

ગુજરાત રાજ્યના શિક્ષણવિભાગના પત્ર-ક્રમાંક
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ENGLISH

(First Language)

Standard XI



PLEDGE

India is my country.

All Indians are my brothers and sisters.

I love my country and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage.

I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

I shall respect my parents, teachers and all my elders and treat everyone with courtesy.

I pledge my devotion to my country and its people.

My happiness lies in their well-being and prosperity.

રાજ્ય સરકારની વિનામૂલ્યે યોજના હેઠળનું પુસ્તક



Gujarat State Board of School Textbooks
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FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES

It shall be the duty of every citizen of India :

- (a) to abide by the Constitution and respect its ideals and institutions, the National Flag and the National Anthem;
- (b) to cherish and follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom;
- (c) to uphold and protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India;
- (d) to defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so;
- (e) to promote harmony and the spirit of common brotherhood amongst all the people of India transcending religious, linguistic and regional or sectional diversities; to renounce practices derogatory to the dignity of women;
- (f) to value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture;
- (g) to protect and improve the natural environment including forests, lakes, rivers and wild life and to have compassion for living creatures;
- (h) to develop the scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform;
- (i) to safeguard public property and to abjure violence;
- (j) to strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;
- (k) to provide opportunities for education by the parent or the guardian, to his child or a ward between the age of 6 and 14 years as the case may be.

About this textbook...

We feel delighted to place before you the new textbook of Standard 11, English (First Language). Language is dynamic in nature and therefore we have a range of approaches and methods to the language teaching/learning. The paradigms in teaching of English have changed from time to time. The Gujarat State Board of School Textbooks, Gandhinagar, Gujarat addresses the change by following the principles of contemporary approach in preparing the new textbooks. The board tries not only to keep abreast of the recent approaches to the language teaching but also follows the guidelines and recommendations of the National Curriculum Framework (NCF) published by the National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT).

Thus, this textbook has a variety of themes in prose and poetry as expected by the NCF. Though this is an English (FL) textbook, adequate weightage has been given to the Indianness by including prose and poems of the Indian writers in English, along with texts of the American and the British writers. The goal is to provide broader perspective and quality input to the learners. The themes are selected to suit the age and interest of the learners. It has also been tried to instill various essential values through the texts and activities. The textbook includes texts on constitutional obligations, egalitarianism, democratic and secular values; environmental and gender awareness; need for scientific temperament against superstitions and social barriers; patriotism and on lives and thoughts of the national heroes.

So far as English language teaching and learning are concerned, the textbook follows principles of Communicative Approach to a major extent. The goal of Communicative Language Teaching (CLT) is to enhance Communicative Competence - ability to use not only grammatically correct but also appropriate (what, when and how of) language. CLT emphasizes interaction as both the means and the goal of learning the language. It advocates the use of authentic texts and real life like situations for practicing the language. The content includes a variety of the language used through different literary forms like short stories, poems, plays, letters, newspaper articles and interviews, etc. The textbook also offers a variety of activities based on authentic texts. There are activities that encourage pair and group work through simulations, role plays, interviews and the language games. The activities also include real life like language exchange tasks with information gap. The learners get practice in all four skills of the language (Listening, Speaking, Reading and Writing) in an integrated manner along with practice in other sub-skills of the language. The textbook is divided into 13 Prose, 12 Poems and 4 Supplementary Reading units.

The pre and the post reading activities in Prose Lessons are divided into six sections as:

Activity 1 : It is a pre-reading activity. The activity aims at brain storming the learners to catch their attention, help them establish a link between their previous knowledge and what they are going to learn and to lead them to the main text. Most of the activities are open ended and do not insist on getting the same answer from all the learners as the goal is to encourage innovative/unique response and provide effective motivation to learn the new lesson.

Activity 2 : The reading comprehension activities are divided into three subsections: A, B and C. The aim is to enhance reading comprehension ability of the learners by helping them skim and scan through the texts. The learners are expected to read the text more than once to answer the questions of different types and length.

Activity 3 : The vocabulary activity is to help the learners comprehend the meanings of the words and use them in different contexts. The meanings of the vocabulary, comprehended while reading the lesson, are consolidated and the learners shall feel confident to use the words in different contexts.

Activity 4 : Though CLT emphasized appropriateness in language use over correctness, grammar is not ignored. The activity draws the learners' attention to the grammatical aspect of the language and provides opportunities to practice them in meaningful contexts.

Activity 5 : The speaking activity considers the reading comprehension, vocabulary and grammar as inputs to help the learners produce the language orally. The learners are provided opportunities to speak individually, in pairs and groups on different topics with reference to the contexts from the texts and also beyond it.

Activity 6 : Writing being the second Productive Skill (along with speaking), it has been kept the last. The learners get practice in different writing formats and styles that may be useful in their real life outside the classroom. As in Activity 5, all other previous activities, including speaking, may help the learners produce appropriate as well as correct language. However, immediate and effective feedback is essential to master any language skill.

The Poems in the textbook start with a short introduction of the poet followed by the introduction to the poem. The activity, at the end of the poem, not only offers some questions for better understanding of the poem but also draws the learners' attention to the poetic aspects and helps them appreciate the poem from the literary point of view.

The Supplementary Reading lessons are to help the learners cultivate interest and habit of independent reading. It is also to encourage the learners to read the texts of comparatively longer length.

A textbook is a tool in the hand of teachers. Success of any textbook depends on its execution. We hope that the users of this textbook follow the principles of CLT and execute the activities using appropriate methods and techniques.



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Prose

UNIT 1

Activity I

A. You must have seen people tying a knot with a string to their finger, tying a knot to the end of a saree, tying a knot to the handkerchief, making notes on a piece of paper, saving a reminder on mobile phone and many more. Why do you think they need to do such things? Discuss it with your partner.

B. Do you often lend or borrow things? Talk about your experiences to the class.

Introduction

Stephen P. H. Butler Leacock, (1869-1944) was a Canadian teacher, political scientist, writer, and humourist. Between the years 1910 and 1925, he was the most widely read English-speaking author in the world. He is known for his light humour along with criticisms of people's follies.

The Lost Dollar is an amusing story that expresses the author's perplexity about recovering the dollar. The story delineates the psychological trauma that the author faces throughout the journey. The pace of the tale is very simple, straight forward, familiar and easily reckoned. Will the author get the dollar back? Will his trauma ever come to an end? The story will unfold the mystery.

My Lost Dollar

My friend Todd owes me a dollar. He has owed it to me for twelve months, and I fear there is little prospect of his ever returning it. I can realize whenever I meet him that he has forgotten that he owes me a dollar. He meets me in the same frank friendly way as always. My dollar has clean gone out of his mind. I see that I shall never get it back.

On the other hand I know that I shall remember all my life that Todd owes me a dollar. It will make no difference, I trust to our friendship, but I shall never be able to forget it. I don't know how it is with other people; but if any man borrows a dollar from me I carry the recollection of it to the grave.

Let me relate what happened. Todd borrowed this dollar last year on the 8th of April (I mention the date in case this should ever meet Todd's eye), just as he was about to leave for Bermuda. He needed a dollar in change to pay his taxi; and I lent it to him. It happened quite simply and naturally, I hardly realised it till it was all over. He merely said, "Let me have a dollar, will you?" And I said, "Certainly. Is a dollar enough?" I believe, in fact I know, that when Todd took that dollar he meant to pay for it.

He sent me a note from Hamilton, Bermuda. I thought when I opened it that the dollar would be in it. But it wasn't. He merely said that the temperature was up to nearly 100. The figure misled me for a moment.

Todd came back in three weeks. I met him at the train not because of the dollar, but because I really esteem him. I felt it would be nice for him to see someone waiting for him on the platform after being away for three weeks. I said. "Let's take a taxi up to the club." But he answered, "No, let's walk."

We spent the evening together, talking about Bermuda. I was thinking of the dollar but of course I didn't refer to it. One simply can't. I asked him what currency is used in Bermuda, and

whether the American Dollar goes at par. I put a slight emphasis on the American Dollar, but found again that I could not bring myself to make any reference to it.

It took me some time (I see Todd practically everyday at my Club) to realise that he had completely forgotten the dollar. I asked him one day what his trip cost him and he said that he kept no accounts. A little later I asked him if he felt settled down after his trip, and he said that he had practically forgotten about it. So I know it was all over.

In all this I bear Todd no grudge. I have simply added him to the list of men who owe me a dollar and who have forgotten it. There are quite a few of them now. I make no difference in my demeanour to them, but I only wish that I could forget.

I meet Todd very frequently. Only two nights ago I met him out at dinner and he was talking, apparently without self-consciousness, about Poland. He said that Poland would never pay her debts. You'd think a thing like that would have reminded him, wouldn't you? But it didn't seem to.

But meantime a thought—a rather painful thought—has begun to come into my mind at intervals. It is this. If Todd owes me a dollar and has forgotten it, it is possible—indeed it is theoretically probable—that there must be men to whom I owe a dollar which I have forgotten. There may be a list of them. The more I think of it the less I like it, because I am quite sure that if I had once forgotten a dollar, I should never pay it, on this side of the grave.

If there are such men I want them to speak out. Not all at once; but in reasonable numbers, and as far as may be in alphabetical order, and I will immediately write their names down on paper. I don't count here men who may have lent me an odd dollar over a bridge table: and I am not thinking (indeed I am taking care not to think) of the man who lent me thirty cents to pay for a bottle of plain soda in the Detroit Athletic Club last month. I always find that there's nothing like plain soda after a tiring ride across the Canadian frontier, and that man who advanced that thirty cents knows exactly why I felt that I had done enough for him. But if any man ever lent me a dollar to pay for a taxi when I was starting for Bermuda, I want to pay it.

More than that: I want to start a general movement a Back to Honesty movement, for paying all these odd dollars that are borrowed in moments of expansion. Let us remember that the greatest nations were built upon the rock basis of absolute honesty.

In conclusion may I say that I do particularly ask that no reader of this book will be careless enough to leave this copy round where it might be seen by Major Todd, of the University Club of Montreal.

Glossary

prospect(n) chance **to the grave** till one's death **esteem(v)** respect **at par** at the same value
grudge(n) bitterness **demeanour(n)** conduct **rock basis** strong foundation

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. The author's main concern is to _____.

(a) forget the deal	(b) forgive his friend
(c) lend more dollars	(d) retrieve the dollar
2. The author is upset at the thought of _____.

(a) losing a friend	(b) losing his image
(c) losing the money	(d) losing trust

3. The author went to the railway station to _____
(a) borrow money (b) discuss a problem
(c) recover money (d) welcome his friend
4. The author wished to start Back to Honesty movement for _____
(a) lending more dollars (b) overcoming guilt
(c) reminding the borrower (d) repaying borrowed dollars
5. The author believed that he did not _____
(a) bear a grudge (b) bear humiliation
(c) have disrespect (d) have envy

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. When did Stephen Leacock part with his dollar ? How ?
2. Describe the way in which the author repeatedly wished to remind his friend of the dollar.
3. Why does the author brood over a lost cause ? How ?
4. How does the author justify his act of borrowing ?
5. Comment on the irony in the text.

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Borrower
2. The Relation of the Author and his Friend

Activity III

Use the following pairs of words in sentences to indicate the difference in their meaning.

Example :

- He simply added his friend to the list of men who owe him a dollar.

The Children were filled with awe when they saw the giraffe.

owe awe borrow burrow loan lone conquered concord vary wary

Activity IV

A. In the story, the author talks about his friend Todd. Read the following list of adjectives and try to find out relevant adjectives that describe Todd's characters.

careless	forgetful
fun-loving	irresponsible
unaccountable	sensitive
reliable	noble

B. Work in groups of four/five. Read the list of Nouns given below. Each student in the group will work independently for five minutes and make a list of as many adjectives as possible to describe each noun. Share your list with other group members and the class.

nouns : leader, student, computer, cloud, beach, sports car, mother, lion

Activity V

- A. Suggest some ways to remind the lender about returning the borrowed object.
- B. Work in pairs. Imagine you are Todd and, meeting the Author after three years. Prepare a dialogue using the following cues and present it before the class.

TODD	AUTHOR
Greeting	Greeting
Expresses need of money	Respond
Reminder	Respond

Activity VI

- A. A year ago, you lent your favourite book to a friend who you thought would enjoy it. Unfortunately your friend has forgotten to return it. The book has sentimental value to you as it had been gifted to you by your grandmother. Write a letter to your friend reminding him/her about the book.
- B. Express your views in a paragraph.
Does Money Make the World Go Round ?

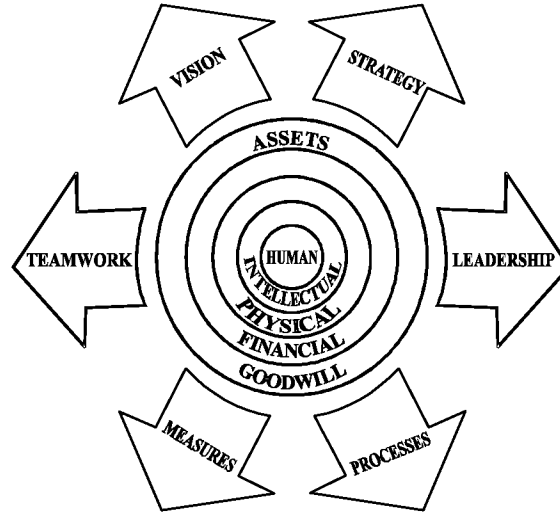
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Solve the following Riddle
THE SAME UPSIDE DOWN
 A word of five letters,
 Upside down is the same,
 A shark does this,
 But it's not to be blamed.
 What is the word?

UNIT 2

Activity I

Individual / Organisational development is a process of creating an action plan based on...



In what way can this help you in realizing your dreams? Discuss with your partner.

Introduction

Vinod Nair is a journalist working in print media. This article was published in The Times of India.

Against All Hurdles depicts the struggles of a common girl who brought laurels to India and raced her way to glory crossing various hurdles in life. Read on to find more about her track record while crossing various impediments.

P.T. Usha : Against All Hurdles

Flying Rani, Payyoli Express Golden Girl... the epithets are as numerous as the 102 international medals and 1,000-plus awards she has won at national and state-level meets. Humble beginnings, financial shortcomings, inadequate facilities... the odds against her have been as daunting as the competition which she has outpaced on the track.

But Pilavullakandi Thekkeparambil Usha is not just a winner in the world of athletics. This sporting spirit has triumphed in life's race, taking everything from the dejection of losing out on an Olympic medal to allegations of drug use in her stride. Vinod Nair takes a trip through time with an achiever who has never settled for the position of also-ran.

My life started with struggle : My earliest memories are those of jumping over fences as a child. But attempting the extraordinary was, perhaps, a natural offshoot of what was otherwise an ordinary childhood. Born to EPM Paithal and TV Lakshmi at Kootthadi in Kozhikode on June 27, 1964, I grew up in Payyoli as the second of six children. My father ran a small cloth store and we were never financially secure. To top it all, one disease or the other kept plaguing my health.

I was first noticed at school : One day, while I was in class IV, our drill master, Mr Balakrishnan, asked me to run with a student of class VII who was the school champion. I had no experience of running a race. I ran just as fast as I could – and came in first! I just couldn't believe

that I had outrun the school champion. And neither could onlookers. I was noticed. My parents knew nothing about athletics; forget about sports as a profession, even participating in races was not common among girls in those days.

My parents were impressed with my interest in athletics, but they were not equipped to guide me. However, an uncle of mine, who taught at the school where I studied, advised me to pursue athletics seriously. The idea was that, eventually, I could land the job of a sports instructor.

All I wanted to do was run : While in class VII, I made an entry into sub-district athletics and emerged champion of the district. Around then, the GV Raja Sports School was set up in Kerala and it introduced a sports division for girls. Even though I had no formal training, I topped the admission test and joined the sports division at Kannur in 1976.

I just ran... and won : I participated in as many competitions as possible. Be it an inter-school or inter-state meet, I would be there. And I would win the champion's trophy each time. O.M. Nambiar, who was my coach during my athletics career, spotted me at one such meet.

I had to rise above the system : In 1980, I participated in Pakistan's National Games at Karachi, for which Indian and Chinese athletes were invitees. I won both the 100 m and 200 m sprints and the media there praised me. Soon, a greater honour awaited me. When I participated in the 1980 Moscow Olympics, I was the youngest athlete in the fray. Sports infrastructure in the country was limited and the training facilities available to athletes left much to be desired. Still, I put my mind to the task ahead and won two silver medals at the 1982 Asiad.

Destiny ditched me : The Olympics are the Oscars of sports. Unfortunately, I entered the 1984 Olympics with hardly any experience of the 400 m hurdles. On the day of reckoning, I put in every ounce of my energy – but I missed an Olympic medal by a hundredth of a second. I didn't lunge forward at the finishing line – I never realised that the difference between 55.42 seconds and 55.41 seconds would make such a difference to my life.

Life was never more depressing : I had put in my best and more – but I had lost out. An Olympic medal – even if it was a bronze – would have been the crowning glory of my career. After the race, I was completely shattered. I cried and cried. I had the medal in my hands, but I had let it go. It is the biggest disappointment of my life.

Fame brings money : I might have missed out on an Olympic medal, but back home in India, I was a national heroine. When I returned from Los Angeles, I received cash awards, a house and a car. I was flooded with financial rewards and even dubbed as "Payyoli Express". I had never thought all this was possible.

Losing is the key to winning : There is a lesson to be learnt at every step of life. The Los Angeles Olympics presented me the opportunity of growing up overnight, not just as an athlete, but as a person. After the Olympics, I concentrated on the 1986 Seoul Asiad. I set goals for myself – I had to dominate the event. I won the 200 m, 400 m, 400 m hurdles and 4 × 400 m relay. I became the "Golden Girl".

Marriage is an important part of life : Athletics is fine, but there is more to life than running races. There has to be a time when one settles down. In 1991, I married Sreenivasan, a CISF inspector and athletics buff. Subsequently, I took a break from athletics. Mine has been a happy marriage. We have a 10-year old son, Ujjwal, who attends school in Payyoli.

My husband inspired me to make a comeback: If I made a comeback in 1994, it is because of the encouragement of my husband. In 1998, with 30-odd Asian medals behind me, I participated in the Asian Track and Field championships in Japan and won bronze medals in the 200m and 400m, plus two medals in the relays. A month later, I set a new national mark for the 200m, bettering my 1989 mark. People had said that I was past my prime—I just smiled in return.

Official apathy shocks me: I have been honoured with several prestigious awards, including the Arjuna Award and the Padmashri. I have received a lot in life – I have no regrets. But I realise that everybody worships the rising sun. Back in 1986, I was appointed officer on special duty for sports by the Railways. A good 17 years later, I still have the same designation. Maybe, I am not good enough to go up the ladder.

I want youngsters to come up: I have started the Usha School of Athletics at Koyilandi in Kerala. I am always on the lookout for funds to make this establishment a success. I believe that what I know will go a long way in helping the next generation. I want India to win that elusive medal which I missed out on at the Olympics.

Try, and try again: I have overcome – so can millions of athletes in this country. I am proud that I have done something for India, but nothing gives me greater satisfaction than giving my all – all the time.

Glossary

epithets(adj) descriptive substitutes for the name or title of a person **daunting**(adj) frightening, inspiring fear **fray**(n) contest **day of reckoning**(here) important day **lunge forward**(here) push (myself) forward **buff**(n) admirer

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The epithet not used for P.T. Usha in the text is _____.
 (a) Flying Rani (b) Golden Girl
 (c) Payyoli Express (d) Sports Queen
- Poor _____ was one of the major concerns of P.T. Usha's early childhood.
 (a) education (b) health
 (c) participation (d) training
- Besides outpacing the numerous competitors, P.T. Usha also dealt efficiently with the _____.
 (a) classmates (b) competitors
 (c) government officials (d) hardships of life
- Everybody worships the rising sun means _____.
 (a) a successful person has a fan following
 (b) ceremonial sun worship
 (c) to attend services of sun worship
 (d) to get up early

5. Initially P.T. Usha took serious interest in athletics as she wanted to be a _____.
- (a) champion (b) government employee
(c) sports instructor (d) renowned athlete

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What was the motivating event in P. T. Usha's early life ?
2. Describe her achievements at the international level.
3. How did the difference of a fraction of a second change P.T. Usha's approach to competitions ?
4. "Losing is the key to winning." Explain.
5. "Marriage is not the end of a woman athlete's career."
Do you agree? Why ?
6. What are the problems she faced in life ?
7. Give an account of the awards she received.
8. What is P.T. Usha's mantra for success ?

C. Write in detail on :

1. P.T. Usha's Childhood
2. P.T. Usha: Anonymity to Fame

Activity III

Add one word or phrase from the lesson that is similar in meaning to the two given below and use all the three words in meaningful sentences. The first one is done as an example.

1. barrier hurdles fences

(a) Language can never be a **barrier** if one has original ideas.
(b) P.T. Usha ran and overcame **hurdles**.
(c) "Good **fences** make good neighbors."
2. memoir recollections
3. audience spectators
4. fight competition
5. fortune providence
6. devastated traumatized
7. support back-up
8. important esteemed

- 9. conquer triumphover
- 10. contentment fulfillment

Activity IV

A. Read the Following expressions. Can you guess what they are used for?

- ☞ Make sure you....
- ☞ I suggest/advise that...
- ☞ It's a good idea to...
- ☞ You probably/really should...
- ☞ I think you need to/must/ought to/should...
- ☞ In my opinion...
- ☞ My experience speaks...

They are all used to advise someone on different occasions.

Example : Make sure you keep yourself fit.

I suggest you join a professional coaching class.

Work in pairs. Imagine that your friend wants to become an athlete/sports person.

Write at least five sentences advising him/her using different expressions from the above given list of expressions.

- 1. _____
- 2. _____
- 3. _____
- 4. _____
- 5. _____

B. Life of an athlete requires a lot of workout and strict routine. We use different words and phrases to express how seriously or regularly we do something.

For example :

(Notice the use and place of the underlined adverbs.)

- A : How often do you usually exercise ?
- B : I go jogging about everyday/once a week.
- A : How often do you play some sport/game ?
- B : I play basketball once a week/twice a month/very often.

Read the conversation given below and rewrite the same using the adverbs given in the brackets in the correct place.

- A : What do you do on Sunday mornings? (usually)
B : Nothing much. I go for a leisure walk until noon. (almost, always)
A : Do you go cycling ? (ever)
B : Yeah, I go cycling on Saturdays. (often)
A : How often do you do Yoga ? (usually)
B : Well, I like it very much. I do Yoga. (every day)
A : What do you do after school? (usually)
B : I go out to play with my classmates. (about three times a week)

Activity V

- A.** Have you ever heard or read a story of a struggling athlete? How has it inspired you ? Was it different from the stories of well-fed athletes? **Discuss with your partner.**
- B.** Who is your favourite athlete? What exceptional qualities does he/she have ? And how does it inspire you ? **Discuss with your partner.**

Activity VI

- A. Write a paragraph on: Goals are Good for You.**
- B.** A well known sportsperson visited your school last week. **Write a report for your school magazine on his/her visit.**

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UNIT 3

Activity I

Discuss the following questions with your partner.

1. Have you ever felt uncomfortable or uneasy about life being monotonous and drab?
2. How will you overcome this situation? List out the activities that you can do to overcome this situation.
3. Do these activities remind you of your childhood? Can you replicate it now as a teenager?

Introduction

Makarand Paranjape (1960) is an Indian novelist, critic, poet and a professor at the Jawaharlal Nehru University in New Delhi, India. He was born in 1960 in Ahmedabad, Gujarat. Makarand is an alumnus of several prestigious institutions including University of Illinois, USA.

He is the author of several poems and short stories, over 200 essays, book reviews and occasional pieces in academic and popular periodicals in India and abroad. He was a columnist in *Sunday Observer*, *Business Standard*, *The Pioneer*, and *Life Positive*.

Kite-flying is about a middle aged executive working in a public sector corporation who appears to be a bit disappointed with his routine life. Read on to find out what happens when one day he passes by the kite shop.

Kite Flying

Since that evening, I have been wondering how to tell this story. What happened was not unusual and, doubtless, you must have read many stories of this sort. But, believe me, when it actually happens to you, you feel like an altered being, as if you've traded in your old life for a brand new one. But perhaps you're already getting restless with this introduction... As usual, that evening I was being driven back from my office when on the way I happened to notice a whole row of bright kites with coloured reels of thread hung in front of a neighbourhood shop.

All in all, it hadn't been an unusual day for me. I had left home around 9:30 a.m. when the company car came to pick me up. I had a normal day at the office. The routine of work. Some visitors. Tea. Chatting. Files. Lunch. A meeting in the afternoon...

About my job, I won't tell you much more. Let's just say that I am a middle-aged, middle-level executive in a large company. Yes, I could have been working for the Government or for a Public Sector Corporation for that matter and it wouldn't have made the slightest difference to my story. I had a reasonably comfortable home, not without the usual challenges, of course, but nothing really to worry about. My wife worked as a teacher in one of the better schools in the city and that's where my eight-year-old daughter studied too.

So as the months and years trickled away, like sand through fingers, somewhere within I grew terribly afraid and impatient. I was waiting for God knows what to happen – something to get me out of my hopeless rut. Otherwise, I knew, it would be too late. I would turn into something irredeemable, something

that I had dreaded becoming, since my childhood – a nameless, average, uncreative, and predictable slob. I'm running out of time, I kept thinking. This thing is catching up with me.

That evening, as I already told you, I was returning home after a normal, ordinary day at the office. Well, I had been looking vacantly outside my window when those bright kites caught my eye. And suddenly, I felt a deep stirring inside me like a painful wrench. Thanks a lot Uncle Freud, the cynic in me said, look what you've upturned – childhood memories. Yes, the row of kites brought back sharp images, crowded, undigested, out of some vault in my mind which I seemed to have sealed up long ago.

I remembered my childhood in a *pol* in Baroda, where every Sankranti, kite-flying is a ritual. The nights that the *ustaaads* spent in making *manja*, then the inter-*muhalla* kite-flying competitions, the loudspeakers announcing a victory, the large *charkhas* of coloured thread, the variety of kites, the *dav-pech* or competition, the *kheen* or the *dheel* (the pull and let), the two techniques used to attack one's opponent, the cuts in the fingers despite the leather guards, the boys running with bamboo poles to catch kites that had been cut, the yells of *kati-hai* (I've cut it!), the lean and hungry *ustaaads*, with pan-stained teeth spitting abuse at one another and as kids on the roof, proud to be entrusted with the slightest task...

