Lesson 1

How Others See Me

YOUR GOALS

This lesson allows you to begin your journey into understanding yourself which will hopefully lead you to mastering yourself. You must aim to:

1. Use single word adjectives in describing yourself and your classmates.
2. Explain why your views about yourself may be different from how others view you.
3. Narrate an incident in your life which is similar to the one found in the selection.
4. Distinguish between figurative and literal language.
5. Unlock the meaning of words as used in sentences.
6. Differentiate a narrative text from other types of texts.
7. Use determiners correctly.
8. Write an anecdote following the features of narrative texts.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. How I View Myself

On a half-sheet of paper, complete the visual organizer below by writing at five traits which you believe you have.

Task 2. How Others View Me

For this activity, you will need a piece of paper, and some tape. Write your name at the center of this paper. It is advisable to encircle your name. Once your teacher has finished giving you instructions, you are to move around the classroom, look for your
classmates, and write only one word on each of their respective papers. That word must be an adjective which you think best describes that classmate. After five minutes, take the piece of paper from your back and look at how your classmates described you. Now compare the descriptions that your classmates wrote for you with those you wrote for yourself. How similar are they? How different are they?

YOUR TEXT

THE CENTIPEDE
by Rony V. Diaz

When I saw my sister, Delia, beating my dog with a stick, I felt hate heave like a caged, angry beast in my chest. Out in the sun, the hair of my sister glinted like metal and, in her brown dress, she looked like a sheathed dagger. Biryuk hugged the earth and screamed but I could not bound forward nor cry out to my sister. She had a weak heart and she must not be surprised. So I held myself, my throat swelled, and I felt hate rear and plunge in its cage of ribs.

I was thirteen when my father first took me hunting. All through the summer of that year, I had tramped alone and unarmed the fields and forest around our farm. Then one afternoon in late July my father told me I could use his shotgun.

Beyond the ipil grove, in a grass field we spotted a covey of brown pigeons. In the open, they kept springing to the air and gliding away every time we were within range. But finally they dropped to the ground inside a wedge of guava trees. My father pressed my shoulder and I stopped. Then slowly, in a half-crouch, we advanced. The breeze rose lightly; the grass scuffed against my bare legs. My father stopped again. He knelt down and held my hand.

“Wait for the birds to rise and then fire,” he whispered.

I pushed the safety lever of the rifle off and sighted along the barrel. The saddle of the stock felt greasy on my cheek. The gun was heavy and my arm muscles twitched. My mouth was dry; I felt vaguely sick. I wanted to sit down.

“You forgot to spit,” my father said.

Father had told me that hunters always spat for luck before firing. I spat and I saw the breeze bend the ragged, glassy threads of spittle toward the birds.

“That’s good,” Father said.

“Can’t we throw a stone,” I whispered fiercely. “It’s taking them a long time.”

“No, you’ve to wait.”

Suddenly, a small dog yelping shrilly came tearing across the brooding plain of grass and small trees. It raced across the plain in long slewy swoops, on outraged shanks that disappeared and flashed alternately in the light of the cloud-banked sun. One of the birds whistled and the covey dispersed like seeds thrown in the wind. I fired and my body shook with the fierce momentary life of the rifle. I saw three pigeons flutter in a last convulsive effort to stay afloat, then fall to the ground. The shot did not scare the dog. He came to us, sniffing cautiously. He circled around us until I snapped my fingers and then he came to me.

“Not bad,” my father said grinning. “Three birds with one tube.” I went to the brush to get the birds. The dog ambled after me. He found the birds for me. The breast of one of the birds was torn. The bird had fallen on a spot where the earth was worn bare, and its blood was spread like a tiny, red rag. The dog scraped the blood with his tongue. I picked up the birds and its warm, mangled flesh clung to the palm of my hand.

“You’re keen,” I said to the dog. “Here. Come here.” I offered him my bloody palm. He came to me and licked my palm clean.

I gave the birds to my father. “May I keep him, Father?” I said pointing to the dog. He put the birds in a leather bag which he carried strapped around his waist.

Father looked at me a minute and then said: “Well, I’m not sure. That dog belongs to somebody.”

“May I keep him until his owner comes for him?” I pursued.

“He’d make a good pointer,” Father remarked. “But I would not like my son to be accused of dog-stealing.”

Grade 7 English Learning Package 2
“Oh, no!” I said quickly. “I shall return him when the owner comes to claim him.”

“All right,” he said, “I hope that dog makes a hunter out of you.”

Biryuk and I became fast friends. Every afternoon after school we went to the field to chase quails or to the bank of the river which was fenced by tall, blade-sharp reeds to flush snipes. Father was away most of the time but when he was home he hunted with us.

Biryuk scampered off and my sister flung the stick at him. Then she turned about and she saw me.

“Eddie, come here,” she commanded. I approached with apprehension. Slowly, almost carefully, she reached over and twisted my ear.

“I don’t want to see that dog again in the house,” she said coldly. “That dog destroyed my slippers again. I’ll tell Berto to kill that dog if I see it around again.” She clutched one side of my face with her hot, moist hand and shoved me, roughly. I tumbled to the ground. But I did not cry or protest. I had passed that phase. Now, every word and gesture she hurled at me I caught and fed to my growing and restless hate.

My sister was the meanest creature I knew. She was eight when I was born, the day my mother died. Although we continued to live in the same house, she had gone, it seemed, to another country from where she looked at me with increasing annoyance and contempt.

One of my first solid memories was of standing before a grass hut. Its dirt floor was covered with white banana stalks, and there was a small box filled with crushed and dismembered flowers in one corner. A doll was cradled in the box. It was my sister’s playhouse and I remembered she told me to keep out of it. She was not around so I went in. The fresh banana hides were cold under my feet. The interior of the hut was rife with the sour smell of damp dead grass. Against the flowers, the doll looked incredibly heavy. I picked it up. It was slight but it had hard, unflexing limbs. I tried to bend one of the legs and it snapped. I stared with horror at the hollow tube that was the leg of the doll. Then I saw my sister coming.

I hid the leg under one of the banana pelts. She was running and I knew she was furious. The walls of the hut suddenly constricted me. I felt sick with a nameless pain. My sister snatched the doll from me and when she saw the torn leg she gasped. She pushed me hard and I crashed against the wall of the hut. The flimsy wall collapsed over me. I heard my sister screaming; she denounced me in a high, wild voice and my body ached with fear. She seized one of the saplings that held up the hut and hit me again and again until the flesh of my back and thighs sang with pain. Then suddenly my sister moaned; she seized one of the saplings that held up the hut and hit me again and again until the flesh of my back and thighs sang with pain. Then suddenly my sister moaned; she stiffened, the sapling fell from her hand and quietly, as though a sling were lowering her, she sank to the ground. Her eyes were wild as scud and on the edges of her lips, drawn tight over her teeth, quivered a wide lace of froth. I ran to the house yelling for Father.

She came back from the hospital in the city, pale and quiet and mean, drained, it seemed, of all emotions, she moved and acted with the keen, perversity and deceptive dullness of a sheathed knife, concealing in her body that awful power for inspiring fear and pain and hate, not always with its drawn blade but only with its fearful shape, defined by the sheath as her meanness was defined by her body.

Nothing I did ever pleased her. She destroyed willfully anything I liked. At first, I took it as a process of adaptation, a step of adjustment; I snatched and crushed every seed of anger she planted in me, but later on I realized that it had become a habit with her. I did not say anything when she told Berto to kill my monkey because it snickered at her one morning, while she was brushing her teeth. I did not say anything when she told Father that she did not like my pigeon house because it stank and I had to give away my pigeons and Berto had to chop the house into kindling wood. I learned how to hold myself because I knew we had to put up with her whims to keep her calm and quiet. But when she dumped my butterflies into a waste can and burned them in the backyard, I realized that she was spiting me.

My butterflies never snickered at her and they did not smell. I kept them in an unused cabinet in the living room and unless she opened the drawers, they were out of her sight. And she knew too that my butterfly collection had grown with me. But when I arrived home, one afternoon, from school, I found my butterflies in a can, burned in their cotton beds like deckle. I wept and Father had to call my sister for an explanation. She stood straight and calm before Father but my tear-loged eyes saw only her harsh and arrogant silhouette. She looked at me curiously but she did not say anything and Father began gently to question her. She listened politely and when Father had stopped talking, she said without rush, heat or concern: “They were attracting ants.”

I ran after Biryuk. He had fled to the brambles. I ran after him, bugling his name. I found him under a low, shriveled bush. I called him and he only whimpered. Then I saw that one of his eyes was bleeding. I sat on the ground and looked closer. The eye had been pierced. The stick of my sister had
stabbed the eye of my dog. I was stunned. For a long time I sat motionless, staring at Biryuk. Then I felt hate crouch; its paws dug hard into the floor of its cage; it bunched muscles tensed; it held itself for a minute and then it sprang and the door of the cage crashed open and hate clawed wildly my brain. I screamed. Biryuk, frightened, yelped and fled, rattling the dead bush that sheltered him. I did not run after him.

A large hawk wheeled gracefully above a group of birds. It flew in a tightening spiral above the birds.

On my way back to the house, I passed the woodshed. I saw Berto in the shade of a tree, splitting wood. He was splitting the wood he had stacked last year. A mound of bone-white slats was piled near his chopping block. When he saw me, he stopped and called me.

His head was drenched with sweat. He brushed away the sweat and hair from his eyes and said to me: “I’ve got something for you.”

He dropped his ax and walked into the woodshed. I followed him. Berto went to a corner of the shed. I saw a jute sack spread on the ground. Berto stopped and picked up the sack.

“Look,” he said.
I approached. Pinned to the ground by a piece of wood, was a big centipede. Its malignantly red body twitched back and forth.

“It’s large,” I said.

“I found him under the stack I chopped.” Berto smiled happily; he looked at me with his muddy eyes.

“You know,” he said. “That son of a devil nearly frightened me to death”

I stiffened. “Did it, really?” I said trying to control my rising voice. Berto was still grinning and I felt hot all over.

“I didn’t expect to find any centipede here,” he said. “It nearly bit me. Who wouldn’t get shocked?”

He bent and picked up a piece of wood.

“This wood was here,” he said and put down the block. “Then I picked it up, like this. And this centipede was coiled here. Right here. I nearly touched it with my hand. What do you think you would feel?”

I did not answer. I squatted to look at the reptile. Its antennae quivered searching the tense afternoon air. I picked up a sliver of wood and prodded the centipede. It uncoiled viciously. Its pinchers slashed at the tiny spear.

“I could carry it dead,” I said half-aloud.

“Yes,” Berto said. “I did not kill him because I knew you would like it.”

“Yes, you’re right.”

“That’s bigger than the one you found last year, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it’s very much bigger.”

I stuck the sliver into the carapace of the centipede. It went through the flesh under the red armor; a whitish liquid oozed out. Then I made sure it was dead by brushing its antennae. The centipede did not move. I wrapped it in a handkerchief.

My sister was enthroned in a large chair in the porch of the house. Her back was turned away from the door; she sat facing the window. She was embroidering a strip of white cloth. I went near, I stood behind her chair. She was not aware of my presence. I unwrapped the centipede. I threw it on her lap.

My sister shrieked and the strip of white sheet flew off like an unhanded hawk. She shot up from her chair, turned around and she saw me but she collapsed again to her chair clutching her breast, doubled up with pain. The centipede had fallen to the floor.

“You did it,” she gasped. “You tried to kill me. You’ve health… life… you tried…” Her voice dragged off into a pain-stricken moan.

I was engulfed by a sudden feeling of pity and guilt.

“But it’s dead!” I cried kneeling before her. “It’s dead! Look! Look!” I snatched up the centipede and crushed its head between my fingers. “It’s dead!”

My sister did not move. I held the centipede before her like a hunter displaying the tail of a deer, save that the centipede felt thorny in my hand.
YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. Using Context Clues in finding Synonyms

Encircle the letter of the option that best approximates the underlined word in each sentence.

1. George could only stand in shock as Lilian **tramped** across the field, her angry eyes latched on to him.
   A. tread heavily
   B. walked slowly
   C. limped quickly
   D. darted past

2. The vendor, hoping to finish selling his goods before noon, **ambled** toward the group of clueless tourists.
   A. crawled
   B. sold
   C. walked
   D. limped

3. While Jonathan escaped the accident with just a scratch on his arm, his car was badly **mangled**.
   A. spared
   B. scratched
   C. returned
   D. ruined

4. Lourdes watched the performance with **apprehension**; she felt that anytime now, someone would make a mistake and the audience would laugh at her class.
   A. fascination
   B. dread
   C. rapture
   D. listlessness

5. The mayor **denounced** the kidnapping of the eight year old year, and vowed that he would do everything in his power to get the girl back and punish the kidnappers to the fullest extent of the law.
   A. condemned
   B. criticized
   C. commented
   D. contorted

6. Kyla's lips started to **quiver** when she heard that her daughter had been kidnapped.
   A. close
   B. open
   C. shrink
   D. tremble

7. The prima ballerina **snickered** when she saw her main rival stumbling over the new dance steps.
   A. laughed derisively
   B. coughed politely
   C. commented
   D. parodied

Task 2. Literal or Figurative?

Determine whether each statement below is literal or figurative. Write L if the statement is literal (i.e. there is no other meaning). Write F if the statement is figurative (i.e. there is an underlying meaning).

1. Berto was tasked by Delia to kill Berto’s adopted dog.
2. Centipedes often scare people because of how they look.
3. Delia’s resentment toward Eddie could be traced back to their mother’s death.
4. Eddie saw his sister as a thorn on his side – something which should be plucked.
5. Eddie’s feelings toward his sister could be compared to that of an overheated kettle.
6. Eddie’s sister was stunned when she saw the centipede.
7. Even as a young boy, Eddie already had the instincts of a hunter.
8. For most of the story, Eddie and Delia were like oil and water.
9. Once, Eddie thought that Delia was extending the olive branch to him.
10. Their father often told Eddie and Delia to keep the peace.

Task 3. Locate, Reflect, Evaluate!

Locate information in the selection to complete the table below. Make sure you can defend your answers.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>How Eddie Viewed His Sister</th>
<th>How Eddie Viewed Himself</th>
<th>How Eddie’s Sister Viewed Him</th>
<th>How Eddie’s Sister Viewed Herself</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

Once you have finished with the table above, answer the following questions in your notebook. Be prepared to share your answers with the rest of the class.

1. Do you think Eddie’s actions at the end of the story were justified? Why or why not?
2. Had you been in the same situation, would you have done what Eddie did? Why or why not?
3. Why is the story entitled as such? What is the title’s significance to the developments in the story?
Task 4. Watch Out!

A. Study the following sentences. Choose the determiner that will best complete each sentence.
1. _____ stolen cart was returned to the farmer the following day by the policemen. (an, the, their)
2. Joseph ignored _______ warning that nobody should leave the building. (Luke’s, his, he’s)
3. Lily managed to round up _____ bystanders to serve as the audience for her seminar.
   (much, a little, a few)
4. Liza tried to retrieve _____ cap, but she was afraid to climb the tree. (this, her, their)
5. Mr. Reyes told the restless crowd that everyone had to wait for _____ hour for the guest speaker.
   (a, an, the)
6. My father gave me _____ watch before I left for Manila. (these, this, an)
7. The branch manager told his staff to make sure that _____ important documents should be sent to
   the main office by the end of the day. (a, an, the)
8. The company lost _______ boxes of its products when its delivery truck fell off a cliff.
   (three hundred, these, theirs)
9. The lawyers gave the complainants _______ days to respond to the motion. (fifteen, the, those)
10. The teacher gave the students an exam after a few of them challenged her lecture. _____ a behavior
    was unacceptable to the teacher. (what, such, theirs)

B. Determine whether the sentences are using the underlined determiners correctly. If the underlined
   determiner is wrong, encircle it, then provide the determiner that will make the sentence correct. If the
   sentence already makes proper use of the underlined determiner, write C in front of the number.
1. _______ history of the Philippines was at first written by Americans.
2. _______ new president is often given a hundred days by the media before they begin criticizing his or her
   policies.
3. As punishment for their offense, the students were told to make sure that _______ school was always clean.
4. Because Mario couldn’t find _______ wallet, he borrowed money from his colleague.
5. Due to _______ President’s motorcade, we were stuck in traffic for two hours.
6. Jonathan’s record, which has remained unbroken until this day, remains _______ legend.
7. _______ water was needed in order to quench the debater’s thirst.
8. Marjorie decided to leave her house when she saw _______ rat colonies in her kitchen.
9. People should keep _______ noses in their own business.
10. _______ documents in my hands will determine the outcome of this election.

YOUR FINAL TASK

A Story from my Past

Think of a story from your childhood when you played a prank on a sibling, friend, or parent. If you
are still in good terms with that person, interview him or her so that you can get a more complete view
of that episode. Complete the statement that follows the grid.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I played a prank on…</th>
<th>Because…</th>
<th>The Result was…</th>
<th>I learned that…</th>
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</table>

Once you are done with the grid, you may be asked by your teacher to share your anecdote with
your classmates. Write it in story form. You may change the names of the persons involved.
Lesson 2

Valuing My Family

YOUR GOALS

This lesson makes you realize that family members wherever they may be still form the core of our personhood. As you appreciate more your family, you must be able to:

1. Use demonstrations and examples to know meaning of words and phrases
2. Determine the order of significant events in the text that you listened to
3. Compare and contrast ideas presented in a selection or a set of related selections
4. Identify simile that shows comparison
5. Use information presented in a reading selection to infer, evaluate, and express critical ideas
6. Use correct determiners
7. Identify the features of primary and secondary sources
8. Distinguish between and among a journal entry, an anecdote, a travelogue, a personal letter, and a blog entry

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. Word Play

1. Demonstrate the following phrases:
   a. with animation and lively talk
   b. disengaged a ponderous bundle
   c. breathless exclamation of delight
   d. a swift constriction in her throat

2. An itinerary is a detailed plan for a trip. Make an itinerary for your grade level field trip. Consider expected time of departure and arrival and time allotment for each place. Be guided by the table below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Venue/Place</th>
<th>Activity</th>
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Task 2. Total Recall

How do you and your family remember a dead loved one? How did Mr. Angeles remember his dead children?
1. Read silently the part assigned to you.
2. Listen for the cue when you are to read your part.
3. Listen to the details that tell about how Mr. Angeles remembered his dead children as the rest of
   the members read their parts.

**The Mats**

*by Francisco Arcellana*

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For the Angeles family, Mr. Angeles' homecoming from his periodic inspection trips was always an occasion for celebration. But his homecoming—from a trip to the South—was fated to be more memorable than, say, of the others.

He had written from Mariveles: "I have just met a marvelous matweaver—a real artist—and I shall have a surprise for you. I asked him to weave a sleeping-mat for every one of the family. He is using many different colors and for each mat the dominant color is that of our respective birthstones. I am sure that the children will be very pleased. I know you will be. I can hardly wait to show them to you."

