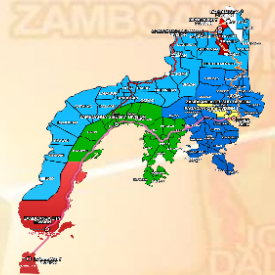




Republic of the Philippines
Department of Education
 Regional Office IX, Zamboanga Peninsula



Zest for **P**rogress
 Zeal of **P**artnership

2

Filipino

Ikalawang Markahan - Modyul 7:
 Pagsalaysay Muli sa Binasang Teksto



Name of Learner: _____

Grade & Section: _____

Name of School: _____

JANUARY
Makugilton

FEBRUARY
Mahigugmaon

MARCH
Matinabungen

APRIL
Matinahuron

MAY
Makapsay og Malimpyo

JUNE
*Maabtik og Masunod sa
 Oksaklong Oras*

JULY
Maantigo og Maabilidad

AUGUST
*Matinhunahunon
 Para sa Uban*

SEPTEMBER
Madaginaton

OCTOBER
Matinud-anon

NOVEMBER
Masaligan

DECEMBER
Maalampon

Filipino – Ikalawang Baitang
Support Material for Independent Learning Engagement (SMILE)
Ikalawang Markahan – Modyul 7: Pagsalaysay Muli Sa Binasang Teksto

Unang Edisyon, 2020

Isinasaad sa **Batas Republika 8293, Seksiyon 176** na: Hindi maaaring magkaroon ng karapatang-sipi sa anumang akda ang Pamahalaan ng Pilipinas. Gayunpaman, kailangan muna ang pahintulot ng ahensiya o tanggapan ng pamahalaan na naghanda ng akda kung ito ay pagkakakitaan. Kabilang sa mga maaaring gawin ng nasabing ahensiya o tanggapan ay ang pagtakda ng kaukulang bayad.

Ang mga akda (kuwento, seleksiyon, tula, awit, larawan, ngalan ng produkto o brand name, tatak o trademark, palabas sa telebisyon, pelikula, atbp.) na ginamit sa modyul na ito ay nagtataglay ng karapatang-ari ng mga iyon. Pinagsumikapang matunton ang mga ito upang makuha ang pahintulot sa paggamit ng materyales. Hindi inaangkin ng mga tagapaglathala at mga may-akda ang karapatang-aring iyon. Ang anumang gamit maliban sa modyul na ito ay kinakailangan ng pahintulot mula sa mga orihinal na may-akda ng mga ito.

Walang anumang parte ng materyales na ito ang maaaring kopyahin o ilimbag sa anumang paraan nang walang pahintulot sa Kagawaran.

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Alamin

Ang modyul na ito ay ginawa at sinulat batay sa pangangailangan nang mag-aaral. Ito ay makakatulong upang higit na masanay nag kaalaman sa Filipino at kaugnay na mga aralin nito.ang mga gawain ay masusi at maingat na pinag aralan at pinili upang umangkop sa antas nang mga interest at kakayahan ng mga mag-aaral.

Ang mga pamamaraan na binigay ay simple at madali.

Matapos gawin at sagutan ang modyul na ito ang mga mag-aaral ay inaasahang:

Naisasalaysay muli ang binasang teksto nang may tamang pagkakasunod-suod sa tulong ng mga larawan, pamatnubay na tanung at story grammar

(F2PS-Ig-6.1)

***Tuklasin***

Bilang isang bata, gustong gusto natin ang makinig ng mga kwento o kaya'y magbasa ng mga kwento sa paaralan man, sa bahay o kahit saan man. Ang mahalaga ay kung makinig man, pakinggan natin itong mabuti o kung mag basa man, basahin natin itong mabuti upang maisalaysay natin ito muli sa wastong pagkakasunod-sunod.

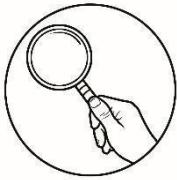
Basahing mabuti ang kwento.

Mapalad si Zyra

Si Zyra ay anak ng magasawang Benny at Linda. Ipinanganak siyang may kakaibang anyo. Subalit kailanman ay hindi siya ikinihiya ng kanyang mga magulang. Matatanda na ang kanyang mga magulang kaya't napilitan siyang humanap ng makakain sa kabundukan. Nakita niya ang isang lalaking puno ng galos at walang malay. Tinulungan niya ang lalaki.

