



What Is This Module About?

When you read selections or stories, do you often ask yourself questions like “Why did it happen?” “Why do I like/dislike _____?” “What is likely to happen next?” etc.? Do you also respond emotionally to what you are reading? This module will help you clarify and express your feelings and ideas clearly.

This module is made up of two lessons:

Lesson 1 — *Describing How a Character Feels*

Lesson 2 — *Describing How You Feel*



What Will You Learn From This Module?

After studying this module, you should be able to:

- ◆ read selections that will help you describe your ideas and feelings better; and
- ◆ describe ideas and feelings about selections read clearly.



Let's See What You Already Know

Before studying this module, take this simple test first to find out how much you already know about the topics to be discussed.

Read the excerpts from short stories and answer the questions that follow.

1. “No, I must go.”

“Must you?” And she looked at him again with wide, strained, doubtful eyes. And again, from the pain of his breast, he knew how he loved her. He went and bent to kiss her, gently, passionately, with his heart’s painful kiss.

“And my hair smells so horrible,” she murmured in distraction. “And I’m so awful, I’m so awful! Oh, no, I’m too awful.” And she broke into bitter, heartbroken sobbing. “You can’t want to love me, I’m horrible.”

“Don’t be silly, don’t be silly,” he said, trying to comfort her, kissing her, holding her in his arms. “I want you, I want to marry you, we’re going to be married, quickly, quickly—tomorrow, if I can.”

But she only sobbed terribly, and cried:

“I feel awful. I feel awful. I feel I’m horrible to you.”

“No, I want you, I want you,” was all he answered, blindly, with that terrible intonation which frightened her almost more than her horror lest he should not want her.

—“The Horse Dealer’s Daughter” (An Excerpt)
D.H. Lawrence

a. How did the man feel about the woman?

b. How did the woman feel toward the man? Why did she feel this way?

2. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

—“She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways”
William Wordsworth

a. How does the author of the selection feel about Lucy, the subject of his poem?

b. How would you feel if you were Lucy?

Well, how was it? Do you think you fared well? Compare your answers with those in the *Answer Key* on page 58 to find out.

If all your answers are correct, very good! This shows that you already know much about the topics in this module. You may still study the module to review what you already know. Who knows, you might learn a few more new things as well.

If you got a low score, don't feel bad. This means that this module is for you. It will help you understand some important concepts that you can apply in your daily life. Are you ready?

You may go now to the next page to begin Lesson 1.

Describing How a Character Feels

Whenever you read a story, do you usually remember a particular character? From all the stories you have read, who is your most favorite character? Why?

What traits or characteristics attracted you to him/her? What made him/her stand out from all the other characters in the story?

This lesson will teach you how to describe characters' ideas and feelings properly. It features various stories to help you in developing your skill. So, if you're ready, let's start.



Let's Read

Read the story below and describe what the characters in it think and how they feel by answering the questions that follow.

Rascal

Leticia F. Fariñas

Marianito—the most “notorious” boy in the neighborhood. His name was synonymous to vandalism. Not one kid in the entire rectangular block where we lived escaped his mischievousness. He was always looking for trouble. There never was a day without a complaint from an angry mother.

At first, they always left the house with a feeling of satisfaction after the usual *konfrontasi* with Mom. Many a time, an irate mother would loosen her wrinkles, shake her head, take a stealthy glance at Marianito and hurry off. But when the bottle is filled to the brim, it soon overflows.

One day, the heavy features of Mang Rufo appeared at our doorway. He gave out a sheepish grin and a portion of his yellowish teeth managed to peep out. With roving, bloodshot eyes, he asked me where Mom was.



“M-o-m-m-e-e-e, Mang Rufo is here,” I called at the top of my voice. “He has a gun!”

Mom came rushing down the stairs with curlers a-flying. She had never looked so troubled—her face still halfway made, cold cream glistening on her pudgy nose. She descended the stairs two steps at a time as if somebody were after her. She paused for breath when she reached the last step and leaned heavily on the banister. Mom tried to give out a friendly smile. She noticed my presence, and I felt uneasy.

I immediately picked up Marites and Mariles from their cradles and went upstairs. I cautioned them not to make any sound because their grandma was angry. Poor little twins, I had awakened them in the midst of their sleep. The twin dolls were my birthday gift from Dad when I was only three years old. My curiosity aroused, I made up my mind later in the evening to ask Lilay, our maid, what the sensational news was all about.



Dad arrived home earlier than usual with a tired look. After he had kissed us each on the cheek and given us our daily ration of chocolate bars, Mom motioned him to their room. When our parents cloistered themselves in their room, I knew something was wrong. Most often, it was all because of Marianito.

I threw Marianito a questioning look. He shrugged his shoulders, pulled my pigtails and snarled at me to mind my own business. He was a boy nobody would love for a brother. I had even forced myself many a time to believe that there was nothing good in him. He was handsome, all right, but good looks are not a license for notoriety.

We were only two, Marianito and I. I was seven and he was one year my junior. He was named little Mariano after Dad; and I Marianita, after Mom. I could not understand why he was more favored than me. In spite of his notoriety, Mom and Dad always took his side. He always had the edge over me. I was told that a young lady should be refined in her manners, especially in the presence of other people. How about Marianito? Was he exempted from the rigid discipline a girl was subjected to?



Marianito would even hurl his plate at Citang if his need was not handed right away. Citang tendered an on-the-spot resignation, but Mom prevailed on her to stay with a ten-peso raise. Marianito's every whim or wish was always granted. When I told Dad that he had already outgrown his tricycle, Dad bought him a new bicycle that same afternoon. He had all kinds of outfits, from Davy Crockett to Roy Rogers. So with his toy guns that ranged from pistolized carbines to automatic rifles.

Every night when Citang tucked me in bed, I would prod her to tell me if I was really my parents' own child or not. I knew that they loved me but not as much as they loved Marianito.

Mom had tried to tell me something a couple of times, but I always found a way to elude her. I was afraid it would be a revelation of my true identity—that I was not their own flesh and blood but somebody else's. That I was only an adopted child and christened Marianita for authenticity's sake. Besides, Mom could no longer have children because of a major operation she had undergone, a year after Marianito's birth.



One Friday afternoon in school, Chita, my best friend, gave me a bagful of *mansanitas*. I was choosing the ripe ones when I suddenly remembered Marianito. Why, *mansanitas* were his favorite! He had told me that morning that if I could bring home a bagful of *mansanitas*, he would give me a surprise that afternoon. I wondered why he did not just order me that day as he always did to bring home some *mansanitas* for him. It was the first time he did not kiss me good-bye.

When I neared home, I saw people rushing to and from the house. I recognized my cousins, Josie, Flor, and Nette. They seldom came to the house except on special occasions. My heart pounded with joy as I ran upstairs to meet them. Their eyes were all downcast.

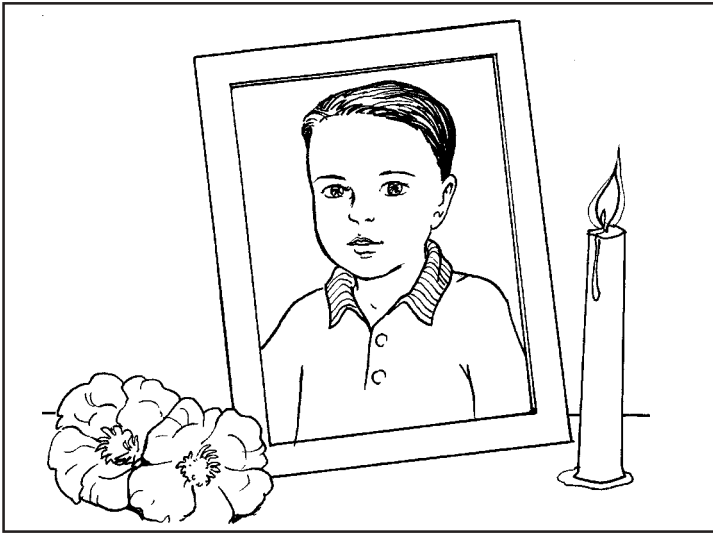
I touched my eyes with the back of my hand to make sure I was not dreaming. I was nailed to where I stood and refused to believe what met my eyes. I felt weak, and the bag of *mansanitas* fell and the contents rolled in all directions. Then two strong arms carried me. That was all I could remember.



When I opened my eyes, Mom and Dad were at my bedside. He was stroking my hair and Mom was showering me with kisses. My cheeks were wet with Mom's tears. Dad tried to suppress his tears, but they kept on flowing. It was the first time I saw Dad cry. He told me once that only weak people cry.

It was the first time I really understood my parents and why they were so devoted to Marianito. I could not forgive myself for having been blinded by excessive jealousy and hatred for my brother. If I had only listened to what Mom tried to tell me many a time, I would not have called my brother a rascal! Poor brother, I could have showered you with the love and understanding you needed so badly in so short a time . . .

I cannot now blame my father and mother—as loving and doting parents they had wanted him to be happy although they had to give their son the best in life for such a short time. They had wanted him to be happy although they had to go through a lot of sacrifices.



I realize this now, but it's not too late to make amends for everything. Marianito now only lives in our memories. He was a victim of cancer.

- 1. How did Marianita's parents treat her and her brother, Marianito?

- 2. How did Marianita feel about this?

Compare your answers with those in the *Answer Key* on page 58. How well did you do?



Let's Study and Analyze

Read the following short story then let us analyze how the characters in it felt toward each other.

Karma

(Adapted)

Khushwant Singh

Sir Mohan Lal looked at himself in the mirror of a first-class waiting room at the railway station. Sir Mohan smiled at the mirror with an air of pity and patronage.



“You are so very much like everything else in this country—inefficient, dirty, indifferent,” he murmured.

The mirror smiled back at Sir Mohan.

“You are a bit all right, old chap,” it said. “Distinguished, efficient—even handsome. That neatly trimmed mustache, the suit from Saville Row with the carnation in the buttonhole, the aroma of eau de cologne, talcum powder and scented soap all about you! Yes, old fellow, you are a bit of all right.”

“*Koi ha?*”

A bearer in white livery appeared through a wire-gauze door.

“*Ek chota,*” ordered Sir Mohan and sank into a large cane chair to drink and ruminate.

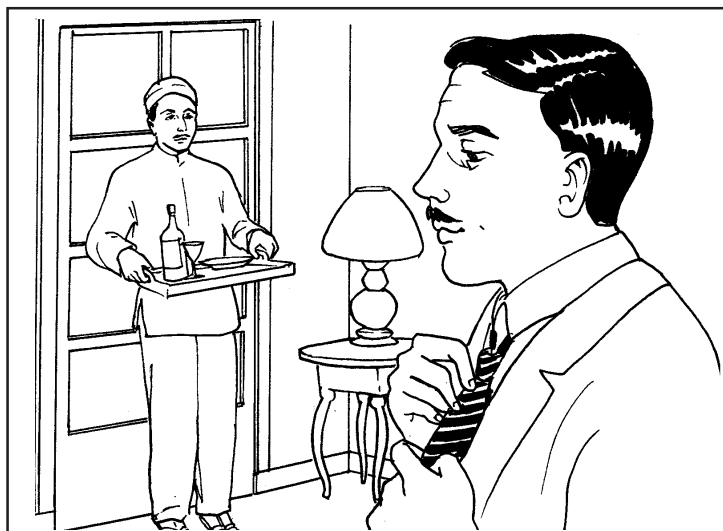
Outside the waiting room Sir Mohan Lal’s luggage lay piled along the wall. On a small gray steel trunk, Lachmi, Lady Mohan Lal, sat chewing a betel leaf and fanning herself with a newspaper. She was short and fat and in her middle forties. She wore a dirty white sari with a red border. On one side of her nose glistened a diamond nose ring and she had several gold bangles on her arms. She had been talking to the bearer until Sir Mohan had called him inside. As soon as he had gone, she hailed a passing railway coolie.

“Are you traveling alone, sister?”



“No, I am with my master, brother. He is in the waiting room. He travels first class. He is a lawyer and meets so many officers and Englishmen in the trains—and I am only a native woman. I can’t understand English and don’t know their ways, so I keep to my zenana interclass.”

Lachmi chatted away merrily. She was fond of a little gossip and had no one to talk to at home. Her husband never had any time to spare for her. She lived in the upper story of the house and he on the ground floor. He did not like her poor, illiterate relatives hanging about his bungalow, so they never came. He came up to her once in a while at night and stayed for a few minutes. He just ordered her about in anglicized Hindustrani and she obeyed passively. These nocturnal visits had, however, borne no fruit.



