

SHS



AIRs - LM in Creative Nonfiction

Module 3



GOVERNMENT PROPERTY
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HUMMS - Creative Non-Fiction

Module 3

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La Union Schools Division

Region I

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Development Team of the Module

Author: Jerome P. Medriano

Editor: SDO La Union, Learning Resource Quality Assurance Team

Illustrator: Ernesto F. Ramos, *P II*, Carmela Velasco

Management Team:

ATTY. Donato D. Balderas, Jr.
Schools Division Superintendent

Vivian Luz S. Pagatpatan, Ph.D
Assistant Schools Division Superintendent

German E. Flora, Ph.D, *CID Chief*

Virgilio C. Boado, Ph.D, *EPS in Charge of LRMS*

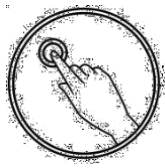
Belen C. Aquino, Ph.D, *EPS in Charge of English*

Michael Jason D. Morales, *PDO II*

Claire P. Toluyen, *Librarian II*

Creative Non-Fiction

Module 3



Target

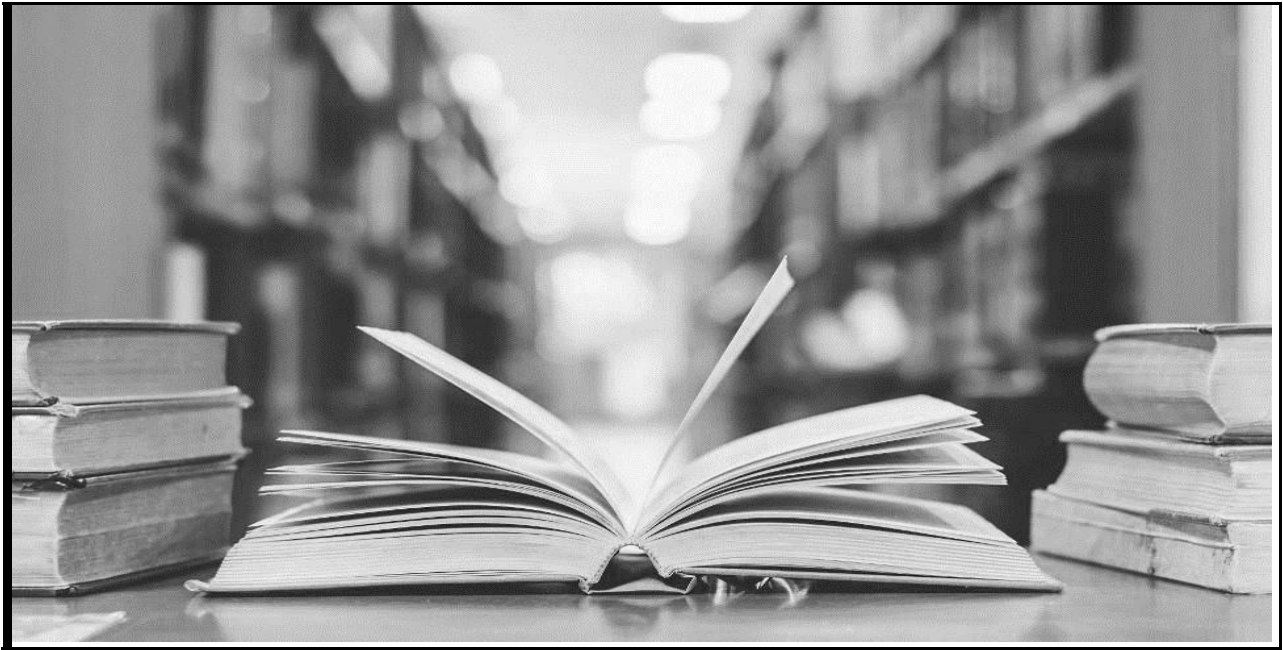
In this module, you are going to analyze and differentiate the different literary elements of a Creative Non Fiction (CNF). This will equip you with the necessary skills and proficiency in order to understand the deeper meaning of the stories as you will read them with pleasure.

After completing this module, you are expected to:

1. Analyze factual/ nonfictional elements (Plot, Characters, Characterization, Point of View, Angle, Setting, and Atmosphere, Symbols and Symbolisms, Irony, Figures of speech, Dialogue, Scene, other elements and Devices) in the texts.

Module 3

Analyzing Nonfictional Elements

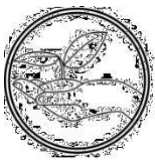


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Creative Non Fiction stories are one of the most exciting literary pieces that you'll get to encounter. I can say so because aside from the creative and colorful language the authors used, these stories also happened in real life.

In your previous lesson, you created your own examples of the different elements of CNF .

Today, we are going to read some of the exciting stories. But before that we are to analyze first the different literary elements present in each of these narratives.



Jumpstart. PicGuess!

Let us see how familiar you are with the movie *Titanic* and *Hello, Love, Goodbye*.

As we know, *Titanic* is a movie which is based on a real-life story and became a blockbuster when it was first released in 1998.

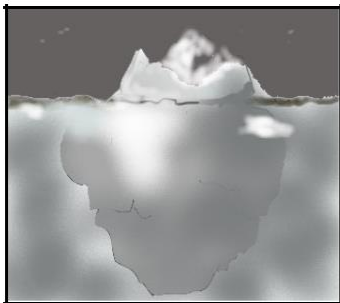
The other movie was released in 2019, though not a real-life story, it captured the hearts of the young ones and the once young also, making it a blockbuster.

