

Writer and Illustrator: Richard D. Payawal

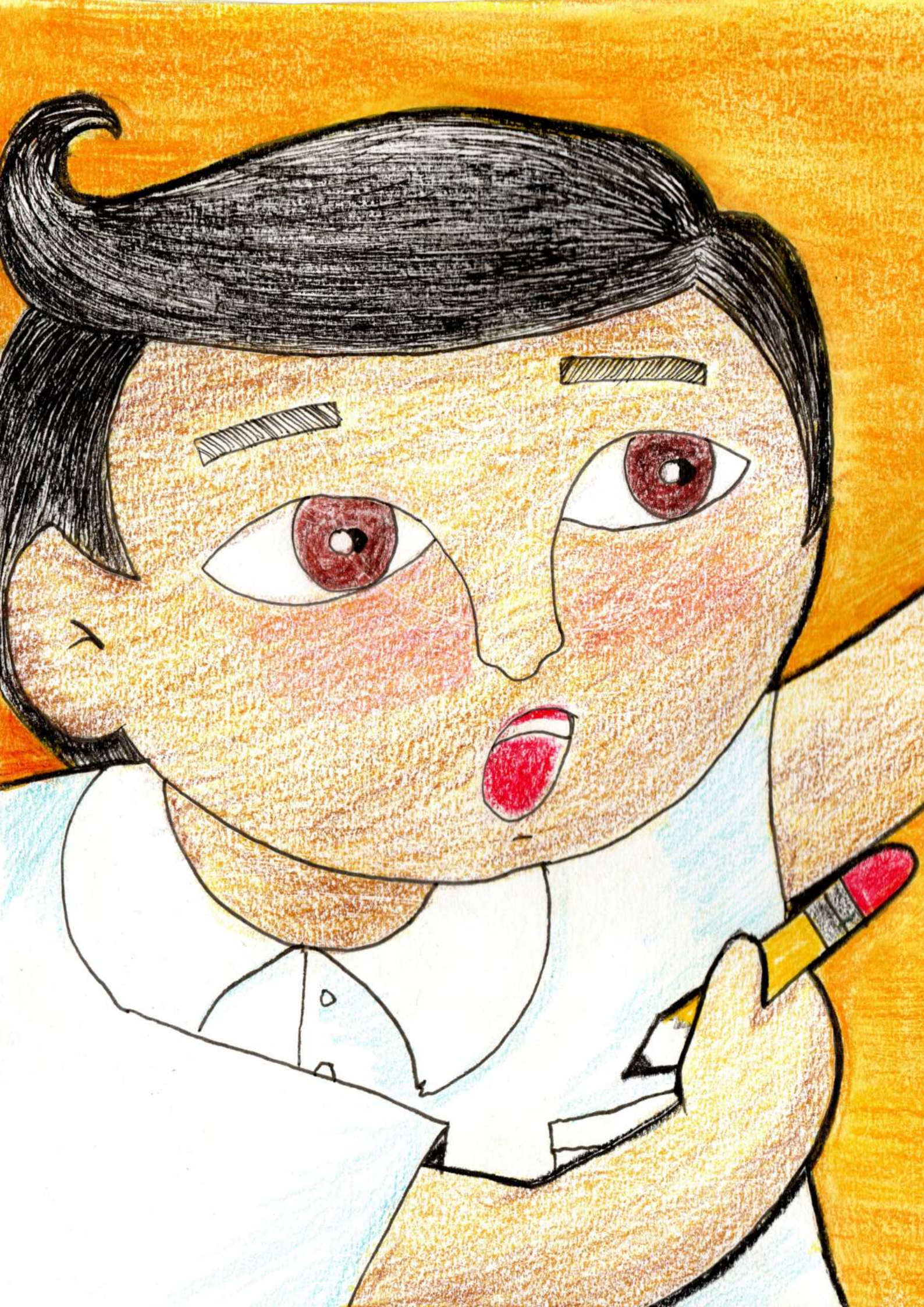
Translator: Marietta L. Manayag

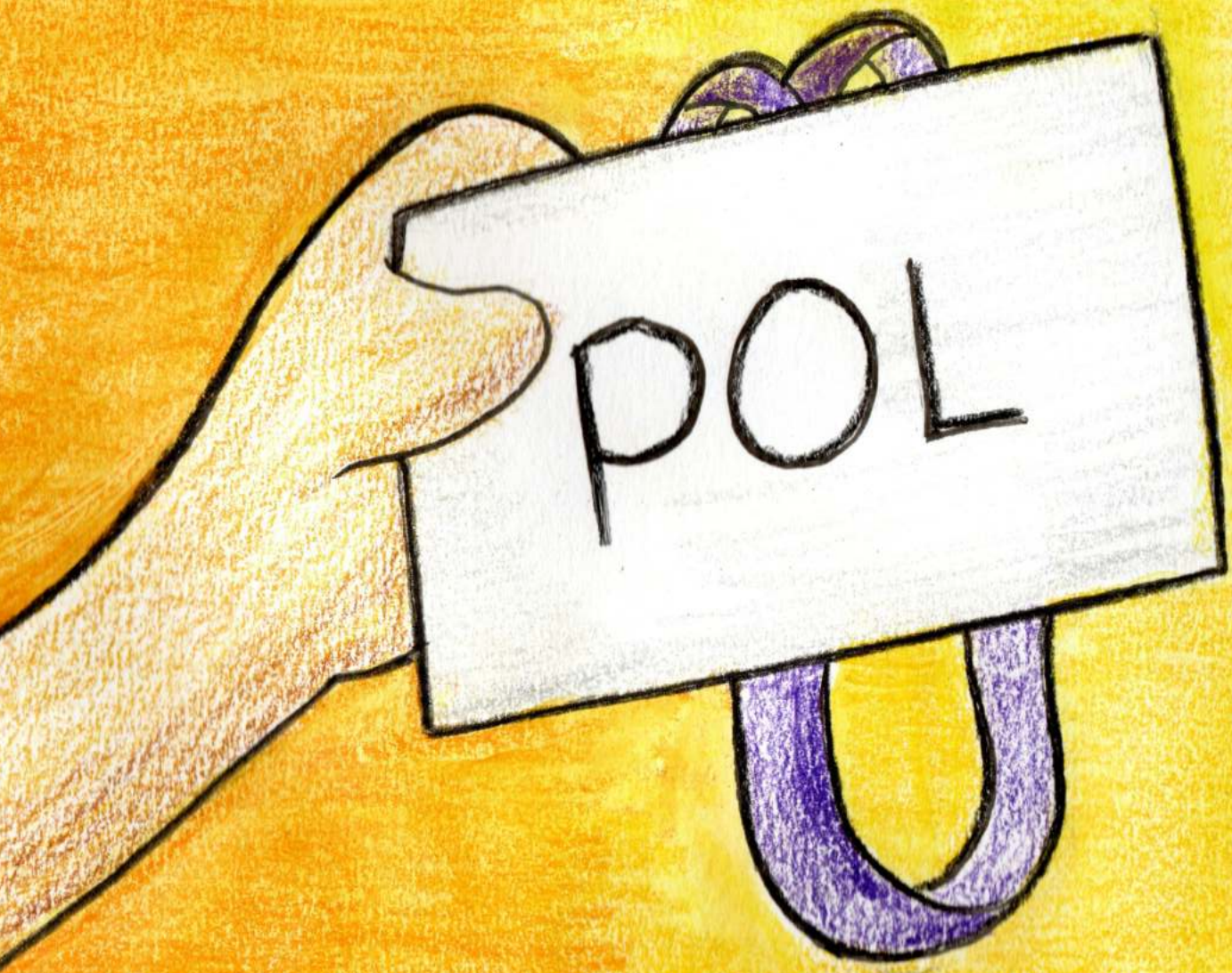
Language Reviewers: June D. Cunanan

Ruby M. Jimenez PhD

Layout Artists: Jacqueline E. Libut

Erwin H. Iruma





Learning Standard

- *Tells basic information about oneself: