CLASS

X

WORKBOOK

A Textbook for English Course (Communicative)

Interact in English

CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

आज़ादी का अमृत महोत्सव

G20 भारत 2023 INDIA

वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्
ONE EARTH • ONE FAMILY • ONE FUTURE

Interact in English

WORKBOOK

for
English Communicative course
Class-X

CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
'Shiksha Sadan', 17, Rouse Avenue, Institutional Area, New Delhi-110002

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भारत का संविधान

उद्देशिका

हम, भारत के लोग, भारत को एक सम्पूर्ण [1]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
[2]और राष्ट्र की एकता और अखंडता
सुनिश्चित करने वाली बंधुता बढ़ाने के लिए

दृढ़संकल्प होकर अपनी इस संविधान सभा में आज तारीख 26 नवम्बर, 1949 ई॰ को एतद्द्वारा इस संविधान को अंगीकृत, अधिनियमित और आत्मार्पित करते हैं।

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

मूल कर्त्तव्य

51 क. मूल कर्त्तव्य – भारत के प्रत्येक नागरिक का यह कर्त्तव्य होगा कि वह –

(क) संविधान का पालन करे और उसके आदर्शों, संस्थाओं, राष्ट्रध्वज और राष्ट्रगान का आदर करे;

(ख) स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे राष्ट्रीय आंदोलन को प्रेरित करने वाले 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 सामासिक संस्कृति की गौरवशाली परंपरा का महत्त्व समझे और उसका परिरक्षण 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 के सभी क्षेत्रों में उत्कर्ष की ओर बढ़ने का सतत प्रयास करे जिससे राष्ट्र निरंतर बढ़ते हुए प्रयत्न और उपलब्धि की नई उंचाइयों 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 लिये शिक्षा के अवसर प्रदान करे।

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

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved 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 the[2] 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 Amendment) Act. 1976, sec. 2, for "Sovereign Democratic Republic" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)
2. Subs, by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendment) 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 51A

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 nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;

[1](k) who is a parent or guardian to provide opportunities for education to his/her child or, as the case may be, ward between age of 6 and 14 years.

---

1. Subs. by the Constitution (Eighty - Sixth Amendment) Act, 2002

Foreword

The English - Communicative Course was introduced by the CBSE at the secondary level in 1993-94. Though the course materials were renewed periodically in 1995, 1997 and 2003, a full-fledged and complete revision was undertaken only in 2009 when the Main Course Book, Work Book and Literature Reader for class IX were revised on the basis of feedback received from teachers, students and ELT professionals.

As a follow-up, the Main Course Book, Literature Reader and Work Book for class X have been revised in 2010 and the revised books have come into effect from the academic session 2013-14. The present book is a reprint of the revised edition.

As the students gradually gain proficiency in a language, the content has been designed to provide them a diverse panorama of writings. Texts have been chosen with a view to appeal to the changing interests of students. All the four language skills have been addressed in a systematic manner, providing ample scope for lively interaction on contemporary issues. The content would also help in inculcating in them empathy towards different cultures, time-periods and also, in turn, be responsible towards the world around them.

The activities embedded along with the content give students an opportunity to practice and fine tune the language skills learnt. It is suggested that the pedagogical practices adopted to transact the content must prompt the students to think, express and create.

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

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Contents

UNIT 1:	DETERMINERS	1
UNIT 2:	TENSES	11
	Integrated Grammar Practice 1	*35*
UNIT 3:	SUBJECT-VERB AGREEMENT	41
UNIT 4:	NON-FINITES - INFINITIVES AND PARTICIPLES	51
	Integrated Grammar Practice 2	*79*
UNIT 5:	RELATIVES	85
UNIT 6:	CONNECTORS	93
	Integrated Grammar Practice 3	*111*
UNIT 7:	CONDITIONALS	115
UNIT 8:	COMPARISON	131
	Integrated Grammar Practice 4	*157*
UNIT 9:	AVOIDING REPETITION- SUBSTITUTION AND OMISSION	163
UNIT 10:	NOMINALISATION	175
	Integrated Grammar Practice 5	*191*
UNIT 11:	MODALS - EXPRESSING ATTITUDES	197
	Integrated Grammar Practice 6	*213*
UNIT 12:	ACTIVE AND PASSIVE	219
	Integrated Grammar Practice 7	*239*
UNIT 13:	REPORTED SPEECH	245
	Integrated Grammar Practice 8	*271*
UNIT 14:	PREPOSITIONS	275
	Integrated Grammar Practice 9	*281*

UNIT 1

DETERMINERS

A. Introduction

In this unit, you will use the words which help to identify things - to say whether they are known or unknown to the listener, which one(s) the speaker is talking about, whether the speaker is thinking of specific examples or talking in general. You will also work with words which say 'how much' or 'how many'.

There are twenty determiners in the grid given below. Encircle these determiners.

Q	W	E	M	O	S	T	R	M	T	Y	U	I
S	E	V	E	R	Y	S	W	I	U	M	N	B
O	Q	U	I	E	A	C	H	C	S	C	O	O
M	K	M	L	Y	B	O	T	T	E	P	H	T
E	B	N	A	I	K	N	N	A	V	L	I	H
O	N	O	A	N	T	E	N	N	E	I	O	H
K	E	S	W	I	Y	I	H	O	R	T	N	C
N	V	N	N	T	I	T	G	T	A	T	G	H
O	E	W	E	M	I	H	U	H	L	L	U	A
W	R	Y	A	N	N	E	O	E	W	E	L	N
N	N	O	F	L	A	R	N	R	L	E	A	O
A	K	N	M	O	R	E	E	R	L	L	F	U
U	N	E	I	T	H	E	R	U	A	P	R	G

B. Articles

B.1 1. The building that I visited today is a museum.

2. A building in which antiques are kept is called a museum.

- **The word used before building in ....**

  Sentence 1 is _____ and in

  Sentence 2 is _____

- **Can you think of a reason why different words are used before building in these two sentences?**

  (Clue: Remember what you read in Class IX about 'specific and non-specific items.')

  _____

  _____

B.2. Working in pairs, decide which of the following items in italics are definite (or specific) and which are indefinite (or non-specific).

Then complete the following sentences using appropriate articles.

a) Bangkok is _____ capital of Thailand.

b) Australia, _____ country in the southern Hemisphere, has produced some world-class sportspersons.

c) _____ fruit seller does not earn much during the rainy season.

d) _____ girl who lives at the corner of our street has been selected for the civil services.

e) Many countries rely on _____ type of cocoa produced in Ghana for their chocolate products.

f) The Amazon is considered to be _____ largest river in the world, in terms of volume of water.

g) ___ Punjab, _____ important state of North India, has five rivers flowing through it.

h) 1950 is _____ year in which India became a republic.

B.3. Read this extract from a story. Fill in the blanks using *a*, *an* or *the* where necessary.

I drove on the Time Machine without changing _____ lever . At last I stopped; _____ sun was red and very large and _____ huge reddish rock was there. _____ Time Machine, in which I sat, was standing on _____ sloping beach and I saw _____ sea stretch to _____ horizon, but without any waves. No breath of wind stirred and I began to breathe very fast and felt _____ oppression in my head. I heard _____ harsh scream and saw _____ thing like _____ huge butterfly. But as I turned to look around again, I froze. _____ reddish mass of rock was moving towards me. I realized that it was _____ monstrous crablike creature. I felt a tickle on my cheek, as though _____ fly had lighted there. I struck at this and caught something threadlike. With horror I realized that I had just grasped _____ antenna of _____ monster crab. In a moment I had pulled the lever. I placed _____ time of one month between myself and these monsters.

Ref.: The Time Machine

By H.G.Wells

B.4. In groups of four, read the following description from a geography book, and underline the geographical names.

The Himalayas, the highest mountain range in the world, protect India from the cold winds blowing from central Asia and the People's Republic of China. Mount Everest, the highest mountain peak of the world belongs to this range and is situated in Nepal. To the south of the Himalayas, the great northern plains extend between the mouth of the rivers Indus and the Ganga. The Indus, the Ganga and the Brahmaputra start in the Himalayas .The Indus starts in Tibet near Mansarovar Lake. The Ganga rises in the Himalayas and the Brahmaputra, also known as Tsang Po, starts in Tibet. The Ganga and the Brahmaputra join together before flowing into the Bay of Bengal. Between the fertile Indus and Ganga plains are the Aravalli Hills and the Thar Desert.

Now discuss within your groups how the article is used (or not used) before geographical terms, and complete the following table:

Names	Category	Use of the	Conclusion	Other examples
Himalyas	Mountain range		'The' is used before names of mountain ranges	The Alps The Andes
Mount Everest				
	Cities			Pune, Delhi
India Nepal				
People's Republic of China	A country whose name includes words like republic, union etc.			
	Rivers			
				Dal lake
	Deserts			

B.5 You and your friend have been asked to help the quiz-master to prepare questions for a geography quiz in your school. You may choose topics from the list below to prepare your questions :

continents	oceans and seas	countries	deserts
mountains	lakes	rivers and canals	

Work in pairs. Each pair should write at least five questions (and their answers), e.g.

> What do you cross, when travelling from Europe to the USA?
>
> (The Atlantic Ocean)

You may use an atlas. Remember what you have learned in B.4 about using or not using *the*.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

When you have written your questions, your teacher will organize a class quiz.

C. Determiners with countable and uncountable nouns

C.1. Add a suitable noun to each of the following determiners in the box below.

a ____	both ____	few ____	much ____
all ____	each ____	little ____	neither ____
an ____	either ____	many ____	no ____
another ____	enough ____	more ____	any ____
every ____	most ____	several ____	one ____
some ____	two (etc) ____	a lot of ____	

C.2. Now get into groups of four, compare your answers, and decide which of the determiners can be used with

_____ countable nouns only

_____ uncountable nouns only

_____ both countable and uncountable nouns

Fill in the table below as you do this activity

Countable (C)	Uncountable (U)	Both (C) and (U)
a pen	some water	some pens / some water

C.3. Given below is a picture of a beautiful scene you saw on your trip to Varanasi, Uttar Pradesh. Write an email to your friend Harsh, in Bangalore, describing the scene. To help you write your e-mail, first match the determiners in the box with items from the picture. (X indicates that the word does not require a determiner.) Apart from the determiners given in the box, you can also use other suitable determiners.

.

two, three (etc), an, a, the, several, many, very little, every, each, X

_____mango groves

_____ghats

_____river ganga

_____prayer flags

_____ascetics

_____boats

_____tourists

_____temples

_____devotees

_____team of security officials

_____sand

D. Determiners - Summary

D.1. Kishore stayed with a family during his holiday. As Kishore, write a letter to your parents using the information given below. You will also have to use appropriate determiners in your letter.

Karan Awasthi: 26, hotel manager (five star hotel), recently married, lives in Gurgaon

Wife: Nayantara, fashion designer, post graduate from Delhi University

Shared interests: reading and music, enjoy films together, Karan likes to travel, so does Nayantara. Not happy with present house, plan to move, seen houses but not yet decided. Planning holiday - Ranikhet and Ramgarh.

816, C-block

Gurugram

Haryana

13 February 2011

Dear Mom and Dad

I am having a good time here with the Awasthis. They are

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Yours affectionately,

_____

D.2. The following paragraph has not been edited. (There is one error or omission in each line). The errors have been underlined and the omissions marked with a '/'. Write your corrections in the space provided. The first correction has been done as an example.

The area of / Atlantic Ocean south of Florida	the
has been <u>an</u> tricky one for travellers.	____
In the days of sail, ships crossing / area	____
often found themselves becalmed for / periods.	____
To save drinking water, <u>more</u> horses on board	____
would be thrown into / sea.	____
Nevertheless, <u>any</u> sailors died of thirst.	____
One of / unique sea-going mysteries ever,	____
<u>an</u> 103-foot sailing ship was found floating,	____
abandoned with <u>the</u> life-boat missing.	____
In the last 100 years <u>much</u> than 50 ships	____
<u>and</u> 20 aeroplanes have disappeared in the Bermuda triangle.	

D.3. Read the dialogue and fill in the blanks by using words which will help to make the meaning clear.

A. (1) _____ two chairs look so shabby. Don't you think we need to get a (2) _____ of new ones?

B. We'll talk about it a (3) _____ later, I have (4) _____ important piece of work to complete tonight. I can't spare (5) _____ time right now.

A. I saw (6) _____ exquisite chair at 'WOODCRAFT'. I think they would fit beautifully in (7) _____ drawing-room.

B. WOODCRAFT! It is (8) _____ most expensive show-room in town.

A But they have authentic teak furniture, or we could choose (9) _____ set of chairs in rosewood ; (10) _____ idea may be to buy some cane chairs.

B. I guess it would be useful to spend a (11) _____ more on furniture which would last for (12) _____ years.

A. So, when can you spare a (13) _____ hours to visit WOODCRAFT with me?

B. We could go (14) _____ Saturday or Sunday.

D4. Choose the appropriate option from the box to complete the given sentences.

1. I have been to _____ [a / the] doctor, whose name appeared in the *New York Times*.
2. I had left ____ [the / my] green shirt on the bed, but I can't find it now.
3. Is there ___ [the / a] fitness centre near your house?
4. ____[one / few / an] example helps understand concepts better.
5. _____ [India / India's] cultural diversity attracts tourists from all over the world.
6. That house at the corner of the street belongs to _____ [many / those] people who are standing near its gate.
7. He has hardly read ____ [many / any] book.
8. He drove with _____ [much / little] care and hence was fined by the traffic police.
9. _____ [little / a little] milk is required for a cup of tea.
10. _____ [few / some] of the mango trees in their garden bear fruit twice a year.
11. _____ [any / each] student of this class is a scholar badge holder.
12. My _____ [another / other] sister is taller than me.
13. The _____ [many / three] monkeys that escaped from the Delhi zoo were found eating bananas in a fruit shop.
14. I spent [the little / a little] money I had.
15. You may have [either / any] of the four watches.

TENSES

UNIT 2

A. The concept of tense and time:

In class IX, you studied, in some detail, the uses of verb forms like simple past, past continuous, past perfect, simple present, present perfect and present perfect continuous. You also learnt how to use the verb 'to have' to convey the meaning of 'possession' and the use of 'used to' and 'would' to talk about past habits or routines now given up or discontinued.

In this unit, you will learn more about the use of past and present forms of verbs and their relation with past, present and future time.

Let us begin by studying the relationship between the different verb forms and the time they denote.

A.1 Work individually

Indicate the tense and time of each of the highlighted verbs in the table below. The first has been done as an example.

	Sentence	Tense	Time
1.	We **are planning** to go out for a picnic tomorrow.	Present	Future
2.	India **has made** tremendous progress in the past few decades.		
3.	It **has been raining** since morning.		
4.	**Could** you please send your e-mail address as soon as possible?		
5.	The train **must have reached** Delhi by now.		
6.	It always **rains** in July here.		
7.	Cold wave **intensifies** further. (A news headline)		
8.	He **was playing** here a minute ago.		
9.	She **won** the Student of the Year award last year.		
10.	All incomplete forms **will be rejected.**		

A.2 Now compare your answers with those of your partner and discuss the following questions and write your observations in the given space.

a. Is the time referred to in the sentences always the same as the tense of the verb? What conclusion can you draw from your observation? Write your observation below.

_____

_____

_____

b. How have you found the tense of the verbs in the sentences above? Are there any indicators or markers that reveal the tense of the verb? Write your observation below.

_____

_____

_____

c. Did you find any verb form that could be called 'future form'? (You will learn more about the different ways of talking about future later in this unit.)

_____

_____

_____

d. Why do you think verb forms are often labelled as 'simple' or 'indefinite', 'progressive' or 'continuous', 'perfect' and 'perfect continuous'?

_____

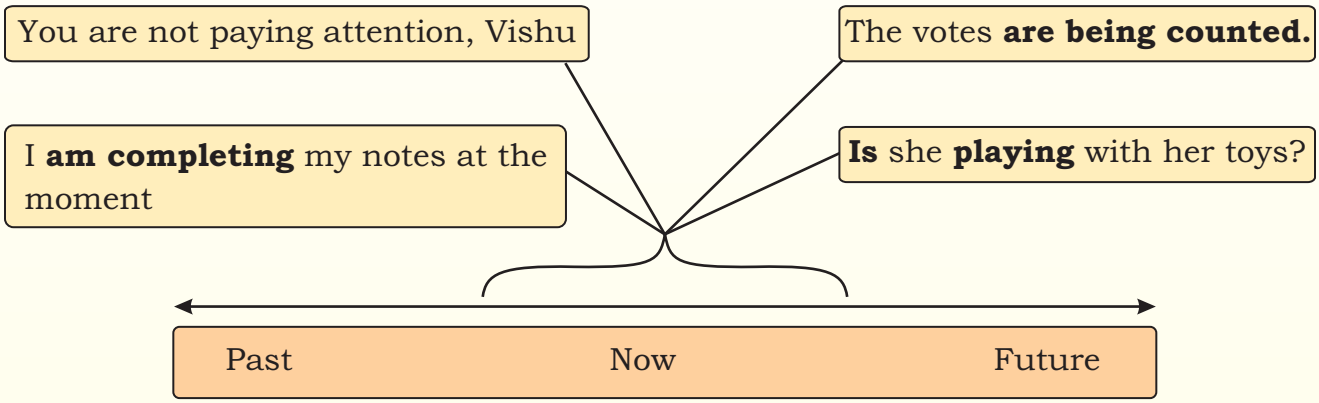
_____

_____

B. Present Progressive*

(*Progressive = continuous)

B.1 Form



- **S +is/am/are + verb+ ing**
- **S + is/am/are + not+ verb+ ing.**
- **Is/am/are + S + verb+ing?**
- **S + is/am/are + being + Verb (past participle)**

B.1 Meaning

Complete the following sentences by filling in the blanks with the present progressive form of the given verbs.

i. "You've put on weight, Cheryl."

