

21st Century Literature from the Philippines and the World

Activity Sheets

(First Quarter)

Department of Education

June 2016

Lesson 1: Poetry

Overview

This lesson examines the elements of poetry by looking at an example of Filipino regional poetry.

Objectives

- Identify the geographic, linguistic and ethnic dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to modern.
- Appreciate the application of imagery in the text provided, paying particular attention to the regional origins of the poem.
- Respond critically to the poem and articulate this response through a presentation that showcases regional culture.

Activities

Students will be grouped into 3-4 members and will be asked to discuss about the picture of Mayon Volcano that the teacher presented to the class.

- What do you think about Mayon Volcano?
- Why do you think people love this tourist destination?
- Have you seen Mount Mayon up close? If yes, how did you react when you saw it for the first time?
- Can other events have the same effect on us as a volcanic eruption? Name some.

Adaptations

Read the poem: MAYON by Kristian Sendon Cordero (Camarines Sur)
Translated from the Bikol by the author

Evaluation

1. Prepare a grid on the board. Divide the class into 4 groups then ask each group to:
 - a) Explain a particular stanza
 - b) Identify the various images in the poem
 - c) Brainstorm on how the poem *Mayon* can be interpreted literally and figuratively
 - d) Write a short critique of the poem focusing on how the images in the poem present the experience of viewing Mount Mayon
2. Research into an aspect of four different region's culture and present it to the class via a five-minute audio visual presentation that may be recorded or on print.

21st Century Literature from the
Philippines and the World

Grade 11

Week Four (EN12Lit-Ia-21)

Materials : Poem

MAYON
Kristian Sendon Cordero
Camarines Sur

Ayon sa alamat, lason ng pana ni
Pagtuga,
Ang lumikha sa bulkan – libingan ito
Ng dalagang namatay sa isang
digmaan.
Ngayon, ano ang tutubo sa paanan ng
Mayon
Gayong nagiging malawak na itong
sementeryo
Ng abo, ng tao. Manganganak na
kaya ito?

Tinitigan ko ang nakangangang
bulkan – binalot
Ng ulap at ng sariling usok ang
tuktok, gatas sa labi.
Baka sakali, magpakita, nang may
silbi ang kamera.

Sa ilang retrato na ibinebenta ng mga
bata sa Cagsawa
Lusaw na tae ang nagliliyab na lava,
dumadaloy pababa.
Matandang nag-nganganga ayon
naman sa isang makata.

Sa isang lumang postcard na nakita
ko sa Antigo Mercado—
Kapag sa malayo, isa siyang
magandang sikyung nakatanod,
Handa sa pagkapkap, naghihintay sa
iyong pagpasok.

Lesson 2: Poetry

21st Century Literature from the
Philippines and the World

Grade 11

Week Five (EN12Lit-Ib-22)

Overview

This lesson recognizes the contributions of representative or canonical texts to the development of Philippine Literature.

Objectives

- Identify representative texts and authors from each region.
- Appreciate the use of poetic devices such as dramatic situation in the development of meaning in a poem.
- Respond critically to the poem and consequently articulate this response through a creative visualization of the poem.

Activities

- Ask: What are the different scenarios in the present time that show oppression?
Students will be grouped into 6-8 members, they will be asked to present a 3 minutes dramatization of the different instances of oppression in the present time.
- Discuss: How do 21st century people combat oppression in their simple ways?
- Give a short actual historical data on what happened during the time of Marcos.

Adaptations

Read the poem: THIRD WORLD GEOGRAPHY by Cirilo F. Bautista (Manila)

Evaluation

Students will:

- a) Cut out news clippings of oppression happening in other parts of the world, paste this on a sheet of paper and write your reaction about it. (The cut out of news clippings should be given as a home work.)
- b) Write about the realities of struggles that happen in a country faced with an oppressive ruler.
- c) Relate the details and images in the poem and how it can be related to actual historical events in the story.
- d) Explain the dramatic situation presented in the poem.
- e) Explain how allegory was demonstrated in the poem by identifying the literal and symbolic meaning of the poem.

