

9



Interact in English:
**LITERATURE
READER**

A Textbook for English Course
(Communicative)



CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

Interact in English

Literature Reader

A Textbook for English Course
(Communicative)

Class IX



CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

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भारत का संविधान

उद्देशिका

हम, भारत के लोग, भारत को एक सम्पूर्ण¹ प्रभुत्व-संपन्न समाजवादी पंथनिरपेक्ष लोकतंत्रात्मक गणराज्य बनाने के लिए, तथा उसके समस्त नागरिकों को:

सामाजिक, आर्थिक और राजनैतिक न्याय,

विचार, अभिव्यक्ति, विश्वास, धर्म

और उपासना की स्वतंत्रता,

प्रतिष्ठा और अवसर की समता

प्राप्त कराने के लिए

तथा उन सब में व्यक्ति की गरिमा

²और राष्ट्र की एकता और अखंडता

सुनिश्चित करने वाली बंधुता बढ़ाने के लिए

दृढसंकल्प होकर अपने इस संविधान में आज तारीख 26 नवम्बर, 1949 ई० को एतद्वारा इस संविधान को अंगीकृत, अधिनियमित और आत्मार्पित करते हैं।

1. संविधान (बयालीसवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 1976 को धारा 2 द्वारा (3.1.1977) से "प्रभुत्व-संपन्न लोकतंत्रात्मक गणराज्य" के स्थान पर प्रतिस्थापित।
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भाग 4 क

मूल कर्तव्य

51 क. मूल कर्तव्य—भारत के प्रत्येक नागरिक का यह कर्तव्य होगा कि वह—

- (क) संविधान का पालन करे और उसके आदर्शों, संस्थाओं, राष्ट्र ध्वज और राष्ट्रगान का आदर करे;
 - (ख) स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे राष्ट्रीय आंदोलन को प्रेरित करने वाला उच्च आदर्शों को हृदय में संजोए रखे और उनका पालन करे;
 - (ग) भारत की प्रभुता, एकता और अखंडता की रक्षा करे और उसे अक्षुण्ण रखे;
 - (घ) देश की रक्षा करे और आह्वान किए जाने पर राष्ट्र की सेवा करे;
 - (ङ) भारत के सभी लोगों में समरसता और समान भ्रातृत्व की भावना का निर्माण करे जो धर्म, भाषा और प्रदेश या वर्ग पर आधारित सभी भेदभाव से परे हों, ऐसी प्रथाओं का त्याग करे जो स्त्रियों के सम्मान के विरुद्ध हैं;
 - (च) हमारी सामाजिक संस्कृति की गौरवशाली परंपरा का महत्त्व समझे और उसका परिक्षण करे;
 - (छ) प्राकृतिक पर्यावरण की जिसके अंतर्गत वन, झील, नदी, और वन्य जीव हैं, रक्षा करे और उसका संवर्धन करे तथा प्राणी मात्र के प्रति दयाभाव रखे;
 - (ज) वैज्ञानिक दृष्टिकोण, मानववाद और ज्ञानार्जन तथा सुधार की भावना का विकास करे;
 - (झ) सार्वजनिक संपत्ति को सुरक्षित रखे और हिंसा से दूर रहे;
 - (ञ) व्यक्तिगत और सामूहिक गतिविधियों से सभी क्षेत्रों में उत्कर्ष की ओर बढ़ने का सतत प्रयास करे जिससे राष्ट्र निरंतर बढ़ते हुए प्रयत्न और उपलब्धि की नई उंचाईयों को छू ले;
- ¹(ट) यदि माता-पिता या संरक्षक है, छह वर्ष से चौदह वर्ष तक की आयु वाले अपने, यथास्थिति, बालक या प्रतिपाल्य के लिए शिक्षा के अवसर प्रदान करे।

1. संविधान (छयासीवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 2002 की धारा 4 द्वारा प्रतिस्थापित।

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolve to constitute India into a ¹**SOVEREIGN SOCIALIST SECULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC** and to secure to all its citizens :

JUSTICE, social, economic and political;

LIBERTY of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

EQUALITY of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all

FRATERNITY assuring the dignity of the individual and the² unity and integrity of the Nation;

IN OUR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY this twenty-sixth day of November, 1949, do **HEREBY ADOPT, ENACT AND GIVE TO OURSELVES THIS CONSTITUTION.**

1. Subs, by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendent) Act. 1976, sec. 2 for "Sovereign Democratic Republic" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)

2. Subs, by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendent) Act. 1976, sec. 2 for "unity of the Nation" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

Chapter IV A

FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES

ARTICLE 51 A

Fundamental Duties - It shall be the duty of every citizen of India-

- (a) to abide by the Constitution and respect its ideals and institutions, the National Flag and the National Anthem;
- (b) to cherish and follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom;
- (c) to uphold and protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India;
- (d) to defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so;
- (e) to promote harmony and the spirit of common brotherhood amongst all the people of India transcending religious, linguistic and regional or sectional diversities; to renounce practices derogatory to the dignity of women;
- (f) to value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture;
- (g) to protect and improve the natural environment including forests, lakes, rivers, wild life and to have compassion for living creatures;
- (h) to develop the scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform;
- (i) to safeguard public property and to abjure violence;
- (j) to strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity so that the national constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;
- ¹(k) who is parent or guardian, to provide opportunities for education to his/her child or, as the case may be, for their ward between age of 6 and 14 years.

1. Subs. By the Constitution Sec. 04 (Eighty-Six Amendment) Act, 2002

Foreword

The English Communicative Curriculum was implemented in Class - IX in the academic session 1993- 94. The books were revised in 1995, 1997 and 2003 as a result of the feedback received from students, teachers and ELT professionals.

The Board received feedback from teachers teaching in various school systems i.e., independent schools, Kendriya Vidyalaya Sangathan and Navodaya Vidyalaya Samiti in large numbers which suggested that a change was already overdue. Accordingly, the book was revised in 2009.

The book has been designed to develop the student's communicative competence in English. The extracts selected have been taken with the purpose of making students think on their own and inculcating in them the life skills necessary for facing the challenges of the present as well as the future. The present book includes a few more activities to enable students to explore communicative aspects in more depth.

Teachers may adopt appropriate pedagogical practices to enhance the creativity of students. It must also be noted that language is not just a functional tool; it is rather a medium through which students interact with the world around them. Therefore, students should be encouraged to think on their own and express their ideas using their experiences, knowledge and imagination, rather than being text or teacher-dependent.

The effort of the material developers and editorial board for all editions is acknowledged. Feedback/suggestions for further improvement are welcome.

Team CBSE

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We express our gratitude to the writers and publishers whose contributions have been included in this book. Copyright permission for use of this material has been applied for, however, information on copyright permission for some of the material could not be found. We would be grateful for information for the same.

FICTION

- ❖ *"How I Taught My Grandmother To Read"*, by Sudha Murthy
- ❖ *"A Dog Named Duke"*, by William D. Ellis
- ❖ *"The Man Who Knew Too Much"*, by Alexander Baron.
- ❖ *"Keeping It From Harold"*, by P.G. Wodehouse from **'The Funny Bone'** New Humorous Stories compiled by Lady Cynthia Asquith, Jurdus Publishers, London
- ❖ *"Best Seller"*, by O. Henry

POETRY

- ❖ *"The Brook"*, by Lord Alfred Tennyson
- ❖ *"The Road Not Taken"*, by Robert Frost
- ❖ *"The Solitary Reaper"*, by William Wordsworth.
- ❖ *"Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth"*, by Pam Ayres from **Poetry Magic Book 6**, Edited by Keki N Daruwalla, Ratna Sagar, 2005
- ❖ *"Song of the Rain"*, by Kahlil Gibran

DRAMA

- ❖ *"Villa for Sale"*, by Sacha Guitry from **Six One Act Plays**, Edited by Maurice
- ❖ *"The Bishop's Candlesticks"*, by Norman Mckinnel

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Note to the Users

Why do you think we read Literature?

Have you ever wondered why we read literature? We do so in order to understand, appreciate and enjoy what immensely talented men and women over the centuries have put in writing for our benefit - emotions, moving experiences, suspense, creative use of language, great issues etc. As we read, we make a personal response to the piece of literature concerned - relating its substance to our own personal experience, or to laugh, to cry, or simply to enjoy. With this in mind, the selections of poetry, fiction and drama in this Literature Reader by a variety of authors writing in English, are on a variety of themes and in a variety of literary styles. Through this Reader, we hope that you will develop your interest in such pieces, and will develop your skills in reading and appreciating poetry, fiction and drama. In particular, you will learn the essential features of these different types of literature - for example, you will learn to study character, how a plot develops, and what makes poetry poetry.

Like the Main Coursebook, this Literature Reader also carries pieces which have been identified and selected with a bearing on social issues and universal values. In other words, the literary pieces remind us all of the importance of values such as telling the truth, good health, respect for older people, and the role of law and order.

It is our hope that your reading of literature will not be restricted to the Literature Reader alone, but that you will be stimulated to read poetry, fiction and drama outside the classroom, and also later in adult life.

What does this Literature Reader contain?

- * Poetry - Six poems
- * Fiction - Five short stories
- * Drama - Two plays

These are merely a sample. The basic purpose of the Reader is to facilitate young readers to develop a love for reading and literature which is sustained for life long learning.

How much time should be spent on this Literature Reader?

Your teacher may ask you to read some of the longer pieces for home work, a day or so before they are introduced in class.

What type of questions and activities are there in the Literature Reader and in the examination?

The question-types and activities for each piece in the Literature Reader are largely:

1. Simple comprehension questions and other activities, to activate and develop your understanding.

2. Activities that lead you to infer, analyse and evaluate what you are reading.
3. Activities that ask you to make a personal and/or creative response to what you have just been reading.

The Literature Reader thus helps to develop your enjoyment and appreciation of literature in English.

What is the teacher's role?

We have said earlier that this Reader will help you *to understand, appreciate and enjoy* literature. But your teacher alone cannot make you understand, appreciate and enjoy, you have to develop these skills yourself, in the manner you approach the pieces selected. Your teacher will certainly encourage, stimulate and support you and will manage class activities to assist in every way possible. But your understanding, appreciation and enjoyment will not grow if your teacher simply explains to you everything about the literary piece concerned. You must personally explore and interpret the piece, express a point of view, and justify it. Your teacher will frequently set up activities, monitor them and hold a class review. This does not mean that he or she will never give explanations: they will be given whenever there is a need to do so.

But you should be prepared to take as much personal responsibility as you can for your own learning. This will be more effective and more enjoyable for you!

What do we mean by "personal response"?

A personal response means how we, as individuals, interpret and react to something in a piece of literature. This is particularly true of poetry, where the poet's choice of language and treatment of theme can give rise to a variety of interpretation, depending on who we are, our previous experiences, what we feel about the subject-matter etc. With this in mind, do not look for a fixed "right or wrong" response to certain questions and activities. Remember that it is your personal response to the poem, short story or play that makes reading literature so enjoyable.

If you turn to your workbook and look at Question 16 in the Literature Section of the two sample papers, you will understand more clearly what is meant by "personal response".

The book also contains texts for listening tasks as part of Annexures; teachers may use them for activities suggested in the book.

The Fiction Pieces

The five short stories are by Indian and non-Indian writers and have been chosen for their interest-level and for the values and social issues that they portray.

The Importance of Dramatising the Plays

Plays, of course, are intended to be dramatised, not simply read. Therefore, the final activity for each is dramatisation. If you can memorise your lines, so much the better; if not, then a dramatised reading will do. Often the audience will be the rest of the class. There are three principal features in drama:

**** How you speak your part***

In drama, voice modulation is very important. For example, emotions are expressed by raising or lowering the voice, by speaking with more force or less force, by varying the pace at which you speak. To use your voice appropriately, you will need to "know" your character thoroughly, through careful study of the character's lines and study of stage directions.

**** How you move***

Drama is mobile - involving physical movement, gestures, facial expressions, etc. All these should be done in as natural a manner as possible. Stage directions will give you appropriate advice.

**** Costumes, Props, Lights and Music***

These are also important features of dramatisation. Even simple clothes and props can make a significant contribution in making the play "come alive" for the audience.

We very much hope that you enjoy this Literature Reader!

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FICTION

F.1 How I Taught My Grandmother To Read

by Sudha Murthy

1. **Have you ever helped your grandparent learn anything new about technology? List your experiences about the following :**

Task	Your Feelings/ experiences	Qualities grandparent displayed:
Teaching them how to use a smartphone		
Teaching them how to log in for virtual get-togethers		
Teaching them how to access online newspapers		
Teaching them how to browse internet to watch a show		

2. **Have you ever been on a trip to any place in India, where you did not know the language spoken locally? How did you feel? How did you manage to communicate?**

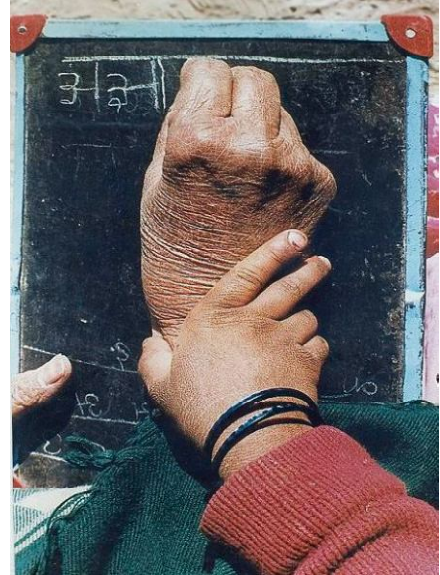
3. **Now read the text**

- When I was a girl of about twelve, I used to stay in a village in north Karnataka with my grandparents. Those days, the transport system was not very good, so we used to get the morning papers only in the afternoon. The weekly magazine used to come one day late. All of us would wait eagerly for the bus, which used to come with the papers, weekly magazines and the post.
- At that time, Triveni was a very popular writer in the Kannada language. She was a wonderful writer. Her style was easy to read and very convincing. Her stories usually dealt with complex psychological problems in the lives of ordinary people and were always very interesting. Unfortunately, for Kannada literature, she died very young. Even now, after forty years, people continue to appreciate her novels.

3. One of her novels, called Kashi Yatre, was appearing as a serial in the Kannada weekly Karmaveera then. It is the story of an old lady and her **ardent** desire to go to Kashi or Varanasi. Most Hindus believe that going to Kashi and worshipping Lord Vishweshwara is the ultimate punya. This old lady also believed in this, and her struggle to go there was described in that novel. In the story, there was also a young orphan girl who falls in love but there is no money for the wedding. In the end, the old lady gives away all her savings without going to Kashi. She says, 'The happiness of this orphan girl is more important than worshipping Lord Vishweshwara at Kashi.'
4. My grandmother, Krishtakka, never went to school. So, she could not read. Every Wednesday, the magazine would come and I would read the next episode of the story to her. During that time, she would forget all her work and listen with the greatest concentration. Later, she could repeat the entire text by heart. My grandmother too never went to Kashi so she identified herself with the novel's protagonist. More than anybody else, she was the one most interested in knowing what happened next in the story and used to insist that I read the serial out to her.
5. After hearing what happened next in Kashi Yatre, she would join her friends at the temple courtyard, where we children would also gather to play hide and seek. She would discuss the latest episode with her friends. At that time, I never understood why there was so much of debate about the story.
6. Once I went for a wedding with my cousins to the neighbouring village. In those days, a wedding was a great event. We children enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We would eat and play endlessly, **savouring** the freedom because all the elders were busy. I went for a couple of days but ended up staying there for a week.
7. When I came back to my village, I saw my grandmother in tears. I was surprised, for I had never seen her cry even in the most difficult of situations. What had happened? I was worried.
8. 'Avva, is everything fine? Are you alright?'
9. I used to call her Avva, which means mother in the Kannada spoken in north Karnataka.
10. She nodded but did not reply. I did not understand and forgot about it. In the night, after dinner, we were sleeping in the open terrace of the house. It was a summer night and there was a full moon. Avva came and sat next to me. Her affectionate hands touched my forehead. I realized she wanted to speak. I asked her, 'What is the matter?'
11. 'When I was a young girl I lost my mother. There was nobody to look after and guide me. My father was a busy man. He got married again. In those days,

- people never considered education essential for girls, so I never went to school. I got married very young and had children. I became very busy. Later I had grandchildren and always felt so much happiness in cooking and feeding all of you. At times I used to regret not going to school, so I made sure that my children and grandchildren studied well ...'
12. I could not understand why my sixty-two-year-old grandmother was telling me, a twelve-year-old, the story of her life in the middle of the night. One thing I knew, I loved her immensely and there had to be some reason why she was talking to me. I looked at her face. It was unhappy and her eyes were filled with tears. She was a good-looking lady who was almost always smiling. Even today, I cannot forget the worried expression on her face. I leaned forward and held her hand.
 13. 'Avva, don't cry. What is the matter? Can I help you in any way?'
 14. 'Yes, I need your help. You know when you were away, Karmaveera came as usual. I opened the magazine. I saw the picture that accompanies the story of Kashi Yatre and I could not understand anything that was written. Many times, I rubbed my hands over the pages wishing to understand what was written. But I knew it was not possible. If only I was educated enough... I waited eagerly for you to return. I felt you would come early and read for me. I even thought of going to the village and asking you to read for me. I could have asked somebody in this village but I was too embarrassed to do so. I felt so very dependent and helpless. We are well-off, but what use is money when I cannot be independent?'
 15. I did not know what to answer. Avva continued.
 16. 'I have decided I want to learn the Kannada alphabet from tomorrow onwards. I will work very hard. I will keep Saraswati Pooja day during Dassara as the deadline. That day I should be able to read a novel on my own. I want to be independent.'
 17. I saw the determination on her face. Yet I laughed at her.
 18. 'Avva, at this age of sixty-two you want to learn the alphabet? All your hair is grey, your hands are wrinkled, you wear spectacles and you have so much work in the kitchen...'
 19. Childishly I made fun of the old lady. But she just smiled.
 20. 'For a good cause if you are determined, you can overcome any obstacle. I will work harder than anybody but I will do it. For learning, there is no age bar.'
 21. The next day onwards, I started my tuition. Avva was a wonderful student. The amount of homework she did was amazing. She would read, repeat, write and recite. I was her only teacher and she was my first student. Little did I know then that one day I would become a teacher in Computer Science and teach hundreds of students.

22. The Dassara festival came as usual. Secretly, I bought *Kashi Yatre* which had been published as a novel by that time. My grandmother called me to the pooja place and made me sit down on a stool. She gifted me a frock. Then she did something unusual. She bent down and touched my feet. I was surprised and taken aback. Elders never touched the feet of youngsters. We have always touched the feet of God, elders and teachers. We considered that as a mark of respect. It is a great tradition but today the reverse had happened. It was not correct.
23. She said, "I am touching the feet of a teacher, not my granddaughter; a teacher who taught me so well, with so much of affection that I can read any novel confidently in such a short period. Now I am independent. It is my duty to respect a teacher. Is it not written in our **scriptures** that a teacher should be respected, irrespective of the gender and age?"
24. I did return *namaskara* to her by touching her feet and gave my gift to my first student. She opened it and read the title *Kashi Yatre* by Triveni and the publisher's name immediately .
25. I knew, then, that my student had passed with flying colours.



About the Author

Sudha Murty was born in 1950 in Shiggaon in North Karnataka. A prolific writer in Kannada, she has written seven novels, four technical books, three travelogues and two collections of short stories. Her previous English book 'Wise and Otherwise' has been translated into thirteen Indian languages. Her stories deal with common lives and human values such as charity, kindness and self-realisation. As a sensitive writer, she writes about the suffering of the people. The main characters in all her books are highly educated, non compromising, highly principled women.

4A. Now that you have enjoyed reading the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct option

- (a) The grandmother could relate to the central character of the story '*Kashi Yatre*' as _____
- (i) both were old and uneducated.
- (ii) both had granddaughters who read to them.

- (iii) both had a strong desire to visit Kashi.
- (iv) both were determined to learn how to read.
- (b) Why did the women at the temple discuss the latest episode of 'Kashi Yatre'?
- (i) to pass their time.
- (ii) the writer, Triveni was very popular
- (iii) they could relate with the protagonist of 'Kashi Yatre'.
- (iv) women have a habit of discussing stories.
- (c) The granddaughter found her grandmother in tears on her return as _____
- (i) the grandmother had been unable to read the story 'Kashi Yatre' on her own.
- (ii) the grandmother had felt lonely.
- (iii) the grandmother wanted to accompany her granddaughter.
- (iv) she was sad she could not visit Kashi.
- (d) Why did the grandmother touch her granddaughter's feet?
- (i) She did it as a mark of respect for her teacher.
- (ii) It was a custom in their family.
- (iii) Girls should be respected.
- (iv) She had read the story of 'Kashi Yatre' to her.
- (e). *"Childishly I made fun of the old lady. But she just smiled."* The smile of the grandmother explains that she understood that her granddaughter
- (i) was determined to teach her.
- (ii) might be too immature to understand her pain.
- (iii) would ridicule her later.
- (iv) could be contemplating.
- (f). *"Those days, the transport system was not very good, so we used to get the morning papers only in the afternoon."* What can you infer from this?
- (i) The transport system, especially the bus service, was running at loss.
- (ii) The transport system, especially the bus service, was not fully functional in rural areas.
- (iii) The transport system, had stopped services in villages.
- (iv) The transport system failed to introduce the bus service in rural areas.

4B. Answer the questions based on the extracts by selecting the correct options.

- I. Many times, I rubbed my hands over the pages wishing to understand what was written. But I knew it was not possible. If only I was educated enough I waited eagerly for you to return. I felt you would come early and read for me. I could have asked somebody in this village but I was too embarrassed to do so. I felt so very dependent and helpless. We are well-off, but what use is money when I cannot be independent?
- What made the grandmother feel inadequate?
 - She was unable to read the story.
 - She was unable to stay attentive.
 - She was unable to buy the magazine.
 - She was unable to understand the story.
 - Select the relevant option that best supports the context of the given extract:
 - Grandmother was elated to get the magazine
 - Grandmother was embarrassed to ask for help
 - Grandmother eagerly waited for her granddaughter's arrival
 - Grandmother loved gazing at the pictures from the story

a. only 1 and 2 b. only 2 and 3 c. only 3 and 4 d. only 1 and 4
 - Select the option that tracks the progression of emotions experienced by the grandmother in the given extract.
 - reassured – inquisitive – thankful - uncertain
 - surprised – grateful – perplexed - excited
 - yearning - uncertain - dejected - helpless
 - perplexed – uncertain - panic-stricken – appreciative
- II. She said, "I am touching the feet of a teacher, not my granddaughter; a teacher who taught me so well, with so much of affection that I can read any novel confidently in such a short period. Now I am independent. It is my duty to respect a teacher. Is it not written in our scriptures that a teacher should be respected, irrespective of the gender and age"? I did return namaskara to her by touching her feet and gave my gift to my first student. She opened it and read the title Kashi Yatre by Triveni and the publisher's name immediately. I knew, then, that my student had passed with flying colours.
- Choose the option that lists the most likely response to "... I am touching the feet of a teacher".
 - feel shy
 - get anxious

- c. feel overwhelmed
 - d. get upset
2. "A teacher should be respected irrespective of gender and age." Select the quote that suggests a reason for this sentiment.
- a. Educating the mind without educating the heart is no education.
 - b. A teacher aims to give equal attention to all the students.
 - c. A teacher elevates the mind and gives energy to the character.
 - d. Teaching is a profession that teaches all other professions.
3. Select the sentence that best brings out the meaning of 'confidently' as used in the extract.
- a. Some of the information was confidently misleading.
 - b. The report asserts confidently that the world economy will boost from the market collapse.
 - c. The present memoir is confidently a tribute to his ability and character.
 - d. The pandemic has confidently brought down the market.
4. Which of the given option stands closest in meaning to "flying colours"?
- a. risky
 - b. courageous
 - c. profitable
 - d. successful

5. **Answer the following questions briefly :**

- (a) Why did the grandmother depend on her granddaughter to know the story?
- (b) Pick out two sentences showing that the grandmother was desperate to know what happened next in the story.
- (c) Could the grandmother succeed in accomplishing her desire to read? How?
- (d) Which of the following traits are relevant to the character of the narrator's grandmother?
 - (i) determined
 - (ii) selfish
 - (iii) emotional
 - (iv) mean

Give reasons for your choice.

- (e) "*Good fiction's job is to comfort the disturbed and disturb the comfortable.*" How does this apply to the grandmother after she had finished reading *Kashi Yatre*? Explain with a reason.

- (f) '*Kashi Yatre*, 'was the catalyst in the transformation of the grandmother. Support with an example.
- (g) What message does the story, "How I Taught My Grandmother" hold for the present generation and the elders?
- (h) Grandmother comes across a post online: 'Don't let age be a concern. Live your dream!' As grandmother, write a short paragraph expressing your heartfelt emotion on your achievement.

6. **Here are some direct quotations from the story. Identify the speaker and write what each quotation suggests about the speaker. You can use the adjectives given in the box and may also add your own.**

amiable, tender, gentle, sympathetic, understanding, determined, diligent, kind, concerned, systematic, wise, helpful, enthusiastic, selfish, cruel, humble, religious, prudent, grateful, respectful

	Speaker	Quotation	Quality Highlighted
a.		<i>'Avva, is everything all right? Are you O.K.?'</i>	
b.		<i>'At times, I used to regret not going to school, so I made sure that my children and grandchildren studied well.'</i>	
c.		<i>'Avva, don't cry. What is the matter? Can I help you in anyway?'</i>	
d.		<i>'We are well-off, but what use is money when I cannot be independent.'</i>	
e.		<i>'I will keep Saraswati Pooja day during Dassara as the deadline.'</i>	
f.		<i>'For a good cause if you are determined you can overcome any obstacle.'</i>	
g.		<i>I am touching the feet of a teacher not my granddaughter.'</i>	

LISTENING TASK

7. *The teacher will read out the story of a young girl about a special day given on p.no.137.*

(a) Based on your listening of the story complete the boxes given below.

(i)	What did the children do for the old people?	(ii)
(iii)		(iv)

(b) List any three feelings of the old people as expressed in this story

- i. _____
- ii. _____
- iii. _____

(c) Complete the following

- i) We can make our grandparents happy by _____.
- ii) We can avoid constructing more and more Old Age Homes by _____

WRITING TASK

8. **Imagine you are the grandmother. How would you feel if your granddaughter gave you the novel 'Kashi Yatre'? Write your feelings in your diary.**

To make your diary entry interesting, read the following information about what is a diary entry.

A diary entry is a purely personal piece of writing. The writer expresses his/her thoughts and feelings. Reactions to incidents are generally poured out in a diary. Hence expressions that are emotionally charged are used.

For example - When you are happy about something, you could start like this -

8th July 20xx, Wednesday 8 pm

Today I am very happy as.

.....

9. **While the country has made significant progress in improving adult literacy over the years, it continues to be home to 313 million illiterate people; 59 percent of them are women.**

The story 'How I Taught My Grandmother to Read' showcases a young girl helping her unlettered grandmother grow self-sufficient. The story is also a subtle eye-opener for the youth that if they realise their moral obligation, they can take the country to greater heights.

Pen down your thoughts in a blog on how the youth brigade of the nation can help alleviate Adult Illiteracy.

You may begin your blogpost like this:

India is considered one of the potential superpowers of the world but...

To create a blog, read the given information about what is a blog -

Blog is a short form for the word weblog and the two words are used interchangeably.

A blog is a regularly updated online **personal** journal or diary. It is a platform to express yourself to the world.



F.2 A Dog Named Duke

by William D. Ellis

The only part of this story which is not known for certain is whether or not the dog knew what he was doing for Charles - "Chuck"- Hooper. Most, who are familiar with the story, believe he knew what he was doing every step of the way. I'm one of those who believe, because I watched it day by day.

William D. Ellis

About the dog Duke

Duke was a rough-playing Doberman Pinscher, four year old, 23 kilos. His coat was red with a fawn vest. Chuck Hooper had doubts at first about buying him because his wife, Marcy, was not really a dog lover. She was a tiny blonde; Pomeranian was her idea of the right-size dog for a colonial house on a small plot. This Duke needed a hectare. Chuck visited Duke at the kennel several times before he made up his mind. After about three months, he decided he had to have the big Doberman. Duke's appeal for Chuck was his rambunctiousness. It took a long time before Marcy was more than polite to the dog.

