



Republic of the Philippines
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Region VII, Central Visayas
SCHOOLS DIVISION OF NEGROS ORIENTAL
www.depednegor.net

August 22, 2019

Division Memorandum

No. 530 s, 2019

CONTEST PIECES FOR LANGUAGE ARTS SHOW

To Asst. Schools Division Superintendents
Chiefs, CID & SGOD
Division Education Program Supervisor/Division Coordinator
Public Schools District Supervisor/District In-Charge
Public Elementary/Secondary School Heads
All Others Concerned

1. For the information and guidance of all concerned, enclosed are the contest pieces of the following contest categories for the Language Arts Show:

Speech Choir – THE GROAN OF THE GADGETS

By: Gracia Rodel B. Deloria

Declamation – THE VIOLIN

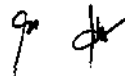
By: Gracia Rodel B. Deloria

Jazz Chant - DH, HDW WE LDVE BEING KIDS

By: Jessie Lou-Libby Ecleo

2. For widest dissemination.

for: 
WILFREDA D. BONGALOS, Ph. D., CESO V
Schools Division Superintendent

8/22/19 

22 AUG 2019

THE GROAN OF THE GADGETS

By Gracia Rodel B. Deloria

Backgrounder: Gadgets are science and technology's gift to humans. They were made to make life easier and to make our world smaller, such that everything becomes within our grasp. Communication gadgets have come so far that human life has evolved into something different from way, way past. But what if these gadgets were made to speak? What would be their message to mortals?

Out of human ingenuity and thirst for innovation,
We stand at the peak of both liberation and deception.
We were cast from the mechanisms of the brain and the hand.
We are the gadgets all at your command.

Knit and woven from intricate course and ways,
We build your roads in the skies, your rockets in the highways,
Yes, we may silently cause your rambles in the bliss.
But we too can hush your rumbles down the abyss.

Lifestyle enablers as we're baptized by time,
The access to the world we allow in sublime.
We make things quite easy way better than the olden.
At the tip of your fingers, all systems are yours to fasten.

In biz and work, communication comes smooth and instant.
But no, we do not hold nor control the rude and the blatant.
Far off, near, anywhere, platforms all set to conquer.
Messages dark and light we send but sadly we cannot filter.

Have you gone farther than what you know in just sitting?
Have you come across countless horizons of learning?
We are the gadgets; we pave way to more enriching.
But only you can sieve what is worth taking or leaving.

We scaffold your thoughts through wondrous imaginations,
But oh, we cannot hear any of the world's lamentations.
Our games take you to a sense of priceless experience.
But don't blame us if by choice you skip those that make sense.

Coast to coast, we can take you to the farthest places.
At low cost, we can help you grab bountiful chances.
Be extra watchful with your options and your clicks
As all might be a bait and nothing but just silly tricks.

Gadgets we may just be but listen, listen as we plea.
Before you lose those that matter—the light and free.
We are gadgets, at your command supposed to be.
Not the dominant as we are appearing to be.

We work any time within the day and the night.
But your health we do not mind and is out of our sight.
Our impact to the Nature is not within our grasp,
When adversities come, it's for you to grip tight in a clasp.

Dependence and addiction are only few of our evils.
In your world those two can remain in swivel.
Think a thousand times as you opt to make us a habit.
For of monstrous destructions we never deny to be the culprit.

In simple click, your brains and souls we can slay and destroy.
Your towers are nothing to us though we're just like toys.
Because we crawl upon your mind till you rot and putrefy.
And we can never be sorry for those you cannot defy.

Yes, we are the new faces of the intangible foes: the gadgets.
We are the children of the systems, the phases of widgets.
We evolve, we update, we upgrade and never regress.
And so, please, think again, if your life you want us to possess.

No feelings, no choices and no spirits, we are just gadgets.
Be careful: we can change anything within your facets.
We are waiting, Just around the corner of your day,
To exist and empower or dictate in power, depending on your way.

#

THE VIOLIN

BY GRACIA RODEL B. DELORIA

Inspired by "The Touch of the Master's Hand" by Myra Brooks Welch

"What a wonderful music you make!"

"Awesomely satisfying!"

"Magnificent!"

These are the common words I hear every time my Master bows at the end of a show. You see, it makes me so proud to be able to produce such a music that is pleasing to the ears of the people.

Hi, I'm Violy*! I used to be a violin but because I have a purpose to fulfill, my Master Composer transformed me into a human being.

Well then, let me start by saying, I wonder why I am forced to belong to you. With the music I made in front of them, I was very contented. I never grumbled. But Master Composer found it wise to enrich you with something essential. You have to know one thing about me and my Master Composer. This is a story that will teach you how important you are.

Listen...

One day, as I was resting, Master Composer called me.

