

# SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Department of Education  
National Capital Region

## SCHOOLS DIVISION OFFICE MARIKINA CITY

### 21<sup>st</sup> CENTURY LITERATURE from the Philippines and the World Second Quarter – Module 2

21st Century Literary Genres  
Elements, Structures, and Traditions from Across the Globe



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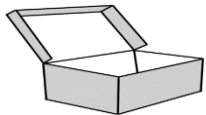
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## What I Need to Know

Bonjour, apprenants de 12e année! In this second module, you will learn how to:

**Compare and contrast the various 21<sup>st</sup> century literary genres and their elements, structures and traditions from across the globe**

Moreover, you will do practice activities that will help you do the following:

1. appreciate the cultural aesthetic diversity of literature of the world;
2. analyze the given piece of literature in terms of elements and structures;
3. write an output that belongs to genres of the 21<sup>st</sup> century literature.



## What I Know

Write TRUE if the statement is correct; otherwise, write FALSE.

1. An essay should always be written in a third person point of view.
2. Racial discrimination happens only if you leave your country and live in a foreign land.
3. Manga is a literature that belongs to the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and originated from China.
4. The book entitled “Diary of a Wimpy Kid” which was written by Jeff Kinney doodle fiction.
5. Text-talk novels are stories told almost completely in dialogues simulating social network exchanges.

### Lesson

1

### 21st Century Literary Genre, Elements, Structures, and Traditions from Across the Globe



## What's In

Our Philippine literary tradition is made up of poignant works written by Filipinos all over the world. These literary texts explore the personal, social, cultural, and even political issues of Filipinos as they experience life in other countries and in our own native land.

It is undeniable that these writers of different literatures are already being affected by the cultures and traditions of the country they are in. To that effect, sometimes, they would have the so-called “double-sidedness” on their works as they addressed their own historical absence and remain implicated in the historic invisibility in the nation that permanently identifies them.

To that effect, Filipino writers are able to adapt and produce 21<sup>st</sup> century literature genres aside from the traditional ones that we have. It is but fitting that in this module, we are going to analyze a sample of traditional genre and samples of the modern genres, so to say.



# ? What's New

## A. Before Reading Activity

Imagine that your Uncle who is a retired member of the Federal Bureau of Investigation will go back to the Philippines to stay for good. You are his favorite relative so he wanted you to be his constant companion until he used to live in the Philippines again. Plan an itinerary of events for him so he can get along in the life in your city or town.

You may use the table provided below.

<b>CRITERION</b>	<b>ACTIVITY</b>	<b>DAY &amp; TIME</b>
Food		
Leisure		
Healthy Stuff		
Cultural Activities		
Religious Activities		

## B. During Reading Activity

### **Under My Invisible Umbrella**

Laurel Fantauzzo

I accepted the man's service without question, as if he had been standing at the doorway of the Olongapo office building waiting only for me. As if I knew he would head into the downpour, open his umbrella, hold the tenuous shelter of it over my head, and walk at my pace, getting wet himself. I accepted his work without a "Salamat po." I was second to worst in my class of Filipino American would-be Tagalog speakers that July, and, in 2007, at age 23, I was still too embarrassed to try.

As I waited for the rest of my Fil-Am classmates, my Tagalog teacher Susan Quimpo approached me, holding her own umbrella.

"Did you notice that he held the umbrella only for you?" she murmured.

Then—as people of the Philippines are inclined to do, when a situation seems too absurd in its wrongness to repair—she laughed.

My classmates and I sounded the same: Fil-Ams managing our emotional confusion with loud inside jokes about our two months together in Manila. But they were brown and they were damp. I was pale and I was dry.



The man was not holding the umbrella above me. He was holding the umbrella above my whiteness. He was holding it like a flag for everything he assumed my whiteness represented: my wealth, my station in life—higher than his—and my deserving extra service.

This worship of whiteness is not a phenomenon unique to the Philippines. But that day in Olongapo, I felt a surge of shame.

Of course, whether I felt guilty or not, I was still dry.

Before moving to the Philippines, I had no idea how closely my class would be identified with my face. In America, my face had been merely diverting, a prompt for racial guessing-games that always made me shudder. “Mexican! Polish! Sephardic!” “You kinda look Spanish and Oriental at the same time. What is that?” Or my face had been an inspiration for the saying of strange, murky compliments that made me shudder more. “I wish I had your nice, smooth, Asian skin.” “You’re so lucky your nose isn’t too—well, you know.”