1. **Duke is a Doberman. What are the other known breeds of dogs?**
2. **Match the words in the boxes with their explanations given below:**

rampageous

subdural haemorrhage

bellow

blonde

taut

rambunctiousness

grin

critical

confinement

quivering

shimmied

- a. This is the other word for trembling.
- b. This is used for smile.
- c. You call a person this if he/she has pale gold coloured hair.
- d. This is a quality which relates to high energy and noise.
- e. This is related to dancing or moving in a way that involves shaking your hips and shoulders.
- f. This is to express a tendency to show violent and wild behaviour often causing damage.
- g. We use it for a condition which is serious, uncertain and dangerous.
- h. This is a state in which one is forced to stay in a closed space.
- i. This is a medical condition involving bleeding in the brain.
- j. It is a loud, deep shout to show anger.
- k. This is a condition when the rope or leash is stretched tightly.

3. Now read the following account

1. In 1953, Hooper was a favoured young man. A big genuine grin civilized his highly competitive nature. Standing six-foot-one, he'd played on the university football team. He was already a hard-charging Zone Sales Manager for a chemical company. Everything was going for him.
2. Then, when he was driving home one autumn twilight, a car sped out in front of him without warning. Hooper was taken to the hospital with a subdural **haemorrhage** in the motor section of the brain, completely paralysing his left side.
3. One of Chuck's district managers drove Marcy to the hospital. Her husband couldn't talk; he could only breathe and see, and his vision was double. Marcy phoned a neighbour, asking him to put Duke in a kennel.
4. Hooper remained on the critical list for a month. After the fifth week some men from his company came to the hospital and told Hooper to take a year off. They would create a desk job for him at the headquarters.
5. About six weeks after the accident, the hospital put him in a wheelchair. Every day there was someone working his paralysed arm and leg followed by baths, exercise and a wheeled walker. However, Chuck didn't make much headway.
6. In March, they let him out of the hospital. After the excitement of homecoming wore off, Chuck hit a new low. At the hospital there had been other injured people, but now, each morning when Marcy quietly went to work, it was like a gate slamming down. Duke was still in the kennel, and Chuck was alone with his thoughts.

7. Finally, they decided to bring Duke home. Chuck said he wanted to be standing when Duke came in, so they stood him up. Duke's nails were long from four months' confinement, and when he spied Chuck he stood quivering like 5000 volts; then he let out a bellow, spun his long-nailed wheels, and launched himself across three metres of air. He was a 23-kilo missile of joy. He hit Chuck above the belt, causing him to fight to keep his balance.
8. Those who saw it said the dog knew instantly. He never jumped on Chuck again. From that moment, he took up a post beside his master's bed round the clock.
9. But even Duke's presence didn't reach Chuck. The once-iron muscles slacked on the rangy frame. Secretly, Marcy cried as she watched the big man's grin fade away. Severe face lines set in like cement as Chuck stared at the ceiling for hours, then out of the window, then at Duke.
10. When two fellows stare at each other day in, day out, and one can't move and the other can't talk, boredom sets in. Duke finally couldn't take it. From a motionless coil on the floor he'd spring to his feet, quivering with impatience.
11. "Ya-ruff"
12. "Lie down. Duke!"
13. Duke stalked to the bed, poked his pointed nose under Chuck's elbow and lifted. He nudged and needled and snorted.
14. "Go run around the house, Duke."
15. But Duke wouldn't. He'd lie down with a **reproachful** eye on Hooper. An hour later he would come over to the bed again and yap and poke. He wouldn't leave but just sit there.
16. One evening Chuck's good hand idly hooked the leash onto Duke's collar to hold him still. It was like lighting a fuse: Duke shimmied himself U-shaped in anticipation. Even Hooper can't explain his next move. He asked Marcy to help him to his feet. Duke pranced, Chuck fought for balance. With his good hand, he placed the leash in his left and folded the paralysed fingers over it, holding them there. Then he leaned forward. With Marcy supporting him by the elbow, he moved his right leg out in front. Straightening his right leg caused the left foot to drag forward, alongside the right. It could be called a step.
17. Duke felt the sudden slack in the leash and pulled it taut. Chuck swayed forward again, broke the fall with his good right leg, then straightened. Thrice he did that, then collapsed into the wheelchair, exhausted.
18. Next day, the big dog started early; he charged around to Hooper's good side, jabbed his nose under the elbow and snapped his head up. The big man's good

arm reached for the leash. With Hooper standing, the dog walked to the end of the leash and tugged steadily. Four so-called steps they took that day.

19. Leaning back against the pull, Hooper learned to keep his balance without Marcy at his elbow. Wednesday, he and Duke took five steps; Thursday, six steps; Friday, failure- two steps followed by exhaustion. But in two weeks they reached the front porch.
20. By mid-April neighbours saw a daily struggle in front of Marcy's house. Out on the sidewalk they saw the dog pull his leash taut then stand and wait. The man would drag himself abreast of the dog, then the dog would surge out to the end of the leash and wait again. The pair set daily goals; Monday, the sixth fence post, Tuesday, the seventh fence post, Wednesday
21. When Marcy saw what Duke could do for her husband, she told the doctor, who prescribed a course of physiotherapy with weights, pulleys and whirlpool baths and above all walking every day with Duke, on a limited, gradual scale.
22. By now neighbours on their street were watching the pattern of progress. On June 1, news spread that Hooper and Duke had made it to an intersection quite far away.
23. Soon, Duke began campaigning for two trips a day, and they lengthened the targets, one driveway at a time. Duke no longer waited at each step.
24. On January 4, Hooper made his big move. Without Duke, he walked the 200 metres from the clinic to the local branch office of his company. This had been one of the district offices under his jurisdiction as zone manager. The staff was amazed by the visit. But to Gordon Doule, the Manager, Chuck said, "Gordon, this isn't just a visit. Bring me up to date on what's happened, will you-so I can get to work?" Doule gaped, "It'll just be an hour a day for a while," Hooper continued. "I'll use that empty desk in the warehouse. And I'll need a dictating machine."
25. Back in the company's headquarters, Chuck's move presented problems — tough ones. When a man fights that hard for a comeback, who wants to tell him he can't handle his old job? On the other hand, what can you do with a salesman



- who can't move around, and can work only an hour a day? They didn't know that Hooper had already set his next objective: March 1, a full day's work.
26. Chuck hit the target, and after March 1, there was no time for the physiotherapy programme; he turned completely to Duke, who pulled him along the street faster and faster, increasing his stability and endurance. Sometimes, walking after dark, Hooper would trip and fall. Duke would stand still as a post while his master struggled to get up. It was as though the dog knew that his job was to get Chuck back on his feet.
 27. Thirteen months from the moment he worked full days. Chuck Hooper was promoted to regional manager covering more than four states.
 28. Chuck, Marcy and Duke moved house in March 1956. The people in the new suburb where the Hoopers bought a house didn't know the story of Chuck and Duke. All they knew was that their new neighbour walked like a struggling mechanical giant and that he was always pulled by a rampageous dog that acted as if he owned the man.
 29. On the evening of October 12, 1957, the Hoopers had guests. Suddenly over the babble of voices, Chuck heard the screech of brakes outside. Instinctively, he looked for Duke.
 30. They carried the big dog into the house. Marcy took one look at Duke's breathing, at his brown eyes with the stubbornness gone. "Phone the vet," she said. "Tell him, I'm bringing Duke." Several people jumped to lift the dog. "No, please," she said. And she picked up the big Duke, carried him gently to the car and drove him to the animal hospital.
 31. Duke was drugged and he made it until 11 o'clock the next morning, but his injuries were too severe.
 32. People who knew the distance Chuck and Duke had come together, one fence post at a time, now watched the big man walk alone day after day. They wondered: how long will he keep it up? How far will he go today? Can he do it alone?
 33. A few weeks ago, worded as if in special tribute to Duke, an order came through from the chemical company's headquarters: "..... therefore, to advance our objectives step by step, Charles Hooper is appointed the Assistant National Sales Manager."

William D. Ellis

About the Author

William D. Ellis was born in Concord, Massachusetts. He began writing at the age of 12, on being urged by an elementary-school teacher who discerned his talent at an early age. Ellis's study of the history of Ohio provided him material that he eventually used as the foundation for a trilogy of novels: ***Bounty Lands, Jonathan Blair: Bounty Lands Lawyer, and The Brooks Legend***. Each of his novels appeared on best-seller lists, and the trilogy itself eventually earned its author a Pulitzer Prize nomination. The most important recurring theme in his works is the triumph of survival.

4. **Based on your reading of the story answer the following questions by choosing the correct option**
- (a) With reference to Hooper, the author says, "Every thing was going for him", What does it imply?
- he had everything that a man aspires for.
 - people admired him.
 - he did what he wanted.
 - he was capable of playing games.
- (b) Duke never jumped on Chuck again because _____
- Duke was paralysed and unable to jump.
 - Chuck was angry with Duke for jumping at him.
 - Duke realized that Chuck was not well and could not balance himself.
 - Marcy did not allow Duke to come near Chuck.
- (c) The author says that Duke 'knew his job'. The job was _____
- to look after Chuck.
 - to get Chuck on his feet.
 - to humour Chuck
 - to guard the house.
- (d) "_____ even Duke's presence didn't reach Chuck ". Why?
- Duke was locked in his kennel and Chuck couldn't see him.
 - Duke hid himself behind the bed post.
 - Duke had come to know that Hooper was not well.
 - Hooper was lost in his own grief and pain.

5. Answer the following questions briefly

- a) In 1953, Hooper was a favoured young man. Explain.
- b) They said that they would create a desk job for Hooper at the headquarters.
 - i) Who are 'they'?
 - ii) Why did they decide to do this?
- c) Duke was an extraordinary dog. What special qualities did he exhibit to justify this? Discuss.
- d) What problems did Chuck present when he returned to the company headquarters?
- e) Why do you think Charles Hooper's appointment as Assistant National Sales Manager can be considered to be a tribute to Duke?
- f) What thoughts do you think might have crossed Chuck's mind when Marcy quietly went to work and Chuck was alone with his thoughts'?
- g) 'Small wins help achieve big goals.' Support, with evidence from the text, to show how this applies to Chuck.

6. The following dates were important in Charles Hooper's life in some way. Complete the table by relating the given details with the correct dates.

January 4, March 1, June 1, October 12

Date	Description
	News spread that Hooper and Duke had made it to an intersection
	Hooper walked independently from the clinic to the branch office
	Hooper planned to start a full day's work at office
	Duke met with a fatal accident

7. Just-A-Minute

Given below are five qualities that Charles Hooper displayed during his struggle for survival.

courage

perseverance

determination

endurance

faith

Get into groups of four. Each group will choose one quality to talk about, to the whole class, for about one minute. But before you start you have two minutes to think about it. You can make notes if you wish.

LISTENING TASK

8. Listen to the teacher / student read out, from page no. 144, an excerpt from a news telecast on a national channel and complete the table given below.

BRAVE HEARTS

S.No.	Name of the Brave-heart	Place they belong to	Reason for Award
1.	Saumik Mishra	Uttar Pradesh	foiled theft
2.	Prachi Santosh Sen		saved a child
3.	Kavita Kanwar	Chhattisgarh	
4.		Jodhpur	dodged marriage to 40 year old
5.	Rahul-balloon seller	Delhi/National Capital	
6.	M. Marudu Pandi	Tamil Nadu	averted rail disaster
7.		Bengaluru	saved a baby caught in bull fight
8.	Silver Kharbani	Meghalaya	
9.	Yumkhaibam Addison Singh		saved an eight year old from drowning
10.		Uttar Pradesh	saved people from drowning
11.		Haryana/Jind	helped nab armed miscreants
12.	Kritika Jhanwar		fought off robbers

WRITING TASK

9. *Read the diary entry written by Charles Hooper on the day he received the order, “.....Charles Hooper is appointed Assistant National Sales Manager.”*

March 1, 19.... Thursday

10 pm

Last four years have been rather eventful. The day I brought Duke home.... (Marcy was almost impolite to him because she would have preferred a Pomeranian to a Doberman) to a stage on October 12, 1957 (when she would not allow anyone else to carry the injured Duke to the vet)... much water has flowed under the bridge.

From being a very fit, high-charging Zone Sales Manager, I was reduced to a paralysed cripple forced to lie on a bed alone with my thoughts due to a small error by a car driver. Despair had led me on to helplessness... Was I to be a vegetable for the rest of my life? I never wanted to be a burden on Marcy.

Duke's re-entry into my life lifted my numbed spirits. The day he made me take my first step, there was a rekindling of hope. Duke assumed all the responsibility to lead me back to my office desk ... Life had taken a full circle. From shock to denial and helplessness to anger, Duke taught me to cope with the challenges and led me to accept the changed mode of my life. Today, I am happy to be living as well as working successfully.

The order that I have just received is my tribute to Duke who would always be alive with me and be a part of everything else I achieve in my life.

When a person loses something, he is shocked and gets into a state of denial leading to anger. In such a situation coping well leads to acceptance and a changed way of living in view of the loss. Using Hoopers's diary entry as a cue, write your views in the form of an article on '**Coping with Loss**' in about 150 words.

F.3 The Man Who Knew Too Much

by Alexander Baron

1. **With your partner, discuss and narrate an incident about a person who likes to show off.**

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Check whether your classmates agree with you.

2. **Now, read about the “Professor” who knew too much and find out if he knew enough!**

1. I first met **Private** Quelch at the training depot. A man is liable to acquire in his first week of Army life - together with his uniform, rifle and equipment- a nickname. Anyone who saw Private Quelch, lanky, stooping, frowning through horn-rimmed spectacles, understood why he was known as the Professor. Those who had any doubts on the subject lost them after five minutes’ conversation with him.
2. I remember the first lesson we had in **musketry**. We stood in an attentive circle while a Sergeant, a man as dark and sun-dried as raisins, wearing **North-West Frontier ribbons**, described the mechanism of a service rifle.
3. “The muzzle velocity or speed at which the bullet leaves the rifle”, he told us, “is well over two thousand feet per second.”
4. A voice interrupted. “Two thousand, four hundred and forty feet per second.” It was the Professor.

Private: soldier without rank

musketry: art of using the infantry soldier’s handgun.

N.W. Frontier ribbons: decorations showing service in the N.W. province in British India, today a part of modern Pakistan.

5. "That's right," the Sergeant said without enthusiasm, and went on lecturing. When he had finished, he asked us questions and, perhaps in the hope of revenge, he turned with his questions again and again to the Professor. The only result was to enhance the Professor's glory. Technical definitions, the parts of a rifle, its use and care, he had them all by heart.
6. The Sergeant asked, "Have you had any training before?"
7. The Professor answered with a phrase that was to become familiar to all of us. "No, Sergeant. It's all a matter of intelligent reading."
8. That was our introduction to him. We soon learned more about him. He saw to that. He meant to get on, he told us. He had the brains. He was sure to get a **commission**, before long. As a first step, he meant to get a **stripe**.
9. In pursuit of his ambition he worked hard. We had to give him credit for that. He borrowed training manuals and stayed up late at nights reading them. He badgered the instructors with questions. He drilled with enthusiasm, and on route **marches** he was not only miraculously tireless but infuriated us all with his horrible heartiness. "What about a song, chaps?" is not greeted politely at the end of thirty miles. His salute at the pay table was a model to behold. When officers were in sight he would swing his skinny arms and march to the canteen like a Guardsman.
10. And day in and day out, he lectured to us in his droning, remorseless voice on every aspect of human knowledge. At first we had a certain respect for him, but soon we lived in terror of his approach. We tried to hit back at him with clumsy sarcasms and practical jokes. The Professor scarcely noticed; he was too busy working for his stripe.
11. Each time one of us made a mistake the Professor would publicly correct him. Whenever one of us shone, the Professor outshone him. When, after a hard morning's work of cleaning out our hut, we listened in silence to the **orderly officer's** praise, the Professor would break out with a ringing, dutifully beaming, "Thank you, sir!" And how superior, how **condescending** he was. It was always, "Let me show you, fellow," or, "No, you'll ruin your rifle that way, old man."
12. We used to pride ourselves on aircraft recognition. Once, out for a walk, we heard the drone of a plane flying high overhead. None of us could even see it in the glare of the sun. Without even a glance upward the Professor announced, "That, of course, is a North American Harvard Trainer. It can be unmistakably identified by the harsh engine note, due to the high tip speed of the airscrew."

What could a gang of louts like us do with a man like that?

commission: become an army officer

stripe: V-shaped band to indicate the rank of a soldier.

route marches: training marches of battalions.

Orderly Officer: officer of the day

condescending : to look down on

13. None of us will ever forget the drowsy summer afternoon which was such a turning-point in the Professor's life.

14. We were sprawling contentedly on the warm grass while Corporal Turnbull was taking a lesson on the hand grenade.



15. Corporal Turnbull was a young man, but he was not a man to be **trifled with**. He had come back from Dunkirk with all his equipment correct and accounted for and his kitten in his pocket. He was our hero, and we used to tell each other that he was so tough that you could hammer nails into him without his noticing it.

16. _"The outside of a grenade, as you can see," Corporal Turnbull was saying, "is divided up into a large number of fragments to assist segmentation"

17. "Forty-four"

18. "What's that?" The Corporal looked over his shoulder

19. "Forty-four segments." The Professor beamed at him.

20. The Corporal said nothing, but his brow tightened. He opened his mouth to resume.

21. "And by the way, Corporal." We were all thunder-struck.

22. The Professor was speaking again. "Shouldn't you have started off with the five characteristics of the grenade? Our instructor at the other camp always used to do that, you know."

23. In the silence that followed a dark flush stained the tan of the Corporal's face. "Here," he said at last, "you give this lecture". As if afraid to say any more, he tossed the grenade to the Professor. Quite **unabashed**, Private Quelch climbed to his feet and with the attitude of a man coming into his birth-right gave us an unexceptionable lecture on the grenade.

24. The squad listened in a **cowed**, horrified kind of silence. Corporal Turnbull stood and watched, impassive, except for a searching intentness of gaze. When the lecture was finished he said, "Thank you, Private Quelch. Fall in with the others now." He did not speak again until we had fallen in and were waiting to be dismissed. Then he addressed us.

sprawling: lying with arms and legs outstretched.

trifled with : to play with or fool around with, talk or act frivolously with.

unabashed: unashamed.

cowed: subdued

25. "As some of you may have heard," he began deliberately, "the platoon officer has asked me to nominate one of you for..." He paused and looked lingeringly up and down the ranks as if seeking final confirmation of decision.
26. So this was the great moment! Most of us could not help glancing at Private Quelch, who stood rigidly to attention and stared straight in front of him with an expression of self-conscious innocence.
27. _____ ".....for permanent cookhouse duties, I've decided that Private Quelch is just the man for the job."
28. Of course, it was a joke for days afterwards; a joke and joy to all of us.
29. I remember, though.....
30. My friend Trower and I were talking about it a few days later. We were returning from the canteen to our own hut.
31. Through the open door, we could see the three cooks standing against the wall as if at bay; and from within came the monotonous beat of a familiar voice.
32. "Really. I must protest against this abominably unscientific and unhygienic method of peeling potatoes. I need to only draw your attention to the sheer waste of vitamin values....."
33. We fled.

About the Author

Alexander Baron (1917-1999) has written many novels, including 'There's no Home', 'The Human Kind', 'Queen of the East', 'Seeing Life' and 'The How Life', along with film scripts and television plays. He started life as an Asstt. Editor of The Tribune and later edited the 'New Theater.' He served in the army during the Second World War.

3. The 'Professor' knew too much. How did he prove himself? Fill up the space with suitable examples from the story, using the given clues:

- (a) about muzzle velocity: _____

- (b) after a thirty mile walk: _____

- (c) his salute on payday: _____

- (d) the loud sound of a high flying invisible aeroplane: _____

- (e) about hand grenades: _____

- (f) during cook house duties: _____

4.A. Based on your reading of the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct options.

- (a) Private Quelch was nick-named 'Professor' because of _____
- (i) his appearance.
 - (ii) his knowledge.
 - (iii) his habit of reading.
 - (iv) his habit of sermonising.
- (b) One could *hammer nails* into Corporal Turnbull without his noticing it because _____
- (i) he was a strong and sturdy man.
 - (ii) he was oblivious to his surroundings.
 - (iii) he was a brave corporal.
 - (iv) he was used to it.
- (c) The author and his friend Trower fled from the scene as
- (i) they had to catch a train
 - (ii) they could not stand Private Quelch exhibiting his knowledge
 - (iii) they felt they would have to lend a helping hand.
 - (iv) they did not want to meet the cooks.
- d) The main reason that the Professor remain unflinched despite the retaliation of his batch-mates was due to the fact that
- (i) his desire to impress people overruled the humiliation he experienced each time.
 - (ii) his miraculously tireless personality couldn't stop him from working extra hard.
 - (iii) he was so involved in excelling that he barely noticed sarcastic comments.
 - (iv) he knew that the only way to earn respect is through hard work.
- e) Choose the expression that uses the same literary device as used in the line "he was so tough that you could hammer nails into him without his noticing it."
- (i) My mom made enough food to feed an army last night.
 - (ii) My alarm clock yells at me to get out of bed every morning.

- (iii) The car complained as the key was roughly turned in its ignition.
- (iv) Lightning danced across the sky like a fairy beating against the clouds.

4.B. Read the given extracts and answer the questions that follow:

1. Without even a glance upward the Professor announced, "That, of course, is a North American Harvard Trainer. It can be unmistakably identified by the harsh engine note, due to the high tip speed of the airscrew." What could a gang of louts like us do with a man like that?
 - (i) Choose the option that best describes the traits of the Professor in the given extract.
 1. patience
 2. awareness
 3. knowledge
 4. flamboyance
 5. kindness
 - a) 1, 2, 3
 - b) 2, 3, 4
 - c) 2, 3, 5
 - d) 3, 4, 5
 - ii) The author refers to himself and his peers as 'louts' to
 - a) bring out the contrast with the Professor.
 - b) comment on the expertise in other fields.
 - c) draw attention to lack of teamwork in all.
 - d) accept the display of undisciplined behaviour.
2. In the silence that followed a dark flush stained the tan of the Corporal's face. "Here," he said at last, "you give this lecture". As if afraid to say any more, he tossed the grenade to the Professor. Quite unabashed, Private Quelch climbed to his feet and with the attitude of a man coming into his birth-right gave us an unexceptionable lecture on the grenade.
 - i) Choose the statement that is NOT TRUE about the depiction of the scene described in the above lines.
 - a) Private Quelch knew more about hand grenades than Turnbull.
 - b) Turnbull was not someone who would let things go easily.
 - c) The entire batch was stunned at Quelch's audacity.
 - d) Quelch was able to impress Turnbull with his vast knowledge.

- iii) The silence that follows Quelch's remarks shows that the entire batch did not
 - a) wish to see Turnbull humiliated.
 - b) want Quelch embarrassed.
 - c) know how to react
 - d) care for the conversation.
- iv) The fact that Quelch delivered the lecture when asked to do so shows that he
 - a) wanted to teach Turnbull a valuable lesson.
 - b) failed to take the hint that Turnbull felt insulted.
 - c) knew when to flaunt his knowledge for his own benefit.
 - d) established himself as a man superior to Turnbull

5. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) What is a 'nickname'? Can you suggest another one for Private Quelch?
- (b) Private Quelch looked like a 'Professor' when the author first met him at the training depot. Why?
- (c) What does the dark, sun-dried appearance of the Sergeant suggest about him?
- (d) How was Private Quelch's knowledge exposed even further as the Sergeant's class went on?
- (e) What did the Professor mean by "intelligent reading"?
- (f) What were the Professor's ambitions in the army?
- (g) Did Private Quelch's day to day practises take him closer towards his goal? How can you make out?
- (h) How did Private Quelch manage to anger the Corporal?
- (i) Do you think Private Quelch learnt a lesson when he was chosen for cookhouse duties? Give reasons for your answer.
- (j) Elaborate on any one character trait of Corporal Turnbull with evidence from the text.
- (k) Infer the reason that left the squad horrified when Turnbull asked Quelch to deliver the lesson.

6. Answer in detail

- (a) Quelch's character teaches us that with hard work one also needs to have social and emotional intelligence. Justify.
- (b) Seeking and sharing knowledge about things is perceived as a quality and not a trait that needs to be curbed. Analyse why the Professor's knowledge made this quality turn sour.

(c) Private Quelch knew 'too much'. Give reasons to prove that he was unable to win the admiration of his superior officers or his colleagues.

7. (a) Write down the positive and negative traits of Private Quelch by quoting instances from the story.

Positive traits	Instances from the story
i) _____	_____
ii) _____	_____
iii) _____	_____
iv) _____	_____

Negative traits	Instances from the story
i) _____	_____
ii) _____	_____
iii) _____	_____
iv) _____	_____

(b) Now, share your notes with the class. Add details if you need to.

(c) Attempt a character sketch of Private Quelch using your notes in about 100 words.

WRITING TASK

8. You are the 'Professor'. Write a diary entry after your first day in the cookhouse.

Describe the events that led to this assignment. Also express your thoughts and feelings about the events of the day in about 150 words.

F.4 Keeping It From Harold

by P.G. Wodehouse

1.A. Before you read “Keeping It From Harold”, the teacher will encourage you to answer or discuss the following.

- What are the different weight categories in boxing?
- Have you ever heard the song whose lyrics go like....”He floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee”? Who does ‘he’ refer to? He is also known as ‘The Greatest’ boxer of all times. What was his original name? How many times did he win the World Heavyweight Belt?
- Find out from your friend if he /she watches WWE and who is his/her favourite wrestler. Also find out why he/she likes this wrestler.
- Discuss with your friend as to why these wrestlers have such a large fan following. Has the perception of the people changed over the century with respect to those who fight in the ring?

1.B. Discuss

- Do sports like chess, boxing and fencing require as much hard work and dedication as other sports like cricket, hockey and swimming? Why do you say so?
- Are all sports equally respected in the area where you live? Elaborate.

2. Now read the story

1. “Ma!” Mrs. Bramble looked up, beaming with a kind of amiable **fat-headedness**. A domestic creature, wrapped up in Bill, her husband, and Harold, her son. At the present moment only the latter was with her. He sat on the other side of the table, his lips gravely pursed and his eyes a trifle cloudy behind their spectacles. Before him on the red tablecloth lay an open book. His powerful brain was plainly busy.
2. “Yes, dearie?”

3. "Will you hear me?"
4. Mrs. Bramble took the book.
5. "Yes, mother will hear you, precious."
6. A slight frown, marred the smoothness of Harold Bramble's brow. It jarred upon him, this habit of his mother's, of referring to herself in the third person, as if she were addressing a baby, instead of a young man of ten who had taken the spelling and dictation prize last term on his head.
7. He cleared his throat and fixed his eyes upon the cut-glass hangings of the chandelier.
8. "Be good, sweet maid," he began, with the toneless rapidity affected by youths of his age when reciting poetry.....
9. "You do study so hard, dearie, you'll give yourself a headache. Why don't you take a nice walk by the river for half an hour, and come back nice and fresh?"
10. The spectacled child considered the point for a moment gravely. Then nodding, he arranged his books in readiness for his return and went out. The front door closed with a **decorous** softness.
11. It was a constant source of amazement to Mrs. Bramble that she should have brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world. Harold was so different from ordinary children, so devoted to his books, such a model of behaviour, so altogether admirable. The only drawback was, that his very 'perfection' had made necessary a series of evasions and even deliberate falsehoods, on the part of herself and her husband, highly distasteful to both. They were lovers of truth, but they had realized that there are times when truth must be sacrificed. At any cost, the facts concerning Mr. Bramble's profession must be kept from Harold.
12. While he was a baby it had not mattered so much. But when he began to move about and take notice, Mrs. Bramble said to Mr. Bramble, "Bill, we must keep it from Harold." A little later, when the child had begun to show signs of being about to become a model of goodness and intelligence, and had already taken two prizes at the Sunday-school, the senior curate of the parish, meeting Mr. Bramble one morning, said nervously-for after all, it was a delicate subject to broach, "Er- Bramble, I think, on the whole, it would be as well to-er-keep it from Harold."