name, parent, birthday, age, address, school, other identities, and characteristics as a Filipino APINAT-Ia1*



DEVELOPMENT TEAM

Writer and Illustrator: Richard D. Payawal

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Ruby M. Jimenez PhD

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PAMPANGA

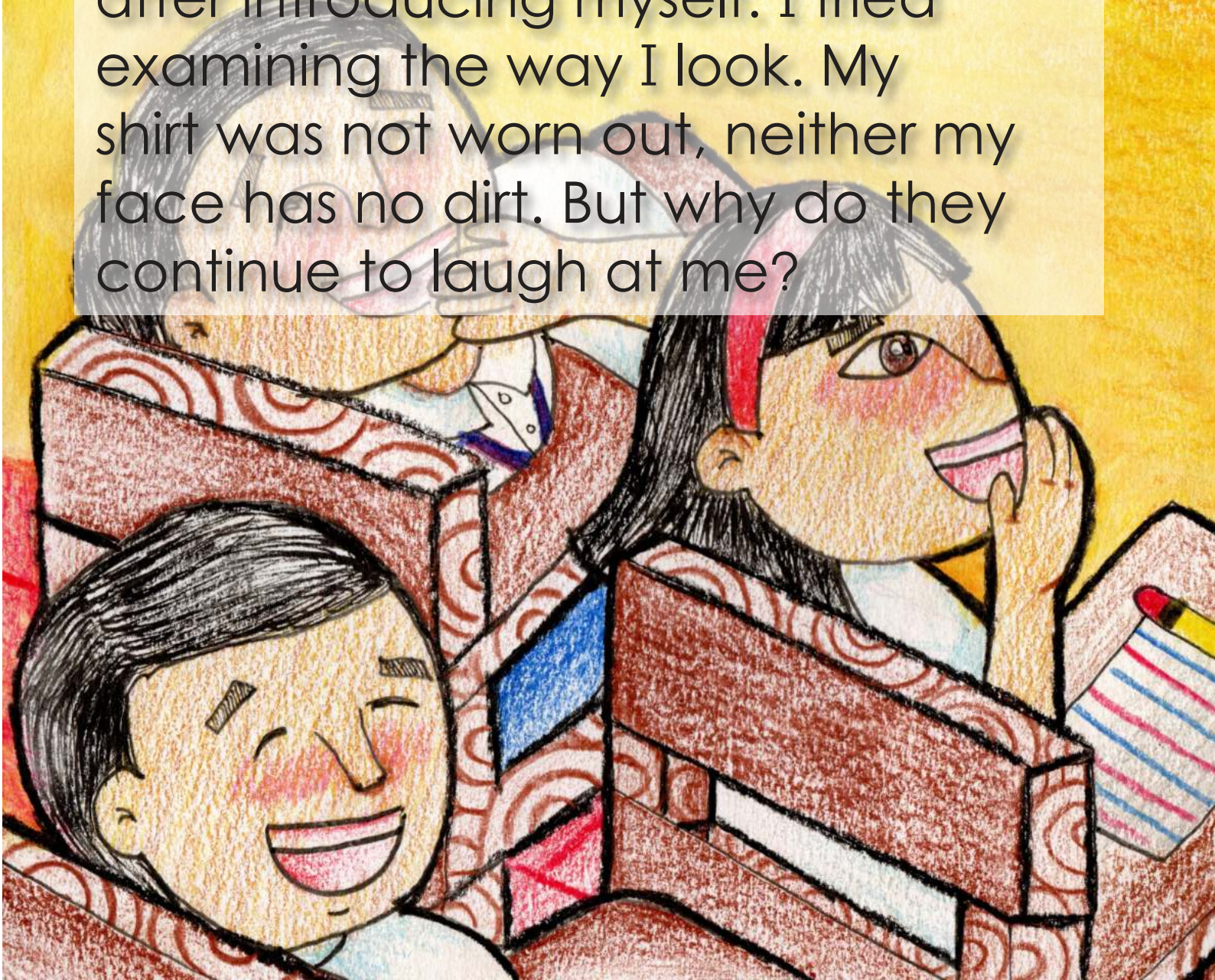
JUST CALL ME

POL!



