, asleep on the papag with her black hair soft around her face. He did not want her to look that pale... Dodong wanted to touch her, to push away that stray wisp of hair that touched her lips, but again that feeling of embarrassment came over him and before his parents he did not want to be demonstrative. The hilot was wrapping the child, Dodong heard it cry. The thin voice pierced him queerly. He could not control the swelling of happiness in him. You give him to me. You give him to me," Dodong said. Blas was not Dodong's child. Many more children came. For six successive years a new child came along. Dodong did not want any more children, but they came. It seemed the coming of children could not be helped. Dodong got angry with himself sometimes. Teang did not complain, but the bearing of children told on her. She was shapeless and thin now, even if she was young. There was interminable work to be done. Cooking. Laundering. The house. The children. She cried sometimes, wishing she had not married. She did not tell Dodong this, not wishing him to dislike her. Yet she wished she had not married. Not even Dodong, whom she loved. There has been another suitor, Lucio, older than Dodong by nine years, and that was why she had chosen Dodong. Young Dodong. Seventeen. Lucio had married another after her marriage to Dodong, but he was childless until now. She wondered if she had married Lucio, would she have borne him children. Maybe not either. That was a better lot. But she loved Dodong... Dodong whom life had made ugly. One night, as he lay beside his wife, he roe and went



out of the house. He stood in the moonlight, tired and querulous. He wanted to ask questions and somebody to answer him. He wanted to be wise about many things. One of them was why life did not fulfill all of Youth's dreams. Why must it be so?

Why one was forsaken... after Love. Dodong would not find the answer. Maybe the question was not to be answered. It must be so to make Youth. Youth. Youth must be dreamfully sweet. Dreamfully sweet. Dodong returned to the house humiliated by himself. He had wanted to know a little wisdom but was denied it. When Blas was eighteen, he came home one night very flustered and happy. It was late at night and Teang and the other children were asleep. Dodong heard Blas's steps, for he could not sleep well of nights. He watched Blas undress in the dark and lie down softly. Blas was restless on his mat and could not sleep. Dodong called his name and asked why he did not sleep. Blas said he could not sleep. "You better go to sleep. It is late," Dodong said. Blas raised himself on his elbow and muttered something in a low fluttering voice. Dodong did not answer and tried to sleep. "Itay ...," Blas called softly. Dodong stirred and asked him what it was. "I am going to marry Tena.

"She accepted me tonight." Dodong lay on the red pillow without moving. "Itay, you think it over." Dodong lay silent. "I love Tena and... I want her." Dodong rose from his mat and told Blas to follow him. They descended to the yard, where everything was still and quiet. The moonlight was cold and white. "You want to marry Tena," Dodong said. He did not want Blas to marry yet. Blas was very young. The life that would follow marriage would be heard... "Yes." "Must you marry?" Blas's voice stilled with resentment. "I will marry Tena." Dodong kept silent, hurt. "You have objections, Itay?" Blas asked acridly. "Son... n-none..." (But truly, God, I don't want Blas to marry yet... not yet. I don't want Blas to marry yet....) But he was helpless. He could not do anything. Youth must triumph... now. Love must triumph... now. Afterwards... it will be life. Youth and Love did triumph for Dodong... and then Life. Dodong looked wistfully at his young son in the moonlight. He felt extremely sad and sorry for him.



### **A. Plot**

- **Exposition** – Dodong, a seventeen-year-old boy, tells his parents that he wants to marry his girlfriend Teang.
- **Rising Action** – Teang secretly regrets marrying Dodong at a young age. She wonders what can happen if she has married Lucio, who is nine years older than Dodong.
- **Climax** – Dodong wonders why life does not get to fulfill a youth's entire dream.
- **Falling Action** – Blas tells Dodong about his plan to marry Tona.
- **Conclusion** – Dodong wants to keep Blas from marrying Tona, but he cannot do anything about it. He feels sorry for Blas.

#### **Activity 1:**

Diagram the plot of the story using your own words. (Use a separate paper for doing this).

### **B. Setting**

The short story is set in a small town.

### **C. Theme**

The story focuses on the consequences of marrying at an early age and starting a family.

#### **Activity 2:**

**What are the other elements of a short story that can be deduced from the text?**

In the story “Footnote to Youth”, Dodong is the symbol for the Filipino youth. His decision to marry his love interest, Teang, at the age of seventeen demonstrates the passion of teenagers when it comes to relationships.

Those of the younger generations usually strive for new pursuits to learn things on their own, often rejecting their elder's guidance. From the story, it is depicted that lessons are learned through experience. Dodong, as well as Teang, had many realizations when he became a parent.



**Activity 3: If you were given the chance to end the story, how are you going to end it?**

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## What I Have Learned

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

- The Philippines has undergone unique ways of ironing its different dimensions of literature. It is from the original literary works of the earliest Filipinos to Spanish and American adaptations until we reached the point now that we can say we have our own produced pieces of literature.
- If we are going to trace back the history of our literature, it is comparable to the making of a sword out of steel. At first, it was rough and dull. It had to undergo a process of blacksmithing to drill to lathe work. It took patience and required focus. It took time to make a good sword. It is something that took a new frame of mind again and again, until you think it was the most rewarding thing you have ever made.
- There are different dimensions that our Philippine Literature holds on. Each dimension has its own unique feature. There are also particular learning treasures like the way literature mirrors the life of the Filipinos who lived in that particular era.





## What I Can Do

- A. Read the poem with correct feelings to come out its real interpretation. Record this activity then post in the social media or send via private message to your teacher.

**Blasted Hopes**  
**By: Leona Florentino**

What gladness and what joy  
are endowed to one who is loved  
for truly there is one to share  
all his sufferings and his pain.

My fate is dim, my stars so low  
perhaps nothing to it can compare,  
for truly I do not doubt  
for presently I suffer so.

For even I did love,  
the beauty whom I desired  
never do I fully realize  
that I am worthy of her.

Shall I curse the hour  
when first I saw the light of day  
would it not have been better a thousand times  
I had died when I was born.

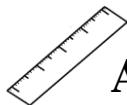
Would I want to explain  
but my tongue remains powerless  
for now do I clearly see  
to be spurned is my lot.

But would it be my greatest joy  
to know that it is you I love,  
for to you do I vow and a promise I make  
it's you alone for whom I would lay my life.



B. Write your idea of the poem on the following bases:

- central theme
- idea of the verse
- history of its creation
- critical appreciation



## Assessment

Identify the title of the literary piece that is mentioned in each of the following numbers.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. It exhorted Filipinos to join the crusade to achieve real Philippine independence.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. It is the most popular Muslim epic.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. It was written in dedication to the three martyred priests Mariano Gomez, Jose Burgos, and Jacinto Zamora, whose deaths left an indelible mark in the mind of the author.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. It is the first poetry collection in Spanish written by a Filipino.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. It is considered as the most famous metrical romance of the country of all times.



## Additional Activities

Read thoroughly the literature, "Walang Sugat" by Severino Reyes. Explore the motivation of different characters by explaining why a character acted a certain way, or how those actions would have changed if such and such had happened. Explain what you would have done differently if you were a character in the story. You can also change the setting or point of view and explain how the story would be different. Finally, include an aspect that forces you to personally relate to this piece of literature.





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Bamboo Tree – BLR PD Dep Ed Digital Art.



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