

Cover Letter

Editor
A Journal Of The Plague Year
Arizona State University SHPRS

First off, due to ongoing pandemic in global proportions, this author/fictionist is unable to convert this literary piece/fiction into Word and/or PDF format without a friend's assistance. Either way, even not writerly, please accept this as his gesture of gratitude for an opportunity of welcoming submissions even in these tough times. This literary piece/fiction originated from academic courses in poetry/fiction writing techniques/workshops as elegy-related experiences together with those in worst situations that are pandemic-related. Hence, in this genre, experiences that are personal in nature are inevitable—health risk/danger/anxiety, anger within, and/or unchaining oneself from captivity. It embraces the concept of escape from this contemporary pandemic captivity. We tend to escape in myriad ways, one of these is through literary.

This author/fictionist wishes for your wellbeing and good health, far from terminal illness especially during this global pandemic. Obvious that authors/fictionists are facing huge challenges. Perhaps, more than merely writing pieces short fiction, languages are insatiable in nature. However, if not mistaken, difficult times such as these are where phoenixes are arising from ashes. Times such as these are times of keen senses coming out of our self-creativity.

Hence, there is this imagination—imagination prospers in the literary community as the need arises. Now that everyone is undoubtedly seeking for entertainment and looking for interests, this may be the time of authors/fictionists, and for this author/fictionist—a time for the latter to experience this sadness—pandemic or if from others' versions in the same translations of those literary beings of Homer, Dante Alighieri, and William Shakespeare to name a few. Perhaps, that is the space we are looking for; looking to find—that emptiness as a space—huge or otherwise—that we are wanting to fill in.

This is a fee waiver request due to financial difficulty—my biological father passed away days ago. For the long life and success of this merit-considering body, warm greetings from this author/fictionist.

Again, this pleasure is his. This is in advance, a kudos for a job well done.

P.S.

Aside from no public display of his photo as part of his consistent literary artist's signature, please keep his pen name—Sebastian Delgado, *phi*. This is his only wish.

Sincerely yours,

Francis Gallano DELGADO
Metro Manila, Philippines

My gratitude, my fathers

Rogelio Galicia Mangahas+ (literature)

Robert Flanders+ (foster)

Franklin Cahapay Delgado+ (biological)

an excerpt from an epistle

by Sebastian Delgado, *dps*

Setting

More or less, two decades of living in the same neighbourhood must be safe to declare as a familiar neighbourhood. Always high is the level of gossips in a red-light district. Legitimately or otherwise, mostly everyone is working regardless of age. While a baby was crying, a noise on the wooden stairs came from feet's wearing shoes and/or slippers. There was a light rain, and a light rail transit is nearby.

From popular weekends' news, Don Ramon passed away at ninety-three. Around ten in the morning, YouSuites (located in Recto Avenue) is open as Fresh Rinse Laundry notified via SMS. Along Legarda Street, there was a vendor together with his kids. Aside from less than ten pesos *biscocho*, three *balúts* and two *pénoys*, each at eighteen and sixteen pesos, respectively—all for dinner back in an apartment—a spacious good-for-two-persons room—mostly filled with literary books. Other than the latter, a brand Ligo sardines in tomato sauce in an easy-to-open can merely lying in one of the built-in wooden racks nearest to a small barred window that used to be a part of an old balcony door (whew). Do not worry. That is the last of it. Oh, and an upside down classic Oishi prawn crackers spicy flavour planning to be eaten a weekend after, is on a next step higher rack.

Smartphones and devices must be all ready—preparation including advance reading is for the Playwriting Workshop first-ever in a full online special class at La Salle. “A goal is to earn a degree” is a fragmented truth.

After the neighbours were discreetly in a liquor-drinking session, a *bubóng* was used as battleground by stray cats, and urban house dogs were howling the night prior midnight. Also, a light rain faded prior midnight. Only after midnight when a rooster started crowing. There was a crave of midnight green when such series was replaced by 512 GB of iPhone Pro Max with an Apple leather case in black.

Within a confine of a usually busy neighbourhood, prayers must count, it must be significant to note that each day with God is a blessing. So far, in a broken city not so crowded, less pollution from vehicles, a sky is blue, other than the face mask, everything is normally fine.