Quietness filled the classroom atmosphere and all eyes were on me when I stood up.

“I am Apolinario Roman L. Puno,” I loudly said with a smile on my face. Suddenly, my classmates burst into loud laughter after introducing myself. I tried examining the way I look. My shirt was not worn out, neither my face has no dirt. But why do they continue to laugh at me?





APOLINARI
ROMAN

“You have the same name with my grandfather,” teased by one of my classmates.

“Yes! And it sounds old,” joked by another.

“Olden!” shouted all the others along with the noisy laugh of the class.





DAVE

Unlike mine, my classmates' names sound so modern. They sound so beautiful and so foreign. There's Angelica Mae, Jennifer, Carol Anne, Vanessa, Rubilyn, Samantha, Patrick, Christian, Kevin, James, Dave, and Louie.



CAROL
ANNE

JAMES

ANGELICA
MAE

JENNIFER

DAVE

PATRICK

KEVIN

SAMANTHA

VANESSA

RUBILYN

LOUIE

CHRISTIAN

Every day, whenever our teacher starts with our class, she calls our names one by one. And every time my name is called, everyone looks at me with a smile and grin on their faces. Their necks are like springs that bounce and their ears like speakers.





APOLINARIO
ROMAN

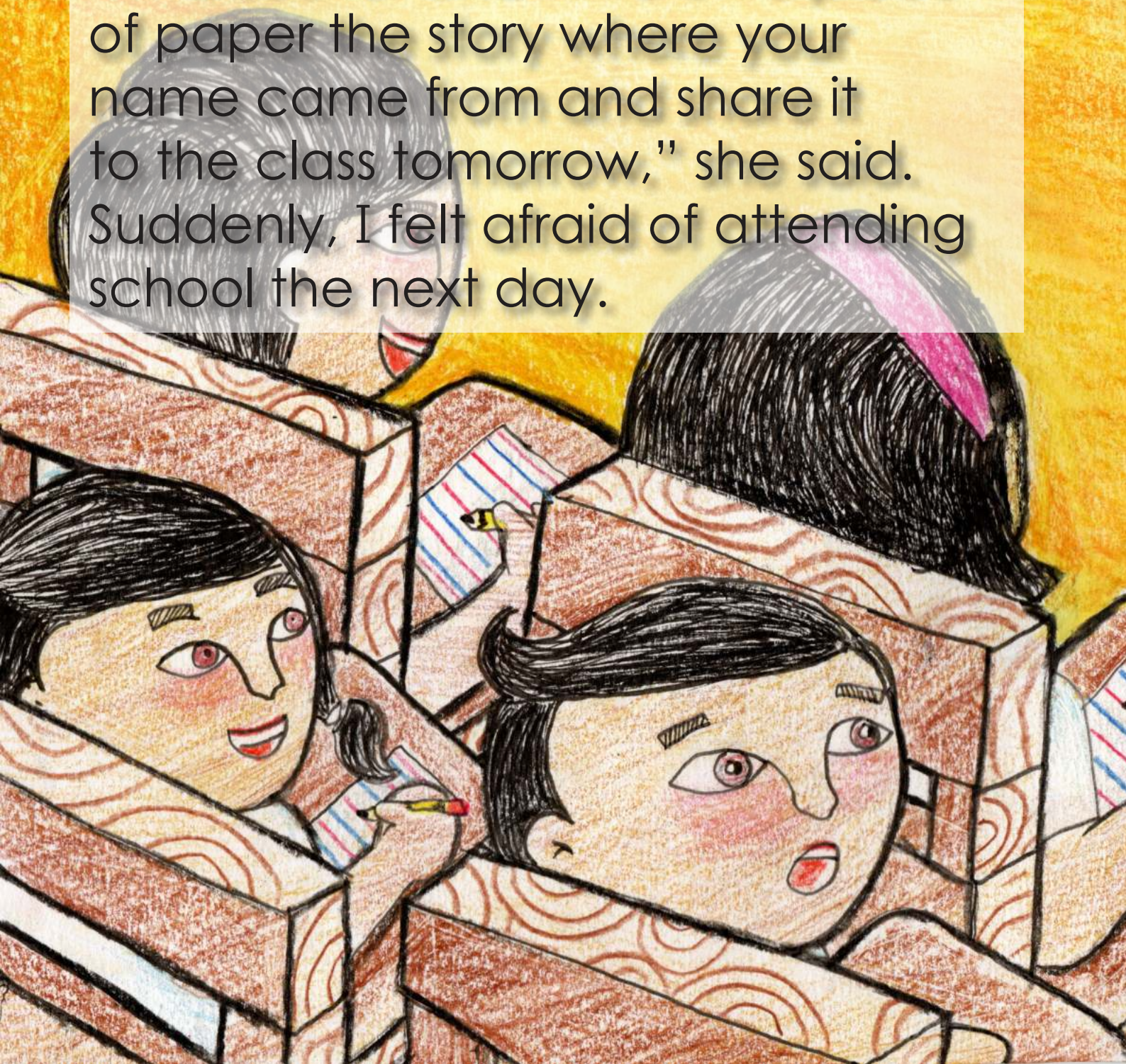
The class burst into laughter again, "Silence," said our teacher after calling out my name. The class immediately toned down and all the noise and laughter stopped.





When everything has settled down, our teacher went on with our lesson. Just before the end of the period, she gave us our homework.

“Discover and write on a piece of paper the story where your name came from and share it to the class tomorrow,” she said. Suddenly, I felt afraid of attending school the next day.



