

## Appendices

### Appendix A

#### "My Last Farewell"

*José Rizal's original version of the poem "Mi último adiós" translated by Encarnacion Alzona  
& Isidro Escare Abeto*

Farewell, my adored Land, region of the sun caressed,  
Pearl of the Orient Sea, our Eden lost,  
With gladness I give you my life, sad and repressed;  
And were it more brilliant, more fresh and at its best,  
I would still give it to you for your welfare at most.

On the fields of battle, in the fury of fight,  
Others give you their lives without pain or hesitancy,  
The place does not matter: cypress, laurel, lily white;  
Scaffold, open field, conflict or martyrdom's site,  
It is the same if asked by the home and country.

I die as I see tints on the sky b'gin to show  
And at last announce the day, after a gloomy night;  
If you need a hue to dye your matutinal glow,  
Pour my blood and at the right moment spread it so,  
And gild it with a reflection of your nascent light

My dreams, when scarcely a lad adolescent,  
My dreams when already a youth, full of vigor to attain,  
Were to see you, Gem of the Sea of the Orient,  
Your dark eyes dry, smooth brow held to a high plane,  
Without frown, without wrinkles and of shame without stain.

My life's fancy, my ardent, passionate desire,  
Hail! Cries out the soul to you, that will soon part from thee;  
Hail! How sweet 'tis to fall that fullness you may acquire;  
To die to give you life, 'neath your skies to expire,  
And in thy mystic land to sleep through eternity!

If over my tomb some day, you would see blow,  
A simple humble flow'r amidst thick grasses,  
Bring it up to your lips and kiss my soul so,  
And under the cold tomb, I may feel on my brow,  
Warmth of your breath, a whiff of thy tenderness.

Let the moon with soft, gentle light me descry,

Let the dawn send forth its fleeting, brilliant light,  
 In murmurs grave allow the wind to sigh,  
 And should a bird descend on my cross and alight,  
 Let the bird intone a song of peace o'er my site.

Let the burning sun the raindrops vaporize  
 And with my clamor behind return pure to the sky;  
 Let a friend shed tears over my early demise;  
 And on quiet afternoons when one prays for me on high,  
 Pray too, oh, my Motherland, that in God may rest I.

Pray thee for all the hapless who have died,  
 For all those who unequalled torments have undergone;  
 For our poor mothers who in bitterness have cried;  
 For orphans, widows and captives to tortures were shied,  
 And pray too that you may see your own redemption.

And when the dark night wraps the cemet'ry  
 And only the dead to vigil there are left alone,  
 Don't disturb their repose, disturb not the mystery:  
 If thou hear the sounds of cithern or psaltery,  
 It is I, dear Country, who, a song t'you intone.

And when my grave by all is no more remembered,  
 With neither cross nor stone to mark its place,  
 Let it be plowed by man, with spade let it be scattered  
 And my ashes ere to nothingness are restored,  
 Let them turn to dust to cover thy earthly space.

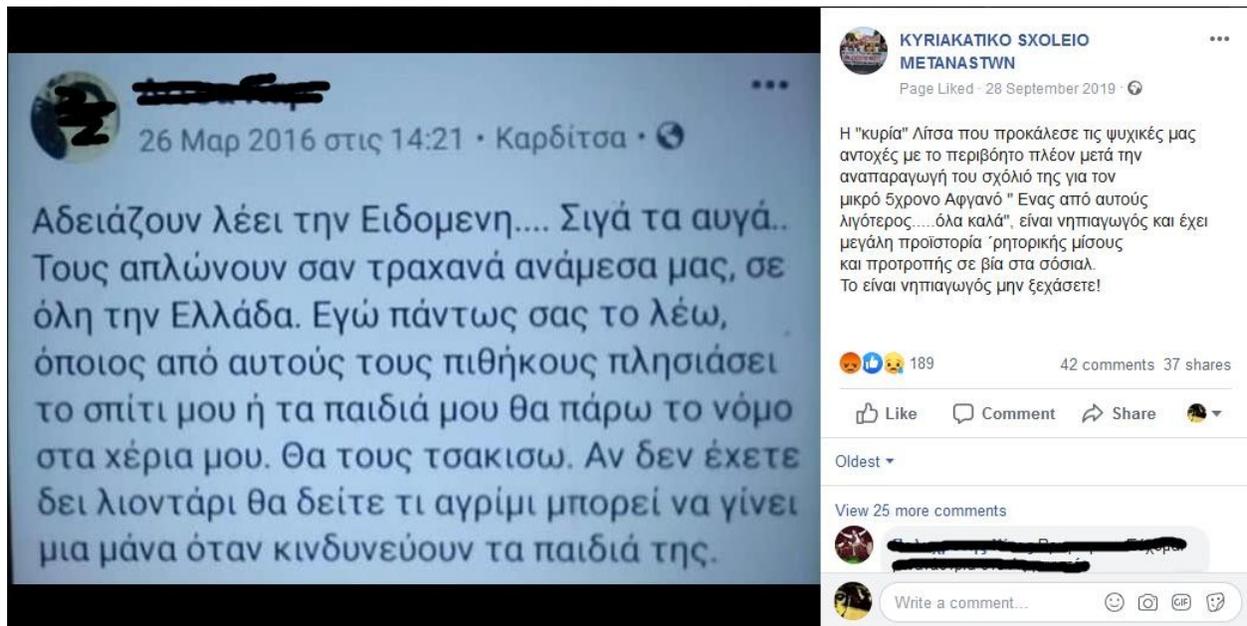
Then it doesn't matter that you should forget me:  
 Your atmosphere, your skies, your vales I'll sweep;  
 Vibrant and clear note to your ears I shall be:  
 Aroma, light, hues, murmur, song, moanings deep,  
 Constantly repeating the essence of the faith I keep.

My idolized Country, for whom I most gravely pine,  
 Dear Philippines, to my last goodbye, oh, harken  
 There I leave all: my parents, loves of mine,  
 I'll go where there are no slaves, tyrants or hangmen  
 Where faith does not kill and where God alone does reign.

Farewell, parents, brothers, beloved by me,  
 Friends of my childhood, in the home distressed;  
 Give thanks that now I rest from the wearisome day;  
 Farewell, sweet stranger, my friend, who brightened my way;  
 Farewell to all I love; to die is to rest.

### Appendix B

Screenshot taken from the public Facebook page Kyriakatiko Sxoleio Metanastwn (@KyriakatikoSxoleioMetanastwn)



The post uploaded as a photo post reads in loose translation as the following: “They are saying they are evacuating Eidomene... Big deal.. They are spreading them among us in the entire Greece. I am telling you, if any of these apes comes near my house or my children, I’ll take the law into my own hands. I will smash them. If you haven’t seen a lion, you will see what a beast a mother can turn into when her children are in danger.”

The Facebook page’s comment above makes reference to the person who posted the notorious “Ένας από αυτούς λιγότερο...όλα καλά» [One of them fewer...all good]. More specifically, the page’s administrator(s) exhibit their frustration with regards to this sort of rhetoric of hate by commenting “Ms. Litsa, who challenged our mental stamina with the notorious comment about the young boy from Afghanistan “One fewer of them...all good” is a kindergarten teacher and has a long history in engaging in hatred rhetoric and incitement to violence in social media. Don’t forget that she’s a kindergarten teacher!” (2019, September 28).