A Short Prayer On This Literary Journey

Our Great Lord, make us the channel of Your peace. Let us understand that translation is beyond constructive criticism; that we use standards necessary to keep literature matter in this world by being engaged and advocate of reader-response every time we read a literary piece. When we stressed read, this means to analyse, evaluate, provide useful comparative statements, be keen with information identifying the most applicable isms in each literary piece or suite of literary pieces.

We believe that humanity is still existing likewise that the significance of criticism is doing a great role in the literary community. Remind us the reflection that "we believe in freedom; we have no choice."

As graduate students continue to outgrow and go beyond what is expected from such, remind us the humility necessary to produce more relevant and meaningful outputs for the generations to come.

Guide us into a more meaningful journey which opens translation studies as a paradigm of thinking which results to sharpest and most convinced academic stand. Readers as we called ourselves must get something different, making thinking in a more challenging way. So, we are expressing what we think about what was said coming from the text and the context. As we never bring the post-colonial, nationalism, feminism and other ladders of thinking in such a journey, eventually, anything goes must reflect a reason behind studying literature. A key of engagement is not about saying anything about—discussing, discourse to say something else is called engagement, discourse the text but learning something out from the text.

Let us appreciate Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, William Shakespeare, Dante, Jacques Derida, Ernest Hemingway, Philippine national artists for literature alike to form us into better creativity all throughout this literary journey. Let us view Ellen Langer lecture on YouTube, read more of isms through Roman Seldan and an introduction of literary theory of Terry Eagleton and Jonathan Coller. Enlighten us that primary and secondary construct of Reality and how does Truth differ from. Literary and translation is a poetic tradition to a tradition of iPhone, gadgets. In a small apartment in Paris, a triumph of a certain Cole Svenson lived a

Spartan kind of life, cannot afford Paris lifestyle. Svenson with so many translations and with so many friends but never gave up in producing, in creating. We learn to translate out from ekphrastic, from paint to poetry. Perhaps, like Svenson, we can access a Parisian lifestyle due to friendships; investigate canons of authors such as Ernest Hemingway and open our eyes that translation study worth of a discipline is and start to know those who are very much influenced by certain theorists, scholars, critics around the world to better inculcate upon us canonical authors regardless if in Latin or typically British and American.

On the other, we wish not to be left behind in observing NVM Gonzales typically with usage of short sentences in comparison with Nick Joaquin. Also, just like everybody else, we want to study hermeneutic sense together with paradigm of *The Bread Of Salt*—is a fourteen-year old or an old man telling a story and finally know such betrayals that emerged during and after reading *The Bread Of Salt*. After knowing all these, a scholarly statement may be able to grant us in a worthy venture after a conceptual, academic, hermeneutic exercise.

A mentor was heard that "suffering is usually alone, appreciative ones are just there to try to remove the obstacles meant for you" and that untranslated emotions are typically hidden or unconscious. Our Great Lord of all creations, grant us ample wisdom to create and recreate Your grace and mercy. Show us Hamlet in many languages and please do the same with other interesting pieces out there.

Let us play with those words and keep usages of those words as ultimate weapon to better understanding of our Readers. Keep on petting us so that we may start appreciating the cuteness of creativity and otherwise.

We are considering of presenting in twenty or thirty minutes a discussion on literary translation like the Filipino poem "Villanelle Sa Aking Pagdalaw" of Rogelio G. Mangahas. Of all the translation into a short story, tell us the relevance of teaching this through redefinition, relevance and relation, archetypes, evaluation and analysis, presenting an argument, making appealing to emotions and biblical reference. Evaluation and analysis lead us to our academic stand for critically translating a literary art. We understand the right argument and deliver what our senses tell us as appealing to emotions. We bring back the heartbreak memory whether during translation is bringing us back such or just telling us a good story to keep alive the writer in our minds, us as Readers too. For instance, Gimpel the Fool might tell one as a happy story of a character whilst the other might consider this as one of the saddest stories in world literature. When we understand the role of using the book of Arabian Knights in the story Gimpel the Fool and what made the author as now in the Nobel history, likewise, a translator. We somehow find answers and critically translate a piece of literature by combining our learning from an interview of the author, reading the story of the author and reflecting a film as another literary art to get more of reflections.

Beginnings

To start off, we read something like this, "theory was useful in so far as it made the practice better" (page 6, paragraph 1, Catherine Belsey In Conversation), giving us an impression of, just like any other theory, usefulness of literary theory to men.

Criticism which is for judgment and theory for better writing practice must work altogether because better judgment and practice define literature to begin with. Hence,

confidence in defining must make both criticism (kritika) and theory encouraging instead of the other way around.