Discover and write
on a piece of paper
the story where your
name came from.



How I wish I can change my name. Mark may be? Or it could be Rico or Pol? Yes, Pol is better and it sounds good unlike Apolinario Roman.





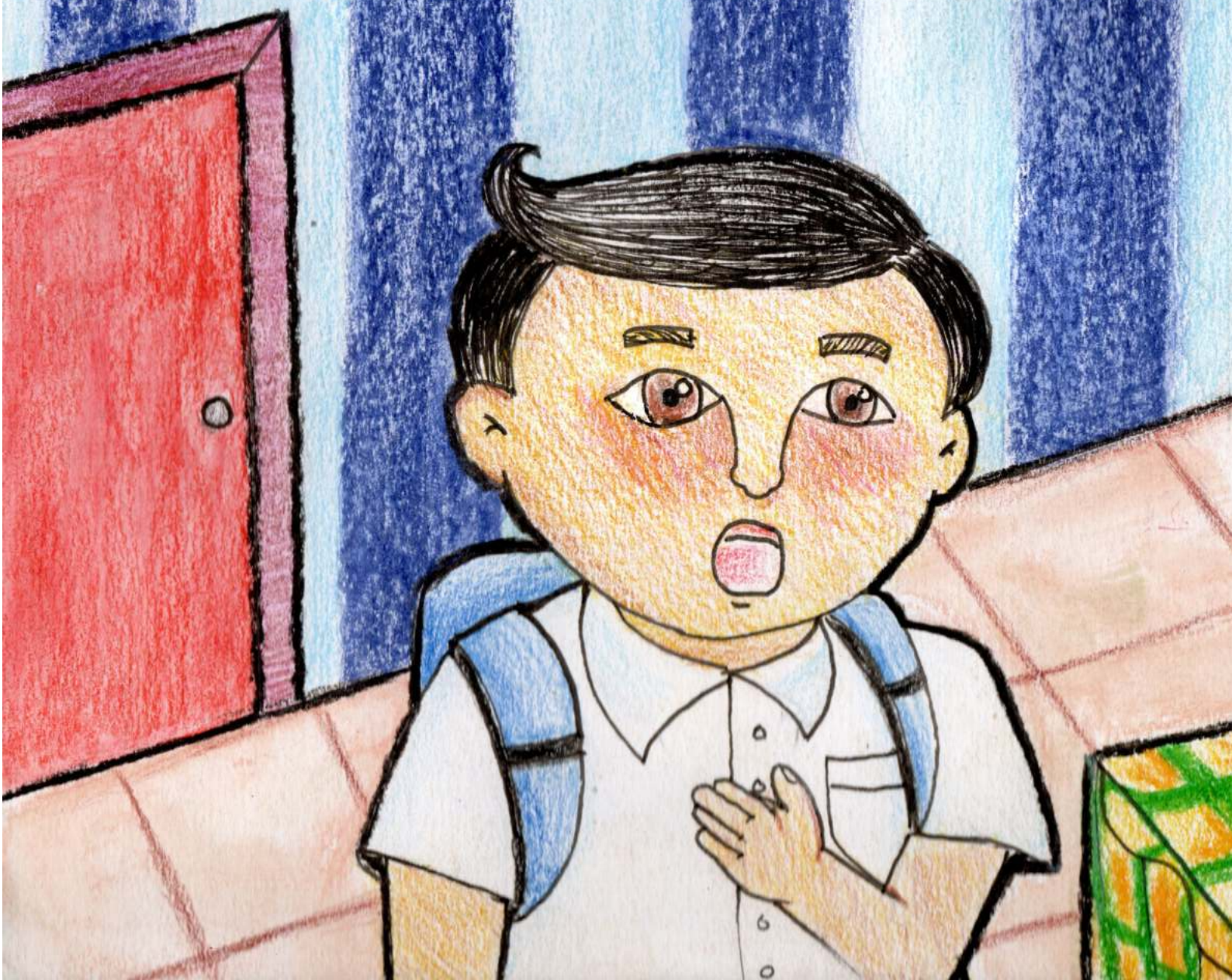
APOLINARIO
ROMAN

If Pol would be my name,
my classmates wouldn't tease
me. It would sound famous. Just
like the main character in our
favorite TV series which we watch
every afternoon.





Mother was preparing snacks when I got home. I immediately approached her and asked, "Mother, can my name be just Pol? I don't really like Apolinario Roman." Mother became silent for a moment.





My mother went to the living room and took a box. "Come here my son and I'll show you something," mother said as I hurriedly came near her.