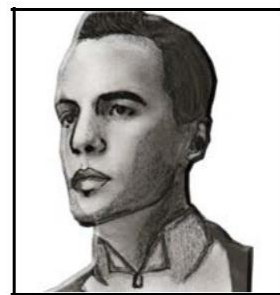
Now, you are going to take a careful look to each of the pictures and guess who or what it is. Afterwards, you are going to write a short description on how you know the characters or the objects being shown. Are you ready? Game!

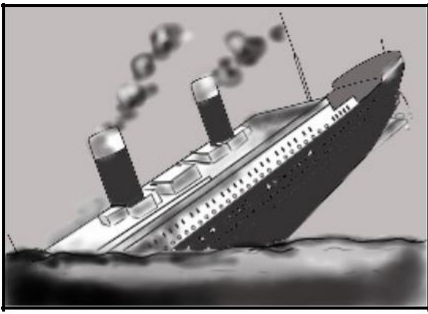
Titanic











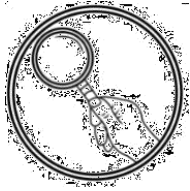


Hello, Love, Goodbye









Discover

Before we will analyze the CNF elements, let us first familiarize ourselves with its different elements.

Elements of a Non Fiction Piece

The Characters - these are the entities (people or animals) who are considered as the participants in the action of the real-life event.

Methods of Characterization-

1. Direct- a character in the story is described by the author directly.
2. Indirect- a character who is described by the author through his/her personality, action, physical appearance, thoughts, and speech.

Kinds of characters that can be portrayed

According to Roles Played

Major Characters

- a. Protagonist- the main or central character. He is also called hero or heroine (female) when they exemplify nobility and bravery.
- b. Antagonist- the counterpart of the protagonist, or the villain.

Minor Characters

- a. Confidant- the character to whom the main character reveals his/her sentiments, hopes, and aspirations.
- b. Foil- a character who portrays a contrasting quality to another character.
- c. Stock type- a character who portrays national or social identity.

According to fullness of development

- a. Flat- a character who is portrayed just one or two traits.
- b. Round- a character who is complicated or who has many sides.

According to changes undergone in the story

- a. Static- a character who does not show any change--- he/she has the same characteristics from the beginning up to the end.

- b. Developing/ dynamic- a character who goes through changes in his/her personality.

II. The Plot- a flow of events in a story. It is considered as the skeleton, the blueprint, or the framework of the story.

Parts of the Plot

1. Exposition/ Introduction- introduces the major characters in the story and introduces the setting of the story.
2. Complication/ Rising Action- the occurring events which occur that may lead to a problem or conflict.

Kinds of Conflict:

- a. External Conflict- the characters' clash with the forces outside him/her like natural occurrences such as calamities and social occurrences like fighting an antagonist.
 - b. Internal Conflict- the characters' clash within himself/herself. An example of this is the memories that continuously haunt the character disabling him to think or act well.
3. Climax – is also called the turning point of events. This is the peak of the interest in a story where you as a reader or a viewer is very much excited as to what may the result of this part be.
 4. Resolution- is also called as the falling action where the problem or conflict is resolved.
 5. Conclusion or the end determines whether it is a success or a failure on the part of the major characters.

III. Point of View (POV)- this answers the question “Who is narrating?”

Different Points of View:

1. First Person POV- the narrator is a character himself/herself in the story. Your clue is the frequent use of personal pronouns *I* and *my* in the story.
2. Third Person POV- the narrator is outside the story. It is indicated by using the pronouns *he*, *she*, and *they*.
3. Omniscient POV- the narrator knows all what the characters are thinking, that is why he/she is called all-knowing.

IV. Allusion – this is a literary technique in which the subject is being referred to a historical or literary figure.

Here are the examples:

*Juan is said to be the Jose Rizal in their class because of his exemplary wit.(Meaning: excellent)

* Maria is known as the Gabriela Silang of their community (Meaning: Maria is brave because Gabriela Silang is known to be a brave Ilocano heroine)

V. Flashback- a literary technique in which there is a reminiscence or recollection of the past events. In short, it is going back to the past.

VI. Foreshadowing- a counterpart of flashback as it utilizes hints or clues indicative of what will happen next in the story.

For example, in a story the writer uses a black cat which signifies that there is something not-so-good to happen later on.

VII. Imagery- another technique in which the characters or even the setting or anything in the story is described very well as if you are creating a mental image on your mind. This is successfully done through the use of vivid adjectives.

VIII. Mood- the feeling or atmosphere the author makes for the reader.

IX. Moral-the call towards having a good behavior; this could be in the form of a maxim, or a saying.

X. Suspense- the feeling of excitement, tension or even pressure by the reader as he/she gets involved in the story to know the outcome of a particular conflict. Oftentimes even when we watch movies, we get thrilled by how the story reveals something about a character or an event—it might be the revelation of the character as an illegitimate child or the like.

XI. Symbol -the representation of a person, place or an object. For instance, in a story, the diamond ring of the lady character might symbolize love, wealth or even power.

XII. Theme - the main message of a story or a generalization about life. For example, the theme of a story is: Perseverance gets you to your goal. A theme should always contain a subject and a predicate.