The arrival of the train did not disturb Sir Mohan Lal’s sangfroid. He continued to sip his Scotch and ordered the bearer to tell him when he had moved the luggage to a first-class compartment. Excitement, bustle and hurry were exhibitions of bad breeding and Sir Mohan was eminently well bred. He wanted everything orderly. In

his five years abroad, Sir Mohan had acquired the manners and attitudes of the upper classes. He rarely spoke Hindustrani. When he did, it was like an Englishman's—only the very necessary words and properly anglicized. But he fancied his English, finished and refined at no less a place than the University of Oxford. He was fond of conversation and like a cultured Englishman, he could talk on almost any subject—books, politics, people. How frequently had he heard English people say that he spoke like an Englishman!

Sir Mohan's thoughts were disturbed by the bearer's announcing the installation of the sahib's luggage in a first-class compartment next to the engine. Sir Mohan walked to his compartment with a studied gait. He was disappointed. The compartment was empty. With a sigh, he sat down in a corner and opened the copy of *The Times* he had read several times before.

Sir Mohan looked out of the window down the crowded platform. His face lit up as he saw two English soldiers coming, looking in all the compartments for room. They had their backpacks slung behind their backs and walked unsteadily. Sir Mohan decided to welcome them, even though they were entitled to travel only second class. He would speak to the guard.

One of the soldiers came up to the last compartment and stuck his face through the window. He surveyed the compartment and noticed the unoccupied berth.



“Ere, Bill,” he shouted. “One ’ere.”

His companion came up, also looked in and looked at Sir Mohan.

“Get the nigger out,” he muttered to his companion.

They opened the door and turned to the half-smiling, half-protesting Sir Mohan.

“Reserved!” yelled Bill.

“*Janta*—reserved. Army—” exclaimed Jim, pointing to his khaki shirt.

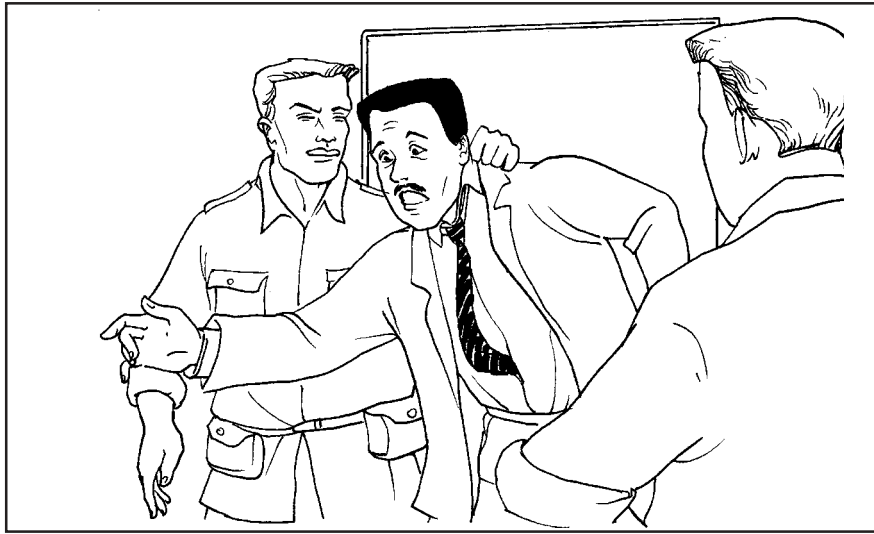
“*Ek dum jao*—get out!”

“I say, I say, surely,” protested Sir Mohan in his Oxford accent.

The soldiers paused. It almost sounded like English but they knew better than to trust their defective ears. The engine whistled and the guard waved his green flag.

They picked up Sir Mohan’s suitcase and flung it onto the platform. Then followed his thermos flask, bedding and *The Times*. Sir Mohan was wild with rage.

“Preposterous, preposterous,” he shouted, hoarse with anger. “I’ll have you arrested. Guard, guard!”



Bill and Jim paused again. It did sound like English but it was too much of the King’s for them.

“Keep your ruddy mouth shut!” And Jim struck Sir Mohan flat on the face.

The engine gave another short whistle and the train began to move. The soldiers caught Sir Mohan by the arms and flung him out of the train. He reeled backward, tripped on his bedding and landed on the suitcase.

“Toodle-oo!”

Sir Mohan’s feet were glued to the earth and he lost his speech. He stared at the lighted windows of the train going past him in quickening tempo.

In the interclass zenana compartment was Lachmi, fair and fat, on whose nose the diamond ring glistened against the station lights. Her mouth was bloated with betel saliva that she had been storing up to spit as soon as the train had cleared the station. As the train sped past the lighted part of the platform, Lady Lal spat and sent a jet of red dribble flying across like a dart.

Now, let us analyze the short story earlier presented in terms of the characters’ feelings.

The main characters of the story include Sir Mohan Lal, his wife, Lachmi and the two English soldiers.

Sir Mohan Lal is an Indian who doesn't seem to be proud of his ancestry. He wants to be more like the English instead of be his own person. He doesn't want to speak his native language, he doesn't even want to be identified with his own people. He does everything, in fact, so he wouldn't be compared with his fellow Indians.

Lachmi, on the other hand, is a typical Indian woman who is not ashamed of her roots. She doesn't pretend to be something or someone she isn't unlike her husband.

In the story, you can see how different the couple are from each other. They are so different, in fact, that they even stayed in separate train cars! Sir Mohan stayed in the first-class car while his wife stayed in the interclass car. How each of them treat the attendants in the train station and in the train itself were very different too. Sir Mohan was very discriminating toward them while his wife treated them with more respect even if they were, in a sense, of a lower class.

What was ironic, in the end, was that the two English soldiers treated Sir Mohan the same way he treated the train attendants and his wife. Despite his efforts to be so much like them, they still didn't think of him as an equal because of his physical appearance and that served him right, I suppose. But that doesn't mean we should act like Sir Mohan or the two English soldiers, for that matter. We should always treat other people with respect if we want others to do the same to us.



Let's See What You Have Learned

Read the short story below and answer the questions that follow.

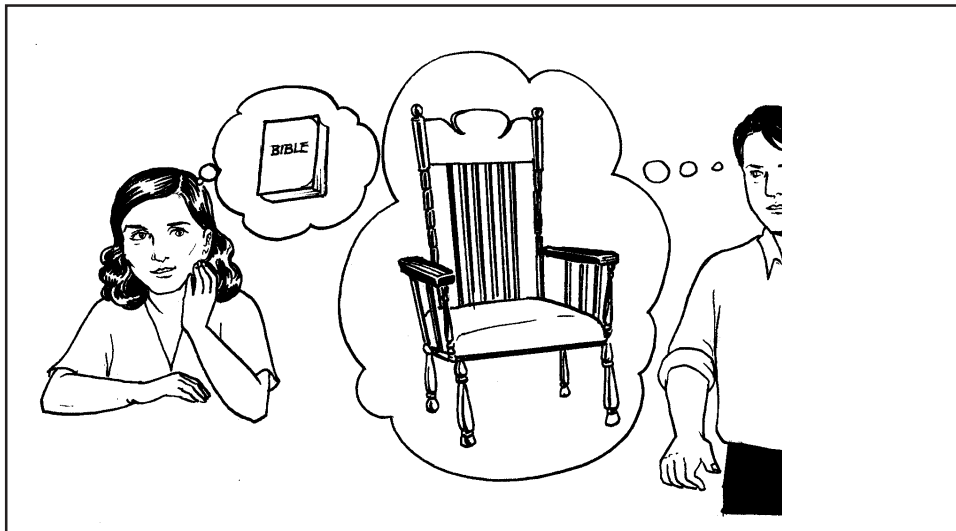
Grandfather's Birthday Present

(Adapted)

Herman Heijermans, Jr.

Poor as they all were, not one of the family had ever been able to rise even to a moderate state of prosperity. It was a given rule among them to be always on the lookout for some miraculous turn in the tide of fortune by which their usually empty coffers might be suddenly replenished.

Jet, the eldest daughter, had for a while been most successful until her husband was sent to the hospital. It was her idea to give Grandfather a new Bible with a gold-plated clasp, while each of the grandchildren should give some small gift. This plan did not require a large sum of money which they might regret paying later on.

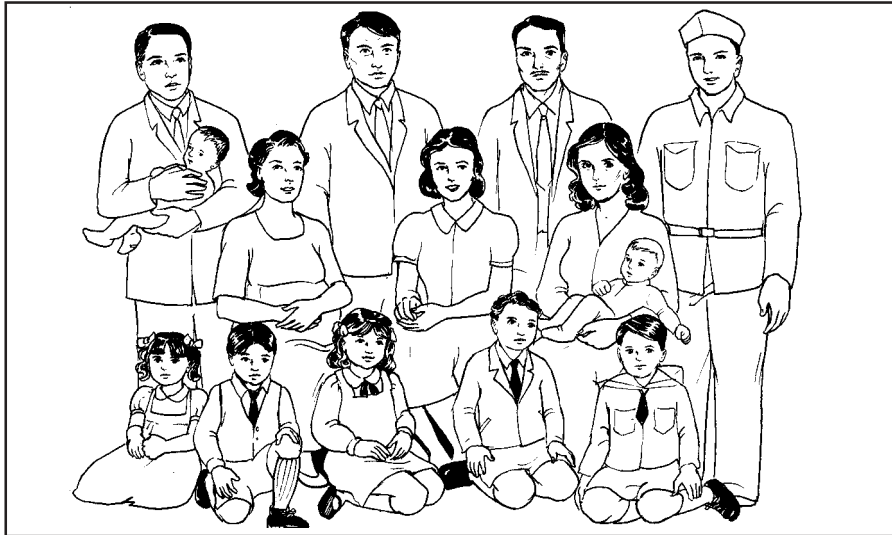


Dirk was the next. He was six years younger than his sister. Three other brothers and sisters had moved away while their mother was still alive. Dirk thought Grandfather would rather continue using the old Bible he had always read with his wife. Besides, Dirk had ideas of his own. If they were all to give one gift, it was necessary for everyone to agree on it. Now, he had seen a perfectly stunning armchair in the window of a furniture store, where all the prices had been reduced twenty percent. A few well-chosen words could then be offered on the peculiar fitness of passing the years of his life in rest on this armchair. Besides, the chair in which he read his newspaper over the window was already worn-out; its springs were actually sticking out.

Mary was the second daughter. She had been divorced and was now expecting her fourth child. She did not like the idea of the armchair. It was like Dirk to propose a thing of that sort! No one forced Grandfather to sit on the springs of the old chair and besides, was it not Grandmother who had worn away its seat by constant use? Grandfather had said so a dozen times. If the whole family were going to give him a present, it should be something useful and not stupid. Now, a winter coat, a warm muffler, a pair of gloves or some good stout slippers—these could be practical and not nearly too expensive.

Piet and Truns, neither of whom had contributed anything to pay for the family's expenses during the past year and had paid many visits to the pawnshop, had had to be helped out by Grandfather. They made the greatest fuss of all and were irrevocably set against the Bible, the armchair and the winter coat. They had spoke of decorating the whole room with bunting and spruce, while Grandfather was asleep and thought of having a grand party.

Henk was the youngest son. He had recently signed up for service. In the East Indies and though he spent the last of his premium money, it was his idea that the problem of deciding on a present should be solved by giving the old man a photograph of the entire family, children and grandchildren all together in one group. That would be a fine thing for everybody—especially for Henk himself, when he was far away in the Indies.



After some discussion, this proposal was accepted and the next day, they all went to the photographer's and posed. The whole family was present, even Toon, Jet's husband, managed to be there. The women—Mary, Truns and Jet—sat on chairs in the center of the group; the men—Dirk, Piet, Henk and Toon—stood behind them, Piet on the extreme left with his year-and-a-half-old son and Henk, in his new uniform on the extreme right with Santje, the youngest of Jet's children. The other five grandchildren knelt on the floor against their mothers' knees.

They were fourteen in all. It was not easy for the photographer to take their picture. The first two exposures were unsuccessful: the first time Santje sneezed—on purpose it seemed; and just as the photographer had counted three, Henk bawled out. The second time, Mary's Charlie stood up too soon because he thought it was all over, Jet's Jan having pinched him. After the wailing had subsided and everyone had sat stiff, the third time, all went well.

Nobody had expected that the photographer would ask for a cash payment but as he knew Dirk well, he insisted; Dirk paid him the first installment and the photographer promised that the picture would be ready Wednesday morning at ten o'clock.



“But what,” asked Dirk prudently as they turned to go, “what if it shouldn’t turn out right?”

“In that event,” replied the photographer, “you need not pay.”

“Very well, then,” said Dirk with evident relief.