"Yes. I……(eat) a lot these days."

ii. "Hurry up! We …(get) late for school."

"Just a second, please! I …(come)."

iii. Temperatures… (rise) all over the world.

iv. “You….not…(wear) this dirty shirt to office. Wait, I'll give you another."

v. “I…not…(do) your homework-forget it. I still haven't forgotten how you fought with me in the morning."

vi. The Prime Minister …(leave) for Russia tomorrow on a 5 day state visit.

vii. "You …(be) very rude, Abhi."

viii. She …always (make) excuses for coming late.

ix. Aabha… (write) a novel these days.

The table below shows different uses or meanings of the present progressive. Match the verbs in the above sentences with the uses or meanings they convey.

a.	Something pre-arranged or a fixed plan	_____
b.	Insistence	_____
c.	Annoyance	_____
d.	Repeated action	_____
e.	Some development or change	_____
f.	Emphatic refusal	_____
g.	Something happening 'around now'	_____
h.	An action just starting.	_____
i.	Temporary action not necessarily taking place at the moment of speaking.	_____

*It is a little difficult to match the sentences with uses of present progressive tense. Here are the answers:

a-vi, b-iv, c-vii, d-i, e-iii, f-v, g-ix, h-ii, i-viii.

Compare your answers with these and have a class discussion.

B 2. Verbs that are normally NOT used in the progressive form.

i. Which sentence in each of the following pairs is acceptable and why?

1. a. I am respecting you.
   b. I respect you.
2. a. My son loves to draw and paint.
   b. My son is loving to draw and paint.
3. a. We are having two cars.
   b. We have two cars.
4. a. I am thinking you are new to this place.
   b. I think you are new to this place.
5. a. The cake smells good.
   b. The cake is smelling good.

Verbs referring to mental states (eg. know, think, believe etc) and to the use of the senses (eg. smell, taste etc) are never, or hardly ever, used in progressive forms. Some of these verbs are:

believe	prefer	know	suppose	feel	sound
(dis)like	love	realise	understand	hear	taste
see	hate	recognise	want	see	belong
doubt	imagine	remember	wish	smell	agree
possess	own	owe	involve	include	depend

ii. Can you explain the difference between?

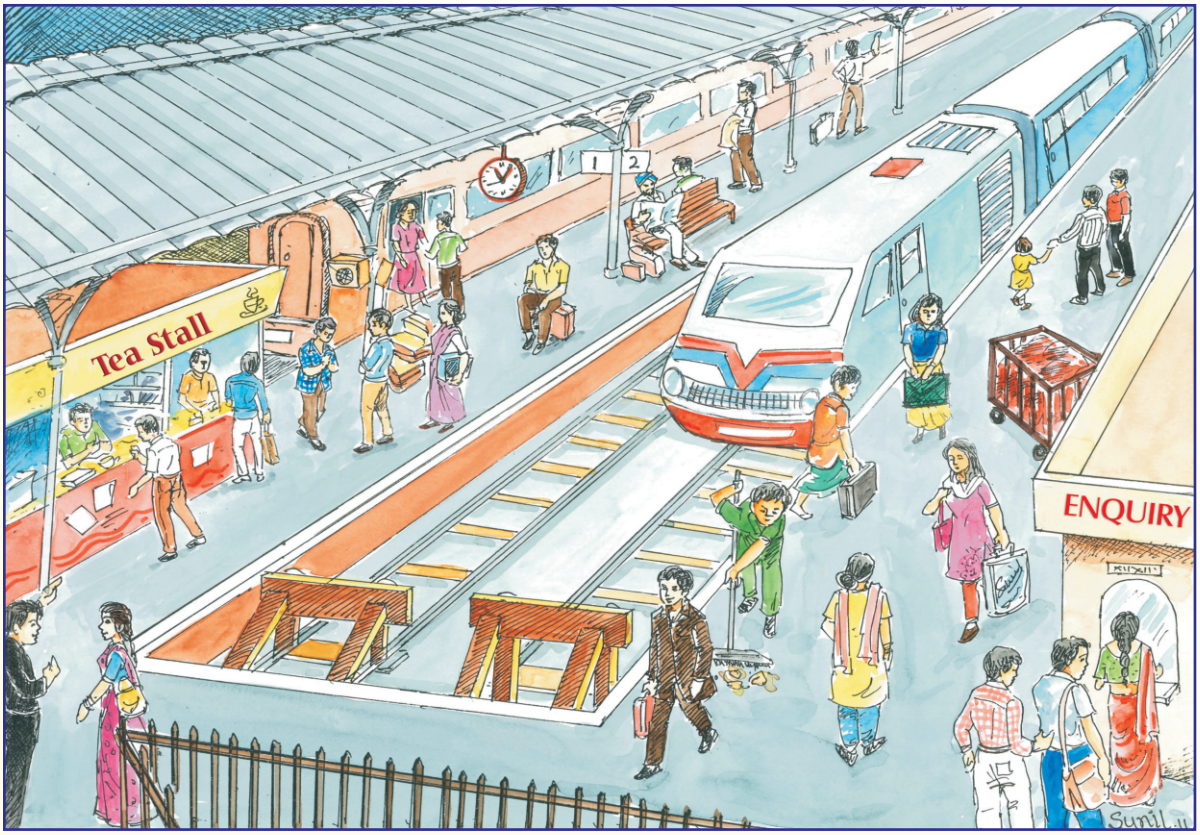
1. a. I just can't imagine how you got into such a mess.
   b. You're imagining things nothing will happen.
2. a. The coffee tastes bitter
   b. Mother is tasting coffee to check if it is too bitter.
3. a. My teacher admires my art work
   b. She is admiring the latest painting I have made.
4. a. The doctor is feeling the patient's pulse.
   b. The patient is feeling better.

B. 3 Complete the following sentences with the appropriate forms of the given verbs.

1. Every day I(go) to school in a bus but today I (go) by car because the bus operators are on strike.
2. "Baichung Bhutia (pass) the ball to Bannerjee; Bannerjee (take) a shot at the goal but it (be) way above the goal post. The Indians (attack) much more now..."
3. I (think) you (make) a mistake by signing this contract.
4. The doctor (say) mother (respond) to the treatment well.
5. Farzana (be) not well. She (not come) to school today.

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

B.4. Study the following picture carefully and then write a paragraph to describe what is happening.



B.5. Here is a letter Nikita wrote to her friend Susie who lives in Milan, Italy. What verb forms has she used in this letter? Has she used a mix of verb forms? Is there any particular form that has been used more frequently?

Dear Susie

It's a beautiful Sunday morning. Rakesh is busy with some office work and the kids are playing in the park outside and I've time enough to write a quick letter to you.

So, how are you doing? How's your new novel coming along? I hear you're learning Bharatnatyam these days. Couldn't believe it when Sharon told me about it. Bhartnatyam in Milan! Never knew there is an Indian Dance school in Italy. Interesting! By the way, who are you taking dance lessons from? I mean, who is your Guru? And why are you learning Bharatnatyam? Must you do everything that I do?

What happened to your plan to visit us this winter? Well, winter is round the corner. When are you coming? How long do you plan to stay? What places would you like to visit? Do let me know, will you? I'll make your itinerary accordingly. Remember, this time when you come, you are not staying at any hotel as you did last time. You will stay with us. I have a room spare for you to stay as long as you wish. OK?

As for the weather, I've already told you, winter is setting in. It's beginning to get cold, especially in the mornings and the evenings. The temperature is falling with each passing day and it's just the right kind of weather for some travel and adventure. Delhi is at its best in the early winter and it is waiting to welcome you with open arms.

And how's your mom's health now? Is she keeping well? Is she getting physiotherapy done regularly? I continue to pray for her speedy recovery.

I think I got to go now. The kids seem to have had a fight. I can hear the younger one crying. These boys are giving me a difficult time!

Catch you later. Bye

Yours

Nikita

B.6. As Susie, write a reply to Nikita's letter. Do take care to answer all the questions Nikita has asked you. What verb forms would you like to use?

Milan

25th October, 2011

Dear Nikita

Yours

Susie

C. Present Perfect

C.1 Form

- **Have/has+ past participle**
- **Have/ has + been + past participle**

Work individually

C.2 Meaning

Complete the following sentences by using the present perfect form (as given in C.1)of the given verbs.

a) The kids (work) really hard for the show. Now, don't cancel it, please.

b) Yippy! I (select) for the interschool dance competition!

c) I …(contest) five elections so far.

d) John? O, he is a delightful boy. I (know) him since his childhood.

e) …you ever (be) to the Taj Mahal?

- **The box below shows different uses or meanings of the present perfect. Match the sentences above with the uses or meanings of the present perfect they illustrate.**

i) Something that has happened several times up to the present.
ii) Announcement or news of a recent event.
iii) Finished event connected with the present.
iv) An action or situation that has continued up to the present.
v) Finished event at some/any time up to now.
Answer: i - c; ii - b; iii - a; iv - d; v - e

C.3 Present Perfect vs. Simple Past

a. Explain the difference in the meaning of the following pairs of sentences. You may like to use the given hints.

1. a. I have been a teacher for five years.

   b. I was a teacher for five years.

   (Hint: Is the speaker still a teacher?)

2. a. I always got good marks in English.

   b. I have always got good marks in English.

   (Hint: Is the speaker still studying?)

3. a. Geeta has never met her cousin.

   b. Geeta never met her cousin.

   (Hint: Is Geeta's cousin alive?)

4. a. I have never been to Timbuktu.

   b. I never went to Timbuktu.

   (Is the speaker talking about a particular journey or his travels so far?)

5. a. Jose has completed seven assignments today.

   b. Jose completed seven assignments today.

   (Hint: Is the day over? Has Jose more assignments to write?)

b. What conclusion can you draw from these sentences about the use of present perfect and simple past forms of verbs?

_____

_____

_____

_____

C.4 Look at the incomplete sentences below. Using the information provided, complete each sentence using a suitable tense. Follow the examples:

1947 until now India	has been (be) independent since 1947.
1947	India became (become) independent in 1947.

1. 1947 until now There _____ (be) many wars.
2. 1991 There _____(be) a war in the Persian Gulf.
3. 1953 Edmund Hilary and Tensing first _____ (climb) Everest.
4. 1953 until now Many people _____ (climb) Everest.
5. 1983 India _____ (win) the Prudential Cricket World Cup in England.
6. 1983 until now India _____ (win) many limited-overs cricket trophies.

C.5 The present perfect is often used with the following time expressions:

until now	for many years
so far	over the last few years
lately	in the past few months
not yet	since 20xx
recently	
in recent years	

Choose five of these time expressions and make sentences about interesting items of news concerning yourself.

_____

_____

_____

_____

Now make groups of four, and tell (not read) each other your news.

C. 6 What has been the situation of your village/town/city five to ten years ago and how has it changed since then? Write a short paragraph describing the changes in its size, population, traffic, buildings, lifestyle etc. Which verb forms would you mainly use to describe the changes?

(Hint: Simple Past and Present Perfect forms.)

C. 7 Your teacher will divide the class into groups of four and ask each group, to present a TV/Radio News Bulletin. In each group, students may take turns to be news presenters and correspondents. The news presenters may break the news and ask the correspondents to give details of what has happened/is happening. Your group may like to include the following news in your bulletin.

a. National News

b. International News

c. Local News

d. Sports News

e. Weather Related News

f. News from the world of Fashion

g. News from the world of Cinema

h. School News

After the bulletin is over, discuss the verb forms mostly used.

D. Simple Past Tense-Past Perfect Tense

D.1 Underline the main verbs in the sentences below. Then, rewrite the sentences in the correct order of events.

1) The people began to starve.

2) In 1925, a disease destroyed the crops in one village.

3) Later, the village people came to retrieve their children

4) The chief decided to send the children of the village to live in a settlement in the next valley.

5) However, they had married outside the village.

6) This caused a war between the two villages.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Now work with your partner and tick (✓) the sentence in which a different tense has been used. In pairs, discuss why this has been done.

Sentence No: _____ uses a different tense because

_____

_____

D.2 Study the following sentences.

1) I didn't know Jim had migrated to the United States.

2) When we arrived at the theatre, the show had already begun.

3) The patient had died before the ambulance reached the hospital.

4) He had got married by the time he started working.

5) I couldn't open the locker because I had mislaid the keys.

6) Byom Bakshi felt that he had seen the man somewhere before.

As you can see, each of the above sentences describes two different actions, events or situations. Work with a partner and list them as shown in the example.

A. Occurred First	B. Occurred Later
1. **Example**: Jim had migrated to the United States.	1. I did not know it. (The speaker came to know the fact later.)
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.
5.	5.
6.	6.

What verb forms have been used in (A) and (B) respectively?

A._____

B._____

What conclusion can you draw from your analysis?

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

D.3 Complete the following sentences correctly by using the simple past or past perfect forms of the given verbs.

1) We _____already _____(reach) home when Irfan _____(say) that he _____(forget) his books at school.

2) Wendy _____(wake up) late, then she _____(miss) her school bus, so by the time she (reach) school, it _____already_____(start).

3) I _____(visit) my town again ten years after I _____ (leave) it and _____ (find) that it_____ completely _____ (change).

4) When Feroze and Mehr_____ (meet) for the first time, they_____ (not like) each other but now they are married.

D.4 Find the incorrect sentences and then rewrite them correctly. Put a tick mark (✓)against the sentences that you think are correct.

1) By 2005, the singer recorded ten albums.

2) When I got to the bank, it had closed.

3) Timothy, the tiger, had killed five calves yesterday.

4) When Rehman met Mini ten years later, she grew up into a young girl.

5) By the time we reached the airport, the flight had left.

6) We hardly went a kilometre or so when the car broke down.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

6. _____

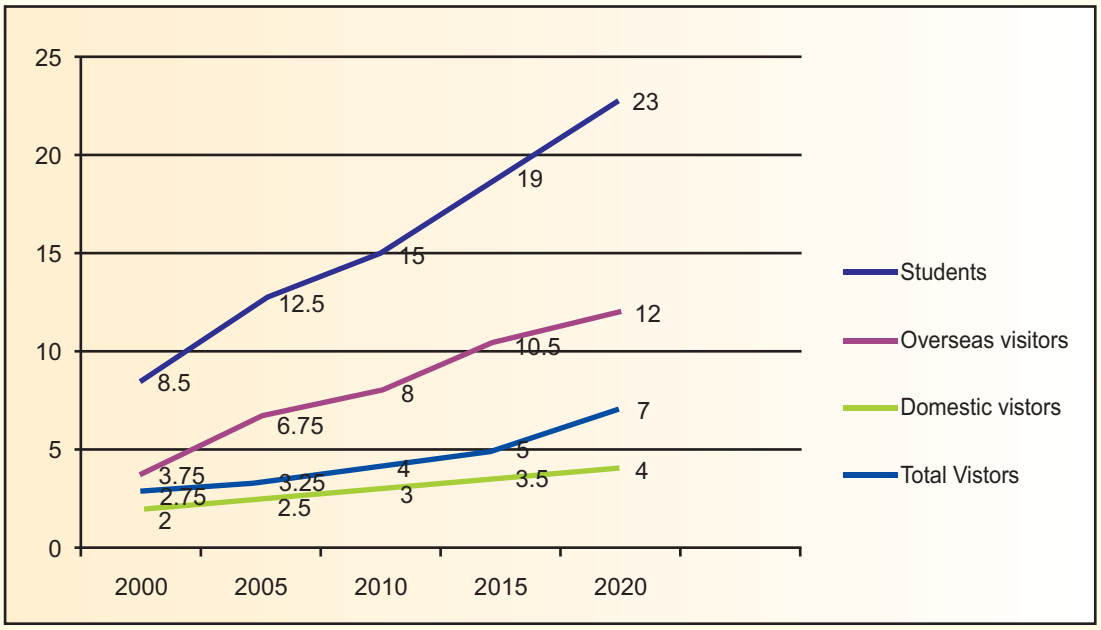
D.5 Carefully study each of the following events or situations described in a set of three sentences/phrases. Then, write a short paragraph to describe each event/situation as shown in the example. Your paragraph should begin with the description of the second event in each case. Use the verb form had + past participle to describe the earliest of the past events.

• Somebody burgled the office on Sunday night. • Our arrival at work on Monday morning. • Police informed	We arrived at work on Monday and found that somebody had burgled the office the previous night. So, we immediately informed the police.
• (I) Mayank went out with his family. (ii) I tried to phone him this morning. (iii) His servant answered.	I tried to phone Mayank this morning but the servant _____ _____
• (i) Rohit returned from holiday. (ii) Jayanti met Rohit. (iii) Went to see a film.	Jayanti met Rohit, who _____ _____

• (I) All the arrangements were finalised for the seminar. (ii) The seminar participants arrived in Gangtok. (iii)Met the professors from the UK the same evening.	The participants arrived in Gangtok. They found _____ _____

E. Interpreting Data

E.1 The following graph shows the number of visitors (in millions) visiting the famous Salarjung Museum in Hyderabad between 2000 and 2010 as well as the number of visitors expected to visit it in the next ten years.



Number of Visitors to the Salarjung Museum (Hyderabad) in Millions

We can describe the information in the graph in the following way:

(Study the verb forms carefully)

In 2000, the number of students visiting the museum was 2.75 million .