13. And only the other day, Mrs. Bramble's brother, Major Percy Stokes, dropping in for a cup of tea, had said, "I hope you are keeping it from Harold. It is the least you can do", and had gone on to make one or two remarks about men of **wrath** which, considering that his cheek-bones were glistening with Mr. Bramble's buttered toast, were in poor taste. But Percy was like that. Enemies said that he liked the sound of his own voice.
14. Certainly he was very persuasive. Mr. Bramble had fallen in with the suggestion without **demur**. In private life he was the mildest and most obliging of men, and always yielded to everybody. The very naming of Harold had caused a sacrifice on his part.
15. When it was certain that he was about to become a father, he had expressed a desire that the child should be named John, if a boy, after **Mr John L. Sullivan**, or, if a girl, Marie, after **Miss Marie Lloyd**. But Mrs Bramble saying that Harold was such a sweet name, he had withdrawn his suggestions with the utmost good- humour.
16. Nobody could help liking this excellent man which made it all the greater pity that his walk in life was of such a nature that it simply had to be kept from Harold.
17. He was a professional boxer. That was the trouble.
18. Before the coming of Harold, he had been proud of being a professional boxer. His ability to paste his fellow-man in the eye while apparently meditating an attack on his stomach, and vice versa, had filled him with that genial glow of self-satisfaction which comes to **philanthropists** and other benefactors of the species. It had seemed to him a thing on which to congratulate himself that of all London's teeming millions there was not a man, weighing eight stone four, whom he could not overcome in a twenty-round contest. He was delighted to be the possessor of a left hook which had won the approval of the newspapers.
19. And then Harold had come into his life, and changed him into a **furtive** practitioner of shady deeds. Before, he had gone about the world with a match-box full of press-notices, which he would extract with a pin and read to casual acquaintances. Now, he **quailed** at the sight of his name in print, so thoroughly had he become imbued with the necessity of keeping it from Harold.

wrath : intense anger

demur : reluctance / objection

Mr John L. Sullivan : American Boxing legend (1858-1918), lasting the bare-knuckled boxing championship, World heavyweight boxing champion from 1882-1892

Miss Marie Lloyd : Music hall artist 1870-1922

philanthropist : people who give donations or care about others

furtive : cautious or secretive

quailed : showed fear

20. With an ordinary boy it would not have mattered. However, Harold was different. Secretly proud of him as they were, both Bill and his wife were a little afraid of their wonderful child. The fact was, as Bill himself put it, Harold was showing a bit too much class for them. He had **formed a corner** in brains, as far as the Bramble family was concerned. They had come to regard him as being of a superior order.
21. Yet Harold, defying the laws of heredity, had run to intellect as his father had run to muscle. He had learned to read and write with amazing quickness. He sang in the choir.
22. And now, at the age of ten, a pupil at a local private school where they wore mortar boards and generally **comported** themselves like young dons, he had already won a prize for spelling and dictation. You simply couldn't take a boy like that aside and tell him that the father whom he believed to be a **commercial traveller** was affectionately known to a large section of the inhabitants of London, as "Young Porky." There were no two ways about it. You had to keep it from him.
23. So, Harold grew in stature and intelligence, without a suspicion of the real identity of the square-jawed man with the irregularly-shaped nose who came and went mysteriously in their semi-detached, red-brick home. He was a self-centred child, and, accepting the commercial traveller fiction, dismissed the subject from his mind and busied himself with things of more **moment**. And time slipped by.
24. Mrs. Bramble, left alone, resumed work on the sock which she was darning. For the first time since Harold had reached years of intelligence she was easy in her mind about the future. A week from tonight would see the end of all her anxieties. On that day Bill would fight his last fight, the twenty-round contest with that American Murphy at the National Sporting Club for which he was now training at the White Hart down the road. He had promised that it would be the last. He was getting on. He was thirty-one, and he said himself that he would have to be chucking the game before it chucked him. His idea was to retire from active work and try for a job as an instructor at one of these big schools or colleges. He had a splendid record for respectability and sobriety and all the other qualities which headmasters demanded in those who taught their young gentlemen to box and several of his friends who had obtained similar posts described the job in question as extremely soft. So that it seemed to Mrs. Bramble, that all might now be considered well. She smiled happily to herself as she darned her sock.
25. She was interrupted in her meditations by a knock at the front door. She put down her sock and listened.

formed a corner : attained mastery in; gained monopoly

comported : conducted oneself; behaved

a commercial traveller: firm's representative visiting shops etc to get orders.

moment: importance

26. Martha, **the general**, pattered along the passage, and then there came the sound of voices speaking in an undertone. Footsteps made themselves heard in the passage. The door opened. The head and shoulders of Major Percy Stokes **insinuated** themselves into the room.
27. The Major cocked a mild blue eye at her.
28. "Harold anywhere about?"
29. "He's gone out for a nice walk. Whatever brings you here, Percy, so late? "
30. Percy made no answer. He withdrew his head.
31. He then reappeared, this time in his entirety, and remained holding the door open. More footsteps in the passage, and through the doorway in a sideways fashion suggestive of a **diffident** crab, came a short, sturdy, red-headed man with a broken nose and a **propitiatory** smile, at the sight of whom Mrs. Bramble, dropping her sock, rose as if propelled by powerful machinery, and exclaimed, "Bill!"
32. Mr. Bramble - for it was he - scratched his head, grinned feebly, and looked for assistance to the Major.
33. "The scales have fallen from his eyes."
34. "What scales?" demanded Mrs. Bramble, a literal-minded woman. "And what are you doing here, Bill, when you ought to be at the White Hart, training?"
35. "That's just what I'm telling you," said Percy. "I've been wrestling with Bill, and I have been **vouchsafed** the victory."
36. "You!" said Mrs. Bramble, with uncomplimentary astonishment, letting her gaze wander over her brother's **weedy** form.
37. "Jerry Fisher's a hard nut," said Mr. Bramble, apologetically. "He don't like people coming round talking to a man he's training, unless he introduces them or they're newspaper gents."
38. "After that I kept away. But I wrote the letters and I sent the tracts. Bill, which of the tracts was it that snatched you from the **primrose path**?"
39. "It wasn't so much the letters, Perce. It was what you wrote about Harold. You see, Jane—"
40. "Perhaps you'll kindly allow me to get a word in edgeways, you two," said Mrs.

the general : (here) a servant who serves as an all purpose help/maid.

insinuated : suggested something bad indirectly

propitiatory : appeasing

vouchsafed : guaranteed

weedy : thin or weak

primrose path : pursuit of pleasure

diffident : lacking confidence in ones own ability

- Bramble, her temper for once becoming ruffled. “You can stop talking for half an instant, Percy, if you know how, while Bill tells me what he’s doing here when he ought to be at the White Hart with Mr. Fisher, doing his bit of training.”
41. Mr. Bramble met her eye and blinked awkwardly.
 42. “Percy’s just been telling you, Jane. He wrote—”
 43. “I haven’t made head or tail of a single word that Percy’s said, and I don’t expect to. All I want is a plain answer to a plain question. What are you doing here, Bill, instead of being at the White Hart? “
 44. “I’ve come home, Jane.”
 45. “Glory!” exclaimed the Major.
 46. “Percy, if you don’t keep quiet, I’ll forget I’m your sister and let you have one. What do you mean, Bill, you’ve come home? Isn’t there going to be the fight next week, after all?”
 47. “The fight’s over,” said the unsuppressed Major, joyfully, “and Bill’s won, with me seconding him.”
 48. “Percy!”
 49. Mr. Bramble pulled himself together with a visible effort.
 50. “I’m not going to fight, Jane,” he said, in a small voice.
 51. “You’re not going—!”
 52. “He’s seen the error of his ways,” cried Percy, the resilient.”That’s what he’s gone and done. At the eleventh hour.”
 53. “Oh! I have waited for this joyful moment. I have watched for it. I—”
 54. “You’re not going to fight!”
 55. Mr. Bramble, avoiding his wife’s eye, shook his head.
 56. “And how about the money?”
 57. “What’s money? “ said the Major, scornfully.
 58. “You ought to know,” snapped Mrs. Bramble, turning on him. “You’ve borrowed enough of it from me in your time.”
 59. The Major waved a hand in wounded silence. He considered the remark in poor taste.
 60. “How about the money?” repeated Mrs. Bramble. “Goodness knows I’ve never liked your profession, Bill, but there is this to be said for it, that it’s earned you good money and made it possible for us to give Harold as good an education as any Duke ever had, I’m sure. And you know, you yourself said that the five hundred pounds you were going to get if you beat this Murphy, and even if you

lost it would be a hundred and twenty, was going to be a blessing, because it would let us finish him off proper and give him a better start in life than you or me ever had, and now you let this Percy come over you with his foolish talk, and now I don't know what will happen."

61. There was an uncomfortable silence. Even Percy seemed to be at a loss for words. Mrs. Bramble sat down and began to sob. Mr. Bramble shuffled his feet.
62. "Talking of Harold," said Mr. Bramble at last, "That's , really what I'm driving at. It was him only whom I was thinking of when I hopped it from the White Hart. It would be written up in all the papers, instead of only in the sporting ones. As likely as not there would be a piece about it in the Mail, with a photograph of me. And you know Harold reads his Mail regularly. And then, don't you see, **the fat would be in the fire**. "That's what Percy pointed out to me, and I seen what he meant, so I hopped it."
63. "At the eleventh hour," added the Major, rubbing in the point.
64. "You see, Jane—" Mr. Bramble was beginning, when there was a knock at the door, and a little, **ferret**-faced man in a woollen sweater and cycling **knickerbockers** entered, removing as he did so a somewhat battered bowler hat.
65. "Beg pardon, Mrs. Bramble," he said, "coming in like this. Found the front door ajar, so came in, to ask if you'd happened to have seen—"
66. He broke off and stood staring wildly at the little group.
67. "I thought so!" he said, and shot through the air towards Percy.
68. "Jerry !" said Bill
69. "Mr. Fisher!" said Mrs. Bramble,
70. "Be reasonable," said the Major, diving underneath the table and coming up the other side like a performing seal.
71. "Let me get at him," begged the intruder, struggling to free himself from Bill's restraining arms.
72. Mrs. Bramble rapped on the table.
73. "Kindly remember there's a lady present, Mr. Fisher."
74. The little man's face became a battlefield on which rage, misery, and a respect for the decencies of social life struggled for mastery.
75. "It's hard," he said at length, in a choked voice. "I just wanted to break his neck for him, but I suppose it's not to be. I know it's him that's at the bottom of it. And

the fat would be in the fire : there would be trouble

ferret : a small yellowish white animal related to the weasel

knickerbockers : loose-fitting trousers or knickers gathered at the knee or calf.

- here I find them together, so I know it's him. Well, if you say so, Mrs. B., I suppose I mustn't put a hand on him. But it's hard. Bill, you come back along with me to the White Hart. I'm surprised at you. Ashamed of you, I am. All the time you and me have known each other, I've never known you do such a thing. You are such a pleasure to train as a rule. It all comes of getting with bad companions."
76. Mr. Bramble looked at his brother-in-law miserably.
77. "You tell him," he said.
78. "You tell him, Jane," said the Major.
79. "I won't," said Mrs. Bramble.
80. "Tell him what?" asked the puzzled trainer.
81. "Well?"
82. "It's only that I'm not going to fight on Monday."
83. "What!"
84. "Bill has seen a sudden bright light," said Percy, edging a few inches to the left, so that the table was exactly between the trainer and himself. "At the eleventh hour, he has turned from his wicked ways. You ought to be singing with joy, Mr. Fisher, if you really loved Bill. This ought to be the happiest evening you've ever known. You ought to be singing like a little child."
85. A strange, **guttural** noise escaped the trainer. It may have been a song, but it did not sound like it.
86. "It's true, Jerry," said Bill, unhappily. "I have been thinking it over, and I'm not going to fight on Monday."
87. "Glory!" said the Major, tactlessly.
88. Jerry Fisher's face was a study in violent emotions. His eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets like a snail's. He clutched the tablecloth.
89. "I'm sorry, Jerry," said Bill. "I know it's hard on you. But I've got to think of Harold. This fight with Jimmy Murphy being what you might call a kind of national affair, in a way of speaking, will be reported in The Mail as like as not, with a photograph of me, and Harold reads The Mail regular. We've been keeping it from him all these years that I'm in the profession, and we can't let him know now. He would die of shame, Jerry."
90. Tears appeared in Jerry Fisher's eyes.
91. "Bill," he cried, "you're off your head. Think of the purse!"
92. "Ah!" said Mrs. Bramble.

93. "Think of all the swells that'll be coming to see you. Think of what the papers'll say. Think of me."
94. "I know, Jerry, it's chronic. But Harold—"
95. "Think of all the trouble you've taken for the last few weeks getting yourself into condition."
96. "I know. But Har—"
97. "You can't not fight on Monday."
98. "But Harold, Jerry. He'd die of the disgrace of it. He ain't like you and me, Jerry. He's a little gentleman. I got to think of Harold"
99. "What about me, pa?" said a youthful voice at the door; and Bill's honest blood froze at the sound. His jaw fell, and he goggled dumbly.
100. There, his spectacles gleaming in the gaslight, his cheeks glowing with the exertion of the nice walk, his eyebrows slightly elevated with surprise, stood Harold himself.
101. "Halloa, pa! Halloa, Uncle Percy! Somebody's left the front door open. What were you saying about thinking about me, pa? Ma, will you hear me, my piece of poetry again? I think I've forgotten it."
102. The four adults surveyed the innocent child in silence.
103. On the faces of three of them **consternation** was written. In the eyes of the fourth, Mr. Fisher, there glittered that nasty, steely expression of the man, who sees his way to getting a bit of his own back, Mr. Fisher's was not an un-mixedly chivalrous nature. He considered that he had been badly treated, and what he wanted most at the moment was revenge. He had been fond and proud of Bill Bramble, but those emotions belonged to the dead past. Just at present, he felt that he disliked Bill rather more than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of Major Percy Stokes.
104. "So you're Harold, are you, Tommy?" he said, in a metallic voice." Then just you listen here a minute."
105. "Jerry," cried Bill, advancing, "you keep your mouth shut, or I'll dot you one."
106. Mr. Fisher retreated and, grasping a chair, swung it above his head.
107. "You better!" he said, curtly.
108. "Mr. Fisher, do be a gentleman," entreated Mrs. Bramble.
109. "My dear sir." There was a crooning winningness in Percy's voice.
"My dear sir, do nothing hasty. Think before you speak. Don't go and be so silly as to act like a mutton-head. I'd be ashamed to be so spiteful. Respect a father's feelings."

110. "Tommy," said Mr. Fisher, ignoring them all, "you think your pa's a commercial. He ain't. He's a fighting-man, doing his eight-stone-four ringside, and known to all the heads as 'Young Porky.'" "
111. Bill sank into a chair. He could see Harold's round eyes staring at him.
112. "I'd never have thought it of you, Jerry," he said, miserably. "If anyone had come to me and told me that you could have acted so raw I'd have dotted him one."
113. "And if anyone had come to me and told me that I should live to see the day when you broke training a week before a fight at the National, I'd given him one for himself."
114. "Harold, my lad," said Percy, "you mustn't think none the worse of your pa for having been a man of wrath. He hadn't seen the bright light then. It's all over now. He's given it up for ever, and there's no call for you to feel ashamed."
115. Bill seized on the point.
116. "That's right, Harold," he said, reviving, "I've given it up. I was going to fight an American named Murphy at the National next Monday, but I ain't going to now, not if they come to me on their bended knees. Not even if the King of England came to me on his bended knees."
117. Harold drew a deep breath.
118. "Oh!" he cried, shrilly. "Oh, aren't you? Then what about my two bob? What about my two bob, I've betted Dicky Saunders that Jimmy Murphy won't last ten rounds?"
119. He looked round the room wrathfully.
120. "It's thick," he said in the crisp, gentlemanly, voice of which his parents were so proud. "It's jolly thick. That's what it is. A chap takes the trouble to study form and saves up his pocket-money to have a bet on a good thing, and then he goes and gets let down like this. It may be funny to you, but I call it rotten. And another thing I call rotten is you having kept it from me all this time that you were 'Young Porky,' pa. That's what I call so jolly rotten! There's a fellow at our school who goes about **swanking** in the most rotten way because he once got Phil Scott's autograph.

Fellows look up to him most awfully, and all the time they might have been doing it to me. That's what makes me so jolly sick. How long do you suppose they'd go on calling me, 'Goggles' if they knew that you were my father? They'd chuck it tomorrow, and look up to me like anything, I do call it rotten. And chucking it up like this is the limit. What do you want to do it for? It's the silliest idea, I've ever heard. Why, if you beat Jimmy Murphy they'll have to give you the next chance with Sid Sampson for the Lonsdale belt. Jimmy beat Ted Richards, and

Ted beat the Ginger Nut, and the Ginger Nut only lost on a foul to Sid Sampson, and you beat Ted Richards, so they couldn't help letting you have the next go at Sid."

121. Mr. Fisher beamed approval.
122. "If I've told your pa that once, I've told him twenty times," he said. "You certainly know a thing or two, Tommy."
123. "Well, I've made a study of it since I was a kid, so I jolly well ought to. All the fellows at our place are frightfully keen on it. One chap's got a snapshot of Jimmy Wilde. At least, he says it's Jimmy Wilde, but I believe it's just some ordinary fellow. Anyhow, it's jolly blurred, so it might be anyone. Pa, can't you give me a picture of yourself boxing? I could swank like anything. And you don't know how sick a chap gets of having chaps call him, 'Goggles.' "
124. "Bill," said Mr. Fisher, "you and me had better be getting back to the White Hart."
125. Bill rose and followed him without a word.
126. Harold broke the silence which followed their departure. The animated expression which had been on his face as he discussed the relative merits of Sid Sampson and the Ginger Nut had given place to the abstracted gravity of the student.
127. "Ma!"
128. Mrs. Bramble started **convulsively**.
129. "Yes, dearie?"
130. "Will you hear me? "
131. Mrs. Bramble took the book.
132. "Yes, mother will hear you, precious," she said, mechanically.
133. Harold fixed his eyes upon the cut-glass hangings of the chandelier.
134. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever-clever. Do noble things.. "

About the Author

Sir Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, KBE (15 October 1881 - 14 February 1975) was a comic writer who enjoyed enormous popular success during his career as an acknowledged master of English prose. Wodehouse has been admired both by his contemporaries such as Hilaire Belloc, Evelyn Waugh and Rudyard Kipling and by modern writers such as Douglas Adams, Salman Rushdie, Zadie Smith and Terry Pratchett.

Best known today for his **Jeeves and Blandings** Castle novels and short stories, Wodehouse was also a playwright and lyricist who was part author and writer of 15 plays and of 250 lyrics for some 30 musical comedies. He worked with **Cole Porter** on the musical '**Anything Goes**' (1934) and frequently collaborated with **Jerome Kern** and **Guy Bolton**. He wrote the lyrics for the hit song "**Bill**" in Kern's **Show Boat** (1927), wrote the lyrics for the **Gershwin - Romberg's** musical **Rosalie** (1928) and collaborated with **Rudolf Friml** on a musical version of **The Three Musketeers** (1928).

3. **The sequence of events has been jumbled up. Rearrange them and complete the given flowchart.**

- 1) Major Percy and Bill come to the house.
- 2) Harold comes to know that his father is a boxer.
- 3) Bill tells his wife that he is doing it for Harold.
- 4) Jerry Fisher tries to convince Bill to reconsider.
- 5) Mrs. Bramble is amazed to think that she has brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world.
- 6) Harold wants to know what will happen to the money he had bet on Murphy losing.
- 7) Mrs. Bramble is informed that Bill had decided not to fight.
- 8) Mrs. Bramble resumes work of darning the sock.
- 9) Harold is alone with his mother in their home.

Mrs. Bramble is amazed to think that she has brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world.

4.A. **Based on your reading of the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct option.**

- (a) Mrs Bramble was a proud woman because
- (i) she was the wife of a famous boxer.
 - (ii) she had motivated her husband.
 - (iii) she was a good housewife
 - (iv) she was the mother of a child prodigy.
- (b) “The very naming of Harold had caused a sacrifice on his part.” The writer’s tone here is
- (i) admiring
 - (ii) assertive
 - (iii) satirical
 - (iv) gentle
- (c) Harold had defied the laws of heredity by
- (i) becoming a sports person.
 - (ii) being good at academics.
 - (iii) being well-built and muscular
 - (iv) respecting his parents
- (d) Harold felt that he was deprived of the respect that his classmates would give him as _____
- (i) they did not know his father was the famous boxer, ‘Young Porky’.
 - (ii) his hero, Jimmy Murphy had not won the wrestling match.
 - (iii) he had not got Phil Scott’s autograph.
 - (iv) Sid Simpson had lost the Lonsdale belt.

- (e) 'It's hard,' he said at length in a choked voice.

What was hard according to Mr. Fisher?

- (i) To accept the truth.
 - (ii) To fight with American Murphy.
 - (iii) To control his anger.
 - (iv) To give up boxing.
- (f) What do you gauge about Major Percy Stokes' character from the story? Select the most appropriate option from the following.
- (1) man of wrath
 - (2) persuasive
 - (3) argumentative
 - (4) interfering
 - (5) self-important
- (i) (1), (3) and (5)
 - (ii) (1), (2) and (4)
 - (iii) (2), (4) and (5)
 - (iv) (3), (4) and (5)

4.B. Read the given extracts and answer the questions by selecting the correct options.

1. *The only drawback was that his very 'perfection had made necessary a series of evasions and even deliberate falsehoods on the part of herself and her husband, highly distasteful to both. They were lovers of truth, but they had realized that there are times when truth must be sacrificed. At any cost, the facts concerning Mr. Bramble's profession must be kept from Harold.*

- (i) His very 'perfection' refers to Harold's
 - (1) gentlemanly manners.
 - (2) aspiration to be the best.
 - (3) exceptional intelligence.
 - (4) obsession with cleanliness.
- A. (1) and (3)
 - B. (2) and (3)
 - C. (1) and (4)
 - D. (2) and (4)

- (ii) What was highly distasteful to both Mrs. and Mr. Bramble?
- A. Consciously choosing to lie.
 - B. Harold's perfection.
 - C. Mr. Bramble's profession.
 - D. Their relationship with each other.
- (iii) The facts concerning Mr. Bramble's profession 'must be kept' from Harold because it would make him feel
- A. afraid.
 - B. ashamed.
 - C. weird.
 - D. angry.
2. *On the faces of three of them consternation was written. In the eyes of the fourth, Mr. Fisher, there glittered that nasty, steely expression of the man, who sees his way to getting a bit of his own back, Mr. Fisher's was not an un-mixedly chivalrous nature. He considered that he had been treated badly...*
- (i) Three of them felt anxious because
- A. Mr. Fisher was about to hit Major Percy.
 - B. they suspected Mr. Fisher would take revenge.
 - C. Harold had heard a part of their conversation.
 - D. Harold did not like arguments at home.
- (ii) Get a bit of his own back implies _____
- A. feeling offended.
 - B. getting his way.
 - C. being forceful.
 - D. taking revenge.
- (iii) How was Mr. Fisher planning to get his own back?
- A. By telling Harold the truth about his father.
 - B. By persuading Mr. Bramble to change his mind.
 - C. By hitting Major Percy and Mr. Bramble.
 - D. By kidnapping Harold and blackmailing Brambles.
- (iv) Mr. Fisher felt he had been treated badly because Mr. Bramble had
- A. cheated him and lied
 - B. called off his fight with Murphy.
 - C. been spending time with Percy.
 - D. been insensitive and aggressive.

5.A. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) Why was it necessary to keep Harold's father's profession a secret from him?
- (b) Describe Mr. Bramble as he has been described in the story.
- (c) Who was Jerry Fisher? What did he say to try and convince Bill to change his mind?
- (d) Why was Harold upset that his father had not told him about his true identity? Give two reasons.
- (e) Do you agree with the decision of Harold's parents of hiding the fact that his father was a boxer? Why / Why not?
- (f) Why did Mr. Bramble decide at the last minute not to fight with American Murphy at the National Sporting Club?
- (g) 'There are times when truth must be sacrificed.' Do you agree? Why / why not?
- (h) "Don't judge a book by its cover." Discuss with reference to Mr. Bramble's personality.

5.B. Answer in detail.

- (a) Did Harold react the way his parents expected him to on finding out about his father's true profession? Give reasons for your answer.
- (b) Assuming you are Harold, write a letter to your father expressing how you have always admired Young Pokey, little realizing it was his Pa.
- (c) We often go with preconceived notions which are usually baseless. Do you think this was the case with Mrs. and Mr. Bramble? Give reasons for your answer.
- (d) Imagine you are Bill Bramble, write a diary entry expressing how life changed after your son's birth and how you feel currently after the truth about your profession has been revealed to your son.

6. Choose extracts from the story that illustrate the characters of these people in it.

Person character	Extracts from the story	What does it tell us about their character
Mrs Bramble	(Para 12) "Bill we must keep it from Harold"	She was not honest and open with her son; concerned mother
Mr Bramble	(Para 33)	
Percy	(Para 109)	
Jerry Fisher	(Para 110)	

LISTENING TASK

7. *The teacher will ask the students to answer these questions based on an interview given on page no. 146, by the legendary WWE wrestler, Kane to Chris Carle of IGN. The students should be made to listen to the interview. Teacher / student will read it out for the class.*

1. What were the video games that Kane liked playing earlier and which games did he enjoy later?

2. Who was Kane's favourite wrestler when he was first getting into wrestling and who were some of the other wrestlers who influenced him into taking up wrestling?

3. How according to Kane had the WWE changed in the past ten years?

4. Does Kane prefer performing with the mask or without the mask?

5. Why does Kane wrestle these days even though he has accomplished almost everything?

6. What is your impression of Kane as a person after you have heard this interview?

WRITING TASK

8. *Many people are of the opinion that violent, physical sports such as boxing, kick boxing and wrestling, to name a few should be banned while others think otherwise. Express your opinion on the topic by either writing in favour of banning these sports or against banning them. While writing, you should also include the rebuttal to your questions. Try not to go beyond 200 words.*

9. *A large part of the story is composed of conversation between the characters. Can you convert it into a play and in groups, present your version of the play before the class? Before that, decide on the members of the cast, minimum props required and also the costumes.*

F.5 Best Seller

by O. Henry

1. Before you read the story write down the answers to these questions.

- Which was the latest book that you read?
- Who was the author?
- Who were the main characters?
- When did you read the book?
- How long did you take to complete reading it?
- What genre did it belong to?
- Why would/wouldn't you recommend it?

2 Now read the story.

1. One day last summer, I went to Pittsburgh-well, I had to go there on business.
2. My chair-car was profitably well-filled with people of the kind one usually sees on chair-cars. Most of them were ladies in brown-silk dresses cut with square yokes, with lace insertion and dotted veils, who refused to have the windows raised. Then there was the usual number of men who looked as if they might be in almost any business and going almost anywhere. I leaned back idly in chair No. 7, and looked with **tepidest** curiosity at the small, black, bald-spotted head just visible above the back of No.9.
3. Suddenly No.9 hurled a book on the floor between his chair and the window, and, looking, I saw that it was "The Rose Lady and Trevelyan," one of the best-selling novels of the present day. And then, the critic veered his chair toward the window, and I knew him at once for John A. Pescud of Pittsburgh, travelling salesman for a plate-glass company - an old acquaintance whom I had not seen in two years.
4. In two minutes we were faced, had shaken hands, and had finished with such topics as rain, prosperity, health, residence, and destination. Politics might have followed next; but I was not so ill-fated.