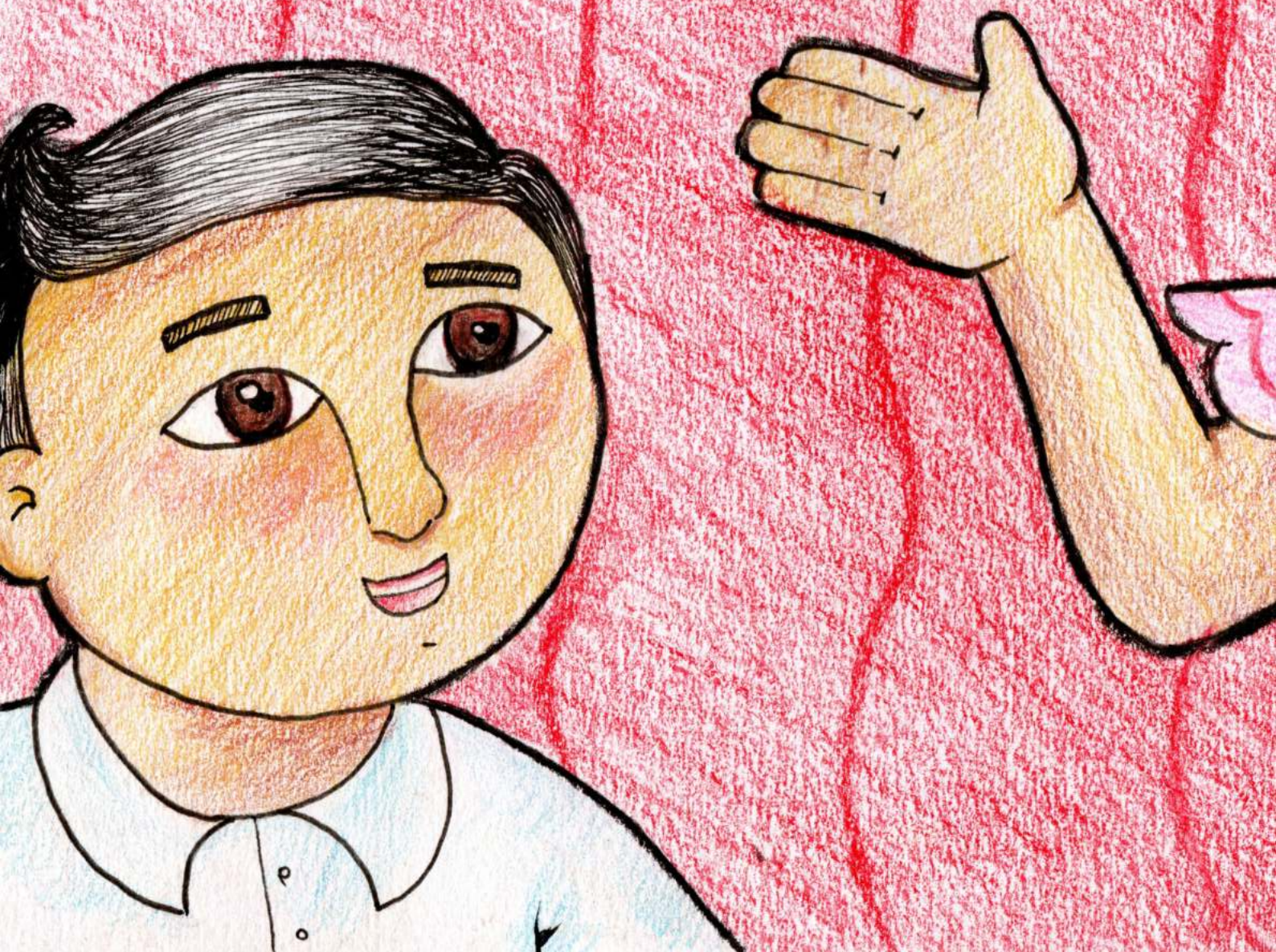


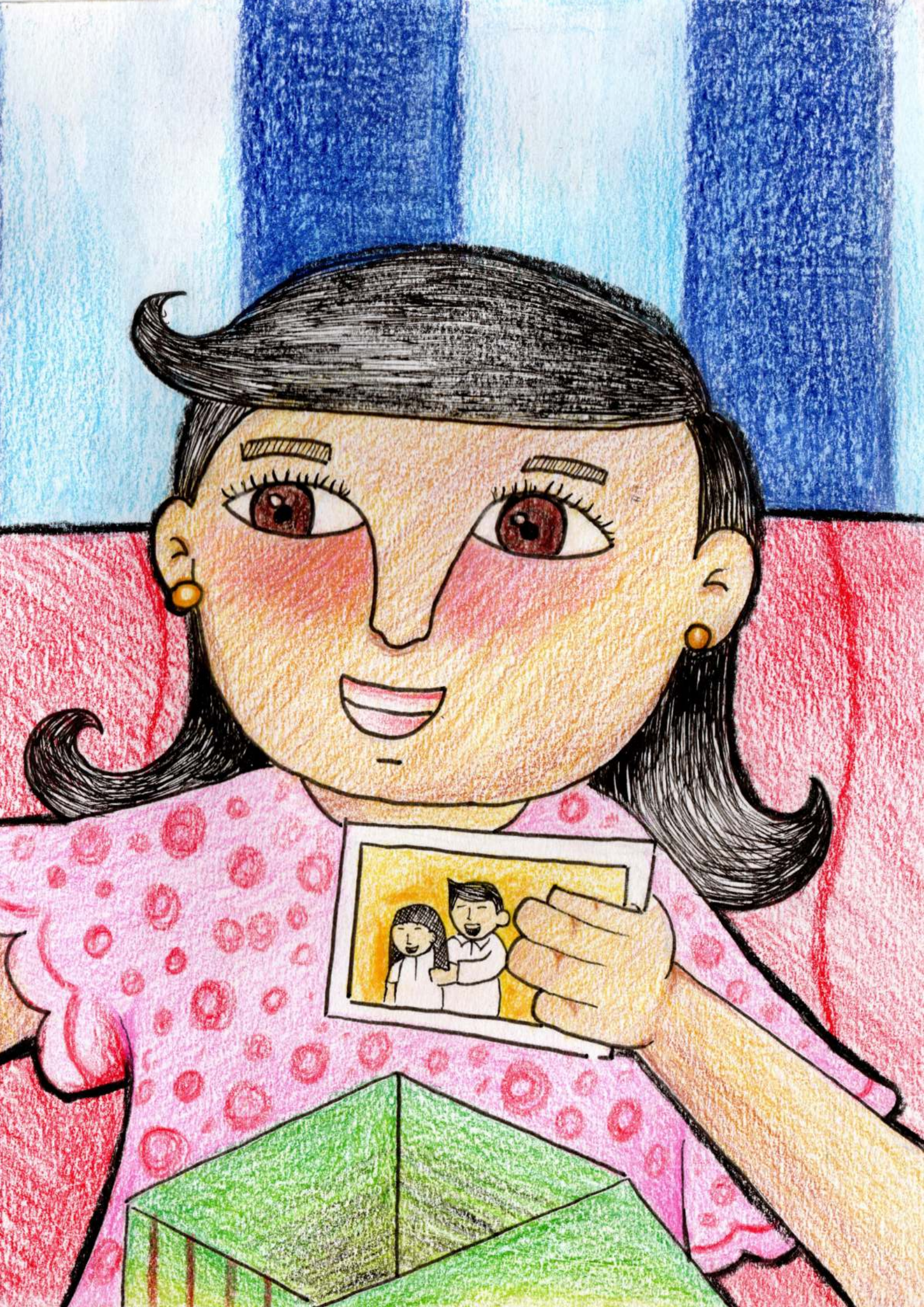
She showed me the picture of my father when they got married. They seemed to be very happy on their wedding day. "You know, you are the fruit of our love," narrated mother happily.