Nana Emilia read the letter that morning, and again and again every time she had a chance to leave the kitchen. In the evening when all the children were home from school she asked her oldest son, José, to read the letter at dinner table. The children became very much excited about the mats, and talked about them until late into the night. This she wrote her husband when she labored over a reply to him. For days after that, mats continued to be the chief topic of conversation among the children.

Finally, from Lopez, Mr. Angeles wrote again: "I am taking the Bicol Express tomorrow. I have the mats with me, and they are beautiful. God willing, I shall be home to join you at dinner."

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The letter was read aloud during the noon meal. Talk about the mats flared up again like wildfire.

"I like the feel of mats," Antonio, the third child, said. "I like the smell of new mats."

"Oh, but these mats are different," interposed Susanna, the fifth child. "They have our names woven into them, and in our ascribed colors, too."

The children knew what they were talking about: they knew just what a decorative mat was like; it was not anything new or strange in their experience. That was why they were so excited about the matter. They had such a mat in the house, one they seldom used, a mat older than any one of them.

This mat had been given to Nana Emilia by her mother when she and Mr. Angeles were married, and it had been with them ever since. It had served on the wedding night, and had not since been used except on special occasions.

It was a very beautiful mat, not really meant to be ordinarily used. It had green leaf borders, and a lot of gigantic red roses woven into it. In the middle, running the whole length of the mat, was the lettering: Emilia y Jaime Recuerdo.

The letters were in gold.
3 Nana Emilia always kept that mat in her trunk. When any one of the family was taken ill, the mat was brought out and the patient slept on it, had it all to himself. Every one of the children had some time in their lives slept on it; not a few had slept on it more than once.

Most of the time the mat was kept in Nana Emilia’s trunk, and when it was taken out and spread on the floor the children were always around to watch. At first there had been only Nana Emilia to see the mat spread. Then a child--a girl--watched with them. The number of watchers increased as more children came.

The mat did not seem to age. It seemed to Nana Emilia always as new as when it had been laid on the nuptial bed. To the children it seemed as new as the first time it was spread before them. The folds and creases always new and fresh. The smell was always the smell of a new mat. Watching the intricate design was an endless joy. The children’s pleasure at the golden letters even before they could work out the meaning was boundless. Somehow they were always pleasantly shocked by the sight of the mat: so delicate and so consummate the artistry of its weave.

Now, taking out that mat to spread had become a kind of ritual. The process had become associated with illness in the family. Illness, even serious illness, had not been infrequent. There had been deaths...

4 In the evening Mr. Angeles was with his family. He had brought the usual things home with him. There was a lot of fruits, as always (his itinerary carried him through the fruit-growing provinces): pineapples, lanzones, chicos, atis, santol, sandia, guyabano, avocado, according to the season. He had also brought home a jar of preserved sweets from Lopez.

Putting away the fruit, sampling them, was as usual accomplished with animation and lively talk. Dinner was a long affair. Mr. Angeles was full of stories about his trip but would interrupt his tales with: “I could not sleep nights thinking of the young ones. They should never be allowed to play in the streets. And you older ones should not stay out too late at night.”

The stories petered out and dinner was over. Putting away the dishes and wiping the dishes and wiping the table clean did not at all seem tedious. Yet Nana and the children, although they did not show it, were all on edge about the mats.

Finally, after a long time over his cigar, Mr. Angeles rose from his seat at the head of the table and crossed the room to the corner where his luggage had been piled. From the heap he disengaged a ponderous bundle.

5 Taking it under one arm, he walked to the middle of the room where the light was brightest. He dropped the bundle and, bending over and balancing himself on his toes, he strained at the cord that bound it. It was strong, it would not break, it would not give way. He tried working at the knots. His fingers were clumsy, they had begun shaking.

He raised his head, breathing heavily, to ask for the scissors. Alfonso, his youngest boy, was to one side of him with the scissors ready.

Nana Emilia and her eldest girl who had long returned from the kitchen were watching the proceedings quietly.
One swift movement with the scissors, snip! and the bundle was loose. Turning to Nana Emilia, Mr. Angeles joyfully cried: "These are the mats, Miling." Mr. Angeles picked up the topmost mat in the bundle.

"This, I believe, is yours, Miling."

6 Nana Emilia stepped forward to the light, wiping her still moist hands against the folds of her skirt, and with a strange young shyness received the mat. The children watched the spectacle silently and then broke into delighted, though a little self-conscious, laughter. Nana Emilia unfolded the mat without a word. It was a beautiful mat: to her mind, even more beautiful than the one she received from her mother on her wedding. There was a name in the very center of it: EMILIA. The letters were large, done in green. Flowers-cadena-de-amor--were woven in and out among the letters. The border was a long winding twig of cadena-de-amor.

The children stood about the spreading mat. The air was punctuated by their breathless exclamations of delight.

"It is beautiful, Jaime; it is beautiful!" Nana Emilia's voice broke, and she could not say any more.

"And this, I know, is my own," said Mr. Angeles of the next mat in the bundle. The mat was rather simply decorated, the design almost austere, and the only colors used were purple and gold. The letters of the name Jaime were in purple.

"And this, for your, Marcelina."

Marcelina was the oldest child. She had always thought her name too long; it had been one of her worries with regard to the mat. "How on earth are they going to weave all of the letters of my name into my mat?" she had asked of almost everyone in the family. Now it delighted her to see her whole name spelled out on the mat, even if the letters were a little small. Besides, there was a device above her name which pleased Marcelina very much. It was in the form of a lyre, finely done in three colors. Marcelina was a student of music and was quite a proficient pianist.

7 "And this is for you, José."

José was the second child. He was a medical student already in the third year of medical school. Over his name the symbol of Aesculapius was woven into the mat.

"You are not to use this mat until the year of your internship," Mr. Angeles was saying.

"This is yours, Antonia."

"And this is yours, Juan."
"And this is yours, Jesus."

Mat after mat was unfolded. On each of the children’s mats there was somehow an appropriate device.

At least all the children had been shown their individual mats. The air was filled with their excited talk, and through it all Mr. Angeles was saying over and over again in his deep voice:
You are not to use these mats until you go to the University."

Then Nana Emilia noticed bewilderingly that there were some more mats remaining to be unfolded.

"But Jaime," Nana Emilia said, wondering, with evident repudiation, "there are some more mats."

8 Only Mr. Angeles seemed to have heard Nana Emilia's words. He suddenly stopped talking, as if he had been jerked away from a pleasant fantasy. A puzzled, reminiscent look came into his eyes, superseding the deep and quiet delight that had been briefly there, and when he spoke his voice was different.

"Yes, Emilia," said Mr. Angeles, "There are three more mats to unfold. The others who aren't here..."

Nana Emilia caught her breath; there was a swift constriction in her throat; her face paled and she could not say anything.

The self-centered talk of the children also died. There was a silence as Mr. Angeles picked up the first of the remaining mats and began slowly unfolding it.

The mat was almost as austere in design as Mr. Angeles' own, and it had a name. There was no symbol or device above the name; only a blank space, emptiness.

The children knew the name. But somehow the name, the letters spelling the name, seemed strange to them.

Then Nana Emilia found her voice.

"You know, Jaime, you didn't have to," Nana Emilia said, her voice hurt and surely frightened.

9 Mr. Angeles held his tears back; there was something swift and savage in the movement.

"Do you think I'd forgotten? Do you think I had forgotten them? Do you think I could forget them?"

"This is for you, Josefina!"

"And this is for you, Victoria!"

"And this is for you, Concepcion."

Mr. Angeles called the names rather than uttered them.

"Don't, Jaime, please don't," was all that Nana Emilia managed to say.

"Is it fair to forget them? Would it be just to disregard them?" Mr. Angeles demanded rather than asked.

10 His voice had risen shrill, almost hysterical; it was also stern and sad, and somehow vindictive. Mr. Angeles had spoken almost as if he were a stranger.

Also, he had spoken as if from a deep, grudgingly-silent, long-bewildered sorrow.
The children heard the words exploding in the silence. They wanted to turn away and not see the face of their father. But they could neither move nor look away; his eyes held them, his voice held them where they were. They seemed rooted to the spot.

Nana Emilia shivered once or twice, bowed her head, gripped her clasped hands between her thighs. There was a terrible hush. The remaining mats were unfolded in silence. The names which were with infinite slowness revealed, seemed strange and stranger still; the colors not bright but deathly dull; the separate letters, spelling out the names of the dead among them, did not seem to glow or shine with a festive sheen as did the other living names.

Task 1. Check Point
Answer the following questions:

1. What presents did Mr. Angeles bring home for the family?
2. What made these mats special and unique?
3. How were the last three mats different from the rest?
4. What was the effect of death on the Angeles family?

YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. We Are Family

1. Describe the relationship among the members of the Angeles family using a sociogram.
2. Include the following details:
   a. Names of the family members
   b. Relationship to each other
   c. Qualities or characteristics
   d. Attitudes/Reactions towards the members
   e. Family issues

Task 2. Spoken For

1. Write down the similarities and differences among the mats using the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Features of the mats</th>
<th>Nana Miling</th>
<th>Marcelina</th>
<th>-----</th>
<th>-----</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a. Materials</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b. Design</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Share your findings with the group using expressions like both, similar to, different from, on the other hand, and the like.
3. Using the same group, talk about Filipino attitudes and practices regarding death.
4. Make an oral report of their similarities and differences.
Task 3. As You Like It

1. Read the following sentences and take note of the underlined phrases.
   a. Talk about the mats flared up again like wildfire.
   b. To the children it seemed as new as the first time it was spread before them.
   c. The mat was almost as austere in design as Mr. Angeles’ own, and it had a name.
   d. The separate letters, spelling out the names of the dead among them, did not seem glow or shine with a festive sheen as did the other living names.

2. Answer the following questions:
   a. What two items are being compared in each sentence?
   b. What words or expressions are used to compare them?
   c. How does simile make a sentence more meaningful?

3. Compare and contrast the following people with objects. Use as and like in your sentences. Be imaginative.
   a. Your best friend
   b. Your favorite artist
   c. A political figure
   d. A modern hero
   e. You

4. Make a research regarding other cultures’ burial practices and beliefs. Write a comparison-contrast paragraph about these in relation to the Filipino culture. Use similes in your paragraph.

Task 3. Certainly Certain

1. Study the following phrases:
   a. an occasion for celebration
   b. a marvelous matweaver
   c. our respective birthstones
   d. that mat in his truck
   e. whose name was in the center

2. Answer the questions that follow:
   a. What word introduces each phrase?
   b. What do these words do to the nouns in the phrases?

3. Look for phrases that are introduced by the determiners like a, an, the, that, his, etc.

Task 4. Making It Whole

Read through the text. Supply the blanks with appropriate determiners. Write your answers on the blanks.
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS ON MAT
WEAVING IN THE PHILIPPINES:
Mat Industry in Apalit, Province of Pampanga, Luzon
Patricio C. Gozum

There are two principal causes for the development of mat industry in Apalit: first is the supply of labor, and second, the proximity of material. 1. _____ industry is appropriately called home industry of the Apalit mothers and women. In general, 2. _____ girls learn the job at a very early age. It has been the custom there, especially among the poor and middle classes, with the exception of the very few rich families, that 3. _____ woman who does not know how to make mats is very lazy and is not one whom the Apalit young men regard with much respect. Thus the women who work primarily to increase 4. _____ family income and those who learn the industry to gain the respect of the people, form the aggregate labor for the development of 5. _____ industry. The increased demand for mats has recently encouraged the mat weavers.

The material used is the leaves of the buri palm. The plant grows abundantly in Arayat; but the facility of transportation is such that, though 6. _____ plant does not thrive well in Apalit, the weavers can get their materials easily. The Pampanga River serves as 7. _____ easy means for taking the buri leaves to Apalit with but very slight expense in comparison with what the weavers get for their finished mats. The green leaves sink, but they can easily be made to float by using 8. _____ banca (boat) of considerable size across which are fastened bamboo poles to which in turn are attached the heavy buri leaves. Then they float and are carried along the river by the current from Arayat down to Apalit where they are distributed to 9. _____ industrious women and girls.

In 10. _____ industry, there is also a division of labor. The women cannot leave the homes and go to Arayat to get the material, so the men who can save time from their blacksmithing or farming have to go and get it. Nowadays there are 11. _____ men who usually go to buy the buri leaves and sell them when they go to Apalit, getting thus some profit for their enterprise. The boys or husbands of 12. _____ weavers take the leaves in bulk to their homes, strip them from their stems and remove the ribs. The women and children then do the rest of the work until mats ready for market are made. The buri left in the sunshine until it is dry. As soon as it is dry, it is rolled up so that 13. _____ curled parts will become straight or flat. Now it is ready to be cut into narrow long strips to be woven into mats. The mats thus made are called diawa. Oftentimes, they first boil 14. _____ buri with water mixed with vinegar before they dry, roll, and strip it. The mats thus made with this boiled buri are called linaga, distinguished from diawa in that the former is very white while 15. _____ latter is greyish.

Retrieved 29 January 2012 from nirc.nanzan-u.ac.jp/publications/afs/.../a74.pdf
YOUR FINAL TASK

Task 1. Nothing But the Truth
1. When conducting research, what library sources do you use?
2. Below are different sources of information. Group them into two. The first two items are done for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>interviews</th>
<th>books</th>
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</table>

- experiments
- encyclopedia
- magazines
- newspapers
- observations
- questionnaires
- speeches
- computer software
- documents

3. What is the common characteristic of the sources in the first column? in the second column?
4. What is the importance of primary sources in doing research?
5. When are secondary sources used?

Task 2: Sourcing Information
1. Locate examples of primary and secondary sources. In particular, look for a journal entry, an anecdote, a travelogue, a personal letter, and a blog entry in the library.
2. Study them and summarize your findings in the table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sources</th>
<th>Characteristics</th>
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<tbody>
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</tbody>
</table>

3. Choose one from the tasks:
   a. Assume that you are Mr. Angeles. Make a travelogue about your trips in Southern Philippines.
   b. Write a journal entry regarding personal experiences of losing a loved one.
   c. Write a personal letter to Mr. Angeles expressing your sympathy and encouragement.
   d. Write an anecdote on coping with a loss.
Lesson 3

Reconciling the Past and the Present

YOUR GOALS

This lesson makes you understand the importance of relationships and decision-making in relation to societal norms. As you weave the old and the new, you must be able to:

1. Identify terms that express local color and use them to better understand a text
2. Note specific words or expressions that signal or emphasize crucial details in the narrative listened to
3. Express agreement or disagreement on ideas presented in the selection
4. Identify and use analogy when comparing and contrasting
5. Use predictive and anticipatory devices about the topic of reading selection
6. Use information presented in a reading selection to infer, evaluate, and express critical ideas
7. Use varied noun complementation forms
8. Identify the features of secondary information sources
9. Write an anecdote based on a significant personal experience

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. Password

1. Draw the following:
   a. caretela
   b. calesa
   c. camino real
   d. papayas in bloom
   e. saw-tooth rim of the hills
   f. coconut husk
   g. sinta

2. Study the following words and tell what they represent.
   a. Ca Celin
   b. Baldo
   c. Labang
   d. Manang/Manong
   e. Maria
   f. Leon
   g. Hoy!
   h. Waig
   i. Lacay Julian

3. Read through again the sets of words in numbers 1 and 2.
   a. What is common among them?
   b. In what context are they usually used?
   c. What does local color do when telling a story and describing a place, person, object, or event?
Task 2. Once in a Lifetime

1. What do Filipinos usually consider in choosing a lifetime partner? Make a list of these considerations and rank them according to importance.
2. Find out if these considerations are also observed by Noel and his family.

Task 3: Father and Son

1. Listen as your classmates read the dialogue between Baldo and his father.
2. Take note of words or expressions that emphasize crucial details.

YOUR TEXT

How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife
by Manuel Arguilla
(an excerpt)

There was no light in Father's room. There was no movement. He sat in the big armchair by the western window, and a star shone directly through it. He was smoking, but he removed the roll of tobacco from his mouth when he saw me. He laid it carefully on the windowsill before speaking.

"Did you meet anybody on the way?" he asked.

"No, Father," I said. "Nobody passes through the Waig at night."

He reached for his roll of tobacco and hitched himself up in the chair.

"She is very beautiful, Father."

"Was she afraid of Labang?" My father had not raised his voice, but the room seemed to resound with it. And again I saw her eyes on the long curving horns and the arm of my brother Leon around her shoulders.

"No, Father, she was not afraid."

"On the way---"

"She looked at the stars, Father. And Manong Leon sang."

"What did he sing?"

"---Sky Sown with Stars... She sang with him."

He was silent again. I could hear the low voices of Mother and my sister Aurelia downstairs. There was also the voice of my brother Leon, and I thought that Father's voice must have been like it when Father was young. He had laid the roll of tobacco on the windowsill once more. I watched the smoke waver faintly upward from the lighted end and vanish slowly into the night outside.

Task 1. Checkmate

Answer the following questions:

1. Who were Baldo and his father talking about?
2. How did Baldo describe the woman?
3. What was the reaction of the father regarding the woman? Cite details from the text you listened to.

4. What was the relationship of the woman to Manong Leon? Say the lines that indicate the relationship.

5. Find out the whole story behind the dialogue. Read “How My Brother Leon Brought Home a Wife” by Manuel Arguilla.

She stepped down from the carretela of Ca Celin with a quick, delicate grace. She was lovely. She was tall. She looked up to my brother with a smile, and her forehead was on a level with his mouth.

"You are Baldo," she said and placed her hand lightly on my shoulder. Her nails were long, but they were not painted. She was fragrant like a morning when papayas are in bloom. And a small dimple appeared momentarily high on her right cheek. "And this is Labang of whom I have heard so much." She held the wrist of one hand with the other and looked at Labang, and Labang never stopped chewing his cud. He swallowed and brought up to his mouth more cud and the sound of his insides was like a drum.

I laid a hand on Labang's massive neck and said to her: "You may scratch his forehead now."

She hesitated and I saw that her eyes were on the long, curving horns. But she came and touched Labang's forehead with her long fingers, and Labang never stopped chewing his cud except that his big eyes half closed. And by and by she was scratching his forehead very daintily.

My brother Leon put down the two trunks on the grassy side of the road. He paid Ca Celin twice the usual fare from the station to the edge of Nagrebcan. Then he was standing beside us, and she turned to him eagerly. I watched Ca Celin, where he stood in front of his horse, and he ran his fingers through its forelock and could not keep his eyes away from her.

"Maria---" my brother Leon said.

He did not say Maring. He did not say Mayang. I knew then that he had always called her Maria and that to us all she would be Maria; and in my mind I said 'Maria' and it was a beautiful name.

"Yes, Noel."

Now where did she get that name? I pondered the matter quietly to myself, thinking Father might not like it. But it was only the name of my brother Leon said backward and it sounded much better that way.