In Manila, my ambiguous whiteness was no longer ambiguous. It was simply whiteness.

Thanks to my face, and the strength of the dollars I had, I was top one-percenting for the first time in my life. I lived, overtly, the troubling inventory Peggy McIntosh outlines in “White Privilege: Unpacking the Invisible Knapsack:”

Whether I use checks, credit cards or cash, I can count on my skin color not to work against the appearance of financial reliability.

I can choose public accommodation without fearing that people of my race cannot get in or will be mistreated in the places I have chosen.

Perhaps, in Manila, I lived a variation of McIntosh’s theme: Moving Under The Invisible Umbrella.

Last August, I spent only forty pesos at an upscale cafe in Greenbelt mall to wait out a cloudburst. I used the café’s Wi-Fi for hours, while servers impatiently thrust menus at more-melanined customers who had dared sit for too long.

I wandered onto a fenced-in, exclusive university campus for the sole reason that it was a nice walk, and I wanted to be there. The guard smiled and tipped his hat to me. He did not require me to sign his security book.

In a live, crowded theater, I crossed a restricted area to use the much less crowded staff restroom. Four guards said nothing.

As I slowly learned my motherland’s arithmetic of identity—repeated in countries once brutalized by white rulers around the world—I realized what members of the service sector assumed of me: English speaker + pale face + black hair = A foreigner. Or a mestiza. She looks like the rulers—Spanish, or American. She and her family must have some authority—perhaps political authority. She merits extra courtesy.



As I spent more time in the Philippines in the late 2000s, developing my understanding of the society my mother left in 1979, I tried to reconcile what I saw with the reality I came from. My mother was the second-to-youngest child of seven. The last home she shared with her family was a small apartment that flooded regularly. She was a scholar at Ateneo de Manila University, always explained to me as the Harvard of the Philippines. Her classmates' easy, entitled affluence depressed her. We lived in a wealthy California suburb because my mother was always conscious of the necessity to perform wealth. And we ate bread from the Wonderbread surplus store. We never, ever threw away expired meat.

But the education my parents guaranteed me, in a wealthier country that once controlled the Philippines garnered me grants and scholarships—advantages of travel that few middle-to-lower-class scholars in the Philippines will ever see.

My favorite karinderya serves scrambled eggs and rice for twenty pesos. My presence amuses and annoys the guards and drivers who were never granted scholarships to study me in my birth country. As my Tagalog improved, I began to understand their objections. Didn't I have a more sosyal place to eat as a foreigner? What was I playing at, treading into their space?

I occasionally see my relatives in Tandang Sora, a long but narrow street with many working-class neighborhoods. My cousins often think about strategies to become Overseas Filipino Workers. It isn't their first choice to leave. But they have no other escape from the criminally small wages given them. Last summer they were developing their own small karinderya.

I always consider their position against mine. It is an uneasy comparison. Had my mother not been a scholar—had her own, elder sister not married an American, and petitioned for her to join them in California—had my mother not found my father, a U.S. Naval officer who made her laugh—I too might be starting a karinderya, finding strategies to go abroad.

Whenever I visit Tandang Sora, I always bring dessert—a box of donuts, or a bag of cookies, or ice cream. My cousins always feed me: sopas, afritada, fried chicken, tilapia stuffed with garlic and tomatoes, which they know to be my favorite. They joke about my Italian side when spaghetti is on the table. They feed me well.

Of course, none of the economic struggles that once haunted my family approach the reality of the kalesa driver, who winces when he tells me about his wages, as he plies the avenues of Malate. He is allowed to take home only twenty pesos of each 100-peso ride. The rest he owes to the owner of his kalesa. It's perfectly legal. He does not say the rest, but I can perceive it: he can go to no one for fair wages.

Or my cab driver who dozes off at a stoplight—who apologizes when I nudge him—since it's the twenty-third hour of his twenty-four-hour shift. How often will he get the chance to sheepishly say, "Extra charge, ma'am," for a cross-Quezon City ride?





Or the server who looks at me in terror when we realize she brought the wrong order. Who will stop her boss from automatically deducting the two hundred pesos from her own small paycheck? Who can she look to, besides me, and the narrative of wealth my pale face projects, to momentarily assist her with a generous tip?