Materials : Poem

THIRD WORLD
GEOGRAPHY

Cirilo F. Bautista
Manila

*A country without miracles
Sits heavy on the map,
Thinking of banana trees rotting
In the sunlight.
The man who watches over it
Has commandeered all hopes,
Placed them in a sack,
And tied its loose end.
He goes around carrying it
On his back.
When asked what is inside,
He say, "Just a handful of feathers,
Just a handful of feathers."
That's how light the burden
Of government is in peace time –
Any tyrant can turn it into a metaphor.
You kneel on the parched earth
And pray for rice. Only the wind
Hears your useless words.
The country without miracles
Tries to get up from the page,
But the bold ink and sharp colors
Hold it down.*

Search for a blog site about oppression and write your reaction about the blog on a ½ sheet of paper. (The blog site search should be given as a home work, the reaction will be written in class)

Lesson 3: Essay

21st Century Literature from the
Philippines and the World

Grade 11

Week Six (EN12Lit-Ic-23)

Overview

This lesson examines the essay and how its techniques response to a particular content.

Objectives

- Value the contributions of local writers to the development of regional literary traditions.
- Identify how tone is related to literary style and how both help create a unique meaning in the essay.
- Respond critically to the essay and consequently articulate this response through a five minutes skit reenacting the aftermath of the Mt. Pinatubo eruption.

Adaptations

Read the essay: HOME OF THE ASHFALL by John Jack Wigley (Pampanga)

Evaluation

Students will:

- Present a five minutes skit that will reenact one of the scenes in the essay. Look into the aftermath of the Pinatubo eruption and what happened to the people who were affected by the disaster.
- After the five minutes skit:
 - Explain how Filipinos deal with adversity
 - Discuss how you would react if you were faced by a similar situation
- The author utilized Kapampangan language in some of the dialogues in the essay. List down three possible reasons and effects that this technique made.
- In a grid, list down 5 parts of the essay that sounds humorous. Explain why that particular part seems to be funny.
- Cite incidents how the writer displayed qualities of honesty and openness in his essay

Materials : Essay

HOME OF THE
ASHFALL

John Jack Wigley
Pampanga

Activities

- Divide the class into 5 groups, each group will be given a copy of the essay.
- Each group will do a round robin reading method of the essay.
- Each group would have to prepare their answers to:
 - a) The main ideas in the essay
 - b) Give 5 incidents in the essay and identify the tone that the speaker has in narrating each incident.
 - c) Explain the style of the writer by describing how the writer used words and sentences to deliver his message and commenting on the use of anecdotes in the essay.
 - d) Explain the significance and choice of the author to have an introduction that began with startling statistics followed by a brief description of the Mt. Pinatubo eruption.

Lesson 4: Short Story

21st Century Literature from the
Philippines and the World

Grade 11

Week Seven (EN12Lit-Ic-24)

Overview

This lesson recognizes the use of fiction and of fictional techniques in appreciating regional literature.

Objectives

- Appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature.
- Relate how plot and plot devices help create the reading experience in works of fiction.
- Respond critically to the story and articulate this response through a written blog, an audio-visual presentation or a voice recording.

Adaptations

Read the essay: VOICE TAPE by Ariel S. Tabag (Cagayan)

Evaluation

Students will:

- Write the meaning of plot, exposition, complication, rising action, climax and denouement.
- Make a character sketch of the following:
 - a) Dante
 - b) Angkel Ato
 - c) Nanang
 - d) Angkel Ato's Wife
- Identify the prediction that they made in the story that eventually did not happen.
- Write the instances when the author built up tension in the story.
- In groups of 3-4 members, come up with an audio visual presentation, a blog or a voice recording to answer the question: "Can we say that the story 'Voice Tape' is a realistic story?" What details would you give to support your answer? Does the story have to be realistic for it to be able to present a believable human experience?