"There is Nagrebcan, Maria," my brother Leon said, gesturing widely toward the west.

She moved close to him and slipped her arm through his. And after a while she said quietly.

"You love Nagrebcan, don't you, Noel?"

Ca Celin drove away hi-yi-ing to his horse loudly. At the bend of the camino real where the big duhat tree grew, he rattled the handle of his braided rattan whip against the spokes of the wheel.

We stood alone on the roadside.

The sun was in our eyes, for it was dipping into the bright sea. The sky was wide and deep and very blue above us: but along the saw-tooth rim of the Katayaghan hills to the southwest flamed huge masses of clouds. Before us the fields swam in a golden haze through which floated big purple and red and yellow bubbles when I looked at the sinking sun. Labang's white coat, which I had washed and brushed that morning with coconut husk, glistened like beaten cotton under the lamplight and his horns appeared tipped with fire.
He faced the sun and from his mouth came a call so loud and vibrant that the earth seemed to tremble underfoot. And far away in the middle of the field a cow lowed softly in answer.

"Hitch him to the cart, Baldo," my brother Leon said, laughing, and she laughed with him a big uncertainly, and I saw that he had put his arm around her shoulders.

"Why does he make that sound?" she asked. "I have never heard the like of it."

"There is not another like it," my brother Leon said. "I have yet to hear another bull call like Labang. In all the world there is no other bull like him."

She was smiling at him, and I stopped in the act of tying the sinta across Labang's neck to the opposite end of the yoke, because her teeth were very white, her eyes were so full of laughter, and there was the small dimple high up on her right cheek.

"If you continue to talk about him like that, either I shall fall in love with him or become greatly jealous."

My brother Leon laughed and she laughed and they looked at each other and it seemed to me there was a world of laughter between them and in them.

I climbed into the cart over the wheel and Labang would have bolted, for he was always like that, but I kept a firm hold on his rope. He was restless and would not stand still, so that my brother Leon had to say "Labang" several times. When he was quiet again, my brother Leon lifted the trunks into the cart, placing the smaller on top.

She looked down once at her high-heeled shoes, then she gave her left hand to my brother Leon, placed a foot on the hub of the wheel, and in one breath she had swung up into the cart. Oh, the fragrance of her. But Labang was fairly dancing with impatience and it was all I could do to keep him from running away.

"Give me the rope, Baldo," my brother Leon said. "Maria, sit down on the hay and hold on to anything." Then he put a foot on the left shaft and that instant Labang leaped forward. My brother Leon laughed as he drew himself up to the top of the side of the cart and made the slack of the rope hiss above the back of Labang. The wind whistled against my cheeks and the rattling of the wheels on the pebbly road echoed in my ears.

She sat up straight on the bottom of the cart, legs bent together to one side, her skirts spread over them so that only the toes and heels of her shoes were visible. Her eyes were on my brother Leon's back; I saw the wind on her hair. When Labang slowed down, my brother Leon handed to me the rope. I knelt on the straw inside the cart and pulled on the rope until Labang was merely shuffling along, then I made him turn around.

"What is it you have forgotten now, Baldo?" my brother Leon said.

I did not say anything but tickled with my fingers the rump of Labang; and away we went—back to where I had unhitched and waited for them. The sun had sunk and down from the wooded sides of the Katayaghan hills shadows were stealing into the fields. High up overhead the sky burned with many slow fires.

When I sent Labang down the deep cut that would take us to the dry bed of the Waig which could be used as a path to our place during the dry season, my brother Leon laid a hand on my shoulder and said sternly:

"Who told you to drive through the fields tonight?"

His hand was heavy on my shoulder, but I did not look at him or utter a word until we were on the rocky bottom of the Waig.
"Baldo, you fool, answer me before I lay the rope of Labang on you. Why do you follow the Waig instead of the camino real?"

His fingers bit into my shoulder.

"Father, he told me to follow the Waig tonight, Manong."

Swiftly, his hand fell away from my shoulder and he reached for the rope of Labang. Then my brother Leon laughed, and he sat back, and laughing still, he said:

"And I suppose Father also told you to hitch Labang to the cart and meet us with him instead of with Castano and the calesa."

Without waiting for me to answer, he turned to her and said, "Maria, why do you think Father should do that, now?" He laughed and added, "Have you ever seen so many stars before?"

I looked back and they were sitting side by side, leaning against the trunks, hands clasped across knees. Seemingly, but a man’s height above the tops of the steep banks of the Wait, hung the stars. But in the deep gorge the shadows had fallen heavily, and even the white of Labang's coat was merely a dim, grayish blur. Crickets chirped from their homes in the cracks in the banks. The thick, unpleasant smell of dangla bushes and cooling sun-heated earth mingled with the clean, sharp scent of arrais roots exposed to the night air and of the hay inside the cart.

"Look, Noel, yonder is our star!" Deep surprise and gladness were in her voice. Very low in the west, almost touching the ragged edge of the bank, was the star, the biggest and brightest in the sky.

"I have been looking at it," my brother Leon said. "Do you remember how I would tell you that when you want to see stars you must come to Nagrebcan?"

"Yes, Noel," she said. "Look at it," she murmured, half to herself. "It is so many times bigger and brighter than it was at Ermita beach."

"The air here is clean, free of dust and smoke."

"So it is, Noel," she said, drawing a long breath.

"Making fun of me, Maria?"

She laughed then and they laughed together and she took my brother Leon's hand and put it against her face.

I stopped Labang, climbed down, and lighted the lantern that hung from the cart between the wheels.

"Good boy, Baldo," my brother Leon said as I climbed back into the cart, and my heart sank.

Now the shadows took fright and did not crowd so near. Clumps of andadasi and arrais flashed into view and quickly disappeared as we passed by. Ahead, the elongated shadow of Labang bobbled up and down and swayed drunkenly from side to side, for the lantern rocked jerkily with the cart.

"Have we far to go yet, Noel?" she asked.

"Ask Baldo," my brother Leon said, "we have been neglecting him."

"I am asking you, Baldo," she said.
Without looking back, I answered, picking my words slowly:

"Soon we will get out of the Wait and pass into the fields. After the fields is home—Manong."

"So near already."

I did not say anything more because I did not know what to make of the tone of her voice as she said her last words. All the laughter seemed to have gone out of her. I waited for my brother Leon to say something, but he was not saying anything. Suddenly he broke out into song and the song was 'Sky Sown with Stars'—the same that he and Father sang when we cut hay in the fields at night before he went away to study. He must have taught her the song because she joined him, and her voice flowed into his like a gentle stream meeting a stronger one. And each time the wheels encountered a big rock, her voice would catch in her throat, but my brother Leon would sing on, until, laughing softly, she would join him again.

Then we were climbing out into the fields, and through the spokes of the wheels the light of the lantern mocked the shadows. Labang quickened his steps. The jolting became more frequent and painful as we crossed the low dikes.

"But it is so very wide here," she said. The light of the stars broke and scattered the darkness so that one could see far on every side, though indistinctly.

"You miss the houses, and the cars, and the people and the noise, don't you?" My brother Leon stopped singing.

"Yes, but in a different way. I am glad they are not here."

With difficulty I turned Labang to the left, for he wanted to go straight on. He was breathing hard, but I knew he was more thirsty than tired. In a little while we drope up the grassy side onto the camino real.

"—you see," my brother Leon was explaining, "the camino real curves around the foot of the Katayaghan hills and passes by our house. We drove through the fields because— but I'll be asking Father as soon as we get home."

"Noel," she said.

"Yes, Maria."

"I am afraid. He may not like me."

"Does that worry you still, Maria?" my brother Leon said. "From the way you talk, he might be an ogre, for all the world. Except when his leg that was wounded in the Revolution is troubling him, Father is the mildest-tempered, gentlest man I know."

We came to the house of Lacay Julian and I spoke to Labang loudly, but Moning did not come to the window, so I surmised she must be eating with the rest of her family. And I thought of the food being made ready at home and my mouth watered. We met the twins, Urong and Celin, and I said "Hoy!" calling them by name. And they shouted back and asked if my brother Leon and his wife were with me. And my brother Leon shouted to them and then told me to make Labang run; their answers were lost in the noise of the wheels.

I stopped labang on the road before our house and would have gotten down but my brother Leon took the rope and told me to stay in the cart. He turned Labang into the open gate and we dashed into our yard. I thought we would crash into the camachile tree, but my brother Leon reined in Labang in time. There was light downstairs in the kitchen, and Mother stood in the doorway, and I could see her smiling shyly. My brother Leon was helping Maria over the wheel. The first words that fell from his lips after he had kissed Mother's hand were:

"Father... where is he?"
"He is in his room upstairs," Mother said, her face becoming serious. "His leg is bothering him again."

I did not hear anything more because I had to go back to the cart to unhitch Labang. But I hardly tied him under the barn when I heard Father calling me. I met my brother Leon going to bring up the trunks. As I passed through the kitchen, there were Mother and my sister Aurelia and Maria and it seemed to me they were crying, all of them.

There was no light in Father's room. There was no movement. He sat in the big armchair by the western window, and a star shone directly through it. He was smoking, but he removed the roll of tobacco from his mouth when he saw me. He laid it carefully on the windowsill before speaking.

"Did you meet anybody on the way?" he asked.

"No, Father," I said. "Nobody passes through the Waig at night."

He reached for his roll of tobacco and hitched himself up in the chair.

"She is very beautiful, Father."

"Was she afraid of Labang?" My father had not raised his voice, but the room seemed to resound with it. And again I saw her eyes on the long curving horns and the arm of my brother Leon around her shoulders.

"No, Father, she was not afraid."

"On the way---"

"She looked at the stars, Father. And Manong Leon sang."

"What did he sing?"

"---Sky Sown with Stars... She sang with him."

He was silent again. I could hear the low voices of Mother and my sister Aurelia downstairs. There was also the voice of my brother Leon, and I thought that Father's voice must have been like it when Father was young. He had laid the roll of tobacco on the windowsill once more. I watched the smoke waver faintly upward from the lighted end and vanish slowly into the night outside.

The door opened and my brother Leon and Maria came in.

"Have you watered Labang?" Father spoke to me.

I told him that Labang was resting yet under the barn.

"It is time you watered him, my son," my father said.

I looked at Maria and she was lovely. She was tall. Beside my brother Leon, she was tall and very still. Then I went out, and in the darkened hall the fragrance of her was like a morning when papayas are in bloom.
YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. First Impressions

1. What are your ideas about city women?
2. Is Maria a typical city woman? Illustrate her based on what Baldo had seen from their first meeting to their arrival at home.
3. Will Maria be a good wife for Leon? Justify your agreement or disagreement by citing lines/details/events in the story.

Task 2. Rite of Passage

1. Was Maria accepted by the family?
2. Trace their journey showing the different tests she had undergone.
3. Use a six-frame comic strip to present your answers.
4. Do you agree in the way Leon’s family tested Maria? Support your answer based on the text and your experience.

Task 4. Mirror Image

1. Complete the following phrases. Get your answers from the selections.
   Example: white is to good as black is to evil
   a. fragrance is to sweet as _________ is to papayas in bloom
   b. Nagrebcan is to sky sown with stars as Ermita beach is to __________
   c. cars and noise are to city as clean air, free of dust and smoke is to_________
   d. Maria is to __________ as Noel is to __________
   e. call of Labang is to earth trembling underfoot as _________ is to a drum

2. Answer the following questions:
   a. What two items are being compared in each phrase?
   b. Why are these items compared?
   c. What words are used to show this comparison?
   d. How is this figure of speech different from simile and metaphor?


Task 3. Paint Me a Picture

1. Study the sentences and find out the relationship between the bold and italicized words.
   a. There was a world of laughter between them and in them.
   b. Crickets chirped from their homes in the cracks in the banks.
   c. Father gave instructions to pass the Waig and into the fields instead of the camino real.
   d. Labang’s white coat, which I had washed and brushed that morning, glistened like beaten cotton.
2. What is being modified in by the groups of words of laughter? in the cracks? to pass the Waig and into the fields? which I had washed and brushed that morning?
3. How are these modifiers or complements formed?
4. What do noun complements do in sentences?
5. Look for examples of noun complements in the story. Identify their forms using the table below.
Task 4: Create and Share

1. Below is the copy of the song titled “Sky Sown With Stars.”
2. Locate noun complements in the song.
3. With your groupmates, understand the song and replace the noun complements with another set of noun complements.
4. Make sure that the new set will create different images in the song.

Examples:
**Original:**  A thousand times in my dreams I have walked with you,
Hand in hand, down the glittery way,
Without a worry, not a care in the world

**New:**  A thousand times of joy and pain, I have walked with you,
Hand in hand, down the glittery way,
Without a worry, not a care to be drowned by rain and fear

**Sky Sown With Stars**

A thousand times in my dreams I have walked with you,
Hand in hand, down the glittery way,
Without a worry, not a care in the world,
No sorrow, no torture, no dismay,
There we were: two figures in the incessant night,
Swallowed by the searing darkness,
Embraced by the fleeting sadness,
And then we would look to the sky and see,
The shining harvest of the distant stars,
Our sky, our sky, my Starlight,
Our sky sown with stars.

We would find a blissful spot along the shore,
And sit down together, in the flowing sand,
Feeling it warm our bodies.
We would see the waves crash gently, on the beach,
And retreat towards the ocean again.
The dark blue sky and pale yellow moonlight,
Would touch our skin and beg us to look up again,
To the dark blue blanket in the sky,
Our dark blue blanket in the sky,
Our sky sown with stars.

You would lay your drowsy head on my shoulder,
and I would sense your sorrows, fears, and joys,
As the night grows younger, the breeze colder,
I would kiss your eyes and hold your hand,
Tonight, I am the universe's happiest being.
With you, with you, my Muse,
Together in this eternity of light,
Souls in love, souls in deep love,
Bound together in the evening,
Looking up the sky, heavenward to the stars,
Our sky still sown with stars.

Then you would weep gently in your bliss,
And I would taste the sadness, taste the tears,
The beauty makes us sigh, the sky made us cry,
Our heavens, our skies, still glittering away,
We savor the sweet night until the break of day,
No word has passed thru our lips,
Just the touch, the love, in our fingertips,
Glancing at each other in deep passion,
Our voices lost in the silent hum of the ocean,
Our souls wedlocked in the pale moonlight,
Our foreheads touching, see the sky! The warmth!
Our sky, my Muse, this is ours, our sky,
Our ocean, our sand, our moment, our love,
And our sky sown with stars.


YOUR FINAL TASK

Task 1. Seeking Second Opinion
1. Differentiate primary from secondary sources.
2. Name examples of secondary sources found in the library.
3. When do we use secondary sources in doing a research?
4. Look for secondary sources on any of the following topics:
   a. Manuel Arguilla
   b. Nagrebcan
   c. Filipino courtship and marriage customs
   d. Rural and city life
   e. Gender issues in relationships
5. Take down important notes and cite the secondary that you used.

Task 2: A Slice of Life
1. Think of an experience when expectations of loved ones like family or of society are not met.
2. What were these expectations?
3. Why were you not able to fulfill them?
4. How did your decision affect your relationship with these people?
5. Write an anecdote narrating this experience. Highlight lessons learned from defying expectations.
Lesson 4

Loving is Giving

YOUR GOALS

This lesson allows you to look into the importance of meaningful relationships established over time. Discover how love entails sacrifice. You must aim to:

1. Draw out the message of a song listened to.
2. Compare and contrast the emotion of the song and the poem.
3. Express differing views on when love is worth fighting for.
4. Establish a familiar ground on tribal culture.
5. Use information presented in a creation story to infer, to evaluate, and to express critical ideas.
6. Determine the purpose of irony in a story.
7. Narrow a topic to manage the selection of information from available search engines or tools in the library.
8. Create a travelogue.
9. Use varied verb complementation forms.
10. Compose a song.
11. Express creatively perspectives on a significant human experience drawn out from the discussions.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. Sit Back, Relax, and Relish the Music

There are a lot of songs that take you somewhere back to your past. It may be a past experience from your life or a past experience from a story you have seen in a film or you have read from a book. Songs may even bring you back from the stories told to you by a family member or a close friend.

Listen to the song (and glance at its lyrics) and you may:

1. Take down words that caught your attention;
2. Draw images which you could associate with the song;
3. Write big words which may represent the emotion caught by the song;
4. Enumerate as many feelings that the song may draw out from you; and,
5. Write your responses in your notebook.
I Don’t Want You to Go


Here I am
Alone and I don’t understand
Exactly how it all began
The dream just walked away

I’m holding on
When all but the passion’s gone

And from the start
Maybe I was tryin’ too hard
It’s crazy coz it’s breakin’ my heart
Things can fall apart but I know,
That I don’t want you to go

And heroes die,
When they ignore the cause inside
But they learn from what’s left behind
And fight for something else

And so it goes
That we have both learned how to grow

And from the start
Maybe we were tryin’ too hard
It’s crazy coz it’s breakin’ our heart
Things can fall apart but I know,
That I don’t want you to go

Oh it’s just too much
Takin’ all the whole world all by myself
But it’s not enough
Unless I stop trusting somebody else,
Somebody else
And love again

And from the start
Maybe we were tryin’ too hard
It’s crazy coz it’s breakin’ our hearts
Things can fall apart but I know,
That I don’t want you to go, no
Maybe we were tryin’ to hard
It’s crazy coz it’s breakin’ our hearts
Things can fall apart but I know,
That I don’t want you to go
Oh no, don’t want you to go

What was the message of the persona in the song? Write T (True) if you agree with the statement and F (False) if you disagree. Write your answer in a one-half lengthwise sheet of paper.

_____ 1. The persona in the song expresses the pain of letting go.
_____ 2. The persona, too, has let go of the relationship.
_____ 3. The persona is aware of how things will go in the end.
_____ 4. The persona and the beloved have grown by letting go.
_____ 5. The persona is ready to love again.

PAIR WORK. Seat close next to your seatmate and share ideas.
1. Pick a statement from the 5 items and share your answer to your partner.
2. Take a line from the song to support your answer.
3. Share a story you have encountered from the past, whether fiction or non-fiction, which you could relate with the song.
4. Write down your and your seatmate’s insight about the song.
Task 2. On the Other Side

Have you ever thought of a reply to the song? Have you ever wondered what could be in the mind of the other person who is also saying goodbye? Read on and answer the questions that follow.

I Watch You Go

By Susanah Thompson © 1996 from http://journeyofhearts.org/kirstimdwatch.htm

Does the persona in the poem carry the same weight of pain with that of the persona in the song? Write T (True) if you agree with the statement and F (False) if you disagree. Write your answer in a one-half lengthwise sheet of paper.