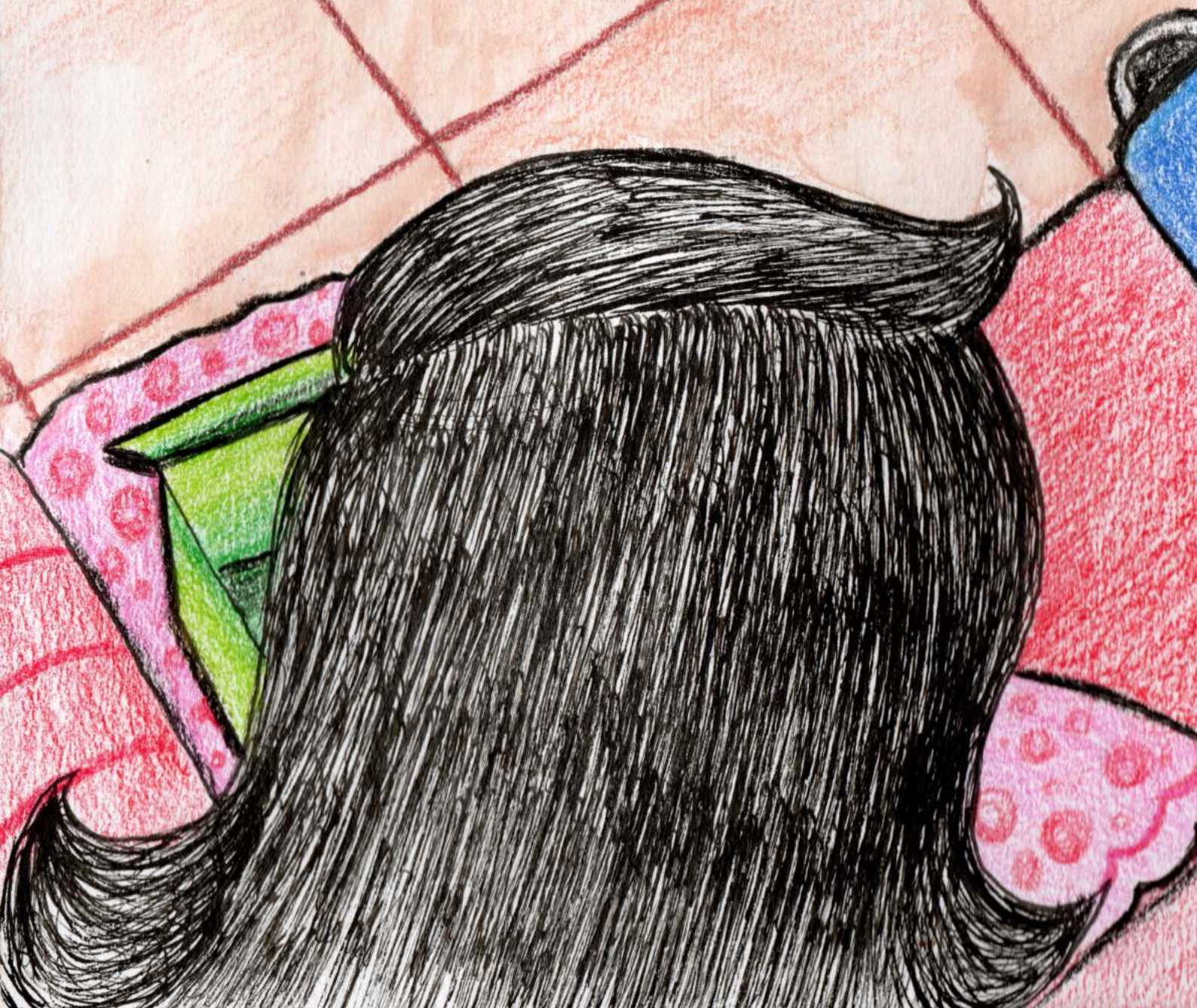


“We want your name to be special. So, we combined our names together, Rosario and Arman,” continued mother. “And that’s where your name Roman came from,” she added as she smiled.