Nagulat ang lalaki sa ginawa niya kaya bilang pasasalamat, binigyan niya ng panyo si Zyra. Pagdating ni Zyra sa kanilang bahay, nadatnan niyang puno ng

pagkain ang hapag-kainan. Mayamaya, dumating ang dalawang lalaki at nabatid niya na ang lalaking tinulungan niya ay nagmula sa isang mayamang angkan at nais daw siyang pakasalan nito dahil sa kanyang kabutihan.



Suriin

Si Lito

Si Lito ay batang palasagot. Isang araw, maagang umuwi mula sa paaralan si Gng. Santos. Narinig niyang sinisigawan ni Lito ang kasambahay. Pinagsabihan niya itong pumasok sa kuwarto at kinausap. Paglabas nila ng silid, pinuntahan ni Lito si Lita na kasambahay at humingi ng paumanhin.

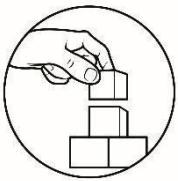
Hindi ba't tinalakay na ang mga elemento ng kwento sa nakaraang modyul? Paano nga bang maisalaysay muli ang binasang teksto? Maaari tayong gumamit ng graphic organizer. Tignan sa ibaba ang halimbawa:

Pamagat ng Kwento: Si Lito
Tagpuan: sa kanilang bahay
Tauhan: Si Lito- ang batang palasagot Gng. Santos – ang ina ni Lito Lita - kasambahay

Problema sa Kwento: ang pagsagot ni Lito sa kanilang kasambahay

Solusyon sa Kwento: humingi ng tawad si Gng. Santos at pinasok siya sa silid ng kwarto.

Ang mga kwento ay muling naisasalaysay sa pamamagitan ng graphic organizer.



Pagyamanin Natin:

Panuto: Gumawa ng graphic organizer upang maikuwentong muli ang teksto. Gamitin ang gabay na tanong sa ibaba at graphic organizer

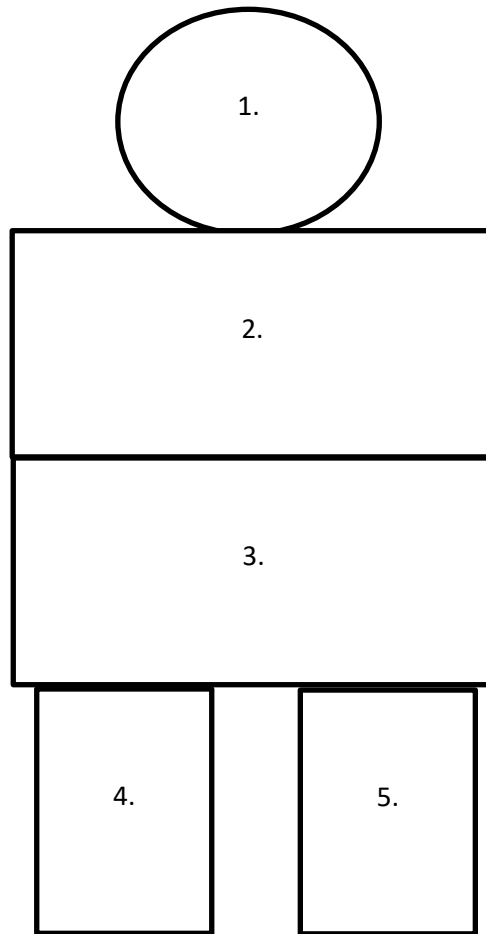
Pagkakabigkis

Isang araw, narinig ni Nanay na nagsisigawan ang kaniyang mga anak. Lungkot na lungkot siya kaya naisip niyang bigyan sila ng aral. Pinatawag niya ang mga ito upang ipatanggal ang agiw sa kani-kanilang kuwerto gamit ang tatlong pirasong tingting. Nalungkot sila sapagkat hindi lubusang natanggal ang agiw. Naisip nilang pagsama-samahin ang mga tingiting at magtulong-tulong sa paglilinis ng bawat silid. Doon nila nakita ang kahalagahan ng pagsama-sama.

Gabay na Tanong:

1. Ano ang pamagat ng kuwento?
2. Sino-sino ang tauhan sa kuwento?

3. Ano-anong nangyari sa kuwento?
4. Ano ang naging problema sa kuwento?
5. Paano ito nabigyan ng solusyon?





Isaisip

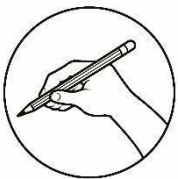
Ang mga kwento ay muling naisasalaysay sa pamamagitan ng graphic organizer.