The whole affair was of course kept secret from Grandfather. That is, he had been told about it before evening by not more than four of the family. Jet’s Jan had called that afternoon with his sister, to ask for candy and two cents.

“Grandfather,” he said, “I know what you’re going to get for your birthday; you’ll never guess what it is.”



The old man laughed and taking his pipe between his toothless jaws, asked, “Is it something pretty, Jan?”

“We musn’t tell, Grandpa.”

“Is it something good to eat?”

“No. It would spoil your stomach!” he said, laughing.

“Is it something to read, eh?”

“You can.”

“Something to sit on?”

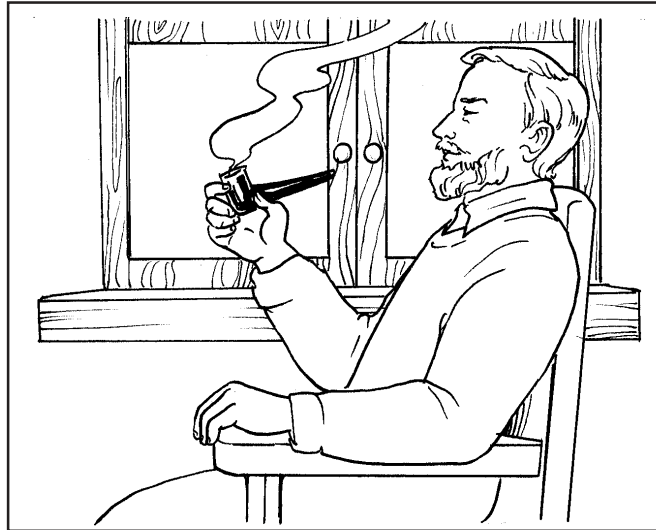
“You can. Ha, ha!”

“Something to wear?”

“No, you can’t wear it.”

“Well, I don’t think I can guess,” smiled the old man contentedly.

Hoping that the two cents which he received from the old man on Sundays might increase to three, the youngster slipped a hint.



“All of us—Father, Mother Mary, Aunt Truns, Uncle Piet, Uncle Henk, all dressed up in his uniform, n’ all of us—had to sit over half an hour.”

“Well, Father,” he said, “you’ll be surprised next Wednesday. There’ll be something you’ve never had the like of before. Jet wanted to give you a new Bible, Dirk preferred an armchair and Mary a winter overcoat. But I knew you wouldn’t care for things like that. So I said—but you’ll see. It’s no fun if you know beforehand.”

“I’ll bet,” said the old man, “I can guess what it is. I can smell it in the air.”

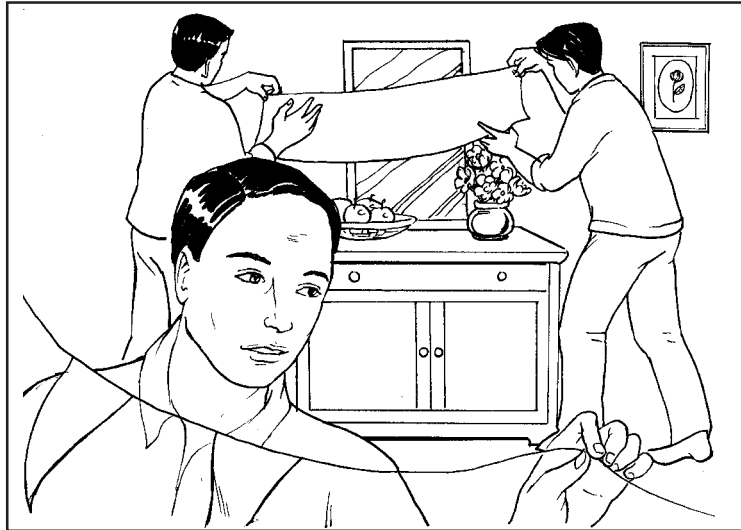
“And I’ll bet you,” said the other. “Even if you keep guessing all day and all night—”

“It’s something square. It has twenty-eight eyes, twenty-eight hands, twenty-eight ears and fourteen mouths. I’m kind of warm, hey?”

“By Jimmy!” exclaimed Henk, “have they given it already? Well, are you pleased?”

“I was just about to tell you,” pursued Grandfather, “that you ought to have a picture taken before you went off to the Indies. We won’t see each other for a long time.”

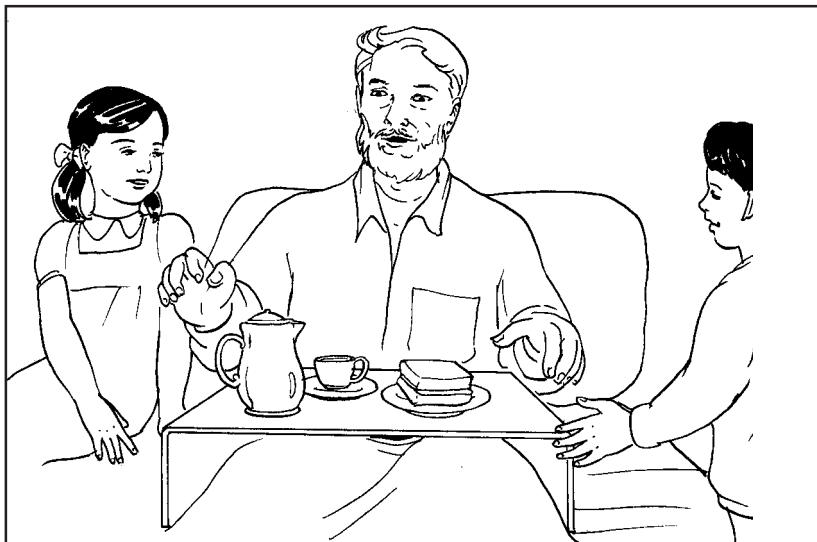
Later during the same day, Dirk and Aunt Jet threw out further hints about the great surprise and seemed so disappointed when they realized that others had revealed the secret. Now it was no longer a secret but everyone agreed that the photograph was, after all, the best present, so much better than a Bible would have been, or a chair, or a coat. A family photograph was, after all, a present for everyone and for all time. Grandfather was to have a large-sized copy in a frame, while the others would have ordinary unframed copies. Everyone was excited.



Tuesday evening after Grandfather had fallen asleep, Dirk, Piet and Henk decorated the living room. Bunting and spruce adorned the upper walls and made the place look as though a wedding was about to take place.

On the morning of the great festivity, the sun shone bright on the tulle curtains and so gilded the flowers in the windows that it was not possible not to enter a holiday mood. At nine, Grandfather was given a large cup of tea in bed with two slices of bread and butter.

They had to keep him upstairs until the photograph should arrive at ten. The photographer had promised to deliver it to Dirk's by that time and, of course, he would keep his word.



Grandfather was getting impatient. His footsteps were now heard upstairs pacing back and forth. He had already called twice to ask how long he was to be kept waiting.

At the stroke of ten, Dirk stepped into the little garden from the street. But his hands were empty.

“Where’s the picture?” gasped Jet, trembling with excitement.

“Didn’t he send it to you?”

“Haven’t you got it with you?” asked Mary. “For goodness’ sake, say something! What are you standing there like that for?”

“The old fool!” growled Dirk, clenching his fist. “He sent it all right but with the bill to be collected on delivery.”

“Yes, and he promised to—I’d like to smash his teeth in for him! As if I wasn’t going to pay him!”

“Then why didn’t you give him the money?” inquired Truns in perfect innocence, though she had already determined not to pay her share until the picture had been delivered. “We’re all good for our shares.”

“What the devil!” snarled Dirk. “Do you run around with that much loose cash in your pocket? Did you expect me to pay it out of the drugstore cash box?”

“Come, come,” said Truns, trying to smooth matters, “nobody could expect you to do that. After all, didn’t the photographer tell us we needn’t pay if the picture wasn’t right? Cash on delivery, the idea! You can’t ask people to buy a pig in the poke like that!”

“Well, it’ll be a surprise for us all,” said Piet, who was quite unconcerned over the matter of payment.



Just then Henk came in. “Well, where is it?” he asked, with the self-importance of the one who had thought of the idea in the first place and had already paid his share.

“We’ll have to whistle for it,” answered Jet. “That nasty photographer won’t deliver it without pay.”

“Well—?”

“Well, nothing!” snapped Dirk. “I didn’t have the twenty-seven fifty, so the messenger took it back.”

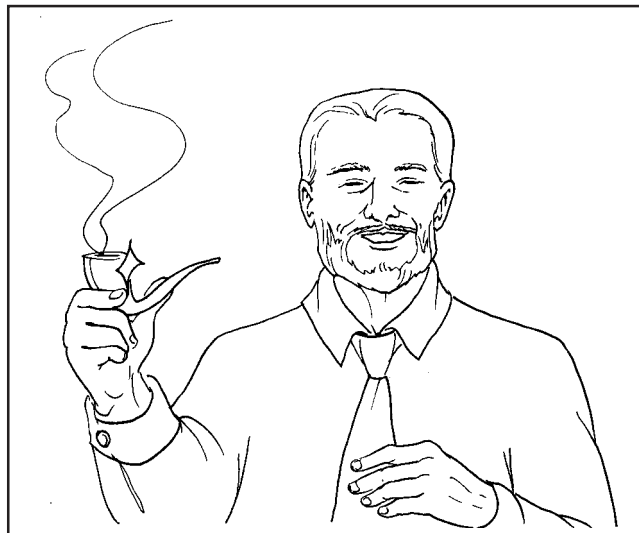
“Good Lord,” said Henk, “I thought you knew the fellow. You made the arrangements.”

“Can I make the fellow deliver it?” said Dirk. “I went to see him but he wasn’t in; won’t be back till this afternoon. If you’ve paid your share, I wouldn’t have looked such a fool.”

“You can’t tell me,” said Henk, “that if you’d tried—“

“Are you so flush yourself?” replied Dirk heatedly. “Now, if we’d only bought the chair, we wouldn’t have to take something we hadn’t seen.”

In the middle of this quarreling the door squeaked and Grandfather appeared. He had already called three or four times from the top of the stairs. He wanted to know when he might come down and was curious to learn the reason for the fighting.



“Since you seem to have forgotten me,” he said, “I thought I’d better take a look myself, eh, what?” He was nicely shaved and wore a clean white tie. He was smoking the new pipe Jen had brought him as his first present when he had sent up breakfast. He regarded the decorations with dimmed eyes.

“Congratulations, Father!” cried Jet, kissing the old man’s parchment-like cheeks, “and many happy returns!”

Then came all the others in turn, offering the old man birthday greetings, while he sat in the decorated armchair and read the inscription on the shield over the mirror. He thanked them in trembling voice for their thoughtfulness while he nodded his head. After he had finished, he looked about expectantly for the big present. From six mouths he heard simultaneously the history of the tragic outcome.

But toward the evening happiness was restored: in order not to disappoint his numerous sons and daughters and grandchildren and dim the glory of their intended gift, Grandfather himself paid for the balance.

1. Aside from the grandfather, who were the main characters in the short story? How did each of them feel about Grandfather?

2. How did Grandfather feel after he received the whole family's gift to him?

Compare your answers with those in the *Answer Key* on page 58. Were they similar? If they were, that's very good! You learned a lot from this lesson. If they weren't, don't worry. Just review the parts of the lesson you made mistakes in before going to Lesson 2.



Let's Remember

- ◆ Each of the characters in a story is unique. They have different ideas and feelings. They express these in ways that differ from each other as well.

Describing How You Feel

After learning how the characters in a particular story express their ideas and feelings, you will now be given a chance to express your own ideas and feelings after reading a story or other forms of literature.



Let's Try This

Read the poem below then write how you feel after reading it in the space provided on the next page.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night

Dylan Thomas



Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Compare what you wrote with the sample essay in the *Answer Key* on page 58.
How well did you do?



Let's Study and Analyze

Read the short story below then let us analyze how one would feel after reading it.