_____ 1. The persona speaks more of courage in letting go.
   _____ 2. The persona asserts the need to let go.
   _____ 3. The persona does not feel much hurt or pain.
   _____ 4. The persona still cares for the other person.
   _____ 5. The persona treasures everything they have been through.
PAIR WORK. Seat close next to your seatmate and share ideas.
1. Pick a statement from the 5 items and share your answer to your partner.
2. Take a line from the song to support your answer.
4. Write down what you and your seatmate do not agree upon.

Task 3. Face-to-Face!

A Debate. What are the two sides of the coin in separation? Should you fight for the one you love? Or should you let go and take in all of the hurt for the other’s sake? People in a relationship do not exist on its own. Assume, think, approximate!

There are several possible reasons why the persona in the song and the poem would need to let go or should not let go:

1. Intervening parents
2. Differing culture or religion
3. Imposing rules of society
4. Tempting career advancement
5. Discovering a third party

In defending one’s argument, you need to:
1. Identify your side of the issue (Fight for it / Let go);
2. Deliver a minute presentation of your issue;
3. Allow the other side to present a minute argument;
4. Permit the opponent for a rebuttal (opposing view); and,
5. Take turns in presenting the argument.

There are four sets of debate in the class. Each set and each group in each set plans and collaborate to:
1. Choose one topic ground for debate from the given reasons;
2. Choose a side to defend (for/against);
3. Designate the following tasks: presenter of the issue, leader for research, leader for formulating questions, and the recorder of tasks accomplished;
4. Gather materials for support; and,
5. Prepare for debate on Day 4.

HOMEWORK:
1. Read the story Wedding Dance by Amador Daguio
2. Answer the preview items (Task 4) before reading the text.
Task 4. Yes, Filipinos Can Dance!

Filipinos don’t just sing well, Filipinos dance well, too. From the given clues and the picture that accompanies it, be able to match the type of some Filipino dances taken from varied regions of the country. Write your answers on a one-fourth sheet of paper.

1. Muslim dance, Leyte

This is a couple’s dance in which the girl holds a handkerchief laced with camphor oil, a substance that supposedly induces romance.

2. Cordillera Dance, Benguet

This is a circle dance, which is being performed to celebrate the arrival of successful headhunters.

3. Tribal Dance, Davao del Norte

A tribal dance from the Bagobo tribe which portrays the cycle of planting and harvesting rice.

4. Cordillera Dance, Ifugao

This is a festival dance performed by the Ifugao men and women during a major feast accompanied by gongs or gongs.

What would those dances be?
- a. Dinuyya
- b. Bagobo Rice Cycle
- c. Alcamflor
- d. Bendayan
- e. Itik-Itik
Your Text

Wedding Dance
by Amador Daguio

1 Awiyao reached for the upper horizontal log which served as the edge of the head high threshold. Clinging to the log, he lifted himself with one bound that carried him across to the narrow door. He slid back the cover, stepped inside, then pushed the cover back in place. After some moments during which he seemed to wait, he talked to the listening darkness.

2 "I'm sorry this had to be done. I am really sorry. But neither of us can help it."

3 The sound of the gangsas beat through the walls of the dark house like muffled roars of falling waters. The woman who had moved with a start when the sliding door opened had been hearing the gangsas for she did not know how long. There was a sudden rush of fire in her. She gave no sign that she heard Awiyao, but continued to sit unmoving in the darkness.

4 But Awiyao knew that she heard him and his heart pitied her. He crawled on all fours to the middle of the room; he knew exactly where the stove was. With bare fingers he stirred the covered smoldering embers, and blew into the stove. When the coals began to glow, Awiyao put pieces of pine on them, then full round logs as his arms. The room brightened.

5 "Why don't you go out;" he said, "and join the dancing women?" He felt a pang inside him, because what he said was really not the right thing to say and because the woman did not stir. "You should join the dancers," he said, "as if--as if nothing had happened." He looked at the woman huddled in a corner of the room, leaning against the wall. The stove fire played with strange moving shadows and lights upon her face. She was partly sullen, but her sullenness was not because of anger or hate.

6 "Go out--go out and dance. If you really don't hate me for this separation, go out and dance. One of the men will see you dance well; he will like your dancing, he will marry you. Who knows but that, with him, you will be luckier than you were with me."

7 "I don't want any man," she said sharply. "I don't want any other man."

8 He felt relieved that at least she talked: "You know very well that I won't want any other woman either. You know that, don't you? Lumnay, you know it, don't you?"

9 She did not answer him.

"You know it Lumnay, don't you?" he repeated.

"Yes, I know," she said weakly.
"It is not my fault," he said, feeling relieved. "You cannot blame me; I have been a good husband to you."

"Neither can you blame me," she said. She seemed about to cry.

"No, you have been very good to me. You have been a good wife. I have nothing to say against you." He set some of the burning wood in place. "It's only that a man must have a child. Seven harvests is just too long to wait. Yes, we have waited too long. We should have another chance before it is too late for both of us."

This time the woman stirred, stretched her right leg out and bent her left leg in. She wound the blanket more snugly around herself.

"You know that I have done my best," she said. "I have prayed to Kabunyan much. I have sacrificed many chickens in my prayers."

"Yes, I know."

"You remember how angry you were once when you came home from your work in the terrace because I butchered one of our pigs without your permission? I did it to appease Kabunyan, because, like you, I wanted to have a child. But what could I do?"

"Kabunyan does not see fit for us to have a child," he said. He stirred the fire. The spark rose through the crackles of the flames. The smoke and soot went up the ceiling.

Lumnay looked down and unconsciously started to pull at the rattan that kept the split bamboo flooring in place. She tugged at the rattan flooring. Each time she did this the split bamboo went up and came down with a slight rattle. The gong of the dancers clamorously called in her care through the walls.

Awiyao went to the corner where Lumnay sat, paused before her, looked at her bronzed and sturdy face, then turned to where the jars of water stood piled one over the other. Awiyao took a coconut cup and dipped it in the top jar and drank. Lumnay had filled the jars from the mountain creek early that evening.

"I came home," he said. "Because I did not find you among the dancers. Of course, I am not forcing you to come, if you don't want to join my wedding ceremony. I came to tell you that Madulimay, although I am marrying her, can never become as good as you are. She is not as strong in planting beans, not as fast in cleaning water jars, not as good keeping a house clean. You are one of the best wives in the whole village."

"That has not done me any good, has it?" She said. She looked at him lovingly. She almost seemed to smile.

He put the coconut cup aside on the floor and came closer to her. He held her face between his hands and looked longingly at her beauty. But her eyes looked away.
Never again would he hold her face. The next day she would not be his any more. She would go back to her parents. He let go of her face, and she bent to the floor again and looked at her fingers as they tugged softly at the split bamboo floor.

23"This house is yours," he said. "I built it for you. Make it your own, live in it as long as you wish. I will build another house for Madulimay."

"I have no need for a house," she said slowly. "I'll go to my own house. My parents are old. They will need help in the planting of the beans, in the pounding of the rice."

24"I will give you the field that I dug out of the mountains during the first year of our marriage," he said. "You know I did it for you. You helped me to make it for the two of us."

"I have no use for any field," she said.

He looked at her, then turned away, and became silent. They were silent for a time.

25"Go back to the dance," she said finally. "It is not right for you to be here. They will wonder where you are, and Madulimay will not feel good. Go back to the dance."

26"I would feel better if you could come, and dance---for the last time. The gangsas are playing."

"You know that I cannot."

27"Lumnay," he said tenderly. "Lumnay, if I did this it is because of my need for a child. You know that life is not worth living without a child. The men have mocked me behind my back. You know that."

"I know it," she said. "I will pray that Kabunyan will bless you and Madulimay."

28She bit her lips now, then shook her head wildly, and sobbed.

29She thought of the seven harvests that had passed, the high hopes they had in the beginning of their new life, the day he took her away from her parents across the roaring river, on the other side of the mountain, the trip up the trail which they had to climb, the steep canyon which they had to cross. The waters boiled in her mind in forms of white and jade and roaring silver; the waters tolled and growled, resounded in thunderous echoes through the walls of the stiff cliffs; they were far away now from somewhere on the tops of the other ranges, and they had looked carefully at the buttresses of rocks they had to step on---a slip would have meant death.

30They both drank of the water then rested on the other bank before they made the final climb to the other side of the mountain.

31She looked at his face with the fire playing upon his features---hard and strong,
and kind. He had a sense of lightness in his way of saying things which often made her
and the village people laugh. How proud she had been of his humor. The muscles
where taut and firm, bronze and compact in their hold upon his skull––how frank his
bright eyes were. She looked at his body the carved out of the mountains
five fields for her; his wide and supple torso heaved as if a slab of shining lumber were
heaving; his arms and legs flowed down in fluent muscles––he was strong and for that
she had lost him.

32 She flung herself upon his knees and clung to them. "Awiyao, Awiyao, my
husband," she cried. "I did everything to have a child," she said passionately in a hoarse
whisper. "Look at me," she cried. "Look at my body. Then it was full of promise. It could
dance; it could work fast in the fields; it could climb the mountains fast. Even now it is
firm, full. But, Awiyao, I am useless. I must die."

33 It will not be right to die," he said, gathering her in his arms. Her whole warm
naked breast quivered against his own; she clung now to his neck, and her hand
lay upon his right shoulder; her hair flowed down in cascades of gleaming darkness.

34 I don't care about the fields," she said. "I don't care about the house. I don't
care for anything but you. I'll have no other man."

"Then you'll always be fruitless."

35 "I'll go back to my father, I'll die."

"Then you hate me," he said. "If you die it means you hate me. You do not want
me to have a child. You do not want my name to live on in our tribe."

She was silent.

36 If I do not try a second time," he explained, "it means I'll die. Nobody will get
the fields I have carved out of the mountains; nobody will come after me."

37 If you fail--if you fail this second time--" she said thoughtfully. The voice was a
shudder. "No--no, I don't want you to fail."

38 "If I fail," he said, "I'll come back to you. Then both of us will die together. Both
of us will vanish from the life of our tribe."

39 The gongs thundered through the walls of their house, sonorous and faraway.

40 I'll keep my beads," she said. "Awiyao, let me keep my beads," she half-
whispered.

"You will keep the beads. They come from far-off times. My grandmother said
they come from up North, from the slant-eyed people across the sea. You keep them,
Lumnay. They are worth twenty fields."

"I'll keep them because they stand for the love you have for me," she said. "I love
you. I love you and have nothing to give."

41She took herself away from him, for a voice was calling out to him from outside. "Awiyao! Awiyao! O Awiyao! They are looking for you at the dance!"

"I am not in hurry."

"The elders will scold you. You had better go."

"Not until you tell me that it is all right with you."

42"It is all right with me."

He clasped her hands. "I do this for the sake of the tribe," he said.

"I know," she said.

He went to the door.

43"Awiyao!"

44He stopped as if suddenly hit by a spear. In pain he turned to her. Her face was in agony. It pained him to leave. She had been wonderful to him. What was it that made a man wish for a child? What was it in life, in the work in the field, in the planting and harvest, in the silence of the night, in the communing with husband and wife, in the whole life of the tribe itself that made man wish for the laughter and speech of a child? Suppose he changed his mind? Why did the unwritten law demand, anyway, that a man, to be a man, must have a child to come after him? And if he was fruitless--but he loved Lumnay. It was like taking away of his life to leave her like this.

45"Awiyao," she said, and her eyes seemed to smile in the light. "The beads!" He turned back and walked to the farthest corner of their room, to the trunk where they kept their worldly possession---his battle-ax and his spear points, her betel nut box and her beads. He dug out from the darkness the beads which had been given to him by his grandmother to give to Lumnay on the beads on, and tied them in place. The white and jade and deep orange obsidians shone in the firelight. She suddenly clung to him, clung to his neck as if she would never let him go.

46"Awiyao! Awiyao, it is hard!" She gasped, and she closed her eyes and buried her face in his neck.

47The call for him from the outside repeated; her grip loosened, and he buried out into the night.

48Lumnay sat for some time in the darkness. Then she went to the door and opened it. The moonlight struck her face; the moonlight spilled itself on the whole village.

49She could hear the throbbing of the gangsas coming to her through the caverns
of the other houses. She knew that all the houses were empty that the whole tribe was at the dance. Only she was absent. And yet was she not the best dancer of the village? Did she not have the most lightness and grace? Could she not, alone among all women, dance like a bird tripping for grains on the ground, beautifully timed to the beat of the gangsas? Did not the men praise her supple body, and the women envy the way she stretched her hands like the wings of the mountain eagle now and then as she danced? How long ago did she dance at her own wedding? Tonight, all the women who counted, who once danced in her honor, were dancing now in honor of another whose only claim was that perhaps she could give her husband a child.

50 "It is not right. It is not right!" she cried. "How does she know? How can anybody know? It is not right," she said.

51 Suddenly she found courage. She would go to the dance. She would go to the chief of the village, to the elders, to tell them it was not right. Awiyao was hers; nobody could take him away from her. Let her be the first woman to complain, to denounce the unwritten rule that a man may take another woman. She would tell Awiyao to come back to her. He surely would relent. Was not their love as strong as the river?

52 She made for the other side of the village where the dancing was. There was a flaming glow over the whole place; a great bonfire was burning. The gangsas clamored more loudly now, and it seemed they were calling to her. She was near at last. She could see the dancers clearly now. The man leaped lightly with their gangsas as they circled the dancing women decked in feast garments and beads, tripping on the ground like graceful birds, following their men. Her heart warmed to the flaming call of the dance; strange heat in her blood welled up, and she started to run. But the gleaming brightness of the bonfire commanded her to stop. Did anybody see her approach? She stopped. What if somebody had seen her coming? The flames of the bonfire leaped in countless sparks which spread and rose like yellow points and died out in the night. The blaze reached out to her like a spreading radiance. She did not have the courage to break into the wedding feast.

53 Lumnay walked away from the dancing ground, away from the village. She thought of the new clearing of beans which Awiyao and she had started to make only four moons before. She followed the trail above the village.

54 When she came to the mountain stream she crossed it carefully. Nobody held her hand, and the stream water was very cold. The trail went up again, and she was in the moonlight shadows among the trees and shrubs. Slowly she climbed the mountain.

55 When Lumnay reached the clearing, she could see from where she stood the blazing bonfire at the edge of the village, where the wedding was. She could hear the far-off clamor of the gongs, still rich in their sonorosity, echoing from mountain to mountain. The sound did not mock her; they seemed to call far to her, to speak to her in the language of unspeaking love. She felt the pull of their gratitude for her sacrifice. Her heartbeat began to sound to her like many gangsas.
Lumnay though of Awiyao as the Awiyao she had known long ago--a strong, muscular boy carrying his heavy loads of fuel logs down the mountains to his home. She had met him one day as she was on her way to fill her clay jars with water. He had stopped at the spring to drink and rest; and she had made him drink the cool mountain water from her coconut shell. After that it did not take him long to decide to throw his spear on the stairs of her father's house in token on his desire to marry her.

The mountain clearing was cold in the freezing moonlight. The wind began to stir the leaves of the bean plants. Lumnay looked for a big rock on which to sit down. The bean plants now surrounded her, and she was lost among them.

A few more weeks, a few more months, a few more harvests---what did it matter? She would be holding the bean flowers, soft in the texture, silken almost, but moist where the dew got into them, silver to look at, silver on the light blue, blooming whiteness, when the morning comes. The stretching of the bean pods full length from the hearts of the wilting petals would go on.

Lumnay's fingers moved a long, long time among the growing bean pods.

**YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS**

**Task 1. How Ironic!**

Have you ever said one thing yet mean another thing? That is so ironic!

It happens often when your teacher asks you if you understood the discussion then you would reply, “Yes, Sir,” or “Yes, Ma’am,” when you really are not so sure you understood. Or when your friend tells you how good the film was and you would say, “I agree,” yet the expression in your face is so flat.

Write I (Ironic) if the statement of the characters in the story is ironic, and then explain the meaning behind the ironic statement. If the statement is not ironic just leave the item blank. Write your answer on a one-whole sheet of paper.

______ 1. “Of course, I am not forcing you to come, if you don't want to join my wedding ceremony.” (Awiyao, Paragraph 20)

______________________________________________________

______ 2. “I have no need for a house... I have no use for any field.” (Lumnay, Paragraphs 23 & 24)

______________________________________________________
3. "I will pray that Kabunyan will bless you and Madulimay." She bit her lips now, then shook her head wildly, and sobbed. (Lumnay, Paragraphs 27 & 28)

4. "No--no, I don't want you to fail." (Lumnay, Paragraph 37)

5. "It is all right with me." (Lumnay, Paragraph 42)

One More. Are all statements a form of verbal irony? Explain.

Task 2. Locate, Reflect, Evaluate!

Locate information in the selection to determine whether each statement is true (T) or false (F). Write your answer in the one-whole sheet of paper.

1. The story says aloud that a man who loves unconditionally should give up his or her happiness for the beloved.  
2. The title speaks of the dance that happened in the wedding of Awiyao and Madulimay.  
3. Awiyao and Lumnay still confessed their love for each other in the midst of their separation.  
4. The presence of darkness in the story symbolizes the sadness in their hearts in contrast to the ember in the fire logs that represents their strong and deep love for each other.  
5. The beads given to Lumnay by Awiyao will be given to Madulimay in the wedding.  
6. Awiyao is more courageous than Lumnay to surrender his love and take all the hurt that goes with it.
7. The tribe’s convention and practice on raising a family bore much burden to Awiyao and Lumnay.

8. The gangsas represent the tribe’s rule and power.

9. Lumnay is triumphant in the end of the story.

10. The story speaks of sacrifice and love.

**Task 3. The Dance in the Story**

Basic dance necessitates a step forward and a step backward. A step forward to a dancing partner may mean intimacy and a step backward away from the dancing partner may mean letting go.

PAIR WORK. Write F (Forward) if the character just did a forward step and B (Backward) if the character did a backward step through the given lines in the story.

1. Awiyao went to the corner where Lumnay sat. (Para. 19)
2. But her eyes looked away. (Para. 22)
3. He let go of her face. (Para. 22)
4. He looked at her, then turned away... (Para. 24)
5. She flung herself upon his knees and clung to them. (Para. 32)
6. ...Gathering her in his arms. (Para. 33)
7. She clung now to his neck, and her hand upon his right shoulder... (Para. 33)
8. She took herself away from him. (Para. 41)
9. He clasped her hands. (Para. 42)
10. He went to the door. (Para. 42)
11. He stopped. (Para. 44) He turned back. (Para. 45)
12. She suddenly clung to him, clung to his neck as if she would never let him go. (Para. 45)
13. Her grip loosened. (Para. 47)
14. He buried out into the night. (Para. 47)

**Task 4. You Can Dance!**

What can be more close to the story than being part of the story--this time in a different dimension. Interpret the emotion, thoughts, and promises that Awiyao and Lumnay have for each other in the story through a dance. Were they really saying goodbye to each other for real? Or were they giving a commitment they would hold on to even if they would be separated from each other.