By 2010 the number had risen to 4 million.

If we are referring to figures for the current year we can say:

The number has risen marginally.

If we are predicting figures for the future we can say:

By 2020, the number will have risen to 7 million students OR

It is estimated /predicted that the number will rise to.....

E.2 Now write short paragraphs to describe the trends in the other groups of visitors featured in the graph.

- Overseas Visitors

- Domestic Visitors

- Total Number of Visitors

F. Future Time Reference

We can talk of the present and the past with a degree of certainty. But this is not so with the future. So, we use various verb forms to refer to future events, depending on what we may think is likely to happen, or what is our plan or intention.

F.1 Work with a partner

In the following sentences, choose and circle the verb form you think best fits the meaning of each sentence. You have been provided an example.

1. Tomorrow	is will be is going to be	Wednesday.
2. The train	has left will have left is going to leave	by the time you reach the station.
3. Hurry! The film	does will is about to	start.
4. The Minister	opens is opening is about to open	the new Art Centre next week.
5. This time next year, he	will live is living will be living	in Mumbai.
6. I	am going to be will be will have been	a nurse when I grow up

F.2 Working with the same partner, use the information given below and discuss the reasons for choosing a particular verb form in F.1. Then match the information in the bubbles below with the sentences, and put the sentence number in the space provided, as shown in the example.

1
e.g. Something is expected to happen before a particular time in the future. (Sentence No 2)

2
Statement of a universal truth or fact.
( )

3
Something is expected to happen almost immediately
( )

4
Simple statement of future plan or intention.
( )

5
Sure to happen at a particular time in the future, as arrangements for it have been made.
( )

6
Statement of a planned event expected.
( )

G. Tenses - Summary

Read the biodata of Sangeeta Rani Puri, India's swimming sensation. Then, complete the interview in the spaces provided. Do NOT add any extra information. Use appropriate tenses.

BIODATA OF SANGEETA RANI PURI

Name	:	Sangeeta Rani Puri
Status	:	Non-resident Indian
Place of Birth	:	Trinidad
Place of Residence	:	USA
Parents	:	Raj Krishna Puri (Father) -famous immigration lawyer Moyna Margaret Puri (mother) - (from Trinidad)
Achievements	:	i) six new national records in five days (Junior National Swimming Meet, Vijaywada) ii) Senior Nationals, October 1995 (Kolkata) - Winner of seven events, five new national records iii) Atlanta Olympics, 1996-proud to represent India in 50m freestyle - best time of her life : 29.02 seconds - no medal.
Future Plans	:	I) Swimming scholarship and training in USA ii) To represent India iii) To win an Olympic Medal.

Interviewer : Sangeeta, since you were in India for only a short while before you flew to Atlanta, would you tell us a little about yourself?

Sangeeta : Well, I'm an Indian and I'm proud to be one.

I: Please tell us about your parents.

S: My father _____

_____ from Trinidad.

I: Have you taken part in any of the National Championships?

S: (Very excited) Yes, _____

_____ at the Junior Nationals at Vijaywada.

I: How _____

_____Senior Nationals?

S: I won seven events and _____

_____

I: How do you rate your performance in the Altanta Olympics in 1996?

S: I _____

in the 50 metres freestyle. It's true that I _____

_____ in Atlanta. But _____

I: Have you _____ for the future?

S: I _____

in the USA. And of course I _____

_____ for as long as possible. Also I _____

_____ in the olympics.

I: Thank you, Sangeeta. I wish you all the best.

S: Thank you very much.

Integrated Grammar Practice 1

1. Complete the passage by choosing the correct options from those given below.

Pleasure and pain are inseparable facets (a) _____ human existence. While the experience of (b) _____ well-being is rather vague and intangible, (c) _____ of pain is real, and affects our body, mind and spirit, (d) _____ our lives in more ways than one. Pain is an unpleasant sensory and emotional experience caused (e) _____ tissue damage that (f) _____ from physical trauma, burns, illness, injury or surgery. Despite the agony caused (g) _____ pain, it is essential (h) _____ our survival. Pain (i) _____ an alarm bell, (j) _____ you to pay immediate attention and take quick action.

(a)	(i) in	(ii) on	(iii) of	(iv) by
(b)	(i) our	(ii) yours	(iii) one	(iv) your
(c)	(i) experiencing	(ii) experience	(iii) experiences	(iv) experienced
(d)	(i) alter	(ii) alters	(iii) altered	(iv) altering
(e)	(i) by	(ii) with	(iii) in	(iv) on
(f)	(i) resulted	(ii) is resulting	(iii) result	(iv) results
(g)	(i) by	(ii) on	(iii) in	(iv) of
(h)	(i) of	(ii) for	(iii) with	(iv) by
(i)	(i) rang	(ii) is ringing	(iii) rung	(iv) rings
(j)	(i) alerted	(ii) alerting	(iii) alerts	(iv) alert

2. Geetika is learning about China in her Geography classes. She has to give a short talk to her class about Shanghai. Read the notes she has made and then complete the speech she prepares for her class. Do not add any new information. Write only the correct answers against the correct blank numbers in your answer sheets.

SHANGHAI

- largest Chinese port city
- handles 50% Chinese exports and imports
- " most heavy population in the world
- industrial city number of industries present
- 1842-important after Treaty of Nanking

Shanghai (a) ..... and 50% of all Chinese exports and imports (b) ..... It has also become famous (c) ..... in the world. It can be called (d) ..... number of industries present here. (e) ..... after the Treaty of Nanking was signed here.

(a) (i) is the largest port city of China (ii) is a largest port city of China

(iii) was a largest port city in China (iv) was the largest port city in China

(b) (i) was handled there (ii) has been handled here

(iii) are handled here (iv) are being handled there

(c) (i) has the more population (ii) as the most populous city

(iii) has the heavy population (iv) is the most populated city

(d) (i) an industrial city because of the (ii) the industrial city because a

(iii) a industrial city as there is the (iv) an industrial city that has the

(e) (i) It has the historical importance. (ii) It gained historic importance

(iii) It is an historic importance (iv) It has gained historical importance

3. The following passage has not been edited. There is ONE error in each of the first nine lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction as given in the example against the correct blank number in the space provided. Also underline the correct word you have supplied as shown.

		Error Correction
Malaria, caused by the bite of a female Anopheles	e.g	a.....the
mosquito will become dangerous if care was not taken.		a) .....
The bite of the mosquito transfer the parasite into		b) .....
the human system. Malaria is accompanied with high		c) .....
fever and shivering. This mosquitoes breed in		d) .....
stagnant water, in puddles, on coolers etc. It is		e) .....
important to take care that water do not collect		f) .....
in and around the houses. Garbage can also		g) .....
be regularly removed so that mosquitoes will not		h) .....
breed in such damp wastes.		

4. Rearrange the following words and phrases to make meaningful sentences.

- always / the same/ Earth's/ climate/ stayed/ hasn't

1. _____

_____

- an / a period/ periodically/ of/ cold weather/ called /the/ goes through/ especially / Earth/ ice age

2. _____

_____

- an / during/ ice age / polar glaciers/ grow/ the/ bigger.

3. _____

_____

- an ice age / at/ of/ glaciers/ the peak/ may cover/ a third/ as much as/ the Earth / of

4. _____

_____

5. Read the news items given below. Use the information in the headlines to complete the sentences.

1. Ambala police to hire private detectives

_____

to help the Ambala police force in better investigation.

2. Plea against IT officer dismissed

The Haryana High Court

_____

filed by Coca Cola India Inc. against the assistant commissioner of income tax, Gurgaon, and other respondents.

3. Three IAS officers transferred

The Haryana government

_____

and 11 Superintendents of Police, including the Bhiwani SP along with the Deputy Commissioner.

4. New district magistrate takes charges

_____

after that transfer of the erstwhile DM.

6. Read the following conversation carefully and complete the following passage by filling in the blank spaces appropriately. Do not add any new information. Write the answers in your answer sheet against the correct blank number.

Patient : Doctor, I have a terrible toothache.

Doctor : Well, sit down. I need to examine your teeth. Please open your mouth wide.

Patient : Is there any serious problem, doctor?

The patient told the doctor (a) _____. The doctor told him to sit down as (b) _____. He also requested the patient (c) _____ . The patient then enquired (d) _____.

7. Given below is a description of what happened during a fire. One word has been omitted in each line. Mark the place where you think a word has been omitted using '/'. Write the word you think is missing in the space provided.

There was a fire our street yesterday morning.	_____
When I woke up, I looked of the window and saw	_____
smoke pouring out of house opposite. Then I	_____
saw fire engines arriving their sirens	_____
blaring. First one turned the corner and stopped outside	_____
the house. All the firemen dashed the house and	_____
ran upstairs to the bedrooms. A woman screaming	_____
from an upstairs window. She shouted that she locked	_____
in the room and not get out. By this time a second	_____
fire engine arrived and the firemen held a blanket	_____
for her to jump into. The chief shouted that she to jump.	_____
You could see that was terrified but suddenly she	_____
made the decision and with great scream, she jumped.	_____
She landed safely. Afterwards she said that it had the	_____
most frightening experience of life.	_____

3 UNIT

SUBJECT-VERB AGREEMENT

In this unit, you will learn about the relationship between a subject and its verb. We need to work on this, because students often make mistakes in identifying whether the subject noun is singular or plural. As a result, mistakes are made in the use of verbs to go with words like jeans, scissors, politics etc. This unit deals with these areas.

A. *Subject - Singular, Plural or Uncountable*

A.1. Read the following dialogue. First, underline the word or words that represent the subject in each sentence of the dialogue. Then circle the verbs that each subject refers to. (One has been done for you as an example)

Is it true that the students from the Space Research Centre are arriving this evening?

Yes, the study they are conducting needs an elevated location like our campus.

I agree. The constellation they are going to observe is clearly visible from here.

What about the team supervisor? Is he coming?

No, their manager called this morning. The supervisor is busy making arrangements for the committee which is to arrive tomorrow.

I have heard that he is going to join politics.

Yes, this news is true.

But honesty is his policy and politics is a corrupt game these days.

Yes, but that does not mean that good people should not join politics.

Yes, you are right.

When the pick-up bus that we have sent to the railway station arrives here, we may need help to shift the luggage which, I presume, is going to be very heavy.

A.2. A subject can be

singular - e.g. a pen, a body, a box
plural - e.g. children, plates, boxes
uncountable - e.g. furniture, sugar

Therefore, all nouns can be either

countable

or

uncountable

- Non mass
  Eg. machinery
- Mass
  e.g. coffee
  coal
  sugar

A.3. List the subjects from the dialogues in A1 under the following headings. One has been done as an example

COUNTABLE SINGULAR	COUNTABLE PLURAL	UNCOUNTABLE
	students	

A.4. Work in pairs and decide whether the following are countable singular (cs), countable plural (cp) or uncountable (uc). Write the symbols under each circle. One has been done as an example

feet	person	news	oxen
cp			
tooth	coffee	knife	boxes
goose	gentlemen	oil	furniture

A.5. Some nouns look as if they are plural, but are in fact singular.

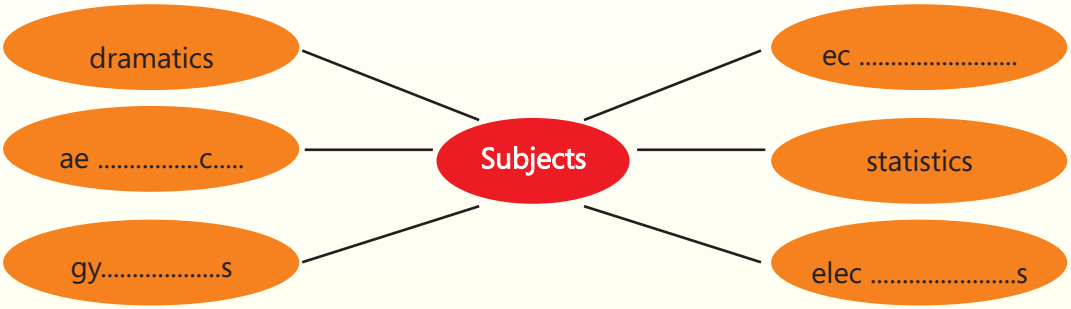
Economics is an important subject at Senior Secondary level.

Some other school and university subjects work in the same way. Guess which subjects these are from the clues.

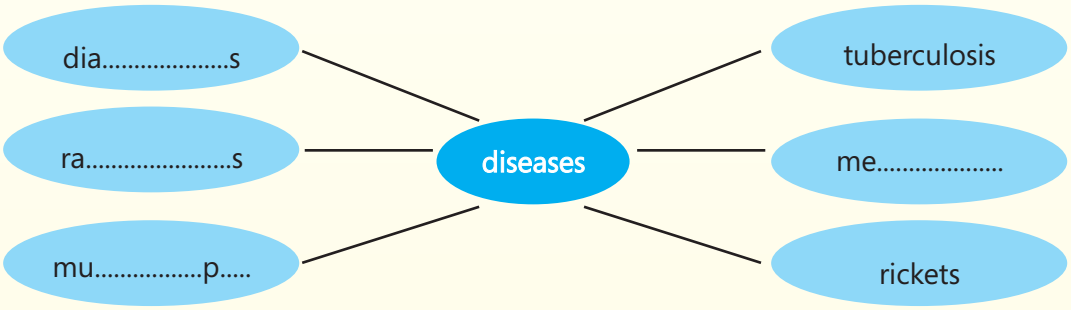
Clue	Subject
$E = mc^2$	.....
1+1 = 2	.....

Work in pairs and complete the following spider diagrams, a, b and c. All the words will be related to the word in the centre. Some clues are given.

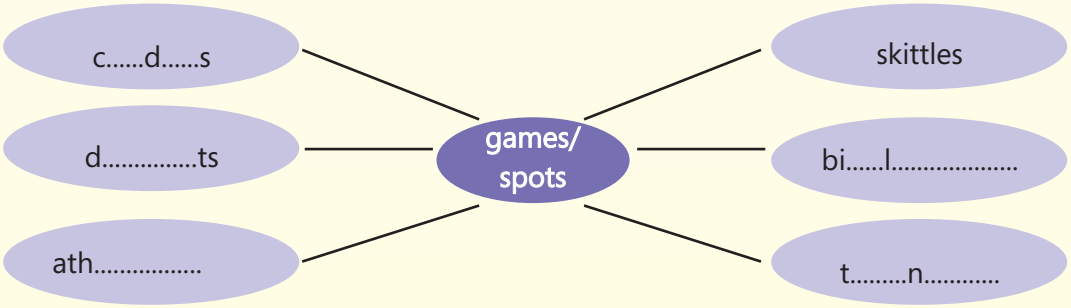
a.



b.



c.



All the above nouns look like plurals (i.e. they end in s.) But they are, in fact, singular nouns

Now, complete the sentence :

For these nouns we use a ..... verb.

A.6. Fill in the blanks with appropriate verbs to complete this biography of Rickety Ron.

RICKETY RON

Rickety Ron is a student of statistics, which for many years..... been his favourite subject. Ron has always loved playing with numbers. Dramatics..... his life but every time he takes a role for stage acting, he's mysteriously down with mumps. Mumps ..... always been his undoing! Ron is no good at games and opts for the least exerting sports of all. So, for him, it's skittles, darts and cards. Cards ..... his favourite, though! He loves aerobics too. Aerobics, to him, ... both relaxation and entertainment.

A.7. Work in pairs. Take turns to ask and answer the following.

Questions		Answers
Example: 1. What are shears used for?		1. They are used ....
2. Have you got the binoculars?		2. No,.....them..... .....
3. What are pliers made of?		3. They..... .....
4. How much..... .....?		4. ..... cost..... .....
5. Are your socks..... .....?		5. Yes, ...
6. What are tongs used for?		6. ..... are..... .....
7. Are your ....?		7. My goggles..... .....

8. Which.....
.....?

8. Black slacks are not allowed in school.

9. What .....
.....?

9 ..... are used for cutting cloth.

10. Can you lend me your compasses?

10.....,they.....
.....

Now complete the following sentence.

All the nouns in the above sentences take the_____ verb.

B Verbs - singular or plural

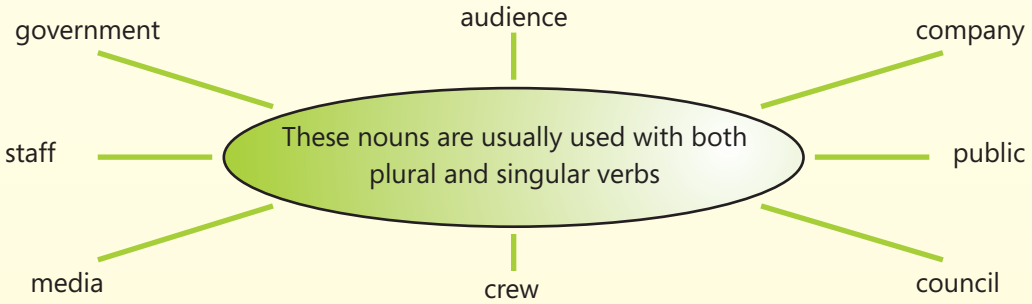
Look at the following two sentences. Which one is correct?

a) The jury were divided in their opinion.

b) The jury was unanimous in their decision.

Jury is a collective noun. Whenever there is a sense of unity, we use singular verb with collective nouns but when it is used in the sense of separation, we use plural verb with them, so both are correct in different situations.

Here are some more such words.



If you use plural verbs, you will always be correct, but if you use a singular noun, you may be wrong. So - to be safe - use plural verbs with these nouns.