"Driver, *gadi roko*," I heard myself saying suddenly. We had already crossed the shop with the kites and I found myself breaking into a run to get back to it. This was a different city and I didn't know the conventions of kite-flying here. It was only Dussehra; the kites were available early. I got into the shop shyly, looking, I am sure, incongruous in my jacket and tie.

The shopkeepers were surprised to see me. I had never entered this shop before. An unkempt young man of fourteen or fifteen came to attend to me. When I asked, "How much," motioning to the kites, his face lit up. He simply loved anything to do with the kites, it seemed, and until I left, his smile never vanished. Perhaps I was his first customer. Yes, that might have been it because I had not seen the kites there before.

In a transport of both confusion and *deja vu* I bought two kites for a rupee each. Then a 400-yard spindle of thread (I went in for the one with the brand name : Madura Coats). Price : ₹ 7.00. Then I selected some *manja*. On second thoughts, I decided not to buy the *manja* at all. How would it matter if my kite was cut or not - I wasn't a kid anymore nor was I going to compete with anyone. I found myself laughing at this thought as I left the shop. Yes, I felt light-hearted and free after quite a long time.

The driver stared at the kites in my hand but said nothing. The neighbour's children smiled conspiratorially. I must have looked foolish, I kept the kites in the guest bedroom. Perhaps I wished to hide them from my wife. At any rate, she must have noticed because nothing really escaped her. But, mercifully, she said nothing.

Then, yesterday, I came home a little earlier. The house was silent. I turned on the UGC programme on TV just for company and took out my kites. I decided to harness one of them. I had forgotten the Gujarati word for tying the pilot string from which the thread is attached to the kite (*lagam*?) but I discovered that I still remembered how to do it. I lit an *agarbatti* and burned two pairs of tiny holes into the delicate bamboo cross-bow chassis. Then took a double foot or so of the Madura Coats thread and tied it at both ends. Then measuring an equidistant spot on the loop from both ties, I knotted it rather well, I thought, after all these years.

You must be wondering what happens next. Did I fly the kite? How did I feel? Changed, liberated? Was that the point of the story? How does an ordinary, even insignificant event becomes charged with extraordinary significance? And so on. And if I did say any of this, you might react a little contemptuously : “What a predictable little story.” So, I shan’t allow you any such easy satisfaction, I’m afraid. I refuse to tell you anything more at all. You can end the story your own way. Go ahead, it’s yours.

I’ll do, instead, something rather different, in lieu of an ending – for what’s a tale without a sense of ending? I shall reproduce below a few lines I wrote, after many years, that evening:

Kite-flying can be a symbol of so many things – of freedom, of imagination, of human aspiration, of our attempts to reach the skies, to fly, soar in the wind, to quench our thirst for the infinite. Yes, the finite’s longing for the infinite, we can call it.

Who knows if we’ll ever succeed? Perhaps, success will never be granted to us. Because, in the end, the kite must be lowered after all. However invisible, the string to pull it, to navigate in the skies, to manipulate, it always remains. However high up in the sky, our kite is always anchored to us, earthbound that we are even when we are on the roofs of our houses.

But what happens if we let go, if our thread is cut, no matter if it’s Madura Coats Glaze Superfine ? Where are we then? Who is to say whether we shall disappear into the sky, lost forever in the azure heavens or be grounded again, trapped by the brambles tied to the end of a long bamboo pole in a little boy’s hand? Only to be mounted up again, sent up to cut down other kites or be cut by them? Then at last, mangled, our ribs showing, left forlornly stuck on an electrical pole? Or caught in the branches of a tree, fluttering when the breeze moves us?

Glossary

rut(n) routine existence **irredeemable**(adj) unchangeable **slob**(n) lazy person **wrench**(n) (here) jerk

Freud(n) Sigmund Freud (1856-1939) – Father of Psychoanalysis **cynic**(n) faultfinder **incongruous**(adj) out of place **deja vu**(n) a sense of having experienced before **chassis**(n) (here) frame **mangled** (v) deformed

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The author was suffering from a _____.
 (a) common problem (b) health problem
 (c) psychological problem (d) unique problem
- The author was dressed in _____.
 (a) casual wear (b) formal wear
 (c) party wear (d) traditional wear
- The speaker was employed as a _____.
 (a) clerk (b) executive
 (c) manager (d) peon
- The author worked in the _____.
 (a) commercial sector (b) household sector
 (c) private sector (d) public sector

3. It began raining early in the morning and everything was wet when they woke. They'd pitched the tent near the bottom of a hill.
4. The house was demolished in June. This had been ordered by the local government after it had been badly damaged in a storm.
5. The truck, which had been overloaded, didn't brake in time and hit the wall. The driver was badly injured.
6. Even though his mother had predicted great things for her son, she never expected him to become so famous. He smiled and signed a few more autographs that his fans had requested.
7. Alka signed her first contract at the young age of 16. She'd enjoyed her childhood, but now she began her journey to fame and wealth.

Now, read the lesson carefully. The author recalls his past. Find out more examples of the use of Past Tense in sentences with more than one event to understand sequence and chronology.

Activity V

- A. Every festival has a history associated with it. **Discuss with your partner about the history of any one festival.**
- B. You meet a foreigner who intends to know about the famous kite flying festival in your village/town/city. **Interact with the foreigner using the following pointers where A is the foreigner and B the respondent.**

A	B
Greetings	Greetings according to your culture
Want to know about the kite flying festival	History and convention of celebration. Why/how/since how long is it celebrated?
Prominent places associated with the celebrations	Tell about popular places like Kankaria, River front, Sardar Patel Stadium etc. in Ahmedabad or places in your village/town/city.
For how many days?	Your answer
Popular locations to purchase best kites	locations in your city
Best locations in the state to fly/compete/see kite flying competitions	Your answer
What does the festival symbolize/represent?	Your answer
People's involvement/revelries	Your answer

Activity VI

- A. **Write about a time when you worked really hard to get something and also mention what/who motivated you?**
- B. **Write a paragraph on a memory you cherish.**



UNIT 4

Activity I

You have heard about the word ‘revolution’ in social science while studying world history.

One of the meanings of this word is far-reaching and drastic change especially in ideas, methods, etc.

Look at the table given below. It shows the colour associated with the revolution of a commodity.

Colour	Commodity
Black	Petroleum
Blue	Fish
Grey	Fertilizers
Golden	Honey
Green	Food grains
Yellow	Oil Seeds

Why do you think this colour is associated with the commodity? Discuss in the class.

Introduction

Vergheese Kurien (1921-2012) was a renowned Indian social entrepreneur and is best known as the “Father of the White Revolution”, for his “billion-litre idea” (Operation Flood) - the world’s largest agricultural development programme. This transformed India from a milk-deficient nation to the world’s largest milk producer. He founded around 30 institutions of excellence (like AMUL, GCMMF, IRMA, NDDDB) which are owned and managed by farmers and run by professionals.

This Convocation Address was given by Dr. Vergheese Kurien at South Gujarat University on 16 January, 1988. It was addressed to the graduating students who would soon start a new career/future. The crux of the speech is motivating the young generation to face harsh realities that our country faces. (Note that the spoken language is often very different from the written one.)

Convocation Address

Mr. Vice Chancellor, Mr. Pro-vice Chancellor, members of the Senate, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, graduating students of the year,

You have done me a great honour today by inviting me to address this distinguished audience – especially on an occasion of such importance to the graduates who receive their degrees today. To them a convocation is an end, but also, more importantly, a beginning. It is, therefore, a time when anticipation of the future is more important than reflections on the past. Those of you who receive degrees today have completed what is but the first – and with due respect to your University and faculty – perhaps the least important part of your education. Your degree certifies you as one of our nation’s educated elite; but how you use what you have learned, how you build upon it, how you

will apply it, is of far greater importance and will be the most difficult challenge. Your future examinations will be set not by a University but by the harsh realities that face our country, the opportunities our many problems offer you for solution and by the fact that you will have to conquer the significant changes in our social, economic and political systems that are inevitable within your lifetime. Already significant changes in these systems are evolving and new institutional structures are emerging. I propose to talk today of a new institutional structure for agricultural development with which I have been involved and to discuss its implications.

It was just at the dawn of our Independence that I found myself – much against my will I might say – posted as a Research Scientist to the little town of Anand in Kaira District, Gujarat. It was there that I got mixed up with some rather remarkable people who were grappling with the problem of exploitation. Kaira District produces milk, far more milk during the flush season than can be consumed there or in the surrounding areas. And so, the milk was purchased by traders and a private dairy who would send it to Bombay. The profit, needless to say, went to the dairy – not to the farmers. Shri Tribhuvandas Patel and his colleagues believed that through co-operation the farmers of Kaira District could strengthen their position. As you know, they were proved right. But, it was not without a struggle and not without learning that our efforts could succeed unless we became involved not only in trading, but in supporting production, in processing, and in the marketing of dairy products. We also learned that the rural poor could command a major enterprise and, in so doing, earn a far greater share of the consumer's rupee. But to do so, the farmer's power had to be linked with the expertise of professional management, management that would represent their interests effectively, persistently and with integrity.

The success of our efforts in Kaira District soon led the neighbouring areas of Gujarat to seek our help in organising their dairy farmers into co-operatives. Surat was one of them. As the success began to multiply, the then Prime Minister, Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri, decided that the same approach should be the basis of a new national dairy development policy and, at his instance, the National Dairy Development Board was established. This led to Operation Flood.

What is Operation Flood? It is basically a Dairy Development Programme. It is appropriate that some have dubbed Operation Flood the "White Revolution", for it is a revolution—not only in production, but in creating a constituency of farmers who, served by professional managers, can exert pressures in their own interest thereby participating effectively in our democratic process. It is no accident that the income of dairy farmers has increased. They are organised and they have a voice. We can also take some pride in the fact that because their organisations are managed professionally, and because they are efficient, price increases being passed on to the consumer have been moderate.

This revolution has not taken place without opposition. It has been opposed by some politicians, by many bureaucrats, by all middlemen, merchants and traders. It has been opposed by advanced dairying countries and by multinational food companies. It has been opposed by a few who have made their life easy by calling themselves Scientists concerned with metaphysical, social and economic questions. Lacking the courage or conviction to be a participant, they have chosen to watch the game as a spectator. But my colleagues and I, having chosen a cause, had to struggle for it. Yet this coalition of vested interests of those who wanted fame by criticising, who don't want the poor to emerge, who feel threatened when the poor gain access to the stage of democratic decision making, has failed. They have failed because of the very fact that the farmers have organised. And they have failed because the salvation of India is that in high places, in all spheres and even among social scientists, there are people of good intentions, of good will and of ability. Such people have not only welcomed the poor to the arena of democratic decision making but have actively supported and encouraged this process.

It is perhaps tempting to try to achieve the changes we want to bring about by rasta rokos, revolution and violence. It is unfortunately true that those in authority often tend to ignore reasonable requests for redress but instead surrender to a display of force. Hence, the gains achieved by violence are often illusory and are always accompanied by losses which are more permanent. It is always better to organise the weak and the poor into institutional structures that are viable and strong and to combine their collective power with professional management, and to ensure that such structures will endure. For this, we need professional managers not professional politicians; we need servants of the farmers, not farmer leaders.

I like to think that it is now being realised that co-operatives can serve as powerful instruments of social and economic change if we rescue it from Government and restore it to its membership. Moves are afoot to modernise and democratise the co-operative movement and to find within it an honoured place for professional management. I hope these changes will soon be brought about and the institutional structure that I today discussed with you, will assume strength and meaning. If I have been able to explain to even a few of you what the changes, which are taking place now, mean to be – and if even a few of you are, as a result, influenced to try your hand at serving our country's poor rural producers – if even a few of you take up the opportunities which now beckon you to our countryside – then I shall feel that I have not done such a bad job today.

Glossary

elite(n) (here) intellectuals **Kaira** now Kheda **grappling(v)** struggling **flush season(here)** a period of greatest productivity **have a voice** express an opinion **metaphysical(adj)** overly theoretical **vested interests** selfish interests for personal gain **viable(adj)** feasible, possible **afoot(adj)** in progress

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- In his speech, Kurien proposed to discuss the implications of development in _____
 (a) agriculture (b) computers
 (c) industry (d) science
- Apart from the knowledge of production, farmers need to be skilled at _____ management.
 (a) professional (b) financial
 (c) administrative (d) marketing
- The decision for the new dairy development policy was taken by _____.
 (a) the Chief Minister (b) the Governor
 (c) the President (d) the Prime minister
- Operation Flood refers to the production of _____.
 (a) water (b) honey
 (c) milk (d) petrol

5. Gains achieved by violence are often _____.
- (a) eternal (b) feasible
(c) illusory (d) permanent

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. How is convocation a beginning and not an end?
2. What challenges would the graduates have to face in future?
3. How can the farmers share the profit of production?
4. Mention the ways in which prices are controlled in Operation Flood.
5. What opposition did the White Revolution face and how was it controlled?
6. Write in your own words the message Kurien wished to convey to the graduates.

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Importance of Co-operatives
2. Operation Flood

Activity III

A. Use the following pairs of words in sentences to indicate the difference in their meaning.

- | | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| convocation congregation | humane human | mess mass |
| judicial judicious | felicitate facilitate | luxuriant luxurious |
| co-operate corporate | industrial industrious | persecute prosecute |

B. Read the words given below. Give their antonyms. Use each word and its antonym in a single sentence.

- moderate democratic violence co-operative professional

Activity IV

Read the following sentences from the lesson.

1. To them a convocation is an end, but also, more importantly, a beginning. It is, therefore, a time when anticipation of the future is more important than reflections on the past.
2. Those of you who receive degrees today have completed what is but the first – and with due respect to your University and faculty – perhaps the least important part of your education.
3. It was just at the dawn of our Independence that I found myself – much against my will I might say – posted as a Research Scientist...
4. As you know, they were proved right. But, it was not without a struggle...

Did you notice the effect of underlined parts in the sentences? They, in a way, indicate what has already been written/said and what is to be written/said. They link the ideas. They help us know the intention of the writer/speaker. There are many such linking words used in writing and speech.

Now read the following examples.

- ☞ *Sir, I have finished working on that report and I guess I have done a good job. So when are you going to give me a raise in the salary?*
- ☞ *She didn't win the contest; however, she managed to deliver a satisfactory performance.*
- ☞ *It was a laborious task; nevertheless we didn't give up.*
- ☞ *Sahara desert is very dangerous for travellers. Yet I want to explore it someday.*

Read the following sentences and fill in the gaps using still, nevertheless, however, but or yet.

1. I am a vegetarian. _____, I sometimes eat fish.
2. Tamanna said her English is terrible. _____, she got a perfect score on her English test.
3. Anil is afraid of speaking English in public. _____, he won the elocution competition last week.
4. The cyclone destroyed the entire village. _____, no one was killed.
5. Jigisha said her father is rich. _____, she should earn and take responsibility.

Activity V

Have you ever got a chance to hear a motivational speaker who influenced you? What action have you planned to do after getting influenced by the speech? **Discuss with your partner.**

Activity VI

- A. **On the occasion of Independence day, prepare a speech to be given in the morning assembly on the topic – Patriotism and the Youth.**
- B. **Who has been the most influential person in your life and why? Write a paragraph.**

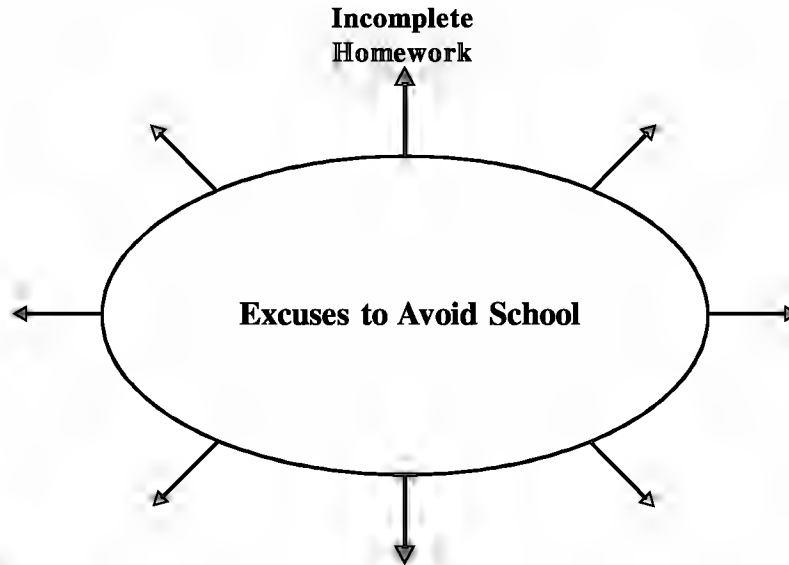


UNIT 5

Activity I

After summer vacation many students are reluctant to go back to the school routine.

Have you ever experienced this? What are the possible excuses you can think of? Discuss with your partner and complete this web.



Introduction

R.K.Narayan (1906-2001), full name **Rasipuram Krishnaswami Narayanaswami**, was an Indian writer, best known for his works set in the fictional South Indian town of Malgudi. He is one of the three leading figures of early Indian literature in English (alongside Mulk Raj Anand and Raja Rao).

His works include the semi-autobiographical trilogy of *Swami and Friends*, *The Bachelor of Arts* and *The English Teacher*. Narayan's works also include *The Financial Expert*, hailed as one of the most original works of 1951, and Sahitya Akademi Award winner *The Guide*, which was adapted for a film and for Broadway.

In a writing career that spanned over sixty years, Narayan received many awards and honours including Padma Vibhushan.

Father's Help is a humorous short story of the protagonist Swaminathan's misadventure. Times have changed and today we no longer believe in the dictum (saying) "spare the rod and spoil the child." Read on to find out whether missing school is always fun.

Father's Help

Lying in bed, Swami realized with a shudder that it was Monday morning. It looked as though only a moment ago it had been the last period on Friday, already Monday was there. He hoped that an earthquake would reduce the school building to dust, but that good building – Albert Mission School – had withstood similar prayers for over a hundred years now. At nine o'clock Swaminathan wailed : "I have a headache." His mother said: "Why don't you go to school in *jutka*?"

"So that I may be completely dead at the other end? Have you any idea what it means to be jolted in *jutka*?"

"Have you many important lessons today?"

“Important ! Bah ! That geography teacher has been teaching the same lesson for over a year now. And we have arithmetic, which means for a whole period we are going to be beaten by the teacher... Important lesson!”

And mother generously suggested that Swami might stay at home.

At nine-thirty, when he ought to have been shouting in the school prayer hall, Swami was lying on the bench in mother’s room. Father asked him : “Have you no school today?”

“Headache,” Swami implied.

“Nonsense ! Dress up and go.”

“Headache.”

“Loaf about less on Sundays and you will be without a headache on Monday.”

Swami knew how stubborn his father could be, and changed his tactics.

“I can’t go so late to the class.”

“I agree, but you’ll have to; it is your own fault. You should have asked me before deciding to stay away.”—

“What will the teacher think if I go so late?”

“Tell him you had a headache and so are late.”

“He will beat me if I say so.”

“Will he? Let us see, What is his name?”

“Samuel.”

“Does he beat the boys?”

“He is very violent, especially with boys who go late. Some days ago a boy was made to stay on his knees for a whole period in a corner of the class because he came late, and that after getting six cuts from the cane and having his ears twisted. I wouldn’t like to go late to Samuel’s class.”

“If he is so violent, why not tell your headmaster about it?”

“They say that even the headmaster is afraid of him. He is such a violent man.”

And then Swami gave a lurid account of Samuel’s violence; how when he started caning he would not stop till he saw blood on the boy’s hand which he made the boy press to his forehead like a vermilion marking. Swami hoped that with this his father would be made to see that he couldn’t go to his class late. But father’s behaviour took an unexpected. turn. He became excited.

“What do they mean by beating our children? They must be driven out of service. I will see...” the result was he proposed to send Swami late to his class as a kind of challenge. He was also going to send a letter with Swami to the headmaster. No amount of protest from Swami was of any avail. Swami had to go to school.

By the time he was ready father had composed a long letter to the headmaster, put it in an envelope, and sealed it.

“What have you written, father?” Swaminathan asked apprehensively.

“Nothing for you. Give it to your headmaster and go to your class.”

“Have you written anything about our teacher Samuel?”

“Plenty of things about him. When your headmaster reads it he will probably dismiss Samuel from the school and hand him over to the police.”

“What has he done, father?”

“Well there is a full account of everything he has done in the letter. Give it to your headmaster and go to your class. You must bring an acknowledgement from him in the evening.”

Swami went to school, feeling that he was the worst perjurer on earth. His conscience bothered him. He wasn't at all sure if he had been accurate in his description of Samuel. He could not decide how much of what he had said was imagined and how much of it real. He stopped for a moment on the roadside to make up his mind about Samuel. He was not such a bad man after all. Personally he was much more genial than the rest; often he cracked a joke or two centering around Swami's inactions, and Swami took it as a mark of Samuel's personal regard for him. But there was no doubt that he treated people badly. His cane skinned people's hands. Swami cast his mind about for an instance of this. There was none within his knowledge. Years and years ago he was reputed to have skinned the knuckles of a boy in First Standard and made him smear the blood on his face. No one had seen it actually. But year after year the story persisted among the boys. Swami's head was dizzy with confusion, in regard to Samuel's character – whether he was good or bad, whether he deserved the allegations in the letter or not. Swami felt an impulse to run home and beg his father to take back the letter. But father was an obstinate man.

As he approached the yellow building he realized that he was perjuring himself and was ruining his teacher. Probably the headmaster would dismiss Samuel and then the police would chain him and put him in jail. For all this disgrace, humiliation, and suffering who would be responsible? Swami shuddered. The more he thought of Samuel, the more he grieved for him – the dark face, his small red-streaked eyes, his thin line of moustache, his unshaven cheek and chin, his yellow coat” everything filled Swami with sorrow. As he felt the bulge of the letter in his pocket, he felt like an executioner. For a moment he was angry with his father, and wondered why he should not fling into the gutter the letter of a man so unreasonable and stubborn.

As he entered the school gate an idea occurred to him, a sort of solution. He wouldn't deliver the letter to the headmaster immediately, but at the end of the day – to the extent he would disobey his father and exercise his independence. There was nothing wrong in it, and father would not know it anyway. If the letter were given at the end of the day there was a chance that Samuel might do something to justify the letter. Swami stood at the entrance to his class. Samuel was teaching arithmetic. He looked at Swami for a moment. Swami stood hoping that Samuel would fall on him and tear his skin off. But Samuel merely asked: “Are you just coming to the class?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You are half an hour late,”

“I know it.” Swami hoped that he would be attacked now. He almost prayed: “God of Tirupathi, please make Samuel beat me.”

“Why are you late?”

Swami wanted to reply: “Just to see what you can do.” But he merely said: “I have a headache, sir.”

“Then why did you come to the school at all?”

A most unexpected question from Samuel, “My father said that I shouldn't miss the class, sir,” said Swami.

This seemed to impress Samuel. “Your father is quite right: a very sensible man. We want more parents like him.”

“Oh, you poor worm!” Swami thought. “You don't know what my father has done for you.” He was more puzzled than ever about Samuel's character.

“All right, go to your seat. Have you still a headache?”

“Slightly, sir.”

Swami went to his seat with a bleeding heart. He had never met a man so good as Samuel. The teacher was inspecting the home lessons, which usually produced (at least, according to Swami’s impression) scenes of great violence. Notebooks would be flung at faces, boys would be abused, caned, and made to stand up on benches. But today Samuel appeared to have developed more tolerance and gentleness. He pushed away the bad books, just touched people with the cane, never made anyone stand up for more than a few minutes. Swami’s turn came. He almost thanked God for the chance.

“Swaminathan, where is your homework?”

“I have not done any homework, sir,” he said blandly.

There was a pause.

“Why-headache?” asked Samuel.

“Yes, sir.”

“All right, sit down,” Swami sat down, wondering what had come over Samuel. The period came to an end, and Swami felt desolate. The last period for the day was again taken by Samuel.

He came this time to teach them Indian history. The period began at 3:45 and ended at 4:30. Swaminathan had sat through the previous periods thinking acutely. He could not devise any means of provoking Samuel. When the clock struck four Swami felt desperate. Half an hour more. Samuel was reading from the text, the portion describing Vasco da Gama’s arrival in India. The boys listened in half languor. Swami suddenly asked at the top of his voice: “Why did not Columbus come to India, sir?”

“He lost his way.”

“I can’t believe it; it is unbelievable, sir.”

“Why?”

“Such a great, man. Would he have not known the way?”

“Don’t shout. I can hear you quite well.”

“I am not shouting sir; this is my ordinary voice, which God has given me. How can I help it?”

“Shut up and sit down.”

Swaminathan sat down, feeling slightly happy at his success.

The teacher threw a puzzled, suspicious glance at him and resumed his lessons.

His next chance occurred when Sankar of the first bench got up and asked: “Sir, was Vasco da Gama the very first person to come to India?”

Before the teacher could answer, Swami shouted from the back bench: “That’s what they say.”

The teacher and all the boys looked at Swami. The teacher was puzzled by Swami’s obtrusive behaviour today.

“Swaminathan, you are shouting again.”

“I am not shouting, Sir. How can I help my voice, given by God?” The school clock struck a quarter-hour. A quarter more. Swami felt he must do something drastic in fifteen minutes.

Samuel had no doubt scowled at him and snubbed him, but it was hardly adequate.

Swami felt that with a little more effort Samuel could be made to deserve dismissal and imprisonment.

The teacher came to the end of a section in the textbook and stopped. He proposed to spend the remaining few minutes putting questions to the boys. He ordered the whole class to put away books, and asked someone in the second row: "What is the date of Vasco da Gama's arrival in India?"

Swaminathan shot up and screeched : "Sixteen-forty, December twentieth."

"You needn't shout" said the teacher. He asked : "Has your headache made you mad?"

"I have no headache now, sir," replied the thunderer brightly. "Sit down, you idiot."

Swami was thrilled at being called an idiot "If you get up again I will cane you," said the teacher. Swami sat down, feeling happy at the promise. The teacher then asked : "I am going to put a few questions on the Mughal period. Among the Mughal emperors, whom would you call the greatest, whom the strongest, and whom the most religious emperor?"

Swami got up. As soon as he was seen, the teacher said emphatically; "Sit down."

"I want to answer, sir."

"Sit down."

"No, sir; I want to answer."

"What did I say I'd do if you got up again?"

"You said you would cane me and peel the skin off my knuckles and make me press it on my forehead."

"All right; come here."

Swaminathan left his seat joyfully and hopped on the platform. The teacher took out his cane from the drawer and shouted angrily : "Open your hand, you little devil." He whacked three wholesome cuts on each palm. Swami received them without blenching. After half a dozen the teacher asked : "Will these do, or do you want some more?"