Materials : SHORT STORY

VOICE TAPE

Ariel S. Tabag

Cagayan

Activities

- Ask the students to gather pictures of their OFW family members or relatives. Tell them to create a montage and present it in class.
- In groups of 3-4 ask the students to come up with one group answer for the following questions:
 - a) Are the economic benefits of having an OFW family member worth the hardship of being separated from them for extended periods of time?
 - b) If you grew up in a household with an OFW family member, who was the chosen relative who shaped your childhood years?
 - c) What important values did you learn from the relative who raise you?
 - d) What aspect of your life reflects his or her influence? Expound on your answer.

Lesson 5: Essay

Overview

This lesson notes the differences between the 21st century essay and earlier forms of the same genre.

Objectives

- Compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres from those of earlier periods, citing their elements, structures and traditions.
- Contrast the said elements and conventions with Philippine essays from earlier periods.

Adaptations

Read the essay: FIVE BROTHERS, ONE MOTHER from 'Many Mansions' by Exie Abola (Manila)

Evaluation

Students will post a blog or on their FB wall an answer to:

- a) What defines home to you?
- b) If you need to leave where you were staying now, what would you do to make yourself at home?
- c) How do you see your home thirty years from now?

21st Century Literature from the
Philippines and the World

Grade 11

Week Eight (EN12-Lit-Id-25)

Materials : ESSAY

FIVE BROTHERS,
ONE MOTHER
from 'Many Mansions
Exie Abola
Manila

Activities

- a) Think – pair – share on the description of the kind of house that you have.
- b) Share about four things that you love about your home.
- c) What does the advent of social media like facebook and tweeter mean to our concept of being 'at home'?
- d) OFW's are often separated from family members geographically, how can this affect how we view 'home'?
- e) How does Abola's essay dramatize the saying "home is where the heart is"

Lesson 6: Essay

21st Century Literature from the
Philippines and the World

Grade 11

Week Nine (EN12Lit-Id-26)

Overview

This lesson explains the concept of literary meaning and how inference can help in the appreciation of literary text.

Objectives

- a) Infer literary meaning from literal language based on language.
- b) Describe how literary meaning is created in the essay by way of characterization and structure.
- c) Respond critically to the essay and articulate this response through a presentation of a short biography of a local woman writer from your area or region.

Adaptations

Read the essay: THE LOVE OF MAGDALENA JALANDONI
by Winon Lou G. Ynion (Iloilo)

Evaluation

- a) The story of Magdalena Jalandoni points us to a particular conservative time when men and women were expected to perform certain roles. How has society changed since then? In what ways are women more free than before, and in what ways do they still face limitations?
- b) Respond critically to the essay and articulate this response through a presentation of a short biography of a local woman writer from your area or region.

Materials : ESSAY

THE LOVE OF
MAGDALENA
JALANDONI

Winton Lou G. Ynion
Iloilo

Activities

- a) How did the essay go beyond the biographical details of the Hiligaynon writer?
- b) Plot the development of the character or Jalandoni between the period of her birth and her death.
- c) What do you think inspired Jalandoni to become a writer? Point out specific details in the essay that will support your answer.
- d) Imagine you are a cultural worker trying to educate people about the importance and contributions of women in Philippine society. List down three relevant programs that you would introduce and why.

HOME OF THE ASHFALL

John Jack Wigley

Pampanga

The eruption of Mount Pinatubo was recorded as the second largest terrestrial eruption of the 20th century, and the largest eruption populated area. Ash fall, which formed a weighty, rain-drenched snow-like film, affected almost the entire island of Luzon, and even reached the neighboring countries of Malaysia and Vietnam. It was further aggravated because of Typhoon Yunya, which brought with it heavy rains and strong winds. To the Kampampagans and to the people affected by this tragedy, it would serve as a testament to their irrepressible attribute of rising about their plight and predicament.