A literary world is a better place to live in by differentiating prose from poetry. Moreover, a role literary history must take part of is in assisting criticism and theory alike. Knowing all these, we begin appreciating literature, read even long and complicated readings. Only if we are ready for this, thus, we do value judgements to literary pieces.

To Be Or Not To Be Is Not Even A Question

There were birds flying and squawking. The coolest breeze ever felt was there too. The green Bermuda grass was tempting. The nature was so inviting. That early morning In April, we were standing with all eyes and ears for each other. In an assembly place that we called *Bulwágan Makatà* at MLB, San Lorenzo, we gathered. With us, were recollections and reflections. The wild and the rain were both over. Just cannot remember when and who did declare the end of men?

You know, no matter how funny (as hahaha or as strange) life was, nothing lasts forever in this world, I think. One may want to die with feelings or with style (that's cool), at least. Some of us (if not all) were ordained by God to ensure the welfare of both humanity and human; to keep good above the latter's opposite. Probably, there were concrete reasons that death was shown to us in order to permanently appreciate life and such precious God-given talents that we may have (even those that we no longer have).

You see, we were made to fulfil miracles in our own little way. We were cute,

imaginative rainmakers. And so, we may want to let us examine our conscience (again, again and again), not merely dream as men of equality in terms of power, absolute privileges, moreover, worldly occupation. In so far as heaven and earth were concerned, we were men created in the image and likeness of God. But, yes. Yes, nothing was too late for as long as we know how and learn how to listen. We may say that the quest of forever begins with the word "listen" (not just hear). After all, for some surprising or sudden reason, we simply started to unusually realize things, and after all these realizations, we naturally tend to end the day by closed eyes. Even what we have for breakfast are tasteful, juicy leftovers of limited time.

Lenten Season: From Palm To Easter

Was it really a long week of prayers, or repetitive stories at all, made us all bored in an instant, say, sigh or yawn once, twice, even thrice?

Yes, we called ourselves men of faith. We never did hunt Easter eggs or look for an Easter bunny out of fun only. There were reasons behind all these and it's up to us to find out. While we're in the process of search, we are, at the same time, preparing ourselves for something special. Something worth preparing. Most kids in primary education prepare themselves for secondary. And those in secondary prepare for tertiary and so on and so forth. Believe it or not, from friends, others prepare for courtship in some way, and from courtship, others called lovers, partners, into relationships, eventually, marriage, single blessedness, or religious. As men of faith, we are preparing for heaven. During these busy times, sometimes, because of little faith we have, we tend to be unaware that we are taken care of. Then, whenever for a moment we stumbled, we

blame either ourselves or others. We lost hope in a snap. Still, men are so fortunate that even angels and non-angels alike envied us so much that both the latter deliver everything in their powers, purposely, for us to fail—to kiss our greatest adventure goodbye. Be faith-filled instead of faith-less our dear brothers and sisters. He is always our guaranteed guidance.

Holy Monday

We both agree that we are having a beautiful day after rainfall—sun still shining, wind relaxing, Earth in most favourable pleasure. And all we know is that these extra work times during rest days or overtimes are nothing more but one of those beyond corny company jokes, and since not everyone is laughing, the gods made a reality out of these instead. Others were born to hate such reality called work, labour. However, this day we dedicate our attention to the One above and that is all that matters.

Holy Tuesday

We mirror ourselves in front of a morning mirror. We kept a stare, proceed to our day's business. We may be able to build connection to one another rather than establishing relationships. Sometimes, things are easier said than done. However, we try to pray for motivation and keep ourselves inspired instead of inviting discouragement. Despite our differences and for some reasons, we managed to survive as a team. No one is happy when one did not get the score. We become unselfish and think of our neighbours above ourselves.

When we failed, we move on, overcome fear when we practice constantly and/or consistently. With confidence, we seek fair play, integrity, sincerity (mean what we say, say what we mean), we find ways to multi-task. Eventually, we become familiar, punctual, assumptive (let me set up a pre-order for you and I'm sure you won't regret, let me get some information and I'll have a representative call you back to confirm the order), grateful (thank you for bringing that up...we acknowledge), and we have initiatives to perform beyond expectation, to participate is our pleasure.

We're more responsive, at the same time, issues were resolved immediately. Then, we realized that the company we are currently in do not deserve us. Perfection is what we are looking for.