When I find shrewd charges added to my bills, I argue as briefly as my Tagalog-in-progress will allow. My Filipino friends say I should argue, for the principle of it. The workers are likely being dramatic, performing their desperation. My friends say they get cheated too as Filipinas.

In the end I call the overcharges my “dayuhan tax.” My foreigner tariff. The extra cost I owe for the postcolonial privileges of my face. As long as the population remains economically stranded, I suspect my American whiteness continues to be a kind of cheating in the modern Philippines.

Besides the dayuhan tax I joke about, there are other subtler, more personal taxes intrinsic to my pallid appearance. No one in the Philippines will ever immediately believe I am Filipina, no matter how strongly and how affectionately I choose the country. My Tagalog will take years to reach every day, pun-level proficiency. My mother chose not to teach me and my two younger brothers Tagalog, for fear that our Italian American father would feel excluded. My brothers feel no connection at all to her home country. I alone return regularly.

Sometimes, expats of Western countries who hear my California accent and see my pale face assume they’ve found a friendly audience for their Philippines frustrations. I’ll hear their complaints coming—Corruption! Traffic! Terrible customer service!—and I will say, stiffly, “My mother was from here.” Sometimes it gives the expats pause. Sometimes it doesn’t.

I do not know when I will deserve to say, “I am from here.” My language difficulties and my face still prevent me access to that statement. But I often hear that I am lucky. I may not belong to a ruling family, but I look and sound like I do.

On some days I don’t know what to do with all this, when I leave the room, I rent in Quezon City. On some weekends I grow so tired and confused, I don’t leave. I stay in and watch the subtitles on the local music video channel, Myx, to try and gain a little more Tagalog. I harbor dreams of using my white mestiza privilege to become a VJ, until I hear how fast and natural the VJs’ Tagalog is.

I catch a commercial for a whitening soap. I see a soap opera ad with an actress in the indigenous equivalent of blackface. I watch a cell phone commercial pandering to the longings of Overseas Filipino Workers. None of it is terribly surprising. All of it makes a certain kind of sense.

I turn the television off.

One night, a new friend invites me to a party in Forbes Park. I know the neighborhood’s name as code, the way I know certain last names as code: upper-est class, highest security, a servant for each family member, etc.



A private gate guards the house. It reminds me of the palatial, forbidding, buttery mansions I used to pass on drives through Malibu in Southern California with an ex-girlfriend who knew where celebrities lived. The young man hosting the party here in Forbes Park is connected, in a way I don't immediately grasp, to a political family.

Inside the house, a fog machine distorts the regal dark. A DJ's bass line shakes my skeleton. A man dressed like a pirate urges us to drink. Small, oval-shaped rainbows glow intensely at a slick, temporary bar. Servers call me "Ma'am!" and gesture toward the rainbows. I realize they're drinks. I pick one up. It illuminates my hand. My rainbow shot is very, very sweet.

Outside, serious-faced cooks grill hamburgers. I grew up knowing never to spurn free food, so I stand in line for one. I watch more and more young Manileños arrive. They are, I realize, all part of the ruling classes somehow, or they have befriended members of the ruling classes. Many of them—though not all—are as white as I am, or more white.

I see a mechanical bull.

"What?" a Filipina friend mocks me later, when I describe the bull and the bass line and the sweet rainbow and the Malibu-celebrity-style house and the free burger that was really very delicious. "Were you just judging it the whole time?"

I flinch. But I fail to explain to her that the same thought occurred to me at the party, too.

Why, I argued to myself, should I judge this? Why should I worry about my complicity in racial hierarchies and class hierarchies and family entrenchments that were constructed long before I ever arrived in my motherland? Why not imagine, for just one night, that I am part of a powerful family? Why not just laugh?

So, I drink another rainbow. I get photographed. I exchange business cards. I memorize new names. I watch the whipping hair of socialites who ride the now-bucking bull. In the small hours of the night, I feel glad I am able to enjoy myself.

When I finally exit the gate, I am surprised to find another, more muted party—party in the most utilitarian sense of the word.

These are the drivers and bodyguards, waiting for the members of the Philippine elite inside. They smoke and murmur to each other and check their cell phones. Their own families are waiting for them at homes far from Forbes Park.