5. I wish you might know John A. Pescud. He is of the stuff that heroes are not often lucky enough to be made of. He is a small man with a wide smile, and an eye that seems to be fixed upon that little red spot on the end of your nose.
6. He believes that “our” plate-glass is the most important commodity in the world, The Cambria Steel Works, the best company and that when a man is in his home town, he ought to be decent and law-abiding.
7. During my acquaintance with him earlier I had never known his views on life, romance, literature and ethics. We had browsed, during our meetings, on local topics and then parted.
8. Now I was to get more of his ideas. By way of facts, he told me that business had picked up since the party conventions and that he was going to get off at Coketown.
9. “Say,” said Pescud, stirring his discarded book with the hand, “did you ever read one of these best-sellers? I mean the kind where the hero is an American **swell**-sometimes even from Chicago - who falls in love with a royal princess from Europe who is travelling under an **alias** and follows her to her father’s kingdom or principality? I guess you have. They’re all alike.
10. ___ “Well, this fellow chases the royal chair-warmer home as I said, and finds out who she is. He meets her in the evening and gives us ten pages of conversation. She reminds him of the difference in their stations and that gives him a chance to ring in three solid pages about America’s uncrowned sovereigns.
11. “Well, you know how it runs on, if you’ve read any of ‘em-he slaps the king’s Swiss bodyguards around like every thing whenever they get in his way. He’s a great fencer, too.
12. “Yes,” said Pescud, “but these kind of love-stories are rank on-the-level. I know something about literature, even if I am in plate-glass.
13. “When people in real life marry, they generally hunt up somebody in their own station. A fellow usually picks out a girl who went to the same high-school and belonged to the same singing-society that he did.”
14. Pescud picked up the best-seller and hunted his page.
15. “Listen to this,” said he. “Trevelyan is sitting with the Princess Alwyna at the back end of the tulip-garden. This is how it goes:



16. “Say not so, dearest and sweetest of earth’s fairest flowers. Would I aspire? You are a star set high above me in a royal heaven; I am only-myself. Yet I am a man and I have a heart to do and dare. I have no title save that of an uncrowned sovereign; but I have an arm and a sword that yet might free Schutzenfestenstein from the plots of traitors.”
17. “Think of a Chicago man packing a sword, and talking about freeing anything that sounded as much like canned sardines!”
18. “I think I understand you, John,” said I. “You want fiction- writers to be consistent with their scenes and characters. They shouldn’t mix **Turkish pashas** with **Vermont farmers**, or English Dukes with Long Island **clamdiggers** or Cincinnati agents with the Rajahs of India.”
19. “Or plain business men with **aristocracy** high above ‘em,” added Pescud. “It doesn’t jibe. I don’t see why people go to work and buy hundreds of thousands of books which are best sellers. You don’t see or hear of any such capers in real life.”
20. “Well John,” said I, “I haven’t read a best-seller in a long time. May be I’ve had notions about them somewhat like yours. But tell me more about yourself. Getting along all right with the company?”
21. “Bully,” said Pescud, brightening at once. “I’ve had my salary raised twice since I saw you, and I get a commission, too. I’ve bought a neat slice of real estate. Next year the firm is going to sell me some shares of stock. Oh, I’m in on the line of **General Prosperity**.”
22. “Met your affinity yet, John?” I asked.
23. “Oh, I didn’t tell you about that, did I?” said Pescud with a broader grin.
24. “O-ho!” I said. “So you’ve taken off enough time from your plate-glass to have a romance?”
25. “No, no,” said John. “No romance-nothing like that! But I’ll tell you about it,
26. “I was on the south-bound, going to Cincinnati, about eighteen months ago, when I saw, across the aisle, the finest looking girl I’d ever laid eyes on. Nothing spectacular, you know, but just the sort you want **for keeps**.”
27. She read a book and minded her business, which was, to make the world prettier and better just by residing in it. I kept on looking out of the side-doors of my eyes, and finally the proposition got out of the carriage into a case of cottage

Turkish pashas : a high official of the Ottoman empire

Vermont : a state of north east US bordering Canada

clamdiggers : people who hunt for clams (edible shell fish)

aristocracy : class of people of high social rank

general prosperity : doing well

for keeps : for ever, permanently

- with a lawn and vines running over the porch. I never thought of speaking to her, but I let the plate glass business go to smash for a while.”
28. “She changed cars at Cincinnati and took a sleeper to Louisville. There she bought another ticket and went on through Shelbyville, Frankford, and Lexington. Along there, I began to have a hard time keeping up with her. The trains came along when they pleased, and didn’t seem to be going anywhere in particular, except to keep on the track and on the right way as much as possible. Then they began to stop at junctions instead of towns, and at last they stopped altogether
29. “I contrived to keep out of her sight as much as I could, but I never lost track of her. The last station she got off at was away down in Virginia, about six in the evening. There were about fifty houses.
30. “The rest was red mud, mules, and speckled hounds.
31. “A tall old man, with a smooth face and white hair, looking as proud as Julius Caesar was there to meet her. His clothes were **frazzled** but I didn’t notice that till later. He took her little satchel, and they started over the plank walks and went up a road along the hill. I kept along a pace behind ‘em, trying to look like I was hunting a **garnet** ring in the sand that my sister had lost at a picnic, the previous Saturday.
32. “They went in a gate on top of the hill. It nearly took my breath away when I looked up. Up there in the biggest grove, I had ever seen was a huge house with round white pillars, about a thousand feet high, and the yard was so full of rose-bushes and box-bushes and lilacs that you couldn’t have seen the house if it hadn’t been as big as the Capitol at Washington.
33. “ ‘Here’s where I have to trail,’ say I to myself. I thought before that she seemed to be in moderate circumstances, at least. This must be the Governor’s mansion, or the Agricultural Building of a new World Fair, anyhow. I’d better go back to the village and get posted by the postmaster, for some information.
34. “In the village, I found a fine hotel called the Bay View House. The only excuse for the name was a bay horse grazing in the front yard. I set my sample-case down, and tried to be ostensible. I told the landlord, I was taking orders for plate-glass”.
35. “By-and-by, I got him down to local gossip and answering questions.
36. _”Why?”, says he, ‘I thought everybody knew who lived in the big white house on the hill. It’s Colonel Allyn, the biggest man and finest quality in Virginia, or anywhere else. They’re the oldest family in the State. That was his daughter who had got off the train. She’s been up to Illinois to see her aunt, who is sick.’

37. "I registered at the hotel, and on the third day I caught the young lady walking in the front yard, down next to the paling fence. I stopped and raised my hat - there wasn't any other way.
38. 'Excuse me,' says I, 'can you tell me where Mr. Hinkle lives?'
39. "She looks at me as cool as if I was the man come to see about the weeding of the garden, but I thought I saw just a slight twinkle of fun in her eyes.
40. 'No one of that name lives in Birchton,' says she. 'That is,' she goes on, 'as far as I know'.
41. "Well, that tickled me. 'No kidding,' says I. 'I'm not looking for smoke, even if I do come from Pittsburgh.'
42. 'You are quite a distance from home,' says she.
43. 'I'd have gone a thousand miles farther,' says I.
44. 'Not if you hadn't woken up when the train started in Shelbyville,' says she; and then she turned almost as red as one of the roses on the bushes in the yard. I remembered I had dropped off to sleep on a bench in the Shelbyville station, waiting to see which train she took, and only just managed to wake up in time.
45. "And then I told her why I had come, as respectful and earnest as I could. And I told her everything about myself, and what I was making, and how that all I asked was just to get acquainted with her and try to get her to like me.
46. "She smiles a little, and blushes some, but her eyes never get mixed up. They look straight at whom so ever she's talking to.
47. 'I never had any one talk like this to me before, Mr. Pescud,' says she. 'What did you say your name is-John?'
48. 'John A.,' says I.
49. " 'And you came mighty near missing the train at Powhatan Junction, too,' says she, with a laugh that sounded as good as a mileage-book to me."
50. " 'How did you know?' I asked.
51. " 'Men are very clumsy,' said she. 'I know you were on every train. I thought you were going to speak to me, and I'm glad you didn't.
52. "Then we had more talk; and at last a kind of proud, serious look came on her face, and she turned and pointed a finger at the big house.
53. 'The Allyns,' says she, 'have lived in Elmcroft for a hundred years. We are a proud family. Look at that mansion. It has fifty rooms. See the pillars and porches and balconies. The ceilings in the reception-rooms and the ball-room are twenty-eight feet high. My father is lineal descendant of the Belted Earls.'

54. “‘Of course,’ she goes on, ‘my father wouldn’t allow a drummer to set his foot in Elmcroft. If he knew that I was talking to one over the fence, he would lock me in my room.’
55. “‘Would you let me come there?’ says I. ‘Would you talk to me if I was to call? For,’ I goes on, ‘if you said yes, I might come and see you?’
56. “‘I must not talk to you,’ she says, ‘because we have not been introduced. It is not exactly proper. So I will say good-bye, Mr.—’
57. “‘Say the name,’ says I. ‘You haven’t forgotten it.’”
58. “‘Pescud,’ says she, a little mad.
59. “‘The rest of the name!’ I demands, as cool as I could be.”
60. “‘John,’ says she.
61. “‘John-what?’ I says.
62. “‘John A.,’ says she, with her head high. ‘Are you through, now?’
63. “‘I’m coming to see the belted earl tomorrow,’ I says.
64. “‘He’ll feed you to his fox-hounds,’ says she, laughing.
65. “‘If he does, it’ll improve their running,’ says I. ‘I’m something of a hunter myself.’”
66. “‘I must be going in now,’ says she. ‘I oughtn’t to have spoken to you at all. I hope you’ll have a pleasant trip back to Minneapolis-or Pittsburgh, was it? Good-bye!’
67. “‘Good-night,’ says I, ‘and it wasn’t Minneapolis. What’s your name, first, please?’
68. “She hesitated. Then she pulled a leaf off a bush, and said:
69. “‘My name is Jessie,’ says she.
70. “‘Good-night, Miss Allyn’, says I.
71. “The next morning at eleven, sharp, I rang the doorbell of that World Fair main building. After about three quarters of an hour, an old man of about eighty showed up and asked what I wanted. I gave him my business card, and said I wanted to see the Colonel. He showed me in.
72. “Say, did you ever crack open a wormy English walnut? That’s what that house was like. There wasn’t enough furniture in it to fill an eight-dollar flat. Some old horsehair lounges and three-legged chairs and some framed ancestors on the walls were all that



Earl : a British nobleman between a viscount and a marquess

Belted Earl : until the 17th century, an earl was invested by the king with a sword he wore at his waist hence he was called a ‘belted earl’

- met the eye. But when Colonel Allyn comes in, the place seemed to light up. You could almost hear a band playing, and see a bunch of old-timers in wigs and white stockings dancing a **quadrille**. It was the style of him, although he had on the same shabby clothes I saw him wear at the station. For about nine seconds he had me **rattled**, and I came mighty near getting cold feet and trying to sell him some plate-glass. But I got my nerve back pretty quick. He asked me to sit down, and I told him everything. I told him how I had followed his daughter from Cincinnati, and what I did it for, and all about my salary and prospects, and explained to him my little code of living - to be always decent and right in your home town. At first, I thought he was going to throw me out of the window, but I kept on talking.
73. “Well, that got him laughing, and I’ll bet that was the first laugh those ancestors and horsehair sofa had heard in many a day.
74. “We talked two hours. I told him everything I knew; and then he began to ask questions and I told him the rest. All I asked of was to give me a chance. If I couldn’t make a hit with the little lady, I’d clear out, and not bother them any more. At last he says:
75. “ ‘There was a Sir Courtenay Pescud in the time of Charles I, if I remember rightly.’
76. “ ‘If there was,’ says I ‘he can’t claim kin with our bunch. We’ve always lived in and around Pittsburgh. I’ve got an uncle in the real-estate business, and one in trouble somewhere out in Kansas. You can inquire about any of the rest of us from anybody in the old Smoky Town, and get satisfactory replies. Did you ever run across that story about the captain of the whaler, who tried to make a sailor say his prayers?’ says I.
77. “ ‘It occurs to me that I have never been so fortunate,’ says the Colonel.
78. “So I told it to him. Laugh! I was wishing to myself that he was a customer. What a bill of glass, I’d sell him! And then he says:
79. “ ‘The relating of anecdotes and humorous occurrences has always seemed to me, Mr. Pescud, to be a particularly agreeable way of promoting and perpetuating amenities between friends. With your permission, I will relate to you a fox-hunting story with which I was personally connected, and which may furnish you some amusement’
80. “Two evenings later, I got a chance to speak a word with Miss Jessie alone on the porch while the Colonel was thinking up another story.
81. “ ‘It’s going to be a fine evening,’ says I.

82. 'He's coming,' says she. 'He's going to tell you, this time, the story about the old African and the green watermelons. It always comes after the one about the Yankees and the game rooster. There was another time; she goes on, 'that you nearly got left- it was at Pulaski City.'
83. "'Yes,' says I, 'I remember. My foot slipped as I was jumping on the step, and I nearly tumbled off.'
84. "'I know,' says she. 'And - and I- I was afraid you had, John A. I was afraid you had.'
85. "And then she skips into the house through one of the big windows."
86. "Coketown!" droned the porter, making his way through the slowing car.
87. Pescud gathered his hat and baggage with the leisurely promptness of an old traveller.
88. "I married her a year ago," said John, "I told you I built a house in the East End. The belted- I mean the Colonel-is there, too. I find him waiting at the gate whenever I get back from a trip to hear any new story, I might have picked up on the road,"
89. I glanced out of the window. Coketown was nothing more than a **ragged** hillside dotted with **a score** of black dismal huts propped up against dreary mounts of slag and clinkers. It rained in slanting torrents, too and the rills foamed and splashed down through the black mud to the railroad- tracks.
90. "You won't sell much plate-glass here, John," said I. "Why do you get off at this end-o'-the-world?"
91. "Why?," said Pescud, "the other day I took Jessie for a little trip to Philadelphia, and coming back she thought she saw some petunias in a pot in one of those windows over there just like some she used to raise down in the old Virginia home. So I thought, I'd drop off here for the night, and see if I could dig up some of the cuttings or blossoms for her. Here we are. Good-night, old man. I gave you the address. Come out and see us when you have time."
92. The train moved forward. One of the dotted brown ladies insisted on having windows raised, now that the rain had started beating against them. The porter came along with his mysterious wand and began to light the car.
93. I glanced downward and saw the best-seller. I picked it up and set it carefully farther along on the floor of the car, where the raindrops would not fall upon it. And then, suddenly, I smiled, and seemed to see that life has no geographical bounds.
94. "Good-luck to you, Trevelyan," I said. "And may you get the petunias for your princess!"

About the Author

O. Henry is the pseudonym of William Sydney Porter (1862-1910), an American writer of short stories, best known for his ironic plot twists and surprise endings. Born and raised in Greensboro, North Carolina, O. Henry was fascinated by New York street life, which provided a setting for many of his later stories. During the last ten years of his life, O. Henry became one of the most popular writers in America publishing over 500 short stories in dozens of widely read periodicals. His style of storytelling became a model not only for short fiction, but also for American motion pictures and television programmes. Writing at the rate of more than one story per week, O. Henry published ten collections of stories during a career that barely spanned a decade. In 1919, the O. Henry Memorial Awards were founded by the Society of Arts and Science for the best American short stories published each year.

3.A. Based on your reading of the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct option.

- (a) "Bully," said Pescud brightening at once. He means to say that he was
- A. being intimidated by his boss.
 - B. harassing his subordinates.
 - C. doing very well at his job.
 - D. meeting all the sales targets.
- (b) The narrator says that life has no geographical boundaries implying that
- A. human beings are essentially the same everywhere.
 - B. one can travel freely to other countries.
 - C. boundaries exist only on maps.
 - D. one should work towards the good of mankind.
- (c) Classify (1) to (4) as fact (F) or opinion (O), based on your reading of the story.
- (1) Pescud had hurled the bestseller to the floor.
 - (2) People in real life marry somebody in their own station.
 - (3) Pescud got an opportunity to meet Jessie all alone two evenings after he met her father.
 - (4) Pescud believed that plate-glass was the most important commodity.
- A. F-1, 3, 4; O-2
 - B. F-1, 3; O-2, 4
 - C. F-1, 2, 4; O-3
 - D. F-2; O-1, 3, 4

(d) **Select the suitable option for the given statements, based on your understanding of the story.**

- (1) The author's description of Coketown brings out the ugly face of industries that operated there.
 - (2) Pescud got off at Coketown as it had good business prospects for a plate-glass salesman.
- A. (1) is false but (2) is true.
 - B. (1) is true but (2) is false.
 - C. (1) is the cause for (2)
 - D. (2) is a fact but unrelated to (1)

3.B. Read the extracts and answer the questions by selecting the correct options.

1. *I contrived to keep out of her sight as much as I could, but I never lost track of her. The last station she got off at was away down in Virginia, about six in the evening. There were about fifty houses.*

The rest was mud, mules, and speckled hounds.

A tall old man, with a smooth face and white hair, looking as proud as Julius Caesar was there to meet her. His clothes were frazzled but I didn't notice that till later. He took her little satchel, and they started over the plank walks and went up a road along the hill. I kept along a piece behind 'em, trying to look like I was hunting a garnet ring in the sand that my sister had lost at a picnic the previous Saturday.

- (i) The extract tells us that Virginia was a _____ populated town.
 - A. densely
 - B. highly
 - C. sparsely
 - D. hardly
- (ii) Choose the option that uses the word 'frazzled' in the same way as the extract.
 - A. I feel pretty frazzled most weeks these days.
 - B. The cuffs of his brown shirt looked frazzled.
 - C. Father finally arrived home, tired and frazzled.
 - D. Mother was frazzled looking after all the guests had left.
- iii) Read the statements (1) & (2) given below, and choose the option that correctly evaluates the statements.
 - (1): The speaker pretended that he was searching for a lost ring.
 - (2): The speaker wanted to hide the fact that he had been following her.

- A. [1] is true but [2] is false.
- B. [2] is contradictory to [1].
- C. [1] is the reason for [2].
- D. [2] is the result of [1].

iv) Select the option that displays the characteristics of the speaker.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. discreet | 2. vain |
| 3. ambitious | 4. observant |
| 5. finicky | 6. cautious |

- A. 1, 4 and 6
- B. 2, 3 and 5
- C. 1, 3 and 6
- D. 2, 4 and 5

2. *For about nine seconds he had me rattled, and I came mighty near getting cold feet and trying to sell him some plate-glass. But I got my nerve back pretty quick. He asked me to sit down, and I told him everything. I told him how I followed his daughter from Cincinnati, and what I did it for, and all about my salary and prospects, and explained to him my little code of living -to be always decent and right in your home town. At first, I thought he was going to throw me out of the window, but I kept on talking.*

Well, that got him to laughing and I'll bet that was the first laugh those ancestors and horsehair sofa had heard in many a day.

i) Select the option that matches the expression with the meaning correctly.

Column A	Column B
I. getting cold feet	a. to be exhausted
II. dead on my feet	b. to become used to a new situation
III. get your feet wet	c. carried away by someone on an emotional level
	d. feeling nervous about something

- A. I-c, II-b, III-a
- B. I-d, II-a, III-b
- C. I-a, II-c, III-d
- D. I-b, II-d, III-c

- ii) Select the option that lists the statements which can be a part of one's 'code of living'.
1. Keep your word.
 2. Never quit on yourself or your family.
 3. Think about the future and ignore the present.
 4. Focus on materialistic possessions.
 5. Stay true to yourself.
 6. Look back and wonder about your decisions.
- A. 1, 3 and 6
B. 2, 4 and 5
C. 2, 5 and 6
D. 1, 2 and 5
- iii) "I'll bet that was the first laugh those ancestors and horsehair sofa had heard in many a day." The tone of the speaker is
- A. satirical.
B. ironical.
C. humorous.
D. sarcastic.
- iv) Which option best describes the sequence of the speaker's emotions in the given extract.
- A. nostalgia-friendliness-jitters-disappointment
B. curiosity-nostalgia-fear-mild sadness
C. jitters-confidence-apprehension-delight
D. shyness—friendliness-excitement-nostalgia

4. Answer the following questions briefly.

- a) One day last summer the author was travelling to Pittsburg by chair car. What does he say about his co-passengers?
- b) What was John A. Pescud's opinion about best sellers? Why?
- c) What does John say about himself since his last meeting with the narrator?
- d) How did John's first meeting with Jessie's father go? What did John tell him?
- e) Why did John get off at Coketown?
- f) John is a hypocrite. Do you agree with this statement? Elucidate.
- g) Do you think Colonel Allyn enjoyed Pescud's company? Why/ Why not?
- h) Describe John A. Pescud with reference to the following points:

- o His physical appearance
- o His philosophy on behaviour
- o His profession
- o His first impression of his wife
- o His success

5. 'Irony' refers to the use of words to convey a meaning that is the opposite to their literal meaning. Working in pairs, bring out the irony in the following :

- a) The title of the story, "The Bestseller".
- b) Pescud's claim, "When people in real life marry, they generally hunt up somebody in their own station. A fellow usually picks out a girl who went to the same high-school and belonged to the same singing-society that he did."
- c) The name Trevelyan.

6. Answer in detail.

- (a) Pescud had the qualities of a good salesman. Justify this statement by citing examples from the text.
- (b) Imagine you are Andrew Smith, the author of the bestseller, 'The Rose Lady and Trevelyan'. You happen to meet Pescud during one of your train journeys and realise he is one of your biggest critics. Write down the possible conversation.

You may begin like this :

Pescud: Hello sir! It's a pleasure to have this chance meeting with you. I have read your book, 'The Rose Lady and Trevelyan' but I must say that I beg to differ with your idea of romance. I feel it is far from reality.

Andrew: Hello Mr Pescud! I am glad that you are candid in your opinion about my book. So, tell me what's your notion of an ideal romance?

7. Working in groups of four, write an article on the following :

The elderly seek attention and company from younger members of their family. They are eager to listen and long to share their life experiences. John A Pescud is not only respectful but also very patient with Colonel Allyn, Jessie's father.

As a reporter, write an article for a newspaper, on the importance of the elderly in our lives.

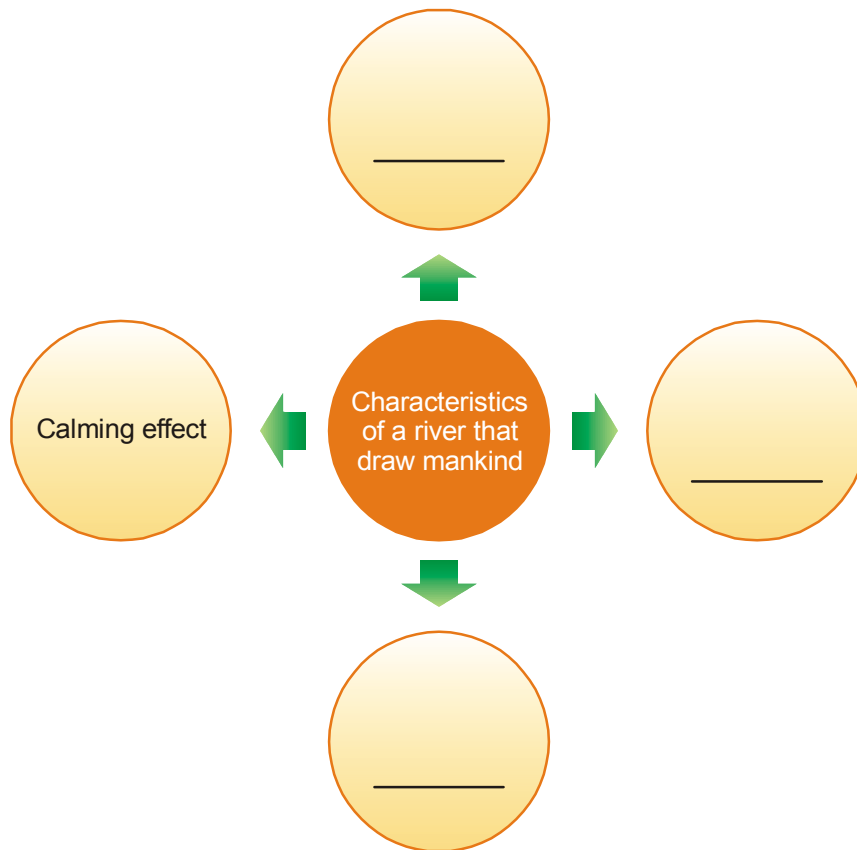
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POETRY

P.1 The Brook

by Lord Alfred Tennyson

1. *Since centuries, human beings have always been drawn to rivers, streams and other natural sources of water. Can you think of some characteristics of a river that make it fascinating to mankind?*



2. *Here is a list of a few things. Can you tell how long each of them can live /exist?*

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|------------|
| (a) a dog | (b) an elephant | (c) a tree |
| (d) a human being | (e) a star | |
| (f) a mountain | (g) a river | |

3. *The poem is about a brook. A dictionary would define a brook, as a stream or a small river. Read the poem silently first. After the first reading, the teacher will make you listen to a recording of the poem. What do you think the poem is all about?*

I come from **haunts** of **coot** and **hern**;

I make a sudden **sally**

And sparkle out among the fern,

To **bicker** down a valley.

- 5 By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty **thorpes**, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow

- 10 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,

In little sharps and **trebles**,

- 15 I bubble into **eddy**ing bays,
I **babble** on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret

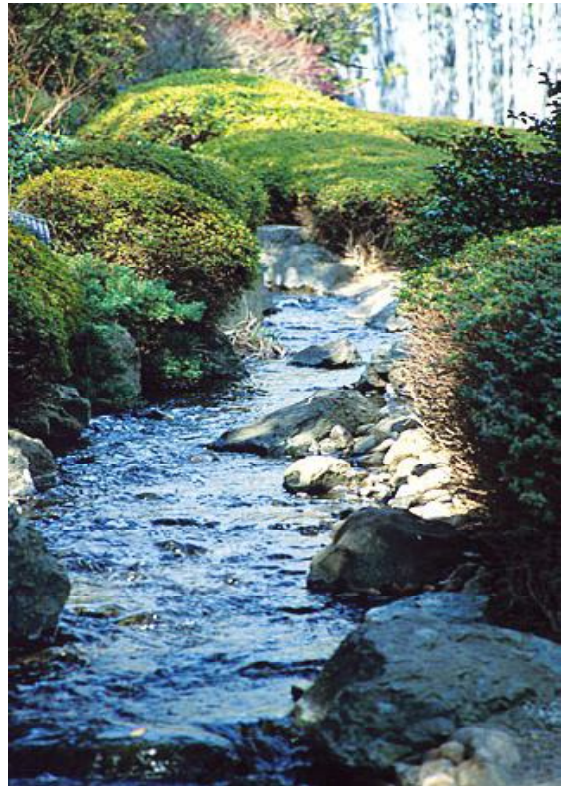
By many a field and **fallow**,

And many a fairy **foreland** set

- 20 With willow-weed and **mallow**.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow

To join the brimming river,



haunts: places frequently visited by

coot: a type of water bird with a white spot on the forehead

hern: heron, (another kind of water bird)

sally: emerge suddenly

bicker: (here) flow down with a lot of noise

thorpes: a village

trebles: high pitched tune

eddying: spiral movement of water

babble: sound made when one talks gaily

fallow: land left uncultivated to regain fertility

foreland: piece of land that extends into a river etc.

mallow: plant with hairy stems and leaves and pink, white or purple flowers

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

25 I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a **lusty trout**,
And here and there a **grayling**,

And here and there a foamy flake
30 Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river
35 For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by **hazel** covers

I move the sweet **forget-me-nots**
40 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

45 I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my **shingly** bars;
I loiter round my **creesses**;

And out again I curve and flow
50 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.



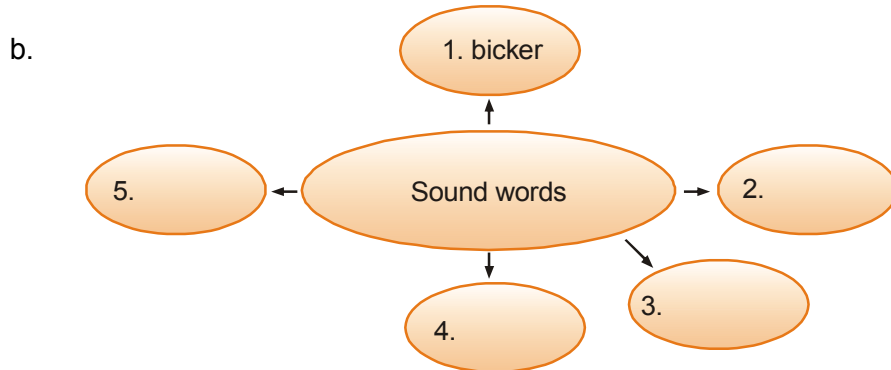
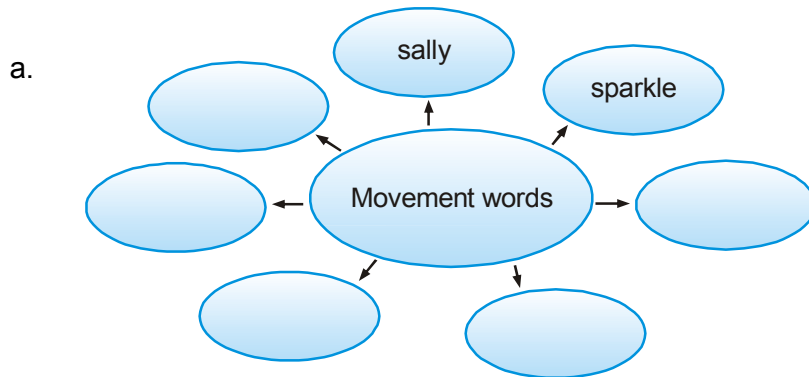
lusty trout: a big freshwater fish
grayling: another type of fresh water fish
hazel: a small tree or bush with edible nuts
forget-me-nots : a type of flowers
shingly: covered with small rounded pebbles
creesses: a pungent leaved plant like a cabbage

About the Poet

Lord Tennyson (1809-92) was born in Lincolnshire. Poet Laureate for over 40 years, Tennyson is representative of the Victorian age. His skilled craftsmanship and noble ideals retained a large audience for poetry in an age when the novel was engrossing more and more readers. Tennyson's real contribution lies in his shorter poems like **The Lady of Shalott, The Princess, Ulysses, The Palace of Art** etc. His fame rests on his perfect control of sound, the synthesis of sound and meaning, and the union of visual and musical.