B.1. Work in pairs. Write five questions using some of the nouns given in B. above.

When you have finished writing them, ask another pair of students to answer your questions.

B.2. Tick the correct form of the verb in the following sentences:

1. Summons was/were sent for his arrest.
2. The media has/have become more responsible nowadays.
3. This news were/was broadcast from All India Radio.
4. Politics is/are not meant for students.
5. To an outsider the economics of this company seem/seems to be in a shambles. (Hint: economics here refers to the company's financial status)
6. The staff is/are happy with their working environment.
7. Skittles is/are a popular game in India these days.
8. Harsh's spectacles was/were lost on his journey to Manipal.
9. Mathematics is/are a compulsory subject for under-graduation in most of the science and commerce streams.
10. The public was/were jubilant when Sachin Tendulkar scored his 50th century.

B.3. Will the following take a plural or a singular verb? Why?

The United States of America, 500 rupees, a number of people, the Arabian Nights, a couple of friends, half of us, the majority of the members of the committee, a gang of robbers, a herd of cattle

B.4. Circle the subject and connect it with a verb which follows it

The birds which migrated from the Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary were found in a new location.
Clue: What has been located? (Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary? The birds?)

1. The boy whom you saw walking on the road yesterday while returning from school is my brother.
2. The book you wanted to read is not available right now.
3. The furniture which was bought in the auction is made of solid teak-wood.
4. The team which won four matches this year has been nominated for the President's award.
5. A visit to the various monasteries provides an insight into Buddhism.

C. Subject - Verb Agreement - Summary.

Read the following sentences. Each of them contains one error. Correct the error and complete the statements that are marked *:

1. One of my friends have gone to Canada.
2. Every one of the managers have applied for leave today in protest against the management.
3. Neither of the boxers were able to score a decisive victory:

Statement *: Subjects containing 'one of', 'each of', 'every one of' and 'neither of' are followed by _____verbs.

4. Tobacco and alcohol is injurious to health.
5. He and I was at Patna University together.
6. Oil and water does not mix.

Statement * : Two or more Singular Nouns connected by 'and' are normally followed by a _____verb.

7. Age and experience bring wisdom to man.

8. Slow and steady win the race.

9. Bread and Butter are what the poor want.

Statement *: When two Singular Nouns connected by 'and' express one idea, they are followed by a _____verb.

10. My uncle and guardian want me to start my own business.

11. The Collector and District Magistrate are away.

12. The notable patriot and orator are no more.

13. The industrialist and the politician has been invited to the function.

Statement *: When two Singular Nouns are connected by 'and' and a determiner is used before only one noun, they are followed by a _____ verb. If the two nouns refer to two different things/ persons, the determiner should be repeated and the verb should be used in the _____.

14. Neither Raju nor Sheela have come first in the race.

15. No scholarship or reward were given to the student who stood first in the examination.

16. Either China or Malaysia have the chance to win the world cup in badminton.

Statement * When Singular Subjects are connected by 'or', 'neither..... nor' and 'either..... or', they are followed by a _____verb.

17. Neither he nor I has any objection to your plan.

18. Either you or Rashmi have to own the responsibility for the mishap.

Statement * : When the subjects connected by 'or' or 'nor' are of different persons, the verb should agree in person with the subject _____ to it.

4 UNIT

NON FINITES

In this unit you will learn to distinguish between non-finite and finite verbs. You will also practise the appropriate use of the three different types of non-finites: the 'ing' form, the-to infinitive form and 'ed' form. The use of non-finites in formal writing helps us achieve compactness and economy by avoiding repetition.

A. What are non-finites?

A.1. Read the items given below. Some are sentences and have a finite verb. Others are phrases and have a non-finite verb. Write S for sentences and P for phrases in the boxes provided.

1. Subroto is playing with my brother. ☐
2. Playing the piano ☐
3. Trees fallen on the road ☐
4. Rohan fell down and hurt himself. ☐
5. The medals won by our house ☐
6. This year we won the gold medal. ☐
7. Hanging on a silver chain ☐
8. Sheetal is hanging the decorations in the room. ☐
9. It is impossible to ignore the beggars on the roads. ☐
10. Ignoring my warnings ☐
11. I swim for an hour daily. ☐
12. To swim in the pool ☐

A.2. Now read the items again. Circle the non-finite verbs. Write them in the box below. How many types of non-finite verbs do you have?

A.3 Look at the pictures and complete the story below them, using an appropriate form of one of the verbs in the box below.

look,	watch,	view,	steal,	find,
jump,	climb,	run,	search,	live,
stay,	land,	peer,	speed	

One night Bhola, while + _____ the sky from his verandah, heard a strange sound. Just about + _____ in the forest nearby was a spacecraft. Next day the people of the town were + _____ away from their homes, frightened by the strange creatures who had landed in their midst. The intruders ran all over the town, + _____ food, money and all that they could lay their hands on. Scared out of his wits, Bhola hid in the bushes. +_____ through his binoculars, Bhola * _____ one of the intruders + _____ into a box. On + _____ a small mouse + _____ out of the box, the intruder * _____ off in terror. This gave Bhola an idea. He spent the next day +_____ for mice.

Next morning Bhola * _____ a cage full of mice to the spacecraft and set them free. On +_____ the mice, the intruders were too frightened + _____ on Earth any longer, and they * _____ in their spacecraft immediately.

A. 4 Now put the verbs you have just filled in above, in column A (verbs marked +) and B (verbs marked*) below.

COLUMN A (verbs marked +)	COLUMN B (verbs marked*)

Study the verbs given in Column A and Column B. How do they differ from each other?

The verbs in Column A are not controlled by the number, person and tense of their subject. Therefore, they are .....

The verbs in Column B are controlled by the number, person and tense of their subject. Therefore, they are .....

What are the verbs in Column A called (Write in the box below)?

A. 5 Here is part of a letter that Anuradha wrote to Raji about her experience in a city that she was visiting. Complete the letter using suitable non-finites.

When I saw a beggar _____ near the Big Temple, I decided to help him. But when the other beggars saw me _____ him some money, they started _____ around me. I was a little embarrassed and _____ the menace, I entered a hotel nearby. The manager of the hotel made me _____ the need for caution while _____ beggars. After _____ me, he went on to ask me if I would like _____ a guide _____ me round the city. I politely refused his offer of help and went back to my own hotel.

A.6. Given below is an extract from the story 'The Iron Man and The Space Being'. Complete the story using suitable non-finite verbs. You may choose words from the box given below.

worry	change	peer	hit	frighten	blaze

One day there came some strange news. Everybody was talking about it. Round eyes, busy mouths, ... voices - everybody was talking about it.

One of the stars of the night sky had begun ..... This star had always been a very tiny star, of no importance at all. It had shone up there for billions and trillions and zillions of years in the Constellation of Orion. In all its time this tiny star had never changed in any way.

Now suddenly, it began to get bigger. Astronomers, ... through their telescopes, noticed it first. They watched it with ..... frowns.

The tiny star was definitely getting bigger. And not just bigger. But bigger and bigger and Bigger. Each night it was BIGGER.

Bigger than the Dog-star, the large, coloured twinkler at the heel of the Hunter Orion.

Bigger than Jupiter, the great ..... planet. Everybody could see it clearly, night after night, as it grew and Grew and GREW. They stared up with frightened faces.

Till at last it hung there in the sky over the world, blazing down, the size of the moon, a deep gloomy red. And now there could be only one explanation. The star was getting bigger because it was getting nearer. And nearer and Nearer and, NEARER.

It was rushing towards the world.

Faster than a bullet.

Faster than any rocket.

Faster even than a meteorite.

And if it hit the world at that speed, the whole world would simply be blasted to bits in the twinkling of an eye. It would be like an express train ..... a bowl of goldfish.

No wonder the people stared up with frightened faces. No wonder the astronomers watched it through their telescopes with worried frowns.

A.7. While reading a magazine advertising home products, Sakshi Aggarwal came across an advertisement for a stain remover called Dr. Clean. She decided to buy the product but it caused more harm than good. Complete the letter of complaint she writes to the company using appropriate words.

Dear Sir

I wish_____ to your notice the ridiculous product you have recently launched. I saw a TV advertisement for Dr. Clean and its ability _____ '99 top stains'. I bought the product and _____ the least, I regret the money I spent on it.

You claim that your Dr Clean stain removal keeps clothes in wearable condition for a long time and thus helps reduce clothing costs. However, let me tell you what happened when I tried _____ a stain left by tea from my shirt.

_____ the stain remover on the stain does seem to make the stain

fainter temporarily. But here is the problem: a little after you have sprayed Dr. Clean on the fabric, the area around the stain seems to melt away. Soon, there is no stain. In fact, there is a hole where the stain was!

Surely this is NOT what you meant when you advertised The stain will no longer be visible to the naked eye?

Yours truly

A Disillusioned Customer

B. Verb + ing as a Non- Finite.

B.1 Present Participle

Example A rolling stone gathers no moss.

In this sentence 'rolling' describes 'stone'. We can use words like 'round' 'smooth' and so on to describe a stone. These words are all adjectives. Hence, we can see that 'rolling' functions like an adjective in this sentence. It is in the form of verb + ing (roll + ing). Such verbs in their 'ing' form functioning like adjectives in sentences are called Present Participles. (The 'ing' forms of verbs used with auxiliaries like am, is, are, was, were, be and been as in 'I am writing a letter.' are also called present participles.)

Characteristics of Present Participle

1. They are all verbs that end in 'ing'.
2. They function like adjectives in sentences.
3. They describe an unfinished action.
4. They can be used with all the tenses. (The time of action is shown by the finite verbs in the sentences.)

B.2 Underline the present participle and circle the noun it describes in the following sentences as shown in the example above.

a) The policeman saw a thief escaping on a motorbike.

b) Hearing a loud sound, the students rushed out of the classroom.

c) I can hear the school choir practicing in the auditorium.

d) The player was happy seeing that his opponent was growing tired.

B.3 Fill in the blanks using the correct from of the words given in the box below.

When the teacher caught the boy _____ in the examination, he stood there _____ and _____. _____ the loud admonition of the teacher, the headmaster rushed in. The boy started to cry _____ that he would be expelled from the school. _____ the situation very quickly, the headmaster asked the boy to follow him to his room.

fear,	cheat,	hear,	assess,	quiver,	tremble

B.4 The Gerund

Examples : (a) Walking is good for your health.

(b) I like going on long walks.

(c) Partings are always painful.

(d) He is confident of passing the examination.

In the above sentences the underlined words are called "Gerunds".

Let us take sentence (a)

Walking is good for your health.

Walking can be replaced with 'apple', 'exercise', 'a balanced diet' etc.

What part of speech do these expressions belong to? They are all nouns.

So in the sentence

Walking is good for your health.

We can ask 'What is good for your health?'

The answer is 'walking'. Thus 'walking' here functions like a noun. At the same time it is a verb (walk + ing). Such verbs are called Gerunds. They are also called Verbal Nouns. Though the present participle and the gerund have the same form (both are verb + ing forms), we should remember that present participles function like adjectives and gerunds function like nouns.

Characteristics of the Gerund.

1. Gerunds are non-finite verbs that function like nouns.
2. They have the verb + ing form (singing, dancing, writing, working, meeting, painting, lightning etc.)
3. They are used to make certain compound nouns - walking stick, frying pan, writing table, sleeping bag, drinking water etc.

The distinction between 'participles' and 'gerunds' is not always clear-cut. For this reason, we generally avoid the terms 'participle' and 'gerund' and use the general term 'verb + ing' as non-finites.

B. 5 Complete the sentences using 'ing' form of the verbs from the box.

apply	buy	use	meet

1. The doctor advised Neelam to avoid _____ ghee as a cooking medium.
2. I have had to put off _____ a scooter for my son until he completes his college studies.

3. How about _____ for the post of teacher in the neighbouring school?

4. By the time we finished _____ the house, the children had become hungry.

5. She went around _____ all the tenants in the apartment house, canvassing support for her cleanliness campaign.

6. I am afraid the doctor is busy now. Would you mind _____ a few minutes?

B.6 Now combine the following pairs of sentences using a suitable verb in its 'ing' form.

1. We all make mistakes. It is human.

   _____

2. Sheela tells lies. It has made her unpopular.

   _____

3. We tried to enter the pavilion. The police prevented us.

   _____

4. Our neighbours made a lot of noise. They apologised.

   _____

5. Murari passed the examination. I congratulated him.

   _____

6. She talks too much. I don't like it.

   _____

7. We must appreciate other people's achievements. It promotes goodwill.

   _____

B.7. Unusual solutions

Why don't you try ?

Give the solutions to the problems below using the 'ing' form of the verb. Make the solutions as unusual as possible.

Example: I can't open this bottle of cold milk.

a. Why don't you try hitting it with a hammer?

b. Why don't you try slicing it with a knife?

1. There's a fly in my soup.

   Why don't you try _____?

2. My car isn't starting.

   Why don't you try _____?

3. My hands and feet are frozen!

   Why don't you try _____?

4. A man is trying to steal my car!

   Why don't you try _____?

5. My sister/brother doesn't stop talking.

   Why don't you try _____?

6. I have a headache.

   Why don't you try_____?

B.8 No accounting for tastes

Fill in the blanks with verb + ing. Share your lists with your partner.

What I love doing	What I hate doing	What I don't mind doing
• Playing video games • _____ • _____ • _____	• Writing exams • _____ • _____ • _____	• going for movies • _____ • _____ • _____

C Infinitives as Non-Finites

C.1 Example:- a) I advised him to see a doctor.

b) They hope to buy a house of their own.

c) I saw him do it.

d) He made me wait for a long time.

In the above sentences, the underlined words are called infinitives. In sentences (a) and (b) the infinitive has 'to' before it. They are called 'to' infinitives. 'To' in such a use is called an infinitival particle. In sentences (e) and (d) the infinitive does not have a 'to' before it. Such infinitives are called 'Bare' Infinitives. Bare infinitives are used after auxiliaries: shall, should, will, would, may, might, do, did, can, could, must, need and dare. After some Principal or Main Verbs like bid, watch, see, let, make, help and hear the bare infinitive is also used.

Characteristics of the Infinitive.

1. The infinitive is the simplest form of the verb. It is exactly the same as the 'base' form of the verb (eat, see, drink, meet, jump, hear, play, run, come and so on).
2. The infinitive is a non-finite verb and in a sentence it comes with a finite verb.
3. Underline the infinitive and circle the main verb in the following sentences:

   a) I bade him come in.

   b) To find fault with others is an unhealthy habit.

   c) It would be a mistake to underestimate your opponent.

   d) Our duty obviously is to respect the Constitution.

   e) Let him take the examination without any fine.

C.2 Explain the following signs using to + verb as shown:

(a)

You are not allowed <u>to park</u> your vehicles here.

(b)

_____

(c)

_____

(d)

Workers _____

(e)

_____

(f)

_____

C.3 Work in pairs. One of you will ask the questions, the other will give the answers with the help of the clues in brackets. Write them down in the spaces provided. The first one has been done for you.

Why did you go out? (post a letter)
I went out to post a letter.

1. Why are you waiting here? (meet the teacher)

_____

2. Why did you return home early? (help with the housework)

_____

3. Why is Raju going abroad? (visit his sister)

_____

4. Why did Kiran sell her car? (buy a van)

_____

5. Why did you travel by bus? (save money)

_____

C.4 Complete the sentences as in the example, using the verbs given in the box. Do not use any verb more than once.

remind	warn	encourage	advise	ask	permit

Example : "Don't forget to return my book."
He reminded me not to forget to return his book.

1. "You promised that you would not tell mother about our quarrel."

   He _____

2. "If I were you, I'd go to the police."

   _____

3. "Go on, buy a new dress," Sushila said.

   _____

4. "Please don't drive so fast," Anil said.

_____

5. "Rupa, you can go to the library," said the teacher.

The teacher _____

C.5 Rewrite the sentences using an infinitive instead of the underlined clause.

Example: Hillary was the first man who climbed Mt. Everest.

Hillary was the first man to climb Mt. Everest.

1. Shah found that Rs. 20,000 of the sales money was missing from the box.
2. The Court declared that the officer was guilty of gross negligence.
3. Evidence showed that the document was a fabrication.
4. The court warned the representatives that they should not tamper with the evidence.
5. The minister was annoyed when he learnt that he had lost the elections.
6. You would be silly if you dyed your hair green.

D. Verb + ing and Infinitives

D.1 1. I saw her cross the road.

2. I saw her crossing the road.

What is the difference in the use of the underlined verb in the two sentences?

_____

_____

D.2 In pairs, use the grid below to complete the following sentences.

1. Our English teacher refused to allow us _____

   _____

2. Ram's mother let all of us _____

3. Making students _____ against their will is unfair.

4. 'Dear Sir,

Would you kindly permit _____

make let	a person	do something
allow permit refuse		to do something

Then read your answers out to the rest of the class

D. 3 Complete the following letter. Put the verbs in brackets into either the 'ing' form or the infinitive with to. Use the box below to help you.

+ -ing	+ to do	
suggest	want	Offer
be worth	hope	
mind	arrange	propose
look forward to	promise	
	hesitate	

Dear Mr. Banerjee

Thank you for your letter offering (offer) to help build an auditorium for our school. You will be happy to learn that the parents of our school have suggested_____ (approach) their association for funds. It is an idea worth _____ (pursue) and we propose _____ (hold) a meeting on the 15th of this month. I would very much like you to attend the meeting as I want _____ (introduce) you to the parents and I hope _____ (be) able to use your kind offer as a motivating factor for others.