Swami merely held out his hand again, and received two more; and the bell rang.

Swami jumped down from the platform with a light heart, though his hands were smarting. He picked up his books, took out the letter lying in his pocket, and ran to the headmaster's room. He found the room locked. He asked the peon:

"Where is the headmaster?"

"Why do you want him?"

"My father has sent a letter for him."

"He has taken the afternoon off, and won't come for a week."

You can give the letter to the assistant headmaster. He will be here now."

"Who is he?"

"Your teacher, Samuel. He will be here in a second."

Swaminathan fled from the place. As soon as Swami went home with the letter, father remarked : "I knew you wouldn't deliver it, you coward."

"I swear our headmaster is on leave," Swaminathan began.

Father replied: "Don't lie in addition to being a coward..."

Swami held up the envelope and said : "I will give this to the headmaster as soon as he is back..." Father snatched it from his hand, tore it up, and thrust it into the wastepaper basket under his table. He muttered. "Don't come to me for help even if" "Samuel throttles you. You deserve your Samuel..."

Glossary

Jutka(n) a two wheeled horse drawn carriage **loaf**(v) wander **lurid**(adj) horrifying **perjurer**(n) liar **languor**(n) lack of vigour **obtrusive**(adj) noticeable **scowled**(v) frowned **thunderer**(n) noise-maker **blenching**(v) turning pale **smarting**(v) hurting **throttles**(v) strangulates

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Which subject was the most difficult for Swami?
 - Geography
 - Hindi
 - Maths
 - Science
- Father wanted to send his son to school as a _____ .
 - challenge
 - order
 - punishment
 - request
- Swami hurt his father by _____
 - his letter
 - opening his letter
 - not delivering the letter
 - tearing the letter
- As he felt the bulge of the letter in Swami's pocket, he felt like _____ .
 - a messenger
 - a terminator
 - an executioner
 - an instigator
- He is very violent. (Choose the Correct Exclamatory Sentence).
 - How violent he is!
 - What violent he is!
 - How violent is he!
 - What violent is he!

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

- Why was Swami reluctant to go to school?
- How did Swami try to mislead his father?
- Give instances to prove that Swami's father was an angry man.
- What effect did the letter have on Swami?
- What was Swami's state of mind before entering the school?
- How did Swami instigate his teacher to punish him?
- What was the approach of Samuel towards Swami initially and later on that day?

C. Write in detail on :

- Swaminathan
- Ending of the Story

Activity III

A. Replace the following words used in the lesson with similar words without changing the original meaning.

loaf about stubborn acknowledgement perjury genial impulse blandly screeched

B. Re-read the following sentences from the story.

1. "If you get up again I'll cane you."
2. The teacher took out his cane from the drawer and shouted angrily..

In the first sentence "cane" is used as a verb whereas in the second it is used as a noun.

Use each of the following words in sentences of your own both as a verb and as a noun.

answer benefit delay plan ride skin surprise wonder

C. In the lesson we find the following sentences.

1. Swami went to his seat with a bleeding heart.
2. Swami jumped down from the platform with a light heart.

What do the expressions "bleeding heart" and "light heart" mean? Find out similar expressions containing the word "heart" and write down their meanings.

Activity IV

Read the following sentences from the lesson carefully.

1. He hoped that an earthquake would reduce the school building to dust.
2. I wouldn't like to go late to Samuel's class.
3. Swami hoped that with this his father would be made to see that he couldn't go to his class late.
4. Probably the headmaster would dismiss Samuel and then the police would chain him and put him in jail.
5. For all this disgrace, humiliation, and suffering who would be responsible?
6. He wouldn't deliver the letter to the headmaster immediately, but at the end of the day.

'Would' is used to express desire, possibility, opinion or prediction. Write ten sentences using the word 'would' to convey various meanings.

Activity V

You just read about Swami's teacher. Are your teachers different from the teachers of those days?

Discuss with your partner.

Activity VI

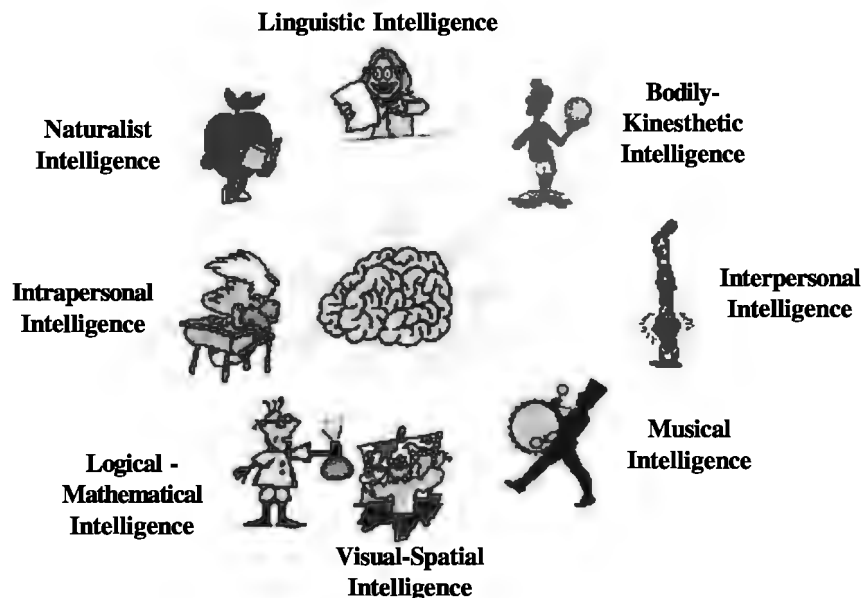
- A. **Expand the idea-** "Procrastination is the thief of time"
- B. **Make an entry in your diary about the day you had set aside your fear to help yourself or another person.**



UNIT 6

Activity I

Psychologist Howard Gardner proposed eight types of intelligence.



Think of one student from the class for each category. Why do you think so? Justify in a few sentences to the class.

Introduction

Isaac Asimov (1920-1992) was a Russian-born American quintessential author and professor of biochemistry at Boston University, best known for his works of science fiction and for his popular science books. Asimov was a prolific writer and wrote or edited more than 500 books and an estimated 90,000 letters and postcards.

This essay contradicts the common concept that those who score higher marks in intelligence tests are more intelligent. Read on to find out how intelligence can be redefined.

What is Intelligence?

What is intelligence anyway? When I was in the army I received a kind of aptitude test that all soldiers took and, against a normal of 100, scored 160. No one at the base had ever seen a figure like that, and for two hours they made a big fuss over me. (It didn't mean anything. The next day I was still a Buck Private with KP as my highest duty.)

All my life I've been registering scores like that, so that I have the complacent feeling that I'm highly intelligent, and I expect other people to think so, too. Actually, though, don't such scores simply mean that I am very good at answering the type of academic questions that are considered worthy of answers by the people who make up the intelligence tests – people with intellectual bent similar to mine?

For instance, I had an auto-repair man once, who, on these intelligence tests, could not possibly have scored more than 80, by my estimate. I always took it for granted that I was far more intelligent

than he was. Yet, when anything went wrong with my car I hastened to him with it, watched him anxiously as he explored its vitals, and listened to his pronouncements as though they were divine oracles – and he always fixed my car.

Well, then, suppose my auto-repair man devised questions for an intelligence test. Or suppose a carpenter did, or a farmer, or, indeed, almost anyone but an academician. By every one of those tests, I'd prove myself a moron. And I'd be a moron, too. In a world where I could not use my academic training and my verbal talents but had to do something intricate or hard, working with my hands, I would do poorly. My intelligence, then is not absolute but a function of the society I live in and of the fact that a small subsection of that society has managed to foist itself on the rest as an arbiter of such matters.

Consider my auto-repair man, again. He had a habit of telling me jokes whenever he saw me. One time he raised his head from under the automobile hood to say: "Doc, a deaf-and-dumb guy went into a hardware store to ask for some nails. He put two fingers together on the counter and made hammering motions with the other hand. The clerk brought him a hammer. He shook his head and pointed to the two fingers he was hammering. The clerk brought him nails. He picked out the sizes he wanted, and left. Well Doc, the next guy who came in was a blind man. He wanted scissors. How do you suppose he asked for them?"

Indulgently, I lifted my right hand and made scissoring motions with my first two fingers. Whereupon my auto-repair man laughed raucously and said, "Why, you dumb jerk, he used his voice and asked for them". Then he said, smugly, "I've been trying that on all my customers today." "Did you catch many?" I asked. "Quite a few", he said, "but I knew for sure I'd catch you". "Why is that?" I asked. "Because you're so educated, Doc, I knew you couldn't be very smart".

And I have an uneasy feeling he had something there.

Glossary

KP(n) kitchen patrol **complacent(adj)** smug, self-satisfied, not looking to improve **moron(n)** idiot **foist(v)** impose **arbiter(n)** judge, umpire **indulgently(adv)** (here) mildly **raucously(adv)** harshly **jerk(n)** dull, stupid person

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Isaac Asimov was recruited in the _____.
 (a) Air Force (b) Army
 (c) Navy (d) Police
- The author took the _____.
 (a) annual test (b) aptitude test
 (c) intelligence test (d) internal test

3. The author always rushed to the auto repairer when anything went wrong with his car because _____.
 - (a) the author could not fix it himself in spite of his high intelligence.
 - (b) the auto repairer was more intelligent than the author
 - (c) the auto repairer was not intelligent
 - (d) no other auto repairer could fix his car
4. The author realizes that he would prove himself to be a moron if the intelligence test is _____.
 - (a) not prepared by academicians
 - (b) not prepared by the auto repairer
 - (c) prepared by the auto repairer
 - (d) prepared by the carpenter
5. At the end of the lesson the author realized that _____.
 - (a) he is not intelligent
 - (b) intelligence is not all about scores
 - (c) intelligence means to be able to repair a car
 - (d) the auto repairer is more intelligent than him

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Why did the author think of himself as the most intelligent person?
2. What effect did the aptitude test have on the author's schedule?
3. Give instances to prove that each professional is intelligent in his own way.
4. "I'd proved to be a moron". Explain.
5. How did the auto repair man outwit the author?

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Auto Repairman
2. Intelligence

Activity III

A. Find the meanings of the given words and use them in sentences of your own.

absolute anxious estimate intricate register verbal

B. Choose the correct option.

1. He the entrance exam and cleared it in the first attempt. (took/gave)
2. While I was trying to slow down the pace of work he was trying to it. (hasten/fasten)
3. We did not see you your head so we assumed that you would not accompany us. (shake/nod)
4. The medicine was to be administered (orally/verbally)
5. The that the country was at war shocked everyone. (pronouncement/announcement)

Activity IV**A. The author of the lesson shares an incident that happened in the past with the auto repairman. Read that carefully. Here is one such story. Complete it using appropriate forms of the words given in the brackets.**

This _____ about ten years ago. (happen) I _____ (ride) my bicycle in the countryside. It was a beautiful morning, the sun _____ (shine) and the birds _____ (sing). I rode through a pretty little village and I _____ (daydream) happily when I _____ (hear) a noise behind me. It was a click-click-click noise and at first I _____ (think) something was caught in the wheel of my bicycle. So I _____ (look) down but the wheel was fine. The noise started to get louder and I looked behind me. To my alarm, I saw that a _____ (adjective : very big) dog _____ (chase) me. It was the _____ (adjective : superlative) dog I had ever seen. It looked more like a donkey than a dog !

Dogs usually bark when they _____ (chase) vehicles. But this one _____ (not/bark) and this _____ (worry) me even more. I pedalled as hard as I could and the bike began to go faster but still the dog was chasing me. I looked round again. I _____ (can/see) him clearly. He had a big red tongue which _____ (hang) out of one side of his mouth and a row of gleaming white teeth ! Then there _____ (be) a loud bang, the bicycle jumped up and down and I nearly _____ (fall) off as I went over a cattle-grid at high speed. But fortunately, the grid seemed to stop the dog because the next time I looked round he was gone. A little further up the road I stopped my bicycle and had a drink of water. My heart _____ (still/beat) like a steam engine.

B. Do you recall any such event from your past/childhood? Write it down in your notebook and share it with the class.

Activity V

Have you ever heard of Aptitude tests? What exactly does it test? Do you think a good scorer, in an Aptitude test, is always more intelligent than others?

Activity VI

A. Use specific examples to examine the following subject:

“Real Learning Doesn’t Occur only in a Classroom.”

B. Write an article for the school magazine on True Wisdom Comes From Experience.



Solve the following Riddle

THE MOST PRECIOUS COMMODITY

What is the most precious commodity?
That which when needed seemingly is never enough,
Yet otherwise can be boringly plentiful.
While waking is oft dreamt of,
Whilst pining can scarcely be thought of.
For beings, is allotted in finite but indefinite quantity.
The more that's given, the more is wasted.
Freedom is akin though this is something more simple,
Not related to virtue or sin.
Unless perhaps, without freedom, or its limit.
What is it?

Answer of Riddle on Pg. 4

SWIMS

If you turn the word upside down it's the same word (the W and M flip to resemble themselves). A shark swims to attack, but it's not bad. Sharks are just trying to eat. I'd still recommend you swim away if you see one swimming toward you.

UNIT 7

Activity I

- A. Many a time when it so happens that the work that needs to be done seems to have many impediments, then people may take a recourse to an easier way out by asking favours from their acquaintances, friends or relatives. In the process the deserving are deprived of what they rightly deserve while the undeserving get the benefit only because of their ability to wield their influence. Is this proper? Should merit lose to influence? Give your opinion to the class.
- B. Letters decrease distance not only between destinations but also people. Letters have come a long way since the hand written sheets of paper to the present text message, voice message, e-mail and other social media. Enjoy reading the following letters.

Introduction

Vallabhbhai Jhaverbhai Patel (1875-1950), iron man of India, is renowned mainly for his Herculean task of bringing together the erstwhile princely states of India to form the Republic of India.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869-1948), fondly called “Bapu” and the Father of the Nation, led India to independence with the tools of Truth and Non-violence, and inspired movements for civil rights and freedom across the world.

Both were men of words and highly appreciated for their oratorical skills. Their command over languages, including English, is exemplified in their writings too.

Letters

New Delhi,
22nd August, 1950

To,
The Hon'ble Shri Ajit Prasad Jain,
Minister of State for Rehabilitation,
Government of India,
New Delhi
My dear Ajit Prasad,

I learnt only this morning that, in regard to certain matters concerning his interest in the Electric Supply Company at Karachi, Dahyabhai has been approaching you or/and your Ministry with some proposals for exchange of property or shares, etc. While Dahyabhai's personal and business interests are his own affair and I have nothing to do with them – nor do I take any interest in them – it is impossible for me to prevent him from safeguarding or promoting those interests. All that I am interested in is to ensure that no consideration is extended to him because he happens to be my son. I would, therefore, like you to see that no such consideration is extended to him and if you or/and your

Ministry have to deal with any of his requests or representations, it must be purely from the impersonal point of view and strictly on merits, – it being clearly understood that I have nothing to do with them.

Yours sincerely,
Vallabhbhai Patel

To Vinoba Bhave

Sabarmati,
February 10, 1918

I do not know in what terms to praise you. Your love and your character fascinate me and so also your self-examination. I am not fit to measure your worth. I accept your own estimate and assume the position of a father to you. You seem almost to have met a long-felt wish of mine. In my view a father is, in fact, a father only when he has a son who surpasses him in virtue. A real son, likewise, is one who improves on what the father has done; if the father is truthful, firm of mind and compassionate, the son will be all this in a greater measure. This is what you have made yourself. I don't see that you owe your achievement to any effort of mine. Hence, I accept the role you offer to me as a gift of love. I shall strive to be worthy of it; and, if ever I become another Hiranyakashipu, oppose me respectfully as Prahlad, who loved God, disobeyed him. It is true as you say that, though outside the Ashram, you have scrupulously observed its rules. I never doubted that you would return. Besides, I had your written messages, read out by Mama. May God grant you long life, and use you for the uplift of India. I don't see any need for changes in your diet just yet. Do not give up milk for the present. On the contrary, increase the quantity, if necessary.

About the railways, no Satyagraha is required.

What is wanted is intelligent workers to carry on propaganda. In the issue in Kheda District, Satyagraha may possibly have to be offered. I am something of a tramp these days. In a day or two, I shall have to leave for Delhi.

More when you arrive. Everyone is looking forward to seeing you.

Blessings from,

BAPU

Glossary

Dahyabhai(n) Sardar's son Shri Dahyabhai Vallabhbhai Patel **proposals**(n) (here) plan of action **affair**(n) (here) concern **safeguarding**(v) protecting **consideration**(n) treatment

Vinoba Bhave(n) founder of Bhoodaan Movement **fascinate**(v) charm **surpasses**(v) is better than **Hiranyakashipu**(n) a mythological character who considered himself superior to God **scrupulously**(adv) painstakingly **tramp**(n) (here) wanderer

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. Sardar Patel wanted Ajit Prasad to adopt a point of view that was _____.
(a) formal (b) impersonal
(c) informal (d) personal

2. Bapu's letter was written _____
 - (a) after the Constitution came into effect
 - (b) before Independence
 - (c) on Independence Day
 - (d) in the year of Independence
3. Dahyabhai had interest in the _____.
 - (a) Electric Supply Company
 - (b) Medical Company
 - (c) Steel Company
 - (d) Textile Company
4. Dahyabhai's proposal was for exchange of _____.
 - (a) currency
 - (b) goods
 - (c) property
 - (d) vehicles
5. As Gandhi frequently travelled to many places, he called himself a _____.
 - (a) pilgrim
 - (b) tourist
 - (c) tramp
 - (d) vagabond

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What business did Dahyabhai have with Ajit Prasad ?
2. What approach does sardar suggest to Ajit Prasad while dealing with his family members ?
3. Give an account of Gandhi's appreciation for Vinoba Bhave.
4. Mention Gandhi's suggestions to Vinoba Bhave related to his diet.

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Values of Sardar Patel
2. The Bond between Gandhi and Bhave

Activity III

Fill in consonants to complete the meaning of the following words :

Epistle	_ e _ _ e _
favouring relative	_ e _ o _ i _ _
salutation	_ _ e e _ i _ _
instruction	o _ _ e _
probity	_ o _ e _ _ _
safeguard	_ _ o _ e _ _

Activity IV

Punctuation is used to create sense, clarity and stress in sentences. You use punctuation marks to structure and organize your writing.

A. Now let's see if punctuating makes a difference! Discuss the similarity and differences in the letters given below.

Letter 1

Dear Mother-in-Law,

It was a shame you had stay here. For such a short time, I thought I might have coped, but it was unbearable. Seeing you leave, the relief was immense. When I heard we might see you again soon, I wanted to end it all. By saying goodbye now, I hope I will not have to say it to you again for a long time. If you have the opportunity to spend Christmas elsewhere next year, please do.

Not much love

Matthew

Letter 2

Dear Mother-in-Law,

It was a shame you had to stay here for such a short time. I thought I might have coped, but it was unbearable seeing you leave. The relief was immense when I heard we might see you again soon. I wanted to end it all by saying goodbye now. I hope I will not have to say it to you again for a long time. If you have the opportunity to spend Christmas elsewhere next year, please do not.

Much love

Matthew

B. Select the correctly punctuated sentence. This exercise will test your understanding of all kinds of different punctuation marks, particularly commas, colons, semi-colons and apostrophes.

1. (a) India is a beautiful country; the beach's are warm, sandy and spotlessly clean.
(b) India is a beautiful country: the beaches are warm, sandy and spotlessly clean.
(c) India is a beautiful country, the beaches are warm, sandy and spotlessly clean.
(d) India is a beautiful country; the beaches are warm, sandy and spotlessly clean.
2. (a) The children's books were all left in the following places: Mrs. Smith's room, Mr. Powell's office and the caretaker's cupboard.
(b) The children's books were all left in the following places; Mrs. Smith's room, Mr. Powell's office and the caretaker's cupboard.
(c) The children's books were all left in the following places: Mrs. Smiths room, Mr. Powell's office and the caretakers cupboard.
(d) The children's books were all left in the following places, Mrs. Smith's room, Mr. Powell's office and the caretaker's cupboard.
3. (a) She always enjoyed sweets, chocolates, fruits and toffee apples.
(b) She always enjoyed: sweets, chocolates, fruits and toffee apples.
(c) She always enjoyed sweets chocolates fruits and toffee apples.
(d) She always enjoyed sweet's, chocolates, fruit's and toffee apple's.

4. (a) Honey's uncle's car was found without its wheels in that old warehouse.
(b) Honey's uncle's car was found without its wheels in that old, warehouse.
(c) Honeys uncles car was found without its wheels in that old, warehouse.
(d) Honey's uncle's car was found without it's wheels in that old, warehouse.
5. (a) I can't see Chinmay's car, there must have been an accident.
(b) I cant see Chinmay's car; there must have been an accident.
(c) I can't see Chinmay's car there must have been an accident.
(d) I can't see Chinmay's car; there must have been an accident.

Activity V

Imagine you are Bapu and your partner is Vinoba Bhave. **Now prepare a dialogue based on Letter II and present it before the class. You may begin:**

Bapu-Welcome dear!

Vinoba-Happy to see you Bapu.

Activity VI

- A. 'The Lost Art of Letter Writing Deserves to be Revived' do you agree or disagree with this statement ? Why ? **Write a praragraph on it.**
- B. Some of the standard letter writing formats are Full Block Letter, Indented Letter and Memorandum Letter. Given below are the examples of Full Block Letter and Indented Letter.

Full block format

123, Ajay Apartments

Navrangpura

Ahmedabad-380009

July 21, 2016

Mr. Roger Mathew

Widgets Enterprise

Ashram Road

Ahmedabad-380013

Dear Mr. Mathew

Sub : Request for job application

I am writing to ask for a job application for the role advertised on your website.

Please find my address details above.

Thank you.

Yours faithfully

Iqbal Qureshi

Indented letter

Digitcom Corporation,
ST workshop Road,
Mahesana-380002
13th June, 2016

The Manager,
Hardwire Telecommunications,
Ghod Road,
Surat-395007

Dear Sir,

Ref : Report on Telecommunications Upgrade

Enclosed is a report on the upgrade that we carried out on TI Hardwire Telecommunications system.

We would like you to revise the amount of the funds that you allocated us for the project. This is because, as shown in the report, there were more components that needed to be upgraded than initially estimated.

For further information, or queries, call me on this number : 094332211.

Yours faithfully,
Ankur Shah
Chief Engineer

Encl : Report

(Note : Notice the difference in the punctutation marks used in both the formats.)

Refer to the examples given above and **write a leave note to the Principal of your school in Block Letter and Indented Letter format.**

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UNIT 8

Activity I

You might have moved from one division/school to another. This might have separated you from your friends. Narrate to the class your feelings about it.

Introduction

Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961) was an American author and journalist. He enrolled as an ambulance driver in the World War I and later as a correspondent in the World War II. His novels are known for their optimism. He received the Nobel Prize for literature in 1954.

The Old Man at the Bridge portrays the forced displacement of refugees on account of a civil war in Spain during 1936-39. The Spanish Fascists were trying to uproot the Leftist government. The story unfolds the irony in which a feeble old man has to part with all his pets because of artillery that is supposedly procured primarily to safeguard the citizens.

Old Man at the Bridge

An old man with steel-rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road. There was a pontoon bridge across the river and carts, trucks and men, women and children were crossing it. The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping to push against the spokes of the wheels. The trucks ground up and away heading out of it all. The peasants plodded along in the ankle-deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any farther.

It was my business to cross the bridge, explore the bridgehead beyond and find out to what point the enemy had advanced. I did this and returned over the bridge. There were not so many carts now and very few people on foot, but the oldman was still there.

“Where do you come from?” I asked him.

“From San Carlos,” he said, and smiled.

That was his native town and so it gave him pleasure to mention it and he smiled.

“I was taking care of animals,” he explained.

“Oh.” I said, not quite understanding.

“Yes,” he said, “I stayed, you see, taking care of animals. I was the last one to leave the town of San Carlos.”

He did not look like a shepherd nor a herdsman and I looked at his black dusty clothes and his grey dusty face and his steel-rimmed spectacles and said, “What animals were they?”

“Various animals,” he said, and shook his head. “I had to leave them.”

I was watching the bridge and the African-looking country of the Ebro Delta and wondering how long now it would be before we would see the enemy, and listening all the while for the first noises that would signal that ever mysterious event called contact, and the old man still sat there.

“What animals were they?” I asked.

“There were two goats and a cat and then there were four pairs of pigeons.”

“And you had to leave them?” I asked.

“Yes. Because of the artillery. The captain told me to go because of the artillery.”

“And you have no family?” I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.

“No,” he said, “only the animals I stated. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think what will become of the others.”

“What politics have you?” I asked.

“I am without politics,” he said. “I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometres now and I think now I can go no farther.”

“This is not a good place to stop,” I said, “If you can make it, there are trucks up the road where it forks for Tortosa.”

“I will wait a while,” he said, “and then I will go. Where do the trucks go?”

“Towards Barcelona,” I told him.

“I know of no one in that direction,” he said, “but thank you very much. Thank you again very much.”

He looked at me very blankly and tiredly, then said, having to share his worry with someone, “The cat will be all right. I am sure. There is no need to be unquiet about the cat. But the others. Now what do you think about the others?”

“Why, they’ll probably come through it all right.”

“You think so?”

“Why not?” I said, watching the far bank where now there were no carts.

“But what will they do under the artillery when I was told to leave because of the artillery?”

“Did you leave the dove cage unlocked?” I asked.

“Yes.”

Then they’ll fly.”

“Yes, certainly they’ll fly. But the others. It’s better not to think about the others,” he said.

“If you are rested I would go” I urged. “Get up and try to walk now.”

“Thank you,” he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust.

“I was only taking care of animals,” he said dully, but no longer to me. “I was only taking care of animals.”

There was nothing to do about him. It was Easter Sunday and the Fascists were advancing towards the Ebro. It was a grey overcast day with a low ceiling so their planes were not up. That and the fact that cats know now to look after themselves was all the good luck that old man would ever have.

Glossary

pontoon(n) temporary bridge **stagger**(v) move unsteadily **plod**(v) walk slowly with difficulty **Ebro**(n) name of a river in Spain **politics**(n) (here) occupation **unquiet**(adj) (here) worried **fascists**(n) members of political group advocating authoritarianism

Activity II

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. The _____ helped the people riding mule drawn carts to cross the bridge.
(a) enemies (b) herdsman
(c) old man (d) soldiers
2. The mention of _____ pleased the old man.
(a) Barcelona (b) Ebro Delta
(c) San Carlos (d) Tortosa
3. The old man shared his _____ with the soldier.
(a) anguish (b) joy
(c) sorrow (d) worry
4. The old man is a symbol of the _____.
(a) apathy of the civilians (b) cause of war
(c) civilian victims (d) patience of the soldiers
5. The old man leaves the animals because _____.
(a) he loses interest in them (b) of the artillery
(c) the children are taking care of them (d) they all die.