The Last Judgment

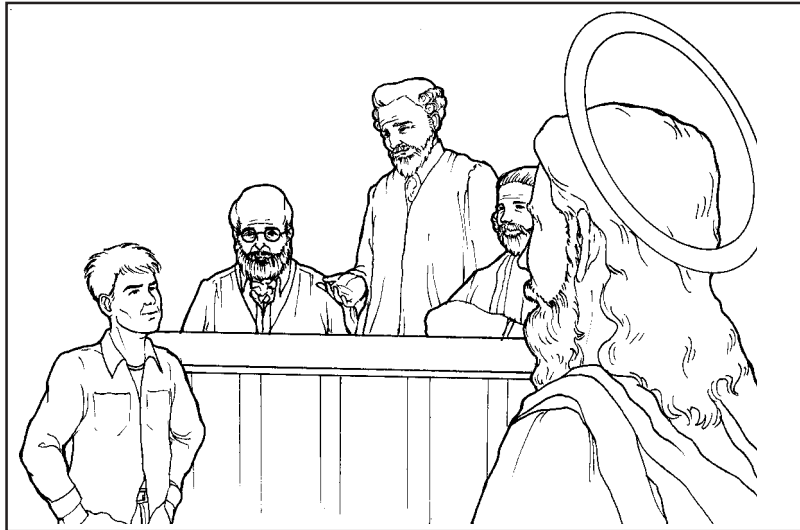
Karel Capek

The notorious multiple-killer Kugler, pursued by several warrants and a whole army of policemen and detectives, swore that he'd never be taken. He wasn't either—at least not alive. The last of his nine murderous deeds was shooting a policeman who tried to arrest him. The policeman indeed died, but not before putting a total of seven bullets into Kugler. Of these seven, three were fatal. Kugler's death came so quickly that he felt no pain. And so it seemed Kugler had escaped earthly justice.

When his soul left his body, it should have been surprised at the sight of the next world—a world beyond space, grey, and infinitely desolate—but it wasn't. A man who has been jailed on two continents looks upon the next life merely as new surroundings. Kugler expected to struggle through, equipped only with a bit of courage, as he had in the last world.

At length the inevitable Last Judgment got around to Kugler.

Heaven being eternally in a state of emergency, Kugler was brought before a special court of three judges and not, as his previous conduct would ordinarily merit, before a jury. The courtroom was furnished simply, almost like courtrooms on earth, with this one exception: there was no provision for swearing in witnesses. In time, however, the reason for this will become apparent.



The judges were old and worthy councilors with austere, bored faces. Kugler complied with the usual tedious formalities: Ferdinand Kugler, unemployed, born on such and such a date, died . . . at this point it was shown Kugler didn't know the date of his own death. Immediately he realized this was a damaging omission in the eyes of the judges; his spirit of helpfulness faded.

“Do you plead guilty or not guilty?” asked the presiding judge.

“Not guilty,” said Kugler obdurately.

“Bring in the first witness,” the judge sighed.

Opposite Kugler appeared an extraordinary gentleman, stately, bearded, and clothed in a blue robe strewn with golden stars.

At his entrance, the judges arose. Even Kugler stood up, reluctant but fascinated. Only when the old gentleman took a seat did the judges again sit down.

“Witness,” began the presiding judge, “omniscient God, this court has summoned you in order to hear your testimony in the case against Kugler, Ferdinand. As you are the supreme truth, you need not take the oath. In the interest of the proceedings, however, we ask you to keep to the subject at hand rather than branch out into particulars—unless they have a bearing on this case.”

“And you, Kugler, don't interrupt the witness. He knows everything, so there's no use denying anything.”

“And now, witness, if you would please begin.”

That said, the presiding judge took off his spectacles and leaned comfortably on the bench before him, evidently in preparation for a long speech by the witness. The oldest of the three judges nestled down in sleep. The recording angel opened the Book of Life.



God, the witness, coughed lightly and began:

“Yes. Kugler, Ferdinand. Ferdinand Kugler, son of a factory worker, was a bad, unmanageable child from his earliest days. He loved his mother dearly, but was unable to show it, this made him unruly and defiant. Young man, you irked everyone! Do you remember how you bit your father on the thumb when he tried to spank you? You had stolen a rose from the notary’s garden.”

“The rose was for Irma, the tax collector’s daughter,” Kugler said.

“I know,” said God. “Irma was seven years old at that time. Did you ever hear what happened to her?”

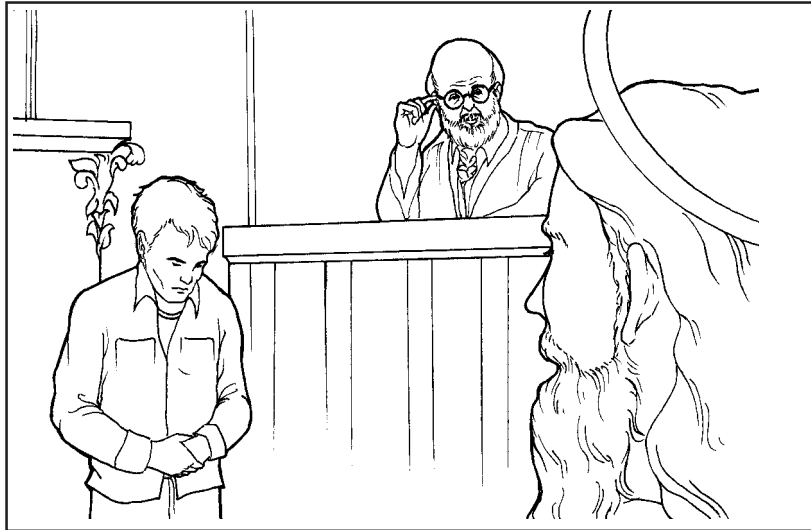
“No, I didn’t.”

“She married Oscar, the son of the factory owner. But she contracted a venereal disease from him and died of a miscarriage. You remember Rudy Zaruba?”

“What happened to him?”

“Why, he joined the navy and died accidentally in Bombay. You two were the worst boys in the whole town. Kugler, Ferdinand, was a thief before his tenth year and an inveterate liar. He kept bad company, too: old Gribble, for instance, a drunkard and an idler, living on handouts. Nevertheless, Kugler shared many of his own meals with Gribble.”

The presiding judge motioned with his hand, as if much of this was perhaps unnecessary, but Kugler himself asked hesitantly, “And . . . what happened to his daughter?”



“Mary?” asked God. “She lowered herself considerably. In her fourteenth year she married. In her twentieth year she died, remembering you in the agony of her death. By your fourteenth year, you were nearly a drunkard yourself, and you often ran away from home. Your father’s death came about from grief and worry; your mother’s eyes faded from crying. You brought dishonor to your home, and your sister, your pretty sister Martha, never married. No young man would come calling at the home of a thief. She’s still living alone and in poverty, sewing until late each night. Scrimping has exhausted her, and patronizing customers hurt her pride.

“What’s she doing right now?”

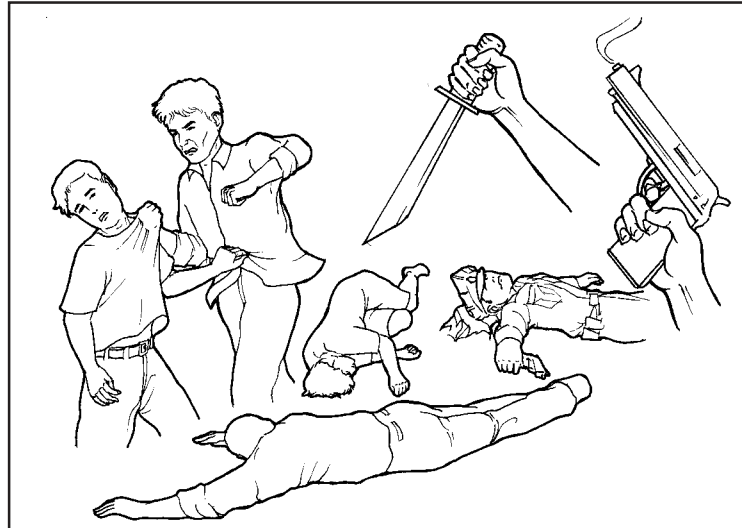
“This very minute she’s buying thread at Wolfe’s. Do you remember that shop? Once, when you were six years old, you bought a colored glass marble there. On that very same day you lost it and never, never found it. Do you remember how you cried with rage?”

“Whatever happened to it?” Kugler asked eagerly.

“Well, it rolled into the drain and under the gutterspout. Right now it’s still there, after thirty years. Right now it’s raining on earth and your marble is shivering in the gush of cold water.”

Kugler bent his head, overcome by this revelation.

But the presiding judge fitted his spectacles back on his nose, and said mildly, “Witness, we are obliged to get on with the case. Has the accused committed murder?”



Here the witness nodded his head.

“He murdered nine people. The first one he killed in a brawl, and it was during his prison term for his crime that he became completely corrupted. The second victim was his unfaithful sweetheart. For that he was sentenced to death, but he escaped. The third was an old man whom he robbed. The fourth was a night watchman.”

“Then he died?” Kugler asked.

“He died after three days in terrible pain,” God said. “And he left six children behind him. The fifth and sixth victims were an old married couple. He killed them with an axe and found only sixteen dollars, although they had twenty thousand hidden away.”

Kugler jumped up.

“Where?”

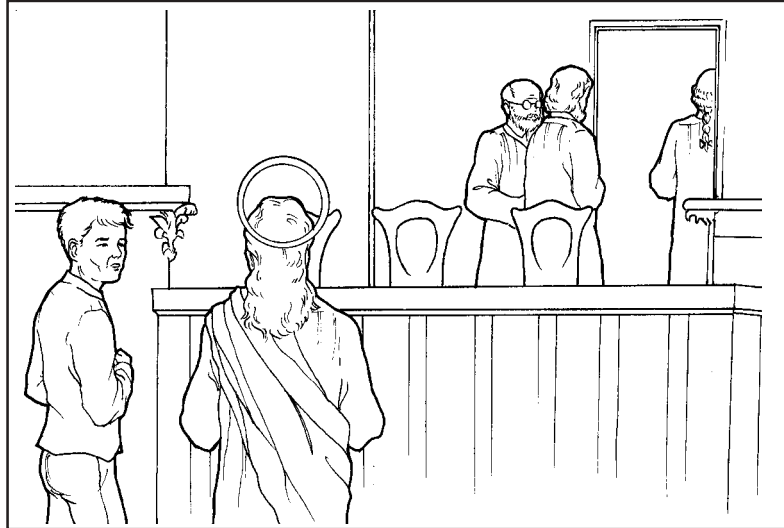
“In the straw mattress,” God said. “In a linen sack inside the mattress. That’s where they hid all the money they acquired from greed and penny-pinching. The seventh man he killed in America, a countryman of his, a bewildered, friendless immigrant.”

“So it was in the mattress,” whispered Kugler in amazement.

“Yes,” continued God. “The eighth man was merely a passerby who happened to be in Kugler’s way when Kugler was trying to outrun the police. At that time Kugler had periostitis and was delirious from the pain. Young man, you were suffering terribly. The ninth and last was the policeman who killed Kugler exactly when Kugler shot him.”

“And why did the accused commit murder?” asked the presiding judge.

“For the same reasons others have,” answered God. “Out of anger or desire for money, both deliberately and accidentally—some with pleasure, others from necessity. However, he was generous and often helpful. He was kind to women, gentle with animals, and kept his word. Am I to mention his good deeds?”



“Thank you,” said the presiding judge, “but it isn’t necessary. Does the accused have anything to say in his own defense?”

“No,” Kugler replied with honest indifference.

“The judges of this court will now take this matter under advisement,” declared the presiding judge, and the three of them withdrew.

Only God and Kugler remained in the courtroom.

“Who are they?” asked Kugler, indicating with his head the men who just left.

“People like you,” answered God. “They were judges on earth, so they’re judges here as well.”

Kugler nibbled his fingertips. “I expected . . . I mean, I never really thought about it. But I figured you would judge since . . .”

“Since I’m God,” finished the stately gentleman. “But that’s just it, don’t you see? Because I know everything, I can’t possibly judge. That wouldn’t do at all. By the way, do you know who turned you in this time?”

“No, I don’t,” said Kugler, surprised.

“Lucky, the waitress. She did it out of jealousy.”

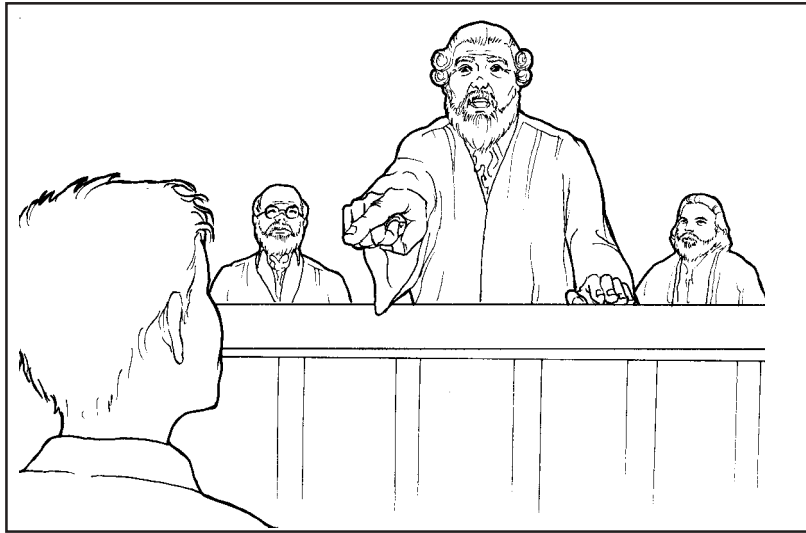
“Excuse me,” Kugler ventured, “but you forgot about that good-for-nothing Teddy I shot in Chicago.”