The architect has arranged _____ (supply) us with the blueprints of the building. The contractor has promised _____ (deliver) the materials within a month. So our management does not mind _____ (start) the work even before the funds have been arranged in full.

Please do not hesitate _____ (contact) me if your have any further queries. I look forward to _____ (hear) from you soon.

Yours sincerely

_____

K.S. Bhatt

(Principal)

D.4 Study the following table

with verb+ing		with to+verb	
avoid	imagine	agree	learn
consider	involve	allow	manage
delay	prevent	ask	promise
deny	resent	decide	refuse
excuse	risk	expect	seem
mind	enjoy	fail	want
favour	stop	intend	wish
finish	suggest		

Now complete the following sentences appropriately using 'ing' or infinitive construction. Use the grid given above to write your answers. You may have to add prepositions in some sentences.

1) Would you mind _____?

2) Most children enjoy _____.

3) I'll never forget _____ when I was 18 years old.

4) I remember _____.

5) Our teacher dislikes _____.

6) The commander told the soldiers _____.

7) I do not intend _____.

8) The inspector is certain _____.

9) My father was very angry with the grocer _____.

10) My brother likes _____.

D5. 'Remember to do' and 'Remember doing'

Study the examples given below.

(a) I must remember to take my science book.

(b) I remember meeting you in the park.

Some verbs might take either form depending on their meaning.

Which sentence refers to something which actually happened?

_____

Which sentence refers to something which hasn't actually happened?

_____

Complete the sentences using the correct non-finite form of the verbs given in brackets.

1. I regret _____ (be) rude to you.

2. I regret _____ (inform) you that you have not qualified in the interview.

3. I want to stop now _____ (eat) lunch.

4. I must stop _____ (eat) so much.

5. It was rude of him _____ (say) that.

D6. Make a list of four things you remember doing as a young child.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Now, make a list of things you must remember to do this coming week.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

E. The Past Participle.

E.1 **Example:-** The wind swept away the fallen (leaves).
Past Participle — noun

In this sentence, 'fallen' describes 'leaves' which is a noun. Thus, the past participle, like the present participle, acts an adjective.

Underline the past participle and circle the noun it qualifies in the following sentences:

a) Driven by hunger, the elephant herd entered the sugar cane field adjoining the forest.

b) Trucks, loaded with rice, left for the flood affected area.

c) Hurt by little John, Robin Hood started fighting in earnest.

d) The greedy merchant did not know where to hide his ill-gotten wealth.

e) Bent with age, the old postmaster totters along everyday to work.

f) Powered by the reforms, the economy will register appreciable growth in the next quarter of the year of 2017.

Important characteristics of the Past Participle.

1. They usually end with - *ed*, *-d*, *-t*, or *-en*.
2. They describe a completed action.
3. They, like the *Present Participle*, act as *adjectives*.
4. They can be used with all the *tenses*. The time of action is shown by the *finite verbs* (entered, left, started, did not know, totters, will register)

Look at the following sentences:

- Having delivered the luggage, the messenger prepared to leave.
- Having been elected to the Lok Sabha, he left for Delhi.

The underlined verbs are not simple Past Participles but Perfect Participles. The Perfect Participle represents an action as having been completed some time in the past.

E.2 Combine each of the following pairs of sentences, using the correct form of the verbs. The first one has been done for you as an example:

Nithin was irritated by the noise.
Nithin left the place.

Irritated by the noise, Nithin left the place.

1. Leander was surprised by Asif's return of service.

   Leander started playing in earnest.

   _____

2 Rajani has completed her homework.

   She wants to go to play.

   _____

3 Gopal was utterly bored with his studies.

   He went out for a walk.

   _____

4 Sita was startled by the noise.

   She jumped out of her bed.

   _____

5 The police chased the smuggler. The smuggler hid in a thicket.

_____

6 The news stunned Meenu. She stood rooted to the spot.

_____

E.3 Match the news items with the headlines. Write the correct headline above each news item.

1. Business Firms Involved in Pooja Celebrations

2. NPI Taxation Relaxed

3. Mr. Das Appointed MD of ODC

4. Schoolboy Kidnapped

a. The UMI board has cleared the appointment of Mr. Das as the new Managing Director of the Overseas Development Council.....

b. The Advance Ruling Authority, functioning under the Income Tax Law, has relaxed procedure rules governing taxation of non-resident Indians.....

c. Vinodh, an eight year old boy studying in a local public school, has been missing since yesterday. An eye-witness saw the boy being forcibly taken in a black car and reported the matter to the police. Unfortunately, the car's registration number was not noted down.

d. While people are gearing up to celebrate the 'Pooja' with customary zest, sponsors have not been slow to take advantage.

Discuss

How do these words - appointed, relaxed and kidnapped - help in framing the headlines?

E.4 Provide suitable headlines for the following news items. In your headlines, use the past participle form of appropriate verbs.

LYON (France): Playing in his first tournament since walking off the court in the Davis Cup in Brazil, top-seeded Thomas Muster was beaten in the first round of the Lyon Grand Prix by American Chris Woodruff, 6-3, 6-3 on Wednesday.

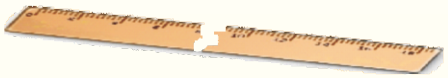
NEW DELHI: The Supreme Court has said that the job of reporting court proceedings should be assigned only to journalists having experience of legal reporting.

NEW DELHI: A man allegedly posing as a police officer from Punjab was arrested by Chandni Chowk police on Tuesday. Harinder Sharma had introduced himself as a superintendent of police from Amritsar to a police official at the Chandni Chowk police station. He wanted to see records to get details of how many militants had been arrested by the police.

RAIGANJ (West Bengal): Nine persons, including one woman and two children, were roasted alive and 65 others suffered serious burns when a mob of about one thousand people torched 156 houses at Bhangapara village under Karanighi police station in north Dinajpur district on Thursday.

F. Non-Finites Summary

F.1. Look at the pictures. Describe each picture with an appropriate non-finite as shown. Try not to repeat the verbs.

-  **a broken scale**
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

F2. Rewrite the following sentences making the necessary changes so that they convey the intended meaning:

1. Having bitten the postman, the farmer decided to punish the dog.
2. Being a rainy day, the organizers decided to postpone the match.
3. Being fond of sweets, we planned to gift Mary a big box of chocolates on her birthday.
4. Having finished his work for the day, the supervisor let him leave the factory early.
5. Riding on a horse, the tiger jumped at him.

F3. Correct the following sentences:

1. Her actions make my blood to boil.
2. They are counting on me playing for their team.
3. He is thinking to write his autobiography.
4. I am hopeful to secure full marks in the Mathematics paper.
5. We were prevented to enter the classroom.
6. You had better to send your application by fax.

F4. A student has written a letter to Sagarika Sen asking for advice. Complete the letter using appropriate non-finites (- ing, - ed, and to +verb form)

Dear Sagarika Sen,

I am a Class XII student. My exams are a few months away and I need _____ all

my time to my studies. But whenever I start _____ in the morning, a friend of mine who is in the same class comes to my house. He stays for about 30 minutes and keeps _____ all kinds of nonsense. I feel very _____ as it hampers my studies at the start of the day.

Please advise me how I can ensure that he never comes to my house while I am busy _____ for my examination. How can I ask him _____ away without hurting him?

Som Shankar Lahir
Kolkata

F.5 Here is the advice that Sagarika Sen has given to Som Shankar. Complete the letter using non-finites:

Dear Som Shankar,

The easy way out would be _____ your servant to say that you are not at home, or that you have left strict instructions that you are not _____ at any cost. If you feel that your friend would be offended by this, then tell him that your parents do not approve of your _____ and _____ when you should be spending your time _____. Explain to him how you are getting _____ (by you parents) because he wants _____ time with you.

But please make it clear that your parents do not disapprove of him. (It's just, at the moment, they would rather want you to spent your time _____). Once the exams are over, he would be welcome to your house any time. But, for now, he should stay away.

Sagarika Sen

(Source: The Telegraph Weekend, 5/10/96)

F.6 Working in pairs, seek advice on some of the issues listed below. Your partner will give you the advice.

Advice to be given on ……..

worry about examination
parental pressure
holiday homework
pocket money
making friends

(You may think of more issues)

Now write a letter to Sagarika Sen seeking her advice on any one of the issues you have discussed. Non-finites will make your writing more concise.

Integrated Grammar Practice 2

1. Complete the passage on hypertension by choosing the correct options from those given below.

There are two kinds of hypertension: secondary and primary. Secondary hypertension has organic causes. It (a) _____ be caused by either obstructive kidney disease, tumours of the brain, thyroid or adrenal glands (b) _____ narrowing of the aorta. It is more common (c) _____ younger people and surgery usually (d) _____ the pressure to normal levels.

Primary hypertension, is a silent killer. It shows no obvious symptoms (e) _____ it is well advanced. (f) _____ the (g) _____ common contributory factors are obesity, diabetes, excessive salt intake, smoking, emotional stress and (h) _____ family history of high blood pressure.

(a)	(i) may	(ii) will	(iii) could	(iv) might
(b)	(i) and	(ii) or	(iii) but	(iv) so
(c)	(i) in	(ii) with	(iii) for	(iv) of
(d)	(i) restored	(ii) is restoring	(iii) restores	(iv) will restore
(e)	(i) until	(ii) while	(iii) unless	(iv) before
(f)	(i) Between	(ii) Of	(iii) Among	(iv) Besides
(g)	(i) many	(ii) more	(iii) some	(iv) most
(h)	(i) a	(ii) the	(iii) your	(iv) one's

2. Rajani and Vikram are discussing their plans for the evening. Complete the dialogue by choosing the correct options.

Vikram : (a) _____ on TV last week?

Rajani : No, (b) _____ . Did you see the programme?

Vikram : Yes, it was very interesting. The guests on the show were M S Dhoni and Yuvraj Singh.

Rajani : Oh! how sad that I missed it. (c)_____.

Vikram : Don't worry. (d)_____.

(a)

(i) Did you watched the Talk Show programme

(ii) Were you watching the Talk Show programme

(iii) Did you watch the Talk Show programme

(iv) Do you watch the Talk Show programme

(b)

(i) I had just switched the TV on when some guests arrived.

(ii) I have just switch the TV on when some guests arrived.

(iii) I was just switching the TV on when some guests had arrived.

(iv) I just switched the TV on when some guests were arriving.

(c)

(i) I wish I can seen it

(ii) I wish I could have seen it

(iii) I wish I have seen it

(iv) I wish I had seen it

(d)

(i) I had taped it so you could see it

(ii) I am taping it so you can see it

(iii) I have taped it so you can see it

(iv) I will tape it so you can see it

3. Given below are some instructions for preparing an omelette. Complete the following paragraph on the basis of these instructions.

a) Take two eggs. Break them in a bowl and beat them after adding a pinch of salt and pepper.

b) Add a spoonful of water and beat the eggs again.

c) Put a pan on the stove and light the gas. Pour one teaspoon of ghee or butter into the pan.

d) When the ghee or butter becomes hot, pour the beaten eggs into the frying pan.

e) After some time when the omelette is set, loosen it from the sides of the pan.

f) Slip a knife under the omelette, fold it and serve it hot with green chillies and chopped onion.

Two eggs (a) _____ adding a pinch of salt and pepper. A spoonful (b) _____. A teaspoon of ghee or butter is heated in a frying pan. The beaten eggs (c) _____. After some time, when (d) _____ . A knife is slipped under the omelette and (e) _____ with green chillies and chopped onion, etc.

4. Read the conversation given below carefully and complete the following passage by filling in the blank spaces appropriately.

Mr Goel : Have you booked the rooms in the Hotel for our holiday?

Mrs Goel : Yes I have. I asked them to book a double room on the tenth floor.

Mr Goel : Why did you ask for a room on the tenth floor?

Mrs Goel : The view from there is really great.

Mr Goel : Have you forgotten I am afraid of lifts?

Mr Goel inquired from his wife (a) _____. She replied that she had and added (b) _____. Mr Goel then wanted to know (c) _____ to which Mrs Goel replied (d) _____. At that an upset Mr Goel wanted to know (e) _____.

5. Rearrange these words/phrases to form meaningful sentences.

1. greatest mysteries/bird life/migration/one of the/of/is

_____

_____

2. ringing of the/on migration/most/has come/ from/information/young and adult birds

_____

_____

3. stamped with/ a light aluminium ring/ a number and return address/ is fastened/ before it/ leaves the nest/ to the bird

_____

_____

4. a special register/ released/a detailed record/and/is kept in/is/the bird/ then

_____

_____

5. extensively employed/ the method/of/ has been/ ringing birds/factual data /in recent years/ in Europe and America/for collecting

_____

_____

6. Below is a dialogue between two friends. Each line contains an error. Underline each error and write your correction in the space provided.

A: It's no good, Ramesh. I can't find it nowhere. _____

B: Where have you put it yesterday? Think carefully. _____

A: Well, I put it on the drawer first of all because _____

I thought it could be safe. Then Anu said that it _____

was a silly place so I put it over the floor where _____

everyone could see it. But I fell on it ! After that _____

I noticed the top was broke so I repaired it and _____

put it s someone else. Then I was so tired that Anu _____

suggests I had a cool drink. _____

B: If I were you, I would look in a fridge. _____

A: Hey! You're right… it's in the fridge. I should _____
have left them there when I got my drink. Thanks! _____

7. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it in your answer sheet against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

Human blood contains kinds of material, (a) _____

including white blood cells the platelets. (b) _____

But most common in all blood types (c) _____

are red- blood cells. When you not have (d) _____

enough of, your body becomes anaemic. (e) _____

New research is finally solving few of the (f) _____

mysteries surrounding cells. Some invertebrates (h) _____

and all vertebrates carry the oxygen an iron-rich

protein called haemoglobin which is present

inside red-blood cells.

UNIT 5

RELATIVES

In written English (more than in the spoken form) we often give information about a person or a thing by using a group of words called relatives – who, which, where and whose.

Example : The band which performed on the annual day played good music.

Relatives help to convey our idea in a well-connected and compact way.

Two ideas : 1. My brother has composed a song.

and

2. I like it.

can be conveyed thus

a) I like the song which my brother has composed

OR

b) My brother has composed a melodious song which I liked.

A-1 Match the items in A with their definitions.

A	B
1. A dermatologist is	a) an instrument which measures temperature.
2. A cassock is	b) a place where grains are stored.
3. A thermometer is	c) a doctor who treats skin diseases.
4. A granary is	d) a gown which is worn by a priest.
5. A widower is	e) an animal which lives both on land and in water.
6. A tragedy is	f) a disease which causes loss of memory.
7. Amnesia is	g) a play which has sad or tragic ending.
8. An amphibian is	h) an instrument for viewing minute objects.
9. A microscope is	i) a man whose wife is dead.

Now underline the relative (called a relative pronoun) in the sentences above. The first one has been done for you.

A-2 Quiz

Working in pairs, make six questions like the ones given below:

1. What is the name of the tree which ..... ?
2. What is the name of the island where ..... ?
3. What is the name of the person who ..... ?
4. What is the name of the play which ..... ?
5. What is the name of the stadium where ..... ?
6. What is the name of the product which ..... ?

Now each pair will ask three of their questions to the rest of the class.

A-3 Read the following questions silently and then

a) underline the relative;
b) circle the word or phrase which the relative refers to;
c) in pairs, discuss why you think there are commas in four of these sentences.

1) An oculist is a person who treats eye diseases.
2) Ishita's brother, who is an architect, said the house needs a proper security system.
3) Copper, which is an element, is mixed with zinc to make brass.
4) The shed where aeroplanes are housed is called a hangar.

5) The Indian cricket team is flying to Chennai, where 2011 world cup's last league match is going to be played.

6) Chanakya, whose disciple was Chandragupta, was a teacher of Economics and Political science in Takshashila University.

7) The countries that export petroleum are planning to hike the price.

Sentences two, three, five and six have commas because

_____

_____

A-4 Use who*, whose, where, or which to complete each sentence below.

1. That well built boy _____ I met at the sports meet is a famous hockey player.

2. Aditya, _____ mother got an award for the best teacher, is my nephew.

3. The great Bengal tiger, _____ is found in India, is rapidly becoming a threatened species.

4. Kailash Mansarovar, a holy place in Tibet and _____ many Indian pilgrims go in May, is very difficult to get to.

5. Teachers _____ have taught Arnav say that he is an exceptionally creative student.

6. Interviewers tend to prefer candidates _____ have well rounded personalities.

*** In modern English (spoken as well as written), who and whom mean the same. Whom is not often used now in international English.**

A-5 Read the following sentences and punctuate them, using commas where necessary.

1. Tushar who is my best friend is studying in Cornell University, USA.
2. Konark where we are going for our next excursion is famous for its sun temple.
3. Mr Misra who was in the US has started his own business in New Delhi.
4. Yesterday I met Saina Nehwal who is a famous badminton player.
5. Popeye likes to eat lots of spinach which contains iron.

A-6 Fun with definitions

Working in pairs, choose three of the following words and write your own humorous and unusual definitions for them. Two examples have already been done for you.

dentist	hotel	alarm clock	moped
mirror	classroom	astrologer	mobile phone

1. A mirror is a device that frightens the daylights out of most people.
2. An alarm clock is an instrument that wakes you up early so that you can go to sleep again.

A-7 Read the following sentences. There are errors is some of them. Underline the error and write the word in the space provided. Put a ✓ if there is no error.

1. The bus who goes to the station is a low-floor bus. _____
2. The man which was here a little while ago is a minister. _____

3. That's the house where the poet was born. _____

4. The bird whose lays the biggest egg is the ostrich. _____

5. Karn, where home is in Gurgaon, is studying in Manipal. _____

A-8 The pen drive which I borrowed from my friend was lost

In this kind of sentence, that can replace which, especially in spoken English. '*That*' is easier to say than '*which*'.