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. How were the people helped to cross the bridge?
2. Why was the old man not worried about the cat?
3. Where were the fascists advancing?
4. What was the old man worried about?
5. Why was the old man not inclined to go where the trucks were going?

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Plight of the Old Man
2. Ending of the Story

Activity III

Fill in the blanks with appropriate idioms/phrases given below.

crossing the bridge bridge the gap burn one's bridges a bridge too far
cross the bridge later water flown under the bridge build bridges

There is no sense in before one comes to it. Many times people fret about imaginative apprehensions. As a result they keep on postponing necessary action postulating that they will By the time they decide to finally act much has already If one does not start to at an appropriate time it may turn out to be like Hence one must be careful not to till the goal is reached.

Activity IV

Read the conversation given below. Amisha calls Jitesh on the phone to ask him out for dinner.

Jitesh : Hello.

Amisha : Hi, Jitesh, it's Amisha.

Jitesh : Hi, Amisha. What's up?

Amisha : Well, I was wondering if you'd like to *go for a bite?* (get something to eat)

Jitesh : Sure. What did you have in mind?

Amisha : I'm *in the mood for* Italian. (feel like)

Jitesh : I *wouldn't mind* Italian. (*could go for*)
I know a really good place downtown.

Amisha : What's the name?

Jitesh : Italiano. They have the *best* pasta in the town.

Amisha : Where's it located?

Jitesh : It's *on Gandhi Street next to the hospital.*

Amisha : Gandhi Street next to the hospital. I think I have never been on that street.

Jitesh : You must have been to Shahid Smarak. Walk straight for about 100 meters and then take first left. You are on Gandhi Street.

Amisha : Alright. I think I will find out now.

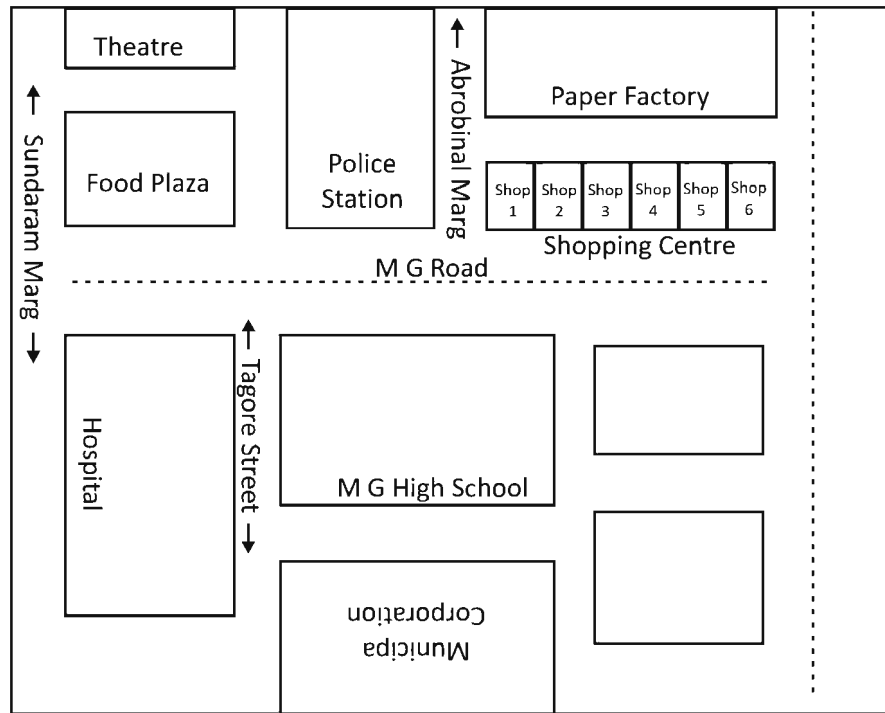
Jitesh : What time do you want to meet?

Amisha : Why don't we meet at 7 o'clock?

Jitesh : See you then at 7 O'Clock.

Work in pairs. Look at the given map. Use different preposition like on, in front of, beside, across, next to, etc and instruct A to his/her destination. You may add destinations to the list. Write a dialogue using the above example and present a role-play in the class.

1. The Theatre to the Municipal Garden
2. Hospital to Stationery, Shop No 3
3. Hardware Shop (No.2) to Food Plaza
4. M G High School to Paper Factory
5. Paper Factory to Insurance Office



Activity V

Weapons are procured in the name of peace. But ultimately they become the means of violence and bloodshed. **Share your view with the class.**

Activity VI

- A. Write an application in response to an advertisement published in a newspaper for a position in a detective agency.**
- B. Write a report for your school magazine on the series of events that took place in your city on World Peace Day.**



UNIT 9

Activity I

Have you ever played treasure hunt? How does one clue lead to another? How was your experience? Describe it to the class.

Introduction

William Somerset Maugham (1874-1965) was a British playwright, novelist and short story writer. He was among the most popular writers of his era and reputedly the highest paid author during the 1930s. During the First World War, he was recruited into the British Secret Intelligence Service. During and after the war, he travelled to India and South-East Asia; all these experiences were reflected in later short stories and novels.

Most love stories ideally end with “And they lived happily ever after.” In most movies you have seen the hero chasing the heroine. Is it always so? What happens when the table turns? Read on...

Mabel

I was at Cagan, in Burma, and from there I took the steamer to Mandalay, but a couple of days before I got there, when the boat tied up for the night at a riverside village, I made up my mind to go ashore. The skipper told me that there was a pleasant little club in which I had only to make myself at home; they were quite used to having strangers drop off like that from the steamer, and the secretary was a very decent chap; I might even get a game of bridge. I had nothing in the world to do, so I got into one of the bullock-carts that were waiting at the landing-stage and was driven to the club. There was a man sitting on the veranda and as I walked up he nodded to me and asked whether I would have a whisky and soda or a gin and bitters. The possibility that I would have nothing at all did not even occur to him. I chose the longer drink and sat down. He was a tall, thin, bronzed man, with a big moustache, and he wore khaki shorts and a khaki shirt. I never knew his name but when we had been chatting a little while another man came in who told me he was the secretary, and he addressed my friend as George.

“Have you heard from your wife yet?” he asked him.

The other’s eyes brightened.

“Yes, I had letters by this mail. She’s having no end of a time.”

“Did she tell you not to fret?”

George gave a little chuckle, but was I mistaken in thinking that there was in it the shadow of a sob?

“In point of fact she did. But that’s easier said than done. Of course I know she wants a holiday, and I’m glad she should have it, but it’s devilish hard on a chap.” He turned to me. “You see, this is the first time I’ve ever been separated from my missus, and I’m like a lost dog without her.”

“How long have you been married?”

“Five minutes.”

The secretary of the club laughed.

“Don’t be a fool, George. You’ve been married eight years.”

After we had talked for a little, George, looking at his watch said he must go and change his clothes for dinner and left us. The secretary watched him disappear into the night with a smile of not unkindly irony.

“We all ask him as much as we can now that he’s alone”, he told me. “He mopes so terribly since his wife went home.”

“It must be very pleasant for her to know that her husband is as devoted to her as all that.”

“Mabel is a remarkable woman.”

He called the boy and ordered more drinks. In this hospitable place they did not ask you if you would have anything; they took it for granted. Then he settled himself in his long chair and lit a cheroot. He told me the story of George and Mabel.

They became engaged when he was home on leave, and when he returned to Burma it was arranged that she should join him in six months. But one difficulty cropped up after another; Mabel’s father died, the war came, George was sent to a district unsuitable for a white woman, so that in the end it was seven years before she was able to start. He made all arrangements for the marriage, which was to take place on the day of her arrival, and went down to Rangoon to meet her. On the morning on which the ship was due, he borrowed a motor-car and drove along to the dock. He paced the quay.

Then, suddenly, without warning, his nerve failed him. He had not seen Mabel for seven years. He had forgotten what she was like. She was a total stranger. He felt a terrible sinking in the pit of his stomach and his knees began to wobble. He couldn’t go through with it. He must tell Mabel that he was very sorry, but he couldn’t, he really couldn’t marry her. But how could a man tell a girl a thing like that when she had been engaged to him for seven years and had come six thousand miles to marry him? He hadn’t the nerve for that either. George was seized with the courage of despair. There was a boat at the quay on the very point of starting for Singapore; he wrote a hurried letter to Mabel, and without a stick of luggage, just in the clothes he stood up in, leaped on board.

The letter Mabel received ran somewhat as follow.

Dearest Mabel,

I have been suddenly called away on business and do not know when I shall be back. I think it would be much wiser if you returned to England. My plans are very uncertain.

Your loving George.

But when he arrived at Singapore he found a cable waiting for him. **QUITE UNDERSTAND. DONT WORRY. LOVE MABEL.**

Terror made him quick-witted.

“By Love, I believe she’s following me”, he said.

He telegraphed to the shipping-office at Rangoon and sure enough her name was on the passenger list of the ship that was now on its way to Singapore. But he was uneasy, she would have no difficulty in finding out that he had gone to Bangkok and it was just as simple for her to take the train as it had been for him. Fortunately there was a French tramp sailing next day for Saigon. He took it. At Saigon he would be safe; it would never occur to her that he had gone there; and if it did, surely by now she would have taken the hint. It is five days’ journey from Bangkok to Saigon and the boat is dirty, cramped and uncomfortable. He was glad to arrive and took a rickshaw to the hotel. He signed his name in the visitor’s book and a telegram was immediately handed to him. It contained but two words, Love, Mabel. They were enough to make him break into a cold sweat.

“When is the next boat for Hong-Kong?” he asked.

Now his flight grew serious. He sailed to Hong-Kong, but dared not stay there; he went to Manila; Manila was ominous; he went to Shanghai: Shanghai was nerve-racking; every time he went out of the hotel he expected to run straight into Mabel's arms; no, Shanghai would never do. The only thing was to go to Yokohama. At the Grand Hotel at Yokohama a cable awaited him :

SO SORRY TO HAVE MISSED YOU AT MANILA. LOVE, MABEL.

He scanned the shipping intelligence with a fevered brow. Where was she now? He doubled back to Shanghai. This time he went straight to the club and asked for a telegram. It was handed to him :

ARRIVING SHORTLY. LOVE, MABEL.

No, no, he was not so easy to catch as all that. He has already made his plans. The Yangtse is a long river and the Yangtse was falling. He could just about catch the last steamer that could get up to Chungking and then no one could travel till the following spring except by junk. Such a journey was out of the question for a woman alone. He went to Hankow and from Hankow to Ichang, he changed boats here and from Ichang through the rapid went to Chungking. But he was desperate now, he was not going to take any risks: there was a place called Cheng-tu, the capital of Szechuan, and it was four hundred miles away.

It could only be reached by road, and the road was infested with brigands. A man would be safe there.

George collected chair-bearers and coolies and set out. It was with a sigh of relief that he saw at last the crenellated walls of the lonely Chinese city. From those walls at sunset you could see the snowy mountains of Tibet.

He could rest at last; Mabel would never find him there. The consul happened to be a friend of his and he stayed with him. He enjoyed the comfort of a luxurious house, he enjoyed his idleness after that strenuous escape across Asia, and above all he enjoyed his divine security. The weeks passed lazily one after the other.

One morning George and the consul were in the courtyard looking at some curios that a Chinese had brought for their inspection when there was a loud knocking at the great door of the Consulate. The door-man flung it open. A chair borne by four coolies entered, advanced, and was set down. Mabel stepped out. She was neat and cool and fresh. There was nothing in her appearance to suggest that she had just come in after a fortnight on the road. George was petrified. He was as pale as death. She went up to him.

"Hullo, George, I was so afraid I'd missed you again."

"Hullo, Mabel", he faltered.

He did not know what to say. He looked this way and that: she stood between him and the doorway. She looked at him with a smile in her blue eyes.

"You haven't altered at all, she said, "Men can go off so dreadfully in seven years and I was afraid you'd got fat and bald. I've been so nervous. It would have been terrible if after all these years I simply hadn't been able to bring myself to marry you after all".

She turned to George's host.

"Are you the consul?" She asked.

"I am".

"That's all right. I'm ready to marry him as soon as I've had a bath".

And she did.

Glossary

missus(n) wife **mopes so terribly** moves around sadly **cheroot**(n) cigar **quay**(n) (kee) dock **cable**(n) (here) telegram **tramp**(n) (here) steamer **ominous**(adj) inauspicious **junk**(n) a type of sailing vessel **brigands**(n) bandits **crenellated walls**walls of fortress **petrified**(adj) immobilized with fright

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Mabel and George had been engaged for _____.
 (a) 1 year (b) 2 years
 (c) 5 years (d) 7 years
- From the crenellated walls of Chinese city could be seen the snowy mountains of _____.
 (a) Bhutan (b) Nepal
 (c) Sri Lanka (d) Tibet
- _____ made him quick witted.
 (a) Adventure (b) Hatred
 (c) Love (d) Terror
- The author requested his fiancée to return to _____.
 (a) England (b) France
 (c) India (d) Singapore
- In this lesson, a quay is a place _____.
 (a) at a port (b) by a lake
 (c) in a valley (d) on a mountain

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

- How many narrators are there in the story? What do you know about them?
- Why is George compelled to postpone his marriage?
- Why did George decide to avoid his fiancée Mabel?
- How did Mabel outwit George?
- Describe how George finally got married to Mabel.

C. Write in detail on :

- Character sketch of Mabel / George
- The Final Chase

Activity III**A. Use following expressions in meaningful sentences.**

to make up one's mind to make one's own self at home having no end of a time
 in point of fact easier said than done devilish hard cropped up infested with
 quick witted nerve-racking crenellated wall as pale as death

B. Give synonyms of the following words.

mope seize cable wobble ominous

C. Provide Noun forms of the given words.

devilish engage possible think difficult

D. Find words from the lesson that denote means of transport on water.

Activity IV

Read the following excerpt from the lesson carefully.

Then, suddenly without warning, his nerves failed him. He had not seen Mabel for seven years. He had forgotten what she was like. She was a total stranger. He felt a terrible sinking in the pit of his stomach and his knees began to wobble. He couldn't go through with it. He must tell Mabel that he was very sorry, but he couldn't, he really couldn't marry her. But how could a man tell a girl a thing like that when she had been engaged to him for seven years and had come six thousand miles to marry him? He hadn't the nerves for that either. George was seized with the courage of despair.

– Identify the tense of the underlined sentences.

Read the following sentences showing comparison between Present Perfect and Past Perfect.

Present Perfect (before now)	Past Perfect (before then)
My bag isn't here. I've left it behind.	My bag wasn't there. I'd left it behind.
The match is over. India has won.	The match was over. India had won.
He looks familiar. I've seen him somewhere before.	He looked familiar. I'd seen him somewhere before.

Follow the example and complete the sentences.

Example :

Radhika looked very fresh when I saw her last week.

She'd just been on vacation. (just/be on vacation)

- Luckily the home didn't look too bad when my parents called in.
..... (just/clean/it)
- We rushed to the bus station, but we were too late.
..... (the bus/just/leave)
- Someone got the number of the car the burglar used.
..... (steal/it/a week before)
- I didn't have an umbrella, but that didn't matter.
..... (the bus/stop)
- I was really pleased to see my friend again yesterday.
..... (not see/her/for long)

Activity V

- What is the difference between a promise and a resolution?
- Have you ever made a promise or a resolution? Could you abide by it? Why? Why not? **Share your experience with the class.**

Activity VI

- A. You are 25 years of age, you have found contact details of a long lost friend through social networking media. **Write an email to him/her reminding him/her about the wonderful time you had spent together during the high school years.**
- B. Imagine that you have wings and can fly whenever you want.
Where would you go and why? **Write a paragraph.**
- C. On the map provided below draw the route where Mabel chased George.



UNIT 10

Activity I



In this proverb there is a comparison between mind and parachute. Make a list of some similarities and dissimilarities between the two.

Introduction

Anjali Mendes (1946-2010), was an Indian fashion model. During the 1970s and 80s, she was associated with Pierre Cardin's salon in Paris and later with other renowned designers.

Reminiscences of a Parisian Model narrates the journey of a model. The outward journey, in pursuit of professional success, takes her to different countries. She crosses national and cultural boundaries. Read on to discover her inward journey.

Reminiscences of a Parisian Model

To learn something new everyday is a gift. You realise this only if your mind is open to the world and to life in general. It could be as simple as learning a new word and its meaning; something that enriches your life in even a small way, for every little bit of learning helps you become just that wee bit wiser.

You might like to think you're smart and wise without having to turn yourself into a student every day of your life – but the truth is, it is only with the little experiences in life that you realise that life is a gift; it has something new to offer every single day. Suddenly, you could discover a new flower, tree or painting, you try to understand what it is – all this adds to one's mental and physical enrichment because the physical is beholding something beautiful and your mind is trying to assimilate what it means.

There are some who remain totally unaffected by what they see or hear. You have to open not just your eyes but your mind, too, for that is what will help widen your perspective, making you a better person. Looking at life as an inexhaustible source of discovery has not only helped me relate to other human beings; it

has made me more sensitive to all other forms of life and, indeed to life itself. Those who never change their mind think they know it all. Unfortunately, the world is full of people who are blasé.

I am visiting Rajasthan after 25 years. I set up home in Paris in 1971 and have lived there since. Earlier, my mind was not open enough to receive the beauty, to get the full import of all the heritage bequeathed to us. Once I retired from full-time work, the first thing I decided to do was to see Rajasthan again and I don't regret it for the experience has enriched me beyond expectation. This, to me, is learning with open eyes. For when you finally allow openness, you begin to see everything. Life has taught me a lot. Very early on, my parents impressed upon me the importance of talking to everyone equally because one day if you talk in a condescending manner to someone who you think is "inferior" to you, you never know, in another 10 years, he might rise way above you... Then, where would that leave you?

As a house model for Pierre Cardin, way back in the 1970s, and later, as the business representative of the House of Cardin, I learnt that discipline and punctuality, and respect for people were crucial to advancement, both in terms of career and self development. I began to realise I had not brains as well. You get that special aura by being in tune with both body and mind. As I evolved, I realised that twinning of mind and body was not only a spiritually elevating experience; it was turning out to be beneficial for everyday living as well.

I'm a Catholic but I have a Ganesha idol sitting in my little crypt. Along with Christian thought, I have also absorbed a lot of Hindu thought and culture. I feel happy about this eclectic mix, that I can retain my roots while being open to other systems of knowledge and belief. I feel fulfilled. One side of me would criticise the other side; I found I've been through great pain and sorrow in my personal life – I've touched rock bottom. Yet, like a phoenix, I rose from the cold ashes instead of turning cantankerous and bitter. And for this, I give thanks to the exposure and experiences I've had both in India and France – in the course of my career and travels, meeting people, exchanging ideas – that have helped me to absorb and learn, to share and spread happiness, transcending geography, culture and relationships.

Glossary

reminiscences(n) recollections **beholding**(v) seeing **assimilate**(v) learn **blasé**(adj) (blaa'zey) unconcerned **import**(n) significance **bequeathed**(v) passed on **condescending**(adj) patronizing **Pierre Cardin**(n) Italian born French designer **aura**(n) vibration **crypt**(n) a vault partly or wholly underground **eclectic mix** selection of the best **cantankerous**(adj) quarrelsome

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The author had a built-in system of _____ .
 (a) checks and balances (b) criticism
 (c) introspection (d) intuition
- The author rose from cold ashes of pain and sorrow like a _____ .
 (a) fountain (b) mountain
 (c) phoenix (d) wave
- The author gained exposure and experiences both in India and _____ .
 (a) America (b) Argentina
 (c) Australia (d) France

4. The _____ of mind and body is essential also for everyday living.
- (a) fixing (b) isolation
(c) separation (d) twinning
5. According to the author, “Unfortunately the world is full of people that are _____”.
- (a) honest (b) hard working
(c) indifferent (d) involved

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Why is learning important?
2. Which experiences made Anjali Mendes feel that life is a gift?
3. “Life is an inexhaustible source of discovery”. Explain.
4. What did the author decide to do after retirement?
5. According to the author, what is the importance of the years of her association with Pierre Cardin?

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Phoenix as a Symbol
2. Cultural Assimilation

Activity III

Use antonyms of the following words in meaningful sentences.

blasé bequeath condescend evolve eclectic cantankerous

Activity IV

- A.** Think about a skill (e.g. swimming, dancing, English Speaking, driving etc.) that you might have acquired/learnt during the last five years. Recall, how you started learning it, who helped you in acquiring it. problems you might have faced while acquiring the skill etc.

Write in brief about your experience of learning the skill. Use various forms of past tense.

- B. Rewrite the following sentences as shown in the example.**

Example

active : I have to finish this work.

passive : This work has to be finished.

1. They should send it to us on Monday.
2. They cannot hold the meeting in that room.

3. They may deliver the package while we are out.
4. Susan is teaching that class.
5. We must warn them of the danger.
6. They couldn't sell the car at that price.
7. The government is debating that question now.
8. He has to finish it today.
9. They are sending the ambassador to Europe on a special mission.
10. You must insure your car.

Activity V

Nostalgia for one's native place is natural. Have you ever been away from home for long durations? For example, while visiting relatives during vacations, moving to another place for education or parent's occupation etc. **Narrate your experience to the class.**

Activity VI

- A. Newspapers have an enormous ability to influence the opinions and ideas of readers. **Do you consider this ability as a positive or negative trait? Why?**
- B. **Write an essay on – The Integration of the Religious Diversity in India.**



UNIT 11

Activity I

1. Everybody loves to receive gifts. Usually the joy of giving is more satisfying than the joy of receiving. Have you ever experienced this joy? How did you feel when you did so? Narrate your experience to the class.
2. All of you know the well known saying “Charity begins at home.” However we come across miserly people. What may happen to such people. Read on...

Introduction

Charles John Huffam Dickens (1812-1870) was a prolific British author of numerous works that are now considered classics. Over the course of his writing career, he wrote the classic novels *Oliver Twist*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great expectations*. He created some of the world’s best-known fictional characters and is regarded as the greatest novelist of the Victorian era.

This dramatic adaptation is from Dickens’s well known novel ‘A Christmas Carol’. The supernatural always fascinates all of us. This excerpt deals with the interaction between the three spirits and the main character, Scrooge. What happens when one is obsessed with material gain and insensitive to human relationships ? Read on to find out.

A Christmas Carol

CHARACTERS

EBENEZER SCROOGE

MARLEY

NARRATOR

FRED, *Scrooge’s nephew*

BOB CRATCHIT, *Scrooge’s clerk*

GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY

FIRST GHOST

FAN, *Scrooge’s sister*

BELLE

SECOND GHOST

TIM CRATCHIT

MRS. CRATCHIT

MARTHA CRATCHIT

THREE OTHER CRATCHIT CHILDREN.

THIRD GHOST

TWO MEN

(Sound-Church Clock strikes three times. A group of young people sing “God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen,” At its climax, a door opens.)

SCROOGE : (barking). Stop it! Stop it, I say! (singing stops) Get away from here. We’ll have no singing around here. Understand me! No singing!

Boy : A Merry Christmas, sir.

Scrooge : Get away, I say

- Second Boy : No need to wish him a Merry Christmas. That's old Scrooge.
(*Music-A Christmas song. Up and fade under...*)
- Narrator : Yes, that is old Scrooge... Ebenezer Scrooge. It is the afternoon before Christmas Day in the Year of our Lord 1844. Despite the bitterly cold weather, all of London is in a festive mood. But there is no happy expression on Ebenezer Scrooge's lined face as he closes the front door of his warehouse and returns to his office. (*Music out*) He throws a glowering look at his clerk, Bob Cratchit. Satisfied that the poor wretch is hard at work, Scrooge adjusts his spectacles. Then without warning...
(*Sound - Door (off) opens.*)
- Fred : A Merry Christmas, Uncle. God save you!
- Scrooge : Bah! Humbug!
- Fred : Christmas a humbug? Surely, you don't mean that, Uncle.
- Scrooge : Merry Christmas, indeed! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough.
- Fred : What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough.
- Scrooge : What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer. Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.
- Fred : I came here to ask you to spend Christmas Day with Peg and me.
- Scrooge : (*Flatly*) No!
- Fred : But we want nothing from you, Uncle, other than your company. (Pause) Won't you change your mind and have dinner with us?
- Scrooge : Good afternoon, Fred.
- Fred : A Merry Christmas.
- Scrooge : Good Afternoon.
- Fred : And a Happy New Year.
- Scrooge : Bah! Humbug!
(*Music-A brief bridge up and out.*)
- Cratchit : Er, pardon me, Mr. Scrooge, but there is a gentleman to see you.
- Scrooge : What about, Cratchit?
- Cratchit : He didn't say, sir.
- Gentleman : Ah, good afternoon, sir. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?
- Scrooge : Mr. Marley, my former partner, has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago this very night.
- Gentleman : Then I have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner.
- Scrooge : What do you want?
- Gentleman : At this festive season, Mr. Scrooge, we try to make some slight provision for the poor and destitute. Many thousands are in want of common necessities.
- Scrooge : Are there no prisons?
- Gentleman : Oh, plenty of prisons.
- Scrooge : And the workhouses, are they still in operation?
- Gentleman : I wish I could say they were not. How much shall I put you down for, Mr. Scrooge?
- Scrooge : Nothing!
- Gentleman : (*puzzled*) Nothing!
- Scrooge : Exactly! Let these deserving people of yours go to the establishments I have mentioned.

