

A RAINBOW OF ENGLISH

for

Class XII



ਇਹ ਪੁਸਤਕ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਦੁਆਰਾ ਮੁਫਤ
ਦਿੱਤੀ ਜਾਣੀ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਵਿਕਾਊ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ।



PUNJAB SCHOOL EDUCATION BOARD

Sahibzada Ajit Singh Nagar

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Revised Edition 2023-24 2,14,000 copies

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ਇਹ ਪੁਸਤਕ ਫਿਕਰੀ ਲਈ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ।

Published by : Secretary, Punjab School Education Board, Vidya Bhavan
Phase-8, Sahibzada Ajit Singh Nagar-160062, Printed at S G Print Packs
Pvt. Ltd, Noida, U.P.

FOREWORD

Punjab School Education Board has always been engaged in an endeavour to ensure the dissemination of quality education and information to the students of the state. English is both a national and an international language. It is therefore important that our students do not lag behind in the matter of proficiency in English language at any level or in any field. The Board is, therefore, constantly engaged in revising and updating the teaching materials to be used in the schools of Punjab. English, as is well known, is a compulsory subject from Class I onwards. The present book is a part of the series of textbooks in English prepared under the guidance of Mrs. Amreeta Gill, Director Academics (retired), Punjab School Education Board. The book has been prepared by Dr. D.V. Jindal, External Faculty Member of English and Foreign Languages University, Hyderabad and Ms Vandna Sehgal, Lecturer, Saheed Lt. Gurminder Singh Senior Secondary School, Ladhewali, Jalandhar; vetted by Prof. Tarsem Bahia, Retd. Principal, A.S. College, Khanna; edited by Ms. Surabhi Jaikwal, Lecturer in English, Punjab School Education Board, S.A.S. Nagar. It is hoped that the book developed as per the recommendations of NCF 2005 and Punjab Curriculum Framework 2013, will go a long way in helping our students to develop deep interest in the language and use it in daily life with confidence. An attempt has been made to base the book on the functional use of the language, taking care of pedagogical needs of the children. An attempt has also been made to develop the book in such a manner that the book is interesting, graded and controlled at all levels.

We would gratefully welcome comments and suggestions from teachers, experts and users of the book for any further improvement.

Chairman

Punjab School Education Board

‘ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਨਿਆਂ, ਅਧਿਕਾਰਤਾ ਅਤੇ
ਘੱਟ ਗਿਣਤੀ ਵਿਭਾਗ’, ਪੰਜਾਬ।

CONTENTS

Section A

(Lessons for Intensive study)

1. Hassan's Attendance Problem	<i>Sudha Murthy</i>	1
2. The March King	<i>Katherine Little Bakeless</i>	11
3. Thinking Out of the Box : Lateral Thinking	<i>(Adapted from the article from Internet)</i>	25
4. On Saying "Please"	<i>A. G. Gardiner</i>	34
5. The Story of My Life	<i>Helen Keller</i>	45
6. Two Gentlemen of Verona	<i>A. J. Cronin</i>	54
7. In Celebration of Being Alive	<i>Dr. Christian Barnard</i>	63
8. Ghadari Babas in Kalapani Jail	<i>Dr. Harish K. Puri</i>	71

Section B

(Poetry)

1. Prayer of the Woods	<i>Anonymous</i>	81
2. On Friendship	<i>Kahlil Gibran</i>	84
3. The Echoing Green	<i>William Blake</i>	87
4. Once upon a Time	<i>Gabriel Okara</i>	90
5. Father Returning Home	<i>Dilip Chitre</i>	93
6. The Road Not Taken	<i>Robert Frost</i>	96
7. On His Blindness	<i>John Milton</i>	99

Section C

(Lessons for Extensive study)

1. The School for Sympathy	<i>E. V. Lucas</i>	102
2. A Chameleon	<i>Anton Chekhov</i>	107
3. Bholi	<i>K. A. Abbas</i>	113
4. The Gold Frame	<i>R. K. Laxman</i>	121
5. The Barber's Trade Union	<i>Mulk Raj Anand</i>	130
6. The Bull beneath the Earth	<i>K. S. Virk</i>	141

1. HASSAN'S ATTENDANCE PROBLEM

(Sudha Murthy)

*Mrs. Sudha Murthy is a teacher, social worker and a philanthropist. Her work speaks more than any words will. She is the spouse of humble, Mr. Narayan Murthy, the founder of Infosys. Her contribution towards family, company and world is immense. Her humbleness reflects in her writing. **Hassan's Attendance Problem** describes the consequences of not taking things seriously and not working for the sake of knowledge. Only working for marks or money will lead one nowhere. She explains it with quintessential example of her student Hassan who used to bunk a lot of her class.*

For many years now, I have been teaching Computer Science to students studying for their Master's in Computer Applications at a college in Bangalore. I have interacted with many students, and though it is not possible to remember all of them now, the memories of some are etched in my head. That is not because they were all brilliant, but rather because something in them was very different from the others.

In my first batch, there was a very bright boy called Hassan. He was tall, handsome, with a very good memory. He came from an affluent family where he was the only son. Initially I did not come to know of his existence at all, mainly because he was hardly ever present. I normally take the first class of the day, which is scheduled at 9 a.m., or the one after that at 10 a.m. I prefer this time as this is when students are fresh and very attentive.

Once in a while Hassan would turn up, particularly if there was a class test or during examinations. I met him more often for attendance shortage meetings. He would beg for attendance in such a manner that it was very difficult for me to say 'no'. Sometimes I would get upset and tell him, 'No, I can't give you attendance. There should be discipline.'

'Yes madam,' he would reply apologetically, 'pardon me. From the next semester onwards I will definitely attend your class. Can you not pardon me this time? To err is human, to forgive is divine. You have only taught us this.'

I could not remain angry for long. Teachers do get upset with students who are not regular, but if the attendance shortage affects their appearance in the final examination, one tends to melt like snow against the sun. A good teacher will always wish for the best for her student, though I do agree discipline is very important too.

As he was very bright, Hassan would invariably get a first class in the exam. However, before the exam started, every semester this drama with Hassan would be repeated. I would get upset, threaten and ultimately give in. Each time Hassan would promise to improve his attendance record, and for one week would attend all classes, then the same old story would follow. Each time he had a different reason for his absences. Unfortunately, they always seemed genuine to me.

Once I got tired of his stories and called his parents. 'Your son is a bright boy, he is not arrogant but he is indisciplined. If only he came to class regularly and attended the lab I am sure he can get a rank. I have failed to convince him. I will be happy if you could look into the matter more seriously, because this is going to affect his life,' I said to them.

Hassan's father was a busy man and did not take my words very seriously. He said, 'As long as he does well that is fine with me because after a certain age children do not listen to their parents. Only life will teach them.'

But his mother was in tears.

'Madam, I have failed as a mother. He does not listen to me at all. He spends all night listening to music, and chatting with his friends. He sleeps at six in the morning. How can he come to any class? He does not pay any attention to what I say and tells me I repeat the same thing always.'

The meeting ended in an argument between his parents. His father said, 'You are the mother. It is your duty to correct him. You should spend more time with him, I am so busy. You have failed.'

His mother said, 'You are the father. It is difficult to control boys. You can speak to him man to man. Earning money is not the only thing in life.'

This continued for a while and the meeting ended fruitlessly. Hassan continued in his ways till he passed out of his course, as usual in first class. He was a nice boy. He came and thanked me.

‘Madam, thank you for teaching me for the last three years. Because of your kind heart I could get all my attendance. I wish all teachers were like you in the college.’

I laughed.

‘God willing, we will meet again.’

But I did not meet Hassan for a long time and forgot all about him. Years passed. I taught many students. Some of them became very good human beings, some became famous, some became rich and some remained ordinary. As far as I was concerned, they were like my children. Some remember me still and send invitations to weddings, naming ceremonies, house warmings, etc. If I am in town I definitely try and attend, because for me their immense love is my strength.

One Monday morning, my secretary told me that a person wanting to sell the latest software in high school teaching wanted to meet me. I was extremely busy and the piles of unanswered letters were looking at me accusingly. I had no time to talk to a sales person. So I told her, ‘He can meet someone else. I don’t have time.’

But my secretary said he was insisting he wanted to meet only me and that he was my student. She knew how fond I was of all my students, so she had not been unable to say ‘no’ to him.

‘In that case let him see me at 2 p.m.’

In the afternoon, a man of about thirty-five years, plump, with a bald head and moderately dressed was waiting for me in the office. In his hand was the CD with the software. I could not place him though he seemed familiar. He smiled at me and said, ‘Madam, can you recognize me? You may not, because how can you remember all your students? From a window you can see the outside world but from the outside you cannot see all that is inside.’

I liked his analogy and was sure he was my student because I often used this phrase in my class. Still I could not guess who he was.

‘Madam, I was the perpetual latecomer of your class.’

That ‘s when the coin dropped. ‘Hi Hassan, How are you? It’s been a long time since I last met you.’ I was very happy to see him.

‘Madam, I am fine and remember many of your lessons.’

‘Is it Database Management? Or C ? Or Pascal?’

‘None of the software Madam, I remember the moral lessons.’

I didn’t know what moral lessons I had taught, though I do tell some stories during my lectures on computer software.

‘Hassan, what are you doing now?’

Now his face became a little pale.

‘Madam, I am selling this software which is useful in teaching Maths, Physics and Chemistry. It is of help to both teachers and students. I know your foundation helps a lot in education at the high school level. I thought it may be of some interest to you.’

‘Hassan, what did you do for so many years?’

I knew all his classmates by this time were in very high positions in the software industry. Hassan being a bright student, should have definitely done well. Yet, on the contrary, he seemed to be doing a small job of selling high school software door-to-door.

‘Madam, you know I was very irregular in college. The same habit continued even after my graduation. I would get up late and was very lazy. My mother would lose her temper and peace of mind. I did not bother. I took her for granted. After a lot of pressure from my parents I took up a job. But I continued with the same habits of going late to office, not keeping appointments and not being responsible. I did not have the proper knowledge also. In college, I hardly studied. Getting a first class in the examination is not an index of the amount of knowledge one has. I would study just before the exams, guess the probable questions, and skip the chapters. I always thought I could somehow make it later. But without proper knowledge it is difficult to work. I always laughed at those people who were hard workers. I used to make fun of them and called them “nerds”. Today those “nerds” have become millionaires. Nobody liked me in my office because of my behaviour. No employer would keep such an employee, and I lost whatever job I took up. In my frustration I started quarrelling at office as well as at home. Finally my father got so fed up that he told me to stay separately. He always gave me a lot of freedom but I never picked up my own good habits.’ My state today is the result of my own habits.

I felt sorry for Hassan, who with all his intelligence and good nature, could not make it.

'Hassan, you knew your faults, you could have improved and made a better life for yourself. There is always a start at any age. Don't get disappointed. You may have lost a battle but you can still win the war.'

'Madam, old habits die hard.'

'But Hassan it is possible to change your habits. There is nothing which is impossible. You only require will power. You are yourself not aware of all your potential. Please remember when elders say something they do so because they want you to lead a better life than them. Excellence does not come by accident but by practice.'

I could see a twinkle in his eyes. I thought I saw a glimpse of the young bright Hassan. 'I will try my best, Madam,' he promised, as he rose to leave.

I have not met Hassan since that day. I hope to bump into him unexpectedly once again, and this time find him happy and successful.

GLOSSARY

1. etch (v):/ etʃ / make strong impression on one's mind, cut lines into a piece of glass/metal etc.
2. affluent (adj):/ 'æfluənt /prosperous, wealthy (a very affluent neighbourhood)
3. apologetically (adv.) :/ ə,pələ'dʒetɪkli / in the manner of saying sorry for something that has been done wrong or that causes a problem
4. accusingly (adv): / ə'kju:zɪŋli / showing that you think somebody has done something wrong. (She was looking accusingly at her husband for his bad deeds.)
5. plump (adj):/ plʌmp / having a soft round body; slightly fat (a plump woman)
6. perpetual (adj): /pə'petʃuəl / continuous (the perpetual noise of traffic)
7. nerd (n) : /nɜ:d/ a person who is boring, stupid and not fashionable
8. glimpse (n): /glɪmps/ a look, or see something or somebody for a very short time (He caught a glimpse of her in the crowd.)
9. bump into (Phr v) :- to meet somebody by chance

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. What is the narrator's profession?
- ii. Why was Hassan not noticed by the teacher in the class?
- iii. Why would the narrator render attendance to Hassan every time?
- iv. Why were Hassan's parents called to school?
- v. During which days would Hassan often show up in the class?
- vi. What was Hassan's mother's plea to his father?
- vii. Why did the parent – teacher meeting end fruitlessly?
- viii. Describe the physical appearance of Hassan when he met his teacher after several years.
- ix. What had the narrator expected Hassan to become in his life?
- x. How did Hassan study when he was in his college?
- xi. According to Hassan, who were "nerds"?
- xii. Why did Hassan start living separately?
- xiii. What made Hassan feel optimistic as he left the narrator's office?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. Draw a brief character-sketch of Hassan.
- ii. What is the theme of the chapter "Hassan's Attendance Problem"?
- iii. Draw a character-sketch of the narrator, Sudha Murthy.
- iv. How would Hassan apologise for his absence in the class?
- v. Describe, in your own words, the narrator's meeting with Hassan's parents.

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. Give one word for the following, selecting words from the list given in the box:

nerd	lazy	affluent	moderate
ordinary	arrogant	famous	

1. One who is lethargic.
2. One who is born with a silver spoon in the mouth.
3. One who is proud and haughty.
4. One who is well-known.
5. One who is run-of-the-mill type; average.
6. One who is sensible and restrained.
7. One who is a bore.

2. Look at the following sentences:

1. In the afternoon, a man of about thirty-five years, plump, with a bald head and moderately dressed was waiting for me in the office.
2. Now his face became a little pale.
The words like *plump*, *bald* and *pale* have been used for *body*, *head* and *face* for describing the appearance of a person.

The box below contains the words which describe the features of face, eyes, hair and dress of a person. List them under the appropriate headings. Some words can be used more than once.

thin	oval	wavy
untidy	twinkling	closecropped
staring	dreamy	blue
formal	round	brown
neat	starry	curly
long		

face	eyes	hair	dress
.....			
.....			
.....			
.....			
.....			

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Voice

1. I like my teacher.
2. Do manners reveal character?
3. Columbus discovered America.
4. This man has cut down the trees.
5. Hari did not open the door.
6. I will win him over.
7. The old man takes the snuff.
8. A cruel boy killed the bird.
9. I had never seen a zoo before.
10. Will she have written a letter?

2. Fill in the blanks with suitable Determiners

1. How (much/many) money do you want?
2. All (an, the) books are lying at sixes and sevens.
3. He lost (the few, a few) friends he had.
4. There is (little, the little) milk in the jug.
5. I have (much, many) work to do.
6. (Several, Much) people paid homage to the departed leader.
7. (These/ That) grapes are sweet and juicy.
8. He related (the, an) interesting story.
9. Kanta is (a, the) taller of them both.
10. Both (his, him) sons are very intelligent.

3. Do as Directed

1. It is never too late to mend. (*Remove too*)
2. I am as strong as he. (*Change the degree of comparison*)
3. She could not prove her innocence. (*Transform into a Complex sentence*)
4. I sold my lame horse. (*Transform into a Complex sentence*)
5. He was *victimized* by the travel agents. (*Use the Noun form of the italicized word*)
6.
 - i. I know this.
 - ii. English is easy to learn.(*Combine the two sentences*)
7. Can a day be turned into night?
(*Change into the Negative form*)

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	<u>thin</u>	ʃ	<u>ship</u>	j	<u>yes</u>
tʃ	<u>chain</u>	ŋ	long	ð	<u>then</u>	ʒ	meas <u>ure</u>		
i:	we <u>ep</u>	ɑ:	pa <u>rt</u>	u:	ro <u>ot</u>	eɪ	pl <u>ay</u>	ɔɪ	bo <u>y</u>
ɪ	b <u>i</u> t	ɒ	h <u>o</u> t	ʌ	b <u>u</u> t	əʊ	g <u>o</u>	ɪə	he <u>a</u> r
e	pe <u>t</u>	ɔ:	co <u>ur</u> t	ɜ:	bi <u>r</u> d	aɪ	bu <u>y</u>	eə	pa <u>i</u> r
æ	ba <u>t</u>	ʊ	pu <u>t</u>	ə	a <u>wa</u> y	aʊ	co <u>w</u>	ʊə	po <u>o</u> r

Say the following sentences aloud:

i. / eɪ / as in wait, late, play

They painted the table.

They painted the table pale grey.

They painted the table pale grey the other day.

ii. / əʊ / as in go, flow, know.

This won't grow.

This won't grow even slowly.

This won't grow even slowly in this cold.

This won't grow even slowly in this cold, you know.

iii. / aɪ / as in fly, die, kite

I'd drive five miles.

I'd drive five miles on Friday.

I'd drive five miles on Friday night.

I'd drive five miles on Friday night to see the fight.

iv. / aʊ / as in how, cow, now

Any amount of the rowdy crowd!

Any amount of the rowdy crowd around!

Any amount of the rowdy crowd around the clown.

Suggested Readings

1. A Classical Student by Anton Chekhov
2. Swami and his Friends by R. K. Narayan

AN ANECDOTE

I had some very distinctive driving gloves – I couldn't find another pair like them anywhere, until I was in a large cloth shop and came across a long counter covered in gloves. Starting from one end, I tried on glove after glove. At the end, I came across a pair just like mine. The assistant confirmed that all pairs were sold at the same low price, so I paid up and walked back proudly to my car. It was then I realized, to my utter horror, that I'd just bought my own gloves.

2. THE MARCH KING

(Katherine Little Bakeless)

Katherine Little Bakeless was born on December 5, 1895, in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania (USA). A playwright and biographer in her own right, Katherine Little Bakeless wrote books with her husband John on the American Revolution. Her individual works focused on music. She died in 1992 in Connecticut. There were over eighty British regiments serving in America between 1755 and 1783, most of which had their own band comprised of an assortment of instruments, including clarinets, oboes, bassoons, horns, and trumpets. These military bands not only executed their regimental duties but also played a large role in civilian musical life. Sousa had been playing violin professionally, composing and arranging for several years and on several occasions had conducted theatre orchestras, like the Washington Theatre Comique, 9. Thus, in 1880 when the U.S. Marine Band was in search of new leadership, Sousa was the perfect candidate, particularly because he had already served two enlistments with the U.S. Marine Band as an apprentice musician. He was a mere twenty-six when he accepted leadership of the Marine Band and to give a more authoritative appearance, he grew a full black beard. Sousa held this position for twelve years. During this time, he made numerous changes, including adjustments to the repertory of the ensemble. Sousa's first concern as leader was to soften the sound that hit the guests as they entered the White House. The present story presents a glimpse of the life of his son and brings out the fact that one can succeed in life only if one pursues a vocation according to one's aptitude and inborn taste.

John Philip Sousa stood on the corner with his mother, watching a parade pass by. The United States Marine Band was rapidly coming closer to where they stood. Philip jumped up and down and cried excitedly, "Look, Mama, there's Papa now!"

Marching along in the brass section, Mr. Sousa looked very handsome. He winked as he went by. Philip grinned back.

Philip loved bands, and the nation's capital was a fine place to hear them during the early 1860's. Washington was full of bands, and Philip loved them all. Now, with rapture in his eyes, he watched the Marine Band in all its

glory. And as it disappeared down the street, he vowed to become a musician.

Soon seven-year-old Philip started to attend a school of music in his neighbourhood. He liked all his studies but he particularly enjoyed learning to play the violin. It was not very long before he excelled in playing that instrument, for he was both talented and eager to learn.

But Philip did not spend all his time playing the violin. He loved to play baseball, too. And that is why he got into trouble one evening when he was eleven years old.

Every year an evening concert was given by the music school. This year Philip had been chosen to play a violin solo. For several months he had been earning money by directing a small band. So the thought of playing in the concert did not make him the least bit nervous. And because he did not feel nervous, he did a foolish thing.

On the very day of the concert, Philip pitched a game of baseball. He was tired and puffing as he came dashing home at supper time. Dirt was streaked across his moist forehead. His clothes were dusty and wrinkled.

"I'm starved!" he cried as he passed the kitchen on his way upstairs. There was no answer, and suddenly Philip realized that something was wrong. The house was so quiet that he could hear the slow ticking of the big clock in the hall.

"Where is everybody?" he yelled.

Puzzled by the silence of the household, Philip ran into the kitchen. On the table he found some sandwiches and a note from his mother. She had been called away suddenly by the illness of a friend. She would not be back until late evening.

Philip looked at the clock. He would have to hurry to get to the concert on time. He washed, gobbled a sandwich, and ran to his room to dress.

He looked for a shirt in the drawer where his clean laundry was kept. The drawer was empty! The laundry had not yet come back. "Oh," Philip moaned forlornly, "what shall I do? I can't play without a clean shirt!"

Suddenly Philip realized that he ought to tell his music teacher, Professor Esputa, at once. He ran over to the school and gasped out his story.

At first the professor scowled with concern. But then he said, "That's all right. Run to my house. Tell my wife to give you one of my shirts."

Mrs. Esputa quickly fetched one of her husband's white shirts. But when Philip put it on, she began to exclaim, "Oh, dear! Gracious!" The shirt was so large that Philip was almost lost in it.

Hastily Mrs. Esputa found a box of pins. In a twinkling, her nimble fingers pinned enough tucks in the shirt to make it fit Philip. They both heaved a big sigh of relief when the job was finished. Then, free from anxiety, Philip hurried back to the school.

The concert finally began, and soon it was time for Philip's also. He stood up, placed the violin under his chin, and raised his bow. With horror he felt a pin pulling loose in the back of his shirt. But he recalled how many pins had been inserted in the shirt and thought, "Losing one won't matter."

Philip started to play. At first his right arm moved back and forth slowly, then more swiftly. Before long the pins that were holding his collar pulled out. The loose, large shirt collar began to creep up the back of Philip's head. Then the unruly sleeves grew looser and longer. Suddenly the shirt fell away from his neck.

The audience began to laugh. In embarrassed confusion, Philip forgot what he was playing and stopped completely. The disaster so upset him that he rushed off the stage and sulked in a dark corner. Fighting back tears, he mumbled gloomily, "I wish I were dead!"

Refreshments were served after the concert, but Philip was too busy to have any. He mingled with the crowd as quickly as he could, hoping to avoid Mr. Esputa. After a wistful look at the ice cream, Philip was about to slink out when a booming voice behind him scoffed, "Well, Philip, you made a nice mess of it." Philip turned and found himself face to face with his glowering teacher.

With no sympathy for poor Philip, Mr. Esputa continued unreasonably, "No refreshments for you! You shouldn't have spent the day playing ball. You should have been preparing for the important work of the evening. You ought to be ashamed!"

Philip hung his head, sighed heavily, and trudged home. The incident left such an impression on him that he always remembered it. He never again tried to mix work and play.

But that was not the last time that he got himself into trouble with Mr. Esputa. One day when Philip was twelve, both he and his teacher were feeling tired and cross. They got into a heated argument over a trifle. As a result, Philip returned home convinced that he no longer wanted to take music lessons.

He discussed the matter with his father.

"Well," commented Mr. Sousa, "it seems that you don't want to be a musician. Is there anything else you would prefer to be?"

"Yes," said Philip. "I want to be a baker."

Mr. Sousa's eyebrows flew up. "A baker?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, a baker," Philip answered firmly.

"If that's what you want," replied Mr. Sousa, "I will see what I can do to get you a suitable position in a bakery. I'll go and attend to it right away." And he went out of the house.

Soon Mr. Sousa came back. "Well, son," he informed Philip, "I've been talking to Charlie, the baker. His shop is a few blocks away, and he'll be glad to teach you how to bake bread and pies. He is expecting you tonight at half-past eight."

"Good," said Philip, but with little enthusiasm.

Mr. Sousa put his hand on Philip's shoulder and continued more seriously. "Philip, I've noticed that bakers aren't always well educated. I believe that it would be profitable for you to educate yourself beyond the level of most bakers. Perhaps you will then be more successful in your business. For this reason I must insist that you keep on with your education even though you stop taking your music lessons. When you have finished school. You can become a full-time baker."

Philip willingly agreed to continue his education.

At eight-thirty that evening, Philip went to the bakery. There he watched the bakers at work mixing bread and making pies. Everything he saw was new to him, and for a while it seemed very interesting. The bakers impressed Philip with their speed and skill, and he was amazed at the amount of bread that was being made. Later he grew tired and slept while the bread was baking.

Very early the next morning Philip helped load the big bakery wagon. Then he went out with the driver to deliver the bread. By eight o'clock he was through and went home to breakfast.

Philip kept his agreement with his father and went to school that morning. After school he did not feel like playing baseball. Too tired to do anything else, he went home and sat around until after supper. Then it was time to return to the bakery, where he spent another evening very much like the first.

After helping with the morning delivery, he went to school again. But he was too tired to learn much. When evening came, he dejectedly dragged himself off for his third night of work at the bakery. Watching the bakers no longer seemed interesting.

About midnight the baker's baby started to cry. The baker's wife said to Philip, "Go upstairs and rock the cradle." Only half awake, poor Philip did as she requested.

The cradle swam before Philip's sleepy eye as he began to rock it. In a twinkling, he had fallen asleep, ignoring the baby's loud yells.

When the baby continued to cry, its mother ran upstairs to see what was wrong. She aroused Philip and scolded him.