Rewrite the following sentences substituting "that" for "which". Then say each one aloud to your partner.

1. That was a very fine car which your friend bought last month, wasn't it?
2. All the members of my family prefer cakes which are made without egg.
3. The team which will win the quiz competition will be going to Ooty.
4. Neither Govind nor I like stories which are full of violent incidents.

B. Reduced relatives

In many cases, *relatives* (including that as a substitute) can be omitted in order to economize with words. This is a matter of style. When you are reading or listening to English, notice when this happens.

B-1 Read the following sentences aloud to your partner without the relative as shown in the example.

1. I found the book which I wanted to read.
2. The boy who I met at the hotel is a wonderful magician.
3. This is the best movie that I've ever seen.
4. The girl who is talking to Mr. Mallya is the pilot.
5. Silk sarees which are made in Banaras are popular all over the world.

B-2 The following newspaper article about Patliputra contains some errors. Correct the article (In some places relatives need to be added; in other places, reduced relatives can be used).

Pataliputra

The fourth century BC city is believed to have existed _____

between 320 BC and AD 550 was ruled by the Mauryan and

later the Gupta dynasties.

- Magasthenes spent many years as an ambassador to _____

Patliputra wrote a book who is titled 'Indika'. The city, _____

who was encircled by a deep moat, had a fortified wall. _____

Ashoka, adopted Buddhism, provided _____

inns, hospitals and veterinary centres whom _____

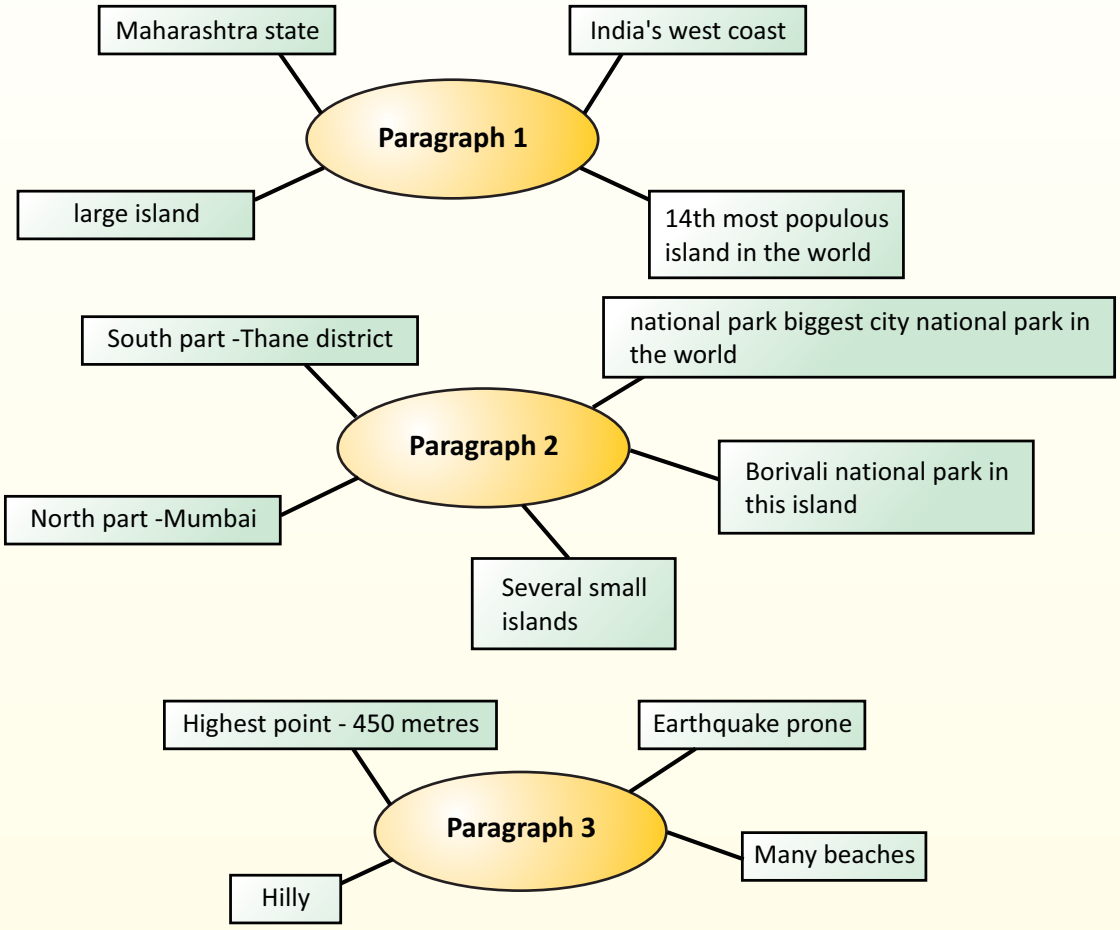
helped the common people

This was which the first Buddhist monuments came to be built._____

B-3 Salsette Island

You have been asked to write an encyclopaedia entry about Salsette Island. Study the following notes. The information is jumbled up. Put the notes in logical order and then link them together using appropriate *relatives* (or *reduced forms*), *articles*, *verbs* etc. Do not make your sentences too long.

SALSETTE ISLAND



6 UNIT

CONNECTORS

A. What are Connectors?

A.1 Read the paragraph given below and answer the questions that follow.

Atomic energy is less polluting than thermal energy. It poses a threat to life and environment in case of natural disasters. Countries may decide to rely less on atomic energy in the future. Presently, we cannot shut down nuclear power plants. We have not yet developed a viable alternative. Solar energy is safer. It is available in abundance, free of cost. Scientists have not yet come up with processes to harness solar energy for commercial use. The present scenario on the power front does not look very encouraging.

1. Could you follow the meaning clearly? Yes ☐ No ☐
2. Do you think the ideas and sentences are well connected? Yes ☐ No ☐
3. What are the words and phrases you can insert to make the paragraph read better? _____

Now read the paragraph again.

Though atomic energy is less polluting than thermal energy, it poses a grave threat to life and environment in case of natural disasters. Hence countries may decide to rely less on atomic energy in the future. However presently we cannot shut down nuclear power plants because we have not yet developed a viable alternative. Solar energy is safer. Moreover, it is available in abundance, free of cost. But scientists have not yet come up with processes to harness solar energy for commercial use. On the whole, the present scenario on the power front does not look very encouraging.

1. Does the paragraph now read better? Yes ☐ No ☐
2. What is the function that the highlighted words and phrases perform? _____
3. Such expressions are called 'connectors'- i.e, words or phrases which join together the writer's or the speaker's thoughts and so make them flow more

smoothly. In this unit we shall practice various types of 'connectors' in English.

A.2 Read the sentences in Column A and identify the role (i.e. the "job") of the underlined words. Then match each sentence with a role in Column B.

A	B
Food and drink prices in New York are very high; <u>furthermore</u>, renting an apartment there is very expensive.	introduces the results
Ragini has a great sense of humour. In the same way, her sister Taarini loves a good joke.	adds information
The film had poor reviews. So, I went out with my friends to see a play <u>instead</u>.	introduces a similar idea
Sujoy is a lazy boy. <u>Consequently</u> he failed in his exams.	gives a different / opposite idea

The underlined words or phrases are examples of *connectors*. They perform different roles of connecting ideas and sentences so that *discourse* becomes *cohesive* and *coherent*. Hence, the connectors are also known as *cohesive devices* or *discourse markers.*

A.3 Complete the sentences given below using appropriate expressions given in the box.

incidentally	I'm afraid	on the one hand
consequently	for instance	nevertheless
in other words	on the other hand	on the contrary

1 The agenda for development should _____ encourage industrialization and _____ preserve the environment and human rights.

2. My new job is very demanding, _____ I enjoy the challenge it offers to my creativity.

3. The team did not get discouraged by the early setback. _____ it started playing a more aggressive game.

4. I have managed to find a flat near my work spot and I will be moving in there by next week. _____, I met Prof. Anil Kapoor, our economics teacher at college, during the house hunting.

5. Many roadside restaurants cut cost by using cheap ingredients in their dishes. Take the cooking medium, _____. Instead of good quality refined oil, they mostly use palmoline which has high levels of saturated fatty acids.

6. The Sharmas decided to go to the USA to stay with their son. _____ they had to dispose of their flat at Jaipur.

7. The committee considers the quotation submitted by the firm rather unrealistic. _____, the firm will not be able to deliver the product in time as per the specifications stipulated.

8. Though the demand of the union appears to be reasonable, _____ that the company will not be able to accede to it is the present market conditions.

A.4 You have already seen in A2 the four roles of the connectors. Now match the following roles with the connectors that you have used to complete the sentences in A.3.

Role	Connectors
1. Change of subject	a. consequently
2. Making things clear	b. I'm afraid
3. Stating the effect	c. on the one hand / on the other hand
4. Softening the effect of some bad news.	d. in other words
5. Balancing contrasting points	e. nevertheless
6. Contradicting	f. for instance
7. Emphasing a contrast	g. incidentally
8. Giving examples	h. on the contrary

You might have found this exercise a little challenging. Hence, the answers are given below which you can discuss in your class.

Answers: 1- g; 2- d; 3- a; 4- b; 5- c; 6- h; 7- e; 8- f.

B. Adding information

B.1 You are already familiar with words like *and*, *as well as*, and *also* to add information already given in a sentence. You will now learn to use more formal words to add information. These are *furthermore*, *moreover*, *additionally*, and *in addition* which are particularly useful in formal writing.

Complete the following sentences using furthermore, moreover, additionally, and in addition.

1. Their team has got the best players. _____, their coach is fantastic.

2. We had a terrible time on our holiday. The weather was hot; _____, the air was humid.

3. Greens contain Vitamin A. _____, they are rich sources of iron.

4. _____ to being a good student, Rahul works very hard to help his parents.

5. He is ignorant; _____, he is lazy.

6. That house isn't big enough for us, and _____, it's too expensive.

B.2 Write a second sentence in each pair, using the clues and a suitable connector.

1. Harbhajan scored a half century in the first Quarter Finals of the World Cup Cricket Match against the West Indies. (five wickets).

_____

_____

2. Rohini is a good singer. (dancer)

_____

_____

3. Deforestation leads to drought. (global warming)

_____

_____

4. Wildlife sanctuaries in India are home to elephants, tigers and rhinos. (preserve endangered species)

_____

_____

Look again at the four sentences you have framed above. Do 'moreover', 'furthermore', 'additionally', and 'in addition' connect clauses or sentences? Which position in the sentence do they generally occupy?

C Presenting a different idea

Study the pair of sentences given below:

Chetna likes sports.	Pranav likes reading.

Join the sentences using *but*, *whereas* and *while*

C.1. The Students' Council of your school has made a survey of two different classes: Class A and Class B. The survey was designed to find out what students like about the school and what they would like to change.

The students were asked the following questions:

1. What is your favourite school subject?
2. What is your favourite school club?
3. What other co-curricular activities would you like the school to organize?
4. What do you like best about the school?
5. What would you like to change about the school?

They came up with the following answers:

Class A	Class B
1. Maths	History
2. Chess Club	Music Club
3. A girls' cricket club	A computer club
4. Caring teachers	Good library
5. Less Projects	More activities

The paragraph below is a comparison of the views of the two classes. Complete the passage by filling in the blanks with but, whereas and while. More than one option can be used in some blanks.

Class A agreed that Maths was their favourite subject _____ Class B liked History most. _____ the Chess Club was the favourite of Class

A, B preferred the Music Club. As an additional co-curricular activity, Class A suggested the organising of a girls' cricket team, _____ Class B wanted the establishment of a computer club. Regarding the most popular feature of the school, Class A liked the school's caring teachers _____ Class B commended the good library. Finally, both wanted a change in the school's attitude towards projects and activities. However, _____ Class A wanted less number of Projects for each term, Class B wanted the learning to happen through more hands-on activities.

C.2. You are familiar with the use of but, whereas and while to present a different, or unexpected, idea. We may also use however, nonetheless or nevertheless in formal writing. Complete the following sentences using appropriate connectors.

1. Kareena is rich; _____, her cousin Karun is poor.
2. Cotton farmers in Karnataka are facing serious problems. _____, the Government is not offering any help.
3. Jatin wasn't tired. _____, he took a nap.
4. We live in the same building; _____, we hardly ever see each other.
5. She's extremely rich; _____, she's not snobbish.

C.3. Work in pairs. Write a second sentence in each pair, using the clues and a suitable connector.

a) He went on a diet, hoping to become slim and attractive. (malnutrition-inactive)

_____

b) The hotel did not offer the facilities we needed for our annual conference. (vacation)

_____

c) AIDS cannot be cured. (prevent)

_____

D. Concession

D.1. Think of things about yourself which surprise people.

Although I am quite short, I can play basketall very well.

I am a slow reader but I remember most of what I read.

Now write down three sentences like these about yourself. Share them with your partner.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

D.2. Complete the following sentences using your own ideas.

1. Although the day started quite well, _____

_____

2. I voted for Ragini as the Head Girl but _____

_____

3. Five witnesses say he stole the money yet _____

_____

4. Even though he worked very hard _____

_____

5. She had hurt her foot that morning. However, _____

_____

D.3. Despite and In spite of

Study the examples given below.

Examples : *Despite* my warning, they went ahead with their plan.

In spite of her wounded foot, she won the tournament.

Study the jumbled words given below and form meaningful sentences.

1. the/ he/ top/ despite/ ill/ being/ came/ of/ class.

_____

2. his/ in spite of/ he/ well/ copes/ disabilities

_____

3. smell/ in spite of/ its/ it/ tasted/ wonderful

_____

4. our/ voting/ despite/ Vijay/ for/ lost/ elections/ he/ as / Head Boy/ the

_____

E Expressing a Similar Idea

similarly	in the same way

E.1 Select an appropriate connector from the box to complete the following sentences.

a) In most cities, there are serious traffic jams in the morning rush-hour._____ there is heavy traffic in the late afternoon.

b) Cars must stop at a red traffic light. _____, pedestrians should only cross when the light is red.

E.2 Write a second sentence in each space below using the clues given and a suitable connector.

a) Ramesh framed a timetable to prepare for board examination. (ask, his friend)

_____

b) Generally, people are afraid of snakes. (snakes-us)

_____

c) Suspecting every stranger you come across is wrong. (trusting, dangerous)

_____

d) Food hygiene is very important for our health. (clear air)

_____

F. Time connectors

F.1 Read the story below. Fill in the blanks with an appropriate connector of time

It was late at night. Ashok had been sleeping for several for hours (1) _____ was woken by a furious knocking at the door. (2) _____ checking his watch and putting on his dressing gown, he staggered sleepily towards the door. (3) _____ he looked through the keyhole he saw a very strange sight : it was the big, bearded watchman of the flats shivering in a woman's dressing gown! (4)_____ he saw this, Ashok rushed back to his bedroom and, (5) _____ in bed, pulled the covers over his head shaking with shock. (6) _____ he lay there he could hear desperate shouting and banging but Ashok ignored it and (7) _____ fell asleep.

F.2 The following morning, Ashok meets the watchman who gives him an explanation for his strange behaviour the previous night.

Look at the notes below and explain the story. Remember to use suitable tenses and connectors of time to explain the sequence of events. The first few lines have been written for you.

• *watchman in bed-trying to get to sleep* • *hears window banging outside*

• *goes outside flat* • *wind blows door shut* • *watchman locked out, knocks on Ashok's door* • *sleeps on stairs* • *gets locksmith in the morning*

"As I was lying in bed, trying to get to sleep, I heard a window banging outside. Before leaving, I put on my wife's dressing gown because it was the only thing I could find. While I was trying to close the window…….

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

G. Purpose connectors

G.1 In pairs, answer the following questions (Try to be imaginative!).

1. Why do we go to school?
2. Why do we have laws?
3. Why do children play games?

Your teacher will put your answers on the board.

G.2 What are these for?

Ravi has made some changes to his bicycle.
His friend is asking about the purpose of the changes.

Match the question from A with the answers in B and write in the space given below. The first one has been done as an example.

A	B
1. Why are there such big headlilghts?	(a) Otherwise it would be very uncomfortable.
2. Why are there two sets of brakes?	(b) To protect the tyres.
3. Why are there springs over the wheels?	(c) So that I feel safe at night.
4. Why do you have such big mudguards?	(d) In case one fails.
5. What's this lever for?	(e) For changing gear.

1. Why are there such big headlights?

   So that I feel safer at night.

2. _____

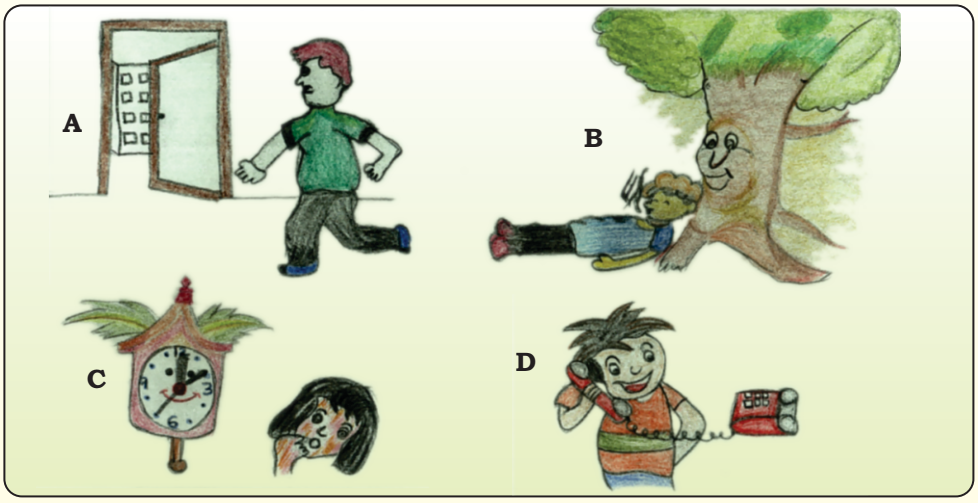
3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

G.3 What are they up to?