I was no longer living in Angeles City when Mt. Pinatubo erupted on June 15, 1991. I was promoted from being a crew member at Pizza Hut Dau to management trainee at Pizza Hut Harrison Plaza in December 1990. After being a service crew member for more than four years and graduating from college in 1989, I had to say goodbye to my hometown where I lived for more than two decades. It was my first time to work in Manila. I asked the assistance of Ed Calupitan, a fellow Pizza Hut Dau crew member now based in Manila, to help me find a place to stay. He was living in a two-bedroom apartment and gladly offered the other room to me.

Weeks before the eruption, I read several news and warnings about Mt. Pinatubo. Frankly, I never knew that there was a volcano in the Zambales mountain range. Nobody among my Kapampangan friends did. I guess we were all clueless about the impending danger this would cause in our lives. Later on, I realized that the summit of the volcano was just fourteen kilometers away from the extent of Clark Air Base. I thought that volcanoes were conspicuous mountains and had fierce-looking summits like Maycun's and Hagon's. But this one was deeply hidden among the several mountains called the "Cabusan mountains" of Zambales. How a volcano had managed to hide among the mountains and be covered with a defense forest was something I couldn't comprehend. If it was bound to erupt, I guess it would be just like a firecracker.

Hell, I thought that if there was a mountain near us which I imagined would erupt anytime, it

would be the Arayat, which was located at the heart of Pampanga, with its open mouth and forbidding countenance. Not this obscure mountain whose native inhabitants, the Aetas, never even knew about, I paid no more attention to warnings.

I had only been in Manila for barely six months and was enjoying my new-found independence. I would sometimes go to Angeles City to see Mother during days off, which usually fell on a weekday, since management people did not have the luxury of the day-off during weekends because it was the time when more people would go out and eat. Pizza Hut Harrison Plaza was a high volume unit.

That fateful day, after my opening shift, I went to see a film. It was "*Hihintayin Kita sa Langit*", a film adaptation of Bronte's "*Wuthering Heights*" directed by Carlitos Siguion Reyna. The film starred erstwhile lovers played by Richard Gomez and Dawn Zulueta. I was feeling all mushy and melodramatic after watching the film when, once outside, I saw parked cars covered with what seemed like a whitish-gray blanket. And so were the streets. *Is it finally showing in Manila?* I thought, as I felt some of the particles in my hand and smudge my shirt. When I looked closely and touched them, they were grainy. It was like ash from an ashtray.

Sa kabila ng aking paghingal dahil sa pagod at takot, sabi ko: "Nanang, ay nabangga! Parang si... Parang si..."

Hindi na nag-urirat pa si Nanang kung sino ang nabangga. Tumakbong pumunta siya sa kalsada at nakalimutan pang magsuot ng ng tsinelas o kahit man lang sana pinuyod ang medyo mahabang nagtitikwasang buhok.

Halos patakbo rin akong sumunod kay Nanang kahit sobrang kaba ko na.

Ang gagong si Kalbo na lang sana! Sumpa ko sa loob-loob ko na ang nasa isip ko, ang CAFGU na nambugbog at muntik bumaril kay Angkel Mulong na

kapatid din ni Nanang at sinundan ni Angkel Ceferinc. Mabait kasi si Angkel Mulong dahil kung manghuhuli siya ng isda sa Calacungan, nag-iiwan siya ng gustong gusto kong sugpo na sinlaki ng hinlalaki ng paa—at samaral na sinlaki ng palad ni Tatang.

Pero nagulat akopagkarating ni Nanang sa may umpukan, kaagad siyang umiyak ng pasigaw. Inaawat nila dahil sobra ang kanyang pagwawala. Wala akong ibang naintindihan sa mga isinisigaw niya kundiang magkakasunod na “Diyos ko po! Diyos ko po!”

Nanghilakbot ako. Nagtayuan ang mga balahibo ko.

Siguradong hindi si Boying ang nabangga---higanon ang magging asta ni Nanang kung ang kaibigan ko dahil malayong pamangkin na siya ng nanay ko.