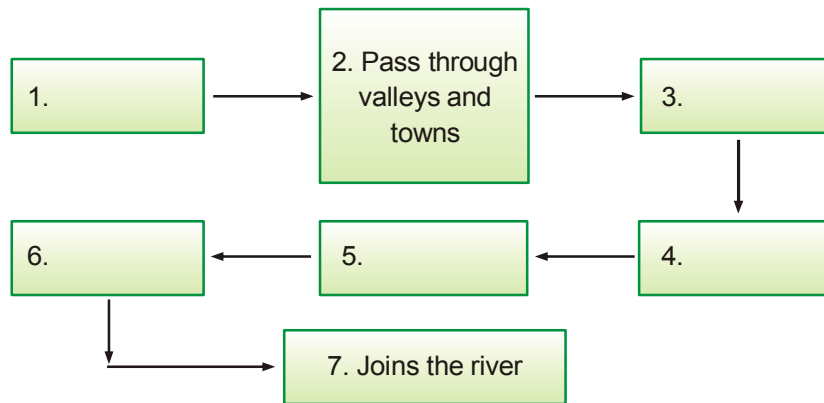
4. After reading the poem, answer the following questions.

The poet has used a number of words which indicate 'movement' and 'sound'. Working with your partner make a list of these words from the poem and complete the web chart.



c. A word or a combination of words, whose sound seems to resemble the sound it denotes (for example: "hiss", "buzz", "etc.) is called onomatopoeia. From the words that you have filled in the blurbs above point out these words.

5. **The following is a flow chart showing the course of the brook. Can you fill in the blank spaces with help from the phrases given below?**



a) passes under fifty bridges; b) comes from the place where coots and herons live; c) passes lawns filled with flowers; d) crosses both fertile and fallow land; e) goes through wilderness full of thorny bushes

6. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.**

- (a) The message of the poem is that the life of a brook is _____.
- temporary
 - short-lived
 - eternal
 - momentary
- (b) The poet draws a parallelism between the journey of the brook with _____
- the life of a man
 - the death of man
 - the difficulties in a man's life
 - the endless talking of human beings
- (c) In the poem, the below mentioned lines suggest that _____.
- "And here and there a lusty trout ,
And here and there a grayling"*
- the brook is a source of life.
 - people enjoy the brook.
 - fishes survive because of water.
 - the brook witnesses all kinds of scenes.

(d) Select the option that matches the given words/phrases with the appropriate literary device used by the poet.

Words	Literary Device
i) Chatter; Babble; Murmur	1. Alliteration- the occurrence of the same letter or sound at the beginning of adjacent or closely connected words
ii) Men may come and men may go but I go on forever	2. Onomatopoeia-the formation of a word from a sound associated with what is named
iii) fairly foreland; with willow seed; foamy flake; golden gravel	3. Inversion - reversal of the normal order of the words and phrases in a sentence
	4. Refrain - a word, line or phrase that is repeated within the lines or stanzas of the poem itself.

(i) i-2, ii-1, iii-4

(ii) i-4, ii-2, iii-3

(iii) I-2, ii-4, iii-1

(iv) i-1, ii-2, iii-3

(e) The first-person narration of the brook allows the reader to

- (i) appreciate Tennyson’s use of symbols.
- (ii) realize the ultimate goal of the brook.
- (iii) experience the soothing effect of the sound of water.
- (iv) understand the brook’s experience as a living organism

6.B. Read the given extracts and answer the questions that follow by selecting the correct options.

A. *With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.*

(i) Choose the option that best describes the brook’s journey in the given stanza.

It is a journey full of _____ .

- a) comfort and luxury
- b) trials and tribulations

- c) sorrow and misery
d) joy and laughter
- (ii) The poet has used the pronoun 'I' to refer to the brook and thus employed a literary device in his depiction. Choose the option that uses the same literary device as used in the first line.
- a) The magnitude of the bottomless ocean was divine.
b) The angry walls echoed his fury.
c) A mother is like a lioness protecting her cubs.
d) I felt the power of the gushing stream.
- (iii) The brook seems to be fretting in the given stanza. This word has been used by the poet to depict the _____ of the flowing brook.
- a) force
b) kindness
c) silence
d) beauty

B.

*I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;
And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.*

- (i) Choose the option that includes words that best describe the characteristics of the brook, as revealed in the given extract.
1. perpetual 2. silent 3. twisted
4. unbound 5. interrupted
- a) 1, 3 and 4
b) 1, 2, 4 and 5
c) 1, 2, and 3
d) 1, 2 and 4
- (ii) The line, 'men may come and men may go'
- a) mocks the shortness of the brook's life as it goes through its journey.
b) highlights the eternal nature of human life as opposed to its own.
c) contrasts the eternal nature of brook against short-lived human life-span.
d) highlights the eternal story of men that the brook comes across during its journey.

- iii) What do the words, 'linger and loiter' show about the brook?
- Its continuity
 - Its slow movement
 - Its powerful force
 - Its ultimate purpose

7. Answer the following questions.

- Why does the brook 'sparkle' ?
- 'Bicker' means 'to quarrel'. Why does the poet use this word here?
- Why has the word 'chatter' been repeated in the poem?
- 'I wind about, and in and out'. What kind of a picture does this line create in your mind?
- What does the poet want to convey by using the words 'steal' and 'slide'?
- 'I make the netted sunbeam dance'. What does 'the netted sunbeam' mean? How does it dance?
- What is a 'refrain' in a poem? What effect does it create?
- Why has the poet used the word 'brimming' in the line, 'to join the brimming river'?

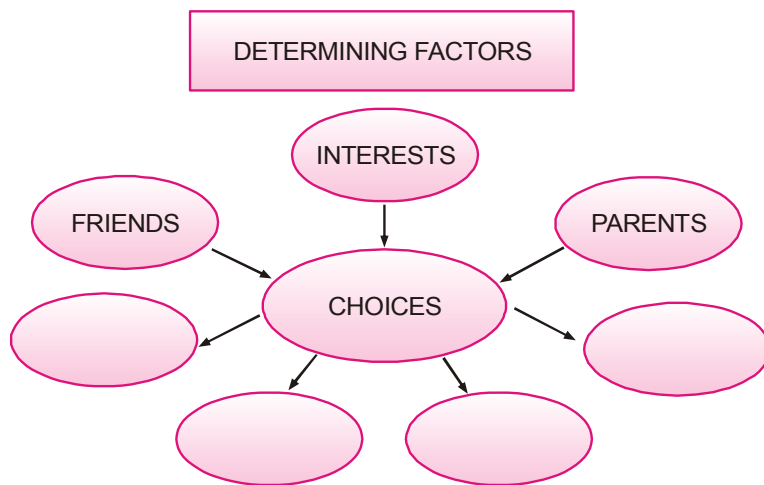
9. Identify the rhyme scheme of the poem, The Brook.

- 10. The poem is full of images that come alive through skilful use of words. Describe any two images that appeal to you the most, quoting the lines from the poem.**
- 11. The brook appears to be a symbol for life. Pick out examples of parallelism between human life and the brook from the poem.**
- 12. This poem describes the journey of a stream from its place of origin to the river that it joins. The poem has been written in the form of an autobiography where the brook relates its experiences as it flows towards the river. In Literature, such a device by which an inanimate object is made to appear as a living creature is called Personification. Just as the brook has been personified in this poem, write a poem on any inanimate object making it come alive. You could begin with a poem of 6-8 lines. The poem should have a message. Maintain a rhyme scheme. Try and include similes, metaphors, alliteration etc. to enhance the beauty of the poem. You could write a poem on objects such as a candle/a tree/ a rock/a desert etc.**

P.2 The Road Not Taken

by Robert Frost

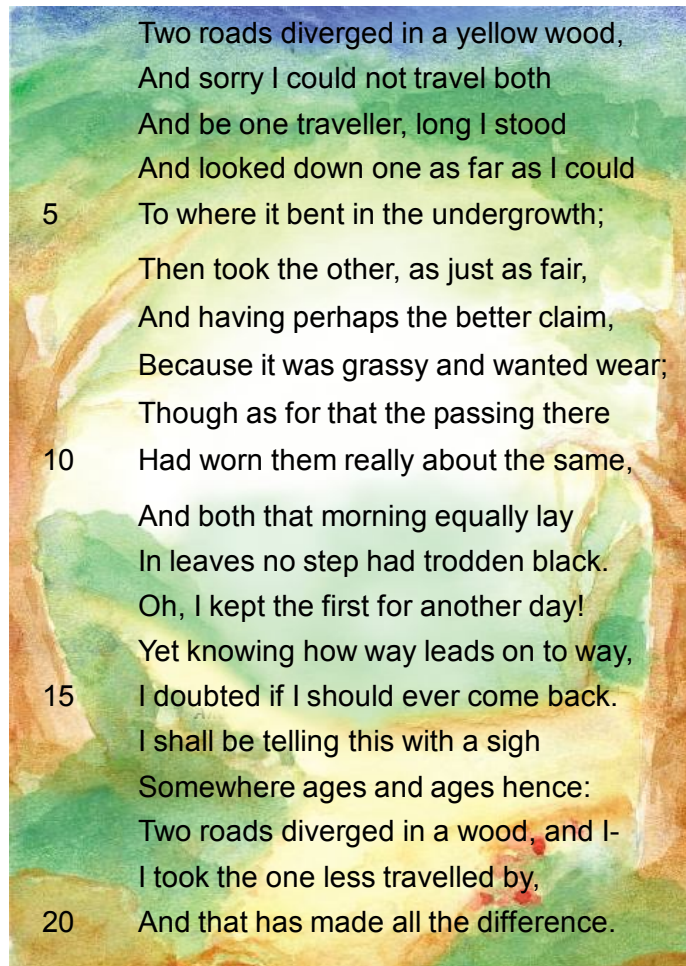
1. Sometimes the choices we make have far-reaching consequences. Think about choices you make on a daily basis, and the importance of these choices.
2. Complete the web chart showing choices and decisions you may have to make in the next few years and the factors that affect these choices. (Pay attention to the arrows.)



Share your choices and decisions with your partner.

3. Have you made choices that are acceptable and less 'risky' or have you followed the beaten track? Why?
4. List common dilemmas that teenagers face involving the choice of one or more "roads." Give examples of "roads" that you must travel (e.g. facing peer pressure, choosing friends, observing rules laid down by school and parents, acting on your own values).
5. Listen to a recording of the poem.
 - a. What choice did the poet have to make?
 - b. Did he regret his choice? Why/ why not?

6. Read the poem silently.

**About the Poet**

Robert Frost (1874-1963) was born in San Francisco, Frost spent most of his adult life in rural New England and his laconic language and emphasis on individualism in his poetry reflect this region. He attended Dartmouth and Harvard but never earned a degree. As a young man with a growing family he attempted to write poetry while working on a farm and teaching in a school. American editors rejected his submitted poems. With considerable pluck Frost moved his family to England in 1912 and the following year, a London publisher brought out his first book. After publishing a second book, Frost returned to America determined to win a reputation in his own country, which he gradually achieved. He became one of the country's best-loved poets. Unlike his contemporaries, Frost chose not to experiment with the new verse forms but to employ traditional patterns, or as he said, he chose "the old-fashioned way to be new." Despite the surface cheerfulness and descriptive accuracy of his poems, he often presents a dark, sober vision of life, and there is a defined thoughtful quality to his work which makes it unique.

7. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by selecting the correct choice.

- (a) In the poem, a traveller comes to a fork in the road and needs to decide which way to go to continue his journey. Figuratively the choice of the road denotes
- (i) the tough choices people make on the road of life.
 - (ii) the time wasted on deciding what to do.
 - (iii) life is like a forest.
 - (iv) one must travel a lot to realize one's dreams.
- (b) The poet writes, 'Two roads diverged in a yellow wood.' The word diverged means
- (i) appeared
 - (ii) curved
 - (iii) branched off
 - (iv) continued on
- (c) The tone of the speaker in the first stanza is that of
- (i) excitement
 - (ii) anger
 - (iii) hesitation and thoughtfulness
 - (iv) sorrow
- (d) Select the quote that captures the central idea of the poem most appropriately.
- (i) We often confuse what we wish for with what is.
 - (ii) I have always been much better at asking questions than knowing what the answers were.
 - (iii) You are free to make whatever choice you want, but you are not free from the consequences of the choice.
 - (iv) To live a creative life, we must lose our fear of being wrong.

8. Answer the following questions briefly.

- i) Describe the two roads that the poet comes across.
- ii) Which road does the speaker choose? Why did he choose that?
- iii) Which road would you choose? Why? Give reasons for your choice.
- iv) Does the speaker seem happy about his decision?
- v) The poet says "I took the one less travelled by, And that has made all the difference." What is 'the difference' that the poet mentions?

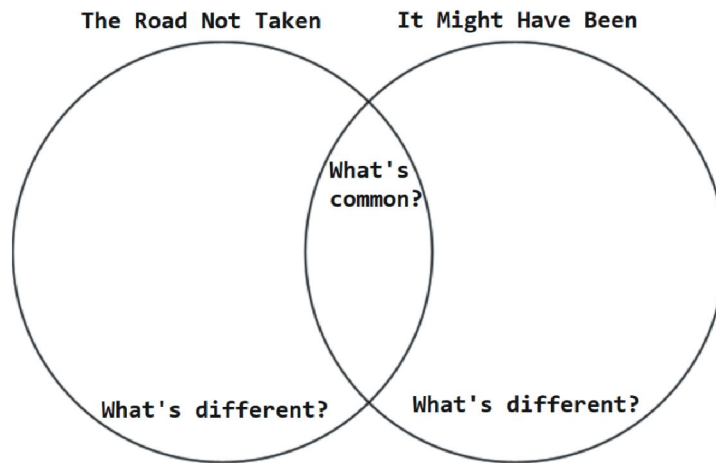
- vi) Comment on Frost's use of nature to establish a connect with a human situation.
- vii) The poem carries a tinge of regret. Do you agree? Explain with a reason.
- viii) Establish a connection between the given quote and the poem.

If you want to achieve something you've never had, you have to move out of your comfort zone to travel towards it.

8. Read Ella Wheeler Wilcox's 'It Might Have Been'.

[Link to the poem: <http://www.ellawheelerwilcox.org/poems/pitmight.htm>]

Compare the poem to 'The Road Not Taken' and complete the following, based on your insights.



Through a discussion, share your insight with others in class.

- 9. Identify the rhyme scheme of the poem, 'The Road Not Taken'.**
- 10. Fill in the blanks to complete the following paragraph that highlights the theme of the poem. Use the words given in the box below**

decision sorry foresee choices pleasant direction
 fork trail rewarding chance wonder both

The poem "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost is about the _____ that one makes in life. It tells about a man who comes to a _____ in the road he is travelling upon. He feels _____ that he can not travel _____ paths as he must choose one. Frost uses this fork in the road to represent a point in the man's life where he has to choose the _____ he wishes to take in life. As he thinks about his _____ he looks down one path, as far as he can see trying to what life will be like if he walks that path. He then gazes at the other and decides that the outcome of going down that path would be just as _____. At this point

he concludes that the _____ that has been less travelled on would be more _____ when he reaches the end of it. The man then decides that he will save the other path for another day, even though he knows that one path leads to another and that he won't get a _____ to go back. The man then says that he will be telling this story with a sigh, someday in the future suggesting that he will what life would have been like if he had chosen the more walked path even though the path he chose has made all the difference.

11. ***Roads are fascinating as metaphors for life, change, journeys, partings, adventure, etc. or simply as roads. This is probably why they, and all their attendant images, have permeated art, literature and songs. In the poem, Frost uses the fork in the road as a metaphor for the choices we make in life. Thus the roads are, in fact, two alternative ways of life. According to you, what are the other objects that could be used to represent life?***

- River
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

12. ***In groups of six, select, write the script of and present a skit that demonstrates decision making and conflict resolution. Follow the steps given below :***

- choices to be made,
- options to be considered
- influence of others
- decisions/actions taken
- immediate and future consequences of the decision.

13. ***'The Road Not Taken' is a biographical poem. Therefore, some personal biographical information is relevant for the deeper understanding of the poem we have read. Go to www.encarta.com and complete the following worksheet about Robert Frost.***

- a) What "momentous decision" was made by Frost in 1912?
- b) How old was he when took that decision?
- c) Why was it so difficult to take that decision? Think and give more than one reason.
- d) Was the "road" taken by Frost an easy one "to travel"?

- e) Do you think he wrote “The Road Not Taken” before sailing from the USA to England or after? Can you quote a line or two from the poem that can support your answer?
- f) Do you think Frost finally became popular in America as a poet?

14. You can find more information about Robert Frost at the following websites

[http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmlID=1961.](http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmlID=1961)

Hear the poet (who died almost forty years ago!) reading the poem at

<http://www.poets.org/poems/poems.cfm?prmlID=1645>

To view a beautiful New England scene with each poem on this web site: “Illustrated Poetry of Robert Frost”:

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Olympus/1487/index.html>



P.3 The Solitary Reaper

by William Wordsworth

1. **Sometimes we see something beautiful and striking, and we remember it for a long time afterwards. Can you recollect this ever happening to you? If so, what was it? What do you remember about it now? Are the details of what you saw or the feelings you experienced at that time fresh in your mind? Think for a few minutes, then share your thoughts with the class.**
2. **Listen to one of William Wordsworth's poems, that describes a memorable experience he had, while out on a walk. (Your teacher will play a recording) Listen to the poem at least twice.**

3. **Now read the poem.**

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary **Highland Lass!**
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

5. Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a **melancholy strain**;
O listen! for the **vale profound**
Is overflowing with the sound.
No nightingale did ever chant
- 10 More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among **Arabian Sands**.



highland lass: a girl who lives in the highlands (mountain regions) of Scotland

reaping: cutting and gathering a crop; such as corn or rice

melancholy strain: sad song

vale profound: the entire valley

Arabian Sands: the deserts of Arabia (the Middle East)

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 15 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the **farthest Hebrides**.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
 Perhaps the **plaintive numbers** flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 20 And battles long ago:

Or is it some more **humble lay**,
 Familiar matter of to-day?
 Same natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 that has been, and may be again?

25 Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the **sickle** bending;

I listen'd, motionless and still;
 30 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.



About the Poet

William Wordsworth was born on 7th April 1770, in Cockermouth in the Lake District, England. When many poets still wrote about ancient heroes in their grandiloquent style, Wordsworth focused on nature, children, the poor, common people and used ordinary words to express his feelings. He defined poetry as “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings” arising from “emotions recollected in tranquility”. He died at Rydal Mount on April 23, 1850.

4. **Imagine that you are the poet, William Wordsworth. You continue on your walk, and when you reach home you tell a friend what you saw and felt. Which of the following best describes your experience? (Work in pairs, then have a class discussion.)**

farthest Hebrides: the most remote group of islands that lie to the north-west of Scotland

plaintive numbers: sorrowful songs

humble lay: ordinary song

sickle: a tool for cutting grass and grain crops. It has a short handle and a blade shaped like a hook.

- a) "I was walking past some fields when I saw a young girl, a farm worker, harvesting grain by hand, with a sickle. She was so beautiful that I stood out of sight and watched her for a long time. I have never seen anyone more gorgeous! In fact, she reminded me of other beautiful experiences I've had - the song of the nightingale or the cuckoo, for instance. I'd certainly like to see her again!"
- b) "As I was standing on the hill top just now, I heard a very sad and plaintive song. I looked down, and saw a young woman reaping grain, singing as she did so. She seemed quite melancholy as she sang. But somehow her song brought great comfort and joy to me. In fact, I found it a very emotional experience. As I continued my walk along the hill top, I also heard a nightingale and a cuckoo. But the young farm worker's song affected me most deeply, even though I couldn't understand the words."
- c) "Just now, as I was walking in the valley, I saw a young farm worker in the field. She was singing to herself as she worked. I was so affected by her singing that I stopped and listened. She had a beautiful voice which seemed to fill the whole valley. The song was a sad one and I couldn't understand the words. But its plaintive tone and melancholy sound touched me greatly and its beauty reminded me of the song of a nightingale and a cuckoo. After some time, I walked up the hill, carrying the memory of the young woman's hauntingly beautiful song with me."

5. ***The poet could not understand the words of the song, yet he raised several possibilities about its theme. In the chart below are some of these possibilities. Read the third stanza again, and find the phrase that matches each. Complete the chart by writing a phrase in each of the empty boxes. Work in pairs.***

death or illness of a loved one		everyday, routine events
	What is the theme of the solitary reaper's song?	
a disaster or calamity in the past		an important historical event

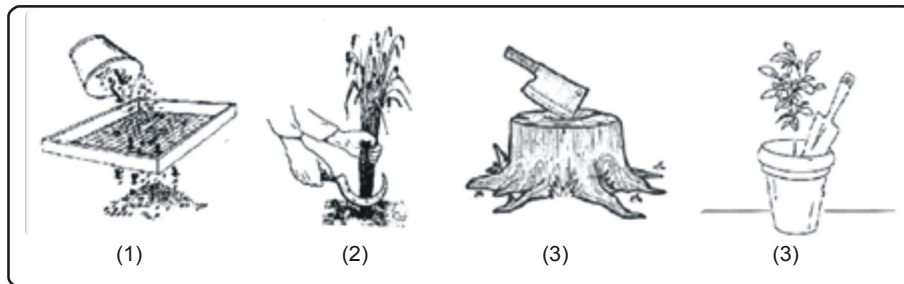
6.A. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.

- (a) The central idea of the poem 'The Solitary Reaper' is _____ .
- (i) well sung songs give us happiness
 - (ii) melodious sounds appeal to all
 - (iii) beautiful experiences give us life-long pleasure
 - (iv) reapers can sing like birds
- (b) In the poem 'The Solitary Reaper' to whom does the poet say, ' Stop here or gently pass'?
- (i) to the people cutting corn
 - (ii) to himself
 - (iii) to the people who make noise
 - (iv) to all the passers by
- (c) 'The Solitary Reaper' is a narrative poem set to music. This form of verse is called a _____ .
- (i) ballad
 - (ii) soliloquy
 - (iii) monologue
 - (iv) sonnet
- (d) The poet's lament in the poem 'The Solitary Reaper' is that _____ .
- (i) he cannot understand the song
 - (ii) he did not know the lass
 - (iii) she stopped singing at once
 - (iv) he had to move away
- (e) Why does the poet feel that the reaper was most likely singing sorrowful songs?
- (i) The poet himself was sad
 - (ii) The tune was melancholic
 - (iii) The surrounding was dismal
 - (iv) The reaper was weeping

6.B. Read the given stanzas and answer the questions given below by selecting the correct option.

*Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.*

- The exclamation mark used in *O listen!* suggests
 - a call for attention.
 - a request to listen.
 - a sense of wonder.
 - a warning to alert.
- Select the option that illustrates the task done by “she”.



- Option (1)
 - Option (2)
 - Option (3)
 - Option (4)
- Select the option that displays lines with the same rhyme scheme as that of the given stanza.
 - Clear sky, no clouds high up
The farmer looks and sighs
No monsoons yet, God why?
It will rain, it must.
 - The farmer looks at the sky
Thankful for the monsoon days
I am sure it's going to rain, he says
Thankful for the clouds up so high

- C. Are any clouds visible?
No, none that I see.
How unfortunate, poor me.
Faith is my only reprieve.
- D. The farmer looks at the sky
Thankful for the clouds up so high.
I am sure it's going to rain, he says
Thankful for the monsoon days.

7. Answer in detail

- (a) Do you think that the poet feels overwhelmed by the song of the Solitary Reaper? Why/Why not?
- (b) The use of imagery in the poem has a major impact on the reading experience. Discuss.
- (c) The language of music is universal. Justify with reference to *The Solitary Reaper*.

8.(a) Read the second stanza again in which Wordsworth compares the solitary reaper's song with the song of the nightingale and the cuckoo. On the basis of your reading (and your imagination), copy and complete the table below. Work in groups of four, then have a brief class discussion.

	Place	Heard by	Impact on listener
Solitary Reaper	Scottish Highlands	the poet	holds him spellbound
Nightingale			
Cuckoo			

- (b) **Why do you think Wordsworth has chosen the song of the nightingale and the cuckoo for comparison with the solitary reaper's song?**
- (c) **As you read the second stanza, what images come to your mind? Be ready to describe them in your own words to the rest of the class. Be imaginative enough and go beyond what the poet has written.**

9. In the sixth line of the first stanza, we read:

“... and sings a melancholy strain,...”

This “s” sound at the beginning of sings and strain has been repeated. Poets often do this. Do you know why? Do you know what this “poetic repetition” is called? Can you find other instances of this in *The Solitary Reaper*?

10. In the first stanza, some words or phrases have been used to show that the girl working in the fields is alone. Which words and phrases highlight her being alone? What effect do they create in the mind of the reader?
11. Wordsworth was so moved by this experience that later he wrote this poem as a recollection of a memory. Think back in your own life and try to recall an experience that affected you greatly and left a deep impression on you. Then write a poem for your school magazine in which you describe that experience and its impact.

P.4 The Seven Ages

by William Shakespeare

1. **What according to you are the stages of a person's life? What characteristics would you associate with each stage? (e.g., childhood: innocence, joy)**
2. **Listen to this extract from Shakespeare's play *As You Like It*. As you listen, read the poem aloud; you can do this more than once.**

All the world's a stage

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

- 5 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,

Mewling and **puking** in the nurse's arms.

Then the whining schoolboy, with his **satchel**

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,

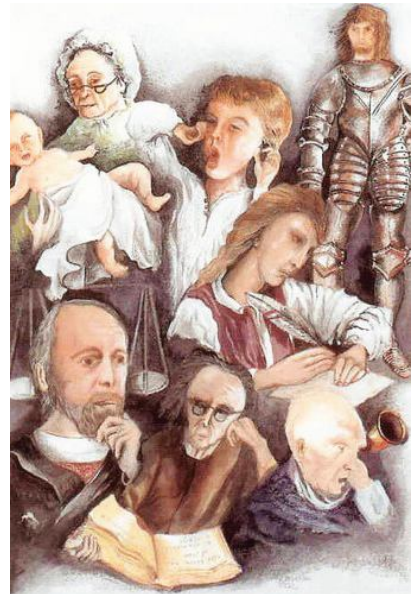
- 10 Sighing like furnace, with a **woeful** ballad

Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier.

Full of strange **oaths**, and bearded like the **pard**,

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the bubble reputation.



mewling: crying

puking: being sick, vomiting

satchel: a small bag, for carrying school books

woeful: very sad

oaths: solemn promises

pard: leopard (a symbol of fierceness in Shakespeare's time)

- 15 Even in the **cannon's** mouth. And then the **justice**,
 In fair round belly with good **capon** lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise **saws** and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
- 20 Into the lean and **slipperd pantaloon**,
 With spectacles on nose and **pouch** on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk **shank**; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish **treble**, pipes
- 25 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere **oblivion**,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

About the Poet

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon. He is considered by many to be the greatest dramatist of all time. He wrote 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems and about three dozen plays. Shakespeare used poetic and dramatic means to create unified aesthetic effects. In verse, he perfected the dramatic blank verse.

3. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by selecting the correct choice**
- (a) All the world's a stage is an extended metaphor for _____.
- (i) the life shown in well known plays.
- (ii) seeing the well known plays.

cannon: a big gun that fired cannon-balls made of iron

justice: judge

capon: a male chicken, very big and fat

saws: sayings

slipperd : wearing slippers (indoor shoes)

pantaloons: a vicious old man wearing a loose fitting garment for hips and legs

pouch: a soft fold of loose skin that hangs down, as a result of illness or old age

hose: tight-fitting leg coverings

shank: legs from the knee to the ankle; frame

treble: a high voice

oblivion: forgetting everything, and being forgotten by everybody

sans: (pronounced like sone) a French word meaning without

- (iii) life of well known actors.
- (iv) life of man that comes to an end.
- (b) All 'have their exits and their entrances'. Exits and entrances refer to _____.
 - (i) birth and death
 - (ii) beginning and end of play
 - (iii) coming and going of actors
 - (iv) death and birth
- (c) The seven roles that a man plays correspond to his
 - (i) chronological age in life
 - (ii) desires
 - (iii) mental development through life
 - (iv) idea of a perfect life

4. **Having read this extract, identify the stages of a person's life as Shakespeare has done. Write down these stages in your note book, and sum up the characteristics of each stage in two or three words. e.g.**

Stage	Characteristic feature
infancy	crying

5. **Work individually, and rank the seven stages in order of attractiveness. If you think being a schoolboy is most attractive stage, you could rank it number 1. Then, work in groups of four and compare your individual rankings.**

6. **Read the given lines and answer the questions that follow by selecting the correct option.**

(a) *All the world's a stage*

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages.

1. *And one man in his time plays many parts.....*

Replace the underlined word with the correct option which has the same meaning as used in the given lines.

- A. scenes
- B. roles
- C. jobs.
- D. tasks.

7. **You already know the two literary devices generally used by writers and poets for comparison, i.e. metaphor and simile. e.g.**

- a) He was a lion in the battle. (metaphor)
- b) He fought like a lion. (simile)

In (a) the writer talks of the soldier in terms of a lion. The comparison is implied. In (b) the writer compares the soldier to a lion with the use of the word like, (as may also be used for such comparisons).

Read the poem again and note down the metaphors and similes. Complete the following chart.

Reference	Metaphor	Simile
world	all the world's a stage	
men, women		
school-boy		
lover		
soldier		
reputation		
voice		

Which comparison(s) do you find most interesting? Why?

- 8. **In this poem, life is being compared to a play. Just as in a play, a man acts many parts, so also in life, a man plays many roles. Can you think of some other comparison for life? (For example, life could be compared with the seasons in nature, the days of the week, the lessons in a school day.) Select one of these comparisons (or choose one of your own), and write about the similarities that life has with it. (80-100 words)**
- 9. **Your teacher will select seven readers and seven “mimers,” one pair for each of Shakespeare’s seven ages. At the start of the reading, all seven “mimers” stand in front of the class and the readers are at their desks. For each age, the reader stands up and reads, while the corresponding “mimer” mimes what is being read.**

P.5 Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth

by Pam Ayres

1. **Parents alone are responsible for inculcating a good sense of dental hygiene amongst children. Do you agree/disagree? Discuss with your partner.**

2. **Listen to the poem.**

1 Oh, I wish I'd looked after **me teeth**,
 And spotted the perils beneath.
 All the toffees I chewed,
 And the sweet sticky food,
 5 Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.
 I wish I'd been that much more willin'
 When I had more tooth there than fillin'
 To pass up **gobstoppers**.
 From respect to me choppers,
 10 And to buy something else with me shillin'.
 When I think of the lollies I licked,
 And the **liquorice** all sorts I picked,
Sherbet dabs, big and little,
 All that hard peanut brittle,
 15 My conscience gets horribly pricked.
 My mother, she told me no end.
 'If you got a tooth, you got a friend.'
 I was young then, and careless,



me teeth: my teeth
gobstoppers: a large, hard sweet
liquorice: candy made with the dried root of the liquorice plant
sherbet dabs: tiny sweets

My toothbrush was hairless,
 I never had much time to spend.
 Oh, I showed them the toothpaste all right,
 I flashed it about late at night,
 But up-and-down brushin'
 And **pokin' and fussin'**

25 Didn't seem worth the time-I could bite!

If I'd known, I was paving the way
 To cavities, caps and decay,
 The murder of fillin's
 Injections and drillin's,

30 I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lay in the old dentist's chair,
 And I gaze up his nose in despair,
 And his drill it do whine,
 In these molars of mine.

35 "Two **amalgum**," he'll say, "for in there."

How I laughed at my mother's false teeth,
 As they foamed in the waters beneath.
 But now comes the reckonin'
 It's me they are beckonin'

40 Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.



About the Poet

Pam Ayres (1947-) is a contemporary writer, a great entertainer who writes and performs comic verse. She started writing poems and verses as a hobby and has appeared in every major TV show in the U.K. She has published six books of poems, and cut seven record albums including a collection of 50 best known poems.

3. On the basis of your reading of the poem, complete the following table.

Stages in the life of the poet	Indulgence	Consequences
(a) Youth	eating toffees _____ _____ _____ _____	_____ _____ _____ _____
(b) Adult hood	_____ _____ _____	gazing at the dentist in despair.

4. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.

- (a) The title 'Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth' expresses _____.
- regret
 - humour
 - longing
 - pleasure
- (b) The conscience of the speaker pricks her as she has _____.
- been careless
 - been ignorant
 - been fun loving
 - been rude
- (c) The speaker says that she has paved the way for cavities and decay by _____.
- eating the wrong food and not brushing.
 - not listening to her mother
 - laughing at her mother's false teeth
 - not listening to the dentist
- (d) The tone of the narrator is one of _____.
- joy
 - nostalgia
 - regret
 - sorrow

5. **Answer the following questions.**

- a) "...But up-and-down brushin'
And pokin' and fussin'
Didn't seem worth the time-I could bite!"
What do these lines convey?
- b) Why did the poet go to the dentist? How could she have avoided it?
- c) "If you got a tooth, you got a friend", what do you understand from the line?
- d) With reference to the poem, how can you look after your teeth?
- e) Give an appropriate proverb that conveys the message that this poem carries.

6. **From page 150, your teacher will read out the conversation between Doki and his sister, Moki. As you listen complete the idioms and expressions listed below.**

- 1. sleep.....
- 2.me the willies
- 3. crack the.....
- 4. take the.....to water
- 5.tail.
- 6. wonders will.....
- 7.can't be undone.
- 8. reap what I

Idioms are metaphorical expressions rather than literal. For example 'give someone the willies' does not simply mean 'to handover something called willies to someone', but 'to make someone feel nervous'. It is important for learners of English to understand them and be able to use them.

7. **Read the following statement and imagine you are Jack.**

"I can't afford to, after what Jack's done to his teeth."

What is it, you think, you can not afford to do and why? Write a diary entry of not less than 125 words.

(In-class activity; not to be set up as homework).

JUST THINK

- 8. **In line 35, the poet has misspelt the word 'amalgum'. Why do you think she has done that? Discuss.**

P.6 Song of the Rain

by Kahlil Gibran

1. (a) **Given below are five lines from a poem but they are not in the right order. Get into groups of four. Read the lines and put them in the right order. Read the version that you develop to the whole class.**

The voice of thunder declares my arrival.

I emerge from the heart of the sea.

I descend and embrace the flowers.

I am dotted silver threads dropped from heaven.

The rainbow announces my departure.

- (b) **Who is 'I' in these lines?**
 (c) **Imagining yourself as the subject of this poem, write five lines about yourself in less than five minutes.**

You may like to

- define yourself
- state what you do
- explain why people like/dislike you
- mention any other characteristic about yourself

2. **Read the lines given in the boxes on the next page. They are in random order.**

Now listen to the recording of the poem carefully. As you listen, number the stanzas given in the boxes sequentially.

I am beautiful pearls, plucked from the
Crown of Ishtar by the daughter of Dawn
To embellish the gardens

I emerge from the heart of the Sea and
Soar with the breeze. When I see a field in
Need, I descend and embrace the flowers and
The trees in a million little ways

The voice of thunder declares my arrival :
The rainbow announces my departure.
I am like earthly life, which begins at
The feet of the mad elements and ends
Under the upraised wings of death

I am dotted silver threads dropped from heaven
By the gods. Nature then takes me to adorn
Her fields and valleys.

I touch gently at the windows with my
Soft fingers and my announcement is a
Welcome song. All can hear but only
The sensitive can understand

The field and the cloud are lovers
And between them I am a messenger of mercy.
I quench the thirst of the one,
I cure the ailment of the other.

I am the sigh of the sea, the laughter of the field;
The tears of heaven.

When I cry the hills laugh;
When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;
When I bow, all things are elated

So, with love-
Sighs from the deep sea of affection; Laughter
from the colourful field of the spirit; Tears from
the endless heaven of memories.

3. **Read the song once again.**

1 I am dotted silver threads dropped from heaven
By the gods. Nature then takes me, to **adorn**
Her fields and valleys.

5 I am beautiful pearls, plucked from the
Crown of **Ishtar** by the daughter of Dawn
To **embellish** the gardens.

When I cry the hills laugh;
When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;
When I bow, all things are **elated**.

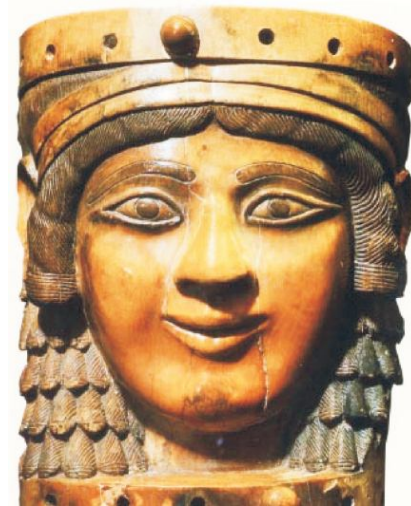
10 The field and the cloud are lovers
And between them I am a messenger of mercy.
I **quench** the thirst of the one;
I cure the ailment of the other.

15 The voice of thunder declares my arrival;
The rainbow announces my departure.
I am like earthly life which begins at
The feet of the mad elements and ends
Under the **upraised** wings of death.

20 I emerge from the heart of the sea and
Soar with the breeze. When I see a field in
Need, I descend and embrace the flowers and
The trees in a million little ways.

I touch gently at the windows with my
Soft fingers, and my announcement is a

25 Welcome song. All can hear, but only
The sensitive can understand.
I am the sigh of the sea;
The laughter of the field;
The tears of heaven.



adorn : to decorate or add beauty to.

Ishtar : goddess of fertility, love, war and sex, in the Babylonian Pantheon, she “was the divine personification of the planet Venus”.

embellish : decorate.

elated : very happy and excited.

quench : satisfy thirst.

upraised : lifted or moved upwards.

- A. Option i
- B. Option ii
- C. Option iii
- D. Option iv

ii) Read the definitions given below:

Allusion: Reference to a famous person, place, or historical event, either directly or through implication.

Alliteration: Repetition of same consonant sound at the initial position in two or more neighbouring words.

Select the option that correctly includes examples of i) allusion and ii) alliteration from the extract.

- A. i) Ishtar ii) daughter of Dawn
- B. i) Dawn ii) dotted silver threads
- C. i) Nature ii) pearls, plucked from the Crown

(iii) Choose the option containing a statement that is NOT conveyed through the extract.

- A. The rain calls itself the shimmering drops sent by gods.
- B. The rain is the daughter of Dawn born to decorate the gardens.
- C. Nature has adopted rain to decorate her fields and valleys.
- D. The rain is beautiful pearls plucked from the crown of the goddess of fertility.

(iv) Ishtar is a Mesopotamian goddess and signifies diverse things in different cultures. Select which symbol of Ishtar is relevant in the extract with the most appropriate reason.

- A. The poet utilized the symbol of 'Love' to represent Ishtar because the rain brings love and peace to the world.
- B. Ishtar signifies 'War' as her power arises from her connection with storms.
- C. Ishtar here represents 'Fertility' because she is responsible for all life and so is the relevance to the rain.
- D. The poet meant to associate the symbol of 'Beauty' to Ishtar as the rain makes the world beautiful.

- (b) *The voice of thunder declares my arrival;
The rainbow announces my departure.
I am like earthly life, which begins at
The feet of the mad elements and ends
Under the upraised wings of death.*

- i) The rain says, 'I am like earthly life'. Select the option with the most suitable explanation of the expression.
- A) The rain undergoes the same phases as that of earthly beings.
 - B) Most of the rain's life is on the earth.
 - C) The fate of earthly life is dependent on the rain.
 - D) Rain has a concern for earthly life.
- ii) The tone and mood of the rain in the extract reflects _____.
- A) its merriment as it destroys
 - B) rain's desire to reach its destiny
 - C) its objective and realistic manner
 - D) the rain's pride at its might
- iii) Read statements 1 and 2 given below and choose the option that correctly assesses these statements.
- 1. Rainbow declares the rain's parting.
 - 2. Rainbow causes the end of the rain.
- A) Both statements 1 and 2 are false.
 - B) Statement 1 is true but 2 is false.
 - C) Statement 1 is the reason for statement 2.
 - D) Statement 2 is the cause of statement 1.

5.A. Answer briefly.

- (a) Why is the rain divine?
- (b) In this universe, rain performs many functions. What are those?
- (c) *"When I cry the hills laugh;
When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;
When I bow, all things are elated."*
Cry, humble and **bow** indicate different intensity with which the rain falls. Explain the three in the context of the poem.
- (d) The Poem invokes beautiful imagery which is built around '*sigh of the sea*', '*laughter of the field*' and '*tears of heaven*'. Explain the three expressions in the context of rain.
- (e) Define the role of rain as the "messenger of mercy".
- (f) Contrast the arrival of the rain with that of its departure

5.B. Answer in detail

a) Shakespeare’s ‘Seven Ages’ designates different stages of human life. Draw a parallel between the two poems to elicit the different stages of rain’s life.

b) *Imagery* evokes a mental image or other kinds of sensual impressions in literary writings.

“I am beautiful pearls...”, “dotted silver threads”, “laughter of the field” , etc.

Now, observe auditory images created by the words “sighs”, “thunders”, “laughter”, etc.

Critically appreciate the poem, explaining the effect these techniques create in the mind of the reader.

c) “When I see a field in need, I descend and embrace the flowers and the trees in a million little ways”.

Write an imaginary conversation between a flower, a tree and the field, discussing the role of rain in their lives.

You may begin like this:

Tree: My life began as a seed. I came to life only after the rain drops embraced me.

Field: My survival, thereby the survival of all mankind depends on me. And only rains can help me thrive...

Flower:

6. ‘Ode to Autumn’ is a beautiful poem written by the famous poet John Keats. From page 151, your teacher will read an excerpt from the poem. Pick phrases which personify autumn.

Phrases

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

7. Rain in the hills and rain in the desert present entirely different scenario. In the hills it revitalises the greenery and freshens the vegetation; it waters the parched land and relieves the thirsty and panting souls in the desert.

(i) This has been a year of scanty rains. Imagine how the rain would be welcomed when it pours in the hills and in the desert after a long dry spell. Choose one such place and describe

(a) What are you likely to see?

(b) What would happen to the rain water?

(c) What would be the scene before and after the rain?

DRAMA

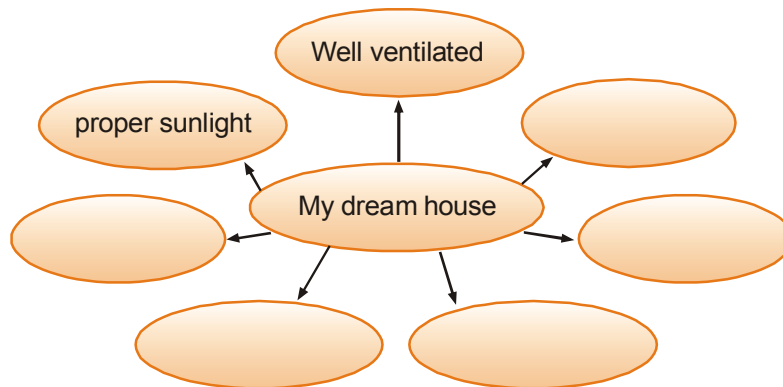
DRAMA

Unit 12

D.1 Villa For Sale

by Sacha Guitry

1. **If you could buy your dream house today, what are some specific features you would want for your house? Write them in the bubbles below.**



2. **Discuss with your partner the similarities and differences between your dream houses.**
3. **Now, read the play.**

List of Characters

Julliette	-	The owner of the villa
Maid	-	Juliette's maid
Gaston	-	A shrewd businessman
Jeanne	-	His young wife
Mrs Al Smith	-	A rich American lady

The scene represents the salon of a small villa near Nogent-sur-Marne.

*When the curtain rises, the **MAID** and **JULIETTE** are **discovered**.*

discovered : seen on the stage as the curtain is raised

Maid: Won't Madame be sorry?

Juliette: Not at all. Mind you, if someone had bought it on the very day I placed it for sale, then I might have felt sorry because I would have wondered if I hadn't been a fool to sell at all. But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it, was when I was the real fool.



Maid: All the same, Madame, when they brought you the 'For Sale' sign, you wouldn't let them put it up. You waited until it was night. Then you went and hung it yourself, Madame.

Juliette: I know! You see, I thought that as they could not read it in the dark, the house would belong to me for one more night. I was so sure that the next day the entire world would be fighting to purchase it. For the first week, I was annoyed every time I passed that 'Villa for Sale' sign. The neighbours seemed to look at me in such a strange kind of way that I began to think the whole thing was going to be much more of a **sell** than a sale. That was a month ago and now, I have only one thought, that is to get the **wretched** place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price. One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that's only twice what it cost me. I thought, I would get two hundred thousand but I suppose I must cut my loss. Besides, in the past two weeks, four people almost bought it, so I have begun to feel as though it no longer belongs to me. Oh! I'm fed up with the place, because nobody really wants it! What time did those agency people say the lady would call?

Maid: Between four and five, Madame.

Juliette: Then we must wait for her.

Maid: It was a nice little place for you to spend the weekends, Madame.

Juliette: Yes . . . but times are hard and business is as bad as it can be.

Maid: In that case, Madame, is it a good time to sell?

Juliette: No, perhaps not. But still. . . there are moments in life when it's the right time to buy, but it's never the right time to sell. For fifteen years everybody has had money at the same time and nobody wanted to sell. Now nobody has any money and nobody wants to buy. But still. . . even so . . . it would be funny if I couldn't manage to sell a place here, a stone's throw from Joinville, the French Hollywood, when all I'm asking is a **paltry** hundred thousand!

sell : disappointment due to failure or trickery.

wretched : extremely bad or unpleasant

paltry : an amount, too small to be considered important or useful.

- Maid:** That reminds me, there is a favour I want to ask you, Madame.
- Juliette:** Yes, what is it my girl?
- Maid:** Will you be kind enough to let me off between nine and noon tomorrow morning?
- Juliette:** From nine till noon?
- Maid:** They have asked me to play in a film at the Joinville Studio.
- Juliette:** You are going to act for the cinema?
- Maid:** Yes, Madame.
- Juliette:** What kind of part are you going to play?
- Maid:** A maid, Madame. They prefer the real article. They say maids are born; maids not made maids. They are giving me a hundred francs a morning for doing it.
- Juliette:** One hundred francs!
- Maid:** Yes, Madame. And as you only pay me four hundred a month, I can't very well refuse, can I, Madame?
- Juliette:** A hundred francs! It's unbelievable!
- Maid:** Will you permit me, Madame, to tell you something I've suddenly thought of?
- Juliette:** What?
- Maid:** They want a cook in the film as well. They asked me if I knew of anybody suitable. You said just now, Madame, that times were hard. ... Would you like me to get you the engagement?
- Juliette:** What?
- Maid:** Every little helps, Madame. Especially, Madame, as you have such a funny face.
- Juliette:** Thank you.
- Maid** (*taking no notice*). They might take you on for eight days, Madame. That would mean eight hundred francs. It's really money for nothing. You would only have to peel potatoes one minute and make an omlette the next, quite easy. I could show you how to do it, Madame.
- Juliette:** But how kind of you. ... Thank God I'm not quite so hard up as that yet!
- Maid:** Oh, Madame, I hope you are not angry with me ?
- Juliette:** Not in the least.
- Maid:** You see, Madame, film acting is rather looked up to round here. Everybody wants to do it. Yesterday the butcher didn't open his shop, he was being shot all the morning. Today, nobody could find the four policemen, they were taking part in Monsieur Milton's fight scene in his new film. Nobody thinks about anything



else round here now. You see, they pay so well. The manager is offering a thousand francs for a real beggar who has had nothing to eat for two days. Some people have all the luck! Think it over, Madame.

Juliette: Thanks, I will.

Maid: If you would go and see them with your hair slicked back the way you do when you are dressing, Madame, I am sure they would engage you right away. Because really, Madame, you look too comical!

Juliette: Thank you! (The bell rings) I am going upstairs for a moment. If that is the lady, tell her I will not be long. It won't do to give her the impression that I am waiting for her.

Maid: Very good, Madame. (Exit **JULIETTE**, as she runs off to open the front door) Oh, if I could become a **Greta Garbo!** Why can't I? Oh!

*(Voices heard off, a second later, the MAID returns showing in **GASTON** and **JEANNE**)*

Maid: If you will be kind enough to sit down, I will tell Madame you are here.

Jeanne: Thank you.

(Exit MAID)

Gaston: And they call that a garden! Why, it's a yard with a patch of grass in the middle!

Jeanne: But the inside of the house seems very nice, Gaston.

Gaston: Twenty-five yards of **Cretonne** and a dash of paint... you can get that anywhere.

Jeanne: That's not fair. Wait until you've seen the rest of it.

Gaston: Why should I? I don't want to see the kitchen to know that the garden is a myth and that the salon is impossible.

Jeanne: What's the matter with it?

Gaston: Matter? Why, you can't even call it a salon.

Jeanne: Perhaps there is another.

Gaston: Never mind the other. I'm talking about this one.

Jeanne: We could do something very original with it.

Gaston: Yes, make it an **annex** to the garden.

Jeanne: No, but a kind of study.

Gaston: A study? Good Lord! You're not thinking of going in for studying are you?

Jeanne: Don't be silly! You know perfectly well what a modern study is.

Gaston: No, I don't.

Greta Garbo: a Swedish actress during Hollywood's silent period

Cretonne : a heavy printed cotton or liner fabric used in furnishings.

annex : addition; extension

- Jeanne:** Well . . . er. . . it's a place where . . . where one gathers . . .
- Gaston:** Where one gathers what?
- Jeanne:** Don't be aggravating, please! If you don't want the house, tell me so at once and we'll say no more about it.
- Gaston:** I told you before we crossed the road that I didn't want it. As soon as you see a sign '*Villa for Sale*', you have to go inside and be shown over it.
- Jeanne:** But we are buying a villa, aren't we?
- Gaston:** We are not!
- Jeanne:** What do you mean, 'We are not'? Then we're not looking for a villa?
- Gaston:** Certainly not. It's just an idea you've had stuck in your head for the past month.
- Jeanne:** But we've talked about nothing else....
- Gaston:** You mean, you've talked about nothing else. I've never talked about it. You see, you've talked about it so much, that you thought that we are talking. . . . You haven't even noticed that I've never joined in the conversation. If you say that you are looking for a villa, then that's different!
- Jeanne:** Well... at any rate . . . whether I'm looking for it or we're looking for it, the one thing that matters anyway is that I'm looking for it for us!
- Gaston:** It's not for us . . . it's for your parents. You are simply trying to make me buy a villa so that you can put your father and your mother in it. You see, I know you. If you got what you want, do you realize what would happen? We would spend the month of August in the villa, but your parents would take possession of it every year from the beginning of April until the end of September. What's more, they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them. No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.
- Jeanne:** Then why have you been looking over villas for the past week?
- Gaston:** I have not been looking over them, you have, and it bores me.
- Jeanne:** Well...
- Gaston:** Well what?
- Jeanne:** Then stop being bored and buy one. That will finish it. We won't talk about it any more.
- Gaston:** Exactly!
- Jeanne:** As far as that goes, what of it? Suppose I do want to buy a villa for papa and mamma? What of it?
- Gaston:** My darling. I quite admit that you want to buy a villa for your father and mother. But please admit on your side that I don't want to pay for it.
- Jeanne:** There's my dowry.

Gaston: Your dowry! My poor child, we have spent that long ago.

Jeanne: But since then you have made a fortune.

Gaston: Quite so. I have, but you haven't. Anyway, there's no use discussing it. I will not buy a villa and that ends it.

Jeanne: Then it wasn't worth while coming in.

Gaston: That's exactly what I told you at the door.

Jeanne: In that case, let's go.

Gaston: By all means.

Jeanne: What on earth will the lady think of us.

Gaston: I have never cared much about anybody's opinion. Come along.

*(He takes his hat and goes towards the door. At this moment **JULIETTE** enters.)*

Juliette: Good afternoon, Madame... Monsieur....

Jeanne: How do you do, Madame?

Gaston: Good day.

Juliette: Won't you sit down? *(All three of them sit.)* Is your first impression a good one?

Jeanne: Excellent.

Juliette: I am not in the least surprised. It is the most delightful little place. Its appearance is modest, but it has a charm of its own. I can tell by just looking at you that it would suit you admirably, as you suit it, if you will permit me to say so. Coming from me, it may surprise you to hear that you already appear to be at home. The choice of a frame is not so easy when you have such a delightful **pastel** to place in it. *(She naturally indicates **JEANNE** who is flattered.)* The house possesses a great many advantages. Electricity, gas, water, telephone, and drainage. The bathroom is beautifully fitted and the roof was entirely repaired last year.

Jeanne: Oh, that is very important, isn't it, darling?

Gaston: For whom?

Juliette: The garden is not very large . . . it's not long and it's not wide, but...

Gaston: But my word, it is high!

Juliette: That's not exactly what I meant. Your husband is very witty, Madame. As I was saying, the garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens. . . .

Gaston: On the principle of people who like children and haven't any, can always go and live near a school.

Jeanne: Please don't joke, Gaston. What this lady says is perfectly right. Will you tell me, Madame, what price you are asking for the villa?

Juliette: Well, you see, I must admit, quite frankly, that I don't want to sell it any more.

Gaston : (rising) Then there's nothing further to be said about it.

Juliette: Please, I...

Jeanne: Let Madame finish, my dear.

Juliette: Thank you. I was going to say that for exceptional people like you, I don't mind giving it up. One arranges a house in accordance with one's own tastes - if you understand what I mean - to suit oneself, as it were - so one would not like to think that ordinary people had come to live in it. But to you, I can see with perfect assurance, I agree. Yes, I will sell it to you.

Jeanne: It's extremely kind of you.

Gaston: Extremely. Yes ... but ...er... what's the price, Madame?

Juliette: You will never believe it...

Gaston: I believe in God and so you see ...

Juliette: Entirely furnished with all the fixtures, just as it is, with the exception of that one little picture signed by Carot. I don't know if you have ever heard of that painter, have you ?

Gaston: No, never.

Juliette: Neither have I. But I like the colour and I want to keep it, if you don't mind. For the villa itself, just as it stands, two hundred and fifty thousand francs. I repeat, that I would much rather dispose of it at less than its value to people like yourselves, than to give it up, even for more money, to someone whom I didn't like. The price must seem...

Gaston: Decidedly excessive....

Juliette: Oh, no!

Gaston: Oh, yes, Madame.

Juliette: Well, really, I must say I'm..

Gaston: Quite so, life is full of surprises, isn't it?

Juliette: You think it dear at two hundred and fifty thousand? Very well, I can't be fairer than this, Make me an offer.

Gaston: If I did, it would be much less than that.

Juliette: Make it anyway.

Gaston: It's very awkward ... I...

Jeanne. Name some figures, darling .., just to please me.

Gaston: Well I hardly know ... sixty thousand....

Jeanne: Oh!

Juliette: Oh!

Gaston: What do you mean by 'Oh!'? It isn't worth more than that to me.

Juliette: I give you my word of honour, Monsieur, I cannot let it go for less than two hundred thousand.

Gaston: You have perfect right to do as you please, Madame.