XIII. Tone- the attitude of the author towards its subject. It could be joyful, serious, humorous, angry, among others.

Aside from the elements of a creative non fiction text, we can also see figurative languages that make the story more colorful and engaging to the readers. This is also what we call as a **figure of speech**.

A **figure of speech** is the language that has beyond the common and literal meaning. It makes the language more colorful and creative.

Here are the different figures of speech:

1. Simile- the comparison of two unlike things , but have some commonalities. You can easily distinguish that it is a simile because of the use of the words *as* or *like*.

Example: *Silver-colored cars moved slowly down the road like fishes in the deep ocean.*

2. Metaphor- the comparison of two unlike things which have commonalities but without the use of the words *as* or *like*.

Example: *The youngest princess is the apple of the King's eyes.*

3. Personification- it personifies the inanimate objects, or it makes the inanimate objects as if they are living things.

Example: *The rock stubbornly refused to move an inch.*

4. Apostrophe- addresses the dead as if he/she is still alive, the absent as if they are present, and the inanimate as if they were persons.

Example: *O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?*

5. Alliteration- the succeeding words in a line or a sentence which have the same consonant sounds beginning.

Example: *O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being." (Shelley's "Ode to The West Wind)*

6. Hyperbole - the exaggeration of what is said.

Example: *The grieving widow cried a bucket of tears.*

7. Onomatopoeia - the use of words that mimic sounds.

Example: *"Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs ringing clear." (A. Noyes' "The Highwayman")*

8. Antithesis - this is a contrast of words in a sentence to make it more ardent or impactful to the readers.

Example: *"To err is human; to forgive, divine."* (A. Pope's "Epigrams")

9. Paradox- a contradictory statement which is true.

Example: *Life succeeds in that it seems to fail.*

Oxymoron- a kind of paradox which has two opposite or contradictory terms in a sentence.

Example: *"Parting is such a sweet sorrow."* (William Shakespeare)

10. Metonymy- it is a word substitution by another term which has a similar meaning.

Example: *He spends the evening reading Shakespeare (book).*

11. Synecdoche – it is a substitution of a part for a whole and a whole for a part.

Example: *The captain shouted, "I need all hands on the deck."* (hands represents all the persons or crew to help)

Huh! That is a very long one! I hope you're still surviving, aren't you? Now, let me teach you **how to analyze** the different elements within a particular story.

Here are some tips, guides, and questions which will serve as your roadmap towards analyzing the different elements.

Character & Characterization

*What is the role of that character in the story?

*What does this character display? Is he good or evil? How do you say? Give some textual proof.

* What does this character epitomize? Is he/she a representation of hope or goodness? How?

Setting

Where is the setting of the story (time and place)?

What is the impact of the setting to the over-all atmosphere or meaning of the story?

Point of View

What is the point of view of the story?

How do you know that it was the POV used? Cite textual references.

What is the over-all effect of the type of POV used in the story? Is the story more dramatic if you use such type of POV?

Irony

*What kind of irony is present in the story?

*What is the significance of this irony in the story?

Moral

*What is the moral of the story?

*How is the moral evident in the story?

Plot

Do you think the sequence of the story is logical?

What technique did the author use to make the plot more creative? Did he use flashback or foreshadowing? Was he successful?

What happened in each of the

Allusion

Do you see some allusions in the story? If so, what are they?

What is the significance of these allusions in the story?

Mood

*What is the mood of the story?

*What words support the mood of the story?

Suspense

*What suspense were you able to spot in the story?

*How did you feel upon reading it?

* What happened next?

Symbol

- *What are the symbols/symbolisms in the story?
- *How were you able to know such symbols/ symbols in the story?

Theme

- *What is the theme of the story?
- *What evidences can you provide to prove that such is the theme of the story?

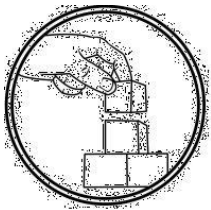
Tone

- *What is the tone of the story that you read?
- *How did the different elements converge to come up with the over-all tone of the story?

Figures of Speech

- *What are the figurative languages that you were able to spot in the story?
- *What do these figures of speech mean?
- *What is the impact of these to the story?

If you were to contemplate on those guide questions for you to be able to analyze the different elements within the story, I congratulate you! That only means that you are now ready to move forward to the next part of this module.



Explore

Let's now apply what you just learned from our discussion. Are you excited? Let's start!

You are going to read a Nonfiction story by Jhoanna Lynn Cruz which won 3rd Prize (Essay in English) at the Don Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature 2008. After reading it, you are going to analyze the elements of the story through filling out the necessary boxes with your own analyses.

Remember that you are doing an analysis, so you must use your Higher Order Thinking Skills (H.O.T.S).

Sapay Koma

By Johanna Lynn Cruz

“I looked at Maria and she was lovely. She was tall...and in the darkened hall the fragrance of her was like a morning when papayas are in bloom.” –Manuel Arguilla

On our first Valentine as a couple, he gave me a bowl of white nondescript flowers. They had a distinctly sweet but faint scent. I had never been a fan of Valentine’s Day nor of love like a red, red rose; but that day, I became a believer. He told me they were papaya blossoms from his mother’s garden. At that moment, I knew I would one day marry him. We had started dating only three months ago, but I knew I would be Maria to his Leon. Why, he even had a younger brother the same age as Baldo! And even though they didn’t live in Nagrebcan nor owned a carabao, the town of Itogon, Benguet was remote enough for me. I have always enjoyed teaching the Arguilla story for its subversive take on the role that one’s family plays in a marriage; but having been born and raised in Pasay City, I had no idea what papaya blossoms smelled like. I imagined that my new boyfriend had read the story in his Philippine literature class and meant for me to recognize his gift as an allusion. In fact, I imagined we would defy societal norms and prove that love conquers all. Instead of a “theme song,” our relationship had a story to live up to. It was a disaster waiting to happen.