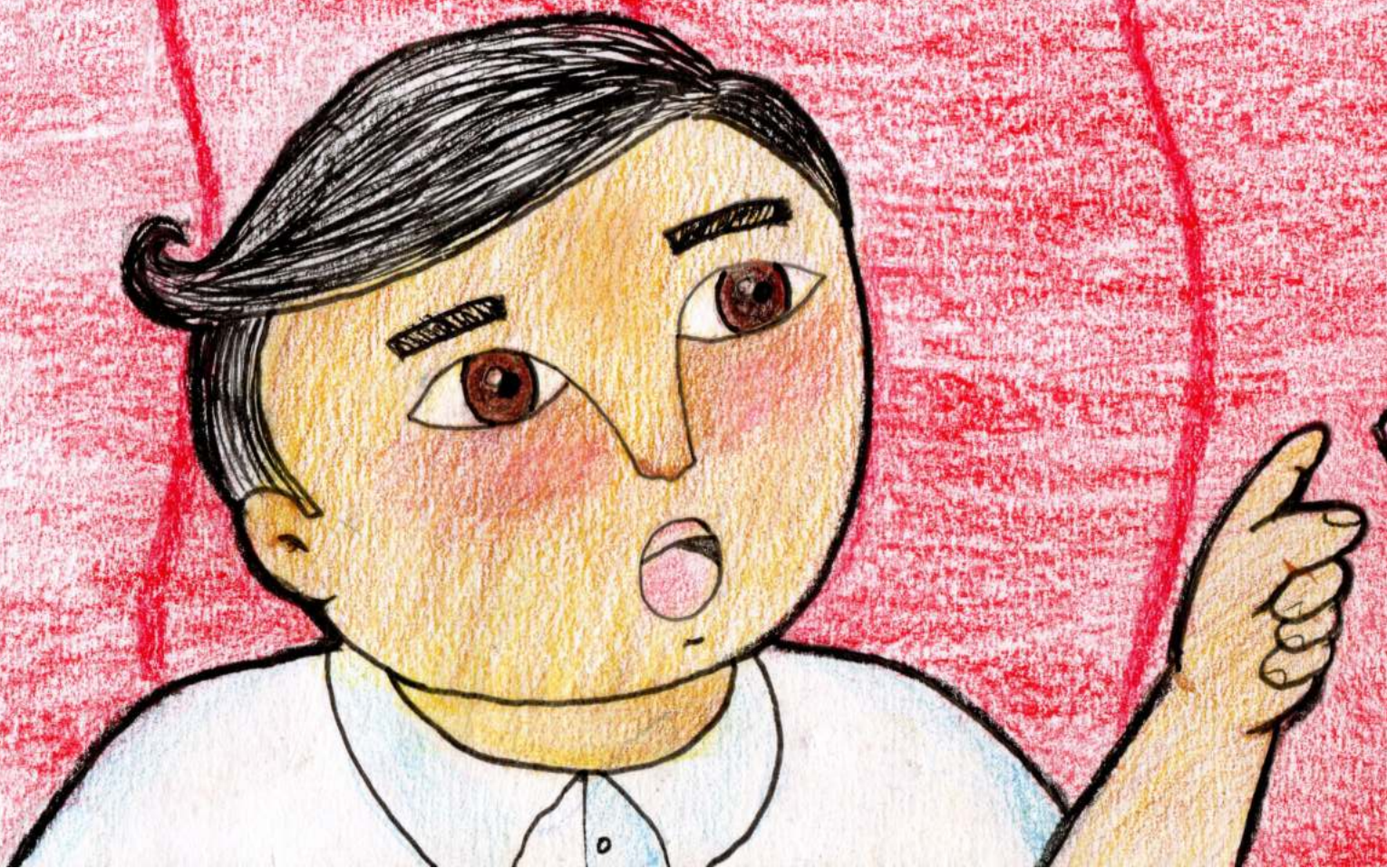


I was happy with my mother's story. I became more interested with what I have learned, although I felt that I really don't like Apolinario. "Mother, can my name be just Pol Roman?" I insisted on her.





My mother took another picture of my father with a statue beside him. "Who is that, mother?" I asked as I curiously looked into the picture. This is your father's favorite hero," said mother.





“A hero?” I asked again. “Yes, he is Mabini,” my mother said. “Even though he cannot walk, this did not stop him from defending our country,” she added.