I have no easy explanation for my feelings about this moment. The workers would not welcome, and do not deserve, my pity. But as I move mere footsteps from the company of the sovereigns to the company of their servants, I feel the uncertainty and shame that blur so often in me here. In the Philippines, I can get past the gate.



For a chance at the social mobility I perform effortlessly, many Filipinos, waiting forever, unprotected, outside barred mansions, will leave. They will hope for work in a place—Europe, or my birth country—that helped create and enforce the intractable inequity forcing their displacement today.

When I cease imagining the difference of those lives—when I choose dismissal over compassion and self-examination and criticism, to make my own path in the country feel less unnatural than it is—

How do I make space in myself for everyone on both sides of the gate? Protected and unprotected? I don't know.

I have a troubled relationship with umbrellas. They are daily necessities in Manila, where the weather can alter by the hour with the intensity of an erratic god. But I always lose umbrellas. Or I break them. It always surprises me when umbrellas break. I never expect them to be as fragile as they are.

Once, when the wind blew the trees horizontal in the business district of Ortigas, I paused in the lobby of an office tower, drenched. More and more passersby, each of their umbrellas brutalized and useless, joined me. The guards let us all stay. Most of us were waiting to walk to the MRT train. Over the next hour, we watched power lines whip and taxis forge defiantly forward and rain slash into the streets' now-surging floodwaters. We were all, for a brief moment, equally halted, equally soaked.

Then one guard noticed me.

"Taxi, ma'am?" he asked. "Taxi?"

He smiled, offering to go out into the rain for me. I smiled back, and told him no.

### **C. Post Reading Activity**

Respond critically to the following questions to process the selection. Write your answer on a separate sheet of paper.

1. Cite at least 3 instances where the writer was treated differently? Comment on the rationale behind that treatment.
2. Does the writer feel proud of herself because of this special treatment? Lift at least 3 instances from the text which illustrate her attitude towards this treatment.
3. The writer briefly narrated how her family ended up in America. How does this anecdote help in the development of this essay?
4. Comment on the hierarchies and politics associated on the author's whiteness as embedded on the text.
5. What is the significance of using the umbrella as a metaphor to the experience of the writer? Lift some instances from the text where the umbrella provided exact metaphorical figure on the Fil-Ams experience of homecoming.







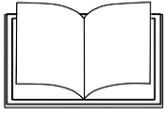
## What Is It

As time goes by, the literary genres that we used to know evolve. We can identify a good number of literary genres of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. These are but not limited to: illustrated novel, digi-fiction, graphic novels, manga, doodle fiction, text-talk novels, chick literature, flash fiction, Science fiction, blog, creative non-fiction, and hyper poetry.

Let's get to know them.

- 1) **Illustrated novel** - refers to an extended narrative with multiple images that, together with the text, produce meaning.
- 2) **Digi-fiction** – is a fiction that is written for and read from a computer and can be web- or app-based (for tablets and smartphones) or accessed via CD-ROMs.
- 3) **Graphic novel** - is a book made up of comic content. Although the word "novel" normally refers to long fictional works, the term "graphic novel" is applied broadly and includes fiction, non-fiction, and anthologized work.
- 4) **Manga** - refers to all kinds of cartooning, comics, and animation. Among English speakers, "manga" has the stricter meaning of "Japanese comics", in parallel to the usage of "anime" in and outside Japan. The term "animanga" is used to describe comics produced from animation cells.
- 5) **Doodle fiction** – is a literary presentation where the author incorporates doodle drawings and hand written graphics in place of traditional font. Drawings enhance the story, often adding humorous elements that would be missing if the illustrations were omitted.
- 6) **Text-talk novels** – stories are told almost completely in dialogue simulating social network exchange. The information of the whole work can be read at the websites, and exchange by using chat or any.
- 7) **Chick literature** - is genre fiction, which "consists of heroine-centered narratives that focus on the trials and tribulations of their individual protagonists"
- 8) **Flash Fiction** - is a fictional work of extreme brevity that still offers character and plot development. Identified varieties, many of them defined by word count, include the six-word story; the 280-character story; the "dribble"; the "drabble"; "sudden fiction"; flash fiction; and "micro-story".
- 9) **Science fiction** - based on imagined future scientific or technological advances and major social or environmental changes, frequently portraying space or time travel and life on other planets.
- 10) **Blog** - (a truncation of "weblog") is a discussion or informational website published on the World Wide Web consisting of discrete, often informal diary-style text entries (posts).
- 11) **Creative non-fiction** - is a genre of writing that uses literary styles and techniques to create factually accurate narratives.
- 12) **Hyper poetry** – is a form of digital poetry that uses links using hypertext mark-up. It is a very visual form, and is related to hypertext fiction and visual arts. The links mean that a hypertext poem has no set order, the poem moving or being generated in response to the links that the reader/user chooses.