In groups of ten, be able to:

1. Choose a song to capture the mood of the night, the intensity of the struggle of emotion, and the depth of feeling Awiyao and Lumnay have for each other; (The song choice alone gives away a big part of your interpretation of what’s going on with the two characters.)
2. Decide if there will be set of pairs for the group presentation or the members of the group will belong to two sets, respectively for the moves of the two characters;
3. Define clearly the end of the dance for it will answer the questions presented for this activity—is it goodbye or renewed commitment?;
4. Make it creative but keep the moves simple, just enough for the given time of preparation; and,
5. Rehearse for Day 4 presentation.

**Task 5. Watch Out!**

Study the following sentences. Each item has two sentences, one is with the correct use of verb forms (words that follow the verb) while the other one has an incorrect use of verb forms. Choose the correct sentence. Write your answer on a one-half-sheet of paper.

_____ 1. a. Lumnay seems having a problem.
   b. Lumnay seems to have a problem.

_____ 2. a. Awiyao must start moving on with his life.
   b. Awiyao must stop to move on with his life.

_____ 3. a. Awiyao and Lumnay found their love unbroken even with the tribe’s intrusion.
   b. Awiyao and Lumnay

_____ 4. a. Lumnay explained to end her life.
   b. Lumnay explained ending her life.

Verbs have features or complements to determine how many other words would follow. Many verbs can be followed by:

1. An object;
2. A verb structure; or,
3. An expression that has information about the object (of the verb).

**CHECK THE RULES!**
So what are these forms or features which may follow the main verb in the sentence?

1. Verbs followed by one object: the direct object (DO) or the indirect object (IO).
   a. Awiyao asked Lumnay.
   b. Awiyao asked a question.

2. Verbs followed by two objects: the indirect object, usually a person, comes first before the direct object.
   a. Awiyao asked Lumnay a question.
   b. Awiyao gave her the beads.

Some of the verbs which can be followed by two objects are: *bring, buy, cost, get, give, leave, lend, make, offer, owe, pass, pay, play, promise, read, refuse,*
send, show, sing, take, teach, tell, wish, write.

3. Verbs explain, suggest, and describe are not used with the structure IO + DO.
   a. “Awiyao, please explain your decision to me.” (DO + IO)
   b. “Can you describe a good wedding dance to me?”
      Incorrect: “Can you describe me a good wedding dance?”

4. Verbs followed by object + infinitive, rather than by a that-clause
   a. “I don’t want him to go.”
      Incorrect: “I don’t want that he goes.”
   b. “We didn’t allow Awiyao and Lumnay to continue living together.”
      Incorrect: “We didn’t allow Awiyao and Lumnay that they continue living together.”

Task 6. It Wasn’t Meant to Be

Tragic love stories happen when people who are so much in love don’t end up together. Know about them as you identify the verb feature pattern. Choose from the patterns below. Write the letter of the correct answer on the one-half sheet of paper.
   A. Verbs followed by one object
   B. Verbs followed by two objects
   C. Verbs followed by object + infinitive

1. Phantom of the Opera (2004);
   ______ a. The phantom led us to believe that he loves Christine.
   ______ b. Christine leaves the Phantom heart-broken when she goes with Raoul.

2. Ghost (1990)
   ______ a. Molly and Sam looked like the perfect couple with a love everyone would dream about.
   ______ b. Molly has the love of her life taken away from her all too soon.

3. Titanic (1997)
   ______ a. It was the ship of dreams and Rose met Jack Dawson.
   ______ b. Rose never told anyone about Jack until telling her story of the Titanic.

4. Gone with the Wind (1939)
   ______ a. Scarlet and Rhett were made for each other.
   ______ b. Scarlet realizes that she loves Rhett, but it’s too late.

   ______ a. The film shows us how love can really catch you off guard.
   ______ b. Francesca loves Robert, but she cannot leave her children.
Task 7. A Trip to the Countryside

Lumnay would have wanted to have anyone as company in her time of solitude. Would anyone be delighted to be by her side, to walk through the clearing, and to sit in the middle of the bean flowers?

In groups of three, you need to create a travelogue and invite people to the countryside where Lumnay resides. A travelogue is a full-page advertisement of a destination place for travelers.

In creating a travelogue, do not forget to:

1. Research about the place;
2. Choose the best scenery of potential interest;
3. Decide what to include about the place: the animals, the people, or the food;
4. Refer to some significant elements in the story of Awiyao and Lumnay; and,
5. Make a colorful and creative layout of your travelogue.

YOUR FINAL TASK

A Peek Into the World of Awiyao and Lumnay

You are challenged to perform a creative take on the literary piece, The Wedding Dance, through your big steps in your Face-to-Face! (the informal debate) challenge and your small steps in the You Can Dance! Challenge (the interpretative dance).

In the Face-to-Face challenge, you are required to:
1. Evaluate your individual and group performance;
2. Choose the side of the issue after hearing both sides form all the sets listened to;
3. Justify your choice of the side by mentioning and explaining the best argument (quote the one who said it); and,
4. Rate through the scale of: 3, high level of performance; 2, moderate level of performance; and 1, displays low level of performance.

The score sheets for the **Face-to-Face** challenge:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Self-Evaluation</th>
<th>Group Evaluation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Participation</td>
<td>Individual Grade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Planning</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preparing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Performing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In the **You Can Dance** challenge, you are required to:
1. Evaluate your group performance;
2. Choose the best interpretation from the group presentations (excluding your group);
3. Justify your choice of the best interpretative dance; and,
4. Rate through the scale of: 3, high level of performance; 2, moderate level of performance; and 1, displays low level of performance.

The score sheets for the **You Can Dance** challenge:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Self-Evaluation</th>
<th>Group Evaluation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Participation</td>
<td>Individual Grade</td>
</tr>
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<td>Planning</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Lesson 5**

Creating Chances
YOUR GOALS

This lesson allows you to envision possibilities in your dreams and construct means to arrive at it. Discover how you can face your fear, extinguish your weakness, and bank on your strength as you go out and meet people in the big world. You must aim to:

1. Create rap music.
2. Differentiate several table manners and practices from varied households.
3. Imagine and visualize a given setting.
4. Express meanings from a text listened to.
5. Interpret the concept of contradictory words used together.
6. Use information presented in a creation story to infer, to evaluate, and to express critical ideas.
7. Make connections between the story discussed and several other lines lifted from other readings.
8. Create unified sound and music against selected scenes in the story for a silent movie effect.
9. Use varied verb complementation forms.
10. Create a travelogue which will feature the special dish of a selected locale for the story.
11. Narrow a topic to manage the selection of information from available search engines or tools in the library.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. Wrap Up the Food!

Work in groups of five. Fill in the blanks with your favorite food. After completion, your group should create a beat to tune it into a rap or chant. Do not forget to create a title for your rap. Write the complete lyrics on a one-half sheet lengthwise.

_____________________________________

________, ________, __________, __________, _________

I'm hungry. I'm hungry. I'm hungry. I'm hungry.

________, ________, __________, __________, _________

I'd like some. I'd like some. I'd like some. I'd like some.

________, ________, __________, __________, _________

________, ________, ________, ________, ________

That’s enough. That’s enough. That’s enough. That’s enough.

________, ________, ________, ________, ________

I’m full. I’m full. I’m full. I’m full!

Task 2. Please, Pass the Food!

What is it like to eat in somebody else’s house? Are there things you do or you should not do at a dinner table? Is it polite to eat everything on your plate or in your dish? Is it polite to eat with your hands? Make a survey!

1. Create a list of questions for you and your classmates.
2. Be able to survey at least 5 of your classmates.
3. Tell them to answer your survey form after their response.
4. Create a table similar with the sample below on a one whole sheet of paper.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Questions</th>
<th>My Response</th>
<th>My Classmates’ Responses</th>
<th>Signature</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Is it polite to eat with your hands?</td>
<td></td>
<td>1 2 3 4 5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Task 3. Does it Sound Familiar?

When something sounds familiar, one can actually imagine it. Take this for an example: a rooster that crows early in the morning. Can you imagine it? Can you even imagine that sound from the rooster? Try listening to your classmate if it would still sound familiar.

**Work in Pairs.** Take turns in reading and listening to the text. Assign who is partner A and who is partner B.
1. Partner A reads first while Partner B listens.
2. After listening write down as many familiar words as you can.
3. Do not write down any word if ever there is nothing familiar to you.

PARTNER A

The local bakery was a two mile bike ride from my house in the Philippines. Shortly after the first mile, the humid weather thickens the aroma of freshly baked *pan de sal* that even on an empty stomach, I am able to sprint quickly up the hill where the *panaderia* is perched. Getting a brown paper bag full of hot bread rolls straight from the charred wooden peel defined my childhood’s Saturday mornings. The rest of the family would wait eagerly for my return with either a cup of steaming coffee or raw *carabao* milk in hand.

-From Pan de Sal – Filipino Salted Bread; Feb 2012, [http://www.applepiepatispate.com](http://www.applepiepatispate.com)

PARTNER B

He sips his coffee as he watches

the multitude pass by.
Hoping to glimpse, a fraction
of sunrise on their faces.
Hoping to catch a glance,
a smile perhaps that could warm
his cold heart and maybe bring
some kind of fulfilment
on this empty morning.

- Early Mornings by Ramon Alessandro; 2 July 2011; http://definitelyfilipino.com

Where would you most likely imagine the place for the text you have listened to? Explain your answer.

____________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________
____________________________________________________________________________________

Task 4. Say What?

“O, miserable abundance, O, beggarly riches!”
~John Donne, Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions

Have you ever heard those expressions? Why would abundance be miserable? Why would someone who has riches be beggarly? These expressions are apparent contradictions. It is called an OXYMORON.

Here are some more oxymoronic expressions: act naturally, random order, original copy, found missing, old news, peace force, deafening silence.

Look for the oxymoronic expressions from the statements below. Then specify the meaning of the expression based from the given context. Write your answer on a one-fourth sheet of paper.

1. "Ralph, if you’re gonna be a phony, you might as well be a real phony."

   Meaning: ____________________________
2. "O brawling love! O loving hate! . . .
   O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
   Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
   Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
   Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
   This love feel I, that feel no love in this."
   - William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

   Meaning: ______________________________________________________
   ______________________________________________________________
   ______________________________________________________________

3. "A yawn may be defined as a silent yell."
   - G.K. Chesterton, *George Bernard Shaw*, 1909

   Meaning: ______________________________________________________
   ______________________________________________________________
   ______________________________________________________________

Use the following oxymoronic expressions in a sentence. Write your answer on a one-half crosswise sheet of paper.

1. small crowd : ____________________________
   __________________________________________

2. ill health : ____________________________
   __________________________________________

3. clearly misunderstood : _______________________
   __________________________________________

What is the purpose of oxymoronic expressions in your statements?
   __________________________________________
HOMEWORK:
1. Read the story The Bread of Salt by Amador Daguio
2. As you read, do not forget to pause at stop points and respond to the quick queries. Write your answer on a one-half crosswise sheet of paper.

YOUR TEXT

The Bread of Salt
by NVM Gonzalez (1958)

1 Usually I was in bed by ten and up by five and thus was ready for one more day of my fourteenth year. Unless Grandmother had forgotten, the fifteen centavos for the baker down Progreso Street - and how I enjoyed jingling those coins in my pocket! - would be in the empty fruit jar in the cupboard. I would remember then that rolls were what Grandmother wanted because recently she had lost three molars. For young people like my cousins and myself, she had always said that the kind called pan de sal ought to be quite all right.

2 The bread of salt! How did it get that name? From where did its flavor come, through what secret action of flour and yeast? At the risk of being jostled from the counter by early buyers, I would push my way into the shop so that I might watch the men who, stripped to the waist, worked their long flat wooden spades in and out of the glowing maw of the oven. Why did the bread come nut-brown and the size of my little fist? And why did it have a pair of lips convulsed into a painful frown? In the half light of the street, and hurrying, the paper bag pressed to my chest, I felt my curiosity a little gratified by the oven-fresh warmth of the bread I was proudly bringing home for breakfast.

3 Well I knew how Grandmother would not mind if I nibbled away at one piece; perhaps, I might even eat two, to be charged later against my share at the table. But that would be betraying a trust; and so, indeed, I kept my purchase intact. To guard it from harm, I watched my steps and avoided the dark street corners.

4 For my reward, I had only to look in the direction of the sea wall and the fifty yards or so of riverbed beyond it, where an old Spaniard's house stood. At low tide, when the bed was dry and the rocks glinted with broken bottles, the stone fence of the Spaniard's compound set off the house as if it were a castle. Sunrise brought a wash of silver upon the roofs of the laundry and garden sheds which had been built low and close to the fence. On dull mornings the light dripped from
the bamboo screen which covered the veranda and hung some four or five yards from the ground. Unless it was August, when the damp, northeast monsoon had to be kept away from the rooms, three servants raised the screen promptly at six-thirty until it was completely hidden under the veranda eaves. From the sound of the pulleys, I knew it was time to set out for school.

It was in his service, as a coconut plantation overseer, that Grandfather had spent the last thirty years of his life. Grandmother had been widowed three years now. I often wondered whether I was being depended upon to spend the years ahead in the service of this great house.

One day I learned that Aida, a classmate in high school, was the old Spaniard's niece. All my doubts disappeared. It was as if, before his death, Grandfather had spoken to me about her, concealing the seriousness of the matter by putting it over as a joke. If now I kept true to the virtues, she would step out of her bedroom ostensibly to say Good Morning to her uncle. Her real purpose, I knew, was to reveal thus her assent to my desire.

On quiet mornings I imagined the patter of her shoes upon the wooden veranda floor as a further sign, and I would hurry off to school, taking the route she had fixed for me past the post office, the town plaza and the church, the health center east of the plaza, and at last the school grounds. I asked myself whether I would try to walk with her and decided it would be the height of rudeness. Enough that in her blue skirt and white middy she would be half a block ahead and, from that distance, perhaps throw a glance in my direction, to bestow upon my heart a deserved and abundant blessing. I believed it was but right that, in some such way as this, her mission in my life was disguised.

Her name, I was to learn many years later, was a convenient mnemonic for the qualities to which argument might aspire. But in those days it was a living voice. "Oh that you might be worthy of uttering me," it said. And how I endeavored to build my body so that I might live long to honor her. With every victory at singles at the handball court the game was then the craze at school -- I could feel my body glow in the sun as though it had instantly been cast in bronze. I guarded my mind and did not let my wits go astray. In class I would not allow a lesson to pass unmastered. Our English teacher could put no question before us that did not have a ready answer in my head. One day he read Robert Louis Stevenson's The Sire de Maletroit's Door, and we were so enthralled that our breaths trembled. I knew then that somewhere, sometime in the not too improbable future, a benign old man with a lantern in his hand would also detain me in a...
secret room, and there daybreak would find me thrilled by the sudden certainty that I had won Aida's hand.

8It was perhaps on my violin that her name wrought such a tender spell. Maestro Antonino remarked the dexterity of my stubby fingers. Quickly I raced through Alard—until I had all but committed two thirds of the book to memory. My short, brown arm learned at last to draw the bow with grace. Sometimes, when practising my scales in the early evening, I wondered if the sea wind carrying the straggling notes across the pebbled river did not transform them into Schubert's "Serenade."

9At last Mr. Custodio, who was in charge of our school orchestra, became aware of my progress. He moved me from second to first violin. During the Thanksgiving Day program he bade me render a number, complete with pizzicati and harmonics.

10"Another Vallejo! Our own Albert Spalding!" I heard from the front row.

11Aida, I thought, would be in the audience. I looked around quickly but could not see her. As I retired to my place in the orchestra I heard Pete Saez, the trombone player, call my name.

12"You must join my band," he said. "Look, we'll have many engagements soon. It'll be vacation time."

13Pete pressed my arm. He had for some time now been asking me to join the Minviluz Orchestra, his private band. All I had been able to tell him was that I had my schoolwork to mind. He was twenty-two. I was perhaps too young to be going around with him. He earned his school fees and supported his mother hiring out his band at least three or four times a month. He now said:

14"Tomorrow we play at the funeral of a Chinese—four to six in the afternoon; in the evening, judge Roldan's silver wedding anniversary; Sunday, the municipal dance."

15My head began to whirl. On the stage, in front of us, the principal had begun a speech about America. Nothing he could say about the Pilgrim Fathers and the American custom of feasting on turkey seemed interesting. I thought of the money I would earn. For several days now I had but one wish, to buy a box of linen stationery. At night when the house was quiet I would fill the sheets with words that would tell Aida how much I adored her. One of these mornings, perhaps before school closed for the holidays, I would borrow her algebra book and there, upon a good pageful of equations, there I would slip my message, tenderly pressing the leaves of the book. She would perhaps never write back. Neither by post nor by hand would a reply reach me. But no matter; it would be a silence full of voices.
That night I dreamed I had returned from a tour of the world's music centers; the newspapers of Manila had been generous with praise. I saw my picture on the cover of a magazine. A writer had described how, many years ago, I used to trudge the streets of Buenavista with my violin in a battered black cardboard case. In New York, he reported, a millionaire had offered me a Stradivarius violin, with a card that bore the inscription: "In admiration of a genius your own people must surely be proud of." I dreamed I spent a weekend at the millionaire's country house by the Hudson. A young girl in a blue skirt and white middy clapped her lily-white hands and, her voice trembling, cried "Bravo!"

What people now observed at home was the diligence with which I attended to my violin lessons. My aunt, who had come from the farm to join her children for the holidays, brought with her a maidservant, and to the poor girl was given the chore of taking the money to the baker's for rolls and pan de sal. I realized at once that it would be no longer becoming on my part to make these morning trips to the baker's. I could not thank my aunt enough.

I began to chafe on being given other errands. Suspecting my violin to be the excuse, my aunt remarked: "What do you want to be a musician for? At parties, musicians always eat last."

Perhaps, I said to myself, she was thinking of a pack of dogs scrambling for scraps tossed over the fence by some careless kitchen maid. She was the sort you could depend on to say such vulgar things. For that reason, I thought, she ought not to be taken seriously at all.

But the remark hurt me. Although Grandmother had counseled me kindly to mind my work at school, I went again and again to Pete Saez's house for rehearsals.

She had demanded that I deposit with her my earnings; I had felt too weak to refuse. Secretly, I counted the money and decided not to ask for it until I had enough with which to buy a brooch. Why this time I wanted to give Aida a brooch, I didn't know. But I had set my heart on it. I searched the downtown shops. The Chinese clerks, seeing me so young, were annoyed when I inquired about prices.

At last the Christmas season began. I had not counted on Aida's leaving home, and remembering that her parents lived in Badajoz, my torment was almost unbearable. Not once had I tried to tell her of my love. My letters had remained unwritten, and the algebra book unborrowed. There was still the brooch to find, but I could not decide on the sort of brooch I really wanted. And the money, in any case, was in Grandmother's purse, which smelled of "Tiger Balm." I grew somewhat feverish as our class Christmas program drew near. Finally it came; it was a warm December afternoon. I decided to leave the room when our English teacher announced that members of the class might exchange gifts. I felt
fortunate; Pete was at the door, beckoning to me. We walked out to the porch where, Pete said, he would tell me a secret.