Mga bata ito ang dapat nating tandaan.

Isang mahalagang kasanayan at katangian na dapat mong matutunan ay ang pagsalaysay muli ng isang kwento na narinig o nabasa.

Narito ang mga dapat tandaan upang maisalaysay muli ang isang binasang kwento.

1. Bigyan pansin ang mga patnubay na tanong.
2. Basahing mabuti ang kwento.
3. Unawain ang binasa.
4. Bigyan pansin ang ipinahiwatig ng bawat parirala nito

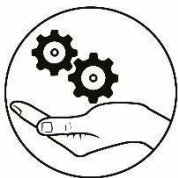


Tayahin

Panuto: Piliin ang titik ng tamang sagot. Isulat ito sa sagutang papel.

1. Sino ang bata sa kwento?
 - A. Zesra
 - B. Zyra
 - C. Emma

2. Bakit napilitan siyang maghanapbuhay?
- A. Dahil malaki na siya
 - B. Dahil panganay siya
 - C. Dahil matanda na ang kanyang mga magulang
3. Ano ang nakita niya sa kagubatan?
- A. Isang lalaking sugatan
 - B. Isang lobo
 - C. Isang matanda
4. Ano ang kapalit ng kanyang pagtulong sa lalaki?
- A. Isang bag
 - B. Isang panyo
 - C. Isang pera
5. Kung ikaw si Zya, tutulungan mo ba ang lalaki?
- A. Oo
 - B. Hindi
 - C. Depende



Karagdagang Gawain

Panuto: Pagsunod-sunurin ang mga pangyayari. Lagyan ng bilang 1-5 ang ayos na pagkakasunod-sunod ng pangyayari.

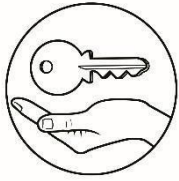
Inuwi nila si Noel sa kanilang bahay at ginamot.

Isang araw nagpaalam ang magkakaibigan sa kanilang mga magulang na mamasyal sa parke.

Nagpasalamat si Noel sa kanyang mga kaibigan.

Masaya silang naghahabulan sa parke.

Nadapa si Noel at nasugatan ang kanyang mga tuhod.



Susi sa Pagwawasto

3
2
5
1
4
Karagandang Gawain
5.a
4.c
3.a
2.c
1.b
Tayahin

Sanggunian

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Liwanag, L., 1999. Landas sa Wika at Pagbasa 2. Karapatang Pag-aari 1999 ng Dane Publishing House Inc. pp.

Kagawaran ng Edukasyon. Ang Bagong Batang Pinoy – Ikalawang Baitang. Inilimbag sa Pilipinas ng Rex Book Store Inc.

Region IX: Zamboanga Peninsula Hymn – Our Eden Land

Here the trees and flowers bloom
Here the breezes gently Blow,
Here the birds sing Merrily,
The liberty forever Stays,

Gallant men And Ladies fair
Linger with love and care
Golden beams of sunrise and sunset
Are visions you'll never forget
Oh! That's Region IX

Cebuanos, Ilocanos, Subanon, Boholanos, Ilongos,
All of them are proud and true
Region IX our Eden Land

Here the Badjaos roam the seas
Here the Samals live in peace
Here the Tausogs thrive so free
With the Yakans in unity

Hardworking people Abound,
Every valleys and Dale
Zamboangueños, Tagalogs, Bicolanos,

Region IX
Our...
Eden...
Land...

My Final Farewell

Farewell, dear Fatherland, clime of the sun caress'd
Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost!
Gladly now I go to give thee this faded life's best,
And were it brighter, fresher, or more blest
Still would I give it thee, nor count the cost.

On the field of battle, 'mid the frenzy of fight,
Others have given their lives, without doubt or heed;
The place matters not-cypress or laurel or lily white,
Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyrdom's plight,
T is ever the same, to serve our home and country's need.

I die just when I see the dawn break,
Through the gloom of night, to herald the day;
And if color is lacking my blood thou shalt take,
Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake
To dye with its crimson the walking ray.

My dreams, when life first opened to me,
My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat high,
Were to see thy lov'd face, O gem of the Orient sea
From gloom and grief, from care and sorrow free;
No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine eye.