- Gentleman : Most of the them would rather die than do that.
- Scrooge : Then let them do that and help decrease the surplus population. I'm busy. Good afternoon to you.
- Gentleman : (*quietly*) Very good, Mr. Scrooge. A very Merry Christmas to you.
(*Sound-Door (off) opens and closes.*)
- Scrooge : (*grumbling*) Charity! Pah! Humbug!
- Cratchit : Er, Mr. Scrooge, sir.
- Scrooge : Well, what is it, Cratchit?
- Cratchit : I was wondering—
- Scrooge : You were wondering if you could go home.
- Cratchit : Yes, sir. It's getting late.
- Scrooge : Yes, go on. You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?
- Cratchit : If quite convenient, sir..
- Scrooge : It's not convenient, and it's not fair.
- Cratchit : It's only once a year, sir.
- Scrooge : A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth day of December. I suppose you must have the whole day. But be here all the earlier the next day. Understand?
- Cratchit : Yes, sir. And Merry Christmas.
- Scrooge : Christmas! Humbug!
(*Music- A Christmas theme, up and under...*)
- Narrator : A few minutes later Scrooge leaves his warehouse and makes his way to his melancholy chambers, a gloomy suite of room. By the light of a single flickering candle, he eats his cold supper. And then to save lighting his stove, Ebenezer Scrooge retires for the night. (*Music out*) The minutes tick away. Scrooge sleeps uneasily, tossing from side to side.
(*Sound-Chains are dragged across the floor.*)
- Narrator : Suddenly he awakes with a start. Walking towards him, and dragging a heavy chain, is a grey, dim figure of a man. It stops at the foot of the bed.
- Scrooge : (*frightened*) Who are you? What do you want with me? (Pause) Who are you?
- Marley : Ask me who I was.
- Scrooge : You're.... you're...
- Marley : Yes, in life I was your partner. Jacob Marley.
- Scrooge : But it cannot be so. You're dead.
- Marley : You don't believe in me.
- Scrooge : No. You're nothing but an undigested bit of meat, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese.
- Marley : You are wrong, Ebenezer. I am the ghost of Jacob Marley.
- Scrooge : Why do you come to me?
- Marley : It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes no forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death.

- Scrooge : No, no, I don't believe it.
- Marley : It is then doomed to wander through the world.
- Scrooge : You are chained, Jacob. Tell me why?
- Marley : I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link, and yard by yard. I wore it of my own free will. Is its pattern strange to you?
- Scrooge : (trembling) I don't understand.
- Marley : This chain I wear is as heavy as the one you are now forging.
- Scrooge : You talk strangely, Jacob.
- Marley : For seven years I have been dead – travelling the whole time. No rest, no peace. Only remorse.
- Scrooge : But you were always shrewd, Jacob.
- Marley : Aye, too shrewd.
- Scrooge : A good man of business.
- Marley : Business! Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were well all my business. But I heeded none of these. Instead, I thought only of money.
- Scrooge : And what is wrong with making money?
- Marley : That is your fault, Ebenezer, as it was mine. That is why I am here tonight. That is part of my penance. I am here to warn you... to help you escape my fate. You have one chance left.
- Scrooge : Tell me how this chance will come!
- Marley : My time draws near. I must go. Tonight you will be haunted by three spirits. The first will appear when the bell strikes one, expect the second at the stroke of two, and the third as the bell tolls three.
- Scrooge : Couldn't I take them all at once, and have it over with?
- Marley : No: And heed them when they appear. (*Fading*) Remember it is your last chance to escape my miserable fate.
(*Music-An ominous strain. Up and fade out under...*)
- Narrator : As Scrooge stares in frightened silence, the wraithlike figure of his deceased partner dissolves into space. Then, exhausted by the ordeal, Scrooge drops off to sleep. Twelve o'clock comes. Time passes. Then...
(*Sound-Off in the distance, a steeple clock strikes once.*)
- Narrator : The curtains of Scrooge's bed are drawn aside, but by no visible hand. There by the bed stands an unearthly visitor... a stranger figure like a child. Its hair is white, and in its hand it holds a sprig of fresh green holly. Scrooge stares and then speaks.
- Scrooge : Are you the spirit whose coming was told me by Jacob Marley?
- First Ghost : (a gentle voice): I am.
- Scrooge : Who and what are you?
- First Ghost : I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
- Scrooge : Long past?
- First Ghost : No. Your past. Rise and walk with me.

- Scrooge : Where?
- First Ghost : Out through the window.
- Scrooge : But we are three storey's above ground. I am only a mortal.
- First Ghost : Bear but-a touch of my hand upon your heart, and you shall be upheld in more than this.
- Scrooge : What are we to do?
- First Ghost : I am going to help reclaim you. Come! Walk with me out into the night... into the past.
(Sound-Wind. It sweeps in; hold and then fade out.)
- Scrooge : Tell me, Ghost of Christmas Past, where are we?
- First Ghost : Look down, Ebenezer and remember back.
- Scrooge : (amazed) Why... why, of course. The river... the meadows... and—why, there's my old school. I went there as a lad. But there is no one about.
- First Ghost : It is Christmas holiday. Let us look into this study hall.
- Scrooge : Empty, except for a young boy sitting at a desk, his head in his hands. Left behind. He... he's crying. Poor chap! No place to go at Christmas. Ah, now he's looking up.
- First Ghost : Do you recognize him?
- Scrooge : (stunned) Why, it's—
- First Ghost : What is his name?
- Scrooge : (slowly) Ebenezer Scrooge. (Pause) I wish—But it's too late now.
- First Ghost : What is the matter?
- Scrooge : Nothing, nothing. There were some boys singing Christmas carols outside my warehouse door yesterday afternoon. I drove them away.
- First Ghost : Let us see another Christmas.
(Sound-Wind, up briefly and out.)
- First Ghost : It is a year later another Christmas.
- Scrooge : And again there is the school.
- First Ghost : That boy standing in the driveway, pacing up and down.
- Scrooge : It is I.
- First Ghost : And what do you see?
- Scrooge : A coach coming up the driveway. Now it has stopped, and a little girl gets out. Look, she is hugging me. It's Fan, my sister.
- First Ghost : Listen to what she says.
- Fan : I've come to bring you home, dear brother. Father's not mean any more, and he says you're never coming back here, and from now on we'll always be together. (Fading) Just think, together for the first time in four years.
- First Ghost : Your sister was a delicate creature... kind... big-hearted.
- Scrooge : So she was, so she was. She died comparatively young.
- First Ghost : She left one child behind her.
- Scrooge : Yes, Fred, my nephew.
- First Ghost : (mildly) He was in to wish you a Merry Christmas yesterday.

- Scrooge : Yes. Yes, he did so. Please take me back.
- First Ghost : Not yet. There is one more shadow.
- Scrooge : No more. I do not wish to see it.
- First Ghost : You must.
(Sound-Wind sweeps in full again, then out.)
- First Ghost : The years have passed. In this house below, look—there sits a young girl, a beautiful girl.
- Scrooge : It's Belle.
- First Ghost : The girl you were to marry. And there you sit next to her, a young man in your prime. Only now your face begins to show the signs of avarice. There is a greedy, restless motion in your eyes. Listen to what she is saying to you.
- Belle : (about eighteen) It matters very little to you. Another idol has displaced me, a golden one. You hold money more important than me—or anything else, for that matter. And I'm going to grant your wish: free you from marrying me. (Fading) That is the way you wish it, Ebenezer. I feel sorry for you.
- Scrooge : Spirit, show me no more.
- First Ghost : Today Belle is a happy woman, surrounded with her fine children. Those children might have been yours if you hadn't been so selfish.
- Scrooge : Take me back. Haunt me no more! I beg of you, don't!
(Music-Ghostly theme. Up and fade under...)
- Narrator : The steeple clock has just finished striking the second hour of Christmas Day. Scrooge finds himself back in his bedroom. Slowly his door, though bolted, swings open. (Music out).
- Second Ghost : *(a big, booming voice)* Good morning, Ebenezer. Welcome me. I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me.
- Scrooge : You're practically a giant. Yet you have a young face.
- Second Ghost : Have you never seen the like of me before?
- Scrooge : Never.
- Second Ghost : I have many brothers, over eighteen hundred of them, one for each Christmas since the very first.
- Scrooge : And you are here to take me with you?
- Second Ghost : Yes, I trust you will profit by your journey. Touch my robe, Ebenezer.
(Sound-Wind. Up full and out into...)
- Chorus : (mixed voices) (A Christmas hymn. As they near conclusion, fade under...)
- Scrooge : Those people in his church, they seem very happy.
- Second Ghost : They are, for they are giving thanks for all the joys brought to them during the year.
- Scrooge : And the crew of that ship over there... Look, they are shaking hands with the captain (Chorus out.)
- Second Ghost : Wishing him a Merry Christmas. But come! We have not much time left, and there is still another place we must visit. It is a very poor house in a very poor section of London. This one directly below us.
- Scrooge : Indeed it is. Who, may I ask, lives here?

- Second Ghost : An underpaid clerk named Bob Cratchit.
- Scrooge : The Bob Cratchit who is employed by me?
- Second Ghost : The very same.
- Scrooge : That woman... those four children.
- Second Ghost : His wife and family.
- Scrooge : Coming up the stairs right now. That's Cratchit. He's carrying a young boy.
- Second Ghost : His fifth child, Tiny Tim.
- Scrooge : He carries a crutch.
- Second Ghost : Because he is crippled.
- Scrooge : But the doctors—
- Second Ghost : Cratchit cannot afford a doctor, not on fifteen shillings a week.
- Scrooge : But—
- Second Ghost : Sshhh! Listen.
(*Sound-Door opens.*)
- Cratchit : (*heartily*) : Good afternoon, everyone.
- Tim : And a most Merry Christmas.
- Mrs. Cratchit : Father... Tiny Tim.
The other Cratchits (*ad-libbing*):
"Merry Christmas!" "Welcome!"
"Tiny Tim, sit next to me." "Father, let me take your muffler."
- Mrs. Cratchit : And how did Tiny Tim behave at church?
- Cratchit : As good as gold, and better.
- Tim : I was glad to be able to go to church. That's because I wanted the people to see that I'm a cripple.
- Mrs. Cratchit : Now that's a peculiar thing to say, Tiny Tim.
- Tim : (*eagerly*) No, it isn't. That's because I was in God's house, and it was God who made the blind able to see and the lame able to walk. And when the people at church saw me and my crutch, I was hoping they would think of what God can do, and that they would say a prayer for me.
- Mrs. Cratchit : I. I'm certain they must have prayed for you.
- Tim : And one of these days I'm going to get well, and that'll mean I can throw away this crutch, and run and play like the other boys.
- Cratchit : (*softly*) You will, Tim—one of these days, (*Heartily*) And now, Mother, the big question. When will dinner be ready?
(*Sound-Ad-libbing from the children.*)
- Mrs. Cratchit : It's ready right now: just about the finest goose you have ever seen. Martha, you carry it in. Tom, you fetch the potatoes and turnips. Dick, Peter, set the chairs around the table.
- Tim : And I'll sit between Father and Mother.
- Cratchit : This is going to be the best Christmas dinner anyone could hope for. (*Fading*) And I'm the luckiest man in the world, having such a fine family.

- Scrooge : It isn't a very big goose, is it? I could eat the whole bird myself, I believe.
- Second Ghost : It is all Bob Cratchit can afford. His family doesn't complain. To them, that meagre goose is a sumptuous banquet. And more important, much more important, Ebenezer...
- Scrooge : Go on.
- Second Ghost : They are a happy and united group. Look at their shining faces. Listen to them.
(*Sound-The Cratchits ad-lib in happy fashion.*)
- Cratchit : What a superb dinner we have had... the tempting meat, the delicious dressing.
- Tim : And the plum pudding, Father. Don't forget that.
- Cratchit : That pudding was the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since her marriage.
(*Sound-The children laugh.*)
- Mrs. Cratchit : Thank you for the compliment. I must confess it was good.
- Cratchit : And now for the crowning touch. The punch!
The Cratchit Children (*ad-libbing*) "The punch" "Good!" "Oh!"
- Cratchit : Here we are. Get your glasses. You, Peter.. Dick.. Tom.. Martha... Tiny Tim... and last, but far from least, you, Mother. And not to forget myself. (*With finality*) There!
- Tim : A toast!
- Cratchit : First the founder of this feast, the man who had made it possible. I give you Mr. Scrooge.
- Mrs. Cratchit : (*bristling*) Mr. Scrooge indeed. I wish I had him here: I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it.
- Cratchit : (*warningly*) My dear, the children! Christmas Day.
- Mrs. Cratchit : He's a hard, stingy, unfeeling man. You know he is, Robert, better than anybody else.
- Cratchit : (*mildly*) My dear. Remember, Christmas Day.
- Mrs. Cratchit : I'm sorry. Very well, I'll drink his health. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas to him!
To Mr. Scrooge.
- [*Family (in chorus)*]: To Mr. Scrooge!
- Cratchit : And now a toast to us: A Merry Christmas to us all. God bless us!
- Family : God bless us.
- Tim : God bless us every one.
(*Music-"Noel"-Up and fade under...*)
- Scrooge : Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.
- Second Ghost : I see a vacant seat in the chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die.
- Scrooge : No, no. Oh, kind Spirit! Say he will live, that he will be spared.
- Second Ghost : Why concern yourself about him? Isn't it better that he die and decrease the surplus population?
- Scrooge : But these poor people must be helped.
- SecondGhost : Are there no prisons? And the workhouses, are they still in operation?
- Scrooge : Do not taunt me.
- Second Ghost : It is time for us to go.

- Scrooge : No, I wish to remain.
- Second Ghost : I can remain no longer. Touch my robe and we shall go.
- Scrooge : No! No, I say! Spirit, don't desert me. I need your help.
(Music-Up briefly and under...)
- Narrator : As Ebenezer Scrooge comes to his senses, he discovers himself standing on the street, outside of his lodgings. A heavy snow is falling, blanketing a sleeping London. The wind has died down. It is still early Christmas morning.
(Music-Out into...)
(Sound-Steeple bell off in the distance strikes three times.)
- Third Ghost : (warningly) Ebenezer... Ebenezer Scrooge.
- Scrooge : You are the third and last.
- Third Ghost : I am the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come.
- Scrooge : You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us. Is that so, Spirit?
- Third Ghost : Yes, Ebenezer, that is correct.
- Scrooge : I tremble at going with you. I fear what I am to see.
- Third Ghost : Come, Ebenezer.
(*Sound-Wind, up full and out.*)
- Scrooge : Why do we stop here on his street corner, Spirit?
- Third Ghost : Those two men standing there, do you know them?
- Scrooge : Why, yes, I do business with them.
- Third Ghost : Their conversation is interesting.
- First Man : When did he die?
- Third Ghost : Last night. I believe.
- First Man : I thought he'd never die.
- Second Man : What has he done with his money?
- First Man : I haven't heard. Left it to his company, perhaps. Well, one thing is certain—he didn't leave it to charity.
- Second Man : Are you going to his funeral?
- First Man : Not unless a free lunch is provided.
- Second Man : (fading) A very good point. Can't say that I blame you.
- Scrooge : Spirit, this dead man they were discussing—who is he?
- Third Ghost : I will show you.
(*Sound-Wind, up briefly and out.*)
- Scrooge : This room—it's too dark to see.
- Third Ghost : In front of you is a bed. On it lies a man—the body of the man those men on the street were discussing.
- Scrooge : And no one has come to claim this body?
- Third Ghost : No one, for he left not a friend behind him. Come closer and look into his face.

- Scrooge : No.
- Third Ghost : Look!
- Scrooge : Spirit, this is a fearful place. Let us go.
- Third Ghost : Look at the face of this unclaimed man.
- Scrooge : I would do it if I could. But I haven't the power. Let me see some tenderness connected with a death. If I don't, that lonely body in this dark room will ever haunt me.
- Third Ghost : Yes, I know of such a home. one where there is tenderness connected with death. Over here on this poor street and in this dismal house.
- Scrooge : But this house—Why, yes. I've been here before. Bob Cratchit, my clerk, lives here. There is Mrs. Cratchit and her eldest daughter, Martha.
- Martha : Your eyes, Mother—you'll strain them working in this bad light.
- Mrs. Cratchit : I'll stop for a while. I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home. It's time he was here.
- Martha : Past it, rather. But these days he walks slower than he used to, Mother.
- Mrs. Cratchit : I have known him to walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder very fast indeed. He was very light to carry and your father loved him so, it was no trouble.
- (Sound-A door handle turns.)*
- Mrs. Cratchit : There is your father now at the door.
- (Sound-Door opens and shuts.)*
- Mrs. Cratchit : You're late tonight, Robert.
- Cratchit : Yes. I'm late.
- Martha : I'll get some tea for you. Father.
- Cratchit : Thank you. Martha.
- Mrs. Cratchit : You went there today, Robert?
- Cratchit : Yes. I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is.
- Mrs. Cratchit : I'll see it soon.
- Cratchit : I promised him I would walk there every Sunday. My poor Tiny Tim. At last he got rid of his crutch.
- Mrs. Cratchit : *(fading):* Yes, at last he did. Our poor Tiny Tim.
- Scrooge : Tell me, Spirit. Why did Tiny Tim have to die?
- Third Ghost : Come, there is still another place to visit.
- (Sound-Wind. up and out.)*
- Scrooge : A graveyard. Why do we pause here?
- Third Ghost : That tombstone... read the name on it.
- Scrooge : Before I do, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that may be, only?
- Third Ghost : The inscription on the tombstone.
- Scrooge : It reads... *(slowly)* "Ebenezer Scrooge." No, Spirit. Oh, no, no! Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this lesson. I will honour Christmas in my heart.

- Third Ghost : But will you?
- Scrooge : Oh, yes. I will try and keep it alive all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. I will not shut out the lesson that all three Spirits have taught me. Oh, tell me there is hope, that I may sponge away the writing on this stone.
- (Sound-Wind up strong. Hold and out into. Joyous church bells. tolling Christmas Day. Hold under...)*
- Scrooge : (morning, as though coming out of a dream) Tell me there is hope, that I may sponge away the writing on this stone. (Coming to) Eh, what am I holding on to? The bedpost. I am in my own bed... home. Those bells! It must be Christmas Day—I wonder if it really is. We shall see. Open the window.
- (Sound-Window is raised.)*
- Scrooge : You boy, down there.
- Boy (off) : Eh?
- Scrooge : What day is today, my fine lad?
- Boy : Today? Why Christmas Day, of course.
- Scrooge : And to think the Spirits have done it all in one night.
- Boy : What did you say, sir?
- Scrooge : Do you know the poulterer's in the next street?
- Boy : I should hope I did.
- Scrooge : An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging in the window?
- Boy : The one as big as me?
- Scrooge : What a delightful boy! Yes, the one as big as you.
- Boy : It's hanging there now.
- Scrooge : Go and buy it. I am in earnest. Here is the money. Catch. *(Pause)* Deliver it to Bob Cratchit, who lives on Golden Street in Camden Town.
- Boy : But, sir, there will be considerable change left over.
- Scrooge : *(chuckling)* Keep it, my boy. Keep it.
- Boy : *(delighted)* Oh, thank you, sir.
- Scrooge : And, boy.
- Boy : Yes, sir.
- Scrooge : Don't let Mr. Cratchit know who sent the turkey. It's something of a surprise. And something else—
- Boy : Yes, sir?
- Scrooge : A Merry Christmas to you.
- (Music-A Christmas hymn up and under...)*
- (Sound-Knock on door. Pause. Knock repeated. Door opens.)*

- Scrooge : (*heartily*) Yes, Yes, it is I—your Uncle Scrooge. I’ve come for dinner. Now let me in. I have a present for your good wife. From now on I’m going to be one of your most persistent guests. I’ve changed, my boy; you’ll see!
(*Music-Up and under for narrator.*)
- Narrator : Scrooge was better than his word. He did everything he promised and infinitely more. He became a persistent visitor to his nephew’s home, and even took Fred into business with him. He raised Bob Cratchit’s salary to a figure that left that bewildered gentleman gasping and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He provided doctors for the little lad, and very soon Tiny Tim will have his wish; he will be able to throw away his crutch and run and play like the other boys. As for the three spirits, Ebenezer Scrooge never saw them again. That was due to the unchallengeable fact that Scrooge, for the rest of his days, helped keep alive the spirit of Christmas. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one.
(*Music-Up full to close.*)

Glossary

glowering(adj) looking angry **humbug**(n) fraud **liberality**(n) generosity **destitute**(adj) having no money or possessions at all **workhouses**(n) places where very poor people were housed and made to work in England in the 19th century **doomed**(adj) destined to die or ruin **forge**(n) create **remorse**(n) a strong feeling of guilt **forbearance**(n) tolerance **wraithlike**(n) ghostlike **steeple clock**(n) the church-tower clock **ad-libbing**(v) saying something that is not part of the original play **punch**(n) mixed drink **poulterer**(n) (an obsolete word) a person who sells poultry.

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- On Christmas, Scrooge donated _____.
(a) goods (b) money
(c) nothing (d) property
- Marley’s ghost was in chains because _____.
(a) he had bad habits (b) he had many enemies
(c) he had not believed in charity (d) he had run away from prison
- The voice of Scrooge’s friend disappears leaving a message of the appearance of _____.
(a) good luck (b) misfortune
(c) spirits (d) wealth
- The first spirit showed Scrooge a glimpse of his _____.
(a) childhood (b) family
(c) friends (d) relatives
- Scrooge cancelled his commitment to Belle because he liked her _____.
(a) as much as money (b) less than money
(c) more than money (d) the most of all

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. How did Scrooge respond to the Christmas celebration initially?
2. Why did Marley's ghost visit Scrooge?
3. Mark out the differences between the Christmas celebration by Scrooge and the Cratchits.
4. Which of the three visions had the deepest effect on Scrooge?
5. How was the spirit of Christmas instilled in Scrooge?

C. Write in detail on :

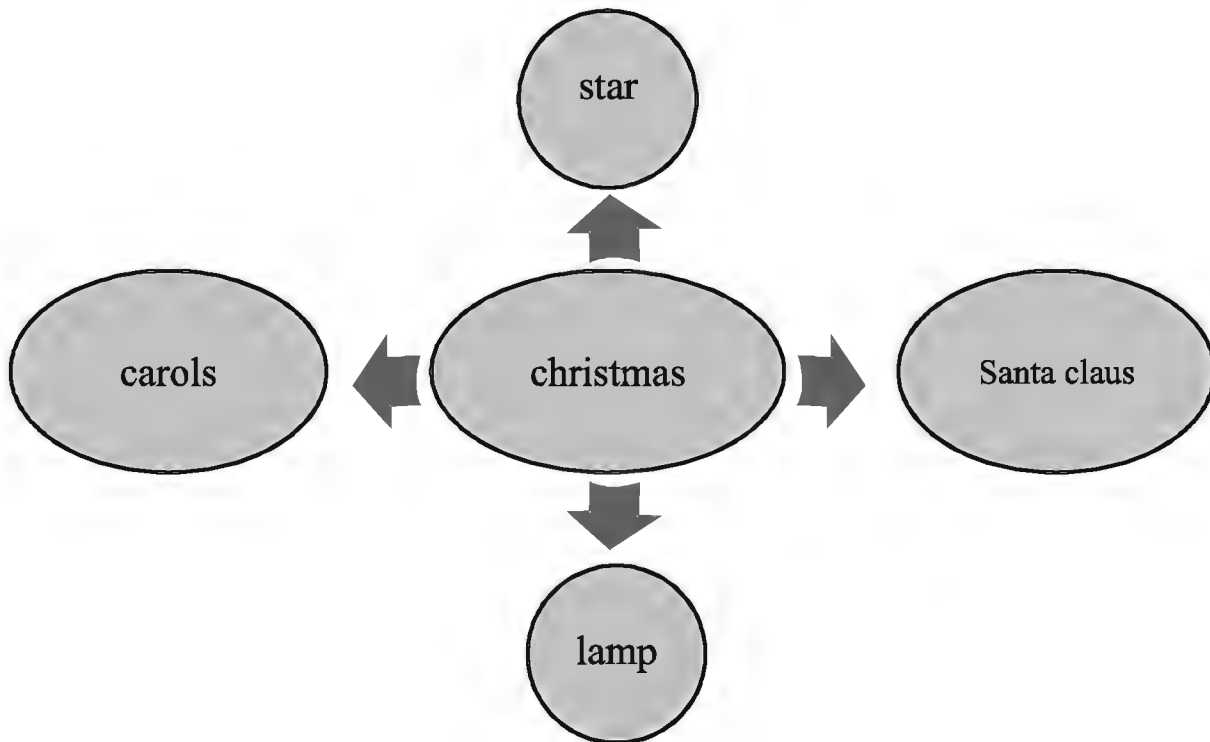
1. Scrooge's Encounter with the Spirits
2. Scrooge as a Transformed Man

Activity III

Make a web of words associated with different festivals given below. One is done for you.

Pushkar (India)	Halloween (America)	Panafest (Ghana)	La Tomatina (Spain)	Obon (Japan)
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Example :



Activity IV

A. Read the following conversation between FRED and SCROOGE and report the conversation to your friends in the class.

FRED : I said, A Merry Christmas, Uncle! God save you!

SCROOGE : Bah, humbug!

FRED : Christmas a humbug, Uncle! Surely you don't mean that!

SCROOGE : Of course I mean it! Merry Christmas, indeed ! What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough.

FRED : Come, Uncle. What reason have you to be dismal You're rich enough. Ha ha!

SCROOGE : Bah! Away with Merry Christmas ! What's Christmas to you, but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

B. You must have learnt the use of question tags before. Use the correct question tag to fill in the blanks provided below. The first one is done for you.

1. He could have bought a new car, **couldn't he?**
2. Rahul is collecting stickers, _____?
3. Ramu will come tonight, _____?
4. They are going home from school, _____?
5. We often watch TV in the afternoon, _____?
6. Peter played handball yesterday, _____?
7. I'm clever, _____?
8. Jaimin and Manohar don't like Maths, _____?
9. You have cleaned your bike, _____?
10. Mira didn't do her homework last Monday, _____?

Activity V

Do you believe in spirits? **Discuss with your partner.**

Activity VI

A. Mind wandering into the past and future could make us happy or unhappy.

Bringing the mind back to the present moment produces positive feelings. **Compose a poem on your past, present and future.**

B. **Write a paragraph on Joy of Giving.**



UNIT 12

Activity I

Everybody experiences fear at sometime or other. However a strong unreasonable fear is called a phobia. Given below is a list of words related to different phobias with their jumbled up meanings against them. Match the words with their correct meanings.

Phobia	Word
Fear of water	Mechanophobia
Fear of fire	Barophobia
Fear of mirrors	Osmophobia
Fear of gravity	Pyrophobia
Fear of odours	Catoptrophobia
Fear of machines	Aquaphobia

Based on the information, can you guess what the lesson is about? Narrate it to the class.

Introduction

Alfred George Gardiner (1865-1946), British journalist and essayist, wrote under the pen-name Alpha of the Plough. His essays are uniformly elegant, graceful and humorous. His uniqueness lay in his ability to portray the basic truths of life in an easy and amusing manner.

Nobody wants to admit to fear though it is natural. Usually the fear within us is stronger than the fear from outside. What does it all mean? Read the lesson to know the author's views on fear.