E sino? Si Tatang kaya? Pero alam kong hindi, dahil sa mga ganoong oras na malambot pa ang sikat ng araw, katatapos lamang dalhin sa ilog ang kalabaw niya; at hindi dadaan sa national highway dahil naibenta niya ang kaisa-isang bisikleta niya at ipinambayad sa klinika at sa mga gamot ni Nanang na nakaapak ng bubog noong hinahabol nya ang inahin na kinatay namin noong kaarawan ni Tatangna ginawa nilang araw ng pag-aalala sa mga kaluluwa ng mga namatay naming mahal sa buhay.

Hindi rin naman ang mga kapatid ko dahil nasa silangan ang elementaryang pinapasukan nila sa Grade Six at Grade One.

Nagtaka ko kung sino dahilganoon na lamang magwala si Nanang. At para akong nakasagi ng espiritu dahil napakaliwanag sa aking pandinig ang tila nagmula sa ilalim ng lupang pangahoy ni Nanang: “Kapatid ko! Ato! Kapatid ko! Ato!”

Kahit noong nailibing na si Angkel Ato, madalas akong nahihintakutan kung maaalala ko ang malagim na pag iyak ni Nanang.

Mag-aalas dos nang magparada ang karo ng punenarya sa rough road ng barangay sa harapan ng lote ng mag-anak nina Nanangna nasa gitna sa pook ng mga Palor. Sotelo nag apelyido ng ama nina Nanang na magmula sa Sto. Domingo, Ilocos Sur, at nakapag asawang galing sa angkan ng mga Palor ng Villa.

Halo-halong mga iyak ang naghatid sa makislap na puting kabaong ni Angkel Ato sa sala ng bahay nila. Subalit mas lumutang na naman ang pag-iyak ni Nanang at inawat pa ni Tatang dahil hinihila na ng bakuran nina Angkel Ato, sa ililim ng matandang mangga.

Agad ding pinatabi muna ni Angkel Mulong ang mga nakapalibot sa tatlong mesa na naglalaro ng tong-its at pusoy dos. Nauna pa nga sila kaysa sa bangkay (Hanggang ngayon pugad ng mga mahihilig maglaro ng baraha ang baryo namin.)

“Saka na ‘yan atupagin pag naiayos na!” medyo mabigat ang tenor ng boses ni Angkel Mulong nang di kaagad tumabi ang mga kalalakihang nagsusugal na di ko alam kung taga saan.

Di ko noon maintindihan na pagkatapos maiakyat ang kabaong, at pagkatapos makipag-usap ang mga taga-punenarya kay Nanang, kaagad din nilang binuksan ang kabaong, tinakpan ng puting kumot saka hinango ang bangkay.

I saw farther down the riverbank that people were lining up to cross the river by stepping on coconut trunks and wooden poles attached from one end to the other. The gaunt shirtless bot who was juggling coins and walking to and fro shouted. *“Pesus mu. Deng bisang lumakad papunta Angeles, keni na kayo bang ali la mabasa deng bitis yu. For one peso, take this trail and your feet wo’t get wet in the river”*. I was about to fall in line but i realized that there as a long queue of people already as far as the bend , waiting for their turn to get actions the river.

It would take me forever to get to other side if I fall in line, I thought. I talked to the person behind me. *“Malalam ya pu ing daanum. Is the water deep?”*

“Tabalu. Bala mu, malalam pin. I don;t know. It’s deep. I guess,” the immediately rejoined. *“Lawen me itang tau angga ne keng atyan na. Look at the guy crossing. The water’s up to his tummy,”* he said, pointing to the man.

It was deep, I contempalted. I didn’t want to take the risk of getting my clothes wet. I was also thinking that perhaps the water that flowed down

the river was contaminated because of the volcanic ash and the sulfuric content of the water.

Just the i saw about four barkers holding wooden chairs, inviting people to cross the river on these chairs. They explained that people would be sitting on the chair and thr barkers themselves woul carry the chair to the other side for a fee of ten pesos. Despite the horrible sight before me, I forced a smile I was thinking about how indestructible humans are. These people were still struggling to live even if catastrophes like thypoons and volcanic eruptions had truck. Catastrphes constantly plagued their lives. I felt deep admiration for them.