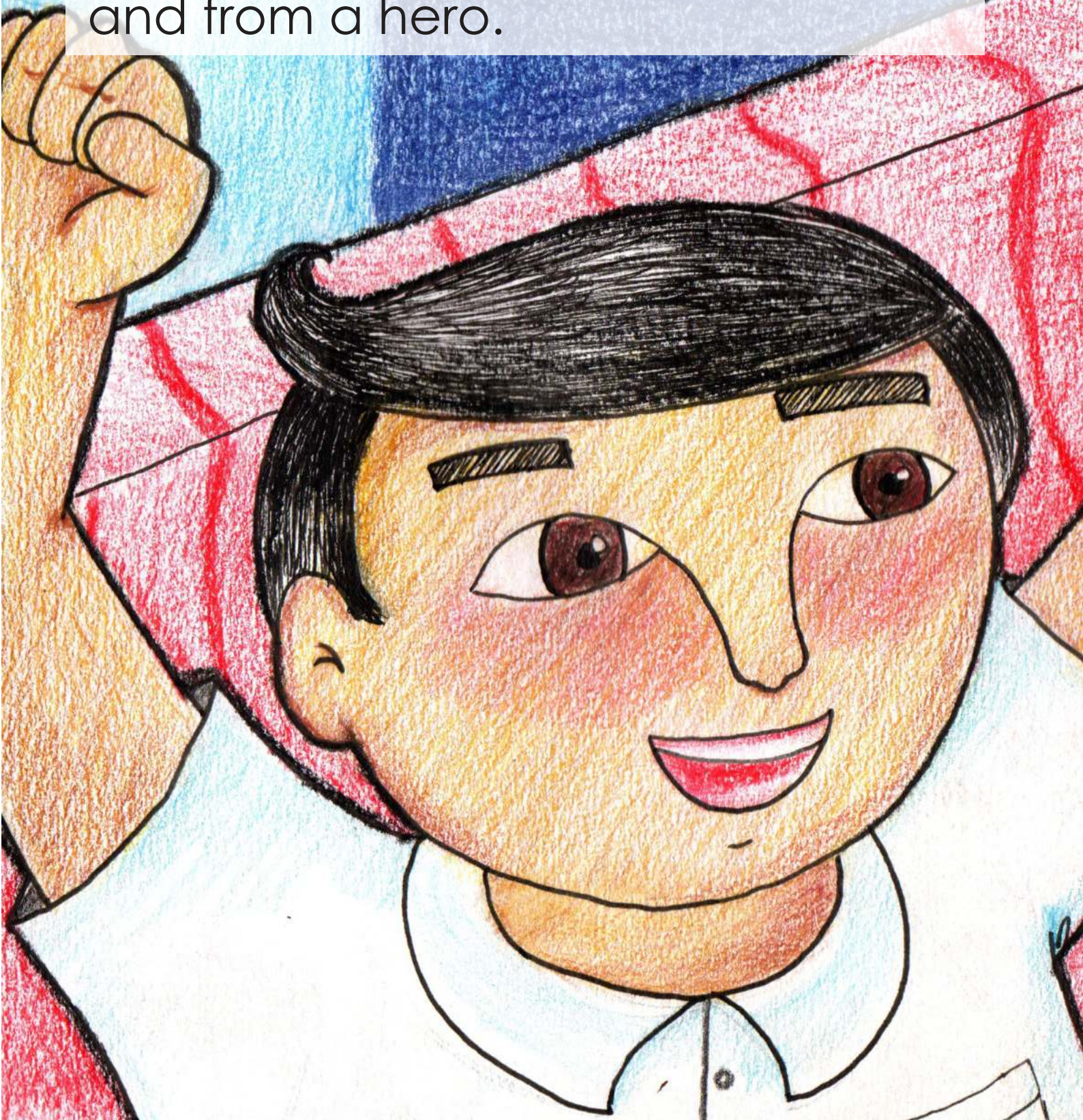


“Despite poverty, Mabini became intelligent and industrious,” mother said. “And that is what we want you to follow, my son.” “Yes, I want to be like him,” I replied mother.





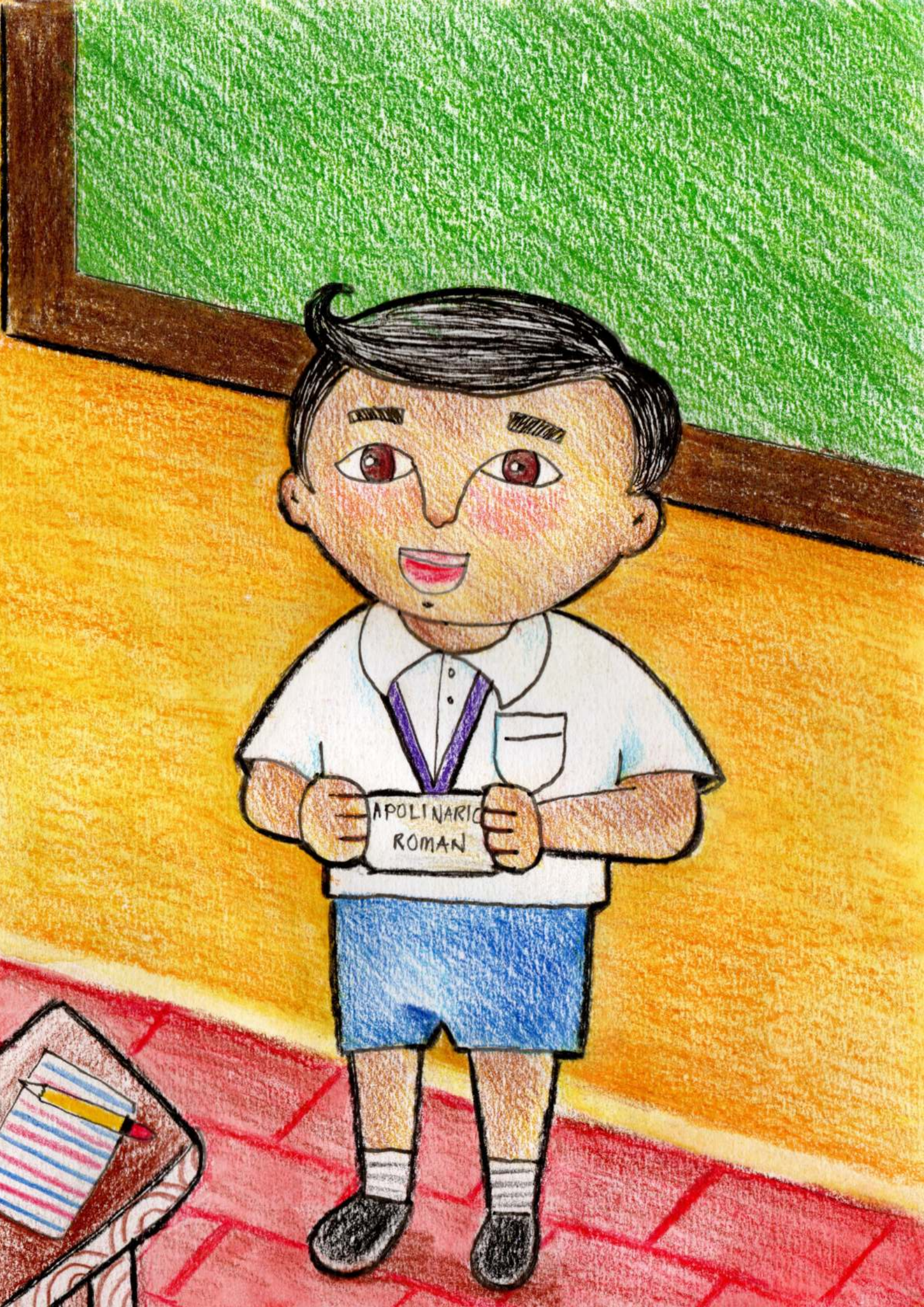
“Apolinario Mabini was his full name.” My heart jumped with joy to what my mother said. I should not be ashamed of my name because it came from my parents and from a hero.





The next day, the usual noise created when my teacher calls me was replaced by applause from my classmates. All were happy and inspired to the story behind my name.





APOLINARIO
ROMAN



A hand with pinkish skin and black outlines is holding a white rectangular sign. The sign has the words 'APOLINARIO ROMAN' written in black, hand-drawn capital letters. The background is a textured yellow and orange color. There are also some purple and blue shapes in the background, possibly representing a book or other objects.

APOLINARIO ROMAN

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Every time my teacher calls my name, my classmates burst into laughter. I do not know what is in my name. What makes it unique? That is my question to my mother.