When Philip got home after delivering bread on the third morning, he was utterly exhausted. His father said, "How do you feel this morning?" But Philip fell sound asleep before he could answer.

In a low voice Mr. Sousa murmured instructions to Mrs. Sousa. "Give the lad some breakfast and put him to bed. Let him sleep all day."

That evening he said to his son, "Of course you still want to be a baker, don't you, Philip?"

"No!" groaned the weary boy. "I'd rather die than be a baker!"

"Then," concluded his father gently, "I think that the only practical course of action is to make up with Esputa and start your music lessons again."

After that, Philip and his music teacher became the best of friends. The youngster studied hard and because he possessed remarkable ability, he had gained a reputation as a fine violin player by the time he was thirteen years old.

One day while Philip was busy practising, a man came to the door. He said, "I have been listening for five minutes. You play the violin very nicely."

"Won't you come in?" asked Philip.

"Thank you, I will," said the man. He stepped inside and continued, "Have you ever thought of joining a circle?"

"Why, no, sir," said Philip in surprise.

"I'm the leader of the band in the circus that is showing near Pennsylvania Avenue," said the man. "If you should care to join us, I'd be most happy to employ you."

Visions of a wonderful life in the circus flashed through Philip's mind. "I'd like to do it," he said wistfully. "But I don't think my father would let me go."

"Don't tell him," said the man.

The circus man's suggestion shocked Philip.

"Oh, I couldn't just go off without asking him," Philip answered.

"But often fathers don't understand what a very fine future there is for a boy who is travelling with a circus," the man argued. "I'll tell you what to do. Tomorrow night you bring your fiddle and go along with us when we leave. After we have been away for a day or two, you can write your father and tell him what a wonderful time you are having. Perhaps he won't interfere then. Otherwise, if you tell him now, he might forbid you to go."

Philip finally agreed to report the following night. The more he thought about his decision and about the glory in store for him, the more elated he felt. At last he could keep quiet no longer. He went next door to see his best friend.

Tingling with excitement, Philip told his secret. "I am going to join a circus tomorrow night, Ed. I'll make a lot of money and become the leader of a circus band." Then he cautioned Ed not to tell.

Ed's eyebrows arched, and his mouth flew open. The news impressed him greatly. It was so much on his mind that he accidentally let the secret out at supper time. Later that evening, after Ed was asleep, his mother paid a visit to Mrs. Sousa.

The next morning Philip lay in his bed dreaming a delightful dream about being the director of a big circusband. Suddenly he heard his father's gentle voice saying, "Good morning, Son."

"Good morning, Papa," Philip replied.

"When you dress today," Mr. Sousa said, "put on your Sunday clothes."

Philip was certain that it was not Sunday. But he obeyed his father's request. As he went down stairs to eat breakfast, he kept wondering, "Why did Papa want me to put on my Sunday clothes?"

Mr. Sousa chatted with Philip in a friendly way until the end of the meal. Then he said abruptly, "We will take a walk."

They had walked only a few blocks when Philip realized that they were headed towards the United States Marine Barracks. The boy wondered why his father was taking him there. He soon learned. Within an hour Philip was enlisted as an apprentice to study music in the Marine Band.

Mr. Sousa had confidence in his son's strong sense of duty. He knew the boy would not desert the Marines to run away with a circus.

Years sped by, and eventually John Philip Sousa became the leader of the Marine Band. This band is the official band of the President of the United States. Sousa served as bandmaster for five different presidents. During these years the big band went abroad several times and became famous all over the world.

Sousa also became famous as a composer. He wrote more than a hundred marches, and he was known as the March King.

He wrote one of his finest marches for a special occasion. *The Washington Post*, a newspaper that is published in the nation's capital, held an essay contest. Prizes were offered for the best essays written by pupils in the Washington schools.

A big day was planned for awarding the prizes. One of the events was to be a programme of music played by the Marine Band. Sousa was asked to compose a march in honour of the happy occasion. The idea appealed to him greatly; so he set about composing this march.

The great day finally came. The blue sky was dotted with fluffy clouds, and a breeze was blowing. People poured into the area around the big band. Soon thousands were waiting to hear the music.

The children of Washington had been looking forward to this day for a long time. And nearly all of them were there. The trees around the band stand were filled with boys who had climbed up to get a good view of the famous March King.

After "The Washington Post March" was played, everybody applauded wildly. The boys in the trees listened and watched with sparkling eyes. As they applauded, perhaps some of them vowed to become musicians, just as John Philip Sousa had done many years before.

GLOSSARY

1. march (n) /mɑ:tʃ/ : a musical composition composed for a march
2. grin (v) /grɪn/ : to smile widely. (They grinned amiably at us.)
3. rapture (n) /'raptʃə/ : a feeling of extreme pleasure and happiness or delight
4. vowed (v) /vaʊd/ : to make a formal and serious promise to do something (She vowed never to speak to him again.)
5. puff (v) /pʌf/ : to breathe loudly and quickly especially after you have been running
6. streak (v) /stri:k/ : to mark or cover something with streaks. (His face was streaked with mud.)
7. yelled (v) /jeld/ : shouted loudly because of anger, excitement or pain. (They yelled with excitement.)
8. gobble (v) /'gɒbl/ : to eat something very fast. (They gobbled down all the sandwiches.)
9. forlornly (adv.) /fə'lɔ:nli/ : appearing lonely and unhappy
10. twinkling (n) /'twɪŋklɪŋ/ : in a very short time
11. nimble (adj) /'nɪmbl/ : agile or able to move quickly and easily
12. creep up (phr v): to move slowly nearer to somebody usually from behind, without being seen or heard. (Don't creep up on me like that!)
13. sulk (v) /sʌlk/ : to look angry and refuse to speak or smile (He went off and sulked in a dark corner of the party.)

14. mumble (v) / 'mʌmbəl / : to speak or say something in a quiet voice in a way that is not clear, or mutter
15. wistful (adj) / 'wɪstʊl / : thinking sadly about something that you would like to have
16. slink (v) / slɪŋk / : creep or to move somewhere very quietly and slowly, especially because you are ashamed
17. scoff (v) / skɒf / : to talk in a way that makes it clear that you think they are ridiculous
18. glower (v) / 'glauə(r) / : to look in an aggressive or angry way
19. trudge (v) : to walk slowly or with heavy steps because you are tired. (He trudged the last two miles to the town.)
20. trifle (n) / 'traɪfl / : slight or small and not important, or trivial
21. groan (v) / grəʊn / : to make a long deep sound when you are annoyed, upset or in pain (We all groaned at his terrible jokes.)
22. weary (adj) / 'weɪəri / : very tired, especially after you are working hard. (She suddenly felt old and weary.)
23. fiddle (n) / 'fɪdl / : violin. (Ram brought a new fiddle yesterday.)
24. elated (adj) / ɪ'leɪtəd / : very happy and excited (They were elated at the result.)
25. tingling (n) / 'tɪŋgl ɪŋ / : an exciting feeling of emotion
26. barracks (n) / 'bærəks / : a large building or group of buildings for soldiers to live in (The troops were ordered back to barracks.)
27. apprentice (n) / ə'prentɪs / : a young person who works for an employer for a fixed period of time in order to learn the particular skills needed in their job

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. What did Philip want to become when he was a child?
- ii. Why did Philip learn violin quickly?
- iii. Why did Philip get into trouble on the day of the concert?
- iv. How did Philip manage to get a clean dress?
- v. What made the concert a flop show for Philip?
- vi. What did Philip take up after his failure on the concert stage?
- vii. Why couldn't Philip work at the bakery?
- viii. Why did Philip's father take him for a walk?
- ix. How was Philip lured to work in a circus?
- x. How was Philip a success as the leader of the Marine Band?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. Write a brief character-sketch of John Philip Sousa.
- ii. What was Philip's foolish act on the day of the concert? Write in detail.
- iii. How did Mrs. Esputa help Philip?
- iv. What is the theme of the chapter? Explain briefly.
- v. Describe Philip's experience at the bakery.
- vi. How did Philip eventually become a famous music composer?

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. There are some words given below. Put them in the correct columns in the table given below:

weigh	own	anxious	eager	love
hate	control	belong	keep	length
believe	like	prefer	consider	regret

Perception	Strong feeling/emotion	Possession	Measurement
believe like prefer consider			weigh length

2. Fill up the blanks with the words written below :

smiled	dissuade	silent	drop
nimble	experienced	down	

- Philip jumped *up* and down and cried in excitement.
- The company wanted anworker whereas Tom was a *novice*.
- The *noise* made the old man restless, he asked everyone to be
- The professor *scowled* when he saw that Philipon his own foolishness.
- Herfingers pinned enough tucks in his shirt to make him feel less *awkward*.
- The conjurer asked his assistant to *raise* the platform on theof his handkerchief.
- I tried tohim from giving up his job, but his brother had already *convinced* him that it was the right decision.

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Narration

- He said to me, "I do not believe you."
- Rama said to Arjun, "Go away."
- He said to me, "What are you doing?"
- The Prince said, "It gives me great pleasure to be here this evening."
- He said, "I shall go as soon as it is possible."
- He said to him, "Is not your name Ahmed?"
- "Sit down, boys," said the teacher.

8. Alice said, "How clever I am!"
9. The teacher said to him, "Do not read so fast."
10. Abdul said that he had seen that picture.

2. Do as Directed

1. This mango is fit (eat).
(Fill up the blank with an Infinitive)
2. (err) is human.
(Fill up the blank with an Infinitive)
3. i. She visits the poor.
ii. She is anxious to relieve them of their sufferings.
(Combine into a single sentence)
4. (hear) a noise, I turned round (Fill up the blank with a Participle)
5. I saw the storm (approach).
(Fill up the blank with a Participle)
6. Combine the following sentences into a single sentence:
i. The hunter took up his gun.
ii. He wanted to shoot the lion.
7. (hunt) deer is not allowed in this area.
(Fill up the blank with a Gerund)
8. Children love (make) mud castles.
(Fill up the blank with a Gerund)

3. Change the Voice

1. Does she know you?
2. Will you post the letter?
3. She has done her duty.
4. Avoid bad company.
5. Are you expecting him today?
6. I cannot lift this heavy box.
7. May I see your book?
8. You are wasting your time.
9. When will she have finished her work?
10. Why do you not call in the doctor?

(Hint: Why is)

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	a:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

Say the following sentences aloud

- i. / ɔɪ / as in boy, joy, toy, oil
 I was annoyed.
 I was annoyed at the boy.
 I was annoyed at the boy for spoiling the toy.
 I was annoyed at the boy for spoiling the toy of joy.
- ii. / ɪə / as in here, cheer, fear, clear
 I hear the end of fear.
 I hear the end of fear is near.
 I hear the end of fear is near and a cheer is here.
- iii. / eə / as in air, there, pair, bear
 That is a rare pair.
 That is a rare pair for the Mayor.
 That is a rare pair for the Mayor to wear.
 That is a rare pair for the Mayor to wear and sit in his chair.
- iv. / ʊə / as in sure, pure, cure
 I am sure this is newer.
 'I am sure this is newer,' said the brewer.
 'I am sure this is newer and purer,' said the brewer.

Suggested Readings

1. Paul Julius Reuter - A Biography
2. Hungry Stones and other Stories by R. N. Tagore

TONGUE- TWISTER

Fanny Fetter found a fan
A fan found Fanny Fatter,
But Fanny Fetter lost her fan –
And wept till she felt better

3. THINKING OUT OF THE BOX: LATERAL THINKING

Many years ago in a small Indian village, a farmer had the misfortune of owing a large sum of money to a village moneylender. The moneylender, who was old and ugly, fancied the farmer's beautiful daughter. So he proposed a bargain. He said he would forgo the farmer's debt if he could marry the farmer's daughter. Both the farmer and his daughter were horrified by the proposal. So the cunning money lender suggested that they let providence decide the matter.

He told them that he would put a black pebble and a white pebble into an empty money bag. Then the girl would have to pick one pebble from the bag. If she picked the black pebble, she would become his wife and her father's debt would be written off. If she picked the white pebble she need not marry him and her father's debt would still be written off. But if she refused to pick a pebble, her father would be thrown into jail.

They were standing on a pebble – strewn path in the farmer's field. As they talked, the moneylender bent over to pick up two pebbles. As he picked them up, the sharp-eyed girl noticed that he had picked up two black pebbles and put them into the bag. He then asked the girl to pick a pebble from the bag. Now, imagine you were standing in the field. What would you have done if you had been the girl? If you had to advise her, what would you have told her?

Careful analysis would produce three possibilities :

- a. The girl should refuse to take a pebble.
- b. The girl should show that there were two black pebbles in the bag and expose the moneylender as a cheat.
- c. The girl should pick a black pebble and sacrifice herself in order to save her father from debt and imprisonment.

Take a moment to ponder over the story. The above story is used with the hope that it will make us appreciate the difference between lateral and logical thinking. The girl's dilemma cannot be solved with traditional

logical thinking. Think of the consequences if she chooses the above logical answers.

What would you recommend the girl to do?

This is what the girl actually did.

The girl put her hand into the moneybag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it, she fumbled and let it fall onto the pebble-strewn path where it immediately became lost among all the other pebbles.

"Oh, how clumsy of me," she said. "But never mind, if you look into the bag for the one that is left, you will be able to tell which pebble I picked."

Since the remaining pebble is black, it must be assumed that she had picked the white one. And since the moneylender dared not admit his dishonesty, the girl changed what seemed an impossible situation into an extremely advantageous one.

What does this story teach us? It is that the most complex problems do have a solution. It is only that we don't attempt to think in that direction. It teaches us to think 'out of the box' or think laterally.

What is lateral thinking? Lateral thinking is creative or nonlinear thinking. It is thinking differently or doing something different; doing something that might be quite novel and unconventional in nature. According to Edward de Bono¹ who propagated this notion, intelligence is a potential that all of us have and thinking is a skill to use that potential well. It channels our intelligence appropriately. One may be a good thinker without being an intellectual and vice-versa.

Here is another story that illustrates the use of lateral thinking..

A millionaire named Thomas walked into a popular bank in the middle of New York city and requested to speak to a loan officer. He did not inform the staff of his immense riches but he simply said that he was going away on business for a few weeks, to another country, and needed to borrow a small sum of money - \$5000. Banks being banks, they immediately asked for security on the loan. Thomas pointed out of the window to the shiny new Ferrari parked right in front of the bank. He took the title, paper work and keys out of his pocket and slapped them down on the counter like a man on a mission. The staff went to work checking out the validity of his ownership and sure enough, everything was checked out. And of course, which bank

was going to turn down a quarter of a million dollars in collateral security for a mere \$5000 loan?

Thomas left the bank with his \$5000 and the bank employee took Thomas' keys and drove the brand new Ferrari down into the bank's underground garage. He assured Thomas that it would be perfectly safe down there. Thomas then left the bank and caught his flight to his far away land.

Anyway, two weeks went by and sure enough the bank opened Monday morning to see Thomas stroll in and slap the \$5000 he had borrowed back on the counter, plus the interest which was around \$15. The loan officer asked for the car to be brought round to the front of the bank and then asked Thomas a question. "Our bank prides itself in details and customer services," he said "and while you were away we did a background check, it's routine, and discovered you are actually one of the wealthiest men in America. Why on earth would you need to borrow \$5000, it just doesn't make sense."

Thomas smiled, picked up the keys from the counter and said, "Can you tell me another way I could have parked my new Ferrari in the middle of New York for two weeks, for just \$15, and still expect to get it back in top condition?" With that, Thomas walked out of the door and the loan officer smiled a bigger smile.

Examples of applications of lateral or nonlinear thinking abound in several fields. In cricket, Kerry Packer introduced day/night matches and, colourful balls and clothing, a departure from tradition that became so successful that the whole world of cricket adopted it. Australia recently experimented with two different captains for the Test and one-day matches, nowadays, the T20 matches have become a rage.

Lateral Thinking expert Edward de Bono says 'With logic, you start with certain ingredients, just as in chess you start out with given pieces. But what are those pieces? In most real-life situations, the pieces are not given, just assume they are there. We assume certain perception, concepts and boundaries.'

One is always confusing conditioned thinking with creative thinking. De Bono explains that lateral thinking is concerned not with playing with the existing pieces but with seeking to change those very pieces. It is concerned with the perception part of thinking.

(Adapted from an article on Lateral Thinking in www.lifepositive.com)

(Edward de Bono was a professor at Oxford. A Ph.D. in Psychology, he wrote more than 40 books. He is known for propagating the art of lateral thinking.)

GLOSSARY

1. fancied (v):/ 'fænsɪd / took a liking for (The film star fancied designer suits.)
2. forgo (v) :/ fɔː'gəʊ / to give up or do without (He will have to forgo the pleasure of attending the lecture as he is unwell.)
3. providence (n):/ prə'vɪdəns / God (The doctors have done everything possible for him, the rest is left to providence.)
4. collateral (n):/ kə'lætərəl /property acceptable as security for a loan or other obligation (My brother decided to put up his flat as collateral security to get a loan.)
5. pebble (n):/ 'pebl /a smooth round stone that is found in or near water
6. strewn (v) :/ struːn / (from strew) to cover a surface with things, or scatter. (Clothes were strewn across the floor.)
7. ponder (v) :/ 'pɒndə(r) / to think about something carefully for a period of time, or consider (She pondered over his words.)
8. dilemma (n) :/ dɪ'lemə / a situation which makes problems, often one in which you have to make a very difficult choice between things of equal importance or predicament
9. fumble (v):/ 'fʌmbl / to use your hands in an awkward way when you are doing something or looking for something. (She fumbled in her pocket for a handkerchief.)
10. clumsy (adj):/ 'klʌmzi / moving or doing things in a very awkward way (His clumsy fingers couldn't untie the knot.)

11. stroll (v):/ strəʊl / to walk in a leisurely way (We enjoyed a leisurely stroll on Sunday morning.)
12. be all the rage (idm) to be very popular
13. lateral thinking (n):/ 'lætərəl θɪŋkɪŋ / a way of solving problems by using your imagination to find new ways of looking at the problem

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. What was the proposal given to the poor farmer by the moneylender?
- ii. What would have happened if the girl had selected a black pebble in the 'pebble-game'?
- iii. What trick did the moneylender cunningly play to win the game?
- iv. How did the girl intelligently win?
- v. What do you understand by the term 'lateral thinking' after reading the chapter?
- vi. What was Edward de Bono's notion about 'lateral thinking'?
- vii. Why did the millionaire not reveal the fact of his affluence to the bank officials?
- viii. Why was the loan officer amazed to know that Thomas had borrowed a loan for \$5000?
- ix. What was the millionaire's trick in borrowing the loan?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. How was lateral thinking fruitful in the field of cricket?
- ii. How did the moneylender's attempt to win the hand of the farmer's daughter go in vain?
- iii. Write a note on the theme of the chapter: "Lateral Thinking".
- iv. How did 'lateral thinking' help the millionaire?

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. Look at the meanings of the words *borrow* and *lend*.

borrow :- to take and use something that belongs to somebody else, and return it at a later time.

lend:- to give something that belongs to you to someone and which the person has to return to you later.

Now fill in the blanks with the words *borrow* or *lend* :

- (1) Could you me some money, please?
- (2) Some pupils can books from their school.
- (3) Will you me your umbrella till tomorrow?
- (4) You may my bike, but be careful.
- (5) Could I your football?
- (6) You can your suitcase to Sita.
- (7) Why do some students so much money from their friends?
- (8) Mohan won't his car to anyone.
- (9) Will your uncle you some money?

2. Fill in the blanks with the *adjective* or the *adverb* forms of the words given in the brackets:

- (a) He finished the book..... . (quick)
- (b) Sam is adriver. (careful)
- (c) He drives the car (careful)
- (d) Reema is a girl. (pretty)
- (e) The class isloud today. (terrible)
- (f) You can push this box..... . (easy)
- (g) The girl's dilemma could not be solved with.....thinking. (tradition)
- (h) The farmer's daughter threw away the pebble (immediate)

III

GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Voice

1. Her uncle looks after her.
2. A favour will be done to him by me.
3. How is Sharda known to you?
4. He was shocked at his sister's stupidity.
5. Why are you laughing at me?
6. Who abused you?
7. Had the picture been painted by her?
8. This pot contains milk.
9. Were the villagers beating the terrorists?
10. Who does not love his motherland?

2. Fill in the blanks with suitable Determiners

1. I have (many /much) friends in the city.
2. umbrella is useful thing. (a, an, the)
3. (Many /Much) a man has died of cholera.
4. (These / This) children go to school every day.
5. Did you see (any / some) elephants in the forest?
6. She is proud of (his/her) beauty.
7. (That / Those) plant is dying.
8. (All / Some) the girls are present today.
9. She did not send me (any /some) reply.
10. (Every / Many) man is expected to do his best.

3. Do as Directed

1. He is too aged to get a job. (*Remove 'too'*)
2. This church is the biggest in India. (*Change the degree of comparison*)
3. Here comes a girl in red. (*Change into a complex sentence*)
4. You can join duty as you are well now. (*Change into a compound sentence*)
5. Respect your elders. (*Change voice*)
6. i. He is good.

- ii. He is not tactful. (Combine the two sentences)
7. How lovely the flowers are ! (Change into an assertive sentence)

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	<u>get</u>	dʒ	<u>join</u>	θ	<u>thin</u>	ʃ	<u>ship</u>	j	<u>yes</u>
tʃ	<u>chain</u>	ŋ	<u>long</u>	ð	<u>then</u>	ʒ	<u>measure</u>		
i:	<u>weep</u>	a:	<u>part</u>	u:	<u>root</u>	eɪ	<u>play</u>	ɔɪ	<u>boy</u>
ɪ	<u>bit</u>	ɒ	<u>hot</u>	ʌ	<u>but</u>	əʊ	<u>go</u>	ɪə	<u>hear</u>
e	<u>pet</u>	ɔ:	<u>court</u>	ɜ:	<u>bird</u>	aɪ	<u>buy</u>	eə	<u>pair</u>
æ	<u>bat</u>	ʊ	<u>put</u>	ə	<u>away</u>	aʊ	<u>cow</u>	ʊə	<u>poor</u>

Note:

- The word begin consists of 2 syllables: bɪ and ɡɪn
Similarly the word cigarette consists of 3 syllables: sɪ - ɡə - ret
- Words like back, bright, pain, smart all consist of one syllable only because they contain only one vowel sound in each. Such words, when pronounced in isolation, carry the accent but this accent is not shown.
- In words like begin (2 syllables) or cigarette (3 syllables), only one of the syllables carries the accent.
- The word begin is spoken with accent on the second syllable:
/ bɪ - 'ɡɪn /
(Accent is shown with a vertical bar (') in front of the syllable to which it belongs.)
- The word cigarette is spoken with accent on the third syllable as /
sɪ - ɡə - 'ret /

Now practise saying the following words with accent on the second syllable as shown here:

a 'bove	be 'gin	se 'lect
a 'head	to 'day	re 'late

be 'hind	at 'tend	a 'loud
de 'cide	a 'gain	be 'fore
de 'lay	a 'long	a 'lone
al 'ready	di 'vision	de 'mocracy
an 'other	ex 'ample	hy 'pocrisy
be 'haviour	im 'portant	phi 'losophy
de 'cision	co 'rrection	in 'telligent
con 'dition	de 'termine	me 'chanical

SUGGESTED READINGS

1. Of Great Place by Francis Bacon
2. An Astrologer's Day By R.K. Narayan

JUST PONDER OVER

- A smile is an inexpensive way to change your looks.
Charles Gordy
- Freedom is not worth having if it does not include the freedom to make mistakes.
Mahatma Gandhi

4. ON SAYING "PLEASE"

(A.G. GARDINER)

This essay tells us about the value of good manners. Bad manners are anti social. But they are not a crime in the eyes of the law and therefore the law does not permit us to hit back if we have been the victims of bad manners. People begin to avoid a man with bad manners. A person with good manners brings us happiness. His company is indeed very pleasant.

This essay deals with little but socially important incidents from daily life. It shows us the importance of words like 'please' and 'thank you' in our every day life. They settle bitter quarrels and soften bad tempers.

The young lift-man in a city office who threw a passenger out of his lift the other morning and was fined for the offence was undoubtedly in the wrong. It was a question of "Please". The complainant entering the lift said, "Top." The lift-man demanded "Top please," and this concession being refused, he not only declined to comply with the instruction, but hurled the passenger out of the lift. This, of course, was carrying a comment on manners too far. Discourtesy is not a legal offence, and it does not excuse assault and battery. If a burglar breaks into my house and I knock him down, the law will acquit me, and if I am physically assaulted it will permit me to retaliate with reasonable violence. It does this because the burglar and my assailant have broken quite definite commands of the law. But no legal system could attempt to legislate against bad manners, or could sanction the use of violence against something which it does not itself recognize as a legally punishable offence. And whatever our sympathy with the lift-man, we must admit that the law is reasonable. It would never do if we were at liberty to box people's ears because we did not like their behaviour, or the tone of their voices, or the scowl of their faces. Our fists would never be idle, and the gutters of the city would run with blood all day.

I may be as uncivil as I may please and the law will protect me against violent retaliation. I may be haughty or boorish and there is no penalty to pay except the penalty of being written down an ill-mannered fellow. The law does not compel me to say "Please" or to attune my voice to other people's sensibilities any more than it says that I shall not wax moustache or dye my hair or wear ringlets down my back. It does not recognize the laceration of our feelings as a case of compensation. There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages in these matters.