One barker thought my smie was an indication that I wanted to ride in the chair. "*Bisa kang sake. Would you like to take a ride?*" he asked.

I was meaning to say no but I was speechless, still talking everything in. Besides, I wanted to see my family. I noded my head.

"*Koya, padagdag naku mu keka ne. Kasi lupa kang mabayat. I'll charge you extra. You look heavy*" the barker smiled fully; revealing he had no teeth.

For a moment, i wanted to pull his hair and drown his head in the river. This impertinent one. I thought. He had to subtly insult my chubby body. But I surmised that he meant well. It was not going to be easy carrying me to the other side of the river. I just simply agreed.

I sat on the chair ad put the bag on my lap. The barker clasped an improvised rope seatbelt from one and tp the other. Yeah, like I would experience a terrible accident by forgetting to use this seatbelt, I thought sarcastically.

Just hold the chair's handles, sir it's good that you came this early. *Potang gatganapun, ali tana makapunta karin uling malam ne ing danum.* Later in the afternoon, we won't be able to cross because of the deep water," the barker enthusiastically said.

As he started lifting the chair, I felt that i was sliding down. The fabric of my pants was slippery "*Sagull, Kala-kalale. Wait, carefull Mananabu ku! I'm falling,*" I cried.

The barker haited for a second tand adjusted me weight on his arms. I wiggle momentarily and after a while, I instructed him to carry on. He looked at me and then smiled blissgully.

First, it was my body weight. Then I sensed that he was mocking me because he thought il was a sissy. I turned back to the other barkers, and they were all carrying passengers, all of whom were women. One was carrying an older woman with cane. I saw the men and they were braving the river. Oh dear, now all these barkers would regard me as the only man in the Abacan river who did not want to get his feet wet. Why hadn't I decided earlyon to just cross the river? Now, I felt guilty that I had to subject this cadaver-looking barker to such pain and suffering by carrying me, the queen all of my 160-pound royalty for a measly 15pesos. I shock my head of all this guilt away. Well, too bad, I thought I had the money which you hadn't, Sorry. Even in ancient times, slaves laboriously carried their obese masters. History repeats itself, I tried to reason out in my thoughts.

When we got to the middle of the river, I closed my eyes, not because I was afraid of the water , but because I was worried that the barker wouldn't be able to cross it, with me as his burden. The water was already knee-deep. He wasn't even wearing any footwear . What if he slid doen because he stepped on a rock or a hole under the water?

But he was very much focused. His steps were show but cautious. I wanted to talk to him so that my mind would be distracted from worrying , but i felt that he needed full concentration to get us through. I just held on the hand rest of the chair.

I imagined that poor people have always exhibited their resilience this way. When calamities happen, they are the first ones to suffer the initial blows. Yet, they survive and eventually thrive. They just need to go slow and sure. The rich and the middle class are alienated from this kind of survival stratgedy. That is why much is lost in them when things go down. But not the poor; they are like fungi. They don't die. They morph after a catastrophe.

We got to the order end of the river. The barker found a coarse spot where he could put down the chair. He was painting heavily, beads of sweat dripping from his temples. I thanked him and handed a twenty peso bill. He looked grateful and smiled. I

was waiting for him to utter an insulting remark so I could give him the sermon of the day. But he didn't.

"Dacal a salamat pu koya. Thank you . Pantunan mu naku potang bisa nakang mibalik keng sumangid. Hatad daka. Just look for me when you want to cross the river going back. I'll take you." He said as he nodded his head approvingly, once again showing his toothless mouth *"Sige pu, salamat mu rin,"* I replied.

There was hardly any roving jeepney at all when I climbed up the gully. Tricycles were waiting at the corner, but I chose not to ride in one. I decided to walk. The house was only about five minutes away anyway.

As I was walking, I thought about what the future would hold for this city I loved. Kapampangans are known to be a proud people. I only wished that they would get past all this soon. I was hoping that I would also see my family complete and in the best of health. My steps got quicker. I started to run.