On Fear

I am disposed to agree with Captain Dolbey that the man who knows no fear exists only in the imagination of the lady novelist or those who fight their battles at the base. He is invented because these naïve people suppose that a hero who is conscious of fear ceases to be a hero. But the truth surely is that there would be no merit in being brave if you had no fear. The real victory of the hero is not over outward circumstance, but over himself. One of the bravest men of our time is a man who was born timid and nervous and suffered tortures of apprehension, and who set himself to the deliberate conquest of his fears by challenging every danger that crossed his path and even going out of his way to meet the things he dreaded. By sheer will he beat down the enemy within, and to the external world he seemed like a man who knew no fear. But the very essence of his heroism was that he had fought fear and won.

It is time we got rid of the notion that there is anything discreditable in knowing fear. You might as well say that there is something discreditable in being tempted to tell a falsehood. The virtue is not in having no temptation to lie, but in being tempted to lie and yet telling the truth. And the more you are tempted the more splendid is the resistance. Without temptation you may make a plaster saint, but not a human hero. That is why the familiar story of Nelson when a boy – "Fear! grandmother, I never saw fear. What is it?" – is so essentially false. Nelson did some of the bravest things ever done by man. They were brave to the brink of recklessness. The whole episode of the battle of Copenhagen was a breathless challenge to all the dictates of Prudence. On the facts one would be compelled to admit that it was an act of uncalculating recklessness, except for one incident which flashes a sudden light on the mind of Nelson and reveals his astonishing command of himself and of circumstance. When the issue was trembling in the balance and every moment lost might mean disaster, he prepared his audacious message of terms to the Crown Prince ashore. It was a magnificent piece of what, in these days, we should call camouflage. When he had written it, a wafer was given to him, but he ordered a

candle to be brought from the cockpit and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried and informal." With such triumphant self-possession could he trample on fear when he had a great end in view. But when there was nothing at stake he could be as fearful as anybody, as in the accident to his carriage, recorded, I think, in Southey's "Life of Nelson."

That incident of young Swinburne's climb of Culver Cliff, in the Isle of Wight, expresses the common-sense of the matter very well. At the age of seventeen he wanted to be a cavalry officer, and he decided to climb Culver Cliff, which was believed to be impregnable, "as a chance of testing my nerve in the face of death which could not be surpassed." He performed the feat, and then confessed his hardihood to his mother.

"Of course," he said, "she wanted to know why I had done such a thing, and when I told her, she laughed a short sweet laugh, most satisfactory to the young ear, and said, "Nobody ever thought you were a coward, my boy." I said that was all very well, but how could I tell till I tried? "But you won't do it again?" she said. I replied, "Of course not—where would be the fun?"

It was not that he had no fear: it was that he wanted to convince himself that he was able to master his fear when the emergency came. Having discovered that he had fear under his control there was no sense in taking risks for the mere sake of taking them.

Most fears are purely subjective, the phantoms of a too vivid mind. I was looking over a deserted house situated in large grounds in the country the other day. It had been empty since the beginning of the war. upto then it had been occupied by a man in the shipping trade. On the day that war was declared he rushed into the house and cried, "We have declared war on Germany; I am ruined." Then he went out and shot himself. Had his mind been disciplined against panic, he would have mastered his fears, and would have discovered that he had the luck to be in a trade which has benefitted by the war more, perhaps, than any other.

In this case it was the sudden impact of fear that overthrew reason from its balance, but in other cases fear is a maggot in the brain that grows by brooding. There is a story of Maupassant's, which illustrates how a man who is not a coward may literally die of fright, by dwelling upon fear. He had resented the conduct of a man in a restaurant, who had stared insolently at a lady who was with him. His action led to a challenge from the offender, and an arrangement to meet next morning. When he got home, instead of going to bed, he began to wonder who his foe was, to hunt for his name in directories, to recall the cold assurance of his challenge, and to invest him with all sorts of terrors as a marksman. As the night advanced he passed through all the stages from anxious curiosity to panic, and when his valet called him at dawn he found a corpse. Like the ship owner, he had shot himself to escape the terrors of his mind.

It is the imaginative people who suffer most from fear. Give them only a hint of peril, and their minds will explore the whole circumference of disastrous consequences. It is not a bad thing in this world to be born a little dull and unimaginative. You will have a much more comfortable time. And if you have not taken that precaution, you will do well to have a prosaic person handy to correct your fantasies. Therein Don Quixote showed his wisdom. In the romantic theatre of his mind perils rose like giants on every horizon; but there was always Sancho Panza on his donkey, ready to prick the bubbles of his master with the broadsword of his incomparable stupidity.

Glossary

disposed to(v) inclined to **Captain Dolbey**(n) a regimental surgeon **naïve**(n) innocent and simple **apprehension**(n) fear **brink** (n) edge **prudence**(n) wisdom **Nelson**(n) Horatio, Lord Nelson 1758-1805), the greatest of British admirals **audacious**(adj) daring **Swinburne**(n) an English poet **impregnable**(adj) unconquerable **hardihood**(n) foolish daring **maggot**(n) wormlike larva **Maupassant**(n) a French novelist and writer of short stories **insolently**(adj) disrespectfully **valet**(n) manservant, assistant

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. According to the essayist, the real victory of the hero is victory over _____.
(a) one's enemies (b) one's own self
(c) others (d) the world
2. People who suffer the most from fear are those who are _____.
(a) considerate (b) imaginative
(c) reckless (d) unimaginative
3. According to Gardiner, the common myth about fear is that _____.
(a) fear exists only in imagination
(b) fear exists only in novels
(c) fear exists in man
(d) fear does not exist in man
4. Most fears are generally _____.
(a) objective (b) negative
(c) positive (d) subjective
5. Swinburne confessed his hardihood to his _____.
(a) commander (b) friend
(c) mother (d) neighbour

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. 'For being brave, you need to experience fear.' Comment.
2. Is taking risk always advisable? Explain from Swinburne's experience.
3. According to A.G. Gardiner, how can fear be mastered?
4. 'He had the luck to be in a trade which has benefitted by the war more, perhaps than any other.' Comment.

C. Write in detail on :

1. Nelson's View on Fear
2. Wisdom of Don Quixote

Activity III

Look up the following words and phrases related to fear in the dictionary and make meaningful sentences.

terrified scary creepy afraid of one's own shadow
bundle of nerves shiver down the spine

Activity IV

A. Read the following expressions. We use each one of them in a specific situation. Identify the situation (context) in which we use them.

What do you say? / In my opinion... / As far as I'm concerned... / You're absolutely right. / I was just going to say that. / I'm afraid I disagree. / I don't think so. / If you ask me... / Do you have anything to say about this? / I couldn't agree with you more. / No doubt about it. / You have a point there. /

I beg to differ. / I suppose so. / I guess so. That's not always the case. / That's for sure. / Do you agree? / I'd say the exact opposite. / That's exactly how I feel. / How do you feel about that? / The way I see it... / What do you think?

Asking for an opinion	Giving an opinion	Expressing agreement	Expressing disagreement

B. Work in pairs. Think of a situation to use some of these expressions and write a dialogue.

Activity V

Work in groups.

Imagine you all are members of the Students Council and the Principal has called for a meeting to discuss a Community Service Programme. Take different roles as Principal, General Secretary, different members of Council and invite / give opinions and agree / disagree on the following :

- Theme of the programme
- Area of work
- Duration
- Things required
- Arrangements to be done
- Plan of action, etc.

Activity VI

A. Prepare a speech for and against the following statement-

“Life is what you make it ! Your destiny is in your hands !”

B. Refer to the text and prepare notes on it.

You may begin like this...

- Myth about fear
- Examples
- Overcoming fear

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UNIT 13

Activity I

Most love stories end with "... and they lived happily ever after," while some also end in tragedy. Narrate a story to the class that has touched your heart.

Introduction

All the lessons studied so far have had the names of their writers. But there are some authors who do not prefer to use their given names. Instead they use an adopted name, also known as pseudonym or pen name. For instance O Henry and Saki are the adopted names of William Sidney Porter and Hector Hugh Munro respectively. However, there are other writers who prefer to remain anonymous, meaning unidentified or unknown. You may also come across 'Anon' which means that the name of the writer is not known. This is one such lesson.

Not for Sale

When I take vacations, I enjoy going around different towns in the Southwestern part of the United States. I am particularly interested in the many art galleries and shops in that part of the country. These shops often exhibit paintings of young artists who have not yet won much attention. If one has a good eye for such things and chooses carefully, one can sometimes pick up some real bargains. At least it has been my experience in the past that I can find paintings which later prove to be true works of art. In fact, several of these now hang on the walls of my apartment and give me pleasure each time I look at them. They give me pleasure, first, because I was able to pick them up at a low price and, second, because I had the good sense to recognize the work of a young artist who later became famous.

Thus, it happened that one summer I drove into the quaint little town of Taos, New Mexico, where many exhibitions were being held. In one small shop my eye caught a lovely painting of a young woman of perhaps nineteen or twenty. The painting was extraordinary. Although there are many portraits of this kind, this particular one especially attracted me. The composing was good, and it had a certain feeling of warmth and affection that touched me. A woman, who was about thirty-five years old was in charge of the shop and I asked her the price of the painting.

"Oh," she said, "that particular painting is not for sale."

"But it's out here with the rest of the exhibits." I replied sadly.

"That painting belongs to the owner of the store," she explained, "and he doesn't want it sold. Perhaps I can interest you in one of the other works of our local artists?"

"No," I said, "Not today, thank you." I looked around her shop a bit longer and then left.

I drove to several other towns on that vacation, but kept thinking about the young woman in the portrait. I headed back toward Los Angeles and drove through Taos once again. I went to the same gallery and asked about the same painting. The woman remembered me at once.

"No," she said, "That painting's still not for sale. I'm afraid it never will be. It belongs to the owner of the store, as I told you, and he seems to value it highly."

The last remark interested me. I tried not to appear too curious, but nonetheless asked her if there was some story behind the picture. "Perhaps the owner is waiting for a really high price," I said as an opening move. "Who was the artist?"

"The owner of the shop painted it himself," she said. "It was done years ago, but he has always kept it. Do you really think it's so good?"

“It’s not bad.”

Two other customers came into the shop at that moment, and the woman left to attend to them. Nothing more was said about the painting by either of us on this visit, but after that I fell into the habit of driving through Taos and going to that little gallery every chance I had. Over the years, I got to know the woman better, and one day she told me the whole story.

It seems that the owner of the store - some twenty years ago - had gone to New York in order to complete his art studies. While living and painting in Greenwich Village, an area of New York City where many artists work and study, he met a young woman from New Mexico. She, too, was an art student. They had a lot in common and soon fell deeply in love. New York is a wonderful place for young people in love; they were very happy. They decided to get married. They set a date and invited all their student friends to the wedding. They planned to continue painting and to encourage each other’s careers.

Then a few weeks before the wedding, the young woman fell sick. She did not have to go into the hospital; she did not even appear ill; but she had sudden attacks of fainting which left her weak and shaking.

She did not wish to alarm her fiancé, so she told him nothing of her sickness. She hoped that it was a passing condition. But the attacks continued. Finally, she went to a doctor, who, in turn, sent her to two specialists. She was told that she had a rare blood disease and that there was no cure. She had six months to live, they told her a year at most.

It is not difficult to imagine the emotions of the young woman. She was, of course, concerned about herself, but she was equally concerned about the situation of her lover. If he learnt the truth about her condition, he might insist on marrying her - simply out of a feeling of obligation. She did not want this to happen. It would not be fair to him. He had talent as a young painter, and she wanted him to go on with his studies instead of foolishly sacrificing his life for hers.

She therefore decided to return home at once. She wrote the young man a long letter which she left in his room. In the letter, the young woman mentioned nothing about her health; she simply said that she had discovered that she was not really in love with him and that she had decided not to get married. Under the circumstances, she wrote, the best thing for her to do was to return home. And she did. After she had left, the young man found the letter in his room.

The woman at the shop, who had been telling me the story, stopped at this point. I waited for a moment, then remarked, “But you haven’t said anything about the painting. Where does that come into the story?”

She remained silent for a moment. “The painting is simply a study of the young girl by the young boy while they were both students and so deeply in love. Perhaps for that reason the picture has a certain warmth and feeling. You yourself once remarked about this.”

“Yes, I did,” I said, looking again toward the picture on the wall and then back again at the woman in the shop. Suddenly, then there occurred to me something that I had never noticed before. For the first time, I saw a resemblance between the girl in the picture and the woman in the shop. I looked again from one to the other. “You’ll excuse me,” I said, “but you are, by any chance, the girl in the picture? It seems to me that I see a definite resemblance there.”

“Yes,” she said smiling. “I am the girl. And I see that you have followed my story very well.”

“But I still don’t understand one or two things,” I said.

“The ending is very simple. A few weeks after the young woman left New York, the young man, by one means or another, learned the real truth about her condition. Immediately, he himself then left New York and followed her to Taos. Being a person of very strong character, he insisted on marrying her - and did so.”

“But what about the young girl’s health?” I asked. “Or rather your health?” The doctors had said that you had only a short time to live.

“My husband refused to believe in the decision of the doctors. He said that our love was too strong to permit any such difficulties. For several years, it is true, I was in very poor health, and we remained in the Southwest. But my husband’s faith never weakened, and faith, as you know, can often work miracles. Later, we opened this gallery and we both began painting again. Things were not always easy for us, but we’ve really been happy these past twenty years.”

Glossary

quaint(adj) attractively old-fashioned **touched**(adj) (here) emotionally moved **obligation**(n) responsibility

Activity II

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The paintings in the owner’s studio gave him pleasure because they were _____.
 (a) appreciated (b) expensive
 (c) his own works (d) the works of great artists
- The young woman did not share her ailment with her fiancé because _____.
 (a) she hated him (b) she loved him
 (c) she was deceitful (d) she was secretive
- _____ refused to believe in the decision of the doctors.
 (a) The author (b) The young man
 (c) The young woman (d) The stranger
- The painting was extraordinary because it had _____.
 (a) a high price tag (b) a soothing background
 (c) very bright colours (d) warmth and affection
- The owner of the painting valued it highly because he had _____.
 (a) invested a big amount (b) received it as a gift
 (c) some sweet memories (d) wished for a high price.
- The young man’s faith in love proved to be _____.
 (a) ethereal (b) fatal
 (c) miraculous (d) reasonable

B. Answer the following questions in brief.

- How did the narrator exhibit his passion for works of art?
- Why did the author become a regular visitor to the art gallery?
- Comment on the importance of New York city in the life of the owner of the painting.
- Give instances that highlight the young woman’s considerate nature.
- “Faith can often work miracles”. Explain.

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Young Woman's Letter
2. The Appropriateness of the Title

Activity III

Match the following :

	A	B
a.	permit	heal
b.	resemblance	allow
c.	miracle	strange
d.	cure	similarity
e.	quaint	surprise happening

Activity IV

A. Study the data given below on Spending Habits of Junior College (Higher Secondary), Graduation and Post Graduation Students of a city in India carefully.

Category	Junior College		Graduation		Post Graduation	
	Girls (%)	Boys (%)	Girls (%)	Boys (%)	Girls (%)	Boys (%)
Study	7	7	10	8	10	10
Movie	8	10	8	10	2	2
Shopping	35	34	32	30	20	15
Petrol	8	12	12	14	15	20
Savings	20	10	10	8	5	5
Fast Food	13	14	12	15	10	15
Mobile	5	8	10	12	11	15
Beauty	2	0	3	0	15	0
Cosmetics	1	3	1	1	10	8
Health Care	1	2	1	2	2	10

**The given figures are imaginative.*

Work in pairs and talk about the questions given below.

1. How do Junior College girls spend most of their money?
2. Compare the spending habits of Graduate boys and girls?
3. How do Post Graduate Boys spend most of their money?

B. Work in pairs and frame at least ten more questions based on the table. You may follow the example from A.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Activity V

Epiphany means sudden realization. Realizing something about which you were not earlier aware of is an experience we all have had. **Depict the idea through a short skit in order to convey the message about sudden realization of your abilities after the board exams and present it before the class.**

Activity VI

- A. **Imagine you have a secret chamber. What would you like to paint on the walls if you were a painter? Use lots of details to describe the work.**
- B. **“Life without material goods can still be good”. Prepare a short speech in about 150 words.**



Wright Brothers

A New York Times editorial on December 10, 1903, questioned the wisdom of the Wright Brothers who were trying to invent a machine, heavier than air, that would fly. One week later, at Kitty Hawk, the Wright Brothers took their famous flight.

Walt Disney

As a young cartoonist, Walt Disney faced many rejections from newspaper editors, who said he had no talent. Even fired from one who told him he lacked imagination and original ideas.

One day a minister at a church hired him to draw some cartoons. Disney was working out of a small mouse infested shed near the church. After seeing a small mouse, he was inspired. That was the start of Mickey Mouse.

Answer of Riddle from Pg. 32

TIME

Poetry

1

The Coromandel Fishers**Introduction**

Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949) was a distinguished poet, renowned freedom fighter and one of the great orators of her time. She was famously known as Bharatiya Kokila (The Nightingale of India). She was the first Indian woman to become the President of the Indian National Congress and the first woman to become the Governor of a state in India. The three volumes of her poems *The Golden Threshold* (1905), *The Bird of Time* (1912) and *The Broken Wing* (1917) occupy a place of eminence in the history of Indian English poetry. She possessed a sharp aesthetic sensibility and was an admirer of the varied colours of nature, Indian traditions and folk life. Her themes are indigenous and capture the spirit of India.

The Coromandel Fishers is a lyric enriched by vivid imagery and folk culture of the Coromandel Coast of India. It depicts the relationship of fishermen with nature. Nature stands as a symbol of beauty that brings forth an optimistic view of life.

Rise, brothers, rise; the wakening skies pray to the morning light,

The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a child that has cried all night.

Come, let us gather our nets from the shore and set our catamarans free,

To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are the kings of the sea !

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of the sea gull's call,

The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the waves are our comrades all.

What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the hand of the sea-god drives?

He who holds the storm by the hair, will hide in his breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade, and the scent of the mango grove,

And sweet are the sands at the full'o the moon with the sound of the voices we love;

But sweeter, O brother, the kiss of the spray and the dance of the wild foam's glee;

Row, brothers, row to the edge of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea.

Glossary

coromandel(n) south eastern coastal region of India **catamarans**(n) sailboats **cocoanut** (old spelling)(n) coconut **glade**(n) open passage through the woods **verge**(n) boundary **mates**(v) (here) unites

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Who are referred to as 'brothers' by the poet?
2. When do the fishermen set out for the sea?
3. How is the wind described?
4. Do you think that the fishermen are safe at sea? Justify your stand.
5. How do the fishermen claim kinship with nature?
6. What is described as 'sweet' by the fishermen?
7. How far do the fishermen wish to go?
8. List the lines from the poem where opposite words are used. Identify the figures of speech.
9. Hyperbole means overstatement or exaggeration. Indicate the lines from the poem that convey the same.
10. Identify and explain the figures of speech in the poem.

B. Read the poem carefully and provide appropriate words for the following expressions that appear in the poem.

Examples : Wakening skies : dawn

1. Leaping wealth of the tide : _____
2. The kings of the sea : _____
3. Fall of the sun : _____
4. He who holds the storm by hair : _____
5. The edge of the verge, where the low sky mates with the sea : _____



Introduction

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was one of the major English Romantic poets and is regarded by some as among the finest lyric poets in the English language. A radical in his poetry as well as in his political and social views, Shelley did not see fame during his lifetime, but recognition for his poetry grew steadily after his death. Shelley is perhaps best known for such classic poems as *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Music*, *When Soft Voices Die*, *The Cloud*, *The Masque of Anarchy* etc.

Ozymandias, the sonnet, explores the undeniable truth of history that time ravages everything.

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing beside remains, Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Glossary

visage(n) face **sneer(n)** crooked smile **colossal(adj)** extremely large

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What is the traveller's description of the fragmented statue?
2. What do we come to know about the King's nature from the description given?
3. Which lines in the poem indicate the pride of Ozymandias?
4. 'Nothing beside remains'. Explain.
5. How is temporality of human pride described in this poem?
6. What message is conveyed through the poem?
7. Bring out the irony in the poem.

Introduction

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861) was one of the most prominent poets of the Victorian era. She started writing poetry at the age of six. Her early poems, compiled and published by her mother form one of the largest extant of juvenilia by any English writer. She married the leading Victorian poet Robert Browning. She was very popular both in England and America during her lifetime.

How Do I Love Thee ? was published in 1850 as sonnet 43 in the collection entitled *Sonnets from Portuguese*. It is a sonnet. It expresses the poetic persona's passionate feelings for her husband Robert Browning.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Mention the different ways listed by the poet to express her love.
2. Elaborate on the central idea of the poem.
3. Describe the rhyme scheme of the poem.
4. Comment on the ending of the poem.
5. Find instances of hyperbole in the poem.

•

Introduction

Marguerite Annie Johnson “Maya Angelou” (1928-2014) was an AfroAmerican author, poet, dancer, actress, and singer. She published seven volumes of autobiography which focus on her childhood and early adult experiences, three books of essays, and several books of poetry. She is also credited with a list of plays, movies, and television shows spanning over 50 years. She received dozens of awards and more than 50 honorary degrees.

Still I Rise derives its energy from its bold and clear self-assertiveness. Clearly addressed to the white oppressors of black persons, the poem presents us with a black woman willing to speak up for herself, for other living blacks, and even for her black ancestors. The poem is both highly political and highly personal. The poet is implicitly responding to decades and even centuries of oppression and mistreatment.

You may write me down in history
 With your bitter, twisted lies,
 You may trod me in the very dirt
 But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
 Why are you beset with gloom?
 'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
 Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
 With the certainty of tides,
 Just like hopes springing high,
 Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
 Bowed head and lowered eyes?
 Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
 Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
 Don't you take it awful hard
 'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
 Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
 You may cut me with your eyes,
 You may kill me with your hatefulness,
 But still, like air, I'll rise.

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise

Glossary

sassiness(n) boldness **trod**(v) (here) trample **beset**(v) harass **huts of history's shame** a reference to the living quarters of the slaves in pre-civil war USA

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What is the overall tone of the poem? Give examples from the text.
2. What do you think Angelou is trying to accomplish with her poem?
3. Who is 'you' in the poem? Why is she addressing this 'you'?
4. To what does Angelou compare her hope?
5. What are the 'huts of history?' Why must the poet 'rise' out of these 'huts'?
6. Why does the poet compare herself to 'air'?
7. 'Black ocean, leaping and wide;' Explain the figure of speech.

•

5

Where Have I Kept the Poem ?

Introduction

Jayant Parmar (1954) is an Indian poet who writes in Urdu. He is known for raising Dalit issues in his poem. He developed love for Urdu while living with Muslim neighbours in Ahmedabad. He learnt Urdu himself using a language learning guide at the age of 30. He is also a painter. *Aur* (1998) and *Pencil Aur Dusari Nazmein* (2006) are his well-known poetry collections.

Where have I kept the poem?, translated by Baider Bakht, talks about the process of writing a poem. A poem can neither be created with the help of reference books or textbooks nor by following someone's instructions. The moment of creation cannot be created.

I've been looking for it
 In the drawers of my desk,
 On the table,
 In the cupboard,
 On the bookshelf,
 In the mad pages
 Of old and new books,
 In the worn pockets,
 Of my coarse-cloth shirt,
 In the camel-leather briefcase;
 Where have I kept the poem?
 Then I ask
 Neruda, Amichai and Rilke.
 I kept it somewhere just now.
 Searching for the poem,
 I come across the pen and paper,
 But the poem
 Is absent from the notebook of the heart.

Glossary

Neruda Pablo Neruda, Nobel laureate poet from Chile **Amichai** Yehuda Amichai, Israeli poet **Rilke** Rainer Maria Rilke, Austrian poet and novelist

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Where does the poet look for the poem?
2. Why do you think, the poet asked the wellknown poets about the lost poem?

3. Explain :

'Searching for the poem,
I came across the pen and paper,
But the poem
Is absent from the notebook of the heart.'

4. Why do you think the poet is in search of the poem?

5. Have you ever felt like creating a poem? What do you think can be the topic of your poem?

•

Rebus

What does this rebus represent?

6

To the Cuckoo

Introduction

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), a British Romantic poet, is credited with ushering in the English Romantic Movement with the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) in collaboration with Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Magnificent country landscapes deeply affected Wordsworth's imagination and instilled in him a love for nature. He became England's Poet Laureate in 1843, a position he held until his death in 1850.

'**To the Cuckoo**' is a poem in which Wordsworth sees Nature as his friend, philosopher and guide. In this poem, from the aesthetic point of view, Wordsworth has focused on the thrilling sound, rhyme, description of the scene and excitement at the arrival of the bird.

O blithe New-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boys days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee !

Glossary

blithe(adj) happy, cheerful **babbling**(v) meaningless uttering **vale**(n) valley **rove**(v) roam, wander
wert (old Usage)(v) were **twofold**(adj) the dual chirping sound of the cuckoo-(koo-hoo)

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. How does the poet describe the cuckoo?
2. Has the poet seen the cuckoo? How do you know?
3. Why is the poet welcoming the cuckoo thrice?
4. How did the poem 'To the Cuckoo' remind the poet of his childhood?
5. According to the poet, why is earth a 'perfect dwelling' for the cuckoo?
6. The words 'heard-bird, rejoice-voice' rhyme. Give three more pairs of words (not from the poem) which rhyme.
7. Point out the lines in which the following figures of speech are used :
 - a. Rhetorical Question
 - b. Antithesis
 - c. Onomatopoeia
8. This poem appeals to our senses. List the words from the poem that refer to the sense of hearing and sight.

•

7

Neither out Far nor in Deep

Introduction

Robert Frost (1874-1963) was an American poet. Frost received more than 40 honorary degrees during his lifetime. In 1924, he received his first of four Pulitzer Prizes for his book *New Hampshire*. He also won Pulitzers for *Collected Poems* (1931), *Further Range* (1937) and *A Witness Tree* (1943).

Neither out Far nor in Deep, a short lyric, is a subtle satire on the human nature of neglecting or escaping from the concrete reality before them and obsessively seeking to find the unreal, the unknowable and the inaccessible.

The people along the sand
All turn and look one way.
They turn their back on the land,
They look at the sea all day.

As long as it takes to pass
A ship keeps raising its hull;
The wetter ground like glass
Reflects a standing gull.

The land may vary more;
But wherever the truth may be-
The water comes ashore,
And the people look at the sea.

They cannot look out far,
They cannot look in deep.
But when was that ever a bar
To any watch they keep?

Glossary

hull(n) the watertight body of a ship or boat **gull(n)** seagulls **bar(n)** (here) control

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. According to the poet, where are the people and what are they doing?
2. What is the significance of using the beach as the setting of the poem?
3. Identify simile and synecdoche in the poem.
4. 'The water comes ashore, and people look at the sea.' - Explain.
5. Why does the poet use a rhetorical question to end the poem?

