



Subject: 21st Century Literature from the Regions
Topic: Literary Elements, Devices and Techniques
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Semester: Second

Grade Level: 12
Week: 3 – 4

QUEST

Content:

21st Century literature from the region where the school is based in relation to the literature of other regions in various genres and forms in consideration of:

- various dimensions of Philippine literary history from pre-colonial to contemporary;
- canonical authors and works of Philippine National Artists in Literature; and
- name of authors and their works, and backgrounds of the literature from the region where the high school is located.

Content Standards:

The learner will be able to understand and appreciate the elements and contexts of 21st century Philippine literature from the regions.

Most Essential Learning Competencies:

Writing a close analysis and critical interpretation of literary text and doing an adaptation of these require the learner the ability to:

- Compare and contrast the various 21st century literary genres and the ones from the earlier genres/periods citing their elements, structures and traditions. (EN12Lit-Id-25)
- Literary elements, devices and techniques.

MISSION 1

Instructions: Read and analyse the following items. Encircle the letter of your chosen answer.

1. The total environment for the action of a fictional work which includes a time period, the place, the historical milieu, as well as the social, political, and perhaps even spiritual realities mirrored in the story.
a. characters
b. setting
c. symbols
d. plot
2. It depicts and talks about life and all its miseries and glories.
a. stories
b. parables
c. fiction
d. literature
3. A person, object, action, place or event that in addition to its literal or denotative meanings suggests a more complex meaning or range of meanings.
a. theme
b. point-of-view
c. symbol
d. setting
4. What is the prevailing tone of the following lines from Shakespeare's "*Hamlet*"?

*What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason!
How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable!*

- a. empathy
b. reverence
c. sarcastic
d. disappointment
5. It is considered as Japan's greatest contribution to world literature. A short poem of 3 lines of 5 – 7 – 5 syllables.
a. origami
b. Kabuki
c. Haiku
d. ikebana

Literary Elements, Devices and Techniques

- **Literary elements** the phrase ‘elements of literature’ refers to the constituent parts of a work of literature in whatever form it takes: poetry, prose, or drama. The components of a literary work include the **characters, setting, plot, theme, frame, motif and narrative point of view**.
- **Literary devices** refers to the literary techniques employed by the author to produce an effect (**tone, irony, figurative language, symbolism, foreshadowing**). They are the typical structures used by writers in their work to convey his or her messages in a simple manner to the readers. When used properly, these will aid readers to appreciate, interpret and analyse a literary work.

ELEMENTS:

1. **CHARACTERS** are the doers of the action; most often take human form but, on occasion, a story can employ animals, fantastical creatures, and even inanimate objects as characters. A character may be dynamic (change over the course of the story) or static (do not grow or change as a result of the action in the story).
 - a. **Protagonist** is the main character of the story.
 - b. **Antagonist** is the villain in the story.
 - c. **Flat characters** are one-dimensional characters that are purely functional in the story. They are more a sketch than a detailed portrait and they help move the action along by serving a simple purpose.
 - d. **Rounded characters** are more complex and drawn in more detail by the writer. Readers gain insight into the character’s interior life, their hopes, fears, dreams, and desires.
2. **SETTING** consists of two key elements: **space and time**. **Space** refers to the where of the story – often the geographical location where the action takes place. **Time** refers to the when of the story – this could be a historical period, the present or the future.
3. **PLOT** refers to the related things that happen in sequence in a story. It is made up of cause and effect events that lead the readers from the beginning of the story, through the middle, to the ending.
 - a. **Exposition** is the introduction of the story where reader acquires the necessary background information they’ll need to follow the various threads of the plot through the end.
 - b. **Conflict** serves as the focus and driving force of most of the story’s action
 - c. **Rising action** begins at the end of the exposition. It usually forms most of the plot and begins with an inciting incident that kick-start a series of cause and effect events.
 - d. **Climax** this is where the action rises as the drama of the story unfolds in a series of causes and effects.
 - e. **Falling action** is the event that happens after the climax. Things begin to slow down and work their way towards the story’s end, tying up loose ends on the way.
 - f. **Resolution** this is the final part of the plot arc and represents the closing of the conflict and the return of normality – in the wake of the story’s events.
4. **THEME** is the big ideas that are explored in a work of literature. These are most often universal ideas that transcend the limits of culture, ethnicity or language. The theme is the deeper meaning behind the events of the story.
5. **TONE** is how the theme is treated in a work. It influences how the reader reads that text. It informs how the reader will feel about the characters and the events described.