This does not mean that the damages are negligible. It is probable that the lift-man was much more acutely hurt by what he regarded as a slur upon his social standing than he would have been if he had a kick on the shin for which he could have got a legal redress. The pain of a wound to our self-respect or our vanity may poison a whole day. I can imagine that lift-man, denied the relief of throwing the author of his wound out of the lift, brooding over the insult by the hour, and visiting it on his wife in the evening as the only way of restoring his equilibrium. For there are few things more catching than bad temper and bad manners. When Sir Anthony Absolute bullied Captain Absolute, the latter went out and bullied his man Fag, whereupon Fag went downstairs and kicked the page-boy. Probably the man who said "Top" to the lift-man was really only getting back on his employer who had not said "Good Morning" to him because he himself had been hen-pecked at breakfast by his wife, to whom the cook had been insolent because the housemaid had "answered her back". We infect the world with our ill humours. Bad manners probably do more to poison the stream of the general life than all the crimes in the calendar. For one wife who gets a black eye from an otherwise good-natured husband, there are a hundred who live a life of martyrdom under the shadow of a morose temper. But all the same the law cannot become the guardian of our private manners. No Decalogue could cover the vast area of offences and no court could administer a law which governed our social civilities, our speech, the tilt of our eyebrows and all our moods and manners.

But we are bound to endorse the verdict against the lift-man. Most people will have a certain sympathy with him. While it is true that there is no law that compels us to say "Please" there is a social practice much older and more sacred than any law which enjoins us to be civil. And the first requirement of civility is that we should acknowledge a service. "Please" and "Thank you" are the small change with which we pave our way as social beings. They are the little courtesies by which we keep the machine of life oiled and running sweetly. They put our intercourse upon the basis of friendly co-operation, as easy give and take instead of on the basis of superiors dictating to inferiors. It is a very vulgar mind that would wish to command where he can have the service for the asking, and have it with willingness and good feeling instead of resentment.

I should like to "feature" in this connection my friend, the polite conductor. By this discriminating title, I do not intend to suggest a rebuke to conductors generally. (On the contrary, I am disposed to think that there are few classes of men who come through the ordeal of a very trying calling better than bus conductors do.) Here or there you will meet an unpleasant specimen who regards the passengers as his natural enemies—as creatures whose chief purpose on the bus is to cheat him, and who can only be kept reasonably honest by a loud voice and an aggressive manner. But this type is rare-rarer than it used to be. I fancy the public owes much to the underground Railway Company, which also runs the buses, for insisting on a certain standard of civility in its servants and taking care that the standard is observed. In doing this, it not only makes things pleasant for the travelling public but performs an important social service.

It is not, therefore, with any feeling of unfriendliness to conductors as a class that I pay a tribute to a particular member of that class. I first became conscious of his existence one day when I jumped on to a bus and found that I had left home without any money in my pocket. Everyone has had the experience and knows the feeling, the mixed feeling, which the discovery arouses. You are annoyed because you look like a fool at the best, and like a knave at the worst. You would not be at all surprised if the conductor eyed

you coldly as much as to say, "Yes, I know that stale old trick. Now then, off you get." And even if the conductor is a good fellow and lets you down easily, you are faced with the necessity of going back, and the inconvenience, perhaps, of missing your train or your engagement.

Having searched my pockets in vain for stray coppers, and having found I was utterly penniless, I told the conductor with as honest a face as I could assume that I couldn't pay the fare, and must go back for money. "Oh you needn't get off : that's all right," said he. "All right," said I, "but I haven't a copper on me." "Oh, I'll book you through", he replied. "Where d'ye want to go?" And he handed me a ticket for anywhere from the Bank to Hongkong. I said it was very kind of him, and told him, where I wanted to go, and as he gave me the ticket I said, "But where shall I send the fare?" 'Oh, you'll see me some day all right,' he said cheerfully, as he turned to go. And then, luckily, my fingers still wandering in the corners of my pockets, lighted on a shilling, and the account was squared. But that fact did not lessen the glow of pleasure which so good-natured an action had given me.

A few days, after my most sensitive toe was trampled on rather heavily as I sat reading on the top of a bus. I looked up with some anger and more agony, and saw my friend of the cheerful countenance. "Sorry, sir," he said, "I know these are heavy boots. Got'em because my own feet get trod on so much and now, I'm treading on other people's. Hope I didn't hurt you, sir." He had hurt me but he was so nice about it that I assured him he hadn't. After this I began to observe him whenever I boarded his bus, and found a curious pleasure in the constant good-nature of his bearing. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of patience and a gift for making his passengers comfortable. I noticed that if it was raining he would run up the stairs to give someone the tip that there was "room inside". With old people he was as considerate as a son, and with children as solicitous as a father. He had evidently a peculiarly warm place in his heart for young people, and always indulged in some merry jest with them. If he had a blind man on board it was not enough to set him down safely on the pavement. He would call to Bill in front to wait while he took him across the road or round the corner, or

otherwise safely on his way. In short, I found that he irradiated such an atmosphere of good temper and kindness that a journey with him was a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners.

What struck me particularly was the care which he got through his work. If bad manners are infectious, so also are good manners. If we encounter incivility, most of us are apt to become uncivil, but it is an unusually uncouth person who can be disagreeable with sunny people. It is with manners as with the weather. "Nothing clears up my spirits like a fine day," said Keats and a cheerful person descends on even the gloomiest of us with something of the benediction of a fine day. And so it was always fine weather on the polite conductor's bus; his own activity, his conciliatory address and good-humoured bearing infected his passengers. In lightening their spirits he lightened his own task. His gaiety was not a wasteful luxury, but a sound investment.

I have missed him from my bus route of late; but I hope that only means that he has carried his sunshine on to another road. It cannot be too widely diffused in a rather drab world. And I make no apologies for writing a panegyric on an unknown bus conductor. If Wordsworth could gather lessons of wisdom from the poor leech gatherer, "on the lonely moor," I see no reason why lesser people should not take lessons in conduct from one who shows how a very modest calling may be dignified by good temper and kindly feeling.

It is a matter of general agreement that the war has had a chilling effect upon those little every-day civilities of behaviour that sweeten the general air. We must get those civilities back if we are to make life kindly and tolerable for each other. We cannot get them back by invoking the law. The policeman is a necessary symbol and the law is a necessary institution for a society that is still somewhat lower than the angels. But the law can only protect us against material attack. Nor will the lift-man's way of meeting moral affront by physical violence help us to restore the civilities. I suggest to him that he would have had a more subtle and effective revenge if he had treated the gentleman who would not say "Please" with elaborate

politeness. He would have had the victory, not only over the boor, but over himself, and that is the victory that counts. The polite man may lose the material advantage, but he always has the spiritual victory. I commend to the lift-man a story of Chesterfield. In his time the London streets were without the pavements of to-day, and the man who "took the wall" had the driest footing. "I never give the wall to a scoundrel," said a man who met Chesterfield, one day in the street. "I always do," said Chesterfield, stepping with a bow into the road. I hope the lift-man will agree that his revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

GLOSSARY

1. concession (n): / kən'seɪʃn / something that you allow or do, or allow somebody to have in order to end an argument
2. hurl (v): / hɜ:l / to abuse, insult (Rival fans hurled abuse at each other.)
3. discourtesy (n): / dɪs'kɜ:təsi / behaviour or an action that is not polite
4. assault and battery (n): the crime of threatening to harm somebody and then attacking them physically
5. acquit (v): / ə'kwɪt / to declare or find not guilty
6. retaliate (v): / rɪ'tæli'eɪt / to take revenge
7. assailant (n): / ə'seɪlənt / a person who attacks somebody / attacker
8. scowl(n): / skaʊl / an angry look or annoyed way or expression
9. haughty (adj): / 'hɔ:ti / arrogant or behaving in an unfriendly way
10. attuned (adj): / ə'tju:nd / familiar with somebody so that you can understand them and act in an appropriate way
11. slur(n): / slɜ:(r) / insult (She had dared to cast a slur on his character.)
12. laceration (n): / ,ləsə'reɪʃn / to cut skin or flesh with something sharp (She suffered multiple lacerations to the face.)
13. brooding (adj): / 'bru:ɪŋ / sad and mysterious or threatening

14. henpecked (adj):/ 'henpekt /a man who has a wife who is always telling him what to do and is too weak to disagree with her
15. insolent (adj):/ 'ɪnsələnt /extremely rude and showing a lack of respect (an insolent child)
16. morose (adj):/ mə'rəʊs /unhappy, gloomy (She just sat there looking morose.)
17. decalogue (n):/ 'dekələg / any set of rules that have the weight of authority
18. resentment (n):/ rɪ'zentmənt /a feeling of anger or unhappiness about something that you think is unfair
19. ordeal (n): / ɔ:'di:l /a difficult or unpleasant experience
20. knave (n): / neɪv /a dishonest person
21. trample (v):/ 'træmpl /to step heavily on something or somebody so that you crush or harm them
22. countenance (n):/ 'kaʊntənəns /a person's face or his expression
23. solicitous (adj) attentive
24. gaiety (n):/ 'geɪəti /the state of being cheerful and full of fun
25. panegyric (n): /,pænə'dʒɪrɪk /a speech praising somebody
26. uncouth (adj): / ʌn'ku:θ /rude or socially unacceptable

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. Why was the passenger hurled out of the lift?
- ii. How could the liftman restore his equilibrium?
- iii. Describe the chain reactions that possibly led to the liftman's outburst.
- iv. What is the first requirement of 'civility'?
- v. What serves as 'little courtesies' in our daily life?
- vi. What does a conductor in the bus generally think about the passengers?

- vii. Why was the narrator annoyed at himself in the bus?
- viii. Describe the 'glow of pleasure' that the narrator experienced.
- ix. What were the good qualities of the conductor?
- x. How could the liftman have avoided the trouble?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. Write, in your own words, the theme of the chapter "On Saying Please".
- ii. Describe the narrator's encounter with the bus-conductor.
- iii. Draw a brief character-sketch of the bus conductor in your own words.

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

- 1. Match the words in column A with their antonyms in column B**

A	B
beneficial	different
similar	constant
majority	deny
specific	careless
variable	gather
distribute	detest
cautious	detrimental
affirm	general
admire	minority

- 2. Supply the appropriate words by unscrambling the letters given in the brackets:**

- (a) The protesting workers suddenly turned(entlvio)
- (b) She got some(snepaticmoon) for damages from the government.

- (c) The law should protect the(tyerlib) of the individual.
- (d) It's common(truocytes) to give up your seat for elderly people.
- (e) The court upheld the(dictrev)at appeal.
- (f) She married the blind man more out of(ayythpsm)than love.
- (g) It is a very (gluvra) mind that would wish to command where he can have the service for the asking.

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Narration

1. She said to me, "I was present in the class yesterday."
2. He says to me, "You may ask your brother to help you."
3. She will say to me, "They are very brave."
4. He told me that hard work pays in life.
5. Rohtas said, "I prefer death to dishonour."
6. The stranger said, "I want to stay here for the night."
7. The man told Ravi that he knew his father.
8. My uncle said that he had bought that house in 2005.
9. Ashok will say to Sumit, "I will try to stand first."
10. Rishita said to me, "He needs help."

2. Do as Directed

1. The ability (laugh) is peculiar to mankind.
(Fill up the blank with an infinitive)
2. Can you hope (count) the stars.
(Fill up the blank with an infinitive)
3. Combine the following sentences using a Participle.
 - i. I call a spade a spade.
 - ii. I am not afraid of it.

4. She comes me every day. (see)
(Fill up the blank with an infinitive)
5. The man seems (worry).
(Fill up the blank with a Participle)
6. We had a drink of the (sparkle) water.
(Fill up the blank with a Participle)
7. Combine the following sentences using a participle.
 - i. The stable door was open.
 - ii. The horse was stolen.
8. Combine the following sentences using a participle.
 - i. We met a man.
 - ii. He was carrying a log of wood.
9. We were prevented from (enter) the house.
(Fill up the blank with a Gerund)
10. I heard her (sing) at the function.
(Fill up the blank with a Gerund)

3. Do as directed

1. He is too poor to offer you any financial help.
(Remove 'too')
2. Iron is the most useful of all metals.
(Change the degree of Comparison)
3. The doctor is hopeful of his recovery.
(Change into a Complex Sentence)
(Hint: that he would recover)
4. If she does not weep, she will die.
(Change into a Compound Sentence)
(Hint: She must weep or)
5. He was fined because of his *absence*.
(Use the Adjective form of the word in italics)
6.
 - i. The policeman ran.
 - ii. He wanted to catch the thief.
(Combine the two sentences)
7. It is difficult to catch a butterfly.
(Change into the Interrogative form)

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	a:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

Say the following pairs of words aloud

(The teacher is requested to explain to the students the difference between the sounds / a: / (as in *park*) and / ɜ: / (as in *bird*) before starting this exercise)

Say the following pairs of words aloud:

/ a: /	/ ɜ: /	/ a: /	/ ɜ: /
heart	hurt	star	stir
barn	burn	carve	curve
far	fur	farm	firm
lark	lurk	fast	first
cart	curt	bath	berth
hard	heard	father	further
pass	purse	card	curd

Suggested Readings

1. A Spark Neglected Burns the House by Leo Tolstoy
2. The Rule of the Road by A.G. Gardiner

AN ANECDOTE

MY MOTHER was standing in a bus when she noticed that a man holding on to the same pole was staring at her. Finally, he said, "Excuse me. This is my stop."

"Well," she said, "go ahead."

"This is my pole," he said.

My mother was confused until he added, "I just bought it to hold my shower."

5. THE STORY OF MY LIFE

(Helen Keller)

*Helen Keller was made blind and deaf through fever at the age of nineteen months. Born in 1880, at a time when blind/deaf people were likely to be consigned to the poor house or asylum, she went on to live a fuller and more adventurous life than many before or since. Despite being blind and deaf it was clear that Helen had a remarkable gift for communication. She learned to read and write Braille, and to read lips by feeling the shapes and vibrations formed by people's mouths as they speak. This form of lip-reading (Tadoma) is one that is very difficult, and few people ever manage to do successfully. Anne Sullivan arrived at Keller's house in March 1887, and immediately began to teach Helen to communicate by spelling words into her hand. At age 22, Keller published her autobiography, *The Story of My Life* (1903), with help from Sullivan and Sullivan's husband, John Macy. It recounts the story of her life up to age 21 and was written during her time in college.*

The most important day I remember in all my life is the one on which my teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrasts between the two lives which it connects. It was the third of March, 1887, three months before I was seven years old.

On the afternoon of that eventful day, I stood on the porch, dumb, expectant. I guessed vaguely from my mother's signs and from the hurrying to and fro in the house that something unusual was about to happen. So I went to the door and waited on the steps. The afternoon sun penetrated the mass of honeysuckle that covered the porch, and fell on my upturned face. My fingers lingered almost unconsciously on the familiar leaves and blossoms which had just come forth to greet the sweet southern spring. I did not know what the future held of marvel or surprise for me. Anger and bitterness had preyed upon me continually for weeks and a deep languor had succeeded this passionate struggle.

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious,

groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbour was. "Light! Give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

I felt approaching footsteps. I stretched out my hand as I supposed to my mother. Some one took it, and I was caught up and held close in the arms of her who had come to reveal all things to me, and, more than all things else, to love me.

The morning after my teacher came she led me into her room and gave me a doll. The little blind children at the Perkins Institution had sent it and Laura Bridgman had dressed it; but I did not know this until afterwards. When I had played with it a little while, Miss Sullivan slowly spelled into my hand the word "d-o-l-l." I was at once interested in this finger play and tried to imitate it. When I finally succeeded in making the letters correctly I was flushed with childish pleasure and pride. Running downstairs to my mother I held up my hand and made the letters for doll. I did not know that I was spelling a word or even that words existed; I was simply making my fingers go in monkey-like imitation. In the days that followed I learned to spell in this uncomprehending way a great many words, among them *pin*, *hat*, *cup* and a few verbs like *sit*, *stand* and *walk*. But my teacher had been with me several weeks before I understood that everything has a name.

One day, while I was playing with my new doll, Miss Sullivan put my big rag doll into my lap and also, spelled "d-o-l-l" and tried to make me understand that "d-o-l-l" applied to both. Earlier in the day we had a tussle over the words "m-u-g" and "w-a-t-e-r." Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that "m-u-g" is *mug* and that "w-a-t-e-r" is *water*, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and, seizing the new doll, I dashed it upon the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment of tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was

removed. She brought me my hat, and I knew I was going out into the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motions of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten – a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that “w-a-t-e-r” meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house, every object which I touched seemed to quiver with life. That is because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me. On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I felt repentance and sorrow.

I learned a great many new words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that *mother*, *father*, *sister*, *teacher* were among them – words that were to make the world blossom for me, “like Aaron’s rod, with flowers.” It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of the eventful day and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

GLOSSARY

1. immeasurable (adj):/ ɪ'meɪʒərəbl / too large or great to be measured
2. honey suckle (n):/ 'hʌnɪsʌkl /a climbing plant with white, yellow, or pink flowers with a sweet smell

3. languor (n):/ 'læŋgə(r) /the pleasant state of feeling lazy and without energy
4. grope (v):/ grəʊp /to try and find something that you cannot see, by feeling with your hands
5. plummet (v):/ 'plʌmɪt /to fall suddenly and quickly from a high level or position (Share prices plummeted to an all time low.)
6. harbour (n):/ 'hɑ:bə(r) /an area of water on the coast, protected from the open sea by strong walls, where ships can shelter
7. uncomprehending (adj):/ ʌŋ,kəmprɪ'hendɪŋ /not understanding a situation or what is happening
8. tussle (n):/ 'tʌsl /a short struggle, fight or argument especially in order to get something (He was injured during a tussle for the ball.)
9. persist (v):/ pə'sɪst / to continue to do something despite difficulties or opposition in a way that can seem unreasonable
10. confound (v):/ kən'faʊnd /to confuse and surprise somebody, or baffle. (The sudden rise in share prices has confounded economists.)
11. despair (n):/dɪ'speə(r) /the feeling of having lost all hope (She uttered a cry of despair.)
12. dashed (adj):/ dæʃt /used as a mild swear word by some people to emphasize something or to show they are annoyed
13. tenderness (n):/ 'tendə(r)nəs /delicacy, softness
14. hearth (n): / hɑ:θ / the floor at the bottom of a fire place. (The cat dozed in its favourite spot on the hearth.)
15. hop(n):/ hɒp /to move by jumping on one foot
16. spout (n):/ spaʊt /a pipe or tube on a container, that you can pour liquid out through or fountain
17. gush (v) :/ gʌʃ /to flow or pour suddenly and quickly out of a hole in a large amount
18. misty (adj):/ 'mɪstɪ :/blurred, not clear or bright (His eyes grew misty as he talked.)

19. quiver(n):/ 'kwɪvə(r) / to shake slightly or tremble
20. repentance (n):/ rɪ'pentəns /the fact of showing that you are sorry for something that you have done, or remorse
21. crib (n) :/ kɪɪb /a small bed with high sides for a baby or young child

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. Who was Anne Mansfield Sullivan?
- ii. What was something unusual happening at the narrator's home?
- iii. What was the narrator doing while sitting on the steps?
- iv. What was the wordless cry of the narrator's soul?
- v. Who had sent the doll for the narrator?
- vi. How did the narrator learn to spell the words?
- vii. Why did the narrator dash the doll upon the floor?
- viii. List the few words that the narrator's teacher made her learn?
- ix. What did the narrator learn at the well-house?
- x. What made the narrator repent and feel sorrowful?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. Write the theme of the chapter 'The Story of My Life' in your own words.
- ii. Draw a brief character-sketch of the narrator. (Hellen Keller)
- iii. Describe the narrator's experience with her teacher.

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. Helen Keller has written many words in this lesson that express certain feelings. Match the feelings in box A with the most appropriate words for them in the column B

A

1.	The pleasant state of feeling lazy and without energy.
2.	A very strong feeling of love, hatred, anger etc.
3.	The state of feeling nervous or worried that something bad is going to happen.
4.	A feeling of great pleasure.
5.	A feeling of great sadness.
6.	A feeling of pleasure and satisfaction when you have done something well and admirable.
7.	A feeling of having lost all hope.

B

pride	sorrow	languor
passion	anxiety	despair
delight		

2. A list of nouns is given below. Pick out the nouns that are...

- (a) singular
(b) Plural
(c) Used with '*a pair of.....*'

measles	phonetics	pliers
odds	sunglasses	binoculars
goods	news	basics

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Voice

- Do not keep bad company.
- They will have missed the train.
- I shall not show you my book.

4. You are to help him.
5. Who invented the gramophone?
6. I was given your message by him.
7. Open the door.
8. What do you want?
9. The fire will have destroyed the house.
10. We ought to love our country.

2. Do as directed :

1. He is slow (forgive) (*Fill in the blank with an infinitive*)
2. I am sorry (hear) this. (*Fill in the blank with an infinitive*)
3. Combine the following sentences using an Infinitive
 - i. He collects old stamps even at great expense.
 - ii. It is his hobby.
4. Combine the following into a single sentence
 - i. I have no aptitude for business.
 - ii. I must speak out frankly.
5. (Run) water is not always fit for drinking.
(*Fill in the blank with a Participle*)
6. (Carry) by the wind, seeds are scattered far and wide. (*Fill in the blank with a Participle*)
7. Combine the following sentences using a Participle.
 - i. He was dissatisfied.
 - ii. He resigned his post.
8. Combine the following sentences using a Participle.
 - i. We met a girl.
 - ii. She was carrying a basket of flowers.
9. He is fond of (swim).
(*Fill in the blank with a Gerund*)
10. Are you afraid of his (hear) you?
(*Fill in the blank with a Gerund*)

3. Do as directed:

1. The news was too good to be true. (Remove 'too')
2. It is better to starve than beg.
3. (Change the degree of Comparison)
4. At the sight of the police, the thief ran away.
(Change into a Complex Sentence)
5. You need not fear if you are just.
(Change into a Compound Sentence)
6. His victory is certain.
(Use the Adverb form of certain)
7. i. Delhi is the capital of India.
ii. It is situated on the banks of the river, Yamuna.
(Combine the two sentences)
8. Her daughter is as beautiful as the moon.
(Change into Negative sentence)
(Hint: The moon is not more)

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

Say the following pair of words aloud

(The teacher is requested to explain the students the difference between the sounds / e / (as in *get*) and / eɪ / (as in *gate*) before starting this exercise)

Say the following pairs of words aloud:

/ e /	/ eɪ /	/ e /	/ eɪ /
get	gate / gait	bet	bait
test	taste	bell	bail
chest	chaste	sell	sale
breast	braced	tell	tale
trend	trained	fell	fail
hell	hail	sent	saint

Suggested Readings

1. Wise and Otherwise – A Salute to Life by Sudha Murthy
2. Wings of Fire by A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

TONGUE- TWISTER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pickled peppers?
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

6. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

(A. J. CRONIN)

*A.J. Cronin (1896-1974) was a doctor. He practised medicine in Wales and in London. It was while recovering from a breakdown in health that he wrote his first novel **Hatter's Castle**. It was a huge success. Cronin gave up practising medicine and took to writing as a career. He wrote a number of novels and short stories. Among his best-known novels are **The Citadel**, **The Key of the Kingdom**, and **The Spanish Gardener**. The title of the present story is that of one of the early plays of Shakespeare. The story recounts the hard life wilfully spent by two young boys so that they could pay for the treatment of their sister afflicted with tuberculosis. The boys' sacrifice, their sincerity and devotion to the cause and the maturity they display in their actions gives a new hope for humanity.*

As the narrator and his friend drove through the foothills of the Alps, two small boys stopped us on the outskirts of Verona. They were selling wild strawberries. "Don't buy," warned Luigi, our cautious driver. "You will get fruit much better in Verona. Besides, these boys....."

Luigi shrugged his shoulders to convey his disapproval of their shabby appearance.

One boy had on a worn jersey and cut-off khakhi pants; the other a shortened army tunic gathered in loose folds about his skinny frame. Yet, gazing at the two little figures with their brown skins, tangled hair and dark earnest eyes, we felt ourselves strangely attracted. My companion who spoke to the boys, discovered that they were brothers. Nicola, the elder, was 13; Jacopo, who barely came up to the door handle of the car, was nearly 12. We bought their biggest basket, then set off toward town.

Next morning, coming out of our hotel, we saw our friends bent over shoeshine boxes beside the fountain in the public square, doing a brisk business. We watched for a few moments; then as trade slackened we went over. They greeted us with friendly faces. "I thought you picked fruit for a living," I said. "We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully. "Often we show visitors through the town to

Juliet's tomb and other places of interest. "All right," I smiled. "You take us along." As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable demeanour. They were childish enough, and in many ways quite artless. Jacopo was lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years.

In the week which followed we saw them frequently, for they proved extremely useful to us. If we wanted a pack of American chocolates, or seats for the opera or the name of a good restaurant, Nicola and Jacopo could be relied upon to satisfy our needs.

What struck one the most was their willingness to work. During these summer days, under the hot sun, they shined shoes, sold fruit, hawked newspapers, conducted tourists round the town, and ran errands.

One night, we came upon them in the windy and deserted square, resting on the stone pavement beneath the lights. Nicola sat upright, tired. A bundle of unsold newspapers lay at his feet. Jacopo, his head resting upon his brother's shoulder was asleep. It was nearly midnight.

"Why are you out so late, Nicola?"