"Violy, Violy, where are you?" He said with a loud voice.

"Over here Master, having some rest!" I answered.

"Get up, we're going to a bazaar!"

"A bazaar? Wow! In a minute..." I was excited then.

I never knew, Master Composer would take me to a place where I would be...**SOLD!** Had I known, I should have slept and slept and slept...

But things should happen the way Master Composer planned them. And so, I was in a place with a big mark that says **AUCTION: OLD INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE!** I can't believe it! I was named an old instrument that was for sale!

The first instrument was a trombone.

"Ten dollars! Twenty dollars! And finally, the trombone is sold." I heard them shout these words and I saw the tears of my friend trombone.

And then, in a sudden gust, I was hitched by a man, yelling and shouting, **"How about this worn out and old ancient violin, anyone?"**

They laughed at how I looked. Oh that was so painful. Then I saw one old man, shouting **“one dollar for that old fellah!”**

And then another one responded with a boisterous laughter, **“two dollars for that elderly instrument, hahaha!”**

And the worst of it? I heard one woman scream: **“Throw that away. It’s rubbish!”**

I was at my painful day when all I saw were men who were judging how I looked- a very old, ancient violin. Poor little violin! And I was all alone. I was hoping that my Master would pick me and save me.

“Oh, Master, how could you abandon me? Spare me with the last of Your mercy. Save me.” I prayed fervently.

And then, just as I was to be thrown, there I saw, from the middle of the crowd, my Master. He picked me up, got the bow, wiped the dust in me, tightened the loose strings *and played a melody pure and sweet as a caroling angel sings*. The music ended and then the men in the bazaar started to shout again...

“Ten thousand dollars for that violin” insisted one.

“Twenty thousand dollars and I’ll get that!” said the other.

“One hundred thousand dollars, give it to me!” shouted another.

But long before they could shout some more, my Master Composer stood and hushed all of them and said, **“This is an old, ancient violin. But it still makes good music. No one else will own it, expect Me!”**

With awe, the men let go of the violin and left it to the Master Composer. With an immense joy, I was resting at my Master’s Hands.

You see, it’s about you and me in the eyes of God, our Maker!

We may be scarred. We may be dark or different. We may have made mistakes.

But no one can understand the worth of our soul to our God.

Just like the old violin that becomes new and fantastic by the touch of the Master’s hand, we can also become great and wonderful by the touch of God.

And before you know it, you will again, hear some great and inspiring words like...

“What a wonderful music you make!”

“Awesomely satisfying! Bravo!”
“Magnificent! Superb!”

#

#

#

P.S.

--If the teacher chooses a boy to put life to the piece, the name Violy may be changed.

Oh, How We Love Being Kids!

by Jessie Lou Libby-Ecleo

Hey, there boys!

Hey, there girls!

Come to me, talk with me.

Come and talk with me

It's us boys, it's us girls.

Here we are, we are here,

Ask away! Ask away!

I just wonder, really wonder,

"Why do you love being kids?"

Why, oh why

Why, oh why

Why do we love being kids?

There are reasons,

Many reasons.

One, two, three

Are you ready?

One...

It's lovely being kids

Because there's lots of foods

Lots of foods, lots of foods

Lots of foods for us to eat.

Fruity fruits, fruity fruits

Melon, banana, apple

Fruity fruits, fruity fruits

So delicious, so delightful.

Fries? Oh, fries!

Fries, fries, oh fries, oh fries

Make it crunchy

Make it cheesy

Fries, oh fries!

Fries, fries, oh fries.

Oh, how we love being kids!

Foods! How surprising!

Foods! You've got me feeling

My tummy searching for

Foods, more and more.

Now, that's just one

Another's fun

One, two, three

Are you ready?

Two...

We are the young

And we love to hang

At the playground, at the park

At the beach, not in the dark

Swing, slide, slither

It can't get better

Hide and seek

It's hard to speak

We live in a castle

Surrounded in ripples

The earth is our playground

Laughter all around.

Oh, how we love being kids!

Play! Oh what fun

Play! Everyone

You and I

We see eye to eye.

So, now we're down to three

We feel so free

One, two, three

Are you ready?

Three...

Carefree we are, we are kids

We tend to do as we please

Carefree we are, we are kids

We try to be right but we miss

Sometimes we bicker, sometimes we fight

Sometimes we cry with all our might

However, because we are kids

We easily hug and have peace.

*Hugs and kisses from mom and dad
Giggles with friends so we're not sad
Food and play we have all day
Love and peace all through our way.*

Oh, how we love being kids!

Love and peace! You kids are smart
Love and peace! You kids have heart

You love food, so do I
You love play, why can't I?
Love and peace within your midst
Oh, how I'd love to be a kid!