6. **POINT OF VIEW** refers to the perspective through which you experience the events of the story.
- First person** – to recognize this *pov* lies in the use of pronouns such as *I, me, my, us, our*.
 - Second person** – recognized through the use of the pronoun *YOU*.
 - Third person limited** – events are seen from the perspective of one person in the story and do not gain insight into the internal life of other characters, other than through the actions as described by the narrator (he, she, it).
 - Third person omniscient** the narrator knows everything about everyone. This allows the reader to peek behind every curtain and into every corner of what is going on.

Mission 2

Instructions: Read the literary piece below then do the activities that follow.

Sinigang *By Marby Villaceran*

“So, what happened?”

She had finally asked the question. I had been wondering how long my Tita Loleng could contain her curiosity.

I continued to pick out tomatoes for the sinigang we were to have for dinner. I wasn’t usually the one who assisted my aunt with the cooking. She preferred my younger sister, Meg, for I knew far less in this area – not having the aptitude, or the interest, I guess – for remembering recipes. That didn’t matter today, though. Tita Loleng wanted more than just an extra pair of hands in the kitchen.

“Nothing much,” I answered offhandedly. “We did what people usually d during funerals.” I reminded myself to tread carefully with her. Though I did not really feel like talking, I could not tell her off for she took offense rather easily.

I put the tomatoes in the small palanggana, careful not to bruise their delicate skin, and carried them to the sink.

“Did you meether? Tita Loleng asked.

There came to me a memory of sitting in one of the smaller narra sofas in the living room in Bulacan. I faced a white coffin whose corners bore gold-plated figures of cherubs framed by elaborate swirls resembling thick, curling vines.

Two golden candelabras, each supporting three rows of high-wattage electric candles, flanked the coffin and seared the white kalachuchi in the funeral wreaths, causing the flowers to release more of their heady scent before they wilted prematurely. Through an open doorway, I could see into the next room where a few unfamiliar faces held murmured conversations above their coffee cups.

“Are you Liza?” a woman beside me suddenly asked.

I was surprised, for I had not heard anyone approaching. Most of the mourners preferred to stay out on the veranda for fear that the heat from the lights might also cause them to wither.

I looked up slowly: long, slim feet with mauve-painted toenails that peeked through the opening of a pair of scruffy-looking slippers; smooth legs unmarred by swollen veins or scars – so unlike the spider-veined legs of my mom – encased in a black, pencil-cut skirt; a white blouse with its sleeves too long for the wearer, causing the extra fabric to bunch around the cuffs; a slim neck whose skin sagged just a little bit; and a pale face that seemed like it had not experienced sleep in days. The woman looked to me like she was in her forties – the same age as my mother.

“Yes,” I had answered that woman – the same answer I now gave to Tita Loleng.

I gently spilled out all the tomatoes into the sink and turned the tap. The water, like *aqua bendita*, cleansed each tomato of the grime from its origins.

“What did she tell you?” Tita Loleng asked.

“Nothing much. She told me who she was.”

“What did she look like?”

“She’s pretty, I guess.”

She was. She looked like she had Indian blood with her sharp nose and deep-set eyes thickly bordered by long lashes. Just like Mom, she still maintained a slim figure though she already had children. The woman, upon seeing my curious stare, had explained, “I am Sylvia.”

All my muscles tensed upon hearing her name. It took all my self-control to outwardly remain calm and simply raise an eyebrow.

My reaction caused a range of emotion to cross the woman’s face before it finally crumbled and gave way to tears. Suddenly, she grabbed my hand from where it had been resting on the arm of the sofa. Her own hands were damp and sticky with sweat. She knelt in front of me – a sinner confessing before a priest so he could wash away the dirt from her past.