"Waiting for the last bus from Padua. We shall sell all our papers when it comes in."

"Must you work so hard? You both look rather tired."

"We are not complaining, sir."

But next morning, when I went over to the fountain to have my shoes shined, I said, "Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat little enough – when I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you do with your money?"

He coloured deeply under his sunburn, then grew pale. He looked to the ground.

"You must be saving up to emigrate to America," I suggested. He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort. "We should greatly like to go to the States. But here, at present, we have other plans."

"What plans?"

He smiled uncomfortably. "Just plans, sir," he answered in a low voice. "Well," I said, "we're leaving on Monday. Is there anything I can do for

you before we go?" Nicola shook his head, but suddenly Jacopo said, "Sir," he burst out, "every Sunday we make a visit to the country, to Poleta, 30 kilometres from here. Usually we hire bicycles, but tomorrow, since you are so kind, you might send us in your car."

I had already told Luigi he might have the Sunday off. However, I answered, "I'll drive you out myself." There was a pause. Nicola was glaring at his young brother in vexation. "We could not think of troubling you, sir."

"It won't be any trouble."

He bit his lip, then, in a rather put out tone, he said, "Very well."

The following afternoon we drove to the tiny village set high upon the hillside. I imagined that our destination would be some humble dwellings. But, directed by Jacopo, we drew up at a large red-roofed villa, surrounded by a high stone wall. I could scarcely believe my eyes and before I could recover breath my two passengers had leaped from the car. "We shall not be long, sir. Perhaps only an hour. May be you'd like to go to the café in the village for a drink?" They disappeared beyond the corner of the wall.

After a few minutes I followed. I found a grilled side-entrance and, determinedly rang the bell. A pleasant-looking woman with steel-rimmed spectacles appeared. I blinked as I saw that she was dressed in the white uniform of a trained nurse. "I just brought two small boys here." "Ah, yes." Her face lit up; she opened the door to admit me. "Nicola and Jacopo. I will take you up."

She led me through a cool, tiled vestibule into the hospital – for hospital the villa had become. At the door of a little cubicle the nurse paused, put her finger to her lips, and with a smile bade me look through the glass partition. The two boys were seated at the bedside of a girl of about twenty who, propped up on pillows, wearing a pretty lace jacket, was listening to their chatter, her eyes soft and tender. One could see at a glance her resemblance to her brothers. A vase of wild flowers stood on her table, besides a dish of fruit and several books.

"Won't you go in?" the nurse murmured. "Lucia will be pleased to see you." I shook my head and turned away. I felt I could not bear to intrude upon this happy family party. But at the foot of the staircase I drew up and begged her to tell me all she knew about these boys.

She was eager to do so. They were, she explained, quite alone in the world, except this sister, Lucia. Their father, a widower, a well-known singer, had been killed in early part of the war. Shortly afterward a bomb had destroyed their home and thrown three children into the streets. They had always known a comfortable and cultured life – Lucia had herself been training as a singer – and they had suffered horribly from near starvation and exposure to the cold winter.

For months they had barely kept themselves alive in a sort of shelter they built with their own hands amidst the rubble. Then for three years the Germans ruled the city. The boys grew to hate the Germans. When the resistance movement began secretly to form they were among the first to join. When the war was over, and we had peace at last, they came back to their beloved sister. And they found her suffering from tuberculosis of the spine." She paused, took a quick breath.

"Did they give up? I do not have to answer that question. They brought her here, persuaded us to take her into the hospital. In the twelve months she has been our patient she has made good progress. There is every hope that one day she will walk and sing again."

"Of course, everything is so difficult now, food so scarce and dear, we could not keep going unless we charged a fee. But every week, Lucia's brothers have made their payment." She added simply, "I don't know what they do, I do not ask. Work is scarce in Verona. But whatever it is, I know they do it well."

"Yes," I agreed. "They couldn't do it better."

I waited outside until the boys rejoined me, then drove them back to the city. They sat beside me, not speaking. For my part, I did not say a word – I knew they would prefer to feel that they had safely kept their secret. Yet their devotion had touched me deeply. War had not broken their spirit. Their selfless action brought a new nobility to human life, gave promise of a greater hope for human society.

GLOSSARY

1. shrug (v):/ ʃrʌɡ /to raise your shoulders and then drop them to show that you don't know or care about something
2. tangle (n):/ 'tæŋɡl / a twisted mass of thread or hair that cannot be separated easily
3. gest (n):/ 'dʒest /a gesture or an action
4. brisk (adj):/ brɪsk /quick; busy (Ice cream vendors were doing a brisk trade.)
5. slackened (v):/ 'slækənd /to gradually become slower or less active
6. demeanour (n):/ dɪ'mi:nə(r) /the way that somebody looks or behaves
7. errand (n):/ 'erənd /a job that you do for somebody that involves going somewhere to take a message, buy or deliver goods
8. vexation (n):/ vek'seɪʃn /the state of feeling upset or annoyed
9. dwelling (n):/ 'dwelɪŋ /a house, flat or an apartment where a person lives
10. rimmed (adj) having a particular type of rim, (*rim*: the edge of something in the shape of a circle.)
11. vestibule (n):/ 'vestɪbjʊ:l /an entrance hall of a large building where hats and coats can be left
12. bade (v):/ bæd / told. past participle of *bid*
13. prop up (v):/ prɒpʌp /to support with
14. rubble (n):/ 'rʌbl /broken stones or bricks from a building that has been damaged

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. What were the jobs that the two boys undertook?
- ii. Describe the physical appearance of both the boys.
- iii. How were the two boys useful for the narrator in many ways?
- iv. Why did the two boys work endlessly?
- v. Where did the narrator drive the two boys?
- vi. Who was the woman at the village?
- vii. What made the narrator follow the boys?
- viii. What did Lucia aspire to be?
- ix. Why was the narrator deeply moved?
- x. What made the two brothers and their sister orphans?
- xī. What is the message conveyed by the two boys in the story? Say in your own words.

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. Draw a brief character-sketch of the two boys in the story.
- ii. Write the theme of the story – 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' in your own words.
- iii. Explain in brief the conditions in which the two boys grew up?

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. Form opposites of the words given below using the prefixes *im-*, *dis-*, *un-* and *in-*:

practical	connect
satisfied	mortal
intentional	flammable
manageable	fortunately
sane	agree
mature	mount
articulate	armed

2. Fill in the blanks with the words given:

excursion	trip	journey	tour
expedition	pilgrimage	voyage	

- (a) The shrine was a place of
- (b) The Titanic sank in April 1912 on its maiden from Southampton to New York.
- (c) The students went on anto the caves.
- (d) He led a military against the terrorists.
- (e) She went to America on a promotionalfor her new cosmetic range.
- (f) It's a day'sby bus.
- (g) They went on a one dayto the river.

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Narration

- 1. Kausalya said to Rama, "Do not desire to possess the moon."
- 2. An old mouse said, "Who will bell the cat?"
- 3. "Go down to the bazaar. Bring me some oil and a lump of ice," ordered Latif.
- 4. Isha said to him, "What is it that makes you stronger and braver than any other man?"
- 5. "Have you anything to tell me?" asked his master.
- 6. He said to me, "Wait until I come."
- 7. He said, "Oh! That's a nuisance."
- 8. "Which way did she go?" asked the young man.
- 9. My father said to me, "I have often told you not to play with fire."
- 10. I wrote that I would visit him the next day.

2. Do as directed :

1. I have come (see) you.
(Fill in the blank with an infinitive)
2. He was quick (understand) the point.
(Fill in the blank with an infinitive)
3. Combine the following sentences using an Infinitive.
 - i. He has five children
 - ii. He must provide for them.
4.
 - i. He wants to earn his livelihood.
 - ii. He works hard for his reason.
(Combine into a single sentence)
5. I saw him (enter) the house.
(Fill in the blank with a Participle)
6. He played a (lose) game.
(Fill in the blank with a Participle)
7. Combine the following sentences using a Participle
 - i. He staggered back.
 - ii. He sank to the ground.
8. She is very keen modelling (take up).
(Fill in the blank with an infinitive)
9. What she hates the most is (smoke).
(Fill in the blank with a Gerund)
10. He objected to money on cosmetics (spend)
(Fill in the blank with a Gerund)

3. Change the Voice

1. I was pleased with his conduct.
2. The sudden noise frightened the horse.
3. The man cut down the tree.
4. People will soon forget it.
5. We elected Thomas captain.
6. Somebody has put out the light.
7. We prohibit smoking.
8. He was refused admission.
9. Those cars were built by robots.
10. Why did he defraud you of your earnings?

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	a:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

Say the following pair of words aloud

(The teacher is requested to explain to the students the difference between the sounds / aɪ / (as in fly) and / ɔɪ / (as in boy) before starting this exercise)

Say the following pairs of words aloud:

/ aɪ /

tile

bile

vice

I'll

tie

buy

file

imply

lines

bye

/ ɔɪ /

toil

boil

voice

oil

toy

boy

foil

employ

loins

boy

Suggested Readings

1. Sparrows by K.A. Abbas
2. The Tiger in the Tunnel by Ruskin Bond

JUST PONDER OVER

- If we had no winter,
The spring would not be so pleasant.
Anne Bradstreet
- The secret to success is to start from scratch and
keep on scratching.
Dennis Green

7. IN CELEBRATION OF BEING ALIVE (DR. CHRISTIAN BARNARD)

Dr Christian Barnard created history in the field of medicine with his attempts to transplant the human heart. The following passage has been condensed from a speech by him. Dr Barnard talks about the lesson he took from two brave youngsters about the business of living. Those who have a brave and positive attitude in life move forward in spite of physical suffering. Instead of crying or complaining, such people defy all pain or agony and become an example for others. They teach you the real art of living - the way life should be lived.

More and more, as I near the end of my career as a heart surgeon, my thoughts have turned to the consideration of why people should suffer. Suffering seems so cruelly prevalent in the world today. Do you know that of the 125 million children born this year, 12 million are unlikely to reach the age of one and another six million will die before the age of five? And, of the rest, many will end up as mental or physical cripples.

My gloomy thoughts probably stem from an accident I had a few years ago. One minute I was crossing the street with my wife after a lovely meal together, and the next minute a car had hit me and knocked me into my wife. She was thrown into the other lane and struck by a car coming from the opposite direction.

During the next few days, in the hospital I experienced not only agony and fear but also anger. I could not understand why my wife and I had to suffer. I had eleven broken ribs and a perforated lung. My wife had a badly fractured shoulder. Over and over, I asked myself, *why should this happen to us?* I had work to do, after all; there were patients waiting for me to operate on them. My wife had a young baby who needed her care.

My father, had he still been alive, would have said: "My son, it's God's will. That's the way God tests you. Suffering ennobles you – makes you a better person."

But, as a doctor, I see nothing noble in a patient's thrashing around in a sweat-soaked bed, mind clouded in agony. Nor can I see any nobility in the crying of a lonely child in a ward at night.

I had my first introduction to the suffering of children when I was a little boy. One day my father showed me a half-eaten, mouldy biscuit with two tiny tooth marks in it. And he told me about my brother, who had died several years earlier. He told me about the suffering of this child, who had been born with an abnormal heart. If he had been born today, probably someone could have corrected that heart problem, but in those days they didn't have sophisticated heart surgery. And this mouldy biscuit was the last biscuit my brother had eaten before his death.

As a doctor, I have always found the suffering of children particularly heartbreaking – especially because of their total trust in doctors and nurses. They believe you are going to help them. If you can't they accept their fate. They go through mutilating surgery, and afterwards they don't complain.

One morning, several years ago, I witnessed what I call the Grand Prix of Cape Town's Red Cross Children's Hospital. It opened my eyes to the fact that I was missing something in all my thinking about suffering – something basic that was full of solace for me.

What happened there that morning was that a nurse had left a breakfast trolley unattended. And very soon this trolley was commandeered by an intrepid crew of two – a driver and a mechanic. The mechanic provided motor power by galloping along behind the trolley with his head down, while the driver, seated on the lower deck, held on with one hand and steered by scraping his foot on the floor. The choice of roles was easy, because the mechanic was totally blind and the driver had only one arm.

They put on quite a show that day. Judging by the laughter and shouts of encouragement from the rest of the patients, it was much better entertainment than anything anyone puts on at the Indianapolis 500 car race. There was a grand finale of scattered plates and silverware before the nurse and ward sister caught up with them, scolded them and put them back to bed.

Let me tell you about these two. The mechanic was all of seven years old. One night, when his mother and father were drunk, his mother threw a lantern at his father, missed and the lantern broke over the child's head and shoulders. He suffered severe third-degree burns on the upper part of his body, and lost both his eyes. At the time of the Grand Prix, he was a walking horror, with a disfigured face and a long flap of skin hanging from the side of his neck to his body. As the wound healed around his neck, his lower jaw

became gripped in a mass of fibrous tissue. The only way this little boy could open his mouth was to raise his head. When I stopped by to see him after the race, he said, "You know, we won." And he was laughing.

The trolley's driver I knew better. A few years earlier I had successfully closed a hole in his heart. He had returned to the hospital because he had a malignant tumour of the bone. A few days before the race, his shoulder and arm were amputated. There was little hope of his recovering. After the Grand Prix, he proudly informed me that the race was a success. The only problem was that the trolley's wheels were not properly oiled, but he was a good driver, and he had full confidence in the mechanic.

Suddenly, I realized that these two children had given me a profound lesson in getting on with the business of living. Because the business of living is joy in the real sense of the world, not just something for pleasure, amusement, recreation. The business of living is *the celebration of being alive*.

I had been looking at suffering from the wrong end. You don't become a better person because you are suffering; but you become a better person because you have experienced suffering. We can't appreciate light if we haven't known darkness. Nor can we appreciate warmth if we have never suffered cold. These children showed me that it's not what you've lost that's important. What is important is what you have been left with.

GLOSSARY

1. perforate (v): / 'pɜ:fəreɪt / to make holes through something
2. ennoble (v): / ɪ'nəʊbl / to make somebody noble
3. thrashing (n): / 'θræʃɪŋ / an act of hitting somebody hard especially with a stick
4. mutilate (v): / 'mju:tɪleɪt / to damage somebody's body very severely especially by cutting part of it
5. solace (n): / 'sɒləs / comfort or consolation in a time of distress
6. intrepid (adj): / ɪn'trepɪd / fearless (an intrepid explorer)
7. steer (v): / stɪə(r) / to control the direction of movement

8. malignant (adj): / mə'liɡnənt / a tumour or disease that cannot be controlled and likely to cause death
9. amputate (v): /'æmpjuteɪt / to cut off somebody's arm, leg in a medical operation
10. cripple (n): / 'kripl / a person who is unable to walk or move normally because of a disease or injury

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. According to Dr Barnard, what is the business of living?
- ii. What do the people with brave and positive attitude teach us?
- iii. In which incident were Dr Barnard's gloomy thoughts rooted?
- iv. What was Dr. Barnard's father's attitude towards life?
- v. What introduced Dr Barnard to the suffering of the children?
- vi. Why couldn't Barnard's brother survive?
- vii. Why does Dr. Barnard consider the suffering of the children heart breaking?
- viii. What made the driver and the mechanic choose their roles?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. What was the lesson Dr. Barnard learnt from the two brave youngsters?
- ii. In the hospital, Dr. Barnard experienced not only agony and fear but also anger. How?
- iii. Write in detail about Dr. Barnard's brother's suffering?
- iv. What was an eye-opener for Dr. Barnard at Cape Town's Red Cross Children's Hospital? Explain.
- v. How did the driver and the mechanic put up an entertaining show with an unattended trolley?
- vi. What made the mechanic lose his eyes?
- vii. How did Dr. Barnard correct his notions about 'suffering'?
- viii. Write a note on the theme of the chapter, 'In Celebration of Being Alive'.

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. Form adjectives using suffixes *-al, -ful, -able*

drink	option	avoid
nation	care	peace
beauty	count	profession

2. Match the nouns in column A with their definitions in column B:

A

1. A pedestrian is someone
2. A compass is an instrument
3. A kidnapper is someone
4. A customer is a person
5. A referee is a person
6. An orphan is a child

B

1. who buys something, esp. from a shop.
2. who has lost both his parents.
3. that is used for finding directions.
4. who has taken a person away by force and is demanding money for his safe return.
5. who controls a sports match or contest.
6. who is walking in a street, not travelling in a vehicle.

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Narration

1. The leader said, "Trust in God."
2. My friend said to me, "Let me go home now as it is already twelve."
3. She said, "What a lovely scene!"
4. My father said to me, "Learn your lesson every day."
5. Columbus said to the courier, "Oh, leave me alone."
6. The policeman advised me to obey the traffic rules.

7. She asked him when the postman came.
8. He asked, "Will you serve me faithfully?"
9. You said, "You must work hard."
10. He says to me, "I will leave you now."

2. Fill in the blanks with suitable Determiners

1. He did not make (some / any) mistakes in his essay.
2. I have lost appetite, so I did not eat (some / any) bananas.
3. I must sign (an / the) will.
4. When I think of India, I think of (some / many) things.
5. (A lot, Lot) of people go without food in India every day.
6. She said, " pen is mightier than the sword." (a, the)
7. (The, A) book you want is not with me.
8. (Some, Many) houses were damaged in the cyclone.
9. I shall return this book in (few, a few) days.
10. I had put in (much/any) hard work.

3. Do as directed :

1. She was sobbing too deeply to give any answer.
(Remove 'too')
2. No other season is as refreshing as the spring.
(Change the degree of Comparison)
3. Seeing the signal, the troops marched out.
(Change into a Complex Sentence)
4. You must encourage him, as he is sure to lose.
(Change into a Compound Sentence)
5. He is respected for his humility.
(Change voice)
6. i. The scout carried a silken banner.
ii. He had stood first.
(Combine the two sentences)
7. You will never learn manners.
(Change into the Interrogative form)

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g get	dʒ join	θ thin	ʃ ship	j yes
tʃ chain	ŋ long	ð then	ʒ measure	
i: weep	ɑ: part	u: root	eɪ play	ɔɪ boy
ɪ bit	ɒ hot	ʌ but	əʊ go	ɪə hear
e pet	ɔ: court	ɜ: bird	aɪ buy	eə pair
æ bat	ʊ put	ə away	aʊ cow	ʊə poor

Pauses in continuous speech play an important part. A long sentence must be broken up into shorter ones so that your speech is intelligible. The pauses (indicating tone groups) in the following sentences are shown with the help of slanting lines (/)

Say the following sentences aloud, with proper pauses at the tone group boundaries:

1. If I go to Mumbai / I shall bring a camera for you.
2. He might come tonight / but I don't think he will.
3. If you go to Mumbai / stay at the Taj.
4. At this university / you can't get two degrees in the same year.
5. In the hope of winning more / he lost what he had.
6. As a matter of fact / I should have kept quiet.
7. Uneasy lies the head / that wears a crown.

Suggested Readings

1. A Long Walk to Freedom by Nelson Mandela
2. Death of Socrates by Benjamin Jowett

RIDDLES

1. What can you catch but not throw?
Ans:- A cold.
2. A girl who was just learning to drive went down a one-way street in the wrong direction, but didn't break the law. How come?
Ans:- She was walking.
3. Why do Chinese men eat more rice than Japanese men do?
Ans:- There are more Chinese men than Japanese men.

8. GHADARI BABAS IN KALAPANI JAIL

(Dr. Harish K. Puri)

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He has published extensively on political movements, federalism, dalits, politics of ethnicity, caste and religion, and terrorism. His books include Ghadar Movement: Ideology, Organisation and Strategy, Dalits in Regional Context, Understanding Terrorism in Punjab, Social and Political Movements, Ghadar Movement – A short history, and Ghadar Movement to Bhagat Singh.

*In the present extract, he gives a harrowing account of a cellular jail (called **Kala Pani**) set up by the Britishers in Andaman to isolate, punish and torture the freedom fighters of India during the early decades of the 20th century.*

Ghadar Party was organized by Indian immigrants and revolutionary exiles like Lala Har Dayal in USA and Canada in 1913 with a view to launch an armed struggle for the freedom of India by overthrowing the British rule. Several thousand of them returned to India for that purpose from October 1914 onwards. Baba Sohan Singh Bhakna, Baba Nidhan Singh, Kartar Singh Sarabha, Vishnu Ganesh Pingley were among the prominent leaders. The stipulated rebellion in February 1915 failed and a large number of them were hanged and punished to long terms of life in Jails.

The Cellular Jail in Port Blair, Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal was rightly described as 'the Devil's Island'. It was also called Kala Pani Jail. Initially, the penal colony was created to isolate and torture for life the rebels of the Ghadar (Mutiny) of 1857 and other hardened criminals. The newly constructed jail was opened in 1906. Bengali revolutionaries convicted in Alipore Conspiracy Case were the first group of 27 political prisoners brought there followed by others of the Nasik Conspiracy Case, such as V.D. Savarkar and his brother Ganesh Savarkar. The Ghadarites (Ghadari Babas) constituted the largest single group of political prisoners sentenced to transportation for life; 40 of them convicted in the Lahore Conspiracy Case were brought there in December 1915. More than 30 from the Lahore Supplementary Conspiracy

Case and Mandlay Conspiracy case followed later. Unlike the other groups of revolutionary prisoners, many among the Ghadar prisoners were quite old. Nidhan Singh was 60 years old; Kehar Singh 62, Kala Singh 55, Gurdit Singh 50 and a large number of them, including Baba Sohan Singh Bhakna were 45 years and above. They were therefore addressed as Babas with respect.

Given the highly inclement weather, the area infested with mosquitoes and blood-sucking leeches, and thoroughly bad and inadequate food, many were frequently sick with dysentery, high fever, tuberculosis, and asthma. Working on the oil mill (*kohlu*) to extract a minimum of 30 pounds of coconut oil and pounding coconut husk to produce coir threads etc. constituted daily rounds of hard labour. If the quantity produced was less, filthy abuse, up to 30 lashes of a whip in public, loud cries and blood oozing from the skin were a part of the patently revolting experience. With each one of the patriotic prisoners confined to a small dingy cell, communication between the prisoners was totally disallowed. The recorded accounts of victims and eye-witnesses of over a dozen prominent revolutionaries such as Barin Ghose, V.D. Savarkar, Trailokyanath Chakrabarty, Sohan Singh Bhakna, Wasakha Singh, Udham Singh Kasel, Prithvi Singh Azad and others provided graphic and heart-rending details of vengeful methods of sadistic torture of political prisoners. All the accounts refer to the Jailor David Barry, the Superintendent Murray and the Chief Commissioner as 'butchers' and virtual 'progeny of the Satan'. Barin Ghose, brother of Aurobindo Ghose, convicted in the Alipore Conspiracy Case, related how David Barry would address every new group of political prisoners asking them to strictly follow the rules and orders. 'If you disobey me, may God help you! At least I will not, that is certain. Remember also that God does not come within three miles of Port Blair. The red turbans you see there are warders. And those in black uniform are petty officers. You must obey them'. The warders, petty officers, and Jamadars who were appointed out of old hard core criminals 'derived sadistic pleasure in torturing the political prisoners'. Barin Ghose called them 'smaller gods' who would abuse, humiliate, and ill treat the political prisoners and made their life most miserable. The stories which were smuggled out by Savarkar relating to young Nani Gopal's piercing cries because of beastly whip lashing, his hunger strike that continued for 72 days, and the long strikes against tortures, the suicide committed by Indu Bhushan and that of the highly educated Ullaskar Dutt driven to insanity, raised a storm in the country's newspapers.

On arrival there, the Ghadarites learnt about the sufferings, the hard struggles of resistance and also the minor relaxations gained by the Bengali and Marathi political prisoners. Right in the beginning, the Ghadarites resolved not to suffer any indignity or abuse without a determined retaliation. When Parma Nand Jhansi was abused and threatened by the Jailor Barry for not producing the required quantity of oil, Jhansi retaliated and hit the Jailor. As the Jailor fell down, Jhansi was mercilessly beaten by the warders. The fall of the 'demi-God' and the horrendous torture of Jhansi created quite a stir in the small world of the Jail. In another case of retaliation against severe cruelty, when Chattar Singh slapped the Superintendent Murray hard, he was put in a cage with standing bar chains. Bhan Singh was beaten so hard that he died in the hospital. Resistance and most cruel punishment killed Ram Rakha within two months of his arrival there. Altogether eight Ghadarites lost their lives in the Cellular Jail. But they continued repeated strikes from work and hunger strikes led by Baba Sohan Singh Bhakna, Prithvi Singh, Udham Singh Kasel and Wasakha Singh, joined by 25 others for their rights as political prisoners, and in defence of their fellows. At one time, the number who joined the strike rose to about 100. On a long hunger strike, Jyotish Chandra Pal, passed blood in stool; refused to relent and after a month went totally mad and was removed to a mental hospital. Prithvi Singh continued the hunger strike for four months, resisting entreaties even by the best friends. 'Never in the history of the Andamans had a strike on such a large scale been organised or lasted for such a long time'. It was a measure of such resistance that the Jail authorities were forced to discontinue some of the practices of bad treatment of political prisoners. The determined collective resistance in the face of horrible suffering created legendary stories of their struggle. Singing *Vande Mataram* and patriotic songs, reciting *Gurbani* and taking the harshest physical punishments in their stride, it was like making of a new culture of the dignity of fighting brutal forces with soul-force, until they were either released in 1921 or transferred to jails on the mainland. The sufferings and the daring resistance of these living martyrs, were indeed decidedly more severe and testing than the death by hanging of a number of martyrs. Bhakna explained that the crux of the songs which the revolutionaries sang in the jails was something like this: 'Hey *Matribhoomi*, this is true that we could not liberate you, but so long as even one of our comrades is alive he will sacrifice everything to remove your chains'.