One Filipino site director mentioned that there is no such thing as a perfect company and the latter must not be the reason of one's resignation. We read a prayer coming from a colleague: "Our Most Divine Shepherd/You make impossible things possible/Always look after our colleagues/Keep the latter safe, secure, and at peace/We truly have faith in Your unlimited grace, generous blessing, redemption, and absolute forgiveness".

Holy Wednesday

In a small town called San Lorenzo, we are expecting how businessmen transition the latter's business from a business as usual to spiritual. In San Lorenzo, we're expecting *balangáy's* finest, colour-coded groups with or without slippers, fully bloated beggars with open-wide alms, on sales printed shirts and hankies (limited edition, check

them out), most practical, if not the best buffet presentation and all those sorts. By the way, where's Elsa? Tomorrow? And somehow, whenever we see street children, we don't realize future poverty, but we found our pockets, our children's pockets covered with our own hands. How about, Judiel? Alas, tomorrow! Sesquipedalianist aside, how literally rubbish our streets can be? How we carry over mindset as if we're not stakeholders both in and of the community? How ludicrous and lucrative this town is if even a stakeholder is nowhere to be found? Tomorrow, we're expecting countless queues in myriad of stations wherein not even a single train is found. Kneel even our arms are strong. When there is a prayer wherever we go, no worry, there is no wrong. There is a Shepherd for whatever reasons we may have.

Maundy Thursday

There is a time in our own timeline when we listen to our God for a change. We reflect not about significance of trains that transport us from one station to another just to reach our destination, mostly, home, study and/or work. Work that brings food on our table, perhaps, at least three times a day. We contemplate not about crosses as if the latter were marks that we incurred whenever we answer questions incorrectly, commit painful mistakes. Education is what we must have, lessons we learned that are rightfully for us to educate others. Instead of all these, we remember something worthwhile, worth telling for our generations to remember. One of the best biblical stories ever told, Stations Of The Cross tells us the story of faith, passion with humility—which is the way to greatness, redemption from sins, ultimate forgiveness. As we, the walking stations of life, deliver the cross of change to one another. So, that others may, likewise, feel or sense God's love through us—God's postmen.

Good Friday

At around twelve in the afternoon, we rose from a long sleep. We were thinking about God for a couple of minutes after a short while of silence. As if it was a morning newspaper, we read few new text messages from a mobile phone. Replied as usual. Followed by a quick cold shower... and an exercise walk (if there is such a thing).. then, transport... No traffic is sometimes surprising these past few days! For refreshment we fed ourselves with KFC Dapitan 2 afternoon specialty. More cold drinks for us that time, peace of mind and freedom—chose what we really wanted. We were happy, we made a poppysmical sound. Then, we did smile, and it felt good. Like everybody else, 'Thank God It's Friday!'

Black Saturday

This Lenten Season, at work, we were specifically instructed to wear anything black simply because our management or line of business requires us so. Moreover, at home, majority of the members from our community group told us to be all in black just for today, just for a change, they say. We say, that is not how we pray. That prayers may be considered different from ours. That we don't pray out of requirement. That we don't pray merely because others simply told us to. We pray with our own freewill fortified by faith that we possess. Precisely the reason that through Christ's resurrection, Death is defeated. Thus, granting us life eternal. There is redemption and salvation upon us, wherein, from enemies to friends, from slaves to free men of God Almighty we now are.

Endings

"Brontë," was an attention-seeker especially in a rollcall in a classroom of around ten to fifteen students. "Jane B."

When the catchphrase was founded—Brontë, Jane B.—everyone was all eyes and ears during lectures regardless if crim one-o-one, international law or even law on natural resources—she was a stand-out.

Her mother first named her Emily because the family's last name was Brontë. However, her mother was voted out by the family in her father's side. Hence, her biological father's chosen name for her, which was Jane, rooted out of the rule popularly known as majority. That was all there was.

Jane went to Harvard Law School. Meeting her in class for the first time was blank-at-first sight. Some stated that blank-never-dies was never true. Based from experience, if that was truthfully blank, did not last long when she told that she went to a city hall to change her last name.

At first, her request to change her last name did not prosper, freaked her out, and drove her insane. Not until she went back together with a lawyer which she had sex with for getting such favour of a last name change.

Such a memory was left behind, had nothing to do with her sex with a lawyer. However, the obsession or the goal that one was after, no matter what the cost, the consequence and the long-term end-result.