Discuss with your partner what the purpose of each action is. Write it in the space provided.



_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____

G.4 Guess what it's used for

Use your imagination and draw a familiar object but with some interesting changes to it ((some ideas are given below). After drawing it, show your drawing to your partner, who has to guess what the changes are for, using the connectors of purpose from G.2.

G.5 Well -prepared

Your elder sister is preparing for a very important job interview for which she is carrying the following items in a large carry bag.

an umbrella	several sari pins
extra money	sunglasses
a bus timetable	a piece of string
a train timetable	an alarm clock
a map of the area	four pens
a sticky tape	plaster of Paris

In pairs, role play the conversation with your sister using "purpose" expressions. Then, write your dialogue in the space provided.

You may wish to follow this pattern in the dialogue:

You : Smitha, you seem very nervous about the interview.
Smitha : You're right, But I really want this job, So I'm really prepared.
You : Yes. You certainly are! But why are you carrying an umbrella? It's the middle of the dry season.
Smitha : So as to look businesslike.
You : And why are you taking so much money?

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

H Explaining Why ?

H.1

so…….. that

too …… to +verb

not …… enough to +verb

Compare the following sentences.

She is so weak that she cannot walk.

She is too weak to walk.

She is not strong enough to walk.

Write a sentence on each of the prompts given below using any of the examples from the box.

1. intelligent - pass

_____

_____

2. weak - stand up

_____

_____

3. hot - go for a walk

_____

_____

4. fertile - grow rice

_____

_____

5. small - accommodate

_____

_____

H.2 Look at the table and write three sentences in the space below, using so....that

They were tired.	They did not perform well in the programme.
They were sick.	They could not go for a walk.
	They did badly in their exams.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

H.3 Complete the following sentences, using so..... that correctly.

1. Yadu is so handsome _____
2. _____ that he put his boots on the wrong feet.
3. The audience were so emotionally involved in the programme that _____
4. The crowd were _____

_____

I Whoever, whatever, wherever, whenever, however, whichever: These 'wh+ever" constructions also can be used to connect clauses. Complete the following sentences using an appropriate, 'wh+ever' construction.

1. _____ has broken the window, one of us will have to pay for it.
2. _____ quickly I dry my hair after washing it, I catch a cold.
3. Take this statuette, talisman or _____ it is, and put it _____ you can find room for it.
4. _____ told you to keep off chocolates was quite right; you're much slimmer now. You should go on doing _____ he tells you to.
5. If any of your students disturbs me again, I shall report it to the principal, _____ they may be. Your class makes a lot of noise _____ there is a test in the next class.
6. Take _____ one you want! If you change your mind, bring it back _____ you like! This is our special New Year offer!

Integrated Grammar Practice 3

1. Read this telephone conversation between two friends and complete the passage given below.

Sunil : Where have you been? I've called you six times.

Rajeev : I was cleaning my room.

Sunil : You couldn't stop cleaning to answer your phone?

Rajeev : I was cleaning my room so I could find the phone!

Sunil telephoned his friend Rajeev and inquired (a) _____adding that (b) _____. Rajeev replied that. (c) _____ _____. An angry Sunil wanted to know if (d) _____ to which Rajeev replied that (e) _____.

2. Edit the Notice given below by choosing the appropriate options from the list given. Write the correct answer in the answer sheet against the correct blank number.

MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOL, KOCHI

16th March 2007

NOTICE

CLEANLINESS DRIVE

The Social Service Club of the school (a) _____ clean the surroundings near the school (b) _____. This will include (c) _____ through talks and skits. Students of senior wing (d) _____ may give their names to the undersigned during Break today in Room No. 102. For details contact

Akanksha
Head Girl

(a) (i) is launching a Cleanliness Drive to
(ii) is launched a Cleanliness Drive for
(iii) was launching a Cleanliness Drive to
(iv) has launched a Cleanliness Drive for

(b) (i) for a fortnight from 19th March
(ii) within a fortnight on 19th March
(iii) in a fortnight from 19th March
(iv) for a fortnight on 19th March

(c) (i) to clean the area and to start an awareness campaign
(ii) cleaning the area and starting an awareness campaign
(iii) cleaning the area and to start an awareness campaign
(iv) to cleaning the area and for starting an awareness campaign

(d) (i) who are wishing to participating in the drive
(ii) who wishes to participate in the drive
(iii) who wish to participate in the drive
(iv) that wish to participated in the drive

3. Rearrange the following words and phrases to form meaningful sentences as shown.

lavish tombs/pyramids/Egyptians/only/other/for royalty/high-ranking/and/people/built/ and

Egyptians built lavish tombs and pyramids only for royalty and other high-ranking people

1. only if/that/Egyptians/could/were preserved/believed/the spirits of dead people/live on/their bodies/the ancient

_____

_____

2. making them/preserved/dead bodies/so/they/by/into mummies/ the

_____

_____

3. dried-out bodies/wrapped/in linen bandages/were

_____

_____

4. Egyptians/the ancient/securely/inside pyramids/the mummies/buried

_____

_____

4. The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction in the space provided. Remember to underline the word that you have supplied as shown.

	Error	Correction
A curious thing about the developed of	developed	development
a motion picture is that the first groups of	(a)	
people who made it possible wasn't interested	(b)	
in movies at all! The first inventions were make by	(c)	
men who wanting to study the movement of animals.	(d).....	
Even Thomas Edison, which perfected a device	(e)	
called 'kinetoscope' in 1893, think of it	(f)	
only as a curiosity. But there were another people	(g)	
who saw great possibilities with entertainment	(h)	
in this invention and they began to make movies.		

5. Complete the passage by choosing the correct options from those given below.

With (a) _____ traffic and poor facilities, pedestrians (b) _____

to be the most vulnerable to fatal accidents (c) _____ road users. Even though in the last six years the number of pedestrian subways in the city (d) _____ almost doubled, most of them are neither well maintained (e) _____ well designed. As a result pedestrians avoid (f) _____ them. (g) _____, the police say this should not be a reason (h) _____ people to avoid subways.

(a) (i) increasing	(ii) increase	(iii) are increasing	(iv) to increase
(b) (i) seems	(ii) are seeming	(iii) seem	(iv) seemed
(c) (i) between	(ii) amongst	(iii) in between	(iv) beside
(d) (i) have	(ii) has been	(iii) have been	(iv) has
(e) (i) or not	(ii) nor	(iii) and	(iv) none
(f) (i) uses	(ii) to use	(iii) used	(iv) using
(g) (i) Nonetheless	(ii) Therefore	(iii) Hence	(iv) Similarly
(h) (i) for	(ii) of	(iii) about	(iv) with

6. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. In your answer sheet write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

When the Class IX examinations over, the Deputy	(a) _____
Commissioner asked his son he had done his	(b) _____
English paper well. The boy told him that was easy	(c) _____
and that for one question had written that his	(d) _____
father was washerman. The boy's father shouted	(e) _____
angrily but son replied, "I did not know the	(f) _____
spelling Deputy commissioner and I did not want	(g) _____
to one mark."	(h) _____

UNIT 7

CONDITIONALS

A. Introduction

Read the following sentences:

1. I'll help you if you promise to work hard.
2. If I had the money, I would lend it to you.
3. If we had practised well, we could have won the match.
4. Most dogs snarl if you pull their tail.

- You notice that all the above sentences have two parts - a main clause and a subordinate clause.

Main Clause	Subordinate Clause
I'll help you	*if you promise to work hard.*

- All the subordinate clauses in the above sentences begin with 'if'.
- Both the clauses express conditions, i.e., one event follows from the other, or depends on the other. In other words, what we express in the main clause. depends - or is conditional - on what we express in the subordinate (if) clause
- We can usually change the order of clauses in conditional sentences. eg. we can say: I'll help you if you promise to work hard. We can also say: If you promise to work hard, I'll help you.
- In general, we separate the two clauses by a comma if we begin with an 'if' clause. We don't use a comma when we begin with the main clause.

- Generally grammar books state that there are three types of conditionals. Examples 1, 2 & 3 given above represent the three types.

- In this unit, we will learn the use of the three types of conditionals. We will also learn the other forms and meaning.

B The Likely or Probable Conditional.

B.1 Read the following dialogue:

A. Will you take up the new job?

B. It depends. I'm negotiating with the firm. I must get a good pay package.

We can rewrite B's response in a sentence using 'if' and 'I'll'

B : *I'll take up the new job if I get a good pay package.*

Some more examples:

- If the weather conditions worsen, planes will be diverted from Delhi.

- I'll help you with your assignment if you help me clean my room.

Basic Form of the Likely or Probable Conditional

If + present tense	future form
Subordinate Clause	Main Clause
If it doesn't rain,	*we'll play a match.*

Other Forms of the Likely or Probable Conditionals

- if + present — imperative

  If you go out — *do not forget to bring the grocery*

- if + present — present continuous

  If the management does not accede to our demands, we are extending our strike to an indefinite period.

- if + present continuous — future form

  If you are looking for the Principal, you'll find him in the auditorium.

- if + present perfect — future form

  If you have finished reading, I'll switch the light off.

- if + present — may/ might, must, should, can

If you feel hot, you may open the window.

We can also sometimes use 'should' in place of 'if' in more formal contexts:

Should the inflation continue to rise, the Reserve Bank of India will increase the interest rates.

B.2 Follow the patterns discussed in B1 and write sentences using the ideas in the table below. You will need to match the items first.

A	B
go/ walk	enough/ money
write/ letter	weather/ fine
go/ cinema	get/ ticket
go/ shopping	(not) go/ out
pass exams	enough/ work

I'll go for a walk if the weather is fine.

_____

_____

_____

_____

Underline the pair of verbs in each of the Conditional sentences you have written above, and say which tense they are in.

B. 3 Complete the following conditional sentences using the clues given.

1. I'll take you out in the evening if .....

   (let/ do/ work/ now - persuasion)

2. If you travel without reservation, ...

   (be/ ask/ to get off the train-warning)

3. If you insult my brother again, ...

   (complain/ to/ the principal - threat)

4. If the rain continues to be heavy, ... (school sports day/ be/ cancel- possibility)

5. If he exercises regularly ..... (lose weight -ability)

6. If your claims are in order, ... (get a refund -possibility)

7. If you've completed your project, ... (leave at once- permission)

8. ....., if you want me to give you good marks. (improve/ handwriting -command)

9. If you meet my sister, _____? (you/ ask/ her/ call/ me- request)

C. The 'Unreal' or 'Hypothetical' Conditional.

C.1 Read the imaginary situations given below and complete the sentence that describes the situation in each case. One has been done for you as an example.

Example: You have always wanted to be the owner of a five-star hotel.What would you do if you won a million rupees?	If I won a million rupees, I would build a five-star hotel.

1 Shikha is in her farm-house. During her morning walk one day, she narrowly escapes being bitten by a snake. What do you think would happen if she was bitten by a snake?	If Shikha was _____ _____ _____ _____
2 I have misplaced the book Ajay gave me on my birthday. I must find it. If I lost the book, how would Ajay feel?	Ajay would _____ _____ _____ _____
3 Mira might win an air-ticket to Europe. She has been dreaming of going to England. Where do you think you would go if you won an air-ticket?	If I _____ _____ _____ _____
4 Hema has gained weight. The doctor has advised her to do her exercises regularly. The doctor thinks:	If she _____ _____ _____ _____
5 Delhi Textile Mill is planning to close down its factory. As a consequence, many workers would lose their jobs. The Workers' Union wants it to stay open and says to the management:	If _____ _____ _____ _____
6 Your friend Mani parks his scooter in the lane outside. You fear that it will be stolen one day if he continues to park it there. So you ask him:	What would you do _____ _____ _____ _____

Underline the pairs of verbs used in each of the sentences you have written above. Now state below what tenses they are in.

_____

_____

C.2 Complete the sentences below in the same pattern as in the example, choosing the words from the box.

If I were rich, I would open schools for small children.

- the Principal of my school
- God
- the Environment Minister
- tall
- hardworking

1. If I were _____

_____

2. If I were _____

_____

3. If I were _____

_____

4. If I were _____

_____

5. If I were _____

_____

C.3 Basic Form of the 'Unreal' conditional.

if + past tense	would + bare infinitive
if clause	main clause

If I got an invitation, I'd attend the wedding.

Other Forms

- might and could may be used instead of would in the main clause.

  e.g.: *If you worked hard, you would succeed* (certain result)

  If you worked hard, you might succeed (possible result)

  If you worked hard, you could succeed (ability)

- We sometimes use *were + infinitive* instead of the past tense form in the if clause. This tends to make the statement more tentative and therefore more polite: If the Yamuna were to rise above the danger mark, there would be no alternative but to close down the bridge.

- When we use 'were' in the if clause, we can invert 'were' and the subject of the clause and leave out 'if' altogether:

  Were he honest, I might feel some sympathy for him.

- We can also use continuous conditional form instead of the simple conditional form:

  If I were on holiday, I would/ might be touring Switzerland.

D. The Impossible Conditional

D. 1 Read the following sentence:

If we had played well, we would have won.

(Did they play well? Did they win?)

Such a conditional is used to speculate about past events. It is also used to express reproach or regret.

If you hadn't misled me, I would have attended the interview.

D.2 Basic Form

If + past perfect	would + have + past participle

If they had brought the man to the hospital immediately after the accident, his life would have been saved.

Construct sentences in the above pattern using the clues given:

1. We wasted time. We missed the train.

_____

_____

2. He did not take the advice of his accountants. He lost a lot of money.

_____

_____

3. There was an accident on the way. I did not reach the office in time.

_____

_____

D.3 Other Forms

1. 'Could' or 'might' may be used instead of 'would':

   If we had found enough capital, we could have saved our business. (ability)

   If we had found enough capital, we might have saved our business. (possibility)

2. We can use had + subject + past participle and write a conditional sentence without 'if'

   Had I known the entry to the show was free, I would have attended it with my family.

D.4 Read the passage below, about an electric car. Then, with a partner, list its weaknesses. When you have finished, your teacher will discuss them with you and write them on the board.

Some years ago, a three-wheeled electric car was launched by Hindustan Electric Company. Although it was a revolutionary vehicle, it was a commercial disaster. The Company did very little research, but believed the product would be successful. The car did not have a very powerful engine, so it was not very fast. As a result it did not appeal to adults. However, even though it was small and slow, the car was not suitable for children either. It did not appear to be safe to use on the road because it was so small. It was also very expensive. The Company had to stop production, after losing millions of rupees.

Because so many things were wrong with the car, it was impossible for the company to sell it successfully. The company should have been more careful.

Read the clues below and say what the company should have done/ should not have done in order to produce a more successful car.

1. (carry out) (proper market research) (realise) (success)

   If the company had carried out proper market research, it would have realised the car would not be a success.

2. (powerful) (fast)

   If the car engine had been _____

   _____

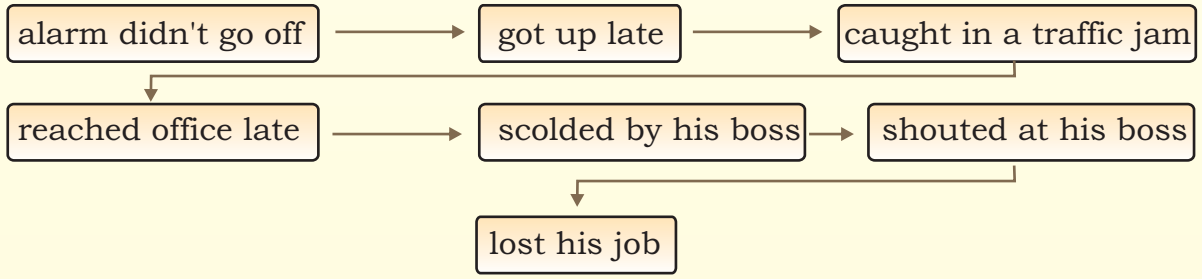
3. (expensive) (suitable)

   If _____

4. (size) (safety) _____

   If _____

D. 5 Ashok had a terrible day yesterday. Look at the chain of events that happened to him.



Now he is lying in bed thinking of what might have happened if.....

Use the type of sentence you used in the last exercise to write down his thoughts. Start like this:

"If the alarm had gone off, I wouldn't have got up late. If I hadn't _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Underline the pairs of verbs in each of the sentences you have written above.

E. Zero Conditional Sentences to Express a General Truth.

E.1 In pairs, complete the sentences below as shown in the example:

If (= when)	*water is heated to 100°C* (at STP) *it boils.*
	OR
Water boils	*if (when) it is heated to 100°C* (at STP).

1. If you do not regularly oil the moving parts of a bicycle, _____
_____

2. _____when you leave the kettle for too long.

3. When the tectonic plates of the earth's crust move, _____
_____

4. _____if you press the FF> button on a cassette player.

5. If a plant does not get enough sunlight, _____
_____

E.2 Underline the pair of verbs used in each of the conditional sentences you have written above, and say what tense they are in.