GLOSSARY

1. cellular jail: a jail where prisoners were forced to stay in solitary small rooms named 'Kaal Kothris' by the people. This jail consisted of 690 cells. Each cell meant for one prisoner was thirteen feet by seven feet and was closed from all side except the iron door
2. version (n): / 'v3:ʃn / a form of something that is slightly different from an earlier form or from others of same thing
3. penal colony: a colony, away from the mainland, created for punishment for life given to the rebels or hardened criminals
4. conspiracy (n): / kən'spɪrəsi: / a secret plan by a group of people to do something harmful or illegal
5. Nasik Conspiracy Case 1910: The Case in which Ganesh Damodar Savarkar elder brother of V.D. Savarkar was tried for waging a war against the King Emperor. Later a number of his other comrades were tried as a part of the same conspiracy
6. V.D. Savarkar: Vinayak Damodar Savarkar was a prominent revolutionary based in London from 1905 to 1910. His book on the revolt of 1857, titled *Indian war of Independence 1857*, became a Bible for the revolutionaries at that time. He was convicted in 1911, punished to deportation for life and was sent to Andaman Jail
7. Lahore Supplementary Conspiracy Case: The Ghadarites were tried in a series of Conspiracy cases which came to be known as Lahore Conspiracy Case 1915 supplementary Lahore Conspiracy Case and later Second, Third and Fourth Supplementary Lahore Conspiracy Cases
8. Mandlay Conspiracy: Also Known as Burma conspiracy cases in which Ghadar revolutionaries arrested in Burma and Siam (Thailand) were tried for conspiring to overthrow the British Government in India
10. inclement (adj): / ɪn'klemənt / not pleasant, cold, wet etc
11. infested with: full of (The kitchen was infested with ants.)
12. leech (n): / li:tʃ / a small worm that usually lives in water and that attaches itself to other creatures and sucks their blood
13. inadequate (adj): incompetent or not enough (The system is inadequate for the tasks.)

14. dysentery (n): an infection of the bowels that causes severe Diarrhoea with loss of blood
15. kohlu: a crude, rural device for extracting oil from the seeds. This machine was pulled by bullocks. In place of bullocks, freedom fighters were forced to work as a device to punish and torture them
16. pound(v): /paʊnd /A British measure of weight which is equal to 0.454 kilogram
17. filthy (adj): /'fɪlθi: /very dirty and unpleasant substance
18. dingy (adj): /'dɪndʒi: /dark and dirty (a dingy room)
19. vengeful (adj): /'vendʒfʊl/showing a desire to punish somebody who has harmed you
20. sadistic (adj): / sə'dɪstɪk /a pleasure obtained by hurting other people, making people suffer physical pain and mental harassment or humiliation
21. progeny (n): / 'prɒdʒəni: /a person's children and grand children; Progeny of Satan, lit. *Shaitaan di Aulaad*
22. Alipore Conspiracy Case(Alipore Bomb Case): 1908-1909 related to the trial of a large number of revolutionaries of Bengal on charges of conspiracy against the British government and killing of British officials
23. Port Blair: capital of Andaman and Nicobar
24. jamadars: junior officials in the jail
25. retaliation (n): r / ɪ,tæli'eɪʃn /action that a person takes against somebody who has harmed him in some way
26. horrendous (adj): /hə'rendəs /extremely shocking / horrifying
27. resistance (n): / rɪ'zɪstəns /dislike or opposition to a plan
28. relent (v): /rɪ'lent /give in , to finally agree to something after refusing
29. entreaty (n): /ɪn'tri:ti: /a serious and often emotional request
30. legendary (adj): / 'ledʒəndri /very famous and talked about a lot

31. to take in one's stride: (Idm.) to take or accept advances or setbacks as the normal course of events
32. brutal force (adj): savagely violent force
33. daring resistance (n): open disregard
34. living martyr: the persons who sacrifice everything while they are living for a belief, cause or country
35. crux (n): / krʌks /the most important or difficult part of a problem or an issue
36. patently (adv): / 'peɪtəntli: /without doubt / clearly. (Her explanation was patently ridiculous.)

I COMPREHENSION

1. Short Answer Type Questions:

- i. List a few key members of the Ghadar Party.
- ii. What was the mode of torturing brave fighters by the British government?
- iii. Write the other two names for the 'Cellular Jail'.
- iv. What were the physical conditions of the Cellular Jail?
- v. Who were the chief governing officials in the Cellular Jail?
- vi. How were the 'convicts' punished when they failed to work properly?
- vii. Who were addressed as 'demi-gods' and why?
- viii. What was the mantra of Ghadarites, right in the beginning of their conviction period?
- ix. Why was Jyotish Chandra Pal removed to a mental hospital?
- x. Why did the jail authorities discontinue some of their practices of bad treatment?

2. Long Answer Type Questions:

- i. Write, in brief, what you know about the Ghadar Party.
- ii. How were the Indians treated in the Cellular Jail of the Andamans by the British officials?

- iii. Discuss the various physical problems that the Indian freedom fighters had to face in the Cellular Jail.
- iv. What was David Barry's address to the new group of political prisoners?

II VOCABULARY PRACTICE

1. Fill in the blanks with the adjectives given below:

hard	deep	heavy
marshy	rainy	brutal

In perennial weather, with bar fetters and shackles on their feet, surrounded by snakes, leeches and scorpions, the freedom fighters were expected, in forests to clear a path for roads through land. They were punished and faced labour if they slowed down. Despite this..... treatment, the freedom fighters used to resist and fight for their self-respect and for the love of their country.

2. Use- *en* as a prefix or a suffix with the following words to form verbs:

danger	hard	fast	able
sharp	cash	large	soft
straight	courage	sweet	noble

III GRAMMAR EXERCISES

1. Change the Narration

1. You said, "My father returned from Cuttack last night."
2. The saint said, "We should not hate the sinners."
3. Jogi said that he had stood first.
4. Geeta said to Rohini, "Examination is drawing near."
5. He says, "I go to the temple every day."
6. He said to me, "Hard work is the key to success."

7. She said, "I was ill yesterday."
8. "I want to take that journalist out on patrol," he said to Priya.
9. The science teacher said to the students that the earth moves round the sun.
10. She said to me, "God will help you."

2. Do as Directed

1. It is a penal offence (bribe) a public servant.
(Fill in the blank with an infinitive)
2. The boys are anxious(learn)
(Fill in the blank with an infinitive)
3. Combine the following sets of sentences using Infinitives.
 - a. i. The strikers held a meeting.
ii. They wished to discuss the terms of the employers.
 - b. i. The robber took out a knife.
ii. He wanted to frighten the old man.
4. (Consider) the facts, he received scant justice.
(Fill in the blank with a Participle)
5. Combine the following sentences using a Participle.
 - i. He walked away.
 - ii. He was whistling.
6. My hair needs(cut)
(Fill in the blank with a Gerund)
7. I saw him (cross) the road.
(Fill in the blank with a Gerund)

3. Fill in the blanks with suitable Determiners

1. Keep to (an /the) left.
2. Where shall I send (the /some) fare?
3. I need (some /any) money.
4. Can you catch (this /these) butterfly?
5. How (many / much) experience have you got?

6. He is (a /the) best boy in the class.
7. Kindly show me (any /some) pens.
8. I did not buy (any /some) trousers from the market.
9. There are shady trees on (either / neither) side of the road.
10. How (much /many) ink is there in the bottle?

IV PRACTICE IN SPOKEN ENGLISH

g	get	dʒ	join	θ	thin	ʃ	ship	j	yes
tʃ	chain	ŋ	long	ð	then	ʒ	measure		
i:	weep	ɑ:	part	u:	root	eɪ	play	ɔɪ	boy
ɪ	bit	ɒ	hot	ʌ	but	əʊ	go	ɪə	hear
e	pet	ɔ:	court	ɜ:	bird	aɪ	buy	eə	pair
æ	bat	ʊ	put	ə	away	aʊ	cow	ʊə	poor

Here is a **dialogue** for practice in conversation. This dialogue can be practised in groups of 2 students each who can exchange their roles.

PRODUCE (SPEAK OUT) THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE:

- John** : Hullo. What on earth are you doing here? / At this time of the night?
- George** : Hullo, John. I am in trouble / and I want you to help me. /
- John** : Do come in first. Now sit down on his couch / and tell me all about it. / What's your trouble?/
- George** : You see / I borrowed Prof. Smith's car this morning to go to the Model Town area.
- John** : Don't tell me you met with an accident?
- George** : Thank goodness, / no./ It's not so serious as that.
- John** : Then?

- George** : I parked the car in front of the Super Market / and went in to buy a few things. / When I came back / the car wasn't there.
- John** : This is incredible. / Do you think some thieves have bolted with your car?
- George** : No./It seems it was a No-Parking zone/and I believe the car has been towed away / by the police. / I have to go to the office of the Traffic Police Commissioner,/ pay a fine of some sort / and redeem the car.
- John** : You said this happened in the morning. / It is eleven at night now. / What have you been doing all along?
- George** : The moment I realized the car was missing, / I fainted. / I was in hospital the whole day. / Some kind soul had taken me there. /
- John** : What bad luck! / Let's go to the Commissioner's office tomorrow morning. /

SUGGESTED READINGS

1. Kanthapura by Raja Rao
2. Freedom Struggle by Bipin Chander and others

1. PRAYER OF THE WOODS

(Anonymous)

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that built your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. 'Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer:

Harm me not.

GLOSSARY

hearth	:	the floor at the bottom of a fireplace
draught	:	one continuous action of swallowing liquid
quenching	:	drinking so that you no longer feel thirsty
hoe	:	a garden tool with a long handle and a blade used for removing weeds
homestead	:	a house with land and buildings around it; especially a farm
cradle	:	a small bed for a baby which can be pushed gently from side to side
coffin	:	a box in which a dead body is buried

I. FIGURE OF SPEECH

- Alliteration** is the repetition of the same sound, usually initial consonants of words, in any sequence of words, Examples :
 - Landscape lover, lord of language. (*Tennyson*)
 - In a summer season, when soft was the sun..... (*Piers Plowman*)

2. **Simile** is an explicit (clear) comparison between two different things, actions, or feelings, using the words 'as' or 'like'. Here is an example :

I wandered lonely *as* a cloud.

3. **Metaphor** is a figure of speech in which there is an indirect, implied, hidden comparison between two things that share a common quality. Examples :

(i) He is *as* brave *as* a lion. (*Simile*)

He is a lion. (*Metaphor*)

(ii) That man is like an angel. (*Simile*)

That man is an angel. (*Metaphor*)

4. **Personification** is a figure of speech by which animals, abstract ideas, or inanimate things are referred to as if they were human. Here is an example :

"Love is not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks,
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

Shakespeare

COMPREHENSION AND ENJOYMENT

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

- (a) How can the woods give us heat as well as coldness?
- (b) Name the figure of speech used in the line... *the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun.....*
- (c) List the things the woods give us.
- (d) What does the phrase '*refreshing draughts*' refer to?
 - (i) juicy bites of the fruits
 - (ii) licking raindrops fallen on the fruits

3. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty. 'Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer:

Harm me not.

- (a) Write down the line in the poem that explains the statement: *The wood accompanies us from birth till death.*
- (b) *I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.* This means the woods give us :-
 - (i) business and love
 - (ii) food and decoration
 - (iii) kind feelings and loveliness
- (c) Who is the speaker in the poem?
- (d) What is the prayer of the woods to the human beings?

4. Suggested Readings

I Love a Tree by Samuel N. Baxter

The Tree Fell Down by P V Dhamija

2. ON FRIENDSHIP

(Kahlil Gibran)

Introduction to the poem: *The poem 'On Friendship' has been taken from the book 'The Prophet' by Kahlil Gibran. It was written in 1923. It immediately brought the writer into the limelight and made him popular. In this simple poem, the poet extols the virtues and advantages of having friends.*

A friend is a gift of God. He is God's way of answering your needs. We nurture a bond of friendship with love and in return, we get gratitude or thanksgiving. A friend acts like a board that provides strong support all times. He is like a fireside that provides us warmth in cold or turbulent times.

One does not fear to say 'no' or 'yes' to a friend. So, one can either agree or disagree with friends without any fear of upsetting them. One does not need to proclaim one's love for a friend. A friend will be able to read our thoughts, even if we do not express them.

We can open our heart to them and share our joys and sorrows with them. This is what can refresh our heart like the morning dew.

The poet uses an excellent imagery in the poem. The use of proper similes helps in conveying his thoughts and ideas in a befitting manner.

And a youth said, "Speak to us of Friendship."

Your friend is your needs answered,

He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanks giving.

And he is your board and your fireside.

For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.

When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the "nay" in your own mind,
nor do you withhold the "ay."

And when he is silent your heart ceases not to listen to his heart;
For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are
born and shared, with joy that is unacclaimed.

When you part from your friend, you grieve not;

For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.

And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.

For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

And let your best be for your friend.

If he must know the ebb of your tide, let him know its flood also.

For what is your friend that you should seek him with hours to kill?

Seek him always with hours to live.

For it is his to fill your need, but not your emptiness.

And in the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter, and sharing of pleasures.

For in the dew of little things the heart finds its morning and is refreshed.

GLOSSARY

sow : to plant or spread seeds in the ground

reap : to cut and collect a crop from a field. In the poem, it means *to obtain something good as a direct result of something you have done*

ceases : stops happening or existing

ebb : the period of time when the sea flows away from the land

dew : the small drops of water that form on the ground etc. during the night

1. Comprehension and Enjoyment

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.

And he is your board and your fireside.

For you come to him with your hunger, and you seek him for peace.

When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "ay."

- (a) Name the poet.
- (b) What is the most important thing that one can give to a friend?
- (c) When we shower our friends with love, what do we earn in return from them?
- (d) How is a friend our fireside?

3. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

For that which you love most in him may be clearer in his absence, as the mountain to the climber is clearer from the plain.

And let there be no purpose in friendship save the deepening of the spirit.

For love that seeks aught but the disclosure of its own mystery is not love but a net cast forth: and only the unprofitable is caught.

- (a) *A mountain appears more clear when one is on the plain, at some distance away.* How does the poet relate this statement to understand the value of a friend?
- (b) What should be the main purpose of friendship?
- (c) List all the qualities a true friend should have, according to Kahlil Gibran.
- (d) A true friend is one with whom we can share our
 - (i) wealth and property
 - (ii) fame and pleasures
 - (iii) joys and sorrows

4. Suggested Readings

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? by William Shakespeare

True Love by William Shakespeare

3. THE ECHOING GREEN (William Blake)

Introduction to the poem

'The Echoing Green' has been taken from Blake's Songs of Innocence. The poem can also be read as an extended metaphor for the progress of human life through its different stages. The Green, i.e. the open green space, comes alive with the cheerful shouts of children and the songs of birds. As the children play, the older people relax under an oak tree. These old people feel happy as they watch the children at play. They are reminded of their own childhood. As old John 'does laugh away care', he shakes off the problems of his day-to-day life for the time being. He thus shares the carefree laughter of the children.

No negative emotion of fear, despair, pain or grief ruffles the peace and serenity of The Green. After spending the fun-filled day on the Green, the children return home at sunset. They are tired but fulfilled. They go home to the protective warmth of their mothers' laps in the evening.

The Sun does arise
And make happy the skies,
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring,
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old John with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,

And soon they all say:
 "Such, such were the joys
 When we all, girls and boys,
 In our youth-time were seen
 On the Echoing Green."

Till the little ones, weary,
 No more can be merry;
 The sun does descend,
 And our sports have an end.
 Round the laps of their mothers
 Many sisters and brothers,
 Like birds in their nest,
 Are ready for rest,
 And sport no more seen
 On the darkening Green.

GLOSSARY

the echoing green	:	an open green space or a playground in the village, reverberating with the noise made by the children and the birds
care	:	the feeling of worry or anxiety
old-folk	:	aged people
weary	:	tired
descend	:	come down

I. COMPREHENSION AND ENJOYMENT

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:
 The Sun does arise
 And make happy the skies,
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring,

The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound,
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

- (a) Name the poet.
- (b) Name the birds which sing to welcome the spring.
- (c) What purpose does the ringing of the merry bells serve in the poem?
- (d) How can you say that *the mood in the poem is happy and carefree, celebrating a close bond between man and nature.*

II. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow :

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

- (a) What do the words *weary, descend, end and rest* suggest?
- (b) Name the things that take rest at the end of the day.
- (c) Why has the *echoing green* become the *darkening green*?
- (d) Name the figure of speech used in the lines: (any one)
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest.

III. Suggested Readings

The Rainbow by William Wordsworth
Lucy Poems by William Wordsworth

4. ONCE UPON A TIME (Gabriel Okara)

Introduction to the poem: *This is a poem by a Nigerian poet Gabriel Okara, in which he laments the lost innocence of youth. In it he condemns the hypocrisy of adults – hemmed in and constrained by rules and conventions – adopting masks for different occasions: for lying, cheating and betraying – whereas childhood is portrayed as a time of honest laughter, and spontaneity.*

Once upon a time, son,
they used to laugh with their hearts
and laugh with their eyes:
but now they only laugh with their teeth,
while their ice-block-cold eyes
search behind my shadow.

There was a time indeed
they used to shake hands with their hearts:
but that's gone, son.
Now they shake hands without hearts
while their left hands search
my empty pockets.

'Feel at home!' 'Come again':
they say, and when I come
again and feel
at home, once, twice,
there will be no thrice-
for then I find doors shut on me.

So I have learned many things, son.
I have learned to wear many faces
like dresses – homeface,
officeface, streetface, hostface,

cocktailface, with all their conforming smiles
 like a fixed portrait smile.
 And I have learned too
 to laugh with only my teeth
 and shake hands without my heart.
 I have also learned to say, 'Goodbye',
 when I mean 'Good-riddance':
 to say 'Glad to meet you',
 without being glad; and to say 'It's been
 nice talking to you', after being bored.

But believe me, son.
 I want to be what I used to be
 when I was like you. I want
 to unlearn all these muting things.
 Most of all, I want to relearn
 how to laugh, for my laugh in the mirror
 shows only my teeth like a snake's bare fangs!

So show me, son,
 how to laugh; show me how
 I used to laugh and smile
 once upon a time when I was like you.

GLOSSARY

- ice-block-cold eyes** : A look showing no emotions
- conforming** : behaving or thinking in the same way as most other people in a group or society
- portrait** : (1) a painting, drawing or a photograph of a person, especially of the head and shoulders
 (2) a detailed description of something
- riddance** : an unkind way of saying that you are pleased that somebody has gone
- fangs** : long sharp teeth at the front of a snake's mouth

1. COMPREHENSION AND ENJOYMENT

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

*And I have learned too
to laugh with only my teeth
and shake hands without my heart.
I have also learned to say, 'Goodbye',
when I mean 'Good-riddance':
to say 'Glad to meet you',
without being glad; and to say 'It's been
nice talking to you', after being bored.*

- (a) Who is the speaker in the poem?
- (b) What has the poet learnt to do with his feelings?
- (c) What is the meaning of 'laughing with only my teeth'?
- (d) What kind of life is the poet living?

3. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

*But believe me, son.
I want to be what I used to be
when I was like you. I want
to unlearn all these muting things.
Most of all, I want to relearn
how to laugh, for my laugh in the mirror
shows only my teeth like a snake's bare fangs!*

- (a) Whom is the poet talking to?
- (b) What are the things the poet wants to unlearn?
- (c) What does the poet compare his own laugh to?
- (d) Write the significance of the title, 'Once Upon a Time'.

4. Suggested Reading

Leisure by W. H. Davies

5. FATHER RETURNING HOME

(Dilip Chitre)

Introduction to the poem: *'Man's estrangement from the man-made world' is the theme of this poem. In this world full of hurry and worry, nobody has the time to take interest in others, especially the old, senior citizens in society. This poem has been taken from Dilip Chitre's collection of poems 'Travelling in a Cage'. It gives us the picture of a sad old man who travels to work by a local train every day in Mumbai. He does not feel comfortable or at home in his environment. He is lonely even in a crowd. His isolation is seen in his inability to have dialogue with his family or friends. He feels uneasy in his present. So the old man enters into the distant world of the past or into the world of his own dreams. This poem deals with the theme of modern man's alienation in a complex urban world.*

My father travels on the late evening train
Standing among silent commuters in the yellow light
Suburbs slide past his unseeing eyes
His shirt and pants are soggy and his black raincoat
Stained with mud and his bag stuffed with books
Is falling apart. His eyes dimmed by age
fade homeward through the humid monsoon night.
Now I can see him getting off the train
Like a word dropped from a long sentence.
He hurries across the length of the grey platform,
Crosses the railway line, enters the lane,
His chappals are sticky with mud, but he hurries onward.

Home again, I see him drinking weak tea,
Eating a stale chapati, reading a book.
He goes into the toilet to contemplate
Man's estrangement from a man-made world.
Coming out he trembles at the sink,
The cold water running over his brown hands,
A few droplets cling to the greying hairs on his wrists.
His sullen children have often refused to share
Jokes and secrets with him. He will now go to sleep

Listening to the static on the radio, dreaming
Of his ancestors and grandchildren, thinking
Of nomads entering a subcontinent through a narrow pass.

GLOSSARY

commuter	:	a person who travels into a city to work each day, usually from quite far away
suburb	:	an area where people live that is outside the centre of a city
soggy	:	wet and soft
tremble	:	to shake in a way that you cannot control, especially because of fear or nervousness
static	:	noise and other effects that disturb the radio or television signals
nomads	:	a member of a community that moves with its animals from place to place

I. COMPREHENSION AND ENJOYMENT

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow.

*His eyes dimmed by age
fade homeward through the humid monsoon night.
Now I can see him getting off the train
Like a word dropped from a long sentence.
He hurries across the length of the grey platform,
Crosses the railway line, enters the lane*

- (a) Name the poet.
- (b) Which line in the poem describes father's irrelevance to the train?
- (c) Write two reasons for father's eyes being dimmed.
- (d) Where does father go after getting off the train?

II. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow :

*His sullen children have often refused to share
Jokes and secrets with him. He will now go to sleep
Listening to the static on the radio, dreaming
Of his ancestors and grandchildren, thinking
Of nomads entering a subcontinent through a narrow pass.*

- (a) Explain the behaviour of the old man's children towards him.
- (b) What does he do after being written off by his children?
- (c) How can you say that his dream mirrors that the old man is either thinking about his past or his future?
- (d) Draw a pen portrait of the poet's father.

III. Suggested Reading

When You Are Old by William Butler Yeats

6. THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

(Robert Frost)

Robert Frost was born in San Francisco, California (USA) on March 26, 1874. He lost his father quite early in life and had to live in an alien environment in New Hampshire. In 1912, he and his family moved to England where he published his first book of verse, **A Boy's Will**. The collection was well-received and was soon followed by another collection of poems, **North of Boston**. In 1915 he returned to the USA and settled on a farm in New Hampshire. In 1961 he was specially invited to recite his patriotic poem, **'The Gift Outright'** when President Kennedy took office. He died in 1963.

Frost is regarded as a great nature poet, and like Wordsworth wrote about nature as he saw it in a particular district. But compared to Wordsworth, Frost's treatment of nature is more realistic. He often employs the simple colloquial language of the country folk, which appeals to the ordinary readers. But the apparent simplicity of his verse is deceptive. His poems are subtle, complex and have a rich texture. He developed the fine art of stating serious philosophical issues in the simplest possible language. His literary merits have earned him a place of distinction as a major American poet of the twentieth century.

Introduction to the poem: *"The Road Not Taken"* is one of the finest and most popular lyrics of Robert Frost. It was collected by Frost in the volume of verses entitled **Mountain Interval** in 1916. It was first published in the August 1915 issue of the **Atlantic Monthly**. Here the poet tells us that once, while travelling alone, he reached a point where the road diverged into two different directions. He was in a quandary as he was not able to decide which road to take. Ultimately, he decided to move ahead on the road which was less travelled. And this choice made all the difference.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.

GLOSSARY

diverge	:	to separate and go in different directions
undergrowth	:	a mass of bushes and plants that grow close together under trees in woods and forests
trodden	:	crushed or pressed with your feet

I. **COMPREHENSION AND ENJOYMENT**

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,*

- (a) Name the poet.
- (b) What does the poet see in front of him?
- (c) What is the poet sorry about?
- (d) What is the symbolic meaning of two different paths in the woods?

3. **Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow.**

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

- (a) Which path did the poet choose to travel?
- (b) What does the poet mean by the word 'difference' in the last line?
- (c) Is the poet doubtful about his decision?
- (d) Justify the title of the poem 'The Road Not Taken'.