Juliette: I tell you what I will do. I will be **philanthropic** and let you have it for two hundred thousand.

Gaston: And I will be equally good-natured and let you keep it for the same price.

Juliette: In that case, there is nothing more to be said, Monsieur.

Gaston: Good day, Madame.

Jeanne: One minute, darling. Before you definitely decide, I would love you to go over the upper floor with me.

Juliette: I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure. This way, Madame. This way, Monsieur. . .

Gaston: No, thank you . . . really... I have made up my mind and I'm not very fond of climbing stairs.

Juliette: Just as you wish, Monsieur. (To **JEANNE**.) Shall I lead the way?

Jeanne: If you please, Madame.

(Exit **JULIETTE**)

Jeanne (to her husband): You're not over-polite, are you?

Gaston: Oh, my darling! For Heaven's sake, stop worrying me about this **shanty**. Go and examine the bathroom and come back quickly.

(Exit **JEANNE** following **JULIETTE**)

Gaston (to himself): Two hundred thousand for a few yards of land . . . She must be thinking I'm crazy. . . .

(The door bell rings and, a moment later, the **MAID** re-enters showing in **Mrs Al Smith**)

Maid: If Madame would be kind enough to come in.

Mrs Al Smith: See here, now I tell you I'm in a hurry. How much do they want for this house?

Maid: I don't know anything about it, Madame.

Mrs Al Smith: To start off with, why isn't the price marked on the signboard? You French

people have a cute way of doing business! You go and tell your boss that if he doesn't come right away, I'm going. I haven't any time to waste. Any hold up makes me sick when I want something. (**MAID** goes out.) Oh, you're the husband, I suppose. Good afternoon. Do you speak American?

- Gaston:** Sure . . . You betcha.
- Mrs Al Smith:** That goes by me. How much for this house?
- Gaston:** How much?... Well... Won't you sit down?
- Mrs Al Smith:** I do things standing up.
- Gaston:** Oh! Do you?
- Mrs Al Smith:** Yes! Where's your wife?
- Gaston:** My wife? Oh, she's upstairs.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Well, she can stay there. Unless you have to consult her before you make a sale?
- Gaston:** Me? Not on your life!
- Mrs Al Smith:** You are an exception. Frenchmen usually have to consult about ten people before they get a move on. Listen! Do you or don't you want to sell this house?
- Gaston:** I? ... Oh, I'd love to!
- Mrs Al Smith:** Then what about it? I haven't more than five minutes to spare.
- Gaston:** Sit down for three of them anyway. To begin with, this villa was built by my grandfather...
- Mrs Al Smith:** I don't care a darn about your grandfather!
- Gaston:** Neither do I. ... But I must tell you that... er...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Listen, just tell me the price.
- Gaston:** Let me explain that...
- Mrs Al Smith:** No!
- Gaston:** We have electricity, gas, telephone...
- Mrs Al Smith:** I don't care! What's the price?
- Gaston:** But you must go over the house...
- Mrs Al Smith:** No!... I want to knock it down and build a bungalow here.
- Gaston:** Oh, I see!
- Mrs Al Smith:** Yep! It's the land I want. I have to be near Paramount where I'm going to shoot some films.
- Gaston:** Oh!

- Mrs Al Smith:** Yep. You see I'm a big star.
- Gaston:** Not really?
- Mrs Al Smith:** (*amiably*): Yes! How do you do? Well now, how much?
- Gaston:** Now let's see. ... In that case, entirely furnished, with the exception of that little picture by an unknown artist ... it belonged to my grandfather and I want to keep it. ...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Say! You do love your grandparents in Europe!
- Gaston:** We have had them for such a long time!
- Mrs Al Smith:** You folk are queer. You think about the past all the time. We always think about the future.
- Gaston:** Everybody thinks about what he's got.
- Mrs Al Smith:** What a pity you don't try and copy us more.
- Gaston:** Copies are not always good. We could only imitate you and imitations are no better than parodies. We are so different. Think of it.... Europeans go to America to earn money and Americans come to Europe to spend it.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Just the same, you ought to learn how to do business
- Gaston:** We are learning now. We are practising...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Well then, how much?
- Gaston:** The house! Let me see. ... I should say three hundred thousand francs. ... The same for everybody, you know. Even though you are an American, I wouldn't dream of raising the price.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Treat me the same as anybody. Then you say it is three hundred thousand?
- Gaston** (*to himself*): Since you are dear bought - I will love you dear.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Say you, what do you take me for?
- Gaston:** Sorry. That's Shakespeare. ... I mean cash. . . ,
- Mrs Al Smith:** Now I get you . . . cash down! Say! You're coming on.
(*She takes her cheque book from her bag.*)
- Gaston** (*fumbling in a drawer*): Wait... I never know where they put my pen and ink...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Let me tell you something, you'd better buy yourself a fountain pen with the money you get for the villa. What date is it today?
- Gaston:** The twenty- fourth.
- Mrs Al Smith:** You can fill in your name on the cheque yourself. I live at the Ritz Hotel., Place Vendome. My lawyer is...

Gaston: Who ...?
Mrs Al Smith: Exactly!
Gaston: What?
Mrs Al Smith: My lawyer is Mr. Who, 5, Rue Cambon. He will get in touch with yours about the rest of the transaction. Good-bye.



Gaston: Good-bye.
Mrs. Al Smith: When are you leaving?
Gaston: Well...er ... I don't quite know . . . whenever you like.
Mrs. Al Smith: Make it tomorrow and my architect can come on Thursday. Good-bye. I'm delighted.
Gaston: Delighted to hear it, Madame. *(She goes and he looks at the cheque.)* It's a very good thing in business when everyone is delighted!
(At that moment, JEANNE and JULIETTE return)

Gaston: Well?
Jeanne: Well... of course ...it's very charming. ...
Juliette: Of course, as I told you, it's not a large place. I warned you. There are two large bedrooms and one small one.
Gaston: Well now! That's something.
Jeanne : *(to her husband).* You are quite right, darling. I'm afraid it would not be suitable. Thank you, Madame, we need not keep you any longer.
Juliette: Oh, that's quite alright.
Gaston: Just a moment, just a moment, my dear. You say there are two large bedrooms and a small one....
Juliette: Yes, and two servants' rooms.
Gaston: Oh! There are two servants' rooms in addition, are there?
Juliette: Yes.
Gaston: But that's excellent!
Juliette: Gaston, stop joking!
Gaston: And the bathroom? What's that like?
Juliette: Perfect! There's a bath in it. ...
Gaston: Oh, there's a bath in the bathroom, is there?
Juliette: Of course there is!

Gaston: It's all very important. A bathroom with a bath in it. Bedrooms, two large and one small, two servants' rooms and a garden. It's really possible. While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your papa and mamma. You see, I am really unselfish, and then the rooms for your sister's children. . . . Also, my dear, I've been thinking . . . and this is serious... about our old age. . . . It's bound to come sooner or later and the natural desire of old age is a quiet country life. . . . (To **JULIETTE**:) You said two hundred thousand, didn't you?

Jeanne: What on earth are you driving at?

Gaston: Just trying to please you, darling.

Juliette: Yes, two hundred thousand is my lowest. Cash, of course.

Gaston: Well, that's fixed. I won't argue about it. (He takes out his cheque book.)

Juliette: But there are so many things to be discussed before...

Gaston: Not at all. Only one thing. As I am not arguing about the price, as I'm not bargaining with you . . . well, you must be nice to me, you must allow me to keep this little picture which has kept me company while you and my wife went upstairs.

Juliette: It's not a question of value...

Gaston: Certainly not . . . just as a **souvenir**...

Juliette: Very well, you may keep it.

Gaston: Thank you, Madame. Will you give me a receipt, please? Our lawyers will draw up the details of the sale. Please fill in your name. . . . Let us see, it's the twenty-third, isn't it?

Juliette: No, the twenty-fourth. . . .

Gaston: What does it matter? One day more or less. (*She signs the receipt and exchanges it for his cheque.*) Splendid!

Juliette: Thank you, Monsieur.

Gaston: Here is my card. Good-bye, Madame. Oh, by the way, you will be kind enough to leave tomorrow morning, won't you.

Juliette: Tomorrow! So soon?

Gaston: Well, say tomorrow evening at the latest.

Juliette: Yes, I can manage that. Good-bye Madame.

Jeanne: Good day, Madame.

Gaston: I'll take my little picture with me, if you don't mind? (He unhooks it.) Just a beautiful souvenir, you know. .

Juliette: Very well. I'll show you the garden, on the way out.

(Exit **JULIETTE**)

Jeanne: What on earth have you done?

Gaston: I? I made a hundred thousand francs and a Carot!

Jeanne: But how?

Gaston: I'll tell you later.

CURTAIN

About the Author

Sacha Guitry (1885-1957) son of a French actor, was born in St. Petersburg (Later Leningrad) which accounts for his Russian first name. Given his father's profession, he became a writer of plays and films. Some of his own experiences with people engaged in film production may be reflected in Villa for Sale.

Guitry was clever, irrepressible and a constant source of amusement. He claimed that he staged a 'one-man revolt' against the dismal French theatre of his time. He was equally successful on screen and stage. Besides being a talented author and actor, he earned recognition as a highly competent producer and director.

4. **Complete the following paragraph about the theme of the play using the clues given in the box below. Remember that there are more clues given than required.**

sell, buying, house, enthusiastic, comes, 200 thousand francs, taking, favour, get, sleeps, money, 300 thousand francs, unhappy, in-laws, walks in, strikes, keep

Juliette, the owner of a Villa wants to _____ it as she is in need of _____. Moreover, she is not in _____ of the house. Jeanne and Gaston, a couple visit her with the aim of _____ the Villa. While Jeanne is _____ about buying, Gaston detests the idea as he does not want his _____ in that house. Also, he finds the asking price of the _____ to be expensive. When Jeanne and Juliette go around the house, another customer _____ and starts talking to Gaston _____ him to be Juliette's husband. Gaston _____ a deal with the customer by which he is able to give _____ to the owner and _____ one thousand francs for himself.

5. **Read the following extracts and answer the questions that follow by choosing the correct options.**

(A) *But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it was when I was the real fool.*

- a) Why is Juliette disappointed?
- she is unable to get the role of a cook in the films.
 - her maid is leaving as she has got a role in the films.

- (iii) she is unable to find a suitable buyer for her villa.
 - (iv) Gaston is offering a very low price for the villa.
- b) Why does she call herself a fool?
- (i) she has decided to sell her villa.
 - (ii) there are no buyers for the villa.
 - (iii) she had bought the villa for more than it was worth.
 - (iv) the villa was too close to the film studios.
- (B) *'But your parents would take possession of it, every year from the beginning of spring until the end of September. What's more they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them.'*
- (a) What does Gaston mean by 'take possession'?
- (i) her parents would stay with them for a long time.
 - (ii) Juliette's sister has many children.
 - (iii) Gaston does not like children.
 - (iv) Juliette's sister's children are badly behaved.
- (C) *'While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your Papa and Mamma.'*
- (a) What is the discrepancy between what Gaston said earlier and what he says now?
- (i) Earlier he did not want Juliette's parents to stay with them but now he is showing concern for them.
 - (ii) Earlier he wanted Juliette's parents to stay with them but now he does not want them to come over.
 - (iii) Earlier he wanted to buy a house for them but now he wants them to come and stay in their villa.
 - (iv) Earlier he stayed in Juliette's parents' villa but now he wants them to stay with him and Juliette.
- (b) What does the above statement reveal about Gaston's character?
- (i) he is selfish.
 - (ii) he is an opportunist.
 - (iii) he is a caring person.
 - (iv) he is a hypocrite.

6.A. Answer the following questions briefly.

- Why does Jeanne want to buy a villa?
- Why is Gaston not interested in buying the villa in the beginning?
- Mrs. Al Smith makes many statements about the French. Pick out any two and explain them.
- Juliette says “..... now I have only one thought that is to get the wretched place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price”, Does she stick to her words? Why / Why not?
- Who is a better business person - Juliette or Gaston? Substantiate with examples from the text.
- The ending of the play was a win-win situation approach for Gaston, Juliette, and Mrs. Al Smith. Explain.

6.B. Answer in detail

- Listen carefully while your teacher reads out the description of a villa on sale mentioned on page 146. Based on the information, draw the sketch of the Villa being described.
 - Social Satire* is a style of fictional representation that uses humour, irony, exaggeration, or ridicule to expose and criticize people’s behaviour, particularly in a social context. Substantiate how *Villa for Sale* reflects this style.
 - Passive characters are often considered ‘weak’ and ‘uninteresting,’ but can also be the true driving force of a story. Do you feel that the maid and Jeanne were the driving force of this play? Rationalise with evidence from the play.
- 7. Select words from the box to describe the characters in the play as revealed by the following lines. You may take the words from the box given on the next page.**

Lines from the Play	Speaker	Quality revealed
a. One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that’s only twice what it cost me.		greedy
b. If you don’t want the house, tell me so at once and we’ll say no more about it.		
c. No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.	Gaston	
d. Quite so. I have, but you haven’t.		

e. I have never cared such a damned little about anybody's opinion.		
f. On the principle of people who like children and haven't any can always go and live near a school.		
g. The garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens.	Juliette	
h. I will be philanthropic and let you have it for two hundred thousand.		
i. I have been thinking a lot about your Papa and Mamma. You see, I am really unselfish.		clever

cunning, clever, witty, smart, innocent, humorous, haughty, overbearing, critical, domineering, disapproving, materialistic, dishonest, practical, greedy, cruel, boastful.

LISTENING TASK

8. You are JEANNE. After coming home you realize that the Villa was not actually bought and your husband has fooled both you and the landlady of the Villa. You are filled with rage, disgust and helplessness because of your husband's betrayal. Write your feelings in the form of a diary entry.
9. Now dramatise the play. Form groups of eight to ten students. Within each group, you will need to choose
 - a director, who will be overall incharge of the group's presentation.
 - the cast, to play the various parts.
 - someone to be in charge of costumes.
 - someone to be in charge of props.
 - a prompter.

Within your groups, do ensure that you

- read both scenes, not just your part within one scene if you are acting.
- discuss and agree on the stage directions.
- read and discuss characterization.
- hold regular rehearsals before the actual presentation.

Staging

The stage can be very simple, with exits on either side representing doors to the outside and to the rest of the house respectively.

D.2 The Bishop's Candlesticks

by Norman McKinnel

Discuss in groups

1. **What would you do in the following situations? Give reasons for your answer**
 - If you were travelling by bus and you saw someone pick another passenger's pocket.
 - If you found a wallet on the road.
 - If you were in a shop and you saw a well-dressed lady shoplifting.
 - If your best friend is getting involved with an undesirable set of friends.
 - If you were in school and you saw one of your class-mates steal another child's pen.

CHARACTERS

The Bishop : An ordained or appointed member of clergy.

Persome : The sister of the Bishop.

Marie : Their household helper.

Convict : A prisoner who has been proved guilty of a felony.

Sergeant of Gendarmes : Policeman

2. **Read the play as a whole class with different children reading different parts.**

SCENE : The kitchen of the Bishop's cottage, it is plainly but substantially furnished. Doors R, and L and L.C. Window R.C. Fireplace with heavy mantelpiece down R. Oak **settee** with cushions behind door L.C. Table in window R.C. with writing materials and **crucifix** (wood). Eight-day clock R. of window. Kitchen dresser with cupboard to lock, down L. Oak dinner table R.C. Chairs, books, etc. Winter wood scene without. On the mantel piece are two very handsome **candlesticks** which look strangely out of place with their surroundings.

[Marie and Persome discovered. Marie stirring some soup on the fire. Persome laying the cloth, etc.]

Persome: Marie, isn't the soup boiling yet ?

Marie: Not yet, madam.

Persome: Well, it ought to be. You haven't tended the fire properly, child.

Marie: But, madam, you yourself made the fire up.

Persome: Don't answer me back like that. It is rude.

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Then don't let me have to rebuke you again.

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: I wonder where my brother can be. (Looking at the clock.) It is after eleven o'clock and no sign of him. Marie !

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Did **Monseigneur** the Bishop leave any message for me ?

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: Did he tell you where he was going?

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome (imitating): 'Yes, madam'. Then why haven't you told me, stupid!

Marie: Madam didn't ask me.

Persome: But that is no reason for you not telling me, is it ?

Marie: Madam said only this morning I was not to chatter, so I thought...

Persome: Ah, **Mon Dieu!** You thought! Ah! It is hopeless.

Marie: Yes, madam.

settee : seat with high back

crucifix : image of Jesus on the cross

candlesticks: a holder made of metal in which a candle stands

Monseigneur: My Lord (a title of respect given to a person of high rank)

Mon Dieu : (French) My God

- Persome:** Don't keep saying 'Yes, Madam' like a parrot, **nincompoop!**
- Marie:** No, madam.
- Persome:** Well. Where did Monseigneur say he was going?
- Marie:** To my mother's, madam.
- Persome:** To your mother's indeed ! And why, pray ?
- Marie:** Monseigneur asked me how she was, and I told him she was **feeling poorly**.
- Persome:** You told him she was feeling poorly did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of his bed, and go without his supper because you told him she was feeling poorly. There's gratitude for you!
- Marie:** Madam, the soup is boiling!
- Persome:** Then pour it out, fool, and don't chatter. (*Marie about to do so.*) No, no, not like that. Here, let me do it, and did you put the **salt-cellars** on the table-the silver ones?
- Marie:** The silver ones, madam?
- Persome:** Yes, the silver ones. Are you deaf as well as stupid?
- Marie:** They are sold, madam.
- Persome:** Sold! (*with horror*) Sold! Are you mad? Who sold them? Why were they sold?
- Marie:** Monseigneur the Bishop told me this afternoon, while you were out, to take them to Monseigneur Gervais, who has often admired them, and sell them for as much as I could.
- Persome:** But you had no right to do so without asking me.
- Marie** (*with awe*): But, madam, Monseigneur the Bishop told me.
- Persome:** Monseigneur the Bishop is a-ahem! But-but what can he have wanted with the money!
- Marie:** Pardon, madam, but I think it was for **Mere Gringoire**.
- Persome:** Mere Gringoire indeed! Mere Gringoire! What, the old witch who lives at the top of the hill, and who says she is bedridden because she is too lazy to do any work? And what did Mere Gringoire want with the money, pray ?
- Marie:** Madam, it was for the rent. The **bailiff** would not wait any longer, and threatened to turn her out to-day if it were not paid, so she sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help, and-

nincompoop : idiot; fool

feeling poorly : felt unwell; was not feeling well.

salt-cellars: containers to shake out salt and pepper kept on the dining table.

Mere: Mother (pronounced mair)

Gringoire: pronounced Grin-go-ah

bailiff : an officer of the court.

Persome: Oh, mon Dieu! It is hopeless, hopeless. We shall have nothing left. His estate is sold, his savings have gone. His furniture, everything. Were it not for my little **dot** we should starve! And now my beautiful-beautiful (sobs) salt-cellars. Ah, it is too much, too much. (*She breaks down crying.*)

Marie: Madam, I am sorry, if I had known-

Persome: Sorry, and why pray? If Monseigneur the Bishop chooses to sell his salt-cellars he may do so, I suppose. Go and wash your hands, they are disgracefully dirty.

Marie: Yes, madam (*going towards R.*)

[*Enter the **Bishop**, C.*]

Bishop: Ah! How nice and warm it is in here! It is worth going out in the cold for the sake of the comfort of coming in.

[*Persome has hastened to help him off with his coat etc. Marie has dropped a deep courtesy.*]

Bishop: Thank you, dear. (Looking at her.) Why, what is the matter? You have been crying. Has Marie been troublesome, eh? (*shaking his finger at her*) Ah!

Persome: No, it wasn't Marie-but-but-

Bishop: Well, well, you shall tell me **presently!** Marie, my child, run home now; your mother is better. I have prayed with her, and the doctor has been. Run home! (*Marie putting on cloak and going.*) And, Marie, let yourself in quietly in case your mother is asleep.

Marie: Oh, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur.

[*She goes to door C. ; as it opens the snow drives in.*]

Bishop: Here, Marie, take my **comforter**, it will keep you warm. It is very cold to-night.

Marie: Oh, no Monseigneur! (shamefacedly).

Persome: What nonsense, brother, she is young, she won't hurt.

Bishop: Ah, Persome, you have not been out, you don't know how cold it has become. Here, Marie, let me put it on for you. (Does so) There! Run along little one. [*Exit Marie, C.*]

Persome: Brother, I have no patience with you. There, sit down and take your soup, it has been waiting ever so long. And if it is spoilt, it serves you right.

Bishop: It smells delicious.

Persome: I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that you need have stayed out on such a night as this. I believe those people pretend to be ill just to have the Bishop call on them. They have no thought of the Bishop!

dot: dowry

presently: shortly; soon

comforter: muffler

- Bishop:** It is kind of them to want to see me.
- Persome:** Well, for my part, I believe that charity begins at home.
- Bishop:** And so you make me this delicious soup. You are very good to me, sister.
- Persome:** Good to you, yes! I should think so. I should like to know where you would be without me to look after you. The **dupe** of every idle **scamp** or lying old woman in the **parish**!
- Bishop:** If people lie to me they are poorer, not I.
- Persome:** But it is ridiculous; you will soon have nothing left. You give away everything, everything!!!
- Bishop:** My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little (*sighs*), so very little.
- Persome:** Suffering, yes; but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best, the suffering you cause to me.
- Bishop** (*rising*): You, sister dear? Have I hurt you? Ah, I remember you had been crying. Was it my fault? I didn't mean to hurt you. I am sorry.
- Persome:** Sorry. Yes. Sorry won't mend it. Humph! Oh, do go on eating your soup before it gets cold.
- Bishop:** Very well, dear. (*Sits.*) But tell me-
- Persome:** You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner is my back turned than you get that little minx Marie to sell the silver salt-cellar.
- Bishop:** Ah, yes, the salt-cellar. It is a pity. You-you were proud of them?
- Persome:** Proud of them. Why, they have been in our family for years.
- Bishop:** Yes, it is a pity. They were beautiful; but still, dear, one can eat salt out of china just as well.
- Persome:** Yes, or meat off the floor, I suppose. Oh, it's coming to that. And as for that old wretch, Mere Gringoire, I wonder she had the audacity to send here again. The last time I saw her I gave her such a talking to that it ought to have had some effect.
- Bishop:** Yes! I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.
- Persome:** Distress me !!!
- Bishop:** And the bailiff, who is a very just man, would not wait longer for the rent, so - so- you see I had to pay it.
- Persome:** You had to pay it. (*Gesture of comic despair.*)

dupe: a person who is easily deceived

scamp: a rascal/vagabond

parish: an area with its own church

Bishop: Yes, and you see I had no money so I had to dispose off the salt-cellars. It was fortunate I had them, wasn't it ? (Smiling) But I'm sorry, I have grieved you.

Persome: Oh, go on! Go on! You are incorrigible. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop (*with real concern*): No, no, sister, not my candlesticks.

Persome: Oh! Why not ? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose.

Bishop: Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that; but-but I don't want to sell them. You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on-on her death-bed just after you were born, and-and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them; but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them?

Persome: Brother, brother, you will break my heart (*with tears in her voice*). There! Don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessing. I'm going to bed. (*He blesses her*)

[**Bishop** makes the sign of the Cross and murmurs a blessing. **Persome** locks up the cupboard door and goes R.]

Persome: Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop: No, dear! Good night!

[**Persome** exits R.]

Bishop: (comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks). They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that.

[*He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and papers, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly ; the clock outside strikes twelve and he settles down to read. Music during this. Enter a **Convict** stealthily ; he has a long knife and seizes the **Bishop** from behind*]

Convict: If you call out you are a dead man !

Bishop: But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out? Can I help you in any way?

Convict (*hoarsely*): I want food. I'm starving, I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, quickly, curse you!

Bishop (*eagerly*): But certainly, my son, you shall have food. I will ask my sister for the keys of the cupboard. [*Rising.*]

Convict: Sit down !!! (*The **Bishop** sits smiling.*) None of that, my friend! I'm **too old a bird to be caught with chaff**. You would ask your sister for the keys, would you ? A likely story! You would rouse the house too. Eh ? Ha! ha! A good joke truly. Come, where is the food ? I want no keys. I have a **wolf** inside me tearing at my **entrails**, tearing me; quick, tell me; where the food is?

too old a bird to be caught with chaff: too old to be duped

wolf: hunger

entrails: intestines

Bishop (*aside*): I wish Persome would not lock the cupboard. (*Aloud*) Come, my friend, you have nothing to fear. My sister and I are alone here.

Convict: How do I know that ?

Bishop: Why, I have just told you.

[*Convict looks long at the Bishop.*]

Convict: Humph! I'll risk it. (**Bishop**, *going to door R.*) But mind! Play me false and as sure as there are devils in hell, I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop: You have your soul to lose, my son; it is of more value than my heart. (*At door R., calling.*) **Persome! Persome!**

[*The Convict stands behind him, with his knife ready.*]

Persome (*within*): Yes, brother.

Bishop: Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. If you have not settled as yet, will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper.

Persome (*within*). What, at this time of night ? A pretty business truly. Are we to have no sleep now, but **to be at the beck and call of every ne'er-do-well** who happens to pass?

Bishop: But, Persome, the traveller is hungry.

Perome. Oh, very well. I am coming. (**Persome enters R. She sees the knife in the Convict's hand.**) (*Frightened*) Brother, what is he doing with that knife?

Bishop: The knife-oh, well, you see, dear, perhaps he may have thought that I-I had sold ours. [*Laughs gently.*]

Persome: Brother, I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast (*aside to him*).

Convict: Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself.

Bishop: Give me the keys, Persome (she gives the keys to him). And now, dear, you may go to bed.

[**Persome going. The Convict springs in front of her.**]

Convict : Stop! Neither of you shall leave this room till I do.

[*She looks at the Bishop.*]

Bishop: Persome, will you favour this gentleman with your company at supper ? He evidently desires it.

Persome: Very well, brother.

[*She sits down at the table staring at the two.*]

Bishop: Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

- Convict:** Put them on the table, and stand behind it so that I can see you.
[Bishop does so and opens drawer in table, taking out knife and fork, looking at the knife in Convict's hand.]
- Convict:** My knife is sharp. *(He runs his finger along the edge and looks at them meaningfully.)* And as for forks.... *(taking it up) (laughs)* Steel! *(He throws it away).* We don't use forks in prison.
- Persome:** Prison?
- Convict:** *(Cutting off an enormous slice from the pie he tears it with his fingers like an animal. Then starts)* What was that ? *(He looks at the door.)* Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in ? *(shutting them.)*
- Bishop:** That is why they are left open.
- Convict:** Well, they are shut now !
- Bishop** *(sighs):* For the first time in thirty years.
[Convict eats voraciously and throws a bone on the floor.]
- Persome:** Oh, my nice clean floor!
[Bishop picks up the bone and puts it on plate.]
- Convict:** You're not afraid of thieves?
- Bishop:** I am sorry for them.
- Convict:** Sorry for them. Ha ! Ha ! Ha!
(Drinks from bottle,) That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha! Ha! Ha! *(Drinks)*
(suddenly) Who the devil are you ?
- Bishop:** I am a Bishop.
- Convict:** Ha! Ha ! Ha ! A Bishop! Holy **Virgin**, a Bishop.
- Bishop:** I hope you may escape that, my son. Persome, you may leave us; this gentleman will excuse you.
- Persome:** Leave you with-
- Bishop:** Please! My friend and I can talk more-freely then.
[By this time, owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected the Convict:]
- Convict:** What's that? Leave us. Yes, yes, leave us. Good night. I want to talk to the Bishop, The Bishop: Ha! Ha!
[Laughs as he drinks, and coughs.]
- Bishop:** Good night, Persome:

voraciously: greedily

Virgin: Mary, Mother of Jesus

[He holds the door open and she goes out R., holding in her skirts as she passes the Convict:]

Convict (*chuckling to himself*): The Bishop: Ha ! Ha ! Well I'm-(*Suddenly very loudly*) D'you know what I am ?

Bishop: I think one who has suffered much.

Convict: Suffered ? (*puzzled*) Suffered? My God, yes. (*Drinks*) But that's a long time ago. Ha! Ha! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man; now I'm a number; number 15729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.

Bishop. Tell me about it-about Hell.

Convict: Why? (*Suspiciously*) Do you want to tell the police-to set them on my track ?