It was about an as alto the next Sunday which the Buenavista Women’s Club wished to give Don Esteban’s daughters, Josefina and Alicia, who were arriving on the morning steamer from Manila. The spinsters were much loved by the ladies. Years ago, when they were younger, these ladies studied solfeggio with Josefina and the piano and harp with Alicia. As Pete told me all this, his lips ash-gray from practicing all morning on his trombone, I saw in my mind the sisters in their silk dresses, shuffling off to church for the evening benediction. They were very devout, and the Buenavista ladies admired that. I had almost forgotten that they were twins and, despite their age, often dressed alike. In low-bosomed voile bodices and white summer hats, I remembered, the pair had attended Grandfather’s funeral, at old Don Esteban’s behest. I wondered how successful they had been in Manila during the past three years in the matter of finding suitable husbands.

“This party will be a complete surprise," Pete said, looking around the porch as if to swear me to secrecy. "They’ve hired our band."

I joined my classmates in the room, greeting everyone with a Merry Christmas jollier than that of the others. When I saw Aida in one corner unwrapping something two girls had given her, I found the boldness to greet her also.

"Merry Christmas," I said in English, as a hairbrush and a powder case emerged from the fancy wrapping. It seemed to me rather apt that such gifts went to her. Already several girls were gathered around Aida. Their eyes glowed with envy, it seemed to me, for those fair cheeks and the bobbed dark-brown hair which lineage had denied them.

I was too dumbstruck by my own meanness to hear exactly what Aida said in answer to my greeting. But I recovered shortly and asked: "Will you be away during the vacation?"

"No, I’ll be staying here," she said. When she added that her cousins were arriving and that a big party in their honor was being planned, I remarked: "So you know all about it?" I felt I had to explain that the party was meant to be a surprise, an asalto.

And now it would be nothing of the kind, really. The women’s club matrons would hustle about, disguising their scurrying around for cakes and candies as for some baptismal party or other. In the end, the Rivas sisters would outdo them. Boxes of meringues, bonbons, ladyfingers, and cinnamon buns that only the Swiss bakers in Manila could make were perhaps coming on the boat with them. I imagined a table glimmering with long-stemmed punch glasses; enthroned in that array would be a huge brick-red bowl of gleaming china with golden flowers around the brim. The local matrons, however hard they tried, however sincere their efforts, were bound to fail in their aspiration to rise to the level of Don Esteban’s daughters. Perhaps, I thought, Aida knew all this. And that I should
share in a foreknowledge of the matrons' hopes was a matter beyond love. Aida and I could laugh together with the gods.

What do you think was in the mind of the character-narrator at the moment? What are his feelings about the upcoming events?

29 At seven, on the appointed evening, our small band gathered quietly at the gate of Don Esteban's house, and when the ladies arrived in their heavy shawls and trimpanuelo, twittering with excitement, we were commanded to play the Poet and Peasant overture. As Pete directed the band, his eyes glowed with pride for his having been part of the big event. The multicolored lights that the old Spaniard's gardeners had strung along the vine-covered fence were switched on, and the women remarked that Don Esteban's daughters might have made some preparations after all. Pete hid his face from the glare. If the women felt let down, they did not show it.

30 The overture shuffled along to its climax while five men in white shirts bore huge boxes of goods into the house. I recognized one of the bakers in spite of the uniform. A chorus of confused greetings, and the women trooped into the house; and before we had settled in the sala to play "A Basket of Roses," the heavy damask curtains at the far end of the room were drawn and a long table richly spread was revealed under the chandeliers. I remembered that, in our haste to be on hand for the asalto, Pete and I had discouraged the members of the band from taking their suppers.

31 "You've done us a great honor!" Josefina, the more buxom of the twins, greeted the ladies. "Oh, but you have not allowed us to take you by surprise!" the ladies demurred in a chorus.

32 There were sighs and further protestations amid a rustle of skirts and the glitter of earrings. I saw Aida in a long, flowing white gown and wearing an arch of sampaguita flowers on her hair. At her command, two servants brought out a gleaming harp from the music room. Only the slightest scraping could be heard because the servants were barefoot. As Aida directed them to place the instrument near the seats we occupied, my heart leaped to my throat. Soon she was lost among the guests, and we played "The Dance of the Glowworms." I kept my eyes closed and held for as long as I could her radiant figure before me.

33 Alicia played on the harp and then, in answer to the deafening applause, she offered an encore. Josefina sang afterward. Her voice, though a little husky, fetched enormous sighs. For her encore, she gave "The Last Rose of Summer"; and the song brought back snatches of the years gone by. Memories of solfeggio lessons eddied about us, as if there were rustling leaves scattered all over the hall. Don Esteban appeared. Earlier, he had greeted the crowd handsomely, twisting his mustache to hide a natural shyness before talkative women. He stayed long enough to listen to the harp again, whispering in his rapture:
“Heavenly. Heavenly . . .”

34 By midnight, the merrymaking lagged. We played while the party gathered around the great table at the end of the sala. My mind traveled across the seas to the distant cities I had dreamed about. The sisters sailed among the ladies like two great white liners amid a fleet of tugboats in a bay. Someone had thoughtfully remembered—and at last Pete Saez signaled to us to put our instruments away. We walked in single file across the hall, led by one of the barefoot servants.

35 Behind us a couple of hoarse sopranos sang "La Paloma" to the accompaniment of the harp, but I did not care to find out who they were. The sight of so much silver and china confused me. There was more food before us than I had ever imagined. I searched in my mind for the names of the dishes; but my ignorance appalled me. I wondered what had happened to the boxes of food that the Buenavista ladies had sent up earlier. In a silver bowl was something, I discovered, that appeared like whole egg yolks that had been dipped in honey and peppermint. The seven of us in the orchestra were all of one mind about the feast; and so, confident that I was with friends, I allowed my covetousness to have its sway and not only stuffed my mouth with this and that confection but also wrapped up a quantity of those egg-yolk things in several sheets of napkin paper. None of my companions had thought of doing the same, and it was with some pride that I slipped the packet under my shirt. There, I knew, it would not bulge.

36 “Have you eaten?”

37 I turned around. It was Aida. My bow tie seemed to tighten around my collar. I mumbled something, I did not know what.

38 “If you wait a little while till they've gone, I'll wrap up a big package for you,” she added.

39 I brought a handkerchief to my mouth. I might have honored her solicitude adequately and even relieved myself of any embarrassment; I could not quite believe that she had seen me, and yet I was sure that she knew what I had done, and I felt all ardor for her gone from me entirely.

40 I walked away to the nearest door, praying that the damask curtains might hide
me in my shame. The door gave on to the veranda, where once my love had trod on sunbeams. Outside it was dark, and a faint wind was singing in the harbor.

41With the napkin balled up in my hand, I flung out my arm to scatter the egg-yolk things in the dark. I waited for the soft sound of their fall on the garden-shed roof. Instead, I heard a spatter in the rising night-tide beyond the stone fence. Farther away glimmered the light from Grandmother’s window, calling me home.

42But the party broke up at one or thereabouts. We walked away with our instruments after the matrons were done with their interminable good-byes. Then, to the tune of “Joy to the World,” we pulled the Progreso Street shopkeepers out of their beds. The Chinese merchants were especially generous. When Pete divided our collection under a street lamp, there was already a little glow of daybreak.

43He walked with me part of the way home. We stopped at the baker’s when I told him that I wanted to buy with my own money some bread to eat on the way to Grandmother’s house at the edge of the sea wall. He laughed, thinking it strange that I should be hungry. We found ourselves alone at the counter; and we watched the bakery assistants at work until our bodies grew warm from the oven across the door. It was not quite five, and the bread was not yet ready.

What do you think was the character-narrator’s feeling at the moment? Was this the ending that you expected? Why? Why not?

YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. Breaded Contradiction

What are the mixed feelings of the character-narrator in the story? Choose the oxymoronic expression which will fit the given statement. Write your answer on a one-whole sheet of paper.
Set A

| a. act naturally |
| b. awfully good |
| c. terribly pleased |
| d. even odds |
| e. alone together |

1. Would there anything be more ______________ than a given chance of a conversation with Aida?
2. He was ______________ upon knowing that he was invited to the party.
3. It was difficult for him to ______________ before the girl he admires; he was not confident if he would say the right things.
4. The character was at __________ on how he would handle the secret that was shared to him; so, he cautioned himself when Aida talked with him.
5. The character-narrator cannot avoid thinking of a moment with Aida—to be ______________ would be a dream come true.

Set B

| a. loving hate |
| b. old news |
| c. deafening silence |
| d. real phony |
| e. miserable abundance |

1. After the humiliating experience that the character-narrator experienced, it is most certain that a ______________ atmosphere with Aida would happen unless they will move on to maturity.
2. The character-narrator cannot decide what to pick from the buffet table—with all the ______________ of all the dishes he never imagined before.
3. He thought himself as a ____________ with all his show of skills and goodness, yet beneath it were unimaginable ways of fulfilling his desire.
4. The beauty of the ladies in the house of Don Esteban was ______________ which goes with their display of charm and talent.
5. The walk home was a ______________ with his thoughts just frozen, his lips closed, by the road--no one moved, nothing unheard, all these stillness from the time Aida caught him in-the -act

Task 2. Locate, Reflect, Evaluate!

Locate information in the selection to determine whether each statement is true (T) or false (F).

1. The character narrator is 14 years old.
2. The pan de sal bread is the story’s bread of salt.
3. The *pan de sal* in the story is the character-narrator.

4. The character-narrator's liking for Aida is similar to his passion for playing music.

5. The character-narrator is ready for an adult life since he is already earning money with his music.

6. The character-narrator is a courageous young man.

7. Aida belongs to an affluent family like the character-narrator.

8. The character-narrator knows when and how to behave at his best.

9. The character-narrator shows maturity in most part of the story.

10. The character-narrator, like the *pan de sal*—well-cooked, that he is buying in the end of the story, is already ripe and mature.

**Task 3. The Sound of Music**

In groups of ten, create a silent-skit of the story, *The Bread of Salt*. In accomplishing your presentation, be able to:

1. Choose significant parts in the story which will show the character-narrator's strengths and weaknesses, or successes and failures.
2. Create music and sound which will accompany your presentation.
3. Narration or dialogue is not needed; the presentation is silent-skit.
4. Highlight a part of the presentation with your use of sound and music.
5. Rehearse your presentation.
6. Use props (properties) and costume to establish character and setting; be resourceful.
7. Entertain questions of your classmate if they would want to clarify anything a part of your silent-skit.
8. Evaluate the presentation of your group and the presentation of other groups. Rate through the scale of: 3, high level of performance; 2, moderate level of performance; and 1, displays low level of performance.

**Score sheet for the silent-skit:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group</th>
<th>Plot choice</th>
<th>Costume and Props</th>
<th>Sound and Music</th>
<th>Total</th>
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Task 3. Watch Out!

Complete the meaning of the sentence by attaching a situation to the underlined verb complement.

1. The character-narrator stopped to listen ________________________.
2. The character narrator finally stopped playing ____________________.
3. The band wanted to render _________________________________.
4. The band never wanted attending ________________________________.

Was there any difference in meaning when the verb complement uses the infinitive, to + verb, form and when the verb complement is in the –ing form?

CHECK THIS OUT!
The verb complement form used depends on the meaning, which is not the same in each case.

1. The character-narrator stopped to listen wholeheartedly to Aida’s music.
2. The character-narrator stopped playing the violin.

In the first example, the infinitive from verb complement expresses the reason for the action, while the –ing form verb complement refers to what stopped.

Task 4. Tune in the Verb Complement

Complete the sentences by filling in the verb complement of your choice. You may refer to the details of the story and derive ideas from implied meanings in the story, The Bread of Salt.

1. The character-narrator remembered {a. to go   b. going} ________________.
2. The band just went on {a. playing   b. to play} ________________.
3. Aida tried {a. to reach out   b. reaching out} ________________.
4. After Aida saw what the character-narrator just did, she really can’t help {a. to say   b. saying} ________________.  
   {a. to attend   b. attending} ________________.
5. The character-narrator regret

**Task 5. Food Trip!**

Was it *Leche Flan* that made the character-narrator commit such embarrassing deed before Aida? Who would resist a *leche flan*?

In groups of five, create a food travelogue poster. Select a specific town or city from a particular region which would befit the setting described by the narrator. After selecting the place in the country, your group should research about its culture and food delicacy.

In creating a food travelogue, do not forget to:

1. Research about the place;
2. Choose the best scenery of potential interest;
3. Highlight the food and the culture that goes with their delicacy;
4. If possible, find the places where the ingredients of the food or delicacy can be found;
5. Provide pictures or drawing of the food together with the images of the place; and,
6. Include elements from the story discussed.

**Task 6. Party at Don Esteban’s**

Why not feast over the travelogues of the class?

1. Put up the food posters on the wall and place your travelogue brochures on a desk.
2. Bring some music to your class and get ready with the tour around the room.
3. Prepare two colors of paper strips, blue and red.
4. Give the blue strip to the group which you think has the most wonderful destination travelogue.
5. Give the red strip to the group with the most attractive food travelogue.

**YOUR FINAL TASK**
A Recipe for Chances

If you would be preparing for a writing task which would need supporting materials from the library, would you know where to start? The very first step that you should take is to narrow your topic. Start by writing your broad topic in the box. Then follow the directions in the subsequent boxes. For help, refer to the examples along the left.

Example:

Pursuing an ambition

Now enumerate 3 different areas which may be factors or elements in the process.

Money  Support  Group  Skills

Choose one of the above factors to consider and list three ways that this area may appear troublesome and/or helpful.

The people in the profession may give testimonial on how to get there.

The counselors in school present choices for career.

The companies provide a review on their high or low demand.

Choose one from the 3 detailed topics above then write a statement:

The capacity of the right people to talk to in school enables the young men and women to choose the right career.

Lesson 6

Coping with Challenges

YOUR GOALS

This lesson helps you realize that our lives and our world is rocked by
challenges from time to time. We must learn to cope with these challenges, so we can emerge as stronger and wiser individuals. You must aim to:

1. Make associations with titles and idioms to better understand a given text.
2. Identify and create symbols related to a text
3. Present points of view and opinions concerning the message of a selection in creative oral means.
4. Formulate assumptions or predictions about the contents of the narrative texts.
5. Give examples of figures of speech that show contrast (irony, oxymoron, and paradox).
6. Use information in reading texts to infer, to evaluate, and to express critical ideas.
7. Use basic electronic search engine protocols in researching for a given topic
8. Compose a personal letter to a friend, relative, or other people.
10. Respond to ideas, issues, and concerns presented in a reading or viewing selection in creative forms.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. Bottled up

On a half-sheet of paper, determine the meaning of the following idioms that use the word, bottle. You may use a dictionary.

1. bottled-up emotions
2. bottle something up
3. hit the bottle
4. cork high and bottle deep
5. the genie if out of the bottle

Task 2. Get Bottled?

Form groups. Think of several things that get put in a bottle. Draw these things inside a bottle. Then, complete a list that presents the reasons for bottling-up the things that you enumerated.

Task 3. What’s in a Title?

Several ideas are implied by a title. Among other things, a title gives you an idea about what a text is about. Below is the title of the featured text. Make associations with it. Give three guesses about what the text could be based on what the title “The Baby in the Bottle” presents. Write your guesses on a half-sheet of paper.

YOUR TEXT
The Baby in the Bottle
by Benjamin Bautista

The truth was, Mr. Libre felt sorry for his wife. He was very careful to hide it from her, of course, but day by day, through the years, as he saw her watching the shriveled half-black baby in the bottle, he felt more and more sorry for her. She would touch the bottle gently, once in a while, and run her hands fondly over the cold glass; inside, the stiff, skinless body of a four-inch boy now dead for five years, would bob up and down in the green alcohol. And then sometimes, slowly, to herself, she would smile.

Mr. Libre’s wife was a plain woman with high cheekbones and a sad mouth, who was only twenty-nine years old but whose eyes were no longer young. Mr. Libre himself was thirty-three but graying hair and some thick corded veins on his hands made him look older. He was a small man and thin, and long hours of bending over receipts had given him a stooped posture and made him appear even smaller and thinner.

Very often, whenever he could, Mr. Libre would try to walk to his wife to get her to start talking too, but it became harder and harder for them to find things to talk about. The talk always turned to the past and how different it might have been if they’d had children. Mr. Libre didn’t want to talk about those things but his wife did, and gradually, the pauses stretched longer and made them both uneasy. But he was always patient with her; even if he was tired or irritable he never showed it in any way. By now he had learned to put up with many good things.

He was married when he was twenty-two and just out of high school. He had been alone in the city for four months when he met her. She understood his dialect and they got along well together. At first he wanted to go on to college but when he thought it over again, he felt that it wasn’t fair. That would be asking too much from his wife.

They moved into a rented room which the owner said was the ground floor of a two-story building, but it was just a room actually, with thick cardboard walls to divide it into smaller rooms. They planned to move out after a few years because they thought the room would be too small for the children to come, and they hoped to have many children. But five years passed before they had their first child, and when it was only four months in the womb, it was prematurely born.

It was a boy but it didn’t even look like a baby. It had eyes and ears and arms and its skinless body had been formed, but it was only four inches long and looked cold and raw as though it was just a piece of peeled flesh that never had life at all. Mr. Libre felt it to the nurses but his wife asked to keep it and take it home with her; he didn’t know why, until the doctor told him that his wife knew that she could never have any more children. After that neither of them talked about it much and they slipped back to the routine of everyday living. Still he took it on himself to try to make it easier for her through the days.
One afternoon in the last busy week of January, Mr. Libre was looking over some old files in the Recorder’s cubicle when all of a sudden he remembered that on that day the baby in the bottle was five years and seven months old. He thought no more about it but kept it in the back of his mind to tell his wife that night; she wanted to hear him talk about the baby. He went on checking the old files but when he was almost finished, his eyes hurt again and he had to go back to his desk.

Mr. Libre was a clerk in the freight department of an import-export corporation and all day he had to sit behind a high desk and sort out receipts and record them. At was not a hard job but it kept him constantly busy because there were so many receipts and he was so very careful about his work, he seldom found time to leave his desk from eight-thirty to five o’clock every day.

He had been with the firm for nine years now and he knew his work well but still did not find it easy. It demanded so much concentration from him and there were days when it all seemed to be painfully hard but it only made him try even harder. May times he would have to focus his eyes on the pink, yellow and blue receipts and make an explicit act of the will to follow the items on them. Usually he would have to strain his eyes excessively so that often the muscles behind his eye sockets tightened and he would feel a smarting throb in his eyes. He would stop work at once and close his eyes as tightly as he could. The he would force a smile until his jaw hurt because, although that didn’t ease the pain any, it always held back the tears. Tears always embarrasses him. They made him feel helpless.