“Not at all,” God said. “He recovered and is alive this very minute. I know he’s an informer, but otherwise he’s a very good man and terribly fond of children. You shouldn’t think of any person as being completely worthless.”

“But I still don’t understand why you aren’t the judge,” Kugler said thoughtfully.

“Because my knowledge is infinite. If judges knew everything, absolutely everything, then they would also understand everything. Their hearts would ache. They couldn’t sit in judgment—and neither can I. As it is, they only know about your crimes. I know all about you. The entire Kugler. And that’s why I cannot judge.”

“But why are they judging . . . the same people who were judges on earth?”



“Because man belongs to man. As you see, I’m only the witness. But the verdict is determined by man, even in heaven. Believe me, Kugler, this is the way it should be. Man isn’t worthy of divine judgment. He deserves to be judged only by other men.”

At that moment, the three returned from their deliberation.

In heavy tones the presiding judge announced, “For repeated crimes of first-degree murder, manslaughter, robbery, disrespect for the law, illegally carrying weapons, and for the theft of a rose; Kugler, Ferdinand, is sentenced to lifelong punishment in hell.

“Next case please: Torrance, Frank.”

“Is the accused present in court?”

Now, let us analyze the story above in terms of how a reader would possibly react to it.

The story presented earlier gives us an insight on what is likely to happen to us after we die. It tells us about the experiences of a man named Ferdinand Kugler and how he paid for all his sins even after his death. Even if he didn’t suffer for all the things he’d done while he was still living, he wasn’t able to escape the consequences of his deeds when he died. This story proved the saying “You reap what you sow.”

Reading a story like this really gives us something to think about afterward. It helps us realize that we should always do good to others unless we want to suffer the consequences of our actions. It helps us realize that we should always think of the possible consequences of all our actions first before we actually do something. After all, we will not be only responsible for them while we are still alive, we'll still be responsible for them after our death.



Let's See What You Have Learned

Read the following play then analyze the selection according to how you felt after reading it. Use the space provided for your analysis.

The World Is an Apple

Alberto S. Florentino

CHARACTERS

Mario
Gloria
Pablo

TIME: Late afternoon

SCENE: An improvised home behind a portion of the Intramuros walls. Two wooden boxes flank the doorway. At left is an acacia tree with a wooden bench under it.

Mario enters from the streets at the left. He is in his late twenties, shabbily dressed and with hair that seems to have been uncut for weeks. He puts his lunch bag on the bench, sits down, removes his shoes and puts them beside his lunch bag.

GLORIA: *(calls from inside)* Mario . . . *(no answer)* Mario! Is that you?

MARIO: Yes . . .

(Gloria, a small woman of Mario's age, with long hair and a scrawny body, comes out wiping her hands on her dress.)

GLORIA: I'm glad you're home early . . .

MARIO: How is Tita? *(without waiting for an answer, he enters the dwelling)*

GLORIA: *(crosses to bench)* Don't wake her up, Mario. She's been crying all day. It exhausts her terribly.



- MARIO:** (*reappears and crosses to bench and sits on one end*) Has she been eating well?
- GLORIA:** She wouldn't even eat a mouthful of *lugao*. But I'll buy her some biscuits. Maybe she'll eat them. (*she slips her fingers into his breast pocket*) I'll take some of the money—
- MARIO:** (*rises, annoyed*) Gloria! Can't you wait a bit?
- GLORIA:** (*taken aback*) Hey, what's the matter? Why are you suddenly so touchy?
- MARIO:** Who wouldn't be? I'm talking to you about the child and you bother me by ransacking my pockets! I wish you'd think more of our daughter . . .
- GLORIA:** (*crosses to center*) My God! Wasn't I thinking of her? Why do you think I need some money? to buy me a pretty dress? or see a movie?
- MARIO:** Tone down your voice. You'll wake the child up.
- GLORIA:** (*low, but intense*) All I want is a little money to buy her something to eat! She hasn't eaten anything all day! That's why I was "bothering" you!
- MARIO:** (*repentant*) I'm sorry, Gloria . . . (*grips her arm and turns away*)
- GLORIA:** It's all right, Mario . . . Now . . . may I have some of the money?
- MARIO:** (*turns to her*) Money? I . . . I don't have any . . . not right now . . .
- GLORIA:** Today is payday, Mario.
- MARIO:** Yes . . . but—
- GLORIA:** But what? Where's your pay for the week?

MARIO: I don't have it.

GLORIA: What? I waited for you the whole day and you tell me—

MARIO: (*angry*) —that I have nothing! Nothing! What do you want me to do . . . steal?

GLORIA: I'm not asking you to do a thing like that! All I want to know is what you did with your pay . . .

MARIO: (*sits on the bench*) Nothing is left of it.

GLORIA: What happened?

MARIO: Oh, I had a few drinks with my friends. Before I knew it . . . I had spent every centavo of it.

GLORIA: (*eyes him intently*) Mario . . . do you think you can make a fool of me? Haven't I seen you drink before: crawling home like a wounded snake and reeking of alcohol like a hospital? You don't smell or look drunk.

MARIO: All right . . . so I didn't go drinking.

GLORIA: But your pay . . . what happened to it?

MARIO: It's better if you don't know, Gloria.

GLORIA: Look, Mario . . . I'm your wife. I have the right to half of everything you get. If I can't have my share, I have the right to know at least where it went!

MARIO: Gloria, you'll feel better if you don't know.

GLORIA: I must know!

MARIO: All right . . . (*rises*) I spent it all on another woman.

GLORIA: Another woman? I don't believe it. I know you wouldn't do such a thing—



MARIO: I didn't know you have so much faith in me—

GLORIA: No, Mario! What I mean is . . . you wouldn't spend all your money when you know your daughter may need some of it. You love her too much to do that.

(Mario sits down and buries his head in his hands. Gloria crosses to him and lays a hand on his shoulder.)

GLORIA: What's wrong, Mario?

MARIO: *(turns his face away)* Nothing, Gloria . . . nothing.

GLORIA: *(sits beside him)* I know something is wrong, Mario. I can feel it. Tell me what it is . . .

MARIO: *(stares at the ground)* Gloria, I've lost my job.

GLORIA: *(rises, surprised)* Oh, no!

MARIO: *(looks up at her)* It's true, Gloria.

GLORIA: What about your pay for the whole week?

MARIO: I lost my job a week ago.

GLORIA: And you never told me!

MARIO: I thought I could get another . . . without worrying you.

GLORIA: Do you think you can get another in five months? It took you that long to get one . . .

MARIO: It won't take me so long to get another.

GLORIA: But how did you lose it?

MARIO: *(rises and turns away)* What's the use of talking about it? That won't bring it back.

GLORIA: *(suddenly, in an agonized voice)* Mario!

MARIO: *(turns around)* Yes?

GLORIA: Have your sinful fingers brought you to trouble again?

MARIO: Now, now, Gloria! Don't try to accuse me, as they did!

GLORIA: What did they accuse you of?

MARIO: Just what you meant to say. Pilfering, they call it.

GLORIA: What else would you call it? What, according to them, did you steal?

MARIO: *(low)* It was nothing much . . . really nothing at all . . .

GLORIA: What was it?

MARIO: It was an . . . an apple.

GLORIA: An apple! You mean—

MARIO: An apple! Don't you know what an apple is?

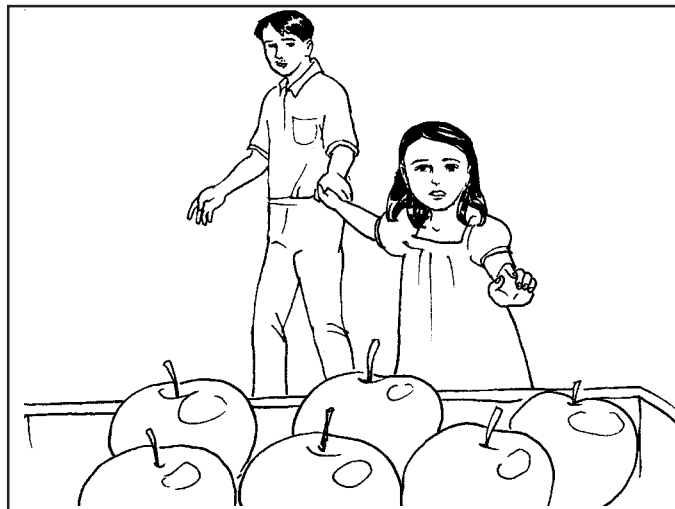
GLORIA: You mean . . . you took one apple—

MARIO: Yes . . . and they kicked me out for it. For taking one, single apple . . . not a dozen, not a crate.

GLORIA: That's what you get for not thinking before you do something.

MARIO: (*sits down*) Could I have guessed they would do that for one apple . . . when there were millions of them? We were hauling them to the warehouse. I saw one roll out of a broken crate. It was that big. (*demonstrates*) It looked so delicious. Suddenly I found myself putting it in my lunch bag.

GLORIA: That's the trouble with you. When you think of your own stomach, you think of nothing else!



MARIO: I was not thinking of myself!

GLORIA: Who were you thinking of . . . me? Did I ever ask you to bring home apples? I am not as crazy as that.

MARIO: I was thinking of our child.

GLORIA: Tita? Why . . . did she ever ask for apples?

- MARIO:** Yes, she did. Do you remember that day I took her out for a walk? On our way home we passed a grocery store that sold “Delicious” apples at seventy centavos each. She wanted one apple but I could not buy it for her. I did not have seventy centavos . . . I felt so bad. I bought her one of those green apples sold on the sidewalk, but she threw it away. She said they were not “real” apples. Then she cried . . . So, when I saw that apple roll out of the broken crate, I thought that Tita would love to have it.
- GLORIA:** You should have tried to bring home *pandesal* or rice . . . and not those . . . “Delicious” apples. We’re not rich. We can live without apples.
- MARIO:** Why? Did God create apple trees to bear fruit for the rich alone? Didn’t he create the whole world for everyone? That’s why I tried to bring the apple home for Tita. When we brought her into this world, we sort of promised her everything she has a right to have in life . . .
- GLORIA:** So, for a measly apple, you lost a job you need so much—
- MARIO:** I wouldn’t mind losing a thousand jobs for an apple for my daughter!
- GLORIA:** Where is the apple you prize so much? Is it there? (*crosses to the bench to the lunch bag*)
- MARIO:** No, it isn’t there. They kept it . . . as evidence. (*sits down*)
- GLORIA:** See? You lost your job trying to filch an apple and you lost even the apple for which you lost your job.
- (*Gloria puts away the shoes and the lunch bag. She sits on the steps and they remain silent for a time.*)
- GLORIA:** (*rises*) Filching an apple—that’s too small a reason to kick a poor man out of work. You should ask them to give you a second chance, Mario . . .
- MARIO:** They won’t do that.



GLORIA: Why not?

MARIO: *(rises)* Can't you see they had been waiting for me to make a slip like that? They've wanted to throw me out for any reason . . . so they may bring their own men in.

GLORIA: You should complain—

MARIO: Suppose I did? What would they do? They would dig up my police record.

GLORIA: *(crosses to him)* But, Mario, that was so long ago! Why would they try to dig that thing up?

MARIO: They'll do anything to keep me out . . . *(holds her by the arm)* But don't worry . . . I'll find another job . . . It isn't really so hard to look for a job nowadays. *(from this point he avoids her eyes)* You know, I've been job hunting for a week now . . . and I think I have found a good job.

GLORIA: There you go lying again.

MARIO: Believe me . . . I'm not lying this time.

GLORIA: *(crosses to center)* You're always lying; I can't tell when you're telling the truth.

MARIO: In fact I'll see someone tonight who knows of a company that needs a night watchman.

GLORIA: *(holds his arm)* Aren't you only trying to make me feel better, Mario?

MARIO: No, Gloria . . .

GLORIA: Honest?

MARIO: *(avoids her eyes)* Honest! *(sits down)*

GLORIA: *(sighs happily, looks up)* I knew God wouldn't let us down. I'll pray tonight and ask him to let you have that job . . . *(looks at Mario)* But, Mario . . . would it mean that you'd have to stay out all night?

MARIO: That would be all right. I can always sleep during the day.

