

Copy of miss pathupats essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The face of a young woman named Miss Yeyeng is full of lipstick and make-up. They say his parents were born in the remote part of Pampanga, in its smallest town. Thus, Miss Yeyeng is a Filipina from head to toe, and even the extremity of her hair, she is a Kapampangan. Because of poverty, they sell cooked food to earn a living. Miss Yeyeng could be seen with a load in her head some “ginataan” or “bitso-bitso” or donut in the gambling dens. She turned into a young lady with no chance to change her life’s condition. The revolution was over. The military government of America opened a school and here, the American soldiers were sent to teach. Miss Yeyeng, not yet a lady at that time, happened to have a regular costumer who is a soldier. She was enticed by the soldier to attend his class so that they would be able to communicate better. In their conversation, the soldier speaks English while Miss Yeyeng speaks Kapampangan, so she was forced to study. After a few months, Miss Yeyeng already speaks English.

Over eight months, with the encouragement of the soldier, she was sent to teach to the other town. When she was teaching there, the town’s folk were much amazed with her because she speaks English better than them. That was how time passed by. Then, Miss Yeyeng seldom spoke Kapampangan because she said she forgot the language already. According to her, Kapampangan is stiff and her tongue is twisted whenever she uses it, so she could never speak it straightly anymore and she stammers when she does so. People who know much about her shrugged off their shoulders upon hearing her. And so, they changed her name into a lurid and stinking “Miss Phathupats,” a name derived from her wide hip which is forced to fit in a very tight pencil cut skirt that made her no less than that of a “patupat” or “

suman sa ibus” tightly wrapped in a banana leaf. Since then, this is the name they branded her, forgetting permanently Yeyeng, her sweet nickname.

Her name Miss Phathupats became so popular. Life went on as usual. Soon, Ing Emangabiran, a highlander Kapampangan newspaper in Bacolor circulated. In a festival or entertainment program in town X, wherein Miss Phathupats attended, this newspaper was read. She came close to the reader, but when she saw that it is written in Kapampangan, she pouted slightly, and said. “ Mi no entiende el Pampango.” (“ I do not understand Kapampangan.” “ Mi no entiende ese Castellano, Miss,” (“ I Also do not understand Spanish, Miss.”) also said by a prank, varying his tone. All folks in the crowd smiled, and because they are refined, they did not show wariness to the lady. However, this girl, even though she feels that they are already teasing her, went on and said: “ In fact, I really find difficulty to speak in Kapampangan especially when I read it.” With these few words she uttered came all different vulgar words from English, Spanish. Tagalog that she mixed without meaning. Those who heard her had not prevented themselves: they laughed out loud. Miss Phathupats became angry, she faced them and said:

“ Porque reir?”

“ Por el tsampurado, miss,” said the first to respond.

This made the laughter even louder and Miss Phathupats felt warm. One of those who are standing said. “ You should not wonder if Miss Phathupats doesn’t know Kapampangan anymore: First, she has been with the American soldier for a long time: second, she’s not a Kapampangan, anymore. In fact, Miss Phathupats is her name. This was when the volcano exploded. A very

loud explosion, Miss Phathupats was so angry that from her mouth came the flames of Vesubiyo or all the filthy words in Kapampangan brought together in a burning crater. “ Shameless! Thief! Poisonous! Son*#@!,” said in the Kapampangan language. “ Well, she’s a Kapampangan anyway!” said the listeners.

“ Yes, don’t you know?” Said someone who knows her. “ She’s the daughter of Godiung Pakbong who is my town mate.” There was again another loud laughter from the listeners. Miss Phathupats wept and as she wiped her tears came along the thick powder on her cheeks. Her natural color was revealed, darker than a “ duhat” (Black plum or java plum). When they saw this, the more that they laughed at her and said: “ Oh my, I can’t believe she’s black!”

“ Your right, she’s an American Niger!”

Yells, claps, laughter was heard. Miss Phathupats was not able to endure this. She stumbled as she went out and said: “ Mi no vuelve en esta casa.”

“ Goodbye, Miss who doesn’t know Kapampangan!”

“ Goodbye, Miss Alice Roosevelt!”

“ Goodbye, Miss Phathupats!”

That was how she was humiliated by all of them, and poor Yeyeng left mumbling like a fool. There are many Miss Phathupats today. They do not know Kapampangan or they are ashamed of Kapampangan because they can already speak Carabao English.