**APPENDICES**

**Task 4: Vocabulary Development**

**Context Clues**: Pick out the word which does not belong to the group.

1. The man was shouting ***blasphemous*** ideas about different religions.

A. authentic B. nonsense C. distracting D. humiliating

2. The audience ignored the man’s ***clamor*** for change on social injustice

A. Yell B. Cry C. scream D. silence

3. They were spoken by a man who had false ideas as to what is convincing in

***elocution.***

A. delivery B. inarticulate C. expression D. utterance

4. The lawyers could not easily ***counterfeit*** his arguments.

A. simulate B. reverse C. imitate D. fabricate

5. The lady was wearing a ***bourgeois*** dress just like any other woman in their

locale.

A. traditional B. common C. original D. conservative

6. He can never forget the ***entreaties*** made which was agreed upon for quite some

time.

A. answer B. petition c. request d. appeal

**By the Railway Side**

**by Alice Meynell**

My train drew near to the Via Reggio platform on a day between two of the

harvests of a hot September; the sea was burning blue, and there were a sombreness

and a gravity in the very excesses of the sun as his fires brooded deeply over the

serried, hardy, shabby, seaside ilex-woods. I had come out of Tuscany and was on my

way to the Genovesato: the steep country with its profiles, bay by bay, of successive

mountains grey with olive-trees, between the flashes of the Mediterranean and the sky;

the country through the which there sounds the twanging Genoese language, a thin

Italian mingled with a little Arabic, more Portuguese, and much French.

I was regretful at leaving the elastic Tuscan speech, canorous in its vowels set in

emphatic *L*'s and *m*'s and the vigorous soft spring of the double consonants. But as the

train arrived its noises were drowned by a voice declaiming in the tongue I was not to

hear again for months--good Italian.

The voice was so loud that one looked for the audience: Whose ears was it

seeking to reach by the violence done to every syllable, and whose feelings would it

touch by its insincerity? The tones were insincere, but there was passion behind them;

and most often passion acts its own true character poorly, and consciously enough to

make good judges think it a mere counterfeit.

Hamlet, being a little mad, feigned madness. It is when I am angry that I pretend

to be angry, so as to present the truth in an obvious and intelligible form. Thus even

before the words were distinguishable it was manifest that they were spoken by a man

in serious trouble who had false ideas as to what is convincing in elocution.

When the voice became audibly articulate, it proved to be shouting blasphemies

from the broad chest of a middle-aged man--an Italian of the type that grows stout and

wears whiskers. The man was in bourgeois dress, and he stood with his hat off in front

of the small station building, shaking his thick fist at the sky. No one was on the platform

with him except the railway officials, who seemed in doubt as to their duties in the

matter, and two women.

Of one of these there was nothing to remark except her distress. She wept as

she stood at the door of the waiting-room. Like the second woman, she wore the dress

of the shopkeeping class throughout Europe, with the local black lace veil in place of a

bonnet over her hair. It is of the second woman--O unfortunate creature!--that this

record is made--a record without sequel, without consequence; but there is nothing to

*What would you do if you were in that train?*

be done in her regard except so to remember her. And thus much I think I owe after

having looked, from the midst of the negative happiness that is given to so many for a

space of years, at some minutes of her despair. She was hanging on the man's arm in

her entreaties that he would stop the drama he was enacting. She had wept so hard

that her face was disfigured. Across her nose was the dark purple that comes with

overpowering fear. Haydon saw it on the face of a woman whose child had just been

run over in a London street.

I remembered the note in his journal as the woman at Via Reggio, in her

intolerable hour, turned her head my way, her sobs lifting it. She was afraid that the man

would throw himself under the train. She was afraid that he would be damned for his

blasphemies; and as to this her fear was mortal fear. It was horrible, too, that she was

humpbacked and a dwarf.

*What would you feel if you were in that woman’s shoes?*

Not until the train drew away from the station did we lose the clamour. No one

had tried to silence the man or to soothe the woman's horror. But has any one who saw

it forgotten her face? To me for the rest of the day it was a sensible rather than a merely

mental image.

Constantly a red blur rose before my eyes for a background, and against it

appeared the dwarf's head, lifted with sobs, under the provincial black lace veil. And at

night what emphasis it gained on the boundaries of sleep! Close to my hotel there was a

roofless theatre crammed with people, where they were giving Offenbach. The operas

of Offenbach still exist in Italy, and the little town was placarded with announcements

of *La Bella Elena*.

The peculiar vulgar rhythm of the music jigged audibly through half the hot night,

and the clapping of the town's-folk filled all its pauses. But the persistent noise did but

accompany, for me, the persistent vision of those three figures at the Via Reggio station

in the profound sunshine of the day.