GLORIA: *(brushes against him like a cat)* What I mean is . . . it will be different when you aren't by my side at night. *(walks away from him)* Oh, but I think I'll get used to it. *(crosses to center, turns around)* Why don't you go see this man right now? Anyway you don't have anything to do tonight. Don't you think it's wise to see him as early as you can?

MARIO: *(after a pause)* Yes . . . I think I'll do that.

(Gloria crosses to the steps to get his shoes, followed by Mario.)

GLORIA: *(hands him the shoes)* Here, Mario . . . put these on and go. I'll stay up and wait for you. *(sits on the steps and watches him)*

MARIO: *(putting on the shoes)* No, Gloria, you must not wait for me. I may be back quite late.

GLORIA: All right . . . but I doubt I can sleep a wink until you return.

(Gloria comes up to him after he finishes and tries to hug him, but he pushes her away. Suddenly confused, he sits on the steps. Gloria sits beside him and plays with his hands.)

GLORIA: Mother was wrong. You know, before we got married, she used to tell me: "Gloria, you'll commit the greatest mistake of your life if you marry that good-for-nothing loafer! You can't make him any straighter than you could a crooked wire with your bare hands." Oh, I wish she were alive now. She would have seen how much you've changed—

(She sees someone behind the tree: Pablo. He has been watching them for a time. He is older than Mario, sinister-looking and well dressed.)

PABLO: *(sarcastic)* Hmmm . . . How romantic!

MARIO: *(rises)* Pablo!

(Suddenly unnerved, Mario starts to fidget. There is an uncomfortable silence as Gloria rises and walks to center, her eyes burning with hate. Pablo lights a cigarette, never taking his eyes off her.)

PABLO: You're not glad to see me, are you? (*puts a foot on the bench*)

GLORIA: (*angry*) What are you doing here? What do you want?

PABLO: S-a-a-y . . . is that the way to receive a friend who has come a-visiting?

GLORIA: We don't care for your visits!

PABLO: You haven't changed a bit, Gloria . . . not a bit.

GLORIA: Neither have you, I can see!

PABLO: You're still that same woman who cursed me to hell because I happened to be Mario's friend . . . even long before you met him. Time has not made you any kinder to me. You still hate me, don't you?

GLORIA: Yes! And I'll not stop hating you . . . not until you stay away from our lives!

PABLO: Am I not staying away from you?

GLORIA: Then why are you here?

PABLO: God! May I not even come to see you now and then . . .? to see if life has been kind to you? How are you getting along?

GLORIA: (*scornfully*) We were doing well . . . until you showed up!

PABLO: Your daughter . . . she was that high when I last saw her . . . how is she?



GLORIA: (*curtly*) She's all right!

PABLO: Oh . . . and I thought she had not been very well . . .

GLORIA: (*suspicious*) How did you know? (*to Mario*) Did you tell him?

MARIO: (*stammering*) I . . . no . . . how could . . .? I haven't seen him in a long, long time . . . (*sits down*) until now of course.

PABLO: What is she sick with?

GLORIA: (*curtly*) We don't know!

PABLO: Don't you think you should take her to a doctor? (*puts his foot down and pulls out his wallet*) Here, I'll loan you a few pesos. It may help your daughter get well.

GLORIA: (*scornfully*) We need it all right . . . but no, thank you!

PABLO: Why don't you take it?

GLORIA: Paying you back will only mean seeing your face again.

PABLO: Well . . . if you hate to see my face so much, you don't have to pay me back. Take it as a gift.

GLORIA: The more I should refuse it!

PABLO: All right . . . if that's how you want it . . . (*sits down and plays with the wallet*)

GLORIA: Mario has stopped depending on you . . . since the day I took him away from your clutches!

PABLO: Haven't you realized yet that it was a terrible mistake—your taking him away from my clutches?

GLORIA: I have no regrets.

PABLO: How about Mario? Has he no regrets, either?

GLORIA: He has none.

PABLO: How can you be so sure? When he and I were pals we could even go to first-class, air-conditioned movie houses every other day. I'll bet all the money I have here now (*brandishing his wallet*) that he has not been to one since you "liberated" him from me. And that was almost four years ago.

GLORIA: One cannot expect too much from honest money . . . and we don't.

PABLO: (*rises and walks about*) What is honest money? Does it look better than dishonest money? Does it buy more? or honesty? What is it? dressing like that? staying in this dungeon you call a house? Is that what you so beautifully call honesty?

MARIO: (*rises*) Pablo . . .

PABLO: (*derisively*) See what happened to your daughter. That is what honesty has done to her. And how can honesty help her now? She's not sick and she needs no medicine. You know that. You know very well what she needs: good food! She's undernourished, isn't she?

MARIO: Pablo!

GLORIA: I know you have come to lead him back to his dishonest ways, but you can't. He won't listen to you now! We have gone this far and we can go on living without your help!

PABLO: (*sarcastic*) You call this living? This, Gloria, is what you call dying . . . dying slowly . . . minute by minute . . . (*laughs*)

MARIO: (*crosses to him and shakes him*) Pablo, stop it! (*Pablo stops*) You shouldn't have come . . .



PABLO: (*brushes him off*) I got tired waiting for you!

GLORIA: So you have been seeing each other! I was afraid so!

PABLO: He came to the house yesterday—

MARIO: Pablo, don't—

PABLO: (*ignoring Mario*) —he said he would be back this noon. But he didn't show up. I came because I was afraid his conscience was bothering him.

MARIO: Pablo, I told you she should not know!

PABLO: It's all right, Mario . . . you'd better tell her everything. She's bound to know later. Tell her what you told me: that you don't believe any more in the way she wanted you to live. Tell her. (*Mario turns his back on them*)

GLORIA: (*crosses to Mario*) Mario! Is this what you meant by another job? Oh, Mario . . . you promised me you were through with him. You said you'd go straight . . . and never go back to that kind of life.

MARIO: (*turns around and holds her arm, stammering*) Gloria . . . you . . . you . . . must try to . . . understand . . . I tried long and hard enough . . . but I could not lift us out of this kind of life . . .

GLORIA: (*crosses to center and shouts at Pablo*) You're to blame for this, you son-of-the-devil! You've come to him when you know he's down—

PABLO: He came to me first!

GLORIA: —when you know he'll cling to anything and do anything! Even return to the life he hates! (*crosses to him and strikes him*) Get out of our sight! Get out!

PABLO: (*easily wards off her fists*) All right, all right . . . I'll leave . . . just as soon as Mario is ready to go.

GLORIA: He's not going with you! (*crosses to center*)

PABLO: Is that so? Why don't you ask him? (*sits on the bench, grinning*)

GLORIA: (*shouts*) I said he's not going!

PABLO: (*points to Mario*) Go on . . . ask him.

GLORIA: (*turns to Mario*) You're not going with him, are you, Mario? Tell that crook you're not going with him anywhere! Tell him to leave us and never come back! Tell him to go, please, Mario, please . . .

MARIO: (*holds her arm*) Gloria . . . I . . .

GLORIA: Mario . . . I know he has talked to you and tried to poison your mind again . . . but don't go with him. This is still the better way of life. If things have not been turning out well, you must know that God is not letting us down. He is only trying us.

MARIO: (*holds her*) Gloria . . . I . . .

GLORIA: (*pulls away from him*) You're going! I can see that you want to go with him! Ohhhh . . . (*cries*) you'll leave me here again: wondering whether you'll be . . . shot in the head or sent to jail!

PABLO: (*behind the tree*) Don't worry about him, Gloria . . . He's safe with me. He won't come anywhere near jail. I've got connections—

GLORIA: (*rushes madly at him and claws his face*) You hideous beast! You—get out!

MARIO: *(pulls her away)* You stay there, Pablo. I'll be with you in a minute. *(leads her to the steps)*
(Pablo fixes his clothes, cursing.)



MARIO: *(firmly)* Gloria . . . I'm going with him.

GLORIA: Don't, Mario, don't . . .

MARIO: You can't make me stop now. I've been thinking about this since last week.

GLORIA: Mario . . . *(holds fast to him)*

MARIO: *(loosens her hold)* You take care of yourself and our child . . . and I'll take care of myself . . . Don't wait up for me.

(Mario walks away with Pablo. Gloria stares dumbly at them, then shouts.)

GLORIA: Mario!!!

(She covers her face with her dress and cries into it. The daughter, from inside, joins her in crying as the curtain falls.)

Compare what you have written with the sample analysis in the *Answer Key* on page 59. How well did you do?



Let's Remember

- ◆ Always be honest and sincere whenever expressing your ideas and feelings. You should also use the appropriate words when doing so so that there would be no misunderstanding and confusion.

Well, this is the end of the module! Congratulations for finishing it. Did you like it? Did you learn anything useful from it? A summary of its main points is given below to help you remember them better.



Let's Sum Up

This module tells us that:

- ◆ Each of the characters in a story is unique. They have different ideas and feelings. They express these in ways that differ from each other as well.
- ◆ Always be honest and sincere whenever expressing your ideas and feelings. You should also use the appropriate words when doing so so that there would be no misunderstanding and confusion.



What Have You Learned?

Read the two given stories then compare the main characters in it with each other. Write your reaction to each story afterward. Use the space provided.

Snow White

There was once a king and queen who lived in a grand castle, that sat upon a hilltop, in a faraway kingdom. One day, great happiness was brought to the castle with the birth of their beautiful baby girl. But it was a sorrowful day too, for the queen died with the birth of this child. The king cradled his daughter in his arms. Her skin was as white as snow, her lips as red as rubies and her hair as black as ebony wood.

“You are just like your mother had hoped,” the king said.

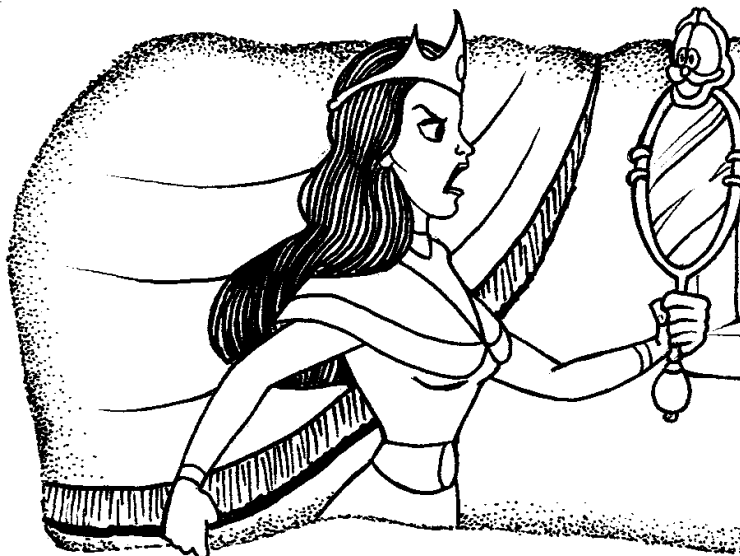
“I shall call you Snow White.”

Several years went by and the king’s daughter began to grow up. She often played happily in the courtyard with her best friend, the prince. But now there was a new queen in the castle, a beautiful but evil queen: Snow White’s stepmother. The evil queen had only one desire—to be the most beautiful woman in all the land. Every day she looked into her magical mirror and asked, “Looking glass in my hand, who is the fairest in the land?”

The mirror always smiled and assured her, “In all this land and everywhere, no one can, my queen, to you compare.”

With each passing day, young Snow White grew more and more beautiful, until one day the queen once again looked into her mirror and asked for the name of the fairest in the land. This time the mirror gulped nervously and said, “You are fair indeed it’s true, but Snow White is one that’s fairer than you!”

The evil queen exploded with anger and threw the mirror across her bedroom.



While the prince planned where he would take Snow White to escape from her wicked stepmother, the queen brewed up a vicious plan of her own. She called upon a huntsman.

“You must take Snow White far out into the dark forest,” she told him, “and there you must put her to death!”

The huntsman refused, but the queen warned him, “Either Snow White will die, or you will!”

He bowed his head sadly and replied, “As you wish.”

The next day, Snow White followed the huntsman into the forest. When they stopped to rest she asked him, “Why did you bring me here?”

The huntsman suddenly stood at attention and declared, “You must die, Snow White, by order of the queen!”

Snow White gasped in horror when she realized her fate, but the huntsman, seeing how frightened she looked, soon fell to his knees and cried, “I cannot bring myself to hurt you. You must run away, Snow White, far into the forest . . . and never come back!”

A terrified Snow White ran into the dark and scary forest, through the dead trees and howling animals, and far away from her home. She ran and ran even though she did not know where she was going. Then, suddenly, a branch caught her dress and she fell upon the dirt path. She began to cry, “Won’t somebody please help me!”