At the threshold of the house, I saw Mother carrying a bundle of laundry. When she saw me, she smiled and patted my arm.

I was puzzled to see her carrying a load. "Where are you going? I just got here. I was so worried about you. Where is ate and her family, are they okay?" I asked.

Mother placed the bundle on the table and tightened it. "They're all okay, thank God. I'm going to Dau to give this to your ate."

"What, are you serious?" I was shocked by Mother's retort. "The Abacan bridge has collapsed, didn't you know? How are you going to get to Dau?"

"I know that the Abacan bridge is no more," Mother said pensively. "I've been to Dau and back Twice already. There are still barkers that lift chairs down there in the river, aren't there?" she looked at me.

I was aghast to hear this from her. "You mean you want to go down the river? You are not afraid?"

"Why should I be afraid?" Mother interrupted. "Only the old ones are afraid to cross

the river. I am not that old. Besides, you're here to keep me company, right? I'll cook your favorite *ginataang kamansi.*"

I was dumbfounded. Mother was unbelievable.

"Hurry up! The river gets deeper in the afternoon," Mother shouted "Let's go."

MAP OUT

This lesson recognizes the use of fiction, and of fictional techniques, in appreciating regional literature.

ESSENTIAL QUESTION:

How do writers use fiction and fictional techniques to respond to contexts that surround them?

LEARNING POINTS

1. Appreciate the contributions of the canonical Filipino writers to the development of national literature.
2. Relate how plot and plot devices help create the reading experience in works of fiction.
3. Respond critically to the story and articulate this response through a skit on the story.

Trackback

Overseas Filipino Workers as new heroes

We have heard OFWs in the news, and perhaps in stories told to us by our friends and family members. While it is not new, the effects of so many Filipinos travelling abroad to work has an affect on the family members these workers leave behind OFWs contributed \$12 billion in the first half of 2014 alone, making them a significant contributor and supporter of the Philippine economy. But is this worth the price of being away from their loved ones?

How far is the phenomenon from you? Is anyone in your family a current or former OFW? How long have they been away? How do they communicate? What is it like when they are at home? If you don't know, you can ask your parents, grandparents, or other family members for details. Write the experience down. Gather pictures of these OFW family members.

Create a montage, mixing the pictures as well as your own drawings and some quotes from your research, showcasing what the OFW experience is for you.

1. How do you feel about OFWs and the work that they do?
2. Are we right to call these OFWs "heroes"?
3. Should we encourage more people to become OFWs or not? Why?

Read the short story:

VOICE TAPE

Ariel S. Tabag

Cagayan

Nitong pinakahuling bakasyon ko sa Santa Teresita sa Cagayan, mistulang bumata ako ng labing walong taon dahil parang bumalik ako sa taon na may nangyari kay Angkel Ato. Noong hinahanap namin ni Nanang ang mga sertipiko ko bilang Best in Math sa elementarya ay hayskul at nang may maibigay ako sa prinsipal ng pinatuturuan kong public school sa Cubao para sa karagdagang puntos sa aking kakayahan at nang mapabilis din ang pag-akyat ng aking ranggo, siyempre kasama na ng aking sahod, may nahanap kaming "ibang bagay".

Sabi ni Nanang, inilagay niya ang mga sertipiko sa isang bag na manipis na palaoad na may markang "LA," ang brand ng sigarilyo ni Tatang noong chain-smoker pa ito. Napuno na kasi ang dingding ng maliit naming bahay sa mga sertipiko ng napalanunan ko sa mga paligsahan sa pagsusulat. Itong bag na ito, na isa sa mga pinagpalitan ni Nanang sa mga daan-daang pinagbalatan ni Tatang ng sigarilyo niya, ang binuksan namin. Subalit wala ang mga sertipiko niya pala, nakarolyo ito sa isa sa

mga apat na piraso ng buho na pinaglagyan ni Nanang ng aming birth certificate--- tatlo kaming magkakapatid pero apat na tubo dahil inakalang makakaapat sila ng tatay (dahil sa hirap ng buhay nila, si Tatang ang nakiusap sa kanya para magpaligay na sa Aparri).