4. **Suggested Reading**

Stopping by Woods On a Snowy Evening by Robert Frost

7. ON HIS BLINDNESS

(John Milton)

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

'On His Blindness' is a famous sonnet by John Milton. The sonnet is explicitly autobiographical. It captures Milton's deep anguish over the loss of his sight. The poet expresses his regret at his inability to produce a work of art commensurate with the excellent talents he is endowed with. Like the servant in the biblical parable who was taken to task by his master for keeping unused the money given to him, the poet fears that he will be admonished by his Maker for not doing his duty. But then an inner voice reminds him that God is not in need of man's services. Those willing servants who patiently wait on Him probably serve Him as much as those who run errands for Him. And those who submit to the will of God in all humility serve Him best.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

GLOSSARY

talent	:	it refers to Milton's poetic talent
death to hide:		Milton fears that if he does not put to proper use the God-given talent of writing poetry, he will have to die a spiritual death
day-labour	:	the labour which can be performed only with the light of eyesight
murmur	:	to say something in a soft quiet voice that is difficult to hear or understand
yoke	:	it is a piece of wood placed across the necks of oxen pulling a cart or a plough

I. COMPREHENSION AND ENJOYMENT

1. Give the central idea of the poem.
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow:

*When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless.....*

- (a) In the first line 'light' is a..... for vision. (alliteration, metaphor)
- (b) The word 'spent' means (used up, alienated)
- (c) Name the poet of this poem.
- (d) What is the meaning of the word 'talent' in the line ".... And that one talent...."?

II. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow

*But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.*

- (a) Identify the figure of speech in the line... *But Patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies,*

- (b) The speaker is about to "murmur" the question about whether God would be so cruel as to make impossible demands of work, but then who steps in to stop him?
- (c) What does Patience say about God?
- (d) Which line in the poem says, "*The one who accepts God's control over his own existence is the best servant of God*"?

III. Suggested Reading

"All the world's a stage" by William Shakespeare.

1. THE SCHOOL FOR SYMPATHY

(E. V. Lucas)

*E.V. Lucas is an essayist of remarkable charm. He was at one time assistant editor of **Punch**. Among his numerous works are a standard **Life of Charles Lamb** and an edition of the works and letters of Charles and Mary Lamb. **The Open Road and The Friendly Town** are his two pleasant anthologies.*

Traditional and conventional education given in the society is not ideal. It merely gives information of facts. In the "School For Sympathy", sympathy is created amongst its students for the lame, the blind, the deaf and dumb through a novel method. The main achievement of this school is that it produces good citizens with a real human heart.

I had heard a great deal about Miss Beam's school, but not till last week did the chance come to visit it.

There was no one in sight but a girl of about twelve, with her eyes covered with a bandage, who was being led carefully between the flower-beds by a little boy of some four years her junior. She stopped, and evidently¹ asked who it was that had come in, and he seemed to be describing me to her. Then they passed on.

Miss Beam was all that I had expected — middle-aged, authoritative², kindly, and understanding. Her hair was beginning to turn grey, and her figure had a fullness likely to be comforting to a homesick child.

We talked idly for a little while, and then I asked her some questions as to her scholastic³ methods, which I had heard were simple.

'.....No more than is needful to get application⁴ into them, and those only of the simplest — spelling, adding, subtracting, multiplying, writing. The rest is done by reading to them and by illustrated discourse⁵, during which they have to sit still and keep their hands quiet. Practically there are no other lessons at all.'

'..... I have heard so much', I said, 'about the originality of your system.' Miss Beam smiled. 'Ah, yes', she said. "I am coming to that. The real aim of this school is not so much to instil⁶ thought as thought-fulness, humanity, citizenship. That is the idea I have always had, and happily there are parents good enough to trust me to try and put it into execution⁷. Look out of the window a minute, will you?"

I went to the window, which commanded a large garden and playground at the back.

"What do you see?" Miss Beam asked. 'I see some very beautiful grounds,' He said, 'and a lot of jolly children; but what perplexes⁸ me, and pains me too is to notice that they are not all as healthy and active as I should wish. As I came in I saw one poor little thing being led about owing to some trouble with her eyes, and now I can see two more in the same plight⁹; while there is a girl with a crutch just under the window watching the others at play. She seems to be a hopeless cripple.

Miss Beam laughed. 'Oh, no', she said, 'she's not lame, really; this is only her lame day. Nor are those others blind; it is only their blind day.' I must have looked very much astonished, for she laughed again. "There you have an essential part of our system in a *nutshell*¹⁰. In order to get a real appreciation and understanding of misfortune into these young minds we make them participants in misfortune too. In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, one maimed day, one dumb day. During the blind day their eyes are bandaged absolutely, and it is a point of honour not to peep. The bandage is put on overnight; they wake blind. This means that they need assistance in everything, and other children are told off to help them and lead them about. It is educative to both of them — the blind and the helpers."

'There is no privation¹¹ about it,' Miss Beam continued. 'Everyone is very kind, and it is really something of a joke, although, of course, before the day is over the reality of the affliction¹² must be apparent¹³ even to the least thoughtful. The blind day is, of course really the worst,' she went on, 'but some of the children tell me that the dumb day is the most dreaded. There, of course, the child must exercise will power only, for the mouth is not bandaged But come down into the garden and see for yourself how the children like it.'

Miss Beam led me to one of the bandaged girls, a little merry thing, whose eyes under the folds were, I felt sure, as black as ash-buds. 'Here's a gentleman come to talk to you,' said Miss Beam, and left us.

'Don't you ever peep?' I asked, by way of an opening.

'Oh, no,' she exclaimed; 'that would be cheating. But I'd no idea it was so awful to be blind. You can't see a thing. One feels one is going to be hit by something every moment. Sitting down's such a relief.'

'Are your guides kind to you?' I asked.

'Pretty good. Not so careful as I shall be when it's my turn. Those that have been blind already are the best. It's perfectly ghastly¹⁴ not to see. I wish you'd try!'

'Shall I lead you anywhere?' I asked.

'Oh yes,' she said; 'let's go for a little walk. Only you must tell me about things. I shall be so glad when today's over. The other bad days can't be half as bad as this. Having a leg tied up and hopping about a crutch is almost fun. I guess having an arm tied is a little more troublesome, because you have to get your food cut up for you, and so on; but it doesn't really matter. And as for being deaf for a day, I shan't mind that — at least, not much. But being blind is so frightening. My head aches all the time, just from dodging¹⁵ things that probably aren't there. Where are we now?'

'In the playground', I said, 'going towards the house. Miss Beam is walking up and down the terrace with a tall girl.'

'What has the girl got on?' my companion asked.

'A blue skirt and pink blouse.'

'I think it's Millie,' she said. 'What colour hair?'

'Very light', I said.

'Yes, that's Millie. She's the head girl. She's awfully decent.'

'There's an old man tying up roses,' I said.

'Yes, that's Peter. He's the gardener. He's hundreds of years old!'

'And here comes a dark girl in red, on crutches.'

'Yes she said; 'that's Beryl.'

And so we walked on, and in steering this little thing about I discovered that I was ten times more thoughtful already than I had any notion¹⁶ of, and also that the necessity of describing the surrounding to another makes them more interesting.

When Miss Beam came to release me I was sorry to go, and said so. 'Ah!' she replied; 'then there is something in my system after all!'

I walked back to the town murmuring (inaccurately as ever) the lines:

Can I see another's woe¹⁷

And not share their sorrow too?

O no, never can it be,

Never, never, can it be.

GLOSSARY

1. evidently – clearly
2. authoritative – showing that you expect people to obey and respect you
3. scholastic – related to schools, teaching and academics
4. application – the practical use of something
5. discourse – speech, lecture
6. instil – to gradually make somebody feel or think
7. execution – the act of doing a piece of work
8. perplexes – puzzles
9. plight – difficult condition
10. in a nutshell – as brief as possible
11. privation – loss, absence, being deprived
12. affliction – pain and suffering or something that causes it
13. apparent – clearly understood
14. ghastly – horrible
15. dodging – moving quickly and suddenly to one side in order to avoid something
16. notion – an idea, a belief
17. woe – sorrow, trouble

COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

I Short Answer Type Questions:

1. What does the author tell us about Miss Beam?
2. What was the real aim of Miss Beam's school?
3. Why did the author feel sorry for some of the children?
4. Were the children playing in the ground really physically handicapped?
5. Why were the children acting to be blind, deaf or lame?
6. What is the educative value of a blind, deaf or a lame day?
7. Which day was the most difficult for children?
8. Who did Miss Beam lead the author to?
9. How did the girl with the bandaged eyes feel on her blind day?
10. What does the girl tell the author about her guides?
11. What, according to the girl with the bandaged eyes, is almost a fun?
12. Why does the girl with the bandaged eyes say that her head aches all the time on her blind day?

13. What does the girl with the bandaged eyes tell the author about the head girl?
14. What does the girl with the bandaged eyes say about the gardener?
15. What made Miss Beam think that there was something in her system?

II Long Answer Type Questions:

1. What did the author see in Miss Beam's school at first sight? How did he feel about it?
2. Give a brief character-sketch of Miss Beam.
3. What is the theme of the lesson 'The School for Sympathy'?
4. Give a brief account of the author's visit to Miss Beam's school.
5. 'In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one deaf day, one maimed day, one dumb day.' What were the children expected to do on these days?

2. A CHAMELEON (Anton Chekhov)

Anton Pavlovich Chekhov (1860 - 1904) was a Russian physician and author who is considered to be among the greatest writers of short stories in history. His career as a dramatist produced four classics and his best short stories are held in high esteem by writers and critics. Chekhov practised as a medical doctor throughout most of his literary career: "Medicine is my lawful wife", he once said, "and literature is my mistress."

Chekhov had at first written stories only for financial gain, but as his artistic ambition grew, he made formal innovations which have influenced the evolution of the modern short story. His originality consists in an early use of the stream-of-consciousness technique, later adopted by James Joyce and other modernists.

This story is about a Police Superintendent who is bothered by a man looking for easy money. The man is introduced when he chases down a dog in front of the Superintendent and shows him his bleeding finger. Claiming the dog bit him for no reason, he demanded to be compensated for his pain but the crowd claimed that the man had burned the dog with a cigarette and the dog had retaliated. The Superintendent changes his stance time and again like a chameleon in handling the case. The story goes on to figure out whose dog it is and it's revealed that the dog belongs to the General's brother. Being friends with the General, the Superintendent sends the dog back to its owner.

The police superintendent **Otchumyelov** is walking across the market square wearing a new overcoat and carrying a parcel under his arm. A red-haired policeman strides¹ after him with a sieve full of confiscated² gooseberries in his hands. There is silence all around. Not a soul in the square. . . . The open doors of the shops and taverns look out upon God's world disconsolately³, like hungry mouths; there is not even a beggar near them.

"So you bite, you damned brute?" Otchumyelov hears suddenly. "Lads, don't let him go! Biting is prohibited nowadays! Hold him! ah . . . ah!"

There is the sound of a dog yelping⁴. Otchumyelov looks in the direction of the sound and sees a dog, hopping on three legs and looking about her, run out of Pitchugin's timber-yard. A man in a starched cotton shirt, with his

waistcoat unbuttoned, is chasing her. He runs after her, and throwing his body forward falls down and seizes the dog by her hind legs. Once more there is a yelping and a shout of "Don't let go!" Sleepy countenances⁵ are protruded⁶ from the shops, and soon a crowd, which seems to have sprung out of the earth, is gathered round the timber-yard.

"It looks like a row⁷, your honour . . ." says the policeman.

Otchumyelov makes a half turn to the left and strides towards the crowd.

He sees the aforementioned man in the unbuttoned waistcoat standing close by the gate of the timber-yard, holding his right hand in the air and displaying a bleeding finger to the crowd. On his half-drunken face there is plainly written: "I'll pay you out, you rogue!" and indeed the very finger has the look of a flag of victory. In this man Otchumyelov recognises Hryukin, the goldsmith. The culprit who has caused the sensation, a white puppy with a sharp muzzle⁸ and a yellow patch on her back, is sitting on the ground with her fore-paws outstretched in the middle of the crowd, trembling all over. There is an expression of misery and terror in her tearful eyes.

"What's it all about?" Otchumyelov inquires, pushing his way through the crowd. "What are you here for? Why are you waving your finger . . . ? Who was it shouted?"

"I was walking along here, not interfering with anyone, your honour," Hryukin begins, coughing into his fist. "I was talking about firewood to Mitry Mitritch, when this low brute for no rhyme or reason bit my finger. . . . You must excuse me, I am a working man. . . . Mine is fine work. I must have damages, for I shan't be able to use this finger for a week, may be. . . . It's not even the law, your honour, that one should put up with it from a beast. . . . If everyone is going to be bitten, life won't be worth living. . . ."

"H'm. Very good," says Otchumyelov sternly, coughing and raising his eyebrows. "Very good. Whose dog is it? I won't let this pass! I'll teach them to let their dogs run all over the place! It's time these gentry were looked after, if they won't obey the regulations! When he's fined, the blackguard⁹, I'll teach him what it means to keep dogs and such stray cattle! I'll give him a lesson! . . . Yeldyrin," cries the superintendent, addressing the policeman, "find out whose dog this is and draw up a report! And the dog must be strangled¹⁰. Without delay! It's sure to be mad. . . . Whose dog is it, I ask?"

"I fancy it's General Zhigalov's," says someone in the crowd.

"General Zhigalov's, h'm. . . . Help me off with my coat, Yeldyrin . . . it's frightfully hot! It must be a sign of rain. . . . There's one thing I can't make out, how it came to bite you?" Otchumyelov turns to Hryukin. "Surely it couldn't reach your finger. It's a little dog, and you are a great hulking¹¹ fellow! You must have scratched your finger with a nail, and then the idea struck you to get damages for it. We all know . . . your sort! I know you devils!"

"He put a cigarette in her face, your honour, for a joke, and she had the sense to snap at him. . . . He is a nonsensical fellow, your honour!"

"That's a lie, Squinteye! You didn't see, so why tell lies about it? His honour is a wise gentleman, and will see who is telling lies and who is telling the truth, as in God's sight. . . . And if I am lying let the court decide. It's written in the law. . . . We are all equal nowadays. My own brother is in the police . . . let me tell you. . . ."

"Don't argue!"

"No, that's not the General's dog," says the policeman, with profound conviction, "the General hasn't got one like that. His are mostly setters¹²."

"Do you know that for a fact?"

"Yes, your honour."

"I know it, too. The General has valuable dogs, thoroughbred¹³, and this is goodness knows what! No coat, no shape. . . . A low creature. And to keep a dog like that! . . . where's the sense of it. If a dog like that were to turn up in Petersburg or Moscow, do you know what would happen? They would not worry about the law, they would strangle it in a twinkling! You've been injured, Hryukin, and we can't let the matter drop. . . . We must give them a lesson! It is high time . . . !"

"Yet maybe it is the General's," says the policeman, thinking aloud. "It's not written on its face. . . . I saw one like it the other day in his yard."

"It is the General's, that's certain! " says a voice in the crowd.

"H'm, help me on with my overcoat, Yeldyrin, my lad . . . the wind's getting up. . . . I am cold. . . . You take it to the General's, and inquire there. Say I found it and sent it. And tell them not to let it out into the street. . . . It may be a valuable dog, and if every swine¹⁴ goes sticking a cigar in its mouth, it will soon be ruined. A dog is a delicate animal. . . . And you put your hand

down, you blockhead¹⁵. It's no use your displaying your fool of a finger. It's your own fault. . . ."

"Here comes the General's cook, ask him. . . Hi, Prohor! Come here, my dear man! Look at this dog. . . . Is it one of yours?"

"What an idea! We have never had one like that!"

"There's no need to waste time asking," says Otchumyelov. "It's a stray dog! There's no need to waste time talking about it. . . . Since he says it's a stray dog, a stray dog it is. . . . It must be destroyed, that's all about it."

"It is not our dog," Prohor goes on. "It belongs to the General's brother, who arrived the other day. Our master does not care for hounds. But his honour is fond of them. . . ."

"You don't say his Excellency's brother is here? Vladimir Ivanitch?" inquires Otchumyelov, and his whole face beams with an ecstatic¹⁶ smile. "'Well, I never! And I didn't know! Has he come on a visit?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never. . . . He couldn't stay away from his brother. . . . And there I didn't know! So this is his honour's dog? Delighted to hear it. . . . Take it. It's not a bad pup. . . . A lively creature. . . . Snapped at this fellow's finger! Ha-ha-ha. . . . Come, why are you shivering? Rrr . . . Rrrr. . . . The rogue's angry . . . a nice little pup."

Prohor calls the dog, and walks away from the timber-yard with her. The crowd laughs at Hryukin.

"I'll make you smart yet!" Otchumyelov threatens him, and wrapping himself in his greatcoat, goes on his way across the square.

GLOSSARY

1. strides – walks with big steps
2. confiscated – officially taken away from a law-breaker as a punishment
3. disconsolate – unhappy and disappointed
4. yelping – crying in pain
5. countenances – faces
6. protruded – pushed out

7. row — a noisy quarrel
8. muzzle – nose and mouth
9. blackguard – a dishonest person with no sense of what is right or wrong
10. strangled – killed by squeezing the throat
11. hulking – large, heavy and threatening (bull -like)
12. setters - large hunting dogs, high breed dogs
13. thoroughbred – of good breed
14. swine – an unpleasant foolish person
15. blockhead – a stupid person
16. ecstatic – showing great enthusiasm /joy
17. chameleon – an animal (here) a changeable or inconstant person

I. COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

I Short Answer Type Questions:

1. Where was the police superintendent Otchumyelov walking? What was he carrying under his arm?
2. Who was walking after him?
3. What was the red haired policeman carrying in his hands?
4. Who was chasing the dog?
5. Why was Hryukin chasing the dog?
6. What was Hryukin wearing?
7. What did Hryukin display to the crowd?
8. How was Hryukin's bleeding finger a flag of victory?
9. Why did Hryukin think that he must have damages?
10. What was Otchumyelov's first reaction on Hryukin's complaint?
11. Why did Otchumyelov later refuse to take any action against the owner of the dog?
12. What was police superintendent's opinion about the biting of the dog when he came to know that it was the General's dog?

13. What did the policeman tell the superintendent about the General's dog?
14. Who was Prohor?
15. What information did Prohor give about the dog?
16. Why did the crowd laugh at Hryukin at the end of the story?

II Long Answer Type Questions:

1. Give a brief character-sketch of Otchumyelov.
2. Give a brief character-sketch of Hryukin.
3. Why did Otchumyelov's statement keep on changing regarding Hryukin's complaint?
4. Otchumyelov took off or put on his coat with every new statement. What does this show?
5. Justify the title of the story, 'A Chameleon'

3. BHOLI (K.A. Abbas)

*Khwaja Ahmad Abbas (7 June 1914 – 1 June 1987), popularly known as K.A. Abbas, was an Indian film director, novelist, screenwriter, and a journalist in the Urdu, Hindi and English languages. He was the maker of important Hindi films such as **Saat Hindustani (1969)** and **Do Boond Pani (1972)**, both of which won the National Film Award for Best Feature Film on National Integration.*

Bholi was a discarded and uncared child. She used to stammer. She was disliked and neglected by everyone. So she had an inferiority complex. Bholi was guided by her primary school teacher properly. So her education gave her the courage and capability to fight against her weakness. She refused to marry Bishamber Nath who was a greedy person. Her education helped her to be independent. Her right decision made her respectable in her society.

Her name was Sulekha, but since her childhood everyone had been calling her Bholi, the simpleton¹.

She was the fourth daughter of Numberdar² Ramlal. When she was ten months old, she had fallen off the cot on her head and perhaps it had damaged, some part of her brain. That was why she remained a backward child and came to be known as Bholi, the simpleton.

At birth, the child was very fair and pretty. But when she was two years old, she had an attack of small-pox. Only the eyes were saved, but the entire body was permanently disfigured by deep black pock-marks. Little Sulekha could not speak till she was five, and when at last she learnt to speak, she stammered³. The other children often made fun of her and mimicked her. As a result, she talked very little.

Ramlal had seven children – three sons and four daughters, and the youngest of them was Bholi. It was a prosperous farmer's household and there were plenty to eat and drink. All the children except Bholi were healthy and strong. The sons had been sent to the city to study in schools and later in colleges. Of the daughters, Radha, the eldest, had already been married. The second daughter Mangla's marriage had also been settled, and when that

was done, Ramlal would think of the third, Champa. They were good-looking, healthy girls, and it was not difficult to find bridegrooms for them.

But Ramlal was worried about Bholi. She had neither good looks nor intelligence.

Bholi was seven years old when Mangla was married. The same year a primary school for girls was opened in their village. The *Tehsildar sahib* came to perform its opening ceremony. He said to Ramlal, "As a revenue official you are the representative of the government in the village and so you must set an example to the villagers. You must send your daughters to school."

The night when Ramlal consulted his wife, she cried, "Are you crazy? If girls go to school, who will marry them?"

But Ramlal had not the courage to disobey the Tehsildar. At last his wife said, "I will tell you what to do. Send Bholi to school. As it is, there is little chance of her getting married, with her ugly face and lack of sense. Let the teachers at school worry about her."

The next day Ramlal caught Bholi by the hand and said, "Come with me. I will take you to school." Bholi was frightened. She did not know what a school was like. She remembered how a few days ago their old cow, Lakshmi, had been turned out of the house and sold.

"N-n-n-n No, no-no-no," she shouted in terror and pulled her hand away from her father's grip.

"What's the matter with you, you fool?" shouted Ramlal. "I am only taking you to school." Then he told his wife, "Let her wear some decent clothes today, or else what will the teachers and the other school girls think of us when they see her?"

New clothes had never been made for Bholi. The old dresses of her sisters were passed on to her. No one cared to mend or wash her clothes. But today she was lucky to receive a clean dress which had shrunk after many washings and no longer fitted Champa. She was even bathed and oil was rubbed into her dry and matted⁴ hair. Only then did she begin to believe that she was being taken to a place better than her home!

When they reached the school, the children were already in their classrooms. Ramlal handed over his daughter to the headmistress. Left alone, the poor girl looked about her with fear-laden eyes. There were several rooms, and in each room girls like her squatted⁵ on mats, reading from books

or writing on slates. The headmistress asked Bholi to sit down in a corner in one of the classrooms.

Bholi did not know what exactly a school was like and what happened there, but she was glad to find so many girls almost of her own age present there. She hoped that one of these girls might become her friend.

The lady teacher who was in the class was saying something to the girls but Bholi could understand nothing. She looked at the pictures on the wall. The colours fascinated her – the horse was brown just like the horse on which the *Tehsildar* had come to visit their village; the goat was black like the goat of their neighbour; the parrot was green like the parrots she had seen in the mango orchard; and the cow was just like their Lakshmi. And suddenly Bholi noticed that the teacher was standing by her side, smiling at her.

“What’s your name, little one?”

“Bh-Bho-Bho.” She could stammer no further than that. Then she began to cry and tears flowed from her eyes in a helpless flood. She kept her head down as she sat in her corner, not daring to look up at the girls who, she knew, were still laughing at her.

When the school bell rang, all the girls scurried⁶ out of the classroom, but Bholi dared not leave her corner. Her head still lowered, she kept on sobbing.

“Bholi.”

The teacher’s voice was so soft and soothing! In all her life she had never been called like that. It touched her heart.

“Get up,” said the teacher. It was not a command, but just a friendly suggestion. Bholi got up.

“Now tell me your name.”

Sweat broke out over her whole body. Would her stammering tongue again disgrace her? For the sake of this kind woman, however, she decided to make an effort. She had such a soothing voice; she would not laugh at her.

“Bh-Bh-Bho-Bho,” she began to stammer.

“Well done, well done,” the teacher encouraged her. “Come on, now – the full name?”

“Bh-Bh-Bho-Bholi.” At last she was able to say it and felt relieved as if it was a great achievement.

"Well done." The teacher patted her affectionately and said, "Put the fear out of your heart and you will be able to speak like everyone else."

Bholi looked up as if to ask, "Really?"

"Yes, yes, it will be very easy. You just come to school every day. Will you come?" Bholi nodded. "No, say it aloud."

"Ye-Ye-Yes." And Bholi herself was astonished that she had been able to say it.

"Didn't I tell you? Now take this book."

The book was full of nice pictures and the pictures were in colour – dog, cat, goat, horse, parrot, tiger and a cow just like Lakshmi. And with every picture was a word in big black letters.

"In one month you will be able to read this book. Then I will give you a bigger book, then a still bigger one. In time you will be more learned than anyone else in the village. Then no one will ever be able to laugh at you. People will listen to you with respect and you will be able to speak without the slightest stammer. Understand? Now go home, and come back early tomorrow morning."

Bholi felt as if suddenly all the bells in the village temple were ringing and the trees in front of the school-house had blossomed into big red flowers. Her heart was throbbing with a new hope and a new life.

Thus the years passed.

The village became a small town. The little primary school became a high school. There were now a cinema under a tin shed and a cotton ginning⁷ mill. The mail train began to stop at the railway station.

One night, after dinner, Ramlal said to his wife, "Then, shall I accept Bishamber's proposal?"

"Yes, certainly," his wife said, "Bholi will be lucky to get such a well-to-do bridegroom. A big shop, a house of his own and I hear several thousand in the bank. Moreover, he is not asking for any dowry."

"That's right, but he is not so young, you know – almost the same age as I am – and he also limps. Moreover, the children from his first wife are quite grown up."

"So what does it matter?" his wife replied. "Forty-five or fifty – it is no great age for a man. We are lucky that he is from another village and does

not know about her pock-marks and her lack of sense. If we don't accept this proposal, she may remain unmarried all her life."

"Yes, but I wonder what Bholi will say."

"What will that witless one say? She is like a dumb cow."

"May be you are right," muttered Ramlal.

In the other corner of the courtyard, Bholi lay awake on her cot, listening to her parents' whispered conversation.