When she looked up she could see in the distance, a charming little cottage covered with flowers and vines.



Snow White slowly made her way to the cottage and knocked on the door, but no one answered. She tried the knob, and finding it unlocked, she entered. Inside, clothing was thrown everywhere, firewood covered the floor and dishes were piled high on the table.

“Since the cottage is such a terrible mess,” she thought, “no one can possibly live here. I’ll tidy up and then take a short rest.”

A little while later, seven little dwarfs, all named Joe, returned home to their cottage after a hard day of work. They tried to open the door and were surprised to find it locked. Since none of them had brought their key, they burst through the door with all their might, landing on top of each other in a great, big heap. Once inside, however, they found a perfectly spotless cottage.

“We’ve broken into the wrong house,” one dwarf said.

“No,” another dwarf assured him, “this is the right place, here is my hat.”

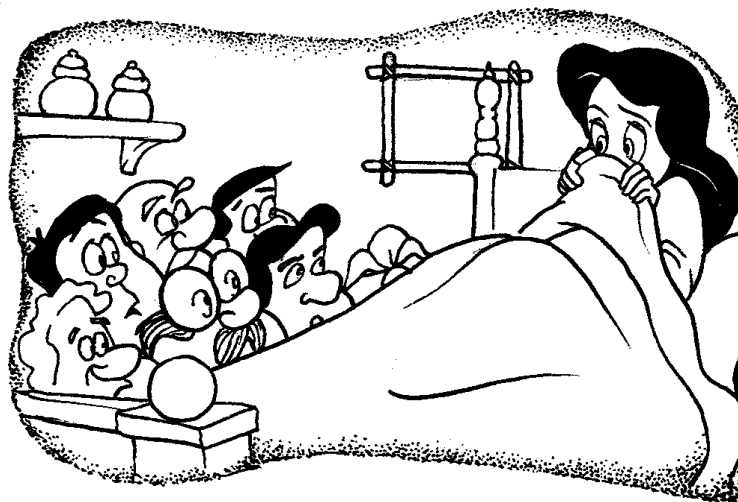
Then they all walked cautiously into their bedroom and found the beautiful girl sleeping in their bed!

When Snow White awoke, she was shocked to find seven little men staring at her curiously. At first the dwarfs were afraid of her.

“Who are you?” asked one nervously.

“Why are you here?” asked another.

“My name is Snow White. I come from a faraway castle where the evil queen tried to have me killed.”



When the dwarfs heard her sad story they were no longer frightened and even invited her to stay with them, promising to build her a bed of her very own. When Snow White found out all the dwarfs were named Joe, she laughed, “Well that should be easy to remember!”

Back at the castle, the evil queen smiled and lifted her mirror.

“Now that Snow White is dead, I will surely be the fairest of all.”

But when the mirror spoke, she learned the truth: Snow White was still alive and still the most beautiful woman in all the land. The queen, burning with jealousy, knew she would have to get rid of Snow White herself.

“I will go in a clever disguise so she will not suspect me.”

Using a magic wand, the queen turned herself into a scraggly old hag with a long, pointy chin.

“In a ragged dress with presents aglow,” she chanted, “tempting things for Snow White to buy, then Snow White will surely die!”

Then, over a bubbling cauldron, she turned a rotten apple into an apple that was shiny, red, juicy . . . and poisonous!

As the prince searched the land far and wide, Snow White continued to take shelter in the dwarfs’ cottage. She looked after the dwarfs and they watched over her too. As they left for work one day, they warned her, “Don’t open the door for any strangers.”

Little did they know that the evil queen, disguised as the old hag, was watching from the bushes, waiting for them to leave. When they did, she hobbled to the cottage and knocked on the door.

Snow White opened the door quickly, thinking it was a dwarf, but instead found the old hag standing outside with a basket and a crooked smile.

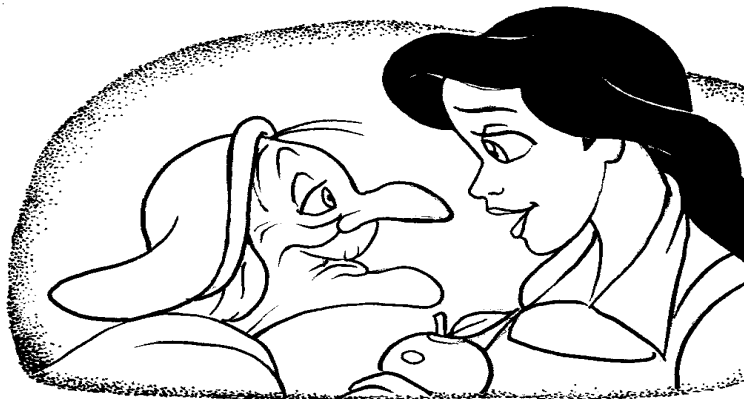
“Good morning to you, sweet girl,” the old hag said, “Would you buy some fruit from a poor old woman?”

“I’m not to let anyone in the house,” Snow White said, “but you don’t look dangerous.”

“A crippled old woman? Dangerous?” the old hag laughed.

“I suppose not,” Snow White agreed. “I don’t have any money, but come in out of the cold and I’ll fix you some hot tea.”

“Thank you,” she replied.



After they drank their tea, the old hag put the shiny poisonous apple in Snow White's hand.

"You're such a dear girl," she said. "Please accept this fine red apple as a gift—for helping to warm the bones of a tired old woman."

Snow White smiled and gratefully accepted the apple, but after she took a bite, she soon fell helplessly to the floor.

When the dwarfs returned from work, they found Snow White's lifeless body on the kitchen floor. They tried their best to help her but nothing they did would bring Snow White back.

"It must have been the evil queen," said one dwarf.

"We never should have left her alone," another added sadly.

The dwarfs wept with sorrow and then put Snow White in a glass coffin and carried her up to the mountaintop where they surrounded her with flowers and each took a turn keeping her company.

Until one day, the prince galloped up on his horse, and seeing his beautiful Snow White laid out in the glass coffin, rushed to her side.

"What has happened to her?" he asked.

"She's dead," replied the dwarf on duty.

"No, it cannot be true!" cried the prince as he hugged her tightly . . . and as soon as he did, a breath was restored to Snow White's body, and the rosy color returned to her cheeks! She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at the prince who smiled back at her with heartfelt joy. News of Snow White's return spread quickly to the other dwarfs and they danced gleefully around Snow White and her prince.



Later, when the magical mirror informed the evil queen that Snow White was still the fairest in the land, her rage was so great that she vowed to see Snow White dead once and for all. This time, though, the dwarfs stole her magic wand and turned her into a statue—frozen for all eternity. And Snow White and the prince, free from the queen’s wicked deeds, were married in the castle and lived happily ever after.

Write your analysis of the story you just read below.

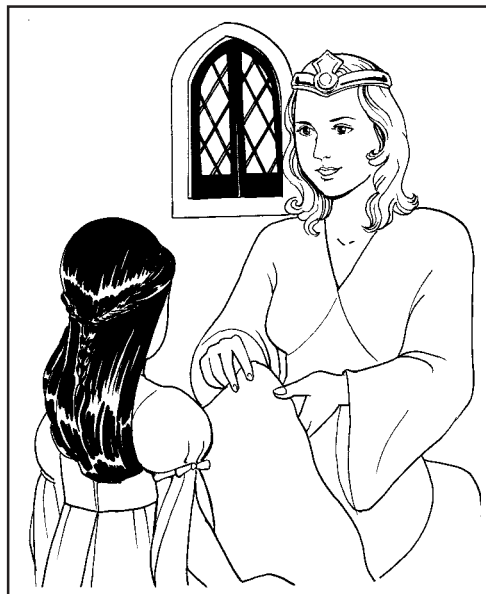
Snow, Glass, Apples

(Adapted)

Neil Gaiman

I do not know what kind of thing she is. None of us do. She killed her mother when she was born but that’s never enough to account for it.

They call me wise but I am far from wise, for I only foresaw fragments of what would happen in my mirror. If I were wise I would not have tried to change what I saw. If I were wise I would have killed myself before I even met her, before I ever fell in love with him.



His daughter was only a child: no more than five years old when I came to the palace. A portrait of her dead mother hung in the princess's tower room; a tall woman, hair the color of dark wood, eyes nut brown. She looked a lot different from her pale daughter.

One night, several months after I was brought to the palace, she came to my rooms. She was six. I was embroidering by lamplight, squinting my eyes against the lamp's smoke and fitful illumination. When I looked up, she was there.

“Princess?”

She said nothing. Her eyes were black as coal, black as her hair; her lips were redder than blood. She looked up at me and smiled. Her teeth seemed sharp, even then, in the lamplight.



“What are you doing away from your room?”

“I'm hungry,” she said, like any child.

It was winter, when fresh food was not available; but I had strings of whole apples, cored and dried, hanging from the beams of my chamber, and I pulled an apple down for her.

“Here.”

She took the dried apple from me and began to chew it with her sharp yellow teeth.

“Is it good?”

She nodded. I had always been scared of the little princess, but at that moment I warmed to her and, with my fingers, I stroked her cheek gently. She looked at me and smiled—she rarely did—then she sank her teeth into the base of my thumb and it bled.

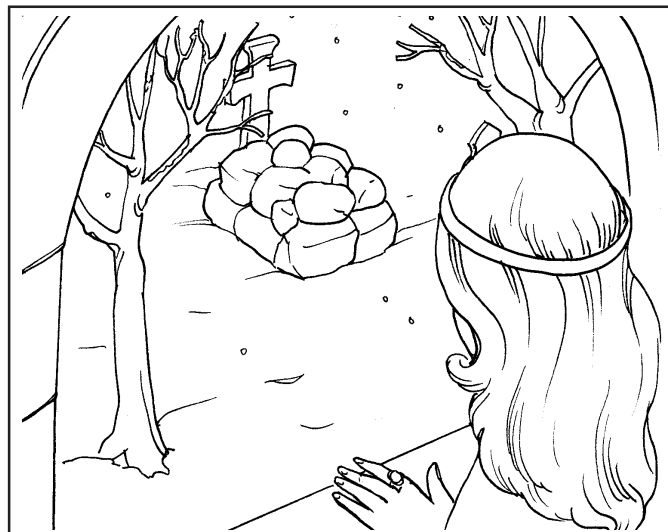
I began to shriek, from pain and from surprise; but she looked at me and I fell silent.

The little princess fastened her mouth to my hand and licked and sucked and drank. When she was finished, she left my chamber. Beneath my gaze the cut that she had made began to close, to scab, and to heal. The next day it was an old scar: I might have cut my hand with a pocketknife in my childhood.

I had been frozen by her, owned and dominated. That scared me, more than the blood she had fed on. After that night I locked my chamber door at dusk, barring it with an oak pole, and I had the smith put iron bars, which he placed across my windows.

Soon my husband became a shadow of the man I had met and loved by the bridge. His bones showed, blue and white, beneath his skin. I was with him when he died: his hands were cold as stone, his eyes milky blue, his hair and beard faded and lusterless and limp. He died unshriven, his skin nipped and pocked from head to toe with tiny, old scars.

He weighed near to nothing. The ground was frozen hard, and we could not dig a grave for him, so we buried him under rocks and stones, as a memorial only, for there was little of him left to protect from the beasts and the birds.



So I was queen.

If it were today, I would have her heart cut out, true. But then I would have her head and arms and legs cut off too. And then I would watch, in the town square, as the hangman heated the fire with bellows, watch unblinking as he put each part of her into the fire. I would have archers around the square, who would shoot any bird or animal who came close to the flames, any raven or dog or rat. And I would not close my eyes until the princess was ash, and a gentle wind could scatter her like snow.

I did not do this and I paid for my mistakes.

They say I was fooled; that it was not her heart. That it was the heart of an animal—a stag, perhaps, or a boar. But they are wrong.

And some say (but it is her lie, not mine) that I was given her heart, and that I ate it. I remember the things I saw.

I did not go with them. They took her in the day, while she slept, and was at her weakest. They took her to the heart of the forest, and there they opened her blouse, and cut out her heart, and they left her for dead.

They brought me her heart. I know it was hers—no sow’s heart or doe’s would have continued to beat and pulse after it had been cut out, as hers did.

I took it to my chamber.

I did not eat it: I hung it from the beams above my bed, placed it on a length of twine that I strung with rowan berries, orange red as a robin’s breast; and with bulbs full of garlic.

Outside, the snow fell, covering the footprints of my huntsmen, covering her tiny body in the forest where it lay.

The years passed by slowly, and my people claimed that I ruled them with wisdom. Her heart still hung above my bed, pulsing gently in the night. If there were any who mourned her, I saw no evidence: she was a thing of terror, back then, and they were glad to be rid of her.