He did not rest his eyes long because there were many late receipts that he had to go through and he went back to work on them. But after a few minutes he grew restless with the papers and he wanted to go over to the window and get a breath of air. But the window was across the room and the assistant manager was talking to a typist only two or three feet away. He tried to sit still on his high chair. He shut his eyes and took a deep breath and continued to line up the figures on the record sheet but his fingers shook and the pencil point broke under his hand. He grew annoyed with himself for being upset over a little thing like that. He was sure his wife was not having an easy day either.

Concentration always came hard to Mr. Libre because sometimes in the middle of the day he would find it impossible to keep his thoughts off the many unrelated little things that came into his mind. He would catch himself thinking of his wife eating lunch alone every day or the cardboard walls of their room that seemed to close in on them or perhaps the dead baby submerged in its bottle of green alcohol. He thought of his wife a lot but many times he thought of the baby, too.

During the first few months and on to the end of that first year, the bottle had seemed too small for the baby. It looked as though it needed a glass jar with a lid instead of that bottle with a wide mouth; it floated limply on the surface and slumped against the glass sides. But after a while the alcohol seeped through it and hardened it, and it sank stiffly to the bottom. Then little by little it blackened and shriveled up and it would neither float nor sink but bobbed up and down in its green world of alcohol and
glass. And then the bottle didn’t seem too small for the baby any more because now the baby’s shrunken body was completely confined. The bottle fully contained it.

Mr. Libre fully noticed too that his wife had changed. In the beginning she was no different at all, although at times she did not fall into brooding. Then slowly for no apparent reason she grew quiet and kept to herself, and that was when the baby in the bottle took a strange hold on her. He tried to understand her and be patient with her. She did not want to be the way she was, he told himself, to live in a small cramped world of her own, to look at the baby, make up daydreams about it all day, to want to touch it, hold it in her hands. She could not help any of it, he knew, and he did not stop her, and day by day he got used to her being that way. But still he felt sorry for her.

III

The blinds on the west window had been lowered and he knew it was getting late. He shook himself from his thoughts and worked faster because he wanted to finish the last batch of receipts for the day. It would hardly make any difference because he would be back the next day anyhow and there would always be more receipts, but there were things one should do and finishing the day’s work was one of them. He took everything as it came and he found it possible to lose himself in his work. He wished he could do even more and he felt he owed that much to his wife.

It was almost five-twenty when Mr. Libre got up, locked his papers under his desk and shuffled out of the office. Almost everyone had gone by then except some of the typists and a secretary doing overtime. He did not look at them as he went out. He left quietly and alone.

Out in the street he hoped the crowd would not hold him up for long. Heavy traffic snarled the afternoon rush and cars and buses and people on the sidewalks hardly moved at all. On the pedestrian lanes as he waited for the go signal, it became stickily hot; no wind stirred the inert air, thick with gasoline exhaust fumes. But Mr. Libre did not mind the heat. As he crossed the street he clenched and unclenched his fists and he tried to walk as fast as the crowd would let him. He was getting impatient. He wished he were home that very minute.

He pushed the old narrow door of their room open and sat down on the first chair he saw. He felt very tired but the chair was hard and rigid and it did not help him any; it arched his back. His shoulders felt heavy and he was breathing hard but did not rest long. His wife was in the other room. He stood up and stretched behind the cardboard wall.

His wife sat on a cat staring at the baby in the bottle. She sat in half darkness a few feet away from the table where the bottle was. From where he stood he could see sharply the hollows of her eyes and thin bloodless lips. Her face was totally without expression. Her hands were on her lap and she sat unmoving but when he came in and she saw him, she turned slowly to him and her face broke out in a clumsy uncertain smile. It was a slow half-silly smile that twisted the corners of her mouth upwards and nothing else; her eyes remained sad and empty. He has never seen her that way before. He was afraid she did not recognize him.
He could not look at her directly. For a moment he felt it was cruel to watch her. Instead he turned to the baby in the bottle. The tiny half-black thing was drifting and circling as always in the green alcohol. But now he saw that the bottle and the alcohol and the long years had gnawed it and little by little the baby was shredding and peeling off its flesh. The bottle and the alcohol and the long years had choked and shrunk it and now were eating it up. All the time, through the years, as the baby bobbed up and down in its own cramped world, it was slowly being destroyed. And no one could do anything about it.

Mr. Libre felt helplessly hollow inside; he turned his head and shut his eyes tightly. He forced a smile until his jaw hurt because although he felt no pain in his eyes now, he wanted to make sure he could hold back the tears.

YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. Creating Symbols

Form groups. Determine what the baby and the bottle symbolize in the text. Illustrate a semantic map for your output. Use appropriate drawings to enhance the meaning of your work.

Task 2. Explaining Divisions

Form groups. Reread the story and determine the bases for the division of the story into three parts. What does each part present? Why is the sequence of the parts done in this way. Brainstorm on these questions and present your answers creatively to the class.

Task 3. Giving Assumptions and Predictions (Part 1)

Clarify the meaning of the words, prediction and assumption. Reread the text. What assumptions and predictions can be made about the couple? Give at least three of each. What lines in the text help in making the assumptions and predictions you have? Present your answers in a table similar to the one below. Copy this table on a sheet of paper. Be ready to present your output to the class.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Assumptions</th>
<th>Supporting Lines</th>
<th>Predictions</th>
<th>Supporting Lines</th>
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</table>
Task 4. Analyzing Emotions

Form groups. Answer the questions below. Then, copy the table below on a sheet of paper. Put your answers to the questions to the corresponding table columns. Think of appropriate headings for the columns. Review your table entries, then present a generalization about the smiles and cries of Mr. and Mrs. Libre. Present this generalization on the topmost row of the table.

1. What are the instances when Mr. Libre or Mrs. Libre smiled? (Column 1)
2. What are the instances when Mr. Libre or Mrs. Libre cried? (Column 2)
3. What are the reasons behind the smiling or crying of the couple? (Column 3)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Generalization:</th>
<th>Reasons</th>
<th>Reasons</th>
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Task 5. Reading Emotions

Form a group. Identify all the emotions that Mr. and Mrs. Libre felt during the significant events of the story. For each of them, create a diagram that shows the progression of their emotions as the story unfolds. Present different levels or degrees of an emotion when necessary (e.g. unhappy, miserable, heartbroken, etc.). You may consult a dictionary or thesaurus. Be creative in your output.

Task 5. Weighing Consequences

Form a group. Argue on whether the couple should have kept or left the baby in the bottle. Consider common practices related to this as you decide on a stand (e.g. keeping urn of cremated ashes in houses, keeping mementoes like lock of hair or a piece of clothing, keeping petrified remains of pets or other animals, etc.). Explore the consequences of your stand. Present this to the class and present the points that support your stand.

Task 6. Predicting Population Trends (Homework)

Study the handout of search protocols that your teacher will give you. Be guided by this as you research on the following: population rate and fertility rate of the Philippines and three other Asian countries in the last five years. Review your data and derive implications from them. Be ready to share your data and list of implications with the class.
Task 7. Analyzing Situations

The featured reading text presents several situations that could represent the concepts below. Study the provided descriptions and participate in a discussion led by the teacher.

A paradox is basically a sentence that presents a situation that defies logic or the usual way things are expected to be. Despite this, the idea presented remains true. An example is: One has to die in order to live.

An irony is said to be present when the presented meaning of a message is different from the one that is truly intended (verbal irony). This is also associated with sarcasm or mockery (e.g. Saying “I’m so happy” when one is truly sad.). Irony is also observed in the theatre (dramatic or literary irony) when “the audience knows more about the situation than the characters”\(^1\) and this ignorance causes several conflicts. Situational irony is manifested when one does something for a specific reason but is met with a result that contradicts his intention (e.g. Exercising strenuously to be healthy but ending up ill because of exhaustion.)

An oxymoron is a phrase or a two-word description where the two words contrast with each other (e.g. deafening silence, sweet sorrow, etc.). An oxymoron can be considered as a paradox reduced to two words.

Review the story and your output for Task 6 (Predicting Population Trends) and give 1-2 instances that present a paradox and 1-2 cases of irony. Then, create or cite an oxymoron that can describe any of the instances you gave. Write your answers on a sheet of paper.

Task 8. Giving Assumptions and Predictions (Part 2)

Recall what you did for Task 3. You will do the same for this activity using a different text. Listen carefully as the teacher reads a text twice. List down assumptions and predictions for the first listening segment. Pay attention to supporting details for your assumptions and predictions during the second listening segment. Present your answers using the table on the next page. Copy this on a sheet of paper.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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\(^1\) Differencebetween.net

Grade 7 English Learning Package
Task 9. Identifying Kernels

Get a dictionary and look up the meaning of the word, *kernel*. Listen as your teacher discuss the nature of kernel sentences. Keep in mind the definition below.

A *kernel sentence* is a simple sentence that presents only one piece of information. This means that a kernel does not have any unnecessary information. It is positive or affirmative, that is, it does not contain any negation marker such as the words *no* or *not*. Kernel sentences or kernels are also in the active form. This means that the subject of such sentences is the doer of the presented action.

Exercise 9.1

Read the text below. Identify whether the numbered sentences are kernels by writing K (kernel) and NK (not kernel) for every item. Transform those you have marked ‘NK’ into kernel sentences. Write your answers on a sheet of paper.

Supporting Someone Who Is Grieving²

(1) Grief is a natural process that affects people when they experience a loss—of a relative or friend; human or animal. (2) Grieving people most often need others. (3) If you are trying to be supportive to someone who is grieving, remember the depth of his emotions. (4) Grieving people cannot be rushed. (5) You can nevertheless ease another person’s pain.

Exercise 9.2

Read the given text. Some sentences here are kernels and some are not. Identify any five sentences that could be rewritten as kernels. Copy these five sentences on a sheet of paper and give their corresponding kernel transformations. You could use context clues in giving kernel equivalents.

Tips for Helping Someone Who Is Grieving³

*Mention the person who has died, and acknowledge your awareness of the loss.* Continue to do this as time goes on, not just right after the death. Many people avoid mentioning the person who has died, fearing it will remind the grieving person of his or her pain. Often, people avoid the topic because they feel uncomfortable or helpless, but behaving as if you don’t remember or are unaware of your loved one’s pain often leaves him or her feeling very alone.

*Listen to your loved one.* A grieving person may need to tell his or her story again and again as part of the grieving process. The most important thing you can offer someone who is grieving is your ability to listen without judgment.

---

² A LifeCare® Guide to Helping Others Cope With Grief
³ A LifeCare® Guide to Helping Others Cope With Grief
Remember that grieving is a long process. The person you care about may be grieving for a long time. Several months or more after the death, he or she may actually be feeling the loss more acutely, and much of his or her support system will have backed off. This is when your loved one may need your support the most. Birthdays, holidays, and other events may also evoke strong feelings for your grieving loved one.

Exercise 9.3

Form a group. Review the materials you have about coping with loss. Come up with a 5-7-item list that addresses one of the topics below. Keep your tips clear and simple by using kernels. Give a 2-3-sentence explanation for every tip. Keep these simple too.

Teener's Guide to:
- Coping with heartbreaks
- Coping with the death of a loved one
- Coping with depression

Task 10. Letter Writing

Based on the discussion for this lesson, write a letter inspired by any of the situations below. Your letter can be based on the outputs you have produced for the past tasks. Write your letter on a sheet of paper.

- Describe the current population of the world or the Philippines to someone in the future or the past. Focus on one point only.
- Write to a friend or relative whose family size is very different from yours. Ask all your questions about the dynamics they have at home.
- Write a letter to Mr. Libre or Mrs. Libre. What would you want to tell him or her?

Task 11. How to Deal

What have you learned from the topics presented in this lesson? Copy the statement below in your notebooks. Complete this statement in relation to what you have learned about 1) the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Libre, 2) dealing with a loss, and 3) controlling populations. Give at least one completed statement for each topic.
I realized that ___________ because ______________, so I will _____________ the next time ___________.

YOUR FINAL TASK

Ways of Dealing

Prepare for a choral reading of your output in Exercise 10.3. Choose appropriate background music to blend with the reading. Add appropriate introduction and conclusion to your presentation.

Rubrics:

30 - content
20 - use of kernel sentences
20 - appropriate use of language
20 - references or application of info taken from texts discussed (use of symbols, use of Figures of speech, etc)
10 - creative delivery of reading
100
Lesson 7

Recognizing Beauty

YOUR GOALS

Our land and culture is beautiful and we are the first ones who should recognize this. The Philippines has been known to mesmerize foreigners with the enthralling beauty of places that some of us do not even notice. This acquaints you with another aspect that adds to the beauty of our land and culture. For this lesson, you must aim to:

1. Use predictive and anticipatory devices/tasks to activate prior knowledge about the topic of reading/viewing selection.
2. Use information presented in a creation story to infer, to evaluate, and to express critical ideas.
3. Identify figures of speech that show emphasis (hyperbole and litotes).
4. Formulate meaningful embedded sentences.
5. Infer appropriate responses to listening guide questions.
6. Distinguish between credible and incredible electronic information sources.
7. Present points of view and opinions concerning the message of a selection in creative oral means.
8. Compose and upload a blog entry based on a particular personal topic of interest.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. Defining ‘Beauty’

Reflect on what makes something or someone beautiful. What makes a place beautiful? Complete the statements below to clarify your beliefs about this idea. Write your answer on a sheet of paper.

For me, beauty is ________________________________. It is present when ________________________________. It is not ________________________________. It’s always ________________________________. Examples of beauty are __________- __________.
Task 2. Meet Your Match

Collocates are words that go together. The items of the pair are bound to each other because of association of ideas. A classic example of a pair is *black and white*. Supply the missing item to complete the collocate pairs below. Write your answers on a sheet of paper.

__________ and butter

rhythm and __________

beauty and __________

Task 3. Look it up!

Search for the meaning of the following words in a dictionary. Write the definitions and construct sentences that use these words. Let your sentences be about beauty. You may use ideas you have generated from previous activities. Write your answers in your notebooks.

1. serene
2. ethereal
3. effulgent
4. crestling
5. lambent
6. pave
7. behest
8. din
9. Olympia
10. presage

YOUR TEXT

**Moonlight on Manila Bay**
by Fernando M. Maramag (1912)

1. A light, serene, ethereal glory rests
2. Its beams effulgent on each crestling wave;
3. The silver touches of the moonlight wave
4. The deep bare bosom that the breeze molests;
5. While lingering whispers deepen as the wavy crests
6. Roll with weird rhythm, now gay, now gently grave;
7. And floods of lambent light appear the sea to pave-
8. All cast a spell that heeds not time’s behests.
9. Not always such the scene; the din of fight
10. Has swelled the murmur of the peaceful air;
11. Here East and West have oft displayed their might;
12. Dark battle clouds have dimmed this scene so fair;
13. Here bold Olympia, one historic night,
14. Presaging freedom, claimed a people’s care.
YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. Promote Manila Bay

Study the lines below. Identify what makes them interesting.

Visit the land of a thousand smiles!
Witness a moonlight memory for a lifetime.
This is NOT your usual walk in the bay.
Manila Bay is not the typical moonlight experience.

The lines present examples of hyperbole and litotes. A hyperbole is an exaggeration, while a litotes presents an understatement by using the negative marker not. Litotes emphasize an idea through negation. Which among the examples above are hyperboles and litotes? Do the tasks below. Present your output on a sheet of paper.

1. Research on the beauty of Manila Bay by looking at travel guides and other sources. Identify 3-5 places in Manila which possess both beauty and history. You may also use credible Internet sources. Take note of any suspicious, incredible sites.
2. Formulate three catchy and interesting lines that promote the beauty of Manila Bay. Each line should use a different hyperbole.
3. Formulate two lines of litotes that will encourage tourists to visit Manila Bay.

Task 2. Identifying Embedded Clauses

An embedded clause, as the term suggests, is a clause that is fixed within a larger clause or sentence which is called the matrix clause. The embedded clause is usually found in the beginning or at the end of sentences. Markers commonly accompany or introduce embedded clauses. These markers may be that, when, who, where, etc. However, there are instances when a marker does not precede an embedded clause. Such is the case with gerunds (e.g. swimming, eating, etc.).

An embedded clause does not have its own meaning, so it has to be attached to the matrix clause to present a complete meaning. Do you still remember the discussion about kernels? Basically, an embedded clause presents a piece of information that is beyond the idea that a kernel presents. Remember that a kernel presents one idea at a time only.

Manila Bay presents a magnificent sunset experience that will last a lifetime.
The place is often crowded in the early morning and late afternoon when people try to get a glimpse of its world-famous sunrise and sunset.
Photographers take pictures of people sitting or walking along the bay area.
In the examples above, which is the matrix clause? The embedded clause? Where is the embedded clause found? Is it introduced by a marker?

Exercise 2.1

Identify the embedded clause in the following sentences. Write your answers on a half sheet of paper.

1. Manila Bay is considered the finest harbor in the far east where the famous "Battle of Manila Bay" was fought.
2. The Bay is also known as a stopover for the Galleon Trade which lasted for 244 years.
3. The first Filipinos were Indo-Malaya migrants who established their first settlements along the bay and a nearby river (now the Pasig River).
4. They named the place "Maynila" or "may nila" which means "there is nila here"
5. Nila is a water plant that thrived in the area.

Exercise 2.2

Identify five embedded clauses in the text below. Write these on a sheet of paper.

The long stretch of national highway, from the US Embassy to a portion just before the Coastal Road to Cavite, offers a panoramic view of Manila Bay. It is most picturesque in the afternoon when the dying sun emits golden rays and lends golden tones especially to the towering hotels and office buildings nearby. The renovated bay wall is now a tourist-class promenade known as Bay Walk Area where stylish benches are propped up for frolicking and where people roam around for fresh air or jog in early mornings. Being now a popular sightseeing destination, it is among the top 5 tourist spots in Manila-Philippines.
Exercise 2.3

Read the text below and note some information about Manila Bay. Use these pieces of information in formulating five sentences with embedded clauses. Write your sentences on a sheet of paper.

**Why Manila Bay is a Tourist Attraction**

It is considered one of the best natural harbors in Southeast Asia. With a total coastline of 190 km, the bay extends from the province of Bataan to the north and the province of Cavite to the south. Scattered along the shores of Bataan and Cavite are a number of beaches, resorts, foliages and volcanoes.

The most popular segment of the bay is that part in Manila where Fort Santiago, the old Spanish fort, still stands. Along the bay is a row of important and historic tourist destinations and commercial areas, which include the walled-city of Intramuros, the Cultural Center of the Philippines, Star City, Coconut Palace, the United States Embassy, Manila Yacht Club, the Philippine Senate, and Manila Ocean Park.