In the story, Leon brings his city-girl wife, Maria, home to meet his parents for the first time. His surly father orchestrates several tests of Maria’s suitability through Leon’s younger brother Baldo, who is quickly won over by her papaya blossom scent. The first time I met his parents was on the wedding day of his eldest brother. By then, we had been seeing each other discreetly for seven months, somehow knowing that no one would approve of our relationship. In the midst of the beating of gongs and best wishes, his Kankanaey father only wanted to know two things about me: where I was from and what language I spoke. I gave the wrong answer on both points. I was a Manilaña and I couldn’t speak Ilocano yet, having only recently moved to Baguio City to rebuild my life after becoming disillusioned with the institution that had once nurtured my desire to excel. But no love lost, I was only their son’s “*gayyem*” (friend), after all. It didn’t help that I was wearing a leopard print spaghetti-strapped dress, which exposed the tattoo on my back. I reasoned that the Cordillera culture has a long tradition of body art; so they should appreciate the significance of mine. None of us knew at that time that I was already carrying a half-Igorot child in my womb (which, I imagined, somehow made me an acceptable quarter-Igorot for the nonce). Against better judgment, we decided to get married. We were under the influence of hormones, of pregnancy, of the Catholic church, of Manuel Arguilla. We would have gotten a quickie secret wedding if he were old enough, or I, *wais* enough; but by law we needed his parents’ consent. Which they refused to give. For perfectly good reasons.

They could have said, “*You shouldn’t marry because he is too young*” (and you are ten years older). Or “*You shouldn’t marry because he is still studying*” (and you were even his teacher). Or “*You shouldn’t marry because he has a calling*” (and you are snatching him from God).

But instead his mother said, “We can’t give you permission because his brother had just gotten married. In the theology of the Cordilleras, if siblings marry within the same year, one of the marriages will fail. The community will blame us if we allow you to marry.”

So I called my mother, who promptly came to my rescue, writing them a demand letter based on a fallacy: “*If your child were the woman in this situation, you would rush to marry them!*” I’m sure she was so eager to get me married off because she knew it was a fluke.

What was most ridiculous (though I refused to see it at that time), was that I was a self-proclaimed lesbian feminist. Despite all the tragic relationships I had had with women, I still believed that it was worth fighting for the right of a woman to love another woman. What business did I have getting married to a very young man? And for all the wrong reasons. Must have been oxytocin overdose sponsored by the baby in my womb. Or a planetary alignment exerting mysterious forces on my consciousness. Or, gasp—Love!

Whatever it was, it came to pass. My mother didn’t have to bring my grandfather’s rifle. But I had to do it all on my own: filing the license, finding the Judge, buying the rings, reserving a restaurant, paying for everything. It was a good thing his parents didn’t allow us to tell anybody about the marriage – that way I didn’t have to invite anyone — which lessened my expenses. I had to understand that they had spent all their savings for his brother’s recent wedding, where they had butchered eight pigs for a traditional Igorot wedding feast. And after all, lest we forget, we were getting married against their will. But hey, there they were, on hand to sign the marriage certificate in the sala of the Honorable Judge Fernando Cabato of La Trinidad, Benguet.

The ceremony itself was quick – but peppered with omens. First, when the court clerk asked for my mother-in-law’s name, I told her “Constancia” – because I figured that was where her nickname “Connie” came from. When I asked my nervous groom, he agreed. When the Judge confirmed the information, “Constancia” objected because her name is actually “Conchita.” Judge Cabato made the correction and lectured us about how important it is not to make errors in a legal document. Then, when it came to my father-in-law’s name, the Judge refused to believe that “Johnny” was his real name.

When he asked for the rings, my groom gave him the little box, but when the Judge opened it, it was empty. The elderly honorable Judge sat down and asked, “Is this a prank?” It turned out that the rings had slipped out of the box and were floating in my groom’s pants’ pocket.

When it was time for the wedding kiss, the Judge “got even” with us. He pronounced us husband and wife and then said, “No more kissing, it’s obvious there’s a deposit in there!” Then he laughed hearty congratulations. I wonder now how many times he has regaled a party crowd with our story.

At the reception in a Chinese restaurant, we occupied only one round table, with only ten guests. The *pancit canton* was very good. We didn’t get any gifts, except for a framed copy of 1 Corinthians 13: “*Love is patient, love is kind... love does not keep a record of wrongs...*” It wasn’t the wedding of my dreams, but the whole event cost me only Php 2,500. It was as do-it-yourself as DIY could get. That didn’t include the cost of the wedding rings, for which I had to sacrifice some of my old gold jewelry. The irony of it escaped me at the time; but for a modern woman on a budget, there was no room for finesse.

Thus we began our married life: full of contention, confusion, and concealment.