Geographically too far away from US was not enough. Leaving behind Cambridge after Oxford was not enough, neglecting undergraduate studies, a steppingstone to earn a degree for the future, was a bliss.

Back in an urban city was all when you had friends around. Friends were mostly classmates in primary and secondary—all them no longer in the country but overseas.

From the sky-high, an urban city bird dropped to the earth. If climate change has something to do with this, we do not know. All we know was that we were only hoping to find a vaccine by Easter. In the Philippines, we called this bird as *máya*. This may be our national bird if not the monkey-eating eagle. When we usually visit a church, a *máya* joined in a prayer or two.

So far as we know, we are the only Catholic country all over Asia, and within the top ten English-speaking countries around the world.

However, we are an underdeveloped country despite of the denial stage from others. We believe that we must learn to embrace acceptance first prior to improvement. We must not deny the slump areas covering fifty percent if not more; we must fully-accept that our graduates, especially from the medical-related sector, are dreaming to move, if not work overseas, merely due to poverty and/or better living conditions—a better world to live in.

There were dogs barking. There were street cats meowing using the roof as their pay per view battleground. There were roosters crowing. There were birds flying and chirping. The coolest breeze ever felt were there too. The green Bermuda grass was tempting. The nature was so inviting. That early morning April, we were standing with all eyes and ears for each other, recollecting and reflecting only if these two were so different. We are writing, probably, because man does not exist. Or if it did, not anymore. However, the wild and the rain must be ceased until a bunny comes out from its hole. Others might call this as winter. A strong winter that is too long for us to keep on holding on.

We cannot remember when and who did declare end of men. You know, no matter how funny (as hahaha or as strange) life was, nothing last forever in this world, we think. One may want to die with feelings or with style, at least. Some of us were ordained by God to ensure the welfare of both humanity and human; to keep good above the latter's opposite. Probably, there were concrete reasons that death was shown to us in order to permanently appreciate life and such precious God-given talents that we may have. You see, we were made to fulfil miracles in our own little way. We were cute, imaginative rainmakers. And so, again and again, we may want to let us examine our conscience, not merely dream as men of equality in

terms of power, absolute privileges, worldly occupation. In so far as heaven and earth were concerned, we were men created in the image and likeness of God. Nothing was too late for as long as we know how and learn how to listen, read in this case. It may be stressed that the quest of forever begins with the word "listen", not just hear, or read that must be along with understanding. Afterall, for some surprising or sudden reasons, we simply started to unusually realize things, and after all these realizations, we naturally tend to end the day by closed eyes. Even what we have for breakfast are tasteful, juicy leftovers of limited time.

Was it really a long Sunday of prayers, or repetitive stories that made us all bored in an instant, say, sigh or yawn once, twice, even thrice? We called ourselves men of faith. We never did hunt Easter eggs or look for an Easter bunny out of fun only. There were reasons behind all these and it's up to us to find out. While we're in the process of search, we are, at the same time, preparing ourselves for something special. Something worthwhile. Most kids in primary education prepare themselves for secondary. Those in secondary prepare for tertiary. Tertiary is getting ready for masters. Masters want to continue to the next level up—research and/or simply, doctorate. From friends, others prepare for courtship in some way, and from courtship, others called lovers, partners, into relationships, eventually, marriage, single blessedness, or religious. As men and women of faith, we are preparing for heaven. We both agree that we are having a beautiful day after rainfall—sun still shining, wind relaxing, Earth in most favourable pleasure. All we know is that these extra work times during rest days or overtimes are nothing more but one of those beyond corny company jokes, and since not everyone is laughing, the gods made a reality out of these instead. We mirror ourselves in front of a morning mirror. We kept a stare, proceed to our day's business. We may be able to build connection to one another rather than establishing relationships.

Sometimes, things are easier said than done. We give our best and try hard to pray for motivation and keep ourselves inspired instead of inviting discouragement. Despite our differences and for some reasons, we managed to survive as a team. No one is happy when one did not get the score. We become unselfish and think of our neighbours above ourselves. When we failed, we move on, overcome fear when we practice constantly and/or consistently. With confidence, we seek fair play, integrity, sincerity (mean what we say, say what we mean), we find ways to multi-task. Although, working from home is such a pain in terms of disconnecting from the world and there is so much we can do other than troubleshoot, and we are far from work where we can get someone from the company who is expert enough to fix our technical issues.