Pero nauna naming nakita itong bag na kailaliman ng isang drawer ng aparador na dahil nagkagaspas na sa kalumaan, inilagay na nila ni Tatang sa nag-iisang kuwarto sa ibaba, doon malapit sa kusina, kung saan inilagay din ang iba pang gamit ni Tatang gaya ng sprayer, tatlong klase ng itak, panabas, kuribot, ang mga bungkos ng iba't ibang binhi gaya ng mais, ang inukit niyang tikbalang mula sa puno ng santol (naniniwala akong nakuha niya ang kanyang pagiging artist sa madalas niyang pagbabasa ng Bannawag), at oo, ang lagpas-tao ang tassa na inipon niyang kopya ng Bannawag na pinagpatong-patong sa almuhadera.

Iba't iba ang laman nitong lumang aparador mga lumang litrato na karamihan ay ang mga pumanaw na mahal sa buhay nina Nanang, mga lumang damit, babasaging plato na ginagamit lamang tuwing may bisitang mataas na uri ng tao gaya ng mga politikong bumibili ng boto, ang mga papel namin ng aking mga kapatid noong nasa elementarya ay hayskul na may markang "100%" ...

Pero ano itong "ibang bagay" na ito?

Ang voice tape na may markang 4 my one & onli lab ATO na sabi ni Nanangay nakuha niya sa ilalim ng unan ni Angkel Ato na kapatid niyang sumunod sa kanya, kinahapunan noong araw na nabangga ito, o pagkamatay niya sa umagang iyon ng Pebrero 16, 1992.

Nakabihis na akong papasok sa eskwela katunayan, naroon na ako sa tabi ng kalsada dahil kaharap lamang ng Pook Tactac, kung saan naroon din ang aming bahay, ang magdadalawampung aktaryang bakuran ng St. Francis Academy na pinapasukan ko ng hayskul. Nasa second year na ako kaya marahil, malakas ang aking loob kahit madalas akong ma-late. Gaya ng oras na iyon na nagpasya akong magkubli sa Indian free na sintangkad na ng mga matatanda sa tabi ng national highway dahil nagsisimula na ang flag ceremony.

Nang bigla na lang may lumagatak sa may kanluran. Parang may nagsuwagang mga torong kalabaw, mas malakas nga lamang ito ng sampung

beses. Pagkaraa'y nagsisigawan na ang mga estudyante at iba pang mga tao--- marahil ay pupunta ang mga ito sa palengke dahil Martes noon, araw ng palengke sa bayan--- nagmamadali silang pumnta sa harapan ng bakante at matubig na lote kung saan kami nangunguha ng kangkong. Nagumpukan sila doon sa likuran ng isang bus na Manny Trans.

“Nakupo! Nabangga na!” Buong lakas na sigaw ng di ko maalala kung sinong matandang babae, na ang duda ko'y si Ma'am Usita dahil katabi lang nila ang bakanteng lote at nakapagretiro na rin kaya napapansin na niya ang lahat ng nangyayari sa paligid niya, nakita man o nababalitaan lamang niya. Maliban sa lagi kong naaalala ang tinig niya dahil madalas niya akong pagalitan noong titser ko pa sa Grade Three.

“Patay na! Patay na!”

Kinutuban ako. Nabaghan ako dahil noon lamang ako nakadarna ng ganoong kutob--- kakaiba dahil di ko man lang ito naramdaman kahit madalas umiyak si Nanang noong nadukot ng mga NPA si Angkel Ceferino, na kapatid din niya na sinundan ng bunso (bale pang-lima sa anim na magkakapatid); o noong iniyakan ni Tatang ang kaisa-isang kalabaw niya na anlunod sa bagyo noong 1989.

Nakupo! Si Boying yata na kaibigan ko!