Five spring fairs came and went, each sadder, poorer than the one before. Fewer people from the forest came out to buy. Those who did seemed subdued and listless. The stallholders stopped nailing their wares to the boards of their stalls. And by the fifth year only a handful of folk came from the forest—a fearful huddle of little hairy men, and no one else.

The lord of the fair, and his page, came to me when the fair was done. I had known him slightly, before I was queen.

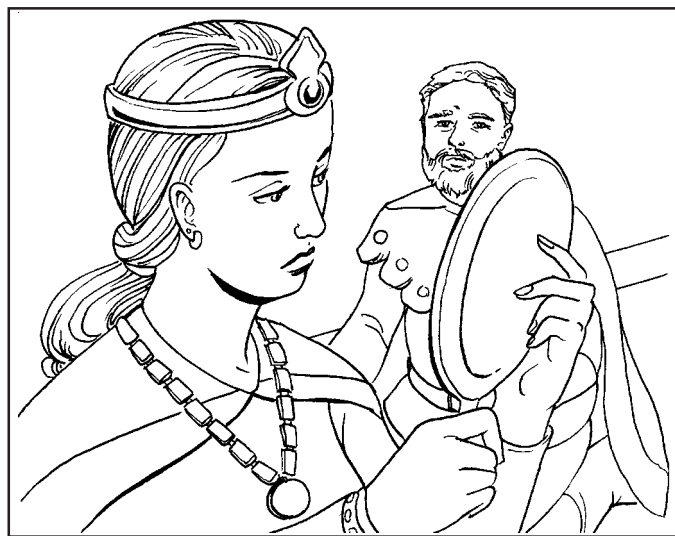
“I do not come to you as my queen,” he said.

I said nothing. I listened.

“I come to you because you are wise,” he continued. “When you were a child you found a lost foal by staring into a pool of ink; when you were a maiden you found a lost infant who had wandered far from her mother, by staring into that mirror of yours. You know secrets and you can seek out hidden things. My queen,” he asked, “what is happening to the forest folk? Next year there might be no more spring fair. The travelers from other kingdoms have grown scarce and few, the folk of the forest are almost gone. Another year like the last, and we shall all starve.”

I commanded my maidservant to bring me my looking glass. It was a simple thing, a silver-backed glass disk, which I kept wrapped in a doeskin, in a chest, in my chamber.

They brought it to me, then, and I gazed into it.



She was twelve and no longer a little child. Her skin was still pale, her eyes and hair coal black, her lips as red as blood. She wore the clothes she had worn when she left the castle for the last time—the blouse, the skirt—although they were much let out, much mended. Over them she wore a leather cloak, and instead of boots she had leather bags, tied with thongs, over her tiny feet.

She was standing in the forest, beside a tree.

As I watched, I saw her step and jump and fly from tree to tree, like an animal: a bat or a wolf. She was following someone.

He was a monk. He wore sackcloth, and his feet were bare. He was unshaven and unkempt.

He sat there in the firelight, and she came out from her hiding place. She crouched down on the other side of the fire, and stared at him. He grinned, as if it were a long time since he had seen another human, and beckoned her over to him.

She stood up and walked around the fire, and waited, an arms length away. He found a coin—a tiny, copper penny—in his robe and tossed it to her. She caught it, and nodded, and went to him.

She sank her teeth deep into his breast. His eyes opened, then they closed again, and she drank.

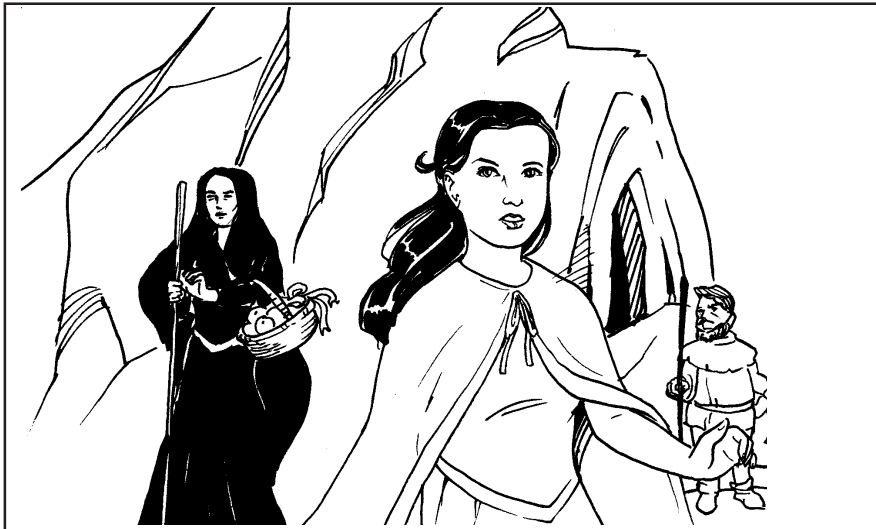
“Do you know what is keeping the travelers from our town? What is happening to the forest people?” asked the head of the fair.

I covered the mirror in doeskin, and told him that I would personally make sure that the forest will be safe once more.

I spent time with old books and gypsy women.

I prepared myself, and got the things I would need, and when the first snow began to fall, I was ready.

I pulled the hood of my cloak low over my face, and I took ribbons and pretty hair ornaments with me, placed them above the apples in the reed basket, and I walked alone into the forest, until I came to her dwelling: a high, sandstone cliff, laced with deep caves going back away into the rock wall.



After some time some dwarfs crawled out of the cave front—ugly, misshapen, hairy little men.

They disappeared into the forest, and none of them saw me.

I went to the cave entrance and called into it.

She was thirteen years old, my stepdaughter, and nothing marred the perfect whiteness of her skin except for the scar on her left breast, where her heart had been cut from her ever since.

She looked at me hungrily. “Ribbons, goodwife,” I croaked. “Pretty ribbons for your hair . . .”

She smiled and called me. A tug; the scar on my hand was pulling me toward her. I did what I had planned to do, but I did it more quickly than I had planned: I dropped my basket, and screeched like the bloodless old peddler woman who I was pretending to be, and I ran.

My gray cloak was the color of the forest, and I was fast; she did not catch me.

I made my way back to the palace.

By the time I reached my chambers, the heart that hung from the roof beam, with the apples and hams and the dried sausages, had ceased to beat. It hung there, quietly, without motion or life, and I felt safe once more.

The spring fair was slightly improved that year. The forest folk were few, but they were there, and there were travelers from the lands beyond the forest too.

I awoke in the middle of the night because of the pulsing and beating of her heart once more. Blood dripped onto my face from above. I sat up. My hand burned and pounded as if I had hit the base of my thumb with a rock.

There was a hammering on the door. I felt afraid, but I am a queen, and I would not show fear. I opened the door.



First his men walked into my chamber, and stood around me, with their sharp swords, and their long spears.

Then he came in.

Finally, she walked into my chamber, as she had when she was still a child. She had not changed. Not really.

She pulled down the twine on which her heart was hanging. She pulled off the dried rowan berries, one by one; pulled off the garlic bulb—now a dried thing, after all these years; then she took her own, her pumping heart—a small thing, no larger than that of a nanny-goat or a she-bear—as it pumped blood into her hand.

Her fingernails must have been as sharp as glass: she opened her breast with them, running them over the purple scar. Her chest suddenly opened. She licked her heart, once, as the blood ran over her hands, and pushed it deep into her breast.

I saw her do it. I saw her close the flesh of her breast once more. I saw the purple scar begin to fade.

Her prince looked a little concerned, but he still put his arm around her, and they stood, side by side, and waited.

They told me they would marry. They told me that I would be with them on their wedding day.

It is starting to get hot in here.

They have told the people bad things about me; some of them were true but most of them were lies.

I was bound and kept in a tiny stone cell beneath the palace, and I remained there all through autumn. Today they fetched me out of the cell; they stripped the rags from me, and washed the filth from me, and then they shaved my head, and they rubbed my skin with goose grease.



The snow was falling as they carried me—two men at each hand, and spread-eagled and cold, through the midwinter crowds; and brought me to this kiln.

My stepdaughter stood there with her prince. She watched me, in my dignity, but she said nothing.

As they put me inside, I saw one snowflake land upon her white cheek, and remain there without melting.

They closed the kiln door behind me. It is getting hotter in here, and outside they are singing and cheering and banging on the sides of the kiln.

She was not laughing, or jeering, or talking. She did not sneer at me or turn away. But she looked at me; and for a moment I saw myself reflected in her eyes.

I will not scream. I will not give them that satisfaction. They will have my body, but my soul and my story are my own, and will die with me.

The goose grease begins to melt and glisten upon my skin. I shall make no sound at all. I shall think no more on this.

I shall think instead of the snowflake on her cheek.

I think of her hair as black as coal, her lips as red as blood, her skin, snow white.

Write your analysis of the story you read below.

Now, compare the two stories you read with each other based on your analyses.

Compare what you have written with the sample analyses in the *Answer Key* on page 62. Did you get similar answers? If you did, that's very good. You may now study another module. If you didn't, review the parts of this module you made mistakes in first before studying a new module.



Answer Key

A. Let's See What You Already Know (pages 1–3)

1. a. The man loved the woman very much.
b. She felt insecure and was doubtful of the man's love for her.
2. a. He feels very sad about losing Lucy, the woman he loved.
b. I would feel very happy to know that someone loves me very much even after I die.

B. Lesson 1

Let's Read (pages 4–8)

1. Marianita's parents treated her and her brother, Marianito, differently. They seemed to favor Marianito more. He always got what he wanted even if it meant Marianita would sacrifice.
2. Marianita felt jealous of her brother because he always got what he wanted to the point that she had to sacrifice a lot. She often wondered why this is so but can't seem to figure out the reason until her brother died and she understood why their parents treated them differently before.

Let's See What You Have Learned (pages 13–21)

1. The characters in the story included Jet, Dirk, Mary, Piet, Truns, Henk and the grandchildren. They each had different ideas on what to give Grandfather for his birthday. They all wanted to give him the best gift they could on his special day but they couldn't agree what that gift was at first. They all thought Grandfather was special and even if they do not have much money to spare, they each contributed what they could to buy his present.
2. Grandfather felt very happy with the whole family's effort to make his birthday special even if a lot of things went wrong and he had to pay for the balance just to get their gift. He probably thought that the effort was more important than the gift itself.

C. Lesson 2

Let's Try This (pages 22–23)

The poem talks about dying. It tells us that we should not be afraid of dying but we should do everything we could to strive to live despite difficulties. It gives us hope actually in dealing with the difficulties in life. After reading it, I felt encouraged to go on with life as well as I could.

Let's See What You Have Learned (pages 30–42)

The story tells about the story of a family who were struggling to make it day after day despite all the difficulties they were dealt with. It features Mario, an ex-convict who was trying his best to change his ways and live a better life despite how other people still looked at him; Gloria, his wife, who believed being poor was always better than having “dirty” money; and Pablo, Mario’s friend, who believed that having money was always better than not having any even if it means committing crimes.

I felt really sad for Mario because he wanted to give his family all they needed but he encountered difficulty after difficulty in the end leading him to do something he didn’t really want to. I felt sorry for Gloria too because she stood by her husband through thick and thin and never complained about what they didn’t have. She was so heartbroken when Mario decided to go back to his old ways just because it was the easy way out. Finally, I felt sorry for Pablo because he always took the easy way out in everything he did. He could have changed his ways as Mario did but he didn’t.

D. What Have You Learned? *(pages 44–57)*

Snow White

The story was about a young girl named Snow White and her stepmother. In it, the stepmother was very jealous of her stepdaughter. She wanted to be the most beautiful woman in the whole kingdom unfortunately her stepdaughter outshone her. This is the reason why she kept on trying to kill Snow White to no avail. Snow White was almost perfect. She was very beautiful both inside and out.

After reading the story, one could only feel sorry for Snow White because her stepmother kept hurting her. You can, however, only feel angry with Snow White’s stepmother because of her pettiness.

Snow, Glass, Apples

The story was also about Snow White and her stepmother. There is a big difference though. This story tells not of Snow White’s sufferings but of her stepmother’s. It told us the other side of the story, the side we failed to see when we read the fairy tale when we were children.

After reading the story, I realized that Snow White wasn’t the only victim. Her stepmother too suffered a lot.

Comparison

The two stories differed much in the way the two main characters were presented. The first story took the side of Snow White and told the events based on her sufferings under her stepmother’s care. The second story, on the other hand, was told on the point of view of the stepmother. In it, her experiences and difficulties were given light and justifications were given as to why she did what she did to Snow White.



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