But I was not a priest. I looked down at her and my face remained impassive. When her weeping had subsided, she raised her head and looked at me. “Everyone makes mistakes, Liza.” Her eyes begged for understanding.

It was a line straight out of a Filipino soap opera. I had a feeling that the whole situation was a scene from a very bad melodrama I was watching. I looked around to see if anyone had witnessed the spectacle unfolding in this living room, but it was as if an invisible director had banned all but the actors from the set. Except for us, not a soul could be seen.

I wanted Sylvia to free my hand so I nodded and pretended to understand. Apparently convinced, she let go and, she let go and, to my shock, suddenly hugged me tight.

My nose wrinkled as the pungent mix of heavy perfume and sweat assailed me. I wanted to scream at her to let go but I did not move away.

“Hmm, I think they’re washed enough na.” Tita Loleng said.

Turning off the tap, I placed the tomatoes inside the basin once more. Then, as an afterthought, I told my Tita, “I don’t think she is pretty as Mom, though.”

Tita Loleng nodded understandingly. She gestured for me to place the basin on the table where she already had the knives and chopping board ready.

“Where was your Dad when she was talking to you?”

“Oh, he was sleeping in one of the bedrooms. Mom did not want to wake him up because they told her he had not slept for two nights straight.”

Tita Loleng snorted. “Haay, your mother talaga,” she said shaking her head. I had to smile at that before continuing. “When he saw me, Sylvia had already been called away to entertain some of the visitors.”

“Was he surprised to see you?” Tita knew that I had not wanted to go to the funeral. Actually, she was one of the few people who respected, and understood, my decision.

“No.” I sliced each of the tomatoes in quarters. The blade of the knife clacked fiercely against the hard wood of the chopping board. “He requested Mom to make me go there.” We both knew that I could never have refused my mother once she insisted that I attend. I had even gone out and gotten drunk with some friends the night before we were to leave just so I could have an excuse not to go, but my mom was inflexible. She had ordered to my two sisters to wake me up.

Tita Loleng gave me a sympathetic look. “No choice then, huh?” She was forever baffled at the way my mother could be such a martyr when it came to my father and such a tyrant to her children.

Clack! Clack! The knife hacked violently against the board.

“Nope.”

When my Dad had come out of the room, I remembered sensing it immediately – the same way an animal instinctively perceives when it is in danger. I had been looking at the face of my dead half-brother, searching for any resemblance between us. Chemotherapy had sunk his cheeks and had made his hair fall out, but even in this condition, I could see how handsome he must have been before his treatment. His framed photograph atop the glass covering of the coffin confirmed this. Lem took after my father so much that Dad could never ever hope to deny that he was his son. I, on the other hand, had taken after my mother.

I knew my father was staring at me but I refused to look at him. He approached and stood next to me. I remained silent.

MISSION 2

Title: _____		Author: _____	
Setting:	(Place)	(Time)	
Characters: (Below the character, identify what type of character he/she is according to development in the story.)	Protagonist	Antagonist	
Plot Pattern and Technique			
Point of View			
Symbolisms			
Theme			

1. How did the narrator feel about attending the funeral?
2. Would you agree with how she feels? Support your answer.
3. If you were her, will you follow the mother’s wish of coming to the funeral? Why or why not?

DEVICES:

1. **Metaphors** are direct comparisons. It is a statement in which two unrelated objects are compared to each other
This tree is the god of the forest.
2. **Simile**, also known as indirect comparisons, where two unrelated things are compared to each other with the use of "like" and "as".
This tree is like the god of the forest.
3. **Imagery** can be both literal and figurative and it relies on the interplay of language and sensation to create a sharper image in your brain.
The tree spread its gigantic sun-flecked shoulders.
4. **Symbolism** combines a lot of ideas presented in metaphor and imagery. It is the use of an object to represent a concept.
Let's release the dove in commencement of this program.
5. **Personification** is giving human attributes to nonhuman objects.
The car ran a marathon down the highway.
6. **Hyperbole** refers to any sort of exaggerated description or statement.
I've been waiting a billion years for this!
7. **Irony** is when the writer describes something by opposite language. In other words, irony highlights "what seems to be" and "what it is".
The triple bacon cheeseburger glistened with health and good choices.
8. **Juxtaposition** is the placement of contrasting ideas next to each other, often to produce an ironic or thought provoking effect.
***"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."** (A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens)*
9. **Allusion** is a fancy word for literary reference. When a writer alludes to something, they are either directly or indirectly referring to another, common-known piece of art or literature.
When something is described as lasting "**40 days and 40 nights**," in reference to the flood of Noah's Ark.
10. **Allegory** is a story whose sole purpose is to represent an abstract concept or idea. As such allegories are sometimes extended allusions, but the two common literary devices have their differences.
"There were times when it seemed to the animals that they worked longer hours and fed no better than they had done in (Farmer) Jones' day."
11. **Onomatopoeia** is a word that sounds like the noise it describes
Bang! Clang!
12. **Pun** is a literary device that plays with the sounds and meanings of words to produce new, often humorous ideas.
Example: You have placed too much of butter in your recipe that ruined the dish. You might joke that you were "**outside the margarine**"

"I am glad you came," he said.
I gave him a non-committal nod, not even glancing his way.
Tita Loleng interrupted my thoughts with another one of her questions. "Did you cry?"
I shook my head vehemently as I answered, "No."
I took the sliced tomatoes, surprised to find not even a splinter of wood with them, as well as the onions Tita Loleng had chopped and put them in a pot. "What next?" I asked her.
The salt." Then she went and added a heaping tablespoonful of salt to the pot.
"Is that all?"
"Uh-huh. Your Mom and I prefer it a bit saltier, but your Dad likes it this way." Then she gestured towards the pot, closing and opening fist like a baby flexing its fingers.
I started crushing the onions, tomatoes, and salt together with my hand.
"He was an acolyte in church," my father had said then, finally splintering the silence I had adamantly maintained. "Father Mario said that we shouldn't feel sad because Lem is assured of going to a better place because he was such a good child." Good, I thought, unlike me whom he always called "Sinvergüenza", the shameless daughter.

I finally turned to him. There was only one question I needed to ask. "Why?"

He met my gaze. I waited but he would not – could not – answer me. He looked away.

My mask of indifference slipped. It felt like a giant hand was rubbing salt into me, squeezing and mashing, unsatisfied until all of me had been crushed.

"Stop it na, Liza!" Tita Loleng exclaimed. Anymore of that mashing and you will be putting bits of your own flesh and bone in there," my aunt warned. She went to the refrigerator and took out plastic bags containing vegetables. She placed them in the sink. "All of these will be needed for the sinigang," she said. "Prepare them while you're softening the meat." Then she took off her apron, "You go and finish off here. I will just go to my room and stretch my back out a bit." With a tender pat on my head, she walked out of the kitchen.

I breathed a sigh of relief. The questions had stopped, for now. I poured the hugas bigas into the mass of crushed onions and tomatoes and added the chunks of beef into the concoction before covering the pot and placing it on the stove. I turned on the flame. The sinigang needed to simmer for close to an hour to tenderize the meat.

In the meantime, I started preparing all the other ingredients that will be added to the pot later on. Taking all the plastic bags, I unloaded their contents into the sink then washed and drained each vegetable thoroughly before putting them beside my chopping board.

I reached for the bunch of kangkong and began breaking off choice sections to be included in the stew. When I was a child, before Tita Loleng had chosen to stay with us, my mom used to do the cooking and she would have Meg and I sit beside her while she readied the meals. I remembered that whenever it came to any dish involving kangkong, I would always insist on a stem. It was on one such occasion, I was in second-year high school by then but still insistent on kangkong preparation, when Mom had divulged the truth about the boy who kept calling Dad on the phone every day at home. Meg had also been there, breaking off string beans into two-inch sections. Neither of us had reacted much then, but between us, I knew I was more affected by what Mom had said because right until then, I had always been Daddy's girl.