Instead of all these, we remember something worthwhile, worth telling for our generations to remember. One of the best biblical stories ever told, Stations Of The Cross tells us the story of faith, passion with humility—which is the way to greatness, redemption from sins, ultimate forgiveness. As we, the walking stations of life, deliver the cross of change to one another. So, that others may, likewise, feel or sense God's love through us—postmen of heaven, agents of change.

Easter Sunday is not our holiday after all. A double pay, maybe we can say or write just that; that double pay must be the bunny we are looking for. Perhaps, not really looking for since this Easter Bunny is somehow mandated, specifically, in our Labor Code or something. One must get used to the usages of "we" as the only way to keep sanity around here.

Glossary

balangáy – variant of *baranggáy*, the smallest unit of government

balút – incubated fertilized eggs

biscocho – oven-baked bread cooked until dry and crunchy

bubóng – local nomenclature of a roof

bulwágan – hall

makatà – poet

máya – a native bird commonly found in the Philippines

pénoy – infertile incubated duck egg/with dead embryo

Bio Note

CREATIVE AUTHOR on literature & medicine for children and young adults, Sebastian Delgado had his first formal education at San Sebastian College – Recoletos de Manila and University of Manila. It was in primary school when he was awarded for loyalty and a gold medal for championing a joint primary-secondary science quiz. In a secondary level when Delgado successfully hurdled an editorial board exam of *Junior Dawn*. Delgado's student journalism career included pathological essays such as SARS, and garbage crisis. During his stint in an official weekly circulated student newspaper *Dawn* (University of the East) as a research director, he covered SONA and featured essays locally, nationally and/or overseas. He joined the roster of workshops—Creating A Memoir with Robin Hemley, and Timeless Verse with Ravi Shankar—both during Asia Pacific Writers & Translators (APWT) held in the Philippines. At De La Salle University (DLSU), he completed *Writing The Classroom*, and the series of *Dialogue with NA F. Sionil José*. He was officially recognized as an honorary member, and was an officer-in-charge of *Dawn*, shortlisted in the selection of fellows of AILAP Writing Lab (Ateneo De Manila University), graduated as a fellow of *Palihang Linangan sa Imaben, Retorika, at Anyo* (LIRA), *Writing The Forest: Online Workshop On Creative Writing And Critical Reading* (DLSU), and registered as an author/writer of National Book Development Board (NBDB). His writings were published by *Dawn*, the latter's literary folio *Dimension*, *MaMag* malayang magasin, online platforms such as *Artikulo Ko Tol*, and *Panitikan.Ph*, *Dawn Poets Society* literary journals, *Ovo|Zen*, *Philippines Graphic* and *Ani* of Cultural Center of the Philippines Intertextual Division. In the beginning of the global pandemic when Delgado's pieces of literature & pathology were chosen in a peer-reviewed volume of *The Reflective Practitioner* (University of the Philippines, Manila). The band played on when his recent pieces, of literary pathology as a new genre, were printed on the pages of *Mabaya: Mga Tula ng Galit at Pangamba*, an anthology about Covid-19 and people living with HIV and AIDS in the Philippines. December in the year 2020 when the approved vaccine was declared, and his pathology poetry was featured in NBDB's *Bookwatch*. His next pathology poem will be included in a new book entitled *Locked Down, Lit Up: An Anthology of Creative Work in a Time of Quarantine*. Just recently published, were his creative pieces, in *Kawing* journal, a quarterly online journal *Luntian*, and *The Maginhawa Street Journal*, when a United States-based first issue of *Beatific Magazine* included Delgado as the only Filipino Haikuist contributor. Apart from *A Thousand Cranes'* anthology collaborated by Sing Lit Station and Asia Pacific Hospice Palliative Care Center in Singapore, Delgado was likewise published in *A Journal Of The Plague Year* of Arizona State University SHPRS. Currently, he is working on myth with the use of fabulation technique, eco-humanities as a genre, and sub-genre forestry—plants & trees. Published over thirty books, he is one of the servants of Philippine literature—educator, editor, translator, historian, philosopher, theologian, critic, theorist, scholar, essayist, playwright, poet and fictionist. Other than these, he is also a photographer, illustrator, and reviewer. Due to his goal in mastering such craft in literature, he stepped up to the next level of creative writing course at De La Salle University. Later on, at University of Oxford.