**HIS NAME IS REYNALDO CARCILLAR**

**The pedicab driver whose death has sparked debate and introspection**

By: **Bernard Testa, InterAksyon.com**

In a few hours, while transporting a passenger on his pedicab - which he

christened "John and Denver" - Carcillar would suffer either a heart attack or a stroke.

In 2009, Carmencita said Reynaldo had his first heart attack. He almost died in

his sleep. That night four years ago, he was pale and cold and apparently clinically dead

for half an hour, she told InterAksyon.com. Without proper training in CPR, however,

she instinctively and desperately pumped her husband's chest until he regained

consciousness.

Carcillar was not to be so lucky the second time around.

*"Wala po siyang sinasabi na may sakit siya sa puso. Nag meryenda po siya ng 5*

*o'clock kasama ng asawa niya at mga anak. Nagbibiruan pa muna kami dito bago siya*

*umalis,"* Jennifer Liro, wife of Carcillar's nephew, Melchor, recounted, after the pedicab

driver left that afternoon.*"May sinakay siyang pasahero papuntang San Andres o*

*Estrada. OK pa daw siya noon. Nang sa may tapat ng La Salle, may isang estudyante*

*na nakapansin, akala lang lasing lang po. Tapos may guard na nakakakita na*

*nahihirapan na siya, so tinulungan siya."*

(He didn't mention anything about his heart condition. He had merienda with his family.

We were even joking around before he left. He took a passenger who was going to

either San Andres or Estrada. He seemed alright at that time. But when he arrived in

front of La Salle, a student noticed that he was slumped on his pedicab and thought that

he was just drunk. Then a security guard saw him and helped him.)

Carcillar lay on a sidewalk right across the south gate of the De La Salle

University (DLSU) in Manila for some time before help arrived.

*"May tumawag sa akin dito, hindi namin kilala,"*Melchor Liro, the husband of

Jennifer and Carcillar's nephew, told InterAksyon.com. *"Si Tito Naldo daw inatake.*

*Punta kami dun sa Estrada. Nakahiga si Tito Naldo sa may gutter ng island."*

(A stranger went to our place and told us that Uncle Naldo suffered from a heart

attack. So we went to Estrada [a street right by DLSU]. He was lying right by a gutter.)

Liro continued: *"Pumapara ako ng taxi, walang pumapara, may hawak nga akong*

*kadena para pumara lang, yung ibang tricycle ayaw ding magsakay, buti nalang si Agot*

*nakuha ko."*

(I was trying to hail a taxicab but none stopped. I even had a chain which I used

to get a cab. Some of the tricycles also refused us. Good thing we were helped by Agot

Perez, a tanod at Barangay 729.)

It was around seven o' clock in the evening, Liro said, adding he was in a hurry to

get a cab because he could still feel his uncle's pulse.

*"Isang guardiya lang ang umaasikaso sa kanya ng abutan ko,"* Liro said.

(One security guard was taking care of him when I arrived.)

For his part, Barangay Tanod Perez said: *"Nung tinawag niya po ako, nakita ko*

*na nakabulagta si Naldo, walang magsakay na taxi, kaya ako na po ang nagtakbo sa*

*Ospital ng Maynila. May dumaang pulis Pasay na mobile pero hindi sinakay."*

(When Melchor called me, I saw Carcillar already lying on the sidewalk. Taxicabs

refused to take him. That's why I took it upon myself to bring him to the Ospital ng

Maynila. A Pasay City police car passed by but didn't offer us a ride.)

Perez said he was surprised when Carcillar's wife arrived at the hospital.

*"Iniwanan ko na po sila doon, may mga sumigaw na ibang pedicab driver na*

*'pangalawang stroke na niya yan,'"* Perez said. *"Sa pakiwari ko dahil mainit noong*

*umaga at tanghali tapos umulan ng hapon at gabi kaya na stroke siya."*

(I left both of them there. I also heard some pedicab drivers shout that it was already his

second stroke. I guess the heat in the morning and afternoon, then the rains in the

evening, must have triggered it.)

When he was brought to the Ospital ng Maynila, "*wala na daw pong pulso, patay*

*na daw po*," Carmencita told InterAksyon.com.

(They told us he no longer had any pulse. He was dead.)

InterAksyon.com looked for - but failed - to reach the DLSU security guard who

helped Carcillar. However, another security guard witnessed the incident.

"I was inside the Henry Sy building of the De La Salle University along Taft

Avenue, when I heard the radio alert about the motionless man on the pavement in front

of the north gate of the university," said the guard, who requested anonymity. He and

"several of my colleagues tried to help and give CPR because we have Red Cross

training," the guard added in Filipino. But it was too late.