Bishop: No! I will not tell the police.

Convict: (*looks at him earnestly*). I believe you (*scratching his head*), but damn me if I knew why.

Bishop. (*laying his hand on the Convict's arm*). Tell me about the time, the time before you went to Hell.

Convict: It's been so long ago.... I forget; but I had a little cottage, there were vines growing on it. (*Dreamily*) They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and, and.... there was a woman, she was (*thinking hard*), she must have been my wife-yes. (*Suddenly and very rapidly*). Yes, I remember! She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying (*pause*), so I stole to buy food for her. (*Long pause. The Bishop gently pats his hand.*) They caught me. I pleaded with them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me, and I was sentenced to ten years in the **prison hulks** (*pause*), ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced, the gaoler told me-told me Jeanette was dead. (*Sobs with fury*) Ah, damn them, damn them. God curse them all.

[He sinks on the table, sobbing.]

Bishop: Now tell me about the prison ship, about Hell.

Convict: Tell you about it ? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I fed on filth, I was covered, with vermin, I slept on boards, and when I complained, they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place. But one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop: To starve ?

Convict: Yes, to starve. They feed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, any where. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all.

[Empties the bottle and throws it into the fire-place R., smashing it.]

Bishop: My son, you have suffered much, but there is hope for all.

Convict: Hope ! Hope ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! *[Laughs wildly.]*

Bishop: You have walked far; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there, and I will get you some coverings.

Convict: And if anyone comes ?

Bishop: No one will come; but if they do, are you not my friend ?

Convict: Your friend ? (puzzled)

Bishop: They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict: The Bishop's friend.

[Scratching his head, utterly puzzled]

Bishop: I will get the coverings. *[Exit L.]*

Convict: *(looks after him, scratches his head)* The Bishop's friend! *(He goes to fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks, He looks round to see if he is alone, and takes them down, weighing them.)* Silver, by God, heavy. What a prize!

[He hears the Bishop coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table.]

[Enter the Bishop]

Bishop: *(sees what is going on, but goes to the settee up L. with coverings.)* Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?

Convict: Yes, yes, I'll lie down now. *(puzzled)* -Look here, why the devil are you kind to me? *(Suspiciously)*. What do you want? Eh?

Bishop: I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.

Convict: I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well, it's no good-see? I don't want any damned religion, and as for the Church-bah! I hate the Church.

Bishop: That is a pity, my son, as the Church does not hate you.

Convict: You are going to try to convert me. Oh! Ha! ha! That's a good idea. Ha ! ha ! ha! No, no, Monseigneur the Bishop: I don't want any of your Faith, Hope, and Charity —see? So anything you do for me you're doing to the devil-understand? (*defiantly*)

Bishop: One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God.

Convict: (*angrily*). I don't want any damned religion, I tell you.

Bishop: Won't you lie down now? It is late?

Convict: (*grumbling*). Well, alright, but I won't be preached at, I-I-*(on couch)*. You're sure no one will come?

Bishop: I don't think they will; but if they do-you yourself have locked the door.

Convict: Humph! I wonder if it's safe. (*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the **Bishop** holding the covering, annoyed*) Here! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. (*The **Bishop** hesitates.*) Go on, I tell you.

Bishop: Good night, my son. [Exit L.]

[**Convict** waits till he is off, then tries the Bishop's door.]

Convict: No lock, of course. Curse it. (*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*) Humph! I'll have another look at them. (*He takes them up and toys with them.*) Worth hundreds, I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money, they'd **start me fair**. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too-but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God! Wouldn't my chain-mates laugh to see 15729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good ! Ha ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! Ha! 15729 getting soft. That's a good one. Ha ! ha! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes! [*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits L.C. As he does so the door slams.*]

Persome (*without*): Who's there ? Who's there, I say ? Am I to get no sleep to-night ? Who's there, I say? (*Enter R, **Persome***) I'm sure I heard the door shut. (*Looking round.*) No one here? (*Knocks at the **Bishop's** door L. Sees the candlesticks have gone.*) The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves!

[*Enter **Bishop** L.*]

Bishop: What is it, dear, what is it ? What is the matter ?

Persome: He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone, and he has taken your candlesticks.

Bishop: Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those. (*He looks and sighs.*) Ah, that is hard, very hard, I.....I-He might have left me those. They were all I had (*almost breaking down*).

Persome: Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop: You are right,

Persome: It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persome: Oh, nonsense I led him into temptation indeed. The man is a thief, a common unscrupulous thief. I knew it the moment I saw him. Go and inform the police or I will.

[*Going ; but he stops her.*]

Bishop: And have him sent back to prison? (very softly) Sent back to Hell. No Persome: It is a just punishment for me; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just; but Oh God! it is hard, It is very hard. [*He buries his head in his hands.*]

Persome: No, brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness abused, I shall go and inform the police (*Going*).

Bishop: Stop, Persome. The candlesticks were mine. They are his now. It is better so. He has more need of them than me. My mother would have wished it so, had she been here.

Persome: But-[*Great knocking without.*]

Sergeant (*without*). Monseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter?

Bishop: Enter, my son.

[*Enter Sergeant and three Gendarmes with Convict bound. The Sergeant carries the candlesticks.*]

Persome: Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they?

Sergeant: Yes, madam, we found this scoundrel **slinking** along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle! While we were securing him these candlesticks fell out of his pockets. (**Persome** *seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron lovingly.*) I remembered the candlesticks of

Monseigneur, the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.

[*The **Bishop** and the **Convict** have been looking at each other-the **Convict** with **dogged** defiance.*]

Bishop: But - but I don't understand, this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant: Your friend, Monseigneur!! Holy Virgin ! Well!!!

Bishop: Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to night, and I-I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeant: (*incredulously*) You gave him-him your candlesticks? Holy Virgin!

Bishop: (*severely*) Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant: (*saluting*) Pardon Monseigneur.

Bishop: And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant: But he won't show me his papers. He won't tell me who he is.

Bishop: I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant: Yes, that's all very well, but....

Bishop: He is your Bishop's friend, surely, that is enough!

Sergeant: Well, but....

Bishop: Surely?

[*A pause. The **Sergeant** and the **Bishop** look at each other,*]

Sergeant: I-I-Humph! (*To his men*) Loose the prisoner. (*They do so*). Right about turn, quick march!

[*Exit **Sergeant** and **Gendarmes**. A long pause.*]

Convict: (*Very slowly, as if in a dream*). You told them you had given me the candlesticks - given me... them. By God!

Persome: (*Shaking her fist at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast*). Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and are fed and warmed, and- and you thief.... you steal.... from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard!

Bishop: Persome, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

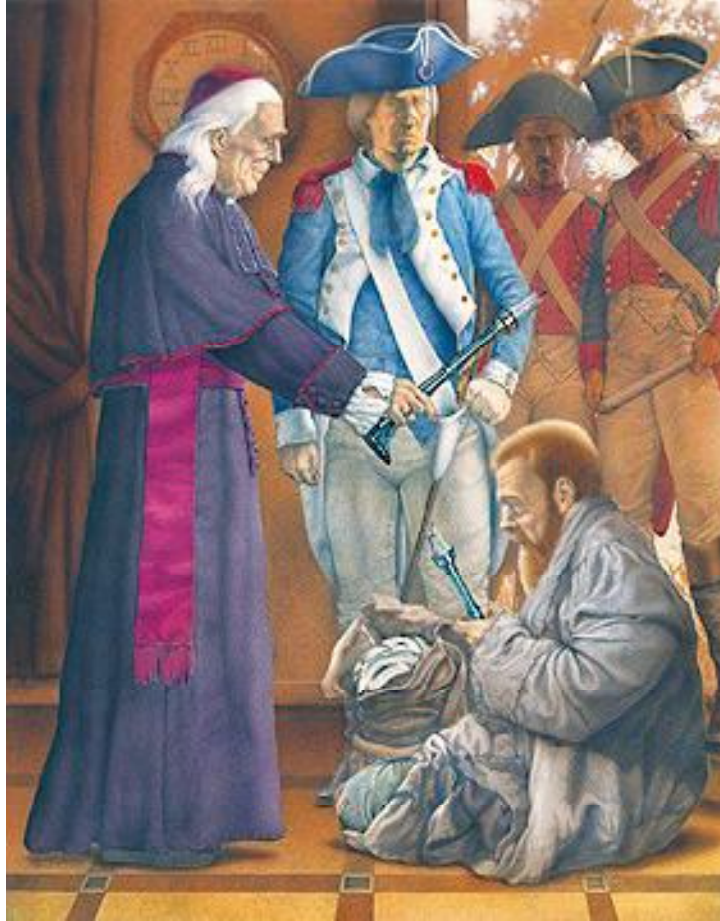
Persome: What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered ? No, I will not.

Bishop: (*With slight severity*). Persome, leave us. I wish it. [*She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door.*]

- Persome:** Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.
- Bishop:** (*More severely*) Persome, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.
- Persome:** (*Defiantly*). I will not!
- Bishop:** (*Loudly and with great severity*). I, your Bishop, commands it.
[*Persome does so with great reluctance and exits R.*]
- Convict:** (*Shamefacedly*) Monseigneur, I'm glad I didn't get away with them; curse me, I am, I'm glad.
- Bishop:** Now won't you sleep here ? See, your bed is ready.
- Convict:** No! (*Looking at the candlesticks*) No ! no! I daren't, I daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I-I can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand?
- Bishop:** I see-you must travel by night.
- Convict:** I-I-didn't believe there was any good in the world; one doesn't when one has been in Hell; but somehow I-I-know you're good, and-and it's a queer thing to ask, but-could you... would you.... bless me before I go ? I-I think it would help me. I....

[*Hangs his head very shamefacedly.*]
[*Bishop makes the sign of the Cross and murmurs a blessing.*]
- Convict:** (*Tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him*). Good night.

[*He hurries towards the door.*]
- Bishop:** Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property (*giving him the candlesticks*).
- Convict:** You mean me-you want me to take them ?
- Bishop:** Please.... they may help you. (*The Convict takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement.*) And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris; it is a very lonely path and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.
- Convict:** Ah, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur. I-I-(*He sobs.*) Ah, I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that.... that it is just as if something had come into me as if I were a man again and not a wild beast. [*The door at back is open, and the Convict is standing in it.*]
- Bishop:** (*Putting his hand on his shoulder*). Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.
- Convict:** (*With great awe*). The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember.



[Exit L.C.]

[The **Bishop** closes the door and goes quietly to the **Prie-dieu** before the window R., he sinks on his knees and bows his head in prayer.]

Slow Curtain

About the Writer

Norman Mckinnel (1870-1932) was an actor and a dramatist, As a playwright he is known for the play, 'The Bishop's Candlesticks' which is an adaptation of a section of Victor Hugo's "**Les Miserables**". The play, which is very popular, is based on the theme that love and kindness can change a man rather than violence. The play is about a convict who breaks into the Bishop's house and is clothed and warmed. The benevolence of the Bishop somewhat softens the convict, but, when he sees the silver candlesticks, he steals them. He is captured and brought back. He expects to go back to jail, but the Bishop informs the police they are a gift. The act of the Bishop reforms the convict to a belief in the spirit of God that dwells in the heart of every human being.

3. Complete the following paragraph with suitable words/ phrases highlighting the theme of the play. You can do it in pairs.

The play deals with a _____ and _____ Bishop who is always ready to lend a _____ hand to anyone in distress. A _____ breaks into the Bishop's house and is _____ and warmed. The benevolence of the Bishop somewhat _____ the convict, but, when he sees the silver candlesticks, he _____ them, and runs away. However, he is _____ and brought back. He expects to go back to jail, but the Bishop informs the police they are a _____. The convict is _____ by this kindness of the Bishop and before he leaves he seeks the priest's blessing.

4. (a) Working in pairs, give antonyms of the following words

kind- hearted unscrupulous forgiving stern benevolent
 credulous generous pious suspicious sympathetic understanding
 wild innocent penitent clever brutal cunning caring
 sentimental trusting protective concerned honourable
 embittered

(b) Select words from the above box to describe the characters in the play as revealed by the following lines from the play.

Lines from the play	Speaker	Quality revealed
1. <i>"You told him she was feeling poorly, did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of bed, and go without his supper because you told him she was feeling poorly."</i>		
2. <i>..... "take my comforter, it will keep you warm."</i>		
3. <i>"If people lie to me they are poorer, not I."</i>		
4. <i>"You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner my back is turned than you get that minx Marie to sell the silversalt-cellar"</i>		
5. <i>"My dear there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so very little."</i>		

6. <i>"My mother gave them to me on - on her death bed just after you were born, andand she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them.</i>		
7. <i>"I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."</i>		
8. <i>"You have your soul to lose, my son."</i>		
9. <i>"Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself."</i>		
10. <i>"... they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all."</i>		
11. <i>"Why the devil are you kind to me? What do you want?"</i>		
12. <i>"I - I - didn't believe there was any good in the world. . .but somehow I - I - know you're good, and - and it's a queer thing to ask, but could you, would you bless me before I go?"</i>		

5. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow by choosing the correct options.

(A) *Monseigneur, the Bishop is a ... a-hem!*

- (a) Why does Persome not complete the sentence?
- (i) she used to stammer while speaking.
 - (ii) she was about to praise the Bishop.
 - (iii) she did not wish to criticise the Bishop in front of Marie.
 - (iv) she had a habit of passing such remarks.
- (b) Why is she angry with the Bishop?
- (i) the Bishop has sold the salt-cellars.
 - (ii) the Bishop has gone to visit Mere Gringoire.
 - (iii) he showed extra concern for Marie.
 - (iv) she disliked the Bishop.

- (B) *She sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help.*
- (a) Who sent little Jean to the Bishop?
- Mere Gringoire
 - Marie
 - Persome
 - Marie's mother
- (b) Why did she send Jean to the Bishop?
- so that he could pray for her.
 - as she knew that he was a generous person.
 - as she was a greedy woman.
 - as she was a poor woman.
- (C) *I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.*
- (a) The Bishop wanted to take Mere Grngoire in because _____.
- she was sick.
 - she had no money.
 - she was unable to pay the rent of her house.
 - she was a close friend of Persome.
- (b) Persome would be distressed on Mere Gringoire's being taken in because _____
- she did not want to help anyone.
 - she felt that Mere Gringoire was taking undue advantage of the Bishop.
 - she was a self-centred person.
 - she would be put to a great deal of inconvenience.

6.A. Answer the following questions briefly

- Do you think the Bishop was right in selling the salt-cellars? Why/ Why not?
- Why does Persome feel that the people pretended to be sick?
- The convict says, "I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff." What does he mean by this statement?
- Why was the convict sent to prison? What was the punishment given to him?
- Do you think the punishment given to the convict was justified? Why/ Why not? Why is the convict eager to reach Paris?
- Before leaving, the convict asks the Bishop to bless him. What brought about this change in him?

- g. What did Persome mean by, 'charity begins at home'?
- h. What is the reason behind the convict quoting a number as his identity?
- i. The role of a 'mother hen' aptly fits Persome. Comment.

6.B. Answer in detail

(a) *The Convict goes to Paris, sells the silver candlesticks and starts a business. The business prospers and he starts a reformatory for ex-convicts. He writes a letter to the Bishop telling him of this reformation and seeks his blessings.*

As the convict, Jean Valjean, write the letter to the Bishop.

- (b) People say that the smallest change in perspective can transform a life. What facts from the play would you select to justify the above statement with reference to the Bishop?
- (c) Evaluate the roles of Persome and the 12-year-old Sudha Murthy (from how I talk my grandmother to read) in the light of the given quote. "I feel the capacity to care is the thing which gives life its deepest significance." —Pablo Casals

7. The term irony refers to a discrepancy or disagreement of some sort. The discrepancy can be between what someone says and what he or she really means (verbal irony). The discrepancy can be between a situation that one would logically anticipate or one that would seem appropriate (situational irony). The discrepancy can even be between the facts known to a character and the facts known to us, i.e. the readers or the audience (dramatic irony).

Working in groups of four complete the following table. Find instances of irony from the play and justify them.

Extract	Justification
<p>I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well, it's no good ——— see? I don't want any damned religion.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • _____ _____ • _____ _____ 	<p>Later, the convict says, "it's a queer thing to ask, but - could you, would you bless me before I go."</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • _____ _____ • _____ _____
<p>'Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in?'</p>	<p>If the door had been barred the convict couldn't have entered the house.</p>

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • _____ _____ • _____ _____ <p>My mother gave them to me on — on her death bed just after you were born, and — and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • _____ _____ • _____ _____ <p>Later he hands the convict the candlesticks and tells him to start a new life.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____
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8. **Identify the situations which can be termed as the turning points in the convict's life?**

9. **The convict is the product of the society he had lived in, both, in terms of the suffering that led him to steal a loaf of bread, as well as the painful sentence he received as a punishment for his "crime". He was imprisoned for stealing money to buy food for his sick wife. This filled him with despair, hopelessness, bitterness and anger at the injustice of it all.**

Conduct a debate in the class (in groups) on the following topic. Instructions for conducting a debate and use of appropriate language are given in the unit "Children" of the Main Course Book.

'Criminals are wicked and deserve punishment'

10. **The play is based on an incident in novelist Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables.'** You may want to read the novel to get a better idea of the socio-economic conditions of the times and how people lived. Another novel that may interest you is **'A Tale of Two Cities'** by Charles Dickens.

Divide the class into two groups and read a book each. Later, share your views on the book. Choose an incident from the book to dramatise and present before the class.

ANNEXURE

Text for Listening Tasks

F.1 How I Taught My Grandmother to Read, by Sudha Murthy

7. *Now you are going to listen to the story of a young girl about a special day read out by teacher / student.*

One day our teacher announced that there was a surprise awaiting us the next day. We were asked to get whatever little pocket money we could.

The next day our teacher said, 'Today is Grandparents' Day' and you will be meeting many grandparents who do not live with their families. Yes, we were going to an Old Age Home! On the way we bought a nice big cake, chart paper and balloons. We entered an old, big building. Later we were taken into a hall and were allowed to decorate it.

We blew balloons and hung them around the hall. We cut out chart paper, wrote quotes, drew pictures and stuck them on the wall. Then came in all the grey-haired sweethearts, some alone, some couples, some in groups and settled down.

It was time to welcome them. Robert, who was a good speaker, greeted them and told them that we had come along to make their day a little special. We gathered in front and started singing songs for them. Most of the people were single grandparents whose spouses had expired. The other few were couples; many of them were smiling and singing along too. But there were a few who sat without any expression. While some of us sang the others sat beside them and spoke to them.

Two of us cut the cake into several pieces to be distributed. We were informed by the caretaker that there were diabetic people amongst them and they couldn't have sweets. He said they could have fruit instead the non-diabetics and fruit to those who were diabetic. Many of them missed their grand children. One of them told me that her son was in the U.S. and as he found it difficult to look after her, he had left her at this Home.

While returning home we realized that our grandparents are lonely and insecure. They spend their second childhood in their old age homes. Most of those living in old age homes do not complain. It is left to us to decide how happy their old age can be. We do not need any special day to make them feel their worth. If you have never told them how much you love them, say it before it's too late.

F.2 A Dog Named Duke, by William D. Ellis

8. *Listen to an excerpt from a news feature telecast on a national channel carefully and complete the table given below.*

Brave Hearts

Meet Manish Bansal of Jind in Haryana, who along with his elder brother helped in nabbing an armed miscreants who had broken into their home, and Kritika Jhanwar of Rajasthan who fought off robbers. They are among the 20 who were hosted by President Pratibha Patil at a reception in Rashtrapati Bhavan. As part of the awards, financial assistance under the Indira Gandhi Scholarship Scheme is provided to those undertaking professional courses. For others, this assistance is provided till they complete their graduation. The centre has reserved some seats for awardees in medical and engineering colleges and polytechnics.

A 12-year-old boy who played a vital role in identifying the terrorists who planted bombs in Delhi, a 13-year-old who saved lives by raising an alarm over a faulty railway track, and a 14-year-old who dodged marriage to a 40-year-old are among the 20 children chosen to receive the National Bravery Awards for 2008.

The names of these brave-hearts, (who will be felicitated by the Prime Minister later this month,) were announced by the President of the Indian Council for Child Welfare, Gita Siddharth, here on Saturday.

The prestigious Sanjay Chopra and Geeta Chopra Awards have gone to young Saumik Mishra from Uttar Pradesh, who foiled a theft attempt, and Prachi Santosh Sen of Madhya Pradesh, who saved four children from electrocution. Prachi, however, was grievously injured and had to get fingers amputated.

Kavita Kanwar from Chhattisgarh gets the Bapu Gaidhani Award posthumously. Along with Seema Kanwar, Kavita had saved the lives of three inmates who were caught in a kitchen fire in the Adivasi Kanya Ashram.

Asu Kanwar of Jodhpur in Rajasthan was selected for the Bapu Gaidhani Award. Asu put up a stiff fight against being married off to a 40-year-old farmer in exchange for money. The girl opposed the match for two years and was finally saved by the intervention of a self-help group that in turn approached the District Women Development Agency to get the wedding called off.

Balloon seller Rahul, who hit the headlines after he identified the men who planted bombs on Barakhamba Road in the National Capital on September 13 last year, was awarded for his exemplary courage. Rahul, a prime eyewitness to the blasts, provided vital information about the suspects to the police. His statement helped the police make sketches of the suspects and map them.

M. Marudu Pandi of Dindigul in Tamil Nadu was chosen for the honour as he had shown presence of mind in alerting railway officials about a fracture in the rail track, thus averting an accident.

Six-year-old twins from Bangalore, Gagan and Bhoomika J. Murthy, were rewarded for saving the life of a baby caught in a bull fight. The children, unmindful of the threat to their own lives, rescued the baby even as the crowds watched the bull fight.

Silver Kharbani of Meghalaya, who saved the life of her young cousin trapped in a fire, is one of the 20 children to get a pride of place in the Republic Day Parade on January 26 atop an elephant.

Yumkhaibam Addison Singh from Manipur was chosen for rescuing an eight-year-old from drowning in a pond, while Vishal Suryaji Patil from Maharashtra was awarded for rescuing a woman and her child from drowning. Shahanshah of Uttar Pradesh, Dinu K.G. of Kerala, Anita Kaura and Reena Kaura of West Bengal, Majjusha A of Kerala and Hina Quereshi of Rajasthan were also selected for saving people from drowning.

F.4 Keeping it from Harold, by P.G. Wodehouse

7. *IGN Interviews Kane*

Chris: Do you spend any of your free time playing Xbox Live?

Kane: Not so much online anymore, because I live in an area where I don't get broadband, I get satellite. I used to play Halo 2 and Ghost Recon online quite a bit.

Chris: What other games do you play?

Kane: Right now I'm playing THQ's Raw vs. Smackdown 2006, our game on the PSP. I'm not actually playing all that much console stuff because I've been on the road quite a bit...

Chris: Do you always play as yourself? **Kane:** Yeah.

Chris: Are you going to be at the Wrestlemania? **Kane:** Oh yeah.

Chris: Do you know who you're going to face? **Kane:** Not yet.

Chris: Seems to be back in the day, there used to be a lot of tag teams, especially back in the Eighties. It seems like that's fallen off. Why do you think that is?

Kane: I don't know. You're right, I think. I watching a videotape of I'm not sure which year it was... I think it was Summer Slam 1986 or 87. It was The Rock and Shawn Michaels and Marty Jannetty and stuff, The Quebecers. It was just different, because it was a tag team match and you don't see that much anymore. I don't know the reason for that. I just don't know. I think you're right to some extent.

Chris: When you were in college, were you always aspiring to be a wrestler?

Kane: Yeah. I remember when I was a kid, I was a wrestling fan, and then actually my local stations didn't broadcast it for awhile, and then when I got back into college that's when Hulk Hogan was at the height of his career, so I became a wrestling fan again. I was very active in college. I wanted to play athletics and then I looked at wrestling as being a viable option to do that.

Chris: Was Hogan the person who inspired you, or were there others?

Kane: Oh no. You had Hulk Hogan, Randy Savage, Ricky Steamboat, Ric Flair and the Four Horsemen, all those guys. Actually, when I was first getting into wrestling, the Undertaker was my favourite. Remember when he was building caskets for people and things like that? That was just classic... just awesome.

Chris: Did that play any role in your being cast as his half-brother?

Kane: No, that didn't. But I think it did play a role in the success that I have had, especially the way that I was introduced as the Undertaker's brother and all that, because I could relate to that. It was pretty natural for me.

Chris: How has the WWE changed in the past ten years?

Kane: In some ways, we've gone through an evolution. Actually, the biggest change I see,

from when I first started with the company is our television products - we've become more and more television driven, and our television products have become stronger. When I first started with the company, the format of the show was a lot different than it is now. A lot of that was because of competition from formerly WCW. You know, we were able to overcome that... I think our television product's stronger. We've gone on to some of the best years the business has ever seen and it'll continue. I think the striking thing for me is that the television product has gone through such an evolution.

Chris: Are you happy with the way your character is shaping up?

Kane: Yeah, I've always been happy. Infact, it's been tremendous; more than I can ever hope for.

Chris: Were you scarier with the mask?

Kane: I get that question all the time. Actually I prefer it without the mask because as a performer I'm unlimited in what I can do, whereas with the mask I relied a lot more on body language. But, by the same token, the mask had a certain aura about it, there was mystery and all that stuff. I like it without the mask, but like you said, a lot of people like the mask, so it just depends... Of course, there are days, too, where I like the mask better. [Laughter]

Chris: Bret Hart is being inducted into the Hall of Fame. What's your favourite Bret Hart memory?

Kane: Oh, wow! I guess it would be the culmination when he beat Ric Flair for the World Championship, because that's the high point of someone's career. I'm glad to see Bret going into the Hall of Fame; I'm glad to see that happening.

Chris: With everything you've done in the world of wrestling, what more do you think you have left to accomplish?

Kane: I don't think I have anything left to accomplish, but the important thing for me is that I'm still having fun and that the people are entertained, and it's really gratifying for me now that our fans come up to me, and because I've stood the test of time, they have a respect for me. I may not be the hottest wrestler at the time, but I always knew that people are going to be with me because they've sort of grown up with me. So, I don't necessarily know that I've got a whole lot left to accomplish, but I'm still enjoying myself and I'm still entertaining the people, which to me is something basically you need to accomplish every night.

P.6 Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth, by Pam Ayres

6. *Listen to the teacher / student read out the conversation between Doki and his sister, Moki. As you listen, complete the idioms listed.*

Toothache

Doki : Oh! I'm in agony. I didn't sleep a wink last night!

Moki : Why don't you go to a dentist?

Doki : Even thinking about the dentist's waiting room gives me the willies.

Moki : It's because you haven't been to a dentist for ages.

Doki : What a reassuring person you are!

Moki : I'm now going to get Mom. She'll only crack the whip and make you go to the dentist.

Doki : No, No! I'd better go with you. At least you'd save me from going into the surgery.

Moki : I can only take the horse to the water but I can't make it drink! I'm sure, you're going to turn tail and go home.

Doki : Don't worry, I shall be led quietly into the dentist like a lamb because my tooth is so sore.

Moki : If that happens, I would believe that wonders will never cease!

Doki : I wish I had taken proper care of my teeth!

Moki : I wish you had paid attention to the discipline that Mom had laid for all of us!

Doki : Yeah! But past can't be undone. I have to reap what I had sown.

P.7 Song of the Rain, by Kahlil Gibran

6. *'Ode to Autumn' is a beautiful poem written by the famous poet John Keats. Listen to this excerpt from the poem recited by teacher / student and pick phrases which personify autumn.*

Ode to Autumn

John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

D.1 Villa for Sale, by Sacha Guitry

8. ***Listen carefully to the description of a villa on sale. Based on the information, draw the sketch of the villa being described.***

There's an island in the middle of a lake. In the middle of the island there's a two floor villa. The stark white color of the villa is toned by the rows of palm trees and shrubs in the front lawn. The red roof with a green chimney compliments the multi-colored flowers that greet a person as the big door and four windows on the ground floor open. In the corner of the lawn, there is an enclosed area for the birds. In the backyard there is a huge tree, beside the small pool. Under the tree I have placed a relaxing chair.

There're a lot of big trees to the left of the house. On the lake, to the right of the island there is a row of houseboats while to the left of the lake there's a hill with a lighthouse on the top. (About 150 words)

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