## What's More

### Activity 1

Take a look at the 2 genres below:

<b>Under My Invisible Umbrella</b> Laurel Fantauzzo <b>(Flash fiction)</b>	<b>Two Passions And A Dream</b> Ferdinand Esguerra <b>(Blog)</b>
<p>I am a Fil-Am. When I decided to stay in the Philippines, I didn't know that I will receive such a special treatment from the guard of the building, the crew in the fast food, the sales lady in the department store to the teller in bank. I am questioning myself, I mean, them, why can't they give the same level of respect to everyone? Am I privileged enough to be born with an American father? Huh! This is absurd. Filipinos should not think and act this way. I pity the race of my own beloved mother for this ignorance. These are the things in my mind when the guard of the building about to escort me from the building going to the taxi bay with his umbrella wide open. I said, "No Kuya, I have my own umbrella and I can take care of myself from here going to the taxi bay."            - (Adapted and modified by Roger M. Calayo)</p>	<p>Kevin Obate, a physical therapist and a jazz crooner and saxophonist on the side, has a favorite piece: "Over the Rainbow."            "Somewhere, over the rainbow, skies are blue, and the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true." And so goes the Judy Garland iconic song from the 1939 film, "Wizard of Oz." The song has been covered by a hundred different artists many, many years after Dorothy and Toto looked up to the skies and belted this beautiful melody. But no matter whose and what version it is, the song would always echo a certain sense of sadness, longing, and hope.            And this is how Kevin exactly felt when he first came to the US in June 2017.            "Yes, I was able to realize my dream of working in the US, but my first few months here were really hard, very lonely, as I didn't know anybody," says this native of Dumaguete City, who graduated from the Silliman University in 2014, where he also earned his master's degree. "I had neither friends nor relatives, I was alone," says Kevin, who first worked in Connecticut. "What helped me keep my sanity were my constant video chats with friends and family back home... and my music."            Kevin has come a long way since then. Wanting to sharpen his knowledge and skills to serve his patients better, he pursued a doctorate degree at the Shenandoah University in Virginia. Kevin is now addressed as "doctor." He has also moved to New York, where he now works. Additionally, he is pursuing further studies and certification at the New York University.            His other passion? Well, he had two concerts with additional shows here and there, in less than one year. He had his first solo concert titled "Have Yourself a Jazzy, Little Christmas" in Albany in 2017, followed by a Valentine's 2018 USA Concert Tour covering New York,</p>

	<p>New Jersey, Connecticut, Maryland, Washington, Texas, and California, which he did with other Filipino artists. Recently, he had performances with Martin Nievera, Pilita Corrales, Ogie Alcasid, and Ariel Rivera, all known music personalities back in the Philippines.</p> <p>Kevin, the vice president of Jaycees International Manhattan Chapter, is doing another Valentine's concert in 2019.</p> <p>"Actually, my first 'performance' in the US was back in Connecticut where I shared my music with a group of patients that I gathered in the nursing home's function room," says Kevin, whose music genre includes smooth jazz, bossa nova, blues, and pop.</p> <p>Recently, the Pan American Concerned Citizens Action League, Inc., a New Jersey-based organization that promotes development, primarily of Asian Americans, has selected Kevin as one of its awardees, in recognition of his accomplishments as a "Sax Virtuoso and Excellence in Physical Therapy."</p> <p>"Music can really make people feel better. I really believe that. I consider myself very lucky, as I am able to combine my two loves: my work and my music. It is really one dream come true," Kevin says.</p>
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1) Compare and contrast the 3 genres of literature using the table below.

ITEM	Elements	Structure	Tradition
<b>Traditional Essay</b> Under My Invisible Umbrella (Laurel Fantauzzo)			
<b>Flash fiction</b> Under My Invisible Umbrella (Modified by Roger Calayo)			
<b>Blog</b> Two Passions And A Dream (Ferdinand Esguerra)			



## Activity 2

Get the idea from the essay *Under My Invisible Umbrella* by Laurel Fantauzzo and create your own masterpiece. This time, you are going to use any of the genres of literature from the 21<sup>st</sup> century that were discussed on the “What Is It” part of this module. You may want to make a little research about your chosen genre so you will be guided by examples published on the internet.