We couldn’t live together immediately; nor was I allowed to be seen in their little neighborhood, where everyone knew everyone. A very pregnant stranger ambling up and down the steep Upper Mangga Road would have been a conspicuous mystery. I continued to live alone in my apartment, with my husband staying weekends, and I pretended in school that my husband is from Manila. I’m not sure anyone actually believed the drama, but I was bathing in first-baby-love, so I couldn’t care less.

My other Igorot friends assured me that when the baby is born, my in-laws would finally accept me as the mother of their grandchild. But as I said, I couldn’t care less. I was a Manila girl – I truly believed that our marriage would succeed even without his parents’ approval of me. I was used to flouting norms and not needing anyone. And for his part, my husband argued existentially that we should live by the integrity of our own little family. You see, he was a Philosophy major under the tutelage of two young Jesuit-educated instructors, who had come to the mountains from Manila to indulge their fantasies about love and teaching (in that order). We, the migrant teachers, smiled at each other in the College of Human Sciences silently acknowledging each other’s foolishness; ignoring the fact that most of the other “native” faculty members looked askance at the three of us.

When our daughter was born, we decided it was time to move into the family home. In the innocent presence of the new half-Igorot baby, all would be forgiven. It seemed the most practical thing to do. But I soon realized how naïve we were. We didn’t take into account all the new wrongs that could be committed while sharing one household.

Before I got married, I had a dog – a black mongrel I had named “*Sapay Koma*,” which is Ilocano for “*sana*.” It is both a wish and a prayer – difficult to translate into English, unless in context. Koma was my companion throughout the two years I had lived in my dank, quirky apartment – the mute witness to the drama and dilemma preceding my decision to marry. We took him along with us in our move, of course. But the five other dogs in the new household didn’t like him all that much

and they all raised such a nonstop racket, none of the humans could sleep, particularly the newborn baby.

The neighbors offered to buy him for Php 500. Igorots like black dogs because the meat is tastier. I was aghast. He was my dog, my loyal friend. If anyone was going to eat him, it should be family. So my husband invited his friends over to put Koma out of his misery.

I locked myself in our little bedroom with the baby, while they did it. But despite the closed windows, I could still smell the burning hair and later, the meat cooking. The putrid scent seemed to stick to my nose for days after, accusing me of betrayal. I wept for Koma and for all that was dying in the fire – all the wishes that had no place in my new life. I decided that this was the price for what Filipinos like to call “*paglagay sa tahimik*.”

It took two hours for the meat to be tender enough to eat and when we all sat down to dinner, I was glad they didn’t expect me to partake of the canine feast. Yet I did. I took one mouthful, which I swallowed quickly without chewing, so I wouldn’t have to relish the flavors. I may have had the stomach for it, but I didn’t have the heart. I only wanted to show them that I respected their culture, even though in fact, I would never belong. Also, I was hoping that this way, Koma would forgive me for having failed him, for offering him as a sacrifice at the altar of my marriage. This way, we could be truly together.

For weeks after, every time I overheard my husband reply “Aw, aw” to his father, I would shiver at the prospect that we would have dog for dinner again. They had five other dogs, after all. Luckily, it turned out that “aw” only means “yes” in their language, Kankanaey. Besides, they only butcher dogs on very special occasions. Ordinarily, there was always the savory chicken soup dish, *Pinikpikan*, which features a similar charred skin aroma and taste. I was quite relieved to learn that his father did not require beating the chicken to death with a stick before cooking, as is customary in the Igorot culture.

To this day, I have not been able to care for another dog. I do, however, have another child. By the same man. Accidentally. It happened on Father’s Day, when we thought having sex was a nice distraction from the confusion that arose from our growing discontent with the marriage. When we found out about the pregnancy, we agreed, albeit reluctantly, that it was Divine Intervention – a sign that we should keep trying to save the marriage.

It was not just the food that was strange. I couldn’t understand why everyday, some relatives would come over and expect to be fed. I had not been raised in an extended family, and even within our nuclear family, we pretty much kept to ourselves. In my mother’s house, we were trained to share through “one for you, one for me, then stay out of my bag of goodies.” You can imagine how I felt the day they served my Gardenia whole wheat bread to the “relatives,” who promptly wiped it out, because my peanut butter was delicious.

Not that I was being selfish. Aside from the fact that I didn't have any bread for breakfast the next day and the house being a ten-minute hike uphill plus ten kilometers to downtown Baguio City, I fumed about not even being introduced to these relatives as the wife of their son. They would introduce my daughter and her *yaya*, but I remained a "phantom of delight" flitting about the house.

When I confronted my husband about the bread, he explained that in the Igorot culture, everything belongs to the community. So, I took a permanent marker and wrote my name on my next loaf of bread. It was a Saussurean signifier of sorts – and it was unforgivable.

My father-in-law was a man of few words. In fact, my daughter was already two years old when he decided it was time to acknowledge my existence and say something to me. In the past, he would use an intermediary (usually my husband) if he wanted to get information from me. It wasn't too difficult because by this time we had already moved to Manila and were living in my mother's house – which was another disaster and another story. It was Christmas Eve and we were spending the holidays in Baguio City. He was watching a replay of a boxing match and I was playing with my daughter in the living room. He asked, in Ilocano, "Do you have a VCD player at home?" I was so shocked I couldn't reply immediately. He repeated the question in Tagalog. It turned out he was giving us the VCD player he had won in a *barangay* raffle. That night, as the entire family sang their traditional "Merry Christmas To You" to the happy birthday tune, I felt I was finally getting a fair chance to prove that I was worthy of being in their cozy family.