•

8

Night of the Scorpion

Introduction

Nissim Ezekiel (1924-2004) was an Indian poet, playwright, editor and art-critic. He was an important figure of Indian Writing in English during post-independence era. He was awarded the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1983 for his collection of poems *Latter-Day Psalms*. Ezekiel is universally recognized and appreciated as being one of the most notable and accomplished Indian English language poets of the 20th century.

Night of the Scorpion opens with the poet's reminiscence of a childhood experience. It is a strong yet simple statement on the power of self-effacing love. Filled to the brim with Indianness, the poem captures snapshots of rural life with all its superstitions and simplicity. The poet dramatizes a battle of ideas fought at night in the lamplight between good and evil between darkness and light, between rationalism and blind faith. And out of this contest, there arises an unexpected winner—the selfless love of a mother.

I remember the night my mother
was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours
of steady rain had driven him
to crawl beneath a sack of rice.

Parting with his poison-flash
of diabolic tail in the dark room—
he risked the rain again.

The peasants came like swarms of flies
and buzzed the name of God a hundred times
to paralyse the Evil One.

With candles and with lanterns
throwing giant scorpion shadows
they searched for him; he was not found.
They clicked their tongues.

With every movement that the scorpion made his poison moved in Mother's blood, they said.

May he sit still, they said
May the sins of your previous birth
be burned away tonight they said.
May your suffering decrease
the misfortunes of your next birth, they said.
May the sum of all evil
balanced in this unreal world

against the sum of good
become diminished by your pain.
May the poison purify your flesh

of desire, and your spirit of ambition,
they said, and they sat around
on the floor with my mother in the centre,
the peace of understanding on each face.
More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours,
more insects, and the endless rain.
My mother twisted through and through,
groaning on a mat.
My father, sceptic, rationalist,
trying every curse and blessing,
powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.
He even poured a little paraffin
upon the bitten toe and put a match to it.
I watched the flame feeding on my mother.
I watched the holy man perform his rites to tame the poison with an incantation.
After twenty hours
it lost its sting.

My mother only said
Thank God the scorpion picked on me
And spared my children.

Glossary

diabolic(n) devilish, satanic, having qualities of a devil **skeptic**(n) someone who doubts accepted beliefs
paraffin(n) kerosene **rationalist**(n) someone who thinks logically, positivist **hybrid**(n) (here) mix
incantation(n) ritual recitation of words/sound with magical effect

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What made the scorpion enter the house?
2. The poet talks about clash of ideas (rational vs irrational). Find out the lines from the poem representing the same.
3. Why were the villagers looking for the scorpion at night?
4. Why did the villagers think that the pain is good for the poet's mother?
5. How did the poet's father react to the sting of the scorpion?
6. The poem is full of images. Identify the words representing different images.

•

9

I Remember, I Remember**Introduction**

Thomas Hood (1799-1845) was British poet, author and humorist, best known for poems such as “*The Bridge of Sighs*” and “*The Song of the Shirt*”. He regularly wrote for “*The London Magazine*”. Hood died at the age of 45.

I Remember, I Remember is a reflective and emotional poem that shows a rare depth of sentiments. It depicts realistic thought in comparison to the ignorance of childhood thought and experience. It compares the real world to the child’s world of fantasy.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi’lets, and the lilycups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilac where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;

I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

Glossary

peeping(v) looking secretly **borne**(v) carried away

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. How does Thomas Hood describe sunrise?
2. What reminds the poet of his brother? Why?
3. 'It was the childish ignorance'. Explain.
4. Which objects have left an indelible impact on the poet's mind?
5. Discuss the use of personification and antithesis in the poem.

•

Grammar Riddle

There are three words in the English language that end in "gry".
ONE is angry and the other is hungry. Everyone knows what the
third ONE means and what it stands for. Everyone uses them every
day,
and if you listened very carefully, I've given you the third word.
What is it? _____gry?

Answer of REBUS on Pg. 84
CASTLE ON A CLOUD

10

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard

Introduction

Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was a transitional poet and an important precursor to the Romantic Revival. The chief characteristics of his poetry are exquisite craftsmanship, condensed expression, love of nature and sympathy for the common man.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard was first published in 1751. An elegy is a poem which laments the dead. Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* is noteworthy in that it mourns the death not of great or famous people but of common human beings. The poem invokes that classical idea of *memento mori* a Latin phrase which states "Remember that you must die." The speaker considers the fact that in death there is no distinction between great and common people. It is a great leveller that renders everyone equal.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy storke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

[An Excerpt]

Glossary

the curfew(n) medieval regulation for the extinction of fire at a fixed time in the evening **tolls**(v) rings sounds or strikes **knell**(n) sound or sign announcing the death and extinction or failure of something **lea**(n) open ground, grassland, meadow **folds**(n) enclosure for sheep **moping**(v) depressing **bower**(n) a leafy shelter of recess **molest**(v) (here) disturb, interfere, annoy **rude**(adj) (here) illiterate **clarion**(adj) clear and shrill **jocund**(adj) cheerful

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Describe the setting of the poem.
2. What are the routine pleasures for the simple rural folk?
3. What are the various qualities attributed to birds and beasts in the poem?
4. Figures of speech are ornaments that embellish literature. Locate and comment on the use of figures of speech in the poem.
5. Explain the lines :
 - (a) 'The moping owl does to the moon complain'
 - (b) 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

Introduction

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) wrote poems in Bengali and in English. In 1913, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for his collection of songs entitled *Gitanjali*. He has the honour of being the composer of our National Anthem. Tagore could write on deep spiritual and mystical themes with as much ease as he wrote poems for children.

Cloud and Waves describes the child's attachment to his/her mother. Can the allurements of nature appeal more to the child ! Read the poem and enjoy it.

Mother, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me-

"We play from the time we wake till the day ends.

We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon."

I ask, "But, how am I to get up to you?"

They answer, "Come to the edge of the earth, lift up your hands to the sky, and you will be taken up into the clouds."

"My mother is waiting for me at home," I say. "How can I leave her and come?"

Then they smile and float away.

But I know a nicer game than that, mother.

I shall be the cloud and you the moon.

I shall cover you with both my hands, and our house-top will be the blue sky.

The folk who live in the waves call out to me-

"We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass."

I ask, "But how am I to join you?"

They, tell me, "Come to the edge of the shore and stand with your eyes tight shut, and you will be carried out upon the waves."

I say, "My mother always wants me at home in the evening-how can I leave her and go?"

Then they smile, dance and pass by.

But I know a better game than that.

I will be the waves and you will be a strange shore.

I shall roll on and on and on, and break upon your lap with laughter

And no one in the world will know where we both are.

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. How do the folk in the clouds call out to the child? Does the child join them? Why?
2. What games does the child want to play with his/her mother?
3. What is the main theme of the poem 'Cloud and Waves'.
4. Comment on the vivid imagination of the child.
5. Identify and explain hyperbole in the poem.

•

Introduction

Berton Braley (1882 - 1966) was an American poet. He was a prolific writer who wrote about twenty books and most of them were collections of poems. Some of his major works include *Sonnets of a Freshman*, *Sonnets of a Suffragette*, *Songs of the Workaday World*, *Things As They Are* and *The World's One Thousand Best Poems*. In 1934, Braley published the autobiographical *Pegasus Pulls a Hack Memoirs of a Modern Minstrel*.

Start Where You Stand is a motivational poem. The poet believes that we cannot let past events hold us back from achieving what we want today and in future.

Start where you stand and never mind the past,
 The past won't help you in beginning new,
 If you have left it all behind at last
 Why, that's enough, you're done with it, you're through;
 This is another chapter in the book,
 This is another race that you have planned,
 Don't give the vanished days a backward look,
 Start where you stand.
 The world won't care about your old defeats
 If you can start anew and win success,
 The future is your time, and time is fleet
 And there is much of work and strain and stress;
 Forget the buried woes and dead despairs,
 Here is a brand new trial right at hand,
 The future is for him who does and dares,
 Start where you stand.
 Old failures will not halt, old triumphs aid,
 To-day's the thing, to-morrow soon will be;
 Get in the fight and face it unafraid,
 And leave the past to ancient history;
 What has been, has been; Yesterday is dead
 And by it you are neither blessed nor banned,
 Take courage, man, be brave and drive ahead,
 Start where you stand.

Glossary

is fleet runs fast **triumph(n)** victory

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What does the poet say about the past?
2. What is the new beginning compared to?
3. Comment on the appropriateness of the title of the poem 'Start Where You Stand'.
4. Do you agree with the message of the poem? Give reasons.
5. The poet says, 'The past won't help you in beginning new.' Do you agree? Why?



CHECK IT OUT!

1. What question can never be answered with a YES?
2. Why shouldn't you put the letter M into the refrigerator?
3. What can you find once in every 'MINUTE', but never in a 'THOUSAND' years?

Supplementary Reading

1

The Bet

Introduction

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860-1904), is recognized as a master of the modern short story and a leading playwright of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. As a prolific writer, he emphasized the depths of human nature, the hidden significance of everyday events and the fine line between comedy and tragedy.

Betting has grave consequences even when it is done in fun. It can be responsible for many “riches to rags” stories. What happens when betting is not about money but about life! Read and find out.

It was a dark autumn night. The old banker was pacing from corner to corner of his study, recalling to his mind the party he gave in the autumn fifteen years before. There were many clever people at the party and much interesting conversation. They talked among other things of capital punishment. The guests, among them not a few scholars and journalists, for the most part disapproved of capital punishment. They found it obsolete as a means of punishment, unfitted to a Christian state and immoral. Some of them thought that capital punishment should be replaced universally by life-imprisonment.

“I don’t agree with you,” said the host. “I myself have experienced neither capital punishment nor life-imprisonment, but if one may judge *a priori*, then in my opinion capital punishment is more moral and more humane than imprisonment. Execution kills instantly, life-imprisonment kills by degrees. Who is the more humane executioner, one who kills you in a few seconds or one who draws the life out of you incessantly, for years?”

“They’re both equally immoral,” remarked one of the guests, “because their purpose is the same, to take away life. The State is not God. It has no right to take away that which it cannot give back, if it should so desire.”

Among the company was a lawyer, a young man of about twenty-five. On being asked his opinion, he said:

“Capital punishment and life-imprisonment are equally immoral; but if I were offered the choice between them, I would certainly choose the second. It’s better to live somehow than not to live at all.”

There ensued a lively discussion. The banker who was then younger and more nervous suddenly lost his temper, banged his fist on the table, and turning to the young lawyer, cried out:

“It’s a lie. I bet you two millions you wouldn’t stick in a cell even for five years.”

“If you mean it seriously,” replied the lawyer, “then I bet I’ll stay not five but fifteen.”

“Fifteen? Done!” cried the banker, “Gentlemen, I stake two millions.”

“Agreed. You stake two millions, I my freedom,” said the lawyer.

So this wild, ridiculous bet came to pass. The banker, who at that time had too many millions to count, spoiled and capricious, was beside himself with rapture. During supper he said to the lawyer jokingly:

“Come to your senses, young man, before it’s too late. Two millions are nothing to me, but you stand to lose three or four of the best years of your life. I say three or four, because you’ll never stick it out any longer. Don’t forget either, you unhappy man, that voluntary is much heavier than enforced imprisonment. The idea that you have the right to free yourself at any moment will poison the whole of your life in the cell. I pity you.”

And now the banker, pacing from corner to corner, recalled all this and asked himself :

“Why did I make this bet? What’s the good? The lawyer loses fifteen years of his life and I throw away two millions. Will it convince people that capital punishment is worse or better than imprisonment for life? No, no! all stuff and rubbish. On my part, it was the caprice of a well-fed man; on the lawyer’s pure greed of gold.”

He recollected further what happened after the evening party. It was decided that the lawyer must undergo his imprisonment under the strictest observation, in a garden wing of the banker’s house. It was agreed that during the period he would be deprived of the right to cross the threshold, to see living people, to hear human voices, and to receive letters and newspapers. He was permitted to have a musical instrument, to read books, to write letters, to drink wine and smoke tobacco. By the agreement he could communicate, but only in silence, with the outside world through a little window specially constructed for this purpose. Everything necessary, books, music, wine, he could receive in any quantity by sending a note through the window. The agreement provided for all the minutest details, which made the confinement strictly solitary, and it obliged the lawyer to remain exactly fifteen years from twelve o’clock of November 14th, 1870, to twelve o’clock of November 14th, 1885. The least attempt on his part to violate the conditions, to escape if only for two minutes before the time freed the banker from the obligation to pay him the two millions.

During the first year of imprisonment, the lawyer, as far as it was possible to judge from his short notes, suffered terribly from loneliness and boredom. From his wing day and night came the sound of the piano. He rejected wine and tobacco. “Wine,” he wrote, “excites desires, and desires are the chief foes of a prisoner; beside, nothing is more boring than to drink good wine alone and tobacco spoils the air in the room.” During the first year, the lawyer was sent books of a light character; novels with a complicated love interest, stories of crime and fantasy, comedies, and so on.

In the second year, the piano was heard no longer and the lawyer asked only for classics. In the fifth year, music was heard again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who watched him said that during the whole of that year he was only eating, drinking, and lying on his bed. He yawned often and talked angrily to himself. Books, he did not read. Sometime at nights he would sit down to write. He would write for a long time and tear it all up in the morning. More than once he was heard to weep.

In the second half of the sixth year, the prisoner began zealously to study languages, philosophy, and history. He fell on these subjects so hungrily that the banker hardly had time to get books enough for him. In the space of four years about six hundred volumes were bought at his request. It was while that passion lasted that the banker received the following letter from the prisoner: “My dear gaoler, I am writing these lines in six languages. Show them to experts. Let them read them. If they do not find one single mistake, I beg you to give orders to have a gun fired off in the garden. By the noise I shall know that my efforts have not been in vain. The geniuses of all ages and countries speak in different languages; but in them all burns the same flame. Oh, if you knew my heavenly happiness now that I can understand them !” The prisoner’s desire was fulfilled. Two shots were fired in the garden by the banker’s order.

Later on, after the tenth year, the lawyer sat immovable before his table and read only the New Testament. The banker found it strange that a man who in four years had mastered six hundred erudite volumes, should have spent nearly a year in reading one book, easy to understand and by no means thick. The New Testament was then replaced by the history of religions and theology.

During the last two years of his confinement the prisoner read an extraordinary amount, quite haphazard. Now he would apply himself to the natural sciences, then he would read Byron or Shakespeare. Notes used to come from him in which he asked to be sent at the same time a book on chemistry, a text-book of medicine,

a novel, and some treatise on philosophy or theology. He read as though he were swimming in the sea among broken pieces of wreckage, and in his desire to save his life was eagerly grasping one piece after another.

The banker recalled all this, and thought:

“Tomorrow at twelve o’clock he receives his freedom. Under the agreement, I shall have to pay him two millions. If I pay, it’s all over with me. I am ruined for ever.”

Fifteen years before he had too many millions to count, but now he was afraid to ask himself which he had more of, money or debts. Gambling on the Stock-Exchange, risky speculation, and the recklessness of which he could not rid himself even in old age, had gradually brought his business to decay; and the fearless, self-confident, proud man of business had become an ordinary banker, trembling at every rise and fall in the market.

“That cursed bet,” murmured the old man clutching his head in despair... “Why didn’t the man die? He’s only forty years old. He will take away my last farthing, marry, enjoy life, gamble on the Exchange, and I will look on like an envious beggar and hear the same words from him every day: I’m obliged to you for the happiness of my life. Let me help you. “No, it’s too much! The only escape from bankruptcy and disgrace—is that the man should die.”

The clock had just struck three. The banker was listening. In the house every one was asleep, and one could hear only the frozen trees whining outside the windows. Trying to make no sound, he took out of his safe the key of the door which had not been opened for fifteen years, put on his overcoat, and went out of the house. The garden was dark and cold. It was raining. A damp, penetrating wind howled in the garden and gave the trees no rest. Though he strained his eyes, the banker could see neither the ground, nor the white statues, nor the garden wing, nor the trees. Approaching the garden wing, he called the watchman twice. There was no answer. Evidently the watchman had taken shelter from the bad weather and was now asleep somewhere in the kitchen or the greenhouse.

“If I have the courage to fulfil my intention,” thought the old man, “the suspicion will fall on the watchman first of all.”

In the darkness he groped for the steps and the door and entered the hall of the garden-wing, then poked his way into a narrow passage and struck a match. Not a soul was there. Someone’s bed, with no bedclothes on it, stood there, and an iron stove loomed dark in the corner. The seals on the door that led into the prisoner’s room were unbroken.

When the match went out, the old man, trembling from agitation, peeped into the little window.

In the prisoner’s room a candle was burning dimly. The prisoner himself sat by the table. Only his back, the hair on his head and his hands were visible. Open books were strewn about on the table, the two chairs, and on the carpet near the table.

Five minutes passed and the prisoner never once stirred. Fifteen years’ confinement had taught him to sit motionless. The banker tapped on the window with his finger, but the prisoner made no movement in reply. Then the banker cautiously tore the seals from the door and put the key into the lock. The rusty lock gave a hoarse groan and the door creaked. The banker expected instantly to hear a cry of surprise and the sound of steps. Three minutes passed and it was as quiet inside as it had been before. He made up his mind to enter.

Before the table sat a man, unlike an ordinary human being. It was a skeleton, with tight-drawn skin, with long curly hair like a woman’s, and a shaggy beard. The colour of his face was yellow, of an earthy shade; the cheeks were sunken, the back long and narrow, and the hand upon which he leaned his hairy head was so lean and skinny that it was painful to look upon. His hair was already silvering with grey and no one who

glanced at the senile emaciation of the face would have believed that he was only forty years old. On the table, before his bended head, lay a sheet of paper on which something was written in a tiny hand.

“Poor devil,” thought the banker, “he’s asleep and probably seeing millions in his dreams. I have only to take and throw this half-dead thing on the bed, smother him a moment with the pillow, and the most careful examination will find no trace of unnatural death. But, first, let us read what he had written here.”

The banker took the sheet from the table and read :

“Tomorrow at twelve o’clock midnight, I shall obtain my freedom and the right to mix with people. But before I leave this room and see the sun I think it necessary to say a few words to you. On my own clear conscience and before God who sees me, I declare to you that I despise freedom, life, health, and all that your books call the blessing of the world.”

“For fifteen years I have diligently studied earthly life. True, I saw neither the earth nor the people, but in your books I drank fragrant wine, sang songs, hunted deer and wild boar in the forests, loved women... And beautiful women, like clouds ethereal, created by the magic of your poet’s genius, visited me by night and whispered to me wonderful tales, which made my head drunken. In your books I climbed the summits of Elbruze and Mont Blanc and saw from there how the sun rose in the morning, and in the evening suffused the sky, the ocean and lie mountain ridges with a purple gold. I saw from there how above me lightnings glimmered cleaving the clouds; I saw green forests, fields, rivers, lakes, cities; I heard syrens singing, and the playing of the pipes of Pan; I touched the wings of beautiful devils who came flying to me to speak of God... In your books I cast myself into bottomless abysses, worked miracles, burned cities to the ground, preached new religions, conquered whole countries.”

“Your books gave me wisdom. All that unwearying human thought created in the centuries is compressed to a little lump in my skull. I know that I am cleverer than you all.”

“And I despise your books, despise all worldly blessings and wisdom. Everything is void, frail, visionary and delusive as a mirage. Though you be proud and wise and beautiful, yet will death wipe you from the face of the earth like the mice underground; and your posterity, your history, and the immortality of your men of genius will be as frozen slag, burnt down together with the terrestrial globe.”

“You are mad, gone the wrong way. You take falsehood for truth and ugliness for beauty. You would marvel if suddenly apple and orange trees should bear frogs and lizards instead of fruit, and if roses should begin to breathe the odour of a sweating horse. So do I marvel at you, who have bartered heaven for earth. I do not want to understand you.”

“That I may show you indeed my contempt for that by which you live, I waive the two millions of which I once dreamed as of paradise, and which I now despise. That I may deprive myself of my right to them, I shall come out from here five minutes before the stipulated term, and thus shall violate the agreement.”

When he had read, the banker put the sheet on the table, kissed the head of the strange man, and began to weep. He went out of the wing. Never at any other time, not even after his terrible losses on the Exchange, had he felt such contempt for himself as now. Coming home, he lay down on his bed, but agitation and tears kept him a long time from sleeping.

The next morning the poor watchman came running to him and told him that they had seen the man who lived in the wing climb through the window into the garden. He had gone to the gate and disappeared. The banker instantly went with his servants to the wing and established the escape of his prisoner. To avoid unnecessary rumours he took the paper with the renunciation from the table and, on his return, locked it in his safe.

Glossary

capital punishment(n) death penalty **à priori** (Latin) (here) hypothetically **stake**(v) risk **ensue**(v) followed **capricious**(adj) impulsive **erudite**(adj) scholarly **theology**(n) study of religion **senile**(adj) mentally or physically infirm with age **ethereal**(adj) heavenly **posterity**(n) descendants, future generations **slag**(n) waste matter

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. Why is the banker not able to forget the party he had hosted?
2. How was the young man kept in confinement?
3. In what way did the banker discourage the young man against the bet?
4. Give the reason why the banker was asked to fire shots in the garden.
5. Describe why the banker was unhappy as the period of capital punishment was coming to an end.
6. What was the prisoner's letter about?
7. Give a pen-portrait of the prisoner.

•

FOOD FOR YOUR THOUGHT:

"There are worse crimes than burning books. One of them is not reading them".

- JOSEPH BRODSKY

Answers of Pg.No 96

Ans. 1: Are you asleep?

Ans. 2: Because it changes ice into mice

Ans. 3: "M" and "I".

2

Monsieur Eiffel and His Tower

Introduction

Frederick Sondern Jr. has beautifully depicted the craftsmanship of Eiffel in building bridges and the famous tower in Paris.

This lesson shows how inspite of great opposition and criticism, Alexandre Gustave Eiffel successfully designed two 'Wonders of the World'. Even today, millions of people throng everyday to have a glimpse of this great edifice- The Eiffel Tower.

Many thousands of visitors to Paris glide aloft every year in the Eiffel Tower's venerable lifts to look down at the breathtaking panorama nearly 1000 feet below-the brilliant colours of the boulevards, the magnificent buildings, the whole charming dignity of the tree-fringed French capital. For most people the impression of that view lasts a lifetime. And that is exactly what Gustave Eiffel intended in 1889 when he built the marvel of engineering which is one of the world's highest structures.

Oddly enough, while the renown of *La Tour Eiffel* had spread into every part of the globe, Gustave Eiffel himself remains relatively unknown. "I should really be jealous of the Tower" he once said. "People seem to think it is my only work. I have done some other things too, after all."

The irrepressible old gentleman with the ramrod back and twinkling eyes had done many other things indeed. The father of modern steel construction, Monsieur Eiffel built some of the world's biggest bridges with daring techniques that revolutionized bridge design.

His seemingly fantastic experiments with buildings of every kind started the transition from the era of stone and wood to the modern era of steel and concrete. Many of the engineering principles that went into the design of New York skyscrapers stemmed from the calculations on which Eiffel's masterpieces were built many years before. He constructed the first serviceable wind tunnel and laid down many of the fundamentals of aeroplane wing and propeller design. For his own amusement he rigged up many "little inventions," among them a workable system for talking films.

"The most amazing thing about *Grand-père*," one of his grandsons told me, "was his unfailing ability to enjoy everything he did. He worked harder than any other man I've ever known; he was also the happiest."

"Gustave Eiffel was born of a prosperous family in Dijon in 1832. He failed his examinations for entrance to the Poly-Technique, the French engineering school, but managed to graduate from the Central School of Engineering in Paris and went to work for a railway construction company. For two years he sat docilely at his drawing board turning out conventional plans. His mother-a shrewd, determined woman who ran her own successful coal-and-wood business-sorrowfully concluded that Gustave would never amount to much. Gustave smiled and patted her hand. "Be patient, *Maman*," he said, "I have ideas. You will see."

In the 1850's Europe's railways were expanding rapidly. Their most serious bottleneck was the building of bridges, which were still constructed mostly of masonry and required tremendous expenditure of skilled labour. Eiffel decided that the answer was prefabricated structural iron which could be rigged by relatively unskilled workmen. He gathered all available data on the characteristics of iron, the stresses and strains it would bear.

When his company was given a contract by the French Southern Railway for a 1600 foot bridge across the Garonne River at Bordeaux, Eiffel translated his data into working plans and took them to his

superiors. The design broke all the accepted rules; but his calculations were meticulously precise. And in the company's boardroom Eiffel talked with a combination of cold orderliness and infectious enthusiasm that gripped the most sceptical listener.

The company accepted Eiffel's plans. While experienced French engineers waited for the downfall of the impudent youngster and his bridge, Eiffel's columns, girders and trusses were fitted into place. The Garonne Bridge was built in half the time and at half the cost of a conventional bridge. Gustave Eiffel, at twenty-nine, had begun to change the communications system of Europe.

The success of the Garonne Bridge gave Eiffel the confidence he needed. "From my father," he once said, "I learnt to dream. From my mother I learnt the hard facts of business. It has been a useful combination." His father, a former cavalry officer who had served under Napoleon, always had grandiose schemes which he never carried out. *Maman* Eiffel was the hardheaded businessman of the family. In 1866, with Papa Eiffel's encouragement and *Maman's* financial support, the Eiffel Construction Company was founded. The modest brass plate on the door of his Paris office read: "G. Eiffel, Builder. Every sort of metal construction undertaken."

One day early in his career Eiffel received a worried client—the sculptor Bartholdi. Some years before, Bartholdi had conceived the idea of the Statue of Liberty, as a perpetual monument to the friendship of France and America. Millions of francs had been subscribed and the sculptor had begun work when engineers discovered that there was apparently no way of supporting the 150 feet copper giantess against the winds of New York Bay.

"This glorious statue *must* be built," blazed Monsieur Eiffel. And from his drawing board shortly came plans for a unique steel frame, light enough to be set on a comparatively small pedestal and still strong enough to withstand the worst gale. While engineering colleagues scoffed, Bartholdi erected the colossal statue on the simple system of girders and braces supplied by Eiffel's workshops. As a result, builders all over the world began experimenting with steel framing for every sort of construction.

Eiffel's Maria-Pia Bridge began another revolution in bridge design. The Portuguese Government had advertised for bids on a bridge across the rushing Douro River—to be 200 feet high and requiring one 500 feet span. Eiffel went to inspect the forbidding terrain. "It can't be done," said an assistant. "Probably not," replied his chief with a twinkle. "But it will be amusing to try."