## What I Have Learned

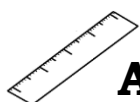
After completing the discussion of this lesson, let us answer the following questions to quantify what we have learned. Write your answer on a separate sheet of paper.

1. What can you say about the evolution of genres of literature from the traditional ones to the 21<sup>st</sup> century genres?
2. Comment on the way the flash fiction was written. Is it the same with your expectations in terms of the structural elements of how it should be written? Or do you wonder why it was written that way? How about the blog? Elaborate your thoughts.



## What I Can Do

Publish your work on Facebook and have your friends comment on it. Try to reply to the comments of your friend leading to the discussion of the genre you chose to write. Our goal here is to educate other people that there are new genres of literature other than the common traditional ones.



## Assessment

Identify the term that is being described in the following sentences. Write your answer on a separate sheet of paper.

- \_\_\_\_\_ 1. The reader must interpret the images in order to comprehend completely the story.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 2. In order to get the full story, the reader must engage in navigation, reading, viewing all three formats such as book, movie/video, and internet websites.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 3. It is a genre fiction, which "consists of heroine-centered narratives that focus on the trials and tribulations of their individual protagonists".
- \_\_\_\_\_ 4. It is used in the English-speaking world as the generic term for all comic books and graphic novels originally published in Japan.
- \_\_\_\_\_ 5. Narrative work in which the story is conveyed to the reader using comic form.





## Additional Activities

Visit <https://www.slideshare.net/lhengacusan/21st-century-literary-genre> for more information about genres of the 21<sup>st</sup> century literature.

### Post Test

Quarter 2 Module 2 – 21st Century Literary Genres, Elements, Structures, and Traditions from Across the Globe

Test 1 – Match the definition in Column A to the literary genre that is being defined in Column B. Write your answer before the number below each table.

Set A

Column A	Column B
1. Story is told almost completely in dialogue simulating social network exchange	A. Illustrated Novel
2. Refers to an extended narrative with multiple images that, together with the text, produce meaning	B. Flash Fiction
3. A form of digital poetry that uses links using hypertext mark-up	C. Text-talk Novel
4. A genre of writing that uses literary styles and techniques to create factually accurate narratives	D. Creative Non-fiction
5. A fictional work of extreme brevity that still offers character and plot development	E. Hyper poetry

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

Set B

Column A	Column B
6. Is genre fiction, which "consists of heroine-centered narratives that focus on the trials and tribulations of their individual protagonists"	A. Graphic Novel
7. Is a fiction that is written for and read from a computer and can be web- or app-based (for tablets and smartphones) or accessed via CD-ROMs.	B. Blog
8. Is a literary presentation where the author incorporates doodle drawings and hand written graphics in place of traditional font	C. Chick Literature
9. Is a book made up of comic content	D. Doodle Fiction
10. Is a discussion or informational website published on the World Wide Web consisting of discrete, often informal diary-style text entries	E. Digi-Fiction

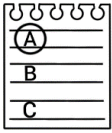
\_\_\_\_\_ 6.      \_\_\_\_\_ 7.      \_\_\_\_\_ 8.      \_\_\_\_\_ 9.      \_\_\_\_\_ 10.

Test II (10 points)

Directions: Under My Invisible Umbrella by Laurel Fantauzzo is a traditional essay. Choose one of the literary genres that emerged in the 21<sup>st</sup> century that we have discussed. Rewrite "Under My Invisible Umbrella" following the genre that you have chosen in a form of an adaptation.







## Answer Key

Test II – Answers will vary.

10. B
9. A
8. D
7. E
6. C

Set B

5. B
4. D
3. E
2. A
1. C

Test I – Set A

Post Test

<b>Assessment</b> 1. Illustrated Novel 2. Digi-Fiction 3. Chick Literature 4. Manga 5. Graphic Novel	<b>What's More</b> 1. Answer will vary.	<b>What I Know</b> 1. False 2. False 3. False 4. True 5. True
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**Answer Key**  
 Quarter II – Module 2: 21st Century Literary Genres, Elements, Structures, and Traditions from Across the Globe

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



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