In our six years together, I can think of more instances in which our separate worlds collided and caused aftershocks in my marriage. But none of it rivaled what I thought was the worst affront to me. My mother-in-law is Cancerian, like me, so her house is a pictorial gallery of her children and their achievements. She had a wall with enlarged and framed wedding photos of her children. Through the years, her exhibit grew, and expectedly, I and my husband didn't have a photo on this wall. I figured it was because we had not had a church wedding. In fact, when we told them I was pregnant with our second child, they requested that we hold a church wedding already. They even offered to share the expense. But I preferred to save my money for the birth of the baby. However, given my theater background, I once tried to convince my husband to just rent a gown and tuxedo and then have our "wedding" photo taken so we'd finally get on "The Wedding Wall." But he has always been the more sensible half of our couple.

One day, though, a new picture was added to the wall. It was a studio photo of his eldest sister, her American husband, and their baby boy. It wasn't "The Wedding Wall" anymore; it was now the "Our Children and their Acceptable Spouses" wall. It was their version of the Saussurean signifier. The message was loud and clear – to me and to other people who came to visit.

I wonder now why it so mattered to me to be on that wall. I guess I felt that after all those years, we had been punished enough for defying the culture. Maybe I

actually believed in 1 Corinthians 13. Or perhaps I also needed to be reassured that I was indeed happily married.

I confronted my husband about it and demanded that he finally stand up for me and our family. And he did – he wrote his parents a letter that made his mother cry and beat her breast. We each tried to explain our sides, finally coming to terms with the bitter past. They told me that they are simple folk and didn't mean to ostracize me; that when they agreed to the marriage, they accepted me as part of the family, no matter what. I believed them. I told them I was never going to be the woman they had probably wanted for their son; but that I am a perfectly good woman, most of the time. We tried to make amends. Our family picture was up on the wall within three days. Our kids were quite pleased.

But it was too late. By then, my husband and I had been grappling with our own issues for the past five years. He had gotten tired of my transgressions and sought solace with his friends. After coming home late from another “Happy Hour” with them, I screamed at him, “What happy hour? Nobody is allowed to be happy in this house!” It was then we both finally realized that we had to face the truth about our marriage. By the time his parents were willing to start over in our journey as a family, we had given up on ours.

Most couples find breaking up hard to do. It was particularly hard for us because we had to convince his parents that it was not their fault. On the other hand, I had to deal with the fact that maybe my marriage did fail because of the “curse” of the superstition “*sukob sa taon*” – that maybe we were wrong to insist on our choice. Yet on good days, I am pretty sure it was a perfectly “no fault divorce,” if there ever was one.

“*Kapag minamalas ka sa isang lugar, itawid mong dagat*” goes the Filipino proverb. Perhaps the salt in the sea would prevent the bad luck from following you. So today I live with my two Igorot children in Davao City – fondly called “the promised land.” Everyone is astounded when they learn that I had moved even though I knew only one person here – who didn't even promise me anything. I just wanted a chance to start over. When we moved into this house, it had a small nipa hut in the backyard. The kids enjoyed staying there during the sweltering hot Davao afternoons, especially when their Daddy called them on the phone. But it was nearly falling apart and was host to a colony of termites that had actually begun to invade the house as well. My generous landlady soon decided it was time to tear down the structure. When I got home one day, it was gone. All that was left was a dry and empty space in the yard; yet everything looked brighter too. We missed the “*payag*,” but soon the grass crept into the emptiness and we began to enjoy playing Frisbee in the space that opened up. It was a Derridean denouement of sorts.

Last year, we spent our first Christmas without any family obligations. It was liberating not to have to buy any gifts for nephews, cousins, in-laws. All the shopping I did was for my children. I was determined to establish my own Christmas tradition with them. I wanted to show them we were happy. I wanted them to grow up never having to sing “Merry Christmas To You” ever again. I decided to cook *paella* for *nochebuena* as if my life depended on it. I thought it was simply a matter of dumping

all the ingredients in the pan and letting it cook – like the aftermath of a failed marriage. The recipe was so difficult I ended up crying hysterically, asking myself over and over, “what have I done?” My kids embraced me and said, “Nanay, stop crying na.” But I couldn’t. It seemed as if it was the first time I had let myself cry over what I had lost. I noticed though, that the kids did not cry. Embarrassed with myself, I picked myself up from the river of snot that was my bed and finished what I had set out to do – as I always have. It even looked and tasted like paella, despite the burnt bottom. But next year we’ll just order take-out from Sr. Pedro (Lechon Manok).

That night, my mother-in-law sent me a text message saying they are always praying for us to get back together, especially for the children’s sake. I do not know how to comfort her, except to keep saying that we had all done the best we could at the time; that we are always trying to do the right thing; that despite what happened, or perhaps because of it, we will always be a family. Of a kind. We are, after all, inextricably linked by a timeless story and “sapay koma.”

Each of us in this story nurtures a secret wish to have done things differently – to have been kinder, more understanding of each other’s quirks and shortcomings. But it takes less energy to wish it forward. *Sapay koma naimbag ti biagyodita* — to hope that your life there is good.

Congratulations for reading such an amazing work of art! Now, it’s time for you to digest what you read through analyzing the different elements of a CNF story.
Directions: Fill in the boxes with the necessary analyses of the different elements of a

CNF based on the story. Remember to use your H.O.T.S in analyzing the elements of the story. Do your best!