Bishamber Nath was a well-to-do grocer. He came with a big party of friends and relations with him for the wedding. A brass-band playing a popular tune from an Indian film headed the procession, with the bridegroom riding a decorated horse. Ramlal was overjoyed to see such pomp and splendor. He had never dreamt that his fourth daughter would have such a grand wedding. Bholi's elder sisters who had come for the occasion were envious of her luck.

When the auspicious moment came the priest said, "Bring the bride."

Bholi, clad in a red silken bridal dress, was led to the bride's place near the sacred fire.

"Garland the bride," one of his friends prompted Bishamber Nath.

The bridegroom lifted the garland of yellow marigolds. A woman slipped back the silken veil from the bride's face. Bishamber took a quick glance. The garland remained poised in his hands. The bride slowly pulled down the veil over her face.

"Have you seen her?" said Bishamber to the friend next to him. "She has pock-marks on her face."

"So what? You are not young either."

"May be. But if I am to marry her, her father must give me five thousand rupees."

Ramlal went and placed his turban – his honour – at Bishamber's feet. "Do not humiliate me so. Take two thousand rupees."

"No. Five thousand, or we go back. Keep your daughter." "Be a little considerate, please. If you go back, I can never show my face in the village."

"Then out with five thousand."

Tears streaming down his face, Ramlal went in, opened the safe and counted out the notes. He placed the bundle at the bridegroom's feet.

On Bishamber's greedy face appeared a triumphant smile. He had gambled and won. "Give me the garland," he announced.

Once again the veil was slipped back from the bride's face, but this time her eyes were not downcast⁸. She was looking up, looking straight at her prospective husband, and in her eyes there was neither anger nor hate, only cold contempt.

Bishamber raised the garland to place it round the bride's neck; but before he could do so, Bholi's hand struck out like a streak of lightning and the garland was flung into the fire. She got up and threw away the veil.

"*Pitaji!* Take back your money. I am not going to marry this man."

Ramlal was thunderstruck. The guests began to whisper, "So shameless! So ugly and so shameless!"

"Bholi, are you crazy?" shouted Ramlal. "You want to disgrace your family? Have some regard for our *izzat!*"

"For the sake of your *izzat*," said Bholi, "I was willing to marry this lame old man. But I will not have such a mean, greedy and contemptible coward as my husband. I won't, I won't, I won't."

"What a shameless girl! We all thought she was a harmless dumb cow."

Bholi turned violently on the old woman, "Yes, Aunty, you are right. You all thought I was a dumb-driven cow. That's why you wanted to hand me over to this heartless creature. But now the dumb cow, the stammering fool, is speaking. Do you want to hear more?"

Bishamber Nath, the grocer, started to go back with his party. The confused bandsmen thought this was the end of the ceremony and struck up a closing song.

Ramlal stood rooted to the ground, his head bowed low with the weight of grief and shame.

The flames of the sacred fire slowly died down. Everyone was gone. Ramlal turned to Bholi and said, "But what about you, no one will marry you now. What shall we do with you?"

And Sulekha said in a voice that was calm and steady, "Don't you worry, *Pitaji!* In your old age I will serve you and Mother and I will teach in the same school where I learnt so much. Isn't that right, Ma'am?"

The teacher had all along stood in a corner, watching the drama. "Yes, Bholi, of course," she replied. And in her smiling eyes was the light of a deep satisfaction that an artist feels when he contemplates the completion of his masterpiece.

GLOSSARY

1. simpleton – a simple person easily tricked by others
2. numberdar – an official who collects revenue
3. stammered – spoke with halting articulation
4. matted – entangled to form a thick mass
5. squatted – sat on their haunches/heels
6. scurried – ran or moved hurriedly
7. ginning – separating raw cotton from its seeds
8. downcast – looking downwards.

I. Comprehension Questions

I Short Answer Type Questions:

1. How many siblings did Bholi have?
2. Why was Sulekha called *Bholi*, the simpleton?
3. What was the effect of small-pox on Bholi?
4. Why did the other children make fun of Bholi?
5. Why was Ramlal worried about Bholi?
6. Why did the Tehsildar come to the village?
7. Why did the Tehsildar want Ramlal to send his daughters to the school?
8. Why did Ramlal's wife agree to send Bholi, but not her other daughters to school?
9. Why was Bholi glad to see so many girls of her own age at school?
10. What happened when the teacher asked Bholi her name?
11. Why did Bholi's parents agree to Bishamber's proposal for Bholi?

12. How did Bishamber come to wed Bholi?
13. Why did Bishamber demand five thousand rupees as dowry?
14. Why did Bholi refuse to marry Bishamber?

II Long Answer Type Questions:

1. Describe, in brief, the early childhood of Bholi.
2. Ramlal was not worried about his children except Bholi. Why?
3. Write, in brief, a character-sketch of Bholi's teacher.
4. Write, in brief, the character-sketch of Bishamber.

4. THE GOLD FRAME

(R.K. Laxman)

Rasipuram Krishnaswamy Iyer Laxman (born 23 October 1924) was an Indian cartoonist, illustrator, and humorist. He was widely regarded as India's greatest-ever cartoonist and was best known for his creation 'The Common Man'.

Datta was a picture frame maker. He was a silent and hard-working man. One day a customer visited his shop. He wanted the best frame for a photograph he had brought with him. It was a photograph of his late grandfather. The customer wanted the best 'cut mount' frame for the photograph. Datta promised to keep it ready in two weeks. But by mistake the picture got damaged. He found some other picture of a similar looking man. Ironically, the customer could not know that it was not the picture of his grandfather. His only complaint was that the picture was not framed according to his order.

The Modern Frame Works was actually an extra-large wooden packing case mounted on wobbly¹ legs tucked in a gap between a drug store and a radio repair shop. Its owner, Datta, with his concave² figure, silver-rimmed glasses and a complexion of seasoned timber, fitted into his shop with the harmony of fixture.

He was a silent, hard-working man. He gave only laconic³ answers to the questions his customers asked and strongly discouraged casual friends who tried to intrude on his zone of silence with their idle gossip. He was always seen sitting hunched up, surrounded by a confusion of cardboard pieces, bits of wood, glass sheets, boxes of nails, glue bottles, paint tins and other odds and ends that went in to putting a picture in a frame. In this medley⁴ a glass-cutter or a pencil stub was often lost and that was when he would uncoil from his posture and grope impatiently for it. Many times he had to stand up and shake his dhoti vigorously to dislodge the lost object. This operation rocked the whole shop, setting the pictures on the walls gently swinging.

There was not an inch of space that was not covered by a picture; gods, saints, hockey players, children, cheap prints of the Mona Lisa, national leaders, wedding couples, Urdu calligraphy⁵, the snow-clad Fujiyama⁶ and

many others co-existed with a cheerful incongruity⁷ like some fabulous world awaiting order and arrangement.

A customer standing outside the shop on the pavement, obstructing the stream of jostling pedestrians, announced, 'I want this picture framed.' Datta, with his habitual indifference, ignored him and continued to be engaged in driving screws into the sides of a frame. 'I want a really good job done, no matter how much it costs.' The customer volunteered the information, unwrapping a faded newspaper and exposing a Sepia-brown⁸ photograph of an old man. It was sharp and highly glazed inspite of its antiquity.

'What sort of a frame would you like?' Datta asked, still bent over his work.

'The best, of course. Do you expect I would stint⁹ where this great soul is concerned?'

Datta gave a side glance and caught a glimpse of the photograph; just another elderly person of those days, he told himself; a standard portrait of a grandfather, a philanthropist¹⁰, a social worker, with the inevitable whiskers and top-heavy cascading turban — it could be anyone of these. At least half a dozen people came to him every month bearing similar portraits, wanting to demonstrate their homage to the person in the picture in the shape of a glittering frame.

The customer was describing the greatness of the man; extravagant¹¹ qualities of nobility, compassion and charity were being generously attributed to him in a voice that came close to the chanting of a holy scripture. 'If this world had just a few more like him, believe me, it would certainly have been a different place. Of course, there are demons who may not agree with me. They are out to disgrace his name and destroy his memory. But he is God in my home!' 'What sort of a frame do you want?' Datta interrupted. 'Plain, wooden, lacquer¹², gold, plastic or just enamel painted?' He waved a casual hand towards the pictures on the wall. The customer silently surveyed the various frames. After some time Datta heard him mumble, 'I want the best.' 'I don't have any second-rate stuff in my shop,' Datta said. He was shown a number of samples: plain, decorative, floral, geometrical, thin, hefty¹³ and so forth. The customer was baffled by the variety. He examined the selection before him for a long time as if he was

unsure of his judgment and was afraid of enshrining his saviour for ever in some ugly cheap frame.

Datta came to his rescue and recommended one with a profusion¹⁴ of gold leaves and winding creepers and in order to clear any lingering doubt he might still harbour in regard to its quality added: 'It is German, imported!'

The customer at once seemed impressed and silenced. Datta next asked, 'You want a plain mount or a cut mount' and watched the puzzled look return. Again he helped the man out by showing his various mounts and suggested that the cut mount looked more elegant.

'All right let me have a cut mount then. Is that a cut mount?' he asked, pointing to a framed picture on the wall of a soulful-looking¹⁵ lady in an oval cut mount. 'I like that shape. Will it cost much?'

'No. Frame, mount, glass — all will cost seventeen rupees.'

The customer had expected it would be more. He pretended to be shocked all the same and tried to bargain. Datta withdrew to his corner without replying and began to cut a piece of plywood. The customer hung about uncertainly for some time and finally asked, 'When will you have it ready?' and barely heard the reply over the vibrating noise of the saw on the plywood, 'Two weeks from today.'

Datta had learnt by long experience that his customers never came punctually. They came days in advance and went away disappointed or came months later, and some never turned up at all and their pictures lay unclaimed in a box, gathering dust and feeding cockroaches and silver fish¹⁶. Therefore he made frames for those who came to him and visited him at least twice before he actually executed their orders.

Ten days later the tall, rustic-looking man appeared and enquired, 'Has the picture been framed? I was passing by and thought I could collect it if it was ready.'

Datta cast a sideways look at him and continued with his work. 'I know I have come four days early,' the customer grinned nervously. 'Will it be ready by Tuesday?'

Datta merely nodded without shifting attention from a tiny nail which he, with precise rhythmic strokes, was driving into a frame, but sensed the man's

obsessive attachment¹⁷ to the photograph. He told himself there would be trouble if he did not deliver the order on the promised date.

Next morning he made that his first job, keeping aside all the others. The photograph was lying on a shelf among many others. He took it and carefully kept it on a wooden plank on the floor.

Then he looked for the pencil stub for marking the measurements. As usual it was missing. He swept his hand all round him impatiently, scattering fragments of glass and wood.

False shapes that he mistook for the pencil harassed him on end and stoked his anger. Frustrated in all his attempts to find it he finally stood up to shake the folds of his dhoti — an ultimate move which generally yielded results. But he shook the folds so violently that he upset a tin containing white enamel paint and it landed right on the sacred photograph of the old man, emptying its thick, slimy contents on it.

Datta stood transfixed¹⁸ and stared at the disaster at his feet as if he had suddenly lost all faculty of movement. He could not bring himself even to avert¹⁹ his eyes from the horror which he seemed to be cruelly forced to view. Then his spectacles clouded with perspiration and helpfully screened his vision.

When at last he fully recovered his senses he set about rescuing the picture in such a desperate hurry that he made a worse mess of it. He rubbed the picture so hard with a cloth that he peeled off thin strips of filmy coating from its surface. Before he realized what he had done half the old man's face and nearly all of his turban were gone. Data helplessly looked at the venerable²⁰ elder transformed into thick black sticking to the enamel smeared on the rag in his hand.

He sat with both hands clutching his head; every nerve in his head throbbed as if it would tear itself apart if he did not hold it down. What answer was he going to offer to the customer who had a fanatic devotion to the photograph he had just mutilated²¹ beyond recovery? His imagination ran wild, suggesting nightmarish²² consequences to his own dear self and to the fragile inflammable shop.

He racked²³ his brain for a long while till sheer exhaustion calmed his agitated nerves and made him accept the situation with a hopeless

resignation. Meanwhile the plethora²⁴ of gods, saints and images gazed down at him from the walls with a transcendental smile²⁵ and seemed to offer themselves to him to pray. With a fervent appeal in his heart he stared at them.

In his state of mind it did not register for quite a while that a particular photograph of a person on the wall had held his attention rather more than it was qualified to do. It was an ordinary portrait of a middle-aged man in a dark suit and striped tie, resting his right arm jauntily²⁶ on a studio prop made to look like a fluted Roman pillar. Datta was amazed to see that he had a faint likeness to the late-lamented old man. The more he gazed at the face the more convincing it appeared to him. But he dismissed the odd resemblance he saw as one of those tricks of a thoroughly fagged out mind. All the same, at the back of his mind an idea began to take shape; he saw the possibility of finding an acceptable substitute!

He brought down the old wooden box in which he had kept all the photographs unclaimed over the years. As he rummaged²⁷ in it, panicky cockroaches and spiders scurried helter-skelter all over the floor. Unmindful of them Datta anxiously searched for the brownish photographs of the old man's vintage. Soon there was a pile before him; he was surprised he could pick up so many which qualified to take the old man's place. But he had to reject a lot of them. In most of the portraits the subjects sported a very conspicuous²⁸ flower vase next to them, or over-dressed grandchildren sat on their laps and therefore had to be rejected. Luckily, there was one with which Datta felt he could take a fair risk; the print had yellowed a bit noticeably but he calculated that the total effect when put in a dazzling gold frame would render it safe.

After a couple of hours' concentrated work he sat back and proudly surveyed the old man's double, looking resplendent in his gold frame. He was so pleased with his achievement that he forgot he was taking perhaps one of the greatest risks any frame-maker ever took! He even became bold enough to challenge the customer if his faking was discovered. 'Look, my dear man,' he would say, 'I don't know who has been fooling you! That's the picture you brought here for framing. Take it or throw it away!'

The days that followed were filled with suspense and anxiety.

Datta feared that the customer would surprise him at an unguarded moment making him bungle the entire, carefully thought-out plot. But the man turned up promptly a couple of days later. At that moment Datta was bent over piece of work and slightly stiffened as he heard the voice, shrill with expectation ask, 'Is it ready?'

Datta's heart began to race and to compose himself, he let a whole minute pass without answering. Then he put aside the scissors in his hand with slow deliberation and reached out to take the neatly-wrapped package in a corner.

'Ah, it is ready!' the customer exclaimed with childish delight, at the same time mumbling flattering tributes to Datta for his promptness and so on. He spread his arms widely with dramatic exuberance²⁹ to receive the photograph as if it was actually a long-lost person he was greeting.

But Datta took his time removing the wrapper from the frame.

The customer waited impatiently, filling in the time showering more praise on his worshipful master who was to adorn the wall of his home.

Datta finally revealed the glittering frame and held it towards him. The customer seemed visibly struck by its grandeur and fell silent like one who had entered the inner sanctum³⁰ of a temple.

Datta held his breath and watched the man's expression. With every second that passed he was losing his nerve and thought that in another moment he would betray the big hoax³¹ he had played.

Suddenly he saw the customer straighten, the reverential look³² and benevolent expression vanished from his face.

'What have you done?' he demanded, indignantly. For Datta the moment seemed familiar for he had already gone through it a thousand times night and day since he splashed the white paint on the original photograph. Several times he had rehearsed his piece precisely for this occasion. But before he could open his mouth the customer shouted with tremendous authority in his bearing, 'Now, don't deny it! I clearly remember asking for a cut mount with an oval shape. This is square. Look!'

GLOSSARY

1. wobbly – moving unsteadily from side to side
2. concave – curved inwards
3. laconic – using very few words
4. medley – a mixture of different things
5. calligraphy – decorative handwriting done with a special pen or brush
6. Fuziyama – a volcano in Japan
7. incongruity – strangeness
8. sepia-brown — the dark reddish brown shade of photographs
9. stint – (here) spend a small amount of money
10. philanthropist – one who gives money for charity
11. extravagant – beyond what is reasonable
12. lacquer – a liquid that is used on wood or metal to give it a hard shiny surface
13. hefty – strong and big
14. profusion – a large quantity
15. soulful - looking — looking very sad
16. silver fish – a small silver coloured insect that damages clothes and other objects
17. obsessive attachment – an unreasonable kind of love
18. transfixed – unable to move
19. avert – prevent
20. venerable – respectable
21. mutilated – damaged severely
22. nightmarish – frightening
23. racked –thought very hard about something for a long time
24. plethora – a large number of

- 25. transcendental-smile – a smile that makes one look angelic
- 26. jauntily – in a happy and confident way
- 27. rummaged – searched for something
- 28. conspicuous – easy to see or notice
- 29. exuberance – energy
- 30. sanctum – a holy place, a private room where somebody can go and not be disturbed
- 31. hoax – an act intended to make somebody believe something that is not true
- 32. reverential look – a look of great respect and admiration

COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

I Short Answer Type Questions:

- 1. Where was the 'The Modern Frame Works' situated?
- 2. Who was the owner of 'The Modern Frame Works'?
- 3. What were the walls of this shop covered with?
- 4. What did the customer want?
- 5. What types of frames did Datta show to the customer?
- 6. What did Datta do to help the customer make his choice?
- 7. What price did Datta quote for the frame selected by his customer?
- 8. What was Datta's experience about his customers?
- 9. For whom did Datta make frames?
- 10. How did the pholograph get damaged?

11. How did he try to rescue the picture?
12. What solution did Datta finally come up with?
13. Why were the days that followed filled with suspense and anxiety?
14. What effect did the picture have on the customer?
15. What was customer's complaint regarding the frame?

II Long Answer Type Questions:

1. What impression do you gather about Datta, the frame maker?
2. How did the author describe the shop owned by Datta?
3. What had Datta learnt from his long experience? How was his new customer different from the other ones?
4. Datta found a solution to his problem. Did it really work for him? Justify your answer.

5. THE BARBER'S TRADE UNION (Mulk Raj Anand)

Mulk Raj Anand (1905-2004) was an Indian writer in English. One of the pioneers of Indo-English fiction, he together with R.K. Narayan, Ahmad Ali and Raja Rao, was one of the first India-based writers in English to gain an international readership. He was born in Peshawar. Anand described himself as one of the many groping young men of his generation who had begun to question everything in their background, to look away from the big houses and to feel the misery of the inert, disease-ridden, underfed, and illiterate people. Anand, who was deeply influenced by Marxism, used his novels to make broad attacks on various elements of India's social structure and the British rule in India. *'The Morning face'* (1968) won him the Sahitya Academy Award.

'The Barber's Trade Union' is taken from *'The Barber's Trade Union and other stories'* (1944). Chandu, a barber boy, is the protagonist of the story. He is a close friend of the narrator. The latter calls him 'one of the makers of modern India', Chandu being senior by about six months to the narrator, takes 'lead in all matters'. He is very fond of his boyish pranks. He likes catching wasps, squeezing the poison out of their tails and making them fly by tying their legs with a thread. He is quite expert in making kites of various designs. Alas! In spite of these talents he is a duffer in learning. Chandu was a barber by caste. He adopted the profession of his father. As he was considered a member of a low caste, the other so-called people of high caste used to insult him and swear at him. In the end he decided to go on strike and stop visiting people's homes. He opened his own shop and the villagers had to go there to get themselves shaved.

Among the makers of modern India, Chandu, the barber boy of our village, has a place which will be denied him unless I press for the recognition of his contribution to history. Chandu's peculiar claim to recognition rested, to tell the truth, on an exploit¹ of which he did not know the full significance. But then, unlike most great men of India today, he had no very exaggerated notion² of his own importance, though he shared with them a certain native egotism which was sometimes disconcerting and sometimes rather charming.

I knew Chandu ever since the days when he wore a piece of rag in the middle of his naked distended-bellied body³, and when we wallowed⁴ together in the mire⁵ of the village lanes, playing at soldiering, shopkeeping, or clerking and other little games which we invented for the delectation⁶ of our two selves and of our mothers, who alone of all the elders condescended⁷ to notice us.

Chandu was my senior by about six months, and he always took the lead in all matters. And I willingly followed, because truly he was a genius at catching wasps, and at pressing the poison out of their tails, at tying their tiny legs to cotton thread and flying them, while I always got stung on the cheeks if I dared to go anywhere near the platform of the village well where these insects settled on the puddles to drink water.

When we grew up he still seemed to me the embodiment of perfection, because he could make and fly paper kites of such intricate design and of such balance as I could never achieve.

To be sure, he was not so good at doing sums at school as I was, perhaps because his father apprenticed⁸ him early to the hereditary profession of the barber's caste and sent him out hair-cutting in the village, and he had no time for the home tasks which our school master gave us. But he was better than I at reciting poetry, any day, for not only did he remember by rote⁹ the verses in the text-book, but he could repeat the endless pages of prose in that book so that they seemed like poetry.

My mother resented the fact that Chandu won a scholarship at school while I had to pay fees to be taught. And she constantly dissuaded me from playing with him, saying that Chandu was a low-caste barber's son and that I ought to keep up the status of my caste and class. But whatever innate¹⁰ ideas I had inherited from my forefathers I certainly hadn't inherited any sense of superiority. Indeed, I was always rather ashamed of the red caste mark which my mother put on my forehead every morning, and of the formalised pattern of the uchkin, the tight cotton trousers, the gold-worked shoes and the silk turban in which I dressed: and I longed for the right to wear all the spectacular conglomeration¹¹ of clothes which Chandu wore – a pair of Khakhi shorts which the retired Subedar had given him, a frayed black velvet waistcoat, decorated all over with shell buttons, and a round felt cap which had once belonged to Lalla Hukam Chand, the lawyer of our village.

And I envied Chandu the freedom of movement which he enjoyed after his father died of plague. For then he would do the round of shaving and hair-cutting at the houses of the high-caste notables in the morning, bathe and dress, and then steal a ride to town, six miles away, on the foot-rest of the closed carriage in which Lalla Chand Hukam Chand travelled to town.

But Chandu was kind to me. He knew that I was seldom taken to town, and that I had to trudge¹² three weary miles to a secondary school in the village of Joadiala with the fear of God in my heart, while he had been completely absolved from the ordeal of being flogged by cruel masters as he had left school after his father's death. So he always brought me some gift or other from the town – a paint brush, or gold ink, or white chalk, or a double-edged penknife to sharpen pencils with; and he would entertain me with long merry descriptions of the variety of things he saw in the bazaars of civilization.

He was particularly detailed in his description of the wonderful English styles in clothes which he saw the sahibs and the lawyers, the chaprasis and the policemen wearing at the District Court, where he had to wait for the journey home at the back of Lalla Hukam Chand's phaeton¹³. And, once or twice, he expressed to me a secret wish he had to steal some money from the pitcher where his mother kept the emoluments¹⁴ of his professional skill, to buy himself a rig-out like that of Kalan Khan, the dentist, who, he said, performed miracles in the town, fitting people with rows of teeth and even new eyes. He described to me the appearance of Kalan Khan, a young man with hair parted on one side, and dressed in a starched shirt, with an ivory collar and bow tie, a black coat and striped trousers, and a wonderful rubber overcoat and pumps. And he recounted to me the skill with which this magician unpacked an Angrezi leather hand-bag and flourished his shining steel instruments.

Then he asked my advice on the question of whether as a barber educated to the fifth primary class, he would not look more dignified if he, too, wore a dress in the style of Dr. Kalan Khan, 'for though I am not a highly educated doctor,' he said, 'I learnt how to treat pimples, boils and cuts on people's bodies from my father, who learnt from his father before him.'

I agreed with his project and encouraged him with the enthusiasm I felt for everything that my hero thought or did.

One day I was thrilled to find Chandu at the door of my house in the morning. He was dressed up in a white turban, a white rubber coat (a little too big for him, but nevertheless very splendid), a pair of pumps in which I could see my face reflected in clear silhouette¹⁵, and he had a leather bag in his hand. He was setting off on his round and had come to show me how grand he looked in his new rig-out.

‘Marvellous!’ I said, ‘Marvellous!’

And he rushed off towards the house of the landlord, whom he shaved every morning, myself following admiringly behind.

There were not many people in the street at this time. So I alone witnessed the glory of Chandu, dressed up as a doctor, except, of course, that he himself seemed rather self-conscious as he strutted¹⁶ up the street, carefully avoiding the taint of cow-dung cakes which flowed through the drains. But as we entered the home of the landlord we met Devi, the landlord’s little son, who clapped his hands with joy and shouted to announce the coming of Chandu, the barber, in a beautiful heroic dress like that of the Padre Sahib of the Mission School.

‘Ram! Ram! Ram!’ said Bijay Chand, the burly¹⁷ landlord, touching the sacred thread which hung over his ear since he had just been to the lavatory. ‘The son of a pig! He is bringing a leather bag of cow-hide into our house and a coat of the marrow of, I don’t know, some other animals, and those evil black Angrezi shoes. Get out! Get out! You son of a devil! You will defile my religion. I suppose you have no fear of anyone now that your father is dead.’

‘But I am wearing the clothes of a doctor, Jagirdar Sahib,’ said Chandu.

‘Go away you swine, go away and wear clothes befitting your low status as a barber, and don’t let me see you practising any of your new-fangled notions, or else I will have you flogged.’

‘But Raj Bijay Chand Sahib!’ Chandu appealed.

‘Get away! Get away! You useless one!’ the landlord shouted.

‘Don’t come any nearer, or we will have to treat the whole house with the sacred cow-dung to purify it.’