Back in Paris Eiffel retired to his drawing board; a week later he summoned his chief draughtsmen. "*Voilà!*" he announced. "I have it. We will hang this bridge." His competitors gasped when the Eiffel company submitted its absurdly low bid and again when the bridge began to take shape. Instead of the usual massive and expensive wood scaffolding Eiffel used steel cables anchored to pylons on both banks of the stream to hold each successive piece of the main arch in place until the next one was added. Common engineering practice now, it was a sensation then. When it was finished, the Maria-Pia Bridge with its huge but marvellously light arch supporting the main span had pushed the use of structural steel ahead by many years.

Over Eiffel's desk flowed plan after plan, classics of simplicity and economy—bridges in Russia, Egypt, Peru; dams, factories, stations, structures of unprecedented size. And all over Europe engineers copied them. One of Eiffel's assistants protested that he was too free with data that should remain the secret of the company. "But, my dear boy," replied Eiffel, "If I have had the enjoyment of inventing something, why shouldn't others use it? That does me honour. Besides, I can always discover something new."

Wealth and fame changed him not at all. His closing time for thinking and planning remained eleven o'clock at night until he was eighty. Sundays he devoted to his family. *Bon-Papa*, as his children and grand-

children affectionately called him, was the hero of them all. He gave his “little ones” fencing lessons, took them on expeditions into the country. Sunday dinner at *Bon-Papa’s* fabulous house was a thrilling ceremony. Statesmen, artists, scientists were often there, and Eiffel would introduce even his smallest grand-child with solemn pomp.

In the middle eighties a group of French industrialists persuaded the government to organize a World’s Fair in Paris. M. Eiffel proposed as the symbol of the exhibition a tower of iron 300 metres (984 feet) high. When the planning committee balked at so titanic a proposal Eiffel went to the minister of trade with facts and figures and his plans were approved. But the French Government would grant only a fifth of the £500,000 estimated cost. Eiffel mortgaged part of his company for a loan to cover the balance.

In January 1887 construction began; forty engineers and designers under Eiffel’s direction had worked for two years on the details of the 15,000 wrought-iron sections that were to be fastened together with 2,500,000 rivets. In twelve months 250 workmen set up the four immense arches, which enclosed an area of two and a half acres, and fastened on to them the tower’s first platform.

Paris gaped. *La Tour* was much bigger than anyone had anticipated. And then the storm broke; 300 writers and artists signed a manifesto demanding the razing of the “hideous monstrosity.” Petitions poured in on the minister of trade. M. Eiffel, for his part, beamed benignly and appeared every day on the highest scaffolding. “When it’s finished they will love it,” he announced calmly.

In March 1889 the tower was completed. As cannon boomed a twenty-one gun salute Eiffel hoisted the tricolour on the highest structure yet made by man. “Now,” he said, “the French flag is the only one to have a 984 feet pole.”

Amazing as Eiffel’s feat was to his contemporaries, it takes the modern engineer to appreciate fully his extraordinary achievement. No such building had ever been constructed. He had anticipated the difficulties of working at great heights—vertigo and gusts of wind that might sweep steelworkers to their death. He used techniques that became recognized practice only years later. The cement-and-steel bases supporting the four arches are the precursors of modern reinforced-concrete foundations.

Within eight months of its opening in May 1889 almost two million people had visited the Tower. Eiffel’s debt was wiped out and from then on, under his contract, the aerial gold mine belonged to him exclusively for twenty years. Close on a million visitors a year has been its box-office average to this day. Not one rivet or beam has had to be replaced.

In 1894 Eiffel retired from business and turned his Tower into a physics laboratory. Here he began his experiments in basic aerodynamics which gave him the idea of a wind tunnel in which he could set up models of buildings and measure their stability. At seventy-five he published the findings that made it possible for engineers to calculate exactly the wind resistance of a building and to construct it with a minimum of steel framing – an important contribution to the early skyscrapers.

Eiffel was happier now than ever. He bought one of the first motor-cars made in France and in it roared through the streets of Paris between his Tower and his wind-tunnel laboratory. The family protested in vain. “One is young only once,” said *Bon-Papa* at eighty.

On 15th December 1923, M. Eiffel was about to preside at his ninety-first birthday dinner when, feeling tired, he decided to leave the party early. Kissing his family good night, he went to bed. He never got up again.

Twelve days later the great engineer was dead. His monument today is not only the Tower that bears his name but the thousands of structures all over the world that owe their existence to his genius.

Glossary

venerable(adj) respectable **panorama**(n) wide view **irrepressible**(adj) uncontrollable **prefabricated**(adj) pre-planned **meticulously**(adv) carefully **sceptical**(adj) distrustful **impudent**(adj) disrespectful **grandiose**(adj) imposing **gale**(n) strong wind

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief .

1. Why is Eiffel called the father of modern steel construction?
2. Describe Eiffel's bonding with his family.
3. How did Eiffel help the sculptor to realise his dreams?
4. In what way did the bridges constructed by Eiffel propagate the use of steel?
5. What were the obstacles that Eiffel confronted in his work?
6. How did Eiffel bask in the glory of his creation?



FOOD FOR YOUR THOUGHT

- Kindness is a language which the blind can see and the deaf can hear.
-African proverb
- "Develop success from failures. Discouragement and failure are two of the surest stepping stones to success."
- Dale Carnegie
- "Every adversity, every failure, every heartache carries with it the seed of a greater or equal benefit."
- Napoleon Hill

3

Breeze in the Old Building**Introduction**

Dr. Bina Biswas (1965), a translator, critic, poet, fiction writer, editor and multilinguist par excellence, is a Professor of English Communications and Language. She is a Tagore Scholar and a well known author.

Many a times when we are tired we feel like relaxing under a fan, where there is cool breeze. Cool breeze puts a man to sleep in minutes. Imagine if this cool breeze ever had the ability to speak and express itself. Read on and find out.

Breeze stood near the gate of the old building and asked the gatekeeper in a low voice,

“Will you let me in please?”

The gatekeeper hugged her and said, “Yes dear! By all means!”

After touching the doorman’s tossing mane and tartar beard slightly, Breeze flew inside the building and was greeted by her friends who were trapped in there for years together. They sighed in relief as if they had got a breather when Breeze had stepped in. The rugged pillar on the veranda grimaced seeing Breeze coming in and emitted a steamy breath. She went from hall to hall, from one room to another and stopped at the attic. The oldish upcountry putrid air glowered at her from the ceiling and said,

“What brings you here, Breeze after so many years?”

“It is terrible there, outside, uncle Storm-Beaten! I almost suffocated myself to death with poison all around me.”

“So please tell me about all this, Breeze. I have not gone out of this house now for a long time,” said Storm Beaten with an exasperated sigh.

“Yes uncle Storm Beaten! I will narrate the entire story to you, but first let me go and meet all the others,” yelled Breeze while going out of the room.

Most of the old buildings, shrouded by haze and mystery, was sparingly stacked up with lonely rooms and very few inhabitants. Black and brown mould dotted the ceiling in clusters, evident of rain seeping through the roof. Some rooms were small with pitched ceilings and ancient adornments and a basement, by the side of a river. It took at least a day on a horse-carriage to get there from the nearest town. Forlorn trails, wolves that streak past like silver shooting stars, little rivulets that appear from nowhere and whoosh through the terrains, hilly grass that sway their heads in silence, trees that stood alone on hilltops, birds that glide miles above during the day and owl hoots covered in darkness could be found on the way. The moonlight cast a grisly glow on the house. Vines formed a twisted labyrinth around the side of the house, reaching their tentacles towards the roof. The walls of the house showed the black decay of neglect. Splotches of original paint hinted at the house’s former opulence. Cobwebs covered the corners of the doors while tiny black spiders threaded towards their prey.

Breeze walked at a brisk pace on her way down the staircase. She raised her head and stiffened her body, and gazing silently at her friends, stopped. Mrs. Windy had lost all her charm, her youth and vigour had given way to a wrinkly body and drooping eyelids. She was so blowy in her young days that Tornadoes and Storms used to fear her sometimes. Now she sat in a gloomy corner of a room and brooded eternally. Breeze was so happy to have come into the old building that she almost forgot her miserable days outside the bungalow.

She remembered her visit to the rainforest as if it were a distant dream. Green, indifferent mountains by the river with rocks rolling against the water had looked stunning. Breeze was thrilled and had pleaded, “O great mountains! Grass, bush, flowers, sky, birds and river, I am Breeze; I’ve come here to meet you all. Please give me some room to breathe.”

At this, instantly the nearby mountains began to move in hurried surrender, and then withdrew behind a screen of fog. Laden clouds drifted about in the sky and small birds on the far-away scrawny bushes appeared fidgety. There lay a heavy wet cloud with graceful clear edges in front of the sun while everything else was lost in the pristine outline in the mist. She was flying everywhere, walking and dancing like a butterfly on the flowers and leaves. Breeze stepped into the bushes, and then walked through the wet sand to finally sink into the muddy swamp. Her body sparkled and the water swished around her chin while the evening sun’s oblique rays broke forth from behind the rims of uncertain clouds and illuminated the hills as far as the eye could see. Then she bowed slowly in the direction of the flowing water and was carried down the river like a bunch of wild flowers that had been cast into the river and she sailed along on the reflection of the rain clouds.

Some wild birds rose shrieking and mounting suddenly into the sky. The anxious sun casting a scraggy shadow on Breeze staggered over the small pebbles on either side of the river and vanished behind the high tousled pine-weed. The light of the falcate moon suddenly appeared from beyond the restive bushes and spread over the hills. Breeze stood still with sleepy eyes and was overcome by extreme stupor. Her sleep was intense and dreamless. She was awakened by a rainbird that sprang up from nowhere and a great bunch of leaves rose rustling into the air. Swallows sat on the stones by the river, a tiny bird with stretched wings flew straight through brushwood that bordered the river. Ripe fruits fell from the trees onto the ground and Breeze blinked at the sky which was of an unusually promising turquoise colour. The landscape disturbed her thoughts.

Mrs. Windy blinked at Breeze and tried to give her a warm smile. Her lips quivered a little and a toothless smile appeared on them. Breeze hugged her tight and said, “Mrs. Windy, how are you my dear aunt?”

“I am doing well, my child. What about you?”

“I came here to see you all. Outside life has become too difficult. The animals that call themselves humans are chopping off the trees mindlessly and building big high-rises for themselves. The factories emit toxic gases. I almost choked myself to death once. I went and met the trees that are left there in the concrete jungle and they refuse to give oxygen to these animals. Birds are disappearing, animals are getting smothered and becoming extinct, the snow-draped mountains are melting down in anger and the rivers do not know what to do with the water that inundates them now.

“I even learned one day while blowing through the Ministry Office building that they have their territories marked in the air too. If someone crosses these by mistake and goes over to the other’s then they start their fights. And these are not ordinary fights, like I do with Miss Air sometimes, these are gun battles. They kill each other and settle their scores. I refused to touch such flags on the war fields that the winners hoist after the war is won, over the strewn dead bodies, I wanted to tear such pieces of colourful cloth to shreds.”

“Yes, dear Ms Breeze, I know all about this. Last time, decades ago, my brother Storm Beaten had gone out once when he met Tornado and Gale. They were so very angry with these humans that they destroyed whatever came on their way. Storm Beaten was also almost blown off his feet but he somehow managed to cling onto a tree, without food and water, like those devastated humans before finally managing to come back home. He was so disturbed with Tornado’s and Gale’s behaviour that he never stepped out of the building after that.” Saying this Mrs. Windy wiped teardrops from her eyes.

Breeze, then, with sorrowful eyes bid Mrs. Windy good day and moved on to meet all the others whom she had not met before. She tiptoed out of the building to the lush green lawn to meet the west wind, They called him Zephyr. He was, sitting at the culvert, over a small puddle. Seeing Breeze approaching he shivered a bit and then filled himself with the momentous dread about her.

The sky was already turning a greyish colour. Zephyr held the wooden rail with his little right fist and with the other hand tried to play on his lyre. But no music came out but he frantically played on his harp. Breeze stood there frightened and moved away slowly without uttering a word.

A little farther away she found the gentle wind blowing over the tulips in the garden. Breeze immediately ran toward her and cried, "O my friend Gentle Wind ! I was so petrified to see Zephyr sitting over there in a frustrated mood that I came away running to you."

"Yes, such obstinate moods come over him sometimes, then he fiddles with his harp and broods like tragic heroes from Greek mythology," replied Gentle Wind with a twinkle in her eyes.

"But why does he look so cheerless and depressed?"

"Last winter he had visited a village which lay by the shore of a river in a misshapen land. There was an inn, and the sound of violins was often heard there. Young, stylish people sat in the garden and talked and danced and made merry, while on the other shore were cloudlike mountains.

"But then Zephyr became uptight and got up with a furry face, stepped onto the lawn behind the counter, broke the snow-covered brush wood, and buzzed into one of those ladies' ear saying. "I'm a Greek god, I confess to it now."

"The pretty woman unable to make out anything from this just mopped her brow with her kerchief and moved away with her partner. Since that day Zephyr is sad at being unable to prove his godliness to her," Said Gentle Wind, while brushing her long white skirt briskly.

Breeze thanked her profusely and hurried back home. She stood gazing at the dilapidated old building now. The walkway leading up to the house was cracked. Weeds and dandelions poked out from these cracks. Red roses grew wildly in thick batches by the gate. The house looked fit for Zephyr, she thought. But then why did he live outside in the garden, Breeze wondered.

The door resentfully creaked open as Breeze walked in. A mildewed clammy odour crept into her nose. The house was dead silent except for the irregular squeaks and sighs of the wind that passed through the open windows. She quietly entered the dark living room. She noticed windows were covered with soot and dirt, the tranquil moonlight struggled through the darkness in thin thread-rays. Ghoulis shadows roamed about the room. The sofas and beds revealed deep grooves in the places where once the dwellers used to sit and lay down. A great jagged hole dug through the wall stood gawking. Picture frames hung muted. A cobweb-covered grand bookcase was at the corner of the room appearing dishevelled.

Breeze made her way back into the hallway; a glimmer of light came from behind a door. The single window was broken; through it a flood of light flowed into the room. Dust swirled around her as she made her way inside. The only sound to be heard was the drip of the faucet in the sink, as if someone never bothered to repair it.

Breeze arrived at the foot of the staircase that leads up to the terrace. A cry echoed all over the house. It was time to leave, she told herself. She closed the door behind and carefully walked down the stairs. She had to breathe more deeply. She saw the light short steps of Mr. Air coming toward her growing shorter and shorter. His strong double chin bulged over the firm high collar of his coat; from under his shaggy-haired eyebrows his black eyes flitted fresh and stabbing glances at her; his onetime ruffled white hair had been combed flat on either side of an immaculate and cautious precise parting. This scared Breeze out of her wits. She was already beginning to feel out of breath, just as in her struggle outside the factory when her lungs had

not seemed very trustworthy. As she careened along, trying to concentrate on running while hardly able to keep her eyes open; in her shaken state she could not even think of any other getaway than simply moving forward. She almost forgot that the walls were no obstacles to her. The walls in this room were adorned with finely carved pieces of mahogany wood furniture, showcases, now looked old and faded – suddenly something lightly flung from somewhere landed close to her. It was a hot breath thrown at her. With her last alert look she saw the door of the room being thrown open and Zephyr rushing out ahead of Gentle Wind. She at once understood that the old building would not house either them or her anymore. The inhabitants of the old building had learned politics and division from the specters of the humans that once lived there.

Breeze returned to her hut by the side of a river where ducks swam in the still, supple water following their own reflection, wet clouds poured over the grass of meadows, and exotic bushes grew at their whims where the village sank deeper and deeper under the shade of rain-clouds. Tree trunks threw shadows during the mid day on the road across the pavement. The shadows lay twisted and bent, as if chopped and broken. Breeze knew now that she had to be every where; she could not be at one place only and thinking this she fell asleep on the grassland by the river.

Glossary

rugged(adj) broken, rocky uneven surface **attic**(n) small room between the ceiling and roof **grimaced**(v) twisted facial expressions **putrid**(adj) decayed, rotten, decomposed **glowered**(v) scowled, glared **exasperated**(v) irritated **forlorn**(adj) pitiful, unhappy **plotches**(n) blots **opulence**(n) luxuriousness **fidgety**(n) restless, nervous **pristine**(adj) fresh and clean, pure **scraggy**(adj) a cartoon character **tousle**(v) untidy, messy **falcate**(adj) curved like a sickle **stupor**(n) a state of near unconsciousness **smothered**(v) - suffocated **lyre**(n) a string instrument similar in appearance to a small harp **petrified**(v) very frightened **jagged**(v) rough, uneven, irregular **gawking**(v) staring openly and stupidly **specters**(n) illusion, menace **ghoulish**(adj) gruesome, ghastly, morbid

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief.

1. What made Breeze come back to the old building?
2. Give an account of the interior and exterior of the old building.
3. Narrate the experience of breeze about her visit to the rainforest.
4. What did Breeze say on 'outside life' to Mrs. Windy?
5. Why was Zephyr looking cheerless and depressed?
6. Why did Breeze think that the old building would not house either of them anymore?
7. 'Breeze knew now that she had to be everywhere' – Explain.



Introduction

Dr. Avul Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam (1931-2015), 11th President of our country, a scientist was born and raised in Rameshwaram, Tamil Nadu. Hailed as the missile man of India, he had contributed in great measure to the space programme in India. He had won a number of awards including India's highest civilian award. "The Bharat Ratna" for his immense and valuable contribution to scientific research and modernization of defence technology.

Earnestly proud of his heritage, Dr. Kalam asks the people of India to discover their untapped strength. He has been a source of unending inspiration to the youth and children of today.

Our Greatest Wealth

India is poised in the mission of transforming itself into a developed nation by the year 2020. The prime resource through which this transformation is possible is the 540 million youth who are below the age of twenty-five.

Children and youth are the picture of a nation's future. They are our hope for tomorrow. The youth in India constitutes a sizeable, vibrant and resourceful segment of our society which has a burning desire to scale greater heights. If their energies are properly channelled, they will unleash a momentum that would propel the nation on the fast track to development. We need to carefully nurture this vast and precious human capital by making it a focal point of our planning and development process. Encompassing the needs, rights and expectations of youth to the centre stage of development should be our priority.

Children are our greatest wealth. Every child born in the nation should be allowed to blossom. It is particularly important to provide extra care and facilities to the children including those who are not fortunate to have their families to look after them. This noble service should be promoted by all individuals and government organisations, leading to the development of enlightened citizens who will become an asset for national development.

My interactions with children in India and in other nations reveal that aspirations of the young are the same, that is, to live in a peaceful, prosperous and secure nation. All of them are looking for challenging missions, good role models and leaders who can be their guiding spirit. A combination of knowledge, enthusiasm and hard work of the youth is a great dynamic fire for transforming the nations.

Education is the Right of Every Child

Education is the most important element for growth and prosperity of a nation.

Declaration by the Citizens

We have to recognise and value the importance of children, for which all citizens should take an oath.

- Children are our precious wealth.
- We will give equal importance to male and female children in providing education and rights for growth.
- For health and prosperity we will have a small family.
- Earnings come from hard work. We will not waste them on gambling and liquor.
- We need to tell our children about the importance of education, as learning gives knowledge and knowledge makes the children succeed.
- We need to jointly protect our forests and prevent pollution.
- We will plant at least five trees/saplings.
- We will become role models for our children.

We have 350 million people who need to be made literate. Children who belong to weaker sections of our society are undernourished, and only a small percentage of them manages to complete eight years of satisfactory education. We need to think specifically for them. Education is indeed a fundamental right of every Indian child. Can we allow the situation to continue in which millions of children are forced into lifelong poverty?

An important area of concern is the unequal access to educational resources, which still exists after almost six decades of independence. For example, I have seen in our village three types of families. The fortunate ones, who due to their economic well-being, realise the importance of educating the young ones at any cost, guide them at all critical stages. Then there are those families who might realise the importance of education, but are not aware of the opportunities in time, nor of the procedures and ways to realise these opportunities for their children. There is a third category of families who are economically weak and do not realise the value of education and hence for generations together their children are neglected and continue to live in poverty. It is essential that we enlighten them and create widespread awareness of education among all sections of society particularly in rural areas and among the urban poor.

It is reported that 39 per cent of children drop out from school after studying upto the 5th class and 55 per cent drop out after studying up to the 8th class. This situation needs remedial action, especially since assent has been accorded for the 86th Constitution Amendment Act, Right to Education Bill for children between the age group of five and fourteen years. But an Act alone cannot achieve the goal unless the education is delivered in a manner relevant to the people to whom it is addressed.

Dream-Thought-Action

The challenge in the mission of Developed India calls for an important, cohesive and focused effort of the young. A nation is focused effort of the young. A nation is great because of the way its people think, Particularly the young population of India must have a big aim; small aim is a crime.

Though the present academic system may give students a lot of workload, it should not prevent them from dreaming. It doesn't prevent them from working hard to acquire knowledge. Hard work and perseverance are beautiful angels who will support you.

In the 1960s Prof. Vikram Sarabhai, the visionary of our space programme, put forth the vision that India should design and develop its own communication satellites, remote-sensing satellites and launch them in polar orbits from the Indian soil for mapping Indian natural resources. Today his dream has become true. The nation is capable of developing any type of space system.

Dream, dream, dream,
Your dreams will transform into thoughts,
The thoughts will result in actions.
And you will succeed.

Encourage all children to dream for themselves. Unless they have dreams they will not be motivated to attain them. Slowly, you will find that, with proper effort, dreams will transform into thoughts and with effort and labour, these thoughts can be transformed into actions. Success is possible only when we have a commitment to action. This "dream-thought-action" philosophy is what I would like it to be inculcated in each and every one of the students.

It is not a disgrace to not reach the stars, but it is a disgrace to have no stars to reach for.

Knowledge-Sweat-Perseverance

One cannot stop at thinking and asking questions. There is need to act to solve the problems and that requires hard work and perseverance.

As President and earlier as a scientist, life has taught me the importance of three qualities; knowledge, sweat and perseverance.

Our country has a very bright future and all of us, especially the children, who will be the leaders of tomorrow have to work hard. The vision of a Developed India will not come on its own. It will not be gifted to us by someone but we have to work and work hard to achieve the goals which we have set for ourselves. It is only through sweat and toil that we will be able to make India stand proudly among the comity of developed nations. If India is to become developed by 2020, it will do so only by riding on the shoulders of the young.

Role of Students

A “Developed India” is no more a vision. The largest beneficiary of this dream when realised will be the young. Hence it is important that you contribute in its initial stages of realisation and shape it to the best of your abilities within your academic and family confines. The biggest concern of the parents and the children in your age group is the job prospect after you complete your education. Without worrying about minor variations in the subjects of your pursuit, your opportunities and future will be brighter if you excel in whatever subject you undertake to study. At the frontier there are no borders. The Employment opportunities are many, but when a person becomes very selective and wants only a government job, then there are tremendous constraints. If you open up your thoughts to entrepreneurship, design, industry, direct participation in agriculture with innovative ideas, making IT products, etc, the opportunities are unlimited. The most important thing for the young generation is to make up its mind to contribute in all sectors through the tools of knowledge and physical contribution.

One of the important indications of a developed nation is the literacy level. Educating a nation of a billion people is not a small task. It requires the participation of all the stakeholders starting from the young. Many of you are fortunate enough to attend good schools for a quality education. But many of your brothers and sisters are not that fortunate, particularly those from the villages.

A good sign of a developed nation is that “people who have” worked hard to bridge the divide between themselves and “those who have not.” One way of doing this is for your school to adopt a village near you. Each one of you could visit the village on holidays and contribute to the removal of illiteracy of at least two persons and light the quest for knowledge in them.

Further, children can plant at least ten trees either in the school campus or in their houses.

Himalayas, when I see the biodiversity of the North East and our islands and when I feel the warmth of the western desert. I hear the voice of the youth asking, “When can I sing the song of India?” What can be the answer?

If the youth have to sing the song of India, India should become a developed country which is free from poverty, illiteracy and unemployment and is buoyant with economic prosperity, national security and internal harmony.

During the last four years, I have interacted with thousands of school children. Some of my friends had launched a website in my name, through which I exchange views, particularly with the young within the country and abroad. I had put forth two points on the website for the young to share their thoughts. The first point was: India has been a developing country for more than half a century, what will you do to make it a “Developed India?”

The second point was: When can I sing a song of India? There were some important suggestions that I received in response. One student from Meghalaya had responded, "I will become a teacher (rather a Professor of Engineering) since I am good at it, as well as enjoy teaching, and I believe that one of the best ways in which to serve any nation is to be either a professor or a soldier among many other professions." "What a noble thought! Such beautiful thoughts can come only from a beautiful place like Meghalaya.

Another young girl from Kerala said, "A single flower makes no garland. I will make my countrymen develop love for the nation and work for making a garland of developed India." A twenty-year-old boy from Goa responded, "I would become an electron and like an electron in the orbit I will work ceaselessly for my country from now onwards."

With reference to the second point I had put forth, a young man from Atlanta says, "When India builds the capability to put sanction against any country if needed, then I will sing a song of India." What the young man meant was that economic strength brings prosperity, accompanied by national strength.

The cross-section of people of this young age group has an inspired mind to make the nation great. It is important to recognise that India has a population of 540 million young people. This is a big force. Creating a powerful vision for the nation will bring the force and energy of the young into action.

The Song of Youth

As a young citizen of India,
Armed with technology, knowledge
and love for my nation,
I realize, small aim is a crime.
I will work and sweat for a great vision,
The vision of transforming India
into a developed nation,
Powered by economic strength with value system.
I am one of the citizens of a billion,
Only the vision will ignite the billion souls.
It has entered into me,
the ignited soul compared to any resource
is the most powerful resource
On the earth, above the earth and under the earth.
I will keep the lamp of knowledge burning
To achieve the vision - Developed India.

If we work and sweat for the great vision with ignited minds, the transformation leading to the birth of a vibrant developed India will take place. This song, when sung in our own beautiful languages, will unite our minds and hearts.

Glossary

encompassing(v) confining **cohesive**(adj) united **perseverance**(n) determination

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

Answer the following questions in brief .

1. How, according to Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, do the youth of India constitute a resourceful segment of our society?
2. Why is it essential to enlighten the third category of families in our villages?
3. What is the role played by “Dreams” in children’s lives?
4. How can the vision of a developed India be fulfilled?
5. What were the various responses to the question: “When can I sing the song of India?”
6. What is the message given by Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam to the youth of India?



Limerick...

There was an old man from Peru
Who thought he was eating his shoe
He woke up in the middle of the night
And to his horror
He found, it was true.