Characters:

Plot:

Point of View:

Allusion:

Flashback:

Foreshadowing:

Imagery:

Irony:

Mood:

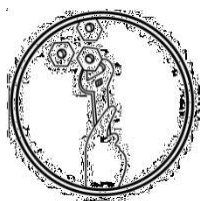
Moral:

Symbol:

Theme:

Tone:

Suspense:



Deepen

Breathe deeply because you've just finished your previous activity. Breathe deeper because you're going to dive more... into a more adventurous activity as you are going to read and analyze another CNF story. This story is lifted from the book *Chicken Soup for the Soul*.

Directions: Read and understand the story well. Afterwards, you are going to analyze the different elements of the story, this time through writing a story analysis. Don't worry because this has a similarity with the one you did before; it's just that you are going to write a short continuous prose or essay of your analysis.

You are going to be guided with a rubric which can be found below the story. Enjoy reading and explore the wonders of CNF!

Open Your Books

Liz Graf

Never, never, never give up. -Winston Churchill

From the time I could line up my dolls on the sofa and play school, I wanted to be a teacher. "Open your books," I would instruct my teddy bear, dolls, and sundry stuffed animals. Then I would regale them with whatever new thing I had just learned. Every grade accomplished during my own education intensified that desire. From cursive to "new math," from home economics to world literature, I knew I wanted to join the ranks of the magical people who made the world come alive for me. I wanted to be a teacher.

The most inspirational teacher I ever had was my high school biology teacher, Coach Hogan. He was all business on the football field but pure passion in the classroom. Biology came alive in his class (no pun intended, though I think he'd like the joke). He opened my eyes to a world beyond the reaches of my troubled home life. He made me believe that science was fun and intended for everyone. I decided to follow him and become a biology teacher myself.

But how? Dreams and aspirations are one thing, money for tuition is quite another. My father was disabled so finances were challenging. Though I graduated seventh in my class of 400 and was accepted at a state university, I couldn't afford to go. In fact, no one in my immediate family had ever graduated from college. But I believed I was meant to be a teacher. My heart and my childhood dolls told me so. I had to find a way to make it happen.

I won a partial scholarship but it wasn't enough to cover all the tuition. Then my parents offered me my portion of my father's Social Security disability. I could live at home for free and use the money to attend the local junior college. I was humbled by the depth of their sacrifice because the dollar amount was almost a third of their income. However, I still needed more to cover books and supplies. Undeterred, I found a part-time job and enrolled in classes, believing it wasn't meant to be.

Before long, my life consisted of little more than school, studying and work. I decided to try and finish my degree in three years—the sooner to have a job and paycheck. So I took large class loads, sometimes over twenty credits per semester, and continued my studies through the summer sessions. I hid my textbooks under the cash register at work so I could study when there weren't any customers. Sleep deprived, I napped on my break. All the while I pushed forward, seeing myself in the classroom, imagining my interaction with students, and believing I could make it happen through faith and hard work.

Even dates with my boyfriend entailed trips to the library or studying at home. There was little time to waste. During spring break, the extra hours available for work were too precious to spend in the sun, though I lived in a coastal beach town known worldwide as a major spring break destination. When I graduated from junior college and transferred to a four-year university, the higher tuition meant I needed more funds. So I added a work-study regime to my schedule, cleaning test tubes and setting up labs in the science department. Sometimes I felt like a marathon runner without a finish line. But then I would remember that every dirty test tube I cleaned meant I was one step closer to my dream. I couldn't wait to start making magic in my own classroom.

Because of my student teaching requirement, my graduation month was December. I'd have a few months to work as a substitute teacher in the local area before the schools started hiring for the next academic year. It seemed a great opportunity to scope out the job market. I had never heard the term "RIF" before.

"County Teachers Affected by a Reduction in Force," read the local headline. In short, there was a drop in student population and many teachers

were laid off. No new teachers would be hired until all those who lost their jobs were placed. I couldn't believe it. Disheartened but determined, I continued substituting, hoping a break would come my way. I took a long-term substitute position in biology at a private school and felt like I had found a home. When I learned they were planning to replace the biology teacher I had subbed for, I was sure the position was meant for me. I could see the pieces falling into place. I could see myself in the halls. I could feel the chalk in my hand. This is where my journey was leading. However, the principal had other ideas.

"You're too young," he told me during my interview. "This last teacher was young and had a lot of discipline problems. We want someone older—with more experience."

"I don't believe age determines how well someone can conduct a class," I responded quickly. "It's about technique and skill," I replied. And magic, I whispered to myself.

"I'm sorry," he replied. "My mind is made up. Good luck to you."

I cried all the way to work that night and was in the break room trying to pull myself together when a new employee walked in. Her name was April and it was my job to train her. We introduced ourselves and got busy learning how to take catalog orders over the phone. In the moments between customers I shared my feelings. I told her how much I wanted to teach. I told her I was having a hard time believing I had worked so hard for my dream only to be denied. I told her about the magic.

A few nights later a man walked into the store and April introduced him to me as her father, Reid Hughes. We chatted about the store and how quickly April was learning her new job. He casually mentioned that April had told him I wanted to teach. I assured him that was true and shared some of my thoughts with him. He left after a few minutes and I thought April was lucky to have such a nice father.