Chandu returned. His face was flushed. He was completely taken aback. He did not look at me because of the shame he felt at being insulted before me whose hero he knew he was. And he rushed towards the shop of

Thanu Ram, the Sahukar of the village, who kept a grocer's store at the corner of the lane.

Devi, the landlord's son, had begun to cry at his father's harsh words, and I stopped to quieten him. When I got to the head of the lane I saw the Sahukar with one end of the scale in which he had been weighing grain lifted in one hand, abusing Chandu in the foulest way. 'You little swine, you go disguising yourself as a clown when you ought to be bearing your responsibilities and looking after your old mother. You go wearing the defiled clothes of the hospital folk! Go, and come back in your own clothes! Then I shall let you cut my hair!' And as he said so he felt for the ritual tuft knot on top of his head.

Chandu looked very crestfallen¹⁸, and ran in a wild rage past me, as if I had been responsible for these mishaps. And I nearly cried to think that he hated me now just because I belonged to a superior caste.

'Go to Pandit Parmanand!' I shouted after him, 'and tell him that these garments you are wearing are not unclean.'

'Ho, so you are in league with him,' said Pandit Parmanandm, emerging from the landlord's home, where he had been apparently summoned to discuss this unholy emergency. 'You boys have been spoiled by the school education which you have got. It may be all right for you to wear those things because you are going to be a learned man, but what right has that low-caste boy to such apparel? He has got to touch our beards, our head and our hands. He is defiled enough by God. Why does he want to become more defiled? You are a high-caste boy. And he is a low-caste devil! He is a rogue!'

Chandu had heard this. He did not look back and ran in a flurry¹⁹, as if he were set on some purpose which occupied him more than the abuse which had been the cause of his flight.

My mother called to me and said it was time for me to eat and go to school, or I should be late. And she could not resist the temptation to lecture me again about my associating with the barber boy.

But I was very disturbed about Chandu's fate all day, and, on my way back from school, I called in at the hovel²⁰ where he lived with his mother.

His mother was well known for a cantankerous²¹ old woman, because she, a low-caste woman, dared to see the upper caste people as they never

dared to see themselves. She was always very kind to me, though she spoke to me too in a bantering manner, which she had acquired through the suffering and humiliations of sixty-odd years. Turning to me she said: 'Well, you have come, have you, to look for your friend. If your mother knew that you were here she would scratch my eyes out for casting my evil eye on your sweet face. And you, are you as innocent as you look or are you a sneaking little hypocrite like the rest of your lot?'

'Where is Chandu, then, mother?' I said.

'I don't know, son,' she said, now in a sincere simple manner. 'He went up town way and says he earned some money shaving people on the roadside. I don't know what he is up to. I don't think he ought to annoy the clients his father served. He is a child and gets funny notions into his head and they ought not to be angry with him. He is only a boy. You want to see him and go out playing, I suppose. Very well, I will tell him when he comes. He has just gone up the road, I think.'

'All right, mother,' I said, and went home.

Chandu whistled for me that afternoon in the usual code whistle which we had arranged to evade the reproaches of interfering elders that our association often provoked.

'Come for a walk to the bazaar,' he said. 'I want to talk to you.' And hardly had I joined him when he began: 'Do you know, I earned a rupee shaving and hair-cutting near the court this morning? If I hadn't had to come back on the back bar of Hukam Chand's carriage early in the afternoon I should have earned more. But I am going to teach these orthodox idiots a lesson. I am going on strike. I shall not go to their houses to attend to them. I am going to buy a Japanese bicycle from the gambling son of Lalla Hukam Chand for five rupees, and I shall learn to ride it and I will go to town on it every day. Won't I look grand, riding on a bicycle, with my overcoat, my black leather shoes, and a white turban on my head, specially as there is a peg²² in front of the two-wheeled carriage for hanging my tool-bag?'

'Yes,' I agreed, greatly thrilled, not because I imagined the glory of Chandu seated on a bicycle, but because I felt myself nearer the goal of my own ambition; since I felt that if Chandu acquired a bicycle he would at least let me ride to town on the elongated²³ bolt at the back wheel or on the front bar, if he didn't let me learn to ride myself and lend me the machine every now and then.

Chandu negotiated the deal about the bicycle with an assurance that seemed to me a revelation of his capacity for business such as I had never

suspected in him, from the reckless way he spent his money. And then he said to me in a confidential²⁴ voice: 'You wait for another day or two. I shall show you something which will make you laugh as you have never laughed before.'

'Tell me now,' I insisted, with an impatience sharpened by the rhythm of the excitement with which the spirit of his adventure filled my being.

'No, you wait,' he said. 'I can only give you a hint at the moment. It is a secret that only a barber can know. Now let me get on with the job of learning to handle this machine. You hold it while I get on it, and I think it will be all right.'

'But,' I said, 'this is not the way to learn to ride a bicycle. My father learned to ride from the peg at the back, and my brother learnt to ride by first trying to balance on the pedal.'

'Your father is a top-heavy baboon²⁵,' said Chandu. 'And your brother is a long-legged spider.'

'I,' he continued, 'was born, my mother tells me, upside down.'

'All right,' I said. And I held the bicycle for him. But while my gaze concentrated with admiration on the brilliant sheen of the polished bars, I lost my grip and Chandu fell on the other side with a thud, along with the machine.

There were peals of laughter from the shop of the Sahukar, where several peasants congregated round the figure of the landlord. And then the Sahukar could be heard shouting: 'Serve you right, you rascally son of the iron age! Break your bones and die, you upstart! You won't come to your senses otherwise!'

Chandu hung his head with shame, and muttered an oath at me, 'You fool, you are no good!' though I had thought that he would grip me by the neck and give me a good thrashing for being the cause of his discomfiture²⁶. Then he looked at me, smiled embarrassedly, and said: 'We will see who has the last laugh, I or they.'

'I will hold the machine tightly this time,' I said earnestly, and I picked it up from where it lay.

'Yes, break your bones, you swine,' came the landlord's call. 'Don't you care!' Chandu said to me. 'I will show them.' And he mounted the bicycle as I exerted all my strength to hold it tight. Then he said: 'Let go!'

I released my grip.

He had pressed the pedal with a downward pressure of his right foot, hard, and, as the wheels revolved, he swayed dangerously to one side. But he had pushed the other pedal now. The machine balanced, inclining to the right a little, so that I saw Chandu lift his rump²⁷ from the saddle in the most frightening manner. He hung precariously²⁸ for a moment. His handles wobbled dangerously. He was tottering. At this juncture a mixed noise of laughter and sarcasm arose from the congregation at the shop and I thought that Chandu would come to grief with this confusion, if not on account of his utter incapacity. By a curious miracle, however, Chandu's feet had got into the right rhythm for pedaling and his handle had adjusted itself to his stiff hands, and he rode off with me running behind him, bursting myself with enthusiastic 'Shabashes.'

A half a mile run and he repeated the trick.

Though I was very eager to share the joy of his newly acquired skill, I didn't see Chandu the next day, as I was being taken to see my aunts in Verka, straight from school.

But on the third day he called for me and said that he would show me the joke he had talked of the other day. I followed quickly, asking the while: "Tell me, what is it all about?"

'Look,' he said, hiding behind the oven of the village potter. 'Do you see the congregation of men in the Sahukar's shop? Try and see who's there.'

I explored the various faces and, for a moment, I was quite baffled.

'Only the peasants sitting round waiting for the landlord,' I said.

'Look again, Idiot,' he said, 'and see. The landlord is there, his long-jawed face dirtied the white scum²⁹ of his unshaved beard.'

'Ha! Ha!' I shouted hilariously, struck by the contradiction of the big thick moustache (which I knew the landlord dyed) with the prickly white brush on his jowls. 'Ha! Ha!' I roared, 'a sick lion! He looks seedy!'

'Sh!' warned Chandu. Don't make a row! But look at the Sahukar. He looks like a leper with the brown tinge of tobacco on his walrus moustache which I once used to trim. Now you run past the shop and call "beavers, beavers". They can't say anything to you.'

I was too impetuous³⁰ a disciple of the impish³¹ Chandu to wait to deliberate.

'Beavers! Beavers! Beavers!' I shouted as I ran past the shop to the edge of the platform by the banyan tree.

The peasants who were gathered round the shop burst out laughing, as they had apparently been itching to, for they had noticed the strong growths on the elders' faces, though they had not dared to say anything.

'Catch him, catch him, the little rogue!' shouted the Sahukar. 'He is in league with that barber boy, Chandu!'

But, of course, I had climbed up the banyan tree, from which I jumped on to the wall of the temple and shouted my slogan at the priest.

The rumour about the barber boy's strike spread, and jokes about the unkempt beards of the elders of the village became current in every home. Even those who were of high castes, even the members of the families of the elders, began to giggle with laughter at the shabby appearance of the great ones and made rude remarks about their persons. And it was said that at least the landlord's wife threatened to run away with somebody, because, being younger than her husband by twenty years, she had borne with him as long as he kept himself in trim, but was now disgusted with him beyond the limits of reconciliation.

Chandu did good business in town during these days and saved money, even though he bought new clothes and new tools for himself and gave me various presents.

The village elders threatened to have him sent to prison for his offences, and ordered his mother to force him to obey before they committed him to the police for a breach of the peace.

But Chandu's mother had for the first time in her life touched the edge of prosperity, and she told them all what she thought of them in a language even plainer than that in which she had always addressed them.

Then they thought of getting the barber of Verka to come and attend them, and offered him an anna instead of the two pice they had usually paid to Chandu.

Chandu, however, had conceived³² a new notion this time, newer than those he had ever thought of before. Having seen the shop of Nringan Das, the barber of the town, he had applied his brain to the scheme of opening a shop on the wayside at the head of the bazaar, in partnership with his cousin, the barber of Verka, and with Dhunoo and the other barbers with in a range of seven miles from his village. He proposed his new idea to his cousin and Dhunoo and all the other barbers at a special meeting of his craft, and, by the gift of the gab³³ which he had, besides his other qualities of Head and Heart, he convinced them all that it was time that the elders of the

village came to them to be shaved rather than that they should dance attendance upon their lords and masters.

'Rajkot District Barber Brothers' Hairdressing and Shaving Saloon' has been followed by many other active trade unions of working men in our parts.

GLOSSARY

1. exploit – a brave, exciting or interesting act
2. notion - an idea, a belief or an understanding of something
3. distended - bellied body — body with swollen stomach
4. wallow – to roll oneself about
5. mire – deep mud
6. delectation – enjoyment or entertainment
7. condescended – came down from one's superior position
8. apprenticed – worked for some time to learn some particular job
9. rote – learning by repeating without understanding
10. innate – quality that one has when one is born
11. conglomeration—a mixture of different things that are found together
12. trudge – a long and tiring walk
13. phaeton – a light four-wheeled open carriage drawn by four horses
14. emoluments – compensation for a job which is usually monetary
15. silhouette – the dark outline or shape of a person or an object that can be seen against a light background
16. strutted – stood or walked stiffly
17. burly – large, well-built, and muscular
18. crestfallen – sad because of a recent disappointment
19. slurry – any sudden activity or a stir
20. hovel – an open shed for sheltering cattle
21. cantankerous – given to or marked by an ill-tempered nature
22. peg – a protrusion used to hang things on
23. elongated – extensive in length
24. confidential – meant to be kept secret
25. baboon – (here) an uncivilized person
26. discomfiture – confusion
27. rump – buttock
28. precariously – in a risky manner
29. scum – dirty outside layer
30. impetuous – impulsive, rash

31. impish – mischievous
32. conceived – developed an idea
33. gift of the gab - the quality of talking on trivial issues.

COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

I Short Answer Type Questions:

1. What was the age difference between Chandu and the narrator?
2. Why did the narrator consider Chandu the embodiment of perfection for him?
3. Why was Chandu not good at doing sums at school?
4. Why did the narrator's mother constantly dissuade him to play with Chandu?
5. What does the narrator tell us about Chandu's dress?
6. What did Chandu tell the narrator about Kalan Khan's appearance?
7. Why did Bijay Chand, the landlord turn Chandu out of his house?
8. What did the Sahukar think about Chandu's wearing clothes like a doctor?
9. Why had the landlord summoned Pandit Parmanand?
10. What type of woman was Chandu's mother?
11. How did Chandu's mother treat the narrator?
12. Why did Chandu decide to go on strike?
13. Why did Chandu decide to buy a bicycle?
14. Why had the men gathered in the Sahukar's shop?
15. How did the Sahukar look without being trimmed by the barber?
16. What jokes became popular in every home and why?
17. What was the reason of the rumour that the landlord's wife had threatened to run away with someone else?
18. Why did the village elders threaten Chandu?
19. Name the union that gave birth to many other active trade unions in the town?

II Long Answer Type Questions:

1. Give a brief character-sketch of Chandu.
2. How did the village elders behave when Chandu dressed up like a doctor?
3. Give a brief character-sketch of Chandu's mother.
4. Why did Chandu go on a strike? What was the result of the strike?

6. THE BULL BENEATH THE EARTH (Kulwant Singh Virk)

*Kulwant Singh Virk (1921-1987) was an author who wrote mostly in Punjabi but extensively in English also. His short stories were translated into several other languages, including Russian and Japanese. His writings won several awards. In 1958 he won his first award for his short story compilation titled **Dudh da Chappar** (A Pond of Milk). He won the national Sahitya Academy Award in 1968 for his short compilation **Nave Lok** (New Folks). He was also recognized by the literary forum of Canada in 1984 and acclaimed for his contribution to literature by the Punjab Sahitya Academy in 1986.*

Mann Singh and Karan Singh are two friends serving in the same regiment. Mann Singh visits Karan Singh's house when he is on leave. He finds that the members of Karan Singh's family are too formal towards him. He is bitterly dismayed at their behaviour. But later on he comes to know the reason of their dry demeanour. They had received the news of their son's death – a tragic news that they keep from his friend Mann Singh.

Thathi Khara was not far from Amritsar and it was one of the most conveniently situated villages, right on the pucca metalled road. But the happy impulse¹ which had inspired Mann Singh's journey would have made any distance seem joyfully short. Although the shades of the evening were fast spreading and the tired tonga pony's steps fell even more laboriously on the road, Mann Singh was not at all worried.

Mann Singh — a young army man on leave from his regiment — was going to his friend, Karam Singh's village. Now where do men form deeper, firmer friendships than in the army? Mann Singh and Karam Singh had been in the same Regimental Centre and were now serving together in a battalion on the Burma front. Karam Singh had joined up earlier and was now a Havildar and Mann Singh had just got to Naik's rank.

Many in Karam Singh's village always kept inquiring from his father about his next leave. He was a hearty², friendly character. He had a most agreeable manner of speech and people loved to sit by his side and listen to his tales of war and adventure. He was not the only serving youth from that

village there were others too. But when they came home they were at a loss for topics to make conversation with the village folk. With many people they did not go beyond the usual formal greeting. It was different with Karam Singh. When he was at home, there were always many more people at the well in the morning for bathing and they always stayed longer than usual. In winter people sat by the dying fire of the gram pancher's oven till midnight, Karam Singh keeping up an unbroken lively course of discussion. In his regiment, Karam Singh was famous as crack shot³. In rifle shooting competitions his bullets tore the middle of the target with such precision⁴ that it appeared as if it had been needled through by hand. During the war many a Japanese soldier hiding himself in the branches of a tree had fallen uncannily⁵ to his ravaging shots. Thus he paid off the scores for his comrades killed by Japanese bullets and assuaged⁶ his regiment's lacerated heart⁷. Where a whole machine-gun magazine failed to gain its object, Karam Singh's one bullet sufficed. Although his limbs had now lost the suppleness⁸ of youth, his feats in the gymnasium still left people wondering.

During the war days gymnastics and many other things had, of course, been suspended. There were no parades in stiff uniforms led by bands. There was no bazaar in the vicinity⁹ where one would go in mufti. One never ran into anyone from one's village or town. So when it was Mann Singh's turn to go on leave, Karam Singh felt quite envious. How he wished he could also get leave. Then they could go together. They could perhaps pass the holiday together. Chuharkana was not after all so far away from Amritsar. A bare fifty miles separated them, although one was in the area known as Majha and the other in Bar- one with roots in the past and the other still young having recently developed.

But leave in those days was difficult to obtain. Only rarely did some lucky people get it — just as rarely as some lucky soldiers got the opportunity of showing gallantry and winning medals.

And when Mann Singh got into the military truck to come away, Karam Singh gave him the parting message.

"You must go to my village and see my people before you return. They will be very happy to see you. You can give them news of me. They will feel as if I have met them. And then when I see you and get news of them from you it would be so much like seeing them personally."

Then to arouse Mann Singh's interest in the geography of his village, he said: "Have you seen that end before?"

"No," he answered. "I have passed through Amritsar, but never gone beyond."

"Oh! There are a number of gurudwaras scattered all over the countryside - Taran Taran, Khadur Sahib and Goindwal. You can visit all these and then also see my people. I will write to them...." Karam Singh went on in his enthusiastic, self-engrossed¹⁰ manner.

That is why Mann Singh was now going in a tonga to Karam Singh's village toward the close of his holiday.

"It is Mann Singh, Bapuji from Chuharkana. Mann Singh joined his hands in respect as he greeted the old man sitting in the porch of Karam Singh's house.

"Come, take your seat. Welcome to you," said the old man with an air of preoccupation.

Mann Singh walked in and sat on a small string-bed. The old man looked obviously perturbed¹¹ at Mann Singh's arrival. His eyes wandered away from his face and then froze into a fixed low gaze on the ground.

Mann Singh was by no means of an impatient disposition¹², but he thought this welcome rather queer. For a moment he persuaded himself that the old man was not Karam Singh's father.

"You are Karam Singh's father?" Mann Singh, asked at last, demanding, as it were, a little more attention.

"Yes, this is Karam Singh's house."

"Did he write to you about me?"

"Yes, he did. He wrote that you would come and see us."

The old man got up as he uttered these words and walked away to the courtyard. He unfastened a buffalo-calf from one trough¹³ and tied it to another. He started petting the animal and gave it his hand to lick. Then he went inside to announce Mann Singh's arrival and ask for tea to be sent to him. And as if he feared coming back to the porch again, he paused in the courtyard, this time near the mare. He turned up the chaff in front of her and put in some more gram.

Then he came back to the porch. But he seemed lost as before. "Where is Jaswant Singh," asked Mann Singh to break the awkward silence. He knew that Karam Singh had a younger brother.

"He will be here presently with a cartload of fodder."

Meanwhile, Karam Singh's mother brought in tea.

"Sat Sri Akal, Beji." There was a note of filial¹⁴ cordiality in Mann Singh's words.

The old woman's lips quivered and it appeared as if she would say something. But she did not. Mann Singh took the tea-jar and cup from her and she went back.

"These Majhails are strange people," said Mann Singh to himself. He felt deeply cut up. He, however, could not retrace his footsteps now. "Well, I will stay for the night - I have to - and then leave early in the morning," he decided.

At night when Jaswant Singh arrived the talk became little more informal.

"Very famous is Karam Singh's bullet in this Burma war. Let him pull the trigger and down comes a Japanese — from where we know not. Going up with him we never know how he spotted him out '

Here Mann Singh paused hoping that he would be asked many more questions about Karam Singh, the Japanese and the war. He was full of news — he wanted to take the weight off his chest. But here nobody cared to listen to him; nobody was interested.

"When do we get our canal water, next, Jaswant?" Asked the father after a rather prolonged dull interval.

"The day after tomorrow — at three o' clock in the morning."

This reference to time gave Mann Singh another opportunity to take up the thread of his talk. "Yes, Karam Singh in the army is at least spared this bother of rising so early. He loves his morning sleep and is always last among us there to get up." Mann Singh could talk of his friend ceaselessly, tirelessly; but even this last remark of his failed to arouse any visible interest among his audience.

The food came, there were special dishes made for him. Jaswant kept waving a fan as he ate. Mann Singh somewhat got over the feeling that he had not been shown much attention.

As he was finishing the meal, Karam Singh's little son slowly walked up to where he sat. If he could not talk of Karam Singh to anyone else in the family, he could at least talk to the child. Lifting him up to his lap he said, "Would you go to your father? Come with me, if you would. It rains a great deal there and you will have plenty of water to play in."

Mann Singh's words seemed to pierce¹⁵ the old man's heart. "Take away the child," he shouted, "Keep him there. He won't let him eat in peace."

The mother came and carried the child away.

Mann Singh's food stuck in his throat. He felt stifled¹⁶ and could not breathe in the atmosphere of that home. Then he started making inquiries about his morning's journey.

"How far is Taran Taran from here?"

"Nearly four miles."

"Will I get a tonga early in the morning?"

"Don't worry about that. We'll send Jaswant with you and then you two brothers can visit all these places."

This rather pleased Mann Singh, for Jaswant was not such a reserved sort. But once out with Mann Singh, his lips were also sealed. If he met a friend or acquaintance, he would mutter a distant greeting and walk on. Mann Singh wanted to stop and talk to people. After all, he would not be visiting these places so often.

"Karam Singh has won himself such a name in the army. Why didn't you also join?" Mann Singh reopened the topic.

Jaswant was started. He collected himself, and said, "Isn't one enough in the army?"

"How high is the sugarcane crop now on your side?" asked Jaswant, passing through a farm.

"It stands taller than the height of a man."

But Mann Singh's heart was elsewhere. He wanted to talk of his friend and of nothing else.

Returning home, Mann Singh planned his journey back to his village. He thought he would take the night train at Amritsar.

Although everyone had done his best to make him comfortable, he had enjoyed the visit much less than he had expected. Even now when tea was being prepared for him he sat in the porch, all by himself.

He was looking out into the street and saw the postman, with the bag slung across his shoulder, walk up. He appeared to pass along, but turned in and took his seat on the charpoy by the side of Mann Singh.

"What have you brought?"

"Oh, what can it be? It must be papers concerning poor Karam Singh's pension."

"Karam Singh's pension?.... What do you mean?.... Has Karam Singh been killed?"

"Don't you know? Even the trees and birds of this village are in mourning for Karam Singh. And you sitting in his own house ask if he has been killed. The letter arrived fifteen days ago."

Mann Singh felt choked in his breast and throat and his body was seized by a sudden numbness¹⁷. Then came the thaw¹⁸ and floods of tears rushed to his eyes. Karam Singh's house, his father, now inside, and his little child aided the process.

The father seeing the postman from inside knew that they had failed to keep the news from Karam Singh's friend. The load might as well be thrown off now. The pressure which had been kept up for nearly twenty-four hours at last broke loose. For a long while they sat together mixing their tears in an ever-widening pool.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Asked Mann Singh in a helpless pathetic¹⁹ tone. "We just thought the boy is on leave. Why spoil his holidays? He would know it when he went back to his regiment. I guess you love your holidays as much as Karam Singh did. Perhaps more. People in the Bar area are used to a more comfortable living... But we were utterly unsuccessful in keeping it from you. We are sorry for it."

On his way back, Mann Singh's eyes ranged curiously over the villages which formed the environment in which Karam Singh's father had grown up. There were forts built around them for protection. There were tombs and monuments which enshrined many a deathless story of heroic fights against the invaders of Bharat. That was the secret of the old man's strength, his capacity for absorbing shocks. He could voluntarily take on additional burden to spare another person's discomfort.

Mann Singh had heard that there was a bull which bore upon its head the

burden of the whole earth. Karam Singh's father appeared to him just another similar benevolent²⁰ spirit which, though bent under its own oppressive load, was yet willing to share other people's burdens.

GLOSSARY

1. impulse – a sudden strong wish to do something
2. hearty – showing friendly feelings
3. crack-shot – one who never misses aim
4. precision – the quality of being perfect and accurate
5. uncannily – in a strange manner
6. assuaged – to make an unpleasant feeling less severe
7. lacerated – torn
8. suppleness – ability to bend and move parts of your body easily into different positions
9. the vicinity – the area around a particular place
10. engrossed – so interested or involved in something that you give it all your attention
11. perturbed – became anxious
12. disposition – the natural qualities of a person's character
13. trough – a long narrow open container for animals to eat or drink from
14. filial – connected with the way children behave towards their parents
15. pierce – to make a small hole in something
16. stifle – to prevent a feeling from being expressed
17. numbness – unable to feel
18. thaw – a situation when the relationship becomes less formal and friendly
19. pathetic – pitiful
20. benevolent – kind, helpful and generous

COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS

I Short Answer Type Questions:

1. Who were Mann Singh and Karam Singh?
2. What were the designations of Karam Singh and Mann Singh in the army?
3. Where did Mann Singh go when he got a few days' leave?
4. Who did Mann Singh meet first on entering Karam Singh's house?
5. Who was Jaswant Singh?
6. What did Mann Singh tell Karam Singh's family about the latter's war-skills?
7. Which words of Mann Singh pierced Karam Singh's father's heart?
8. How far was Taran Taran from Karam Singh's village?
9. What news did the postman bring?
10. What was the effect of Karam Singh's death on Mann Singh?
11. Why did the members of Karam Singh's family not break the news of his death to Mann Singh?
12. Why did Mann Singh compare Karam Singh's father to a bull who bore upon its head the burden of the whole earth?

II Long Answer Type Questions:

1. Write a character-sketch of Karam Singh.
2. Write a character-sketch of Mann Singh.
3. Why did Mann Singh visit Karam Singh's village during his leave? How did Karam Singh's family treat him? What was the reason for such treatment?
4. Give a brief character-sketch of Karam Singh's father?
5. Discuss the appropriateness of the title of the story: 'The Bull beneath the Earth'.