Dream of my life, my living and burning desire,
All hail ! cries the soul that is now to take flight;
All hail ! And sweet it is for thee to expire ;
To die for thy sake, that thou mayst aspire,
And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long night.

If over my grave some day thou seest grow,
In the grassy sod, a humble flower,
Draw it to thy lips and kiss my soul so,
While I may feel on my brow in the cold tomb below
The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's warm power.

Let the moon beam over me soft and serene,
Let the dawn shed over me its radiant flashes,
Let the wind with sad lament over me keen ;
And if on my cross a bird should be seen,
Let it trill there its hymn of peace to my ashes.

Let the sun draw the vapors up to the sky,
And heavenward in purity bear my tardy protest
Let some kind soul o'er my untimely fate sigh,
And in the still evening a prayer be lifted on high
From thee, O my country, that in God I may rest.

Pray for all those that hapless have died,
For all who have suffered the unmeasur'd pain;
For our mothers that bitterly their woes have cried,
For widows and orphans, for captives by torture tried
And then for thyself that redemption thou mayst gain

And when the dark night wraps the graveyard around
With only the dead in their vigil to see
Break not my repose or the mystery profound
And perchance thou mayst hear a sad hymn resound
'T is I, O my country, raising a song unto thee.

And even my grave is remembered no more
Unmark'd by never a cross nor a stone
Let the plow sweep through it, the spade turn it o'er
That my ashes may carpet earthly floor,
Before into nothingness at last they are blown.

Then will oblivion bring to me no care
As over thy valet and plains I sweep;
Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and air
With color and light, with song and lament I fare,
Ever repeating the faith that I keep.

My Fatherland ador'd, that sadness to my sorrow lends
Beloved Filipinas, hear now my last good-by!
I give thee all: parents and kindred and friends
For I go where no slave before the oppressor bends,
Where faith can never kill, and God reigns e'er on high!

Farewell to you all, from my soul torn away,
Friends of my childhood in the home dispossessed!
Give thanks that I rest from the wearisome day!
Farewell to thee, too, sweet friend that lightened my way;
Beloved creatures all, farewell! In death there is rest!

I Am a Filipino, by Carlos P. Romulo

I am a Filipino—inheritor of a glorious past, hostage to the uncertain future. As such I must prove equal to a two-fold task—the task of meeting my responsibility to the past, and the task of performing my obligation to the future.

I sprung from a hardy race, child many generations removed of ancient Malayan pioneers. Across the centuries the memory comes rushing back to me: of brown-skinned men putting out to sea in ships that were as frail as their hearts were stout. Over the sea I see them come, borne upon the billowing wave and the whistling wind, carried upon the mighty swell of hope—hope in the free abundance of new land that was to be their home and their children's forever.

I am a Filipino. In my blood runs the immortal seed of heroes—seed that flowered down the centuries in deeds of courage and defiance. In my veins yet pulses the same hot blood that sent Lapulapu to battle against the first invader of this land, that nerved Lakandula in the combat against the alien foe, that drove Diego Silang and Dagohoy into rebellion against the foreign oppressor.

The seed I bear within me is an immortal seed. It is the mark of my manhood, the symbol of dignity as a human being. Like the seeds that were once buried in the tomb of Tutankhamen many thousand years ago, it shall grow and flower and bear fruit again. It is the insignia of my race, and my generation is but a stage in the unending search of my people for freedom and happiness.

I am a Filipino, child of the marriage of the East and the West. The East, with its languor and mysticism, its passivity and endurance, was my mother, and my sire was the West that came thundering across the seas with the Cross and Sword and the Machine. I am of the East, an eager participant in its spirit, and in its struggles for liberation from the imperialist yoke. But I also know that the East must awake from its centuried sleep, shake off the lethargy that has bound his limbs, and start moving where destiny awaits.

I am a Filipino, and this is my inheritance. What pledge shall I give that I may prove worthy of my inheritance? I shall give the pledge that has come ringing down the corridors of the centuries, and it shall be compounded of the joyous cries of my Malayan forebears when first they saw the contours of this land loom before their eyes, of the battle cries that have resounded in every field of combat from Mactan to Tirad Pass, of the voices of my people when they sing:

"I am a Filipino born to freedom, and I shall not rest until freedom shall have been added unto my inheritance—for myself and my children and my children's children—forever."