When the kangkong was done, I threw away the tough, unwanted parts and reached for the labanos. I used a peeler to strip away the skin – revealing the white, slightly grainy flesh – and then sliced each root diagonally. Next came the sigarilyas, and finally, the string beans. Once, I asked Tita Loleng how she knew what type of vegetable to put into sinigang and she said, "Well, one never really knows which will taste good until one has tried it. I mean, some people cook sinigang with guavas, some with kamias. It is a dish whose recipe would depend mostly on the taste of those who will do the eating."

I got a fork and went to the stove where the meat was simmering. I prodded the chunks to test whether they were tender enough - and they were. After pouring in some more of the rice washing, I cleared the table and waited the stew to boil. A few minutes later, the sound of rapidly popping bubbles declared that it was now time to add the powdered tamarind mix. I poured in the whole packet and stirred. Then I took the vegetables and added them, a fistful at a time, to the pot. As I did so, I remembered the flower petals each of my two sisters and I had thrown, fistful by fistful, into the freshly dug grave as Lem's casket was being lowered into it.

My dad was crying beside me and I recalled thinking, would he be the same if I was the one who had died? I glanced up at him and was surprised to find that he was surprised to find that he was looking at me. His hand, heavy with sadness, fell on my shoulder.

"I am sorry," he had told me.

I let the stew boil for a few minutes before turning off the fire.

The sinigang would be served later during dinner. I pictured myself seated in my usual place beside my father who is at the head table. He would tell Mom about his day and then he would ask each of us about our own. I would answer, not in the animated way I would have done when I was still young and his pet, but politely without any rancor.

Then he would complement me on the way I had cooked his favourite dish and I would give him a smile that would never quite show, not even in my eyes.

MISSION 3

Instructions: Respond to the questions in 3 sentences. Write your answers in the space provided.

1. To whom was the funeral for? How is the dead in the story related to the narrator?
2. How did the narrator's parents feel about her coming to the funeral?
 - a. Father
 - b. Mother
3. What is the significance of "sinigang" to the story?

MISSION 4



1. What makes the text (story/poetry) a significant literary piece that could represent a certain region? Discuss your answer in 5 sentence

2. Identify 5 figurative language from the story, *Sinigang* by Marby Villaceran. Then give its connotative meaning. Write your answer in the space beside the literary piece.
 - a. _____ -
 - b. _____ -
 - c. _____ -

3. In what point of view is the given text narrated? Cite a line or two from the story to justify your answer.

REFERENCES:

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Week 3 Assessment in 21st Century Literature from the Regions

Name: _____ Section: _____ Weeks : **3 - 4**

Instructions: Identify whether the statement is true or false. Write **TRUE** if the statement bears truth in it and **FALSE** if the sentence is not true.

- _____ 1. Persona refers to the person that is speaking in a story or a short story.
- _____ 2. All poems have rhyme.
- _____ 3. In the absence of non-mentioning of the year and place, the setting of the story can be discerned by the descriptions of the author of the place and environment.
- _____ 4. Poem is not poetry without literary devices.
- _____ 5. ***Bang! Bang! Bang! Then the next second, the man was seen lying bloody.***
The sentence contains metaphor in it.
- _____ 6. Haiku is an example of a poem.
- _____ 7. Assonance is the repetition of vowel sounds in several words in a line of poetry.
- _____ 8. The phrase *apple of the eye* is an example of a simile.
- _____ 9. The phrase "*tinkling of bells*" exhibits onomatopoeia as a dominant sound device.
- _____ 10. A character that does not change from the start until the end of the story is called dynamic character.

Instructions: Read and comprehend the story in this module. Express your insight about the story by answering the question below in 5 sentences.

Filipinos are known to have a closely-knit family life and adherence to Filipino values like kissing the hand of the elders and by politely speaking to people older than them. But time has changed and so are the norms (ways that is accepted by the society). What is your stand about the situation reflected in the story where the father has another family?