Recently, a promenade was constructed along the bay beside Roxas Boulevard. Every day, hundreds of tourists and metro Manila residents come here to jog, stroll around, bike, skate, listen to music from live acoustic bands, sample the foods from a row of restaurants and snack areas, or simply watch the breathtaking Manila Bay sunset.

Along this 2-km walk are coconut trees, foliage, and park benches. Just a decade ago, this part of the bay was unlighted, unpaved, and was a popular hangout spot for thieves, substance-users and pimps. Today, it is well-lighted with a row of huge kaleidoscopic lamp posts. At nights, it is never without sightseers and lovers taking a romantic stroll. Another relatively new attraction along the bay is the SM Mall of Asia (MOA). Further south of Roxas Boulevard and near the coastal road to Cavite stands the third-largest mall in the world. On its Open Concert Grounds along the bay, MOA had hosted a number of international events, which include international fireworks competitions and concerts by Alicia Keys, David Archuleta and Justin Bieber.

**Task 3. Listen up**

Listen as your teacher reads a historical background of Manila Bay. Take down helpful notes to help you confirm the discussion of the following statements in the read text.

Put a check mark (✓) for an information that is presented by the text, and put a cross mark (✗) for an information that is not discussed. Review your answers after the second reading of the text.
The different kinds of settlers in Manila
1. The origin of the name, Manila
2. The cause of the Battle of Manila Bay
3. The different kinds of merchants
4. Different products offered by the Galleon Trade
5. The reasons for establishing Intramuros
6. The reasons for choosing Manila as the seat of power
7. A description of Fort Santiago
8. The year when the Battle of Manila Bay took place
9. The armies involved in the Battle of Manila Bay

Note down information that will answer the following guide questions:
1. How did Manila get its name? What does it mean?
2. What was the role of Manila Bay in the Galleon Trade?
3. What is the history behind Manila Bay?

Task 4. Hurrah for Manila Bay!

You have been learning much about Manila Bay, and you have been writing several creative descriptions about it too. Form a group and use the descriptions you have in composing a ‘hurrah chant’ that will promote Manila Bay. Play with repetitions, rhymes, and spell-outs (e.g. Give me an M-A-N-I-L-A, go Manila!). Your chant must have at least 2 stanzas with 4-7 lines each. Practice reciting this chant with the appropriate energy and gestures. You can identify lines that could be chanted as a group or by selected individuals in the group. Be ready to present your work to the class.

Task 5. Beauty + History

Recall insights you have gained in the past discussions. Create a venn diagram that will present your ideas about the three topics. Consider carefully the overlap that between or among the circles in your diagram. Write your insights about beauty, history, and Manila Bay in the circles that represent them. (The model below is just an example.) Participate in a discussion led by your teacher.
YOUR FINAL TASK

Blog for Manila

Bring out your research for the home work you did for Discovery Task #1. Choose one from your list of places that possess both history and beauty. Write a 3-paragraph blog entry that features the following about the place that you have chosen:

- Vivid description of the place
- Clear instructions/descriptions of its location
- Short historical background
- Activities to do in the place
- Attractions in the place

Use embedded sentences and figures of speech in describing the place. Underline them. Remember that your objective is to inform tourists about the beauty and history of the place. Your composition should invite people to visit and enjoy the beauty of the place. Finally, upload your blog entry. Follow the instructions to be given by your teacher.

Rubrics:

30 Used informative and interesting content that addressed requirements
   (use of embedded sentences)
30 Displayed stylistic and persuasive writing (use of figure of hyperbole
   and litotes)
20 Coherence and grammar
20 Creativity in use of photos, layout, etc.
100

Lesson 8

Those I Love
YOUR GOALS

This lesson shows you that as you continue your journey toward discovering your identity, it is inevitable that you will end up loving other people. To be a complete human being, one has to experience love and its many mysteries. In this lesson, you must aim to:

1. Enumerate the various meanings of love.
2. Use context clues in order to find the meaning of a word.
3. Differentiate between figurative and academic language.
4. Explain figurative lines in your own words.
5. Describe the many contradictions of love.
6. Predict the subsequent events in a narrative.
7. Write coherent and cohesive sentences and paragraphs.
8. Express your opinion on why there are too many definitions of love.
9. Assign symbols to the people whom you love.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. What Love Is

On a one-half sheet of paper crosswise, write down five definitions of love. They may be proverbs that you heard, or they may be your own words. Be prepared to share your definitions with the rest of the class.

As you listen to your classmates sharing their own definitions of love, keep track of how many of their definitions are similar to the ones that you have written down.

Task 2. The Types of Love

Listen to short selection to be provided by your teacher. Complete the grid below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TYPE OF LOVE</th>
<th>DEFINITION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bonsai
by Edith Tiempo

All that I love
I fold over once
And once again
And keep in a box
Or a slit in a hollow post
Or in my shoe.

All that I love?
Why, yes, but for the moment ---
And for all time, both.
Something that folds and keeps easy,
Son's note or Dad's one gaudy tie,
A roto picture of a young queen,
A blue Indian shawl, even
A money bill.

It's utter sublimation
A feat, this heart's control
Moment to moment
To scale all love down
To a cupped hand's size,

Till seashells are broken pieces
From God's own bright teeth.
And life and love are real
Things you can run and
Breathless hand over
To the merest child.

YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. Context Clues
Choose the option that best approximates the underlined word in each sentence.
1. After being chased by the cat, the mouse finally escaped through a _slit_ in the wall.
   A. large gap       B. narrow opening       C. wide space
2. When the wind became chilly, the woman pulled the _shawl_ tightly against her shoulders.
   A. garment       B. hat       C. dress
3. Art’s depressing short stories were a form of _sublimation_ for his many frustrations.
   A. outrage       B. activity       C. redirection
4. The woman was told by the doctor to **scale down** her fat intake as she was nearing obesity.
   A. increase  B. decrease  C. maintain

5. When the police was sent in to disperse the protesters, what followed was **utter** chaos.
   A. total  B. mutter  C. partial

**Task 2. Locate, Reflect, Evaluate!**

Each number under the first column is a line from the poem. Paraphrase each number so that it is better understood. The first one has been done for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LINES</th>
<th>PARAPHRASE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 1. All that I love  
I fold over once  
And once again | The persona attempts to reduce the people she loves into terms, words, or objects which she can understand. |
| 2. All that I love?  
Why, yes, but for the moment  
And for all time, both. | |
| 3. It’s utter sublimation  
A feat, this heart’s control | |
| 4. Moment to moment  
To scale all love down  
To a cupped hand’s size | |
| 5. Till seashells are broken pieces  
From God’s own bright teeth. | |
| 6. And life and love are real  
Things you can run and Breathless hand over  
To the merest child. | |

**Task 4. Watch Out!**
A. Study each paragraph. Write down the transition words and phrases that will create cohesive paragraphs. Be careful. Each transition word or phrase must only appear once.

**Paragraph 1:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Afterwards</th>
<th>Already</th>
<th>Immediately</th>
<th>Meanwhile</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Then</td>
<td>When she was ready</td>
<td>When they saw her</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the morning of Gina’s birthday, she woke up very early. _______, she took a bath and brushed her teeth. _______, she opened her closet and wore her best dress. _______, she went down to the kitchen to see if her family was having breakfast. Her mother was _______ cooking their breakfast. _______, her father was drinking coffee. Her two brothers were drinking warm milk. _______, they all looked at her and greeted her “Happy Birthday.” Gina smiled and hugged them one by one. _______, she went to the presents on the table and she began opening them.

**Paragraph 2:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A few moments later</th>
<th>Consequently</th>
<th>Immediately</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In fact</td>
<td>subsequently</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When Rebecca reached school, the gate was locked. Due to her rumbling stomach, she _______ began shouting for the guards to let her in. _______, a guard showed up at the gate and told her to go home. Rebecca had, _______, forgotten that today was a Saturday. _______, the canteen was closed and even going inside the campus would not do her any good. _______, Rebecca began walking away from the school, her hunger unabated.

B. Circle the letter of the transition word that will best complete each sentence.

1. A survey reveals that the new president enjoys massive public support in his decision to stop the former president from leaving the country. _______. there are those who are still discomfited by the manner by which the former president was treated.  
   A. However  
   B. Still  
   C. For instance  
   D. And

2. The weather patterns in the country have been so far unpredictable.  
   PAGASA, _______, predicts that December will be a dry Christmas for everyone.  
   A. yet  
   B. in addition  
   C. subsequently  
   D. though

3. The two northernmost island groups, _______ Batanes and Babuyan, already receive Taiwanese radio signals.
4. The hospital owner announced that the hospital’s nurses would now have to work twelve hours for six days every week. _______, many nurses resigned in protest.
   A. So that    B. Yet    C. Likewise    D. As a result

5. The sales of wooden slippers have dropped to nearly zero in the past two years. _______, the sales of rubber slippers have reached more than half a million.
   A. Above all    B. Additionally    C. Correspondingly    D. In contrast

6. The Campus Director explained that in light of the new K Plus 12 curriculum, it would be necessary to retain all incoming freshmen for six years. _______, the current freshmen will be the last batch to graduate under the old curriculum.
   A. Similarly    B. Consequently    C. Nevertheless    D. In other words

7. Pundits say that the situation in Maguindanao will improve very slowly. _______, the problems the rest of Mindanao is experiencing, the outlook is not that optimistic at all.
   A. Furthermore    B. With reference to    C. In contrast    D. In comparison

8. The government has announced that all cars older than five years will now be declared road hazards starting 2012. _______, car owners who refuse to change their cars will be saddled with new car taxes.
   A. In addition    B. In the same way    C. As well as    D. Now

9. Individual projects must be handed in by the deadline, _______ they will receive substantial deductions.
   A. obviously    B. otherwise    C. as a result    D. on the other hand

10. _______ people from all around the world revile Justin, he still manages to rake in a lot of money whenever he holds a concert tour.
    A. Nevertheless    B. Even though    C. Because    D. Also
The Persons I Love

Very much like the poem, list three people whom you love. Once you have your list, find an appropriate object or symbol that best approximates your feelings for that person. Explain why you chose that symbol. You may go to the library and search out for the numerous symbols that humans have used to represent those that they love. As much as possible avoid using the heart as it is a universal symbol.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE PERSON I LOVE</th>
<th>THE SYMBOL FOR THIS PERSON</th>
<th>THE EXPLANATION FOR THE USE OF THE SYMBOL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Three things I learned while searching for love symbols are:

1. 
2. 
3. 

Grade 7 English Learning Package
Lesson 9

When I Struggle

YOUR GOALS

You are a unique individual. But this uniqueness can sometimes be the source of many conflicts. We often clash with other people because of our uniqueness. This lesson allows you to examine the reasons why we fight. You must aim to:

1. Discover the reasons why our people participated in several upheavals.
2. Recall and explain the instances when you found yourself in a fight.
3. Decipher the meanings of words by looking for their antonyms.
4. Use word clines in order to show the differences between synonyms.
5. Paraphrase a long poem by turning each stanza into a meaningful sentence.
6. Rewrite paragraphs in order to make them more cohesive.
7. Explain how an individual can generate numerous internal conflicts.
8. List down the main conflicts that you are currently undergoing and mapping out solutions on how to resolve them.

YOUR INITIAL TASKS

Task 1. The Wars We Have Fought

Fill in the chart below. Your teacher may give this to you as homework. If you use any other library source, make sure you cite your sources.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Battle/Revolution/War</th>
<th>Reasons for Filipino Participation</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. The Battle of Mactan</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. The Revolution of 1896</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. The Filipino-American War</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. World War II</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. The EDSA Revolution</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Task 2. Why We Fight

Recall fights you have had with your parents, classmates, friends, or teachers. Complete the spider map below by listing down the reasons for those fights. Be prepared to share your answers with your classmates.

---

If You Want to Know What We Are
by Carlos Bulosan

1
1. If you want to know what we are who inhabit forest, mountain, rivershore, who harness beast, living steel, martial music (that classless language of the heart), who celebrate labour, wisdom of the mind, peace of the blood;

2. If you want to know what we are who become animate at the rain’s metallic ring, the stone’s accumulated strength, who tremble in the wind’s blossoming (that enervates earth’s potentialities), who stir just as flowers unfold to the sun;
If you want to know what we are who grow powerful and deathless in countless counterparts, each part pregnant with hope, each hope supreme, each supremacy classless, each classlessness nourished by unlimited splendor of comradeship;

We are multitudes the world over, millions everywhere; in violent factories, sordid tenements, crowded cities; in skies and seas and rivers, in lands everywhere; our number increase as the wide world revolves and increases arrogance, hunger disease and death.

We are the men and women reading books, searching in the pages of history for the lost word, the key to the mystery of living peace, imperishable joy; we are factory hands field hands mill hand everywhere, molding creating building structures, forging ahead,

Reaching for the future, nourished in the heart; we are doctors scientists chemists discovering, eliminating disease and hunger and antagonisms; we are soldiers navy-men citizens guarding the imperishable will of man to live in grandeur,

We are the living dream of dead men everywhere, the unquenchable truth that class-memories create to stagger the infamous world with prophecies of unlimited happiness - a deathless humanity; we are the living and the dead men everywhere....

If you want to know what we are, observe the bloody club smashing heads, the bayonet penetrating hallowed breasts, giving no mercy; watch the bullet crashing upon armorless citizens; look at the tear-gas choking the weakened lung.

If you want to know what we are, see the lynch trees blossoming, the hysterical mob rioting; remember the prisoner beaten by detectives to confess a crime he did not commit because he was honest, and who stood alone before a rabid jury of ten men,

And who was sentenced to hang by a judge whose bourgeois arrogance betrayed the office he claimed his own; name the marked man, the violator of secrets; observe the banker, the gangster, the mobsters who kill and go free;
11 We are the sufferers who suffer for natural love of man for man, who commemorate the humanities of every man; we are the toilers who toil to make the starved earth a place of abundance who transform abundance into deathless fragrance.

12 We are the desires of anonymous men everywhere, who impregnate the wide earth’s lustrous wealth with a gleaming fluorescence; we are the new thoughts and the new foundations, the new verdure of the mind; we are the new hope new joy life everywhere.

13 We are the vision and the star, the quietus of pain; we are the terminals of inquisition, the hiatuses of a new crusade; we are the subterranean subways of suffering; we are the will of dignities; we are the living testament of a flowering race.

If you want to know what we are –

WE ARE THE REVOLUTION!

YOUR DISCOVERY TASKS

Task 1. Opposites Attract

Encircle the letter of the option that is most opposite to the underlined word in the sentence.

1. The corrupt governor accumulated a lot of luxury cars during his stay in office.  
   A. collected    B. dispersed    C. coagulated

2. The constant air bombardment of the capital was the military’s way of enervating the opposition.  
   A. strengthening  B. weakening  C. coddling

3. The comradeship that develops between soldiers is one that extends beyond the battlefield.  
   A. hostility  B. romance  C. amity

4. Leona’s face showed her disgust as she entered the sordid sausage factory.  
   A. squalid  B. pleasant  C. depressing

5. Carlo went down on his knees and declared his imperishable love to Carlita.  
   A. sectional  B. immortal  C. temporal
6. The day after the fire, the police released Lee’s picture to the public. Lee, who was wanted for arson, was now considered infamous.
   A. notorious   B. famous   C. unknown

7. The children descended into hysterical laughter when the clown began to perform his tricks.
   A. feverish   B. composed   C. unrelenting

8. Angela’s lustrous hair was the reason for her newfound celebrity.
   A. dull   B. gleaming   C. limp

Task 2. Using Clines

Arrange the following words based on the degrees of their meanings.

SET A: war, conflict, argument, battle, skirmish, hostilities
SET B: revolt, revolution, insurrection, mutiny, rebellion, uprising
SET C: heroism, martyrdom, patriotism, nationalism

Task 3. Locate, Reflect, Evaluate!

This activity is a continuation of the paraphrasing lessons you had in the previous lesson. This time, you must paraphrase a longer piece. Complete the table below by paraphrasing each stanza of the poem. Use only a single sentence for each stanza. Work with a partner for this task. The first stanza has been done for you.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STANZA</th>
<th>PARAPHRASE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>The persona seems to be telling the listener that to know what we are, one must look at the men and women who come from the rural areas of the country as they best represent our roots.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Task 4. Watch Out!

Study the paragraphs below. On a one-half sheet of paper crosswise, rewrite each paragraph in order to make it more cohesive.

A. Forty kilometers south of Peshawar, deep inside Pakistan’s tribal belt, lies the village of Darra Adam Khel. It’s an area few foreigners will ever visit. They are surreptitiously waging the U.S.-led war on terror or trying to elude it. Anyone else who manages to pass through the roadblocks to enter Darra, it’s the perfect place to release pent-up stress. The village has one industry of note: ordnance. Darra is the arms factory of the tribal areas. It pumps out everything from pistols to anti-aircraft weaponry. Wander into any of the mom-and-pop workshops. Choose your weapon. Haggle over the price of bullets or shells. Troll out with your equipment into the bush. Being rather nice to look at, the surrounding rocks and trees make for excellent target practice. You’ve finished debarking a tree with an AK-47. You can head back to civilization a better, calmer person for this cathartic experience. Think of it as a harmless outlet for the warrior that lurks within you.

(Adapted from Discharging Firearms-Darra Adam Khel, Pakistan by Jaimie Miyazaki from Time Magazine: The Best of Asia, July 4, 2005)

B. After five hours of uphill struggle on the second day of the classic Himalayan trek from Paro, site of Bhutan’s international airport, to Thimphu, the country’s capital, your muscles will burn. The blood will pound in your ears. Your breathing will approximate that of someone with
advanced emphysema. When your guide urges you on, trust him. It is at about this stage that you reach the 3,810-m-high ridge above Lake Jimilangtso. The setting sun bathes the mountains in an unearthly rose, and Venus is visible against a violet sky. The sheer beauty of it strikes you dumb. On the other side of the pass, on the banks of the lake, a bonfire flickers as porters set up your camp. Within the hour, you will be wrapping your hands around a steaming mug of sweetened Bhutanese rum. You will be savoring your chef’s startlingly fine creations. Sauteed chanterelle mushrooms with tender shoots of fiddlehead ferns gathered en route. Ema datshi (the national dish of potatoes, chilies and cheese). All you have to do as night falls is eat your fill. Crawl into your tent (which your porters have already set up for you). Zip the door shut. The next day may hold more trekking hell. As your head hits the pillow, there is no doubt in your mind: to be under the canvas in Bhutan is to discover the meaning of an exhausted, elated bliss.

(Adapted from Bhutan by Aryn Baker from Time Magazine: The Best of Asia, July 4, 2005)

YOUR FINAL TASK

The Things I Must Fight For

Just because we have the capability to fight, it doesn’t mean that we should go around looking for trouble. There are always things worth fighting for. They are called causes. Try interviewing people, asking them which three things are worth the good fight. Once you have enough, list down the top five causes. Provide an explanation for why you need to fight for them.

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