The next morning my phone rang. It was the principal of the private school calling to offer me the biology position.

"Are you kidding?" I was dumbfounded.

"No," he assured me. "I'm not kidding. It seems you made quite an impression on the chairman of our Board of Directors."

"Who, h-h-how?" I stammered.

"His name is Reid Hughes, and he wants you to have this job."

I was speechless.

A few weeks later I stood in the door of my classroom, welcoming my students to their first day of school. When they were settled, I picked up a piece of chalk, walked and wrote my name.

“Let the magic begin,” I whispered to myself as I turned back to greet their expectant faces.

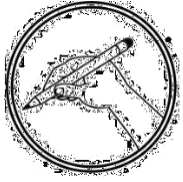
“Open your books,” I said with a smile.

There you have it! You’ve just read a very inspiring and motivating story about never giving up on your dream. Now, it’s time for you to be familiarized with the rubrics before you are going to write your short analysis.

CATEGORY	5- Above Standards	4- Meets Standards	2- Approaching Standards	1- Below Standards	Score
Grammar & Spelling	Author makes no errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Author makes 1-2 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Author makes 3-4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Author makes more than 4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	
Capitalization & Punctuation	Author makes no errors in capitalization or punctuation, so the essay is exceptionally easy to read.	Author makes 1-2 errors in capitalization or punctuation, but the essay is still easy to read.	Author makes a few errors in capitalization and/or punctuation that catch the reader's attention and interrupt the flow.	Author makes several errors in capitalization and/or punctuation that catch the reader's attention and interrupt the flow.	
Evidence and Examples	All of the evidence and examples are specific, relevant and explanations are given that show how each piece of evidence supports the author's position.	Most of the evidence and examples are specific, relevant and explanations are given that show how each piece of evidence supports the author's position.	At least one of the pieces of evidence and examples is relevant and has an explanation that shows how that piece of evidence supports the author's position.	Evidence and examples are NOT relevant AND/OR are not explained.	
Analysis of the Elements	The author specifically analyzed all of the elements in the story. The analysis shows H.O.T.S.	Most of the elements were analyzed well.	Just a few of the elements were analyzed well.	There was no analysis at all.	
Transitions	A variety of thoughtful transitions are used. They clearly show how ideas are connected	Transitions show how ideas are connected, but there is little variety	Some transitions work well, but some connections between ideas are fuzzy.	The transitions between ideas are unclear OR nonexistent.	

Let the journey of writing begin!

A large rectangular box with a double-line border, containing 20 horizontal lines for writing. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the box, providing a template for a paragraph or a list.



Gauge

At last, you have come to the last part of this module! This part will test your mastery on the concepts that you learned on the first part of the module.

Directions: Read and analyze the questions that need to be answered. Write the letter of your choice in the blank provided before each item.

____ 1. In a Creative Non Fiction, what do you call the framework of a particular story?

- A. Blueprint B. Plot C. Sequence D. Timeline

____ 2. “Maria is very anxious about her current situation. She doesn’t know what to do.” Granting that this is told by a narrator, what point of view (POV) is being applied?

- A. 1st Person POV B. 2nd Person POV C. 3rd Person POV D. 4th Person POV

____ 3. What is the most appropriate question that should be asked in order to analyze the characters and their characterizations in the story?

- A. What are the names of the characters?
B. What are the dialogues that they uttered?
C. How many characters are there in the story?
D. How did the characters exemplify their roles in the story?

____ 4. Which of the following guidelines should be taken into consideration when you need to analyze the Point of View used in the story.

- A. The important dialogues should be considered.
B. The characters’ speech should be analyzed based on their attitude.
C. The narrator of the story and the pronouns he/she uses should be considered.
D. The author of the story should point out the over-all meaning of the story.

____ 5. What level of thinking is best applied when you ask this question: “How did the conflict affect the succeeding events in the story?”?

- A. Literal Level
B. Interpretive Level
C. Lower Order Thinking Skills
D. Higher Order Thinking Skills

____ 6. “God’s faithfulness is evident” is an example of _____.

- A. Mood B. Moral C. Theme D. Tone

____ 7. Granting that you are reading a CNF story and you came across with this sentence: “I can hear the loud and endless cries of our people because of this pandemic.” What kind of figurative language is exemplified?

- A. Apostrophe B. Hyperbole C. Onomatopoeia D. Personification

____ 8. How do you analyze the symbolisms present in a CNF story?

- A. Look at the object in a literal level.
- B. Try to compare the object with another object of its kind.
- C. Look for the deeper meaning of the object and connect it with how it is valued or given importance in the story.
- D. Figure out what’s in the object which cannot be found in another object for you to unveil its symbolism in the story.

____ 9. How do you analyze the different figurative languages in the story?

- A. Interpret them in its surface level.
- B. Read them as if you are reading them normally.
- C. Read them in their deeper sense and see their relationship with the story.
- D. List the different figurative languages that you can see and identify what kind they are.

____ 10. What are the most essential skills in analyzing the elements in a CNF story?

- A. The ability to read the text.
- B. The ability to read and understand the texts.
- C. The ability to read, understand and analyze the texts.
- D. The ability to read, understand, and analyze both the texts and the elements of the story.

Congratulations for a job well-done! You can now move to the next module! Enjoy the journey!

KEY TO CORRECTION

Gauge

1. B
2. C
3. D
4. C
5. D
6. B
7. C
8. C
9. C
10. D

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