_____

_____

_____

_____

F. Conditionals without 'IF'

Tick the correct option from the words in italics. Think carefully.

1. We will go to Changu Lake on Saturday *provided that*/ *unless* the weather is fine.

2. *Unless*/ *As long as* the shop gives a good discount we will place our order with them.

3. *Unless*/ *If* we look into his complaints the situation is going to get worse.

4. *Provided that*/ *Unless* you avoid the bandits, they will kill you.

5. *Unless*/ *As long as* peace is what all governments want, we should all learn the art of peace-making.

Make similar sentences using the clues given below. Do not use if.

1. children - receive love (develop)
2. people - eat well, exercise (healthy)
3. examination - on time (waste a year)
4. movie - short, interesting (hit)
5. journal - useful, attractive (popular)

As long as _____

_____

Unless _____

_____

Providing _____

_____

Unless _____

_____

Provided that _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

G. Conditionals - Summary

Match the phrases from columns A and B to form meaningful sentences. Rewrite them in the space provided below. The first one has been done for you.

A	B
1. If I save enough money, 2. I will come over to your place 3. As long as you pay, 4. If you need money, 5. I'll miss my flight 6. If I were rich, 7. I shall be selected for the Olympics 8. I wouldn't have gone for a swim 9. If you put salt in water, 10. You would probably have passed the exam	a. let me know b. unless I get up early tomorrow. c. if you had warned me about the pollution. d. I would run a charity home. e. provided I win this race. f. provided that I have finished my homework. g. if you had worked harder. h. I may go to America this summer. i. it dissolves k. you can be a member of the club.

1. If I save enough money, I may go to America this summer.
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____

COMPARISON

UNIT 8

A. Introduction

A.1 When we compare we estimate, measure or note the similarity or dissimilarity between two or more people, places, things or ideas. And we often compare them in terms of size, shape, weight, colour, quality, manner, number, quantity, grade, actions, intensity, age, looks, feelings etc.

Do you know the term used for the class of words for comparison?

In this unit, you will learn the various ways of comparing in English. You will also get some practice in using them.

Some basic facts about comparatives:

- Comparatives are gradable expressions we use to compare.
- Comparatives often say how things are different in quality or quantity or how something changes and becomes different over time:

  Your house may be bigger but mine is more environment-friendly.

  This poem is not as good as the one you wrote yesterday.

  There are more girls than boys in this class.

  The climate is getting hotter and hotter every year.
- Comparatives show how two things are or are not of the same quality and quantity:

  She is as beautiful as her mother.

  She is not as beautiful as her mother.

  'There are as many stars in the sky as there are grains of sands on this beach.'
- Comparatives single out one thing as having a unique quality or define a specific member in a set or group:

Kolkata is the largest city in India.

(Kolkata is the city that is larger than any other city in India.)

India has produced many great cricketers but Sachin Tendulkar is the greatest.

India has produced many great cricketers but Sachin Tendulkar is greater than all of them.

- Comparatives express choices and preferences:

  I will have tea rather than coffee. (I find coffee too strong.)

- Comparatives can also express attitudes:

  Ali has as many as ten Limousines.

  (Very few people can afford to own one. Ali must be very rich!)

- Comparatives can also express an assumption.

  Hyderabadi biryani is always the most delicious.

  (Assumption: Biryani is delicious)

  Walking is the least expensive kind of exercise.

  (Assumption: There are many inexpensive types of exercise.)

- Some comparatives occur before the noun they describe and some after.

  India has produced many ***great cricketers*** *but Sachin Tendulkar is* ***the greatest.***

- Comparatives can be very elaborate i.e. they can consist of several words and may appear to be sentences.

  The palace was not as huge as I had imagined it would be.

- Comparatives affect both adjectives and adverbs.

  She is *more beautiful* than her sister. (adjective)

  She sings *more beautifully* than her sister. (adverb)

A.2 Study the table below and notice how the words of comparison are used.

Example	Notes
These mangoes are sweeter than those. Ramesh Krishnan can run faster than Leander.	-er for adjectives and adverbs of one syllable.
The Hero Honda is a more expensive motorcycle than the Kawasaki Bajaj. White rice cooks more quickly than brown.	more..... than for adjectives and adverbs of two or more syllables
The sponge soaked up the water and became heavier. Govind is happier than he used to be. The red dress is nearly as good as the blue. The President is the same age as the Prime Minister.	Adjectives of two syllables ending in -y take -ier form Comparison with as... as Expresses equality (or near equality with words such as nearly, almost, about, etc.)
Kiran is not as heavy as Amber. Swapna is not as *friendly* as her brother. Travelling by bus is *less expensive than* by train. Geetesh works *less enthusiastically than* his brother.	We use not as + adjective or adverb and less + adjective or adverb.
Ice-cream tastes better than Lassi. Life in a village is worse than in a city.	Irregular comparative form

Have you noticed that the above examples have expressions like *as...as, more...than, -er...than, the...-est or the most....*? Why? Discuss with a partner. The examples in the followinExample

Adjective	Comparative	Superlative
tall	tall(er)	tall(est)
bright	bright(er)	brighter(est)
simple	simple(r)	simple(st)
clever	clever(er)	clever(est)
happy	happi(er)	happi(est)
busy	busi(er)	busi(est)
beautiful	more beautiful	most beautiful
dangerous	more dangerous	most dangerous
good	better	best
well	better	best
bad	worse	worst
ill	worse	worst
old	elder/older	eldest/older
far	farther/further	farthest/furthest

Write your conclusions here:

Adjective	**Comparative form**	**Superlative form**
Single syllable adjectives		
Adjectives of two syllables		
Adjectives ending in 'y'		

Adjectives of more than two syllables		
Adjectives that do not have regular forms		

Now write six comparative sentences. Use the information in Table A.1 that you worked out with your partner.

Example: My partner is *taller* than me.

His family isn't *as rich* as mine.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

A.3 Work with your partner and fill in the table with information about yourselves. You may add other characteristics, if you like. When you have finished, compare the results.

Characteristics	**You (Write your name here:_____)**	**Your partner (Write his/her name here:_____)**
• Height		
• Weight		
• Age (years and months)		
• Hair		
• Number of members in the family		
• Distance of home from school		
• …		
• …		

A.4 Read this feature article in which the writer compares the treatment of boys and girls. Complete the article by filling in the spaces with ONE appropriate word from the box given below. You may have to change the form of the word you need to use and some words may have to be used more than once.

than	much	few	less	as	many

For many parents, especially those who are poor and illiterate, a girl is a 'lesser child'. Doesn't it make you mad to know that girls aren't given an equal chance to be born? Though female infanticide was banned by law over a century ago, thousands of girls are killed before they are born or when they are babies.

Even the girls who are allowed to survive live with less of everything. _____girls are sent to school _____ boys. They get _____medical care, so _____ girls die. Boys get_____ nutritious food and also _____ time to play. _____ jobs are open to girls, and even if they are employed, they are not paid_____ as boys. Most of all, they get _____ respect. They are not given as _____ opportunities as boys to speak out on matters that concern them.

And yet a girl usually does twice as _____ work _____ a boy, not only in the house but also in the fields.

This discrimination and bias must end, and end now! Can we count on your support?

A.5. Work with your partner and list the names of magazines that you know.

Name of Magazine

Now make as may sentences as you can from the table below to express your own opinions about the magazines you have listed. Write your sentences in your note book.

I think I don't think	(name of a magazine)	 contains	less more fewer as much as many	information news pictures advertisements advice fun	than as	(name of another magazine)

Note: You may add more information if you like

When do we use (a) less than/ as much as and

When do we use (b) fewer than/ as many as?

Create some sentences, and try to work out the "rule".

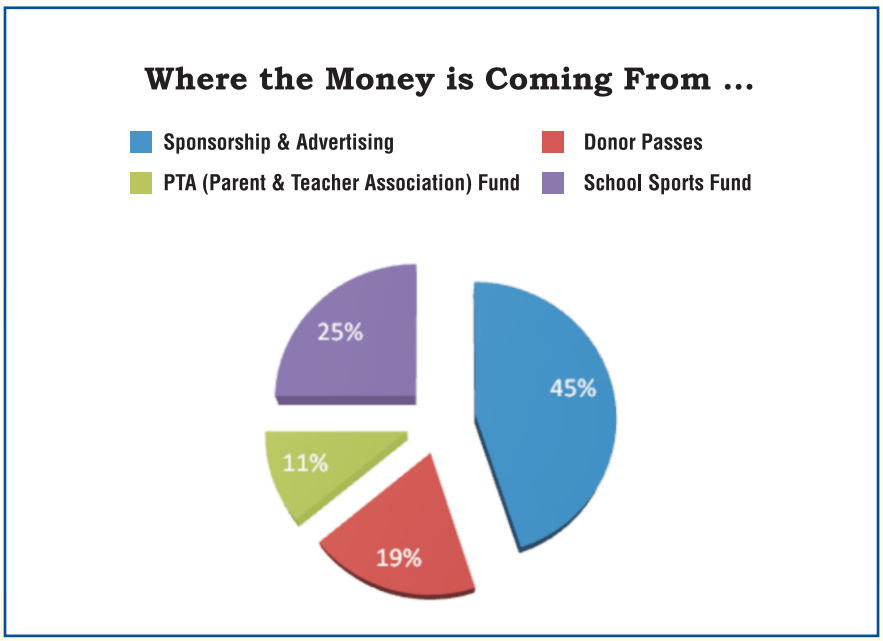
A.6 Compare the two rockets shown below and complete the paragraph which follows.

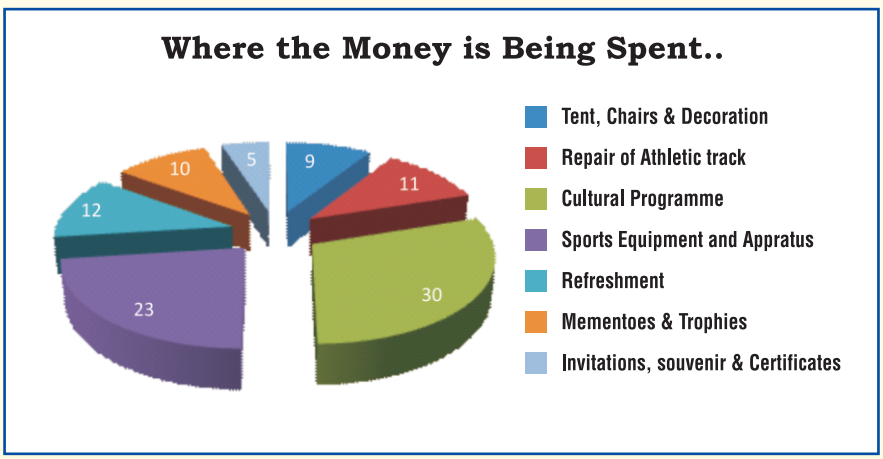
	Helios	Selene
Height	20 metres	25 metres
Weight	15 tonnes	18 tonnes
Diameter	1 metre	1 metre
Date of first launch	1993	1991
Payload capacity	1 tonne	1.1 tonne
Range	3000 kms	2300 kms

The Selene, first launched in 1991, is five metres _____ (height) and three tonnes. _____ (weight) _____ the Helios. The diameter of the Helios is _____ the Selene. However, the payload capacity of the Helios is 1 tonne, which is 0.1 tonne _____ the Selene. Interestingly, the Heliios has a range of 3000 km, which is 700 km _____ the Selene.

A.7 The chart below shows information on the economics of the Annual Sports Meet. Study the chart carefully.

The Economics of the Annual Sports Meet





In Percentage

The total cost estimated of the Meet will be ₹ 11, 00, 000/-

No of athletes: 1250 (750 Girls + 500 Boys; Category wise: sub-junior: 350, junior: 500 and senior: 400)

Staff on Duty: Teachers: 95 (35 men + 60 women), Support Staff 40 (21men + 19 women), Staff on Parking and Security duty : 25 (20 men + 5 women)

No of events: 100 (70 Track & Field events and 30 Jumps and Throws)

Medals: 100Gold, 100Silver & 100Bronze

Best Athlete Trophies: Boys: 3, Girls: 3

Best House Trophies: 4(1 for each category and 1 over all)

Suppose you are the Principal of the school. Taking information from the chart, prepare an oral presentation for the Management Committee of the school. Use as many expressions of comparison as you can. You have been given some examples.

More girls will participate than boys.

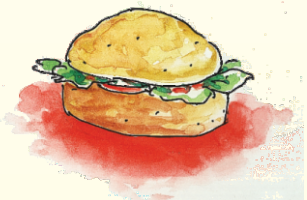
Twice as much money will be spent on procuring sports equipment and apparatus as on tents, chairs and decoration.

As much as a quarter of all money has been ear-marked for organising a cultural extravaganza in the opening and closing ceremonies.

A.8. Compare the items in each picture using -er, more, less or an irregular form. Use the words under the pictures. You may write your answer in more than one way.

Example : Ice-cream tastes better than yoghurt,

1.



healthy, nutritious, fattening

_____

_____

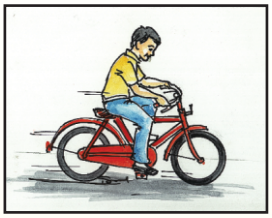
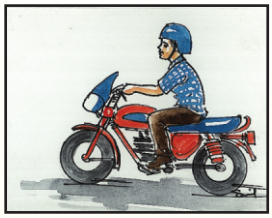
2.

cheap, effective, good

_____

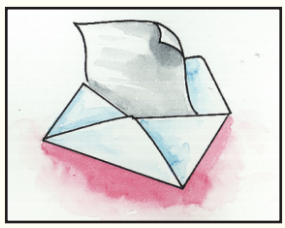
_____

3.

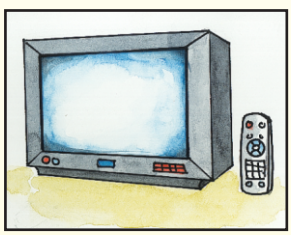
economical, safer, eco-friendly

4.



good, quick, safe

5.

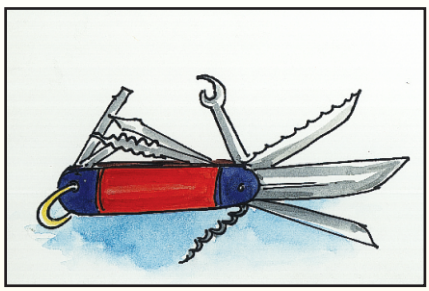


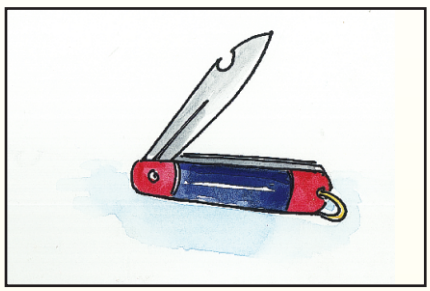
informative, entertaining, popular

6.

convenient, spacious, private

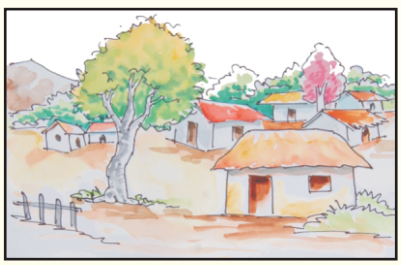
7.





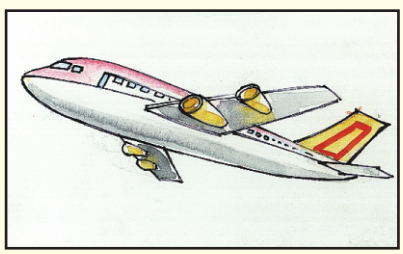
useful, easy, handy, versatile

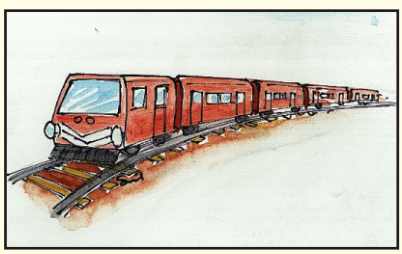
8.



crowded, polluted, noisy

9.





fast, expensive, comfortable

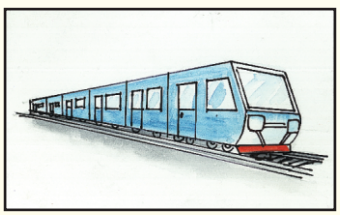
10.

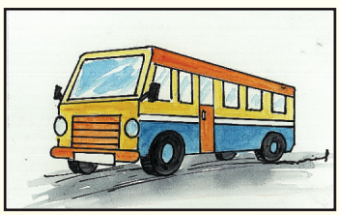
quick, hygienic, nutritious

_____

_____

11.





safe, comfortable, fast

_____

_____

A.9 Complete the following paragraph by filling in the blanks with the comparative form of words given in the box below:

expensive	cheap	good	costly	low

Goods this year are_____ last year, and next year things may be _____ they are now.

Here are some suggestions for saving money! Compare the prices of similar products. Some brands are_____ others, but the quality may not be much _____.

Before you go shopping make a list of the items that you need and buy only those things! Don't buy things that you don't need just because they are _____ the usual price, and don't buy anything just to 'keep up' with your neighbours.

B Avoiding Repetition

B.1 The comparisons below involve some unnecessary repetition. Cross out any unnecessary word, to avoid repetition.

I can run faster than Asha can run.

I can run faster than Asha can.

I can run faster than Asha.

1. Today, Asia has far less forest cover than Asia had in the past.
2. The questions in the Physics test weren't as easy as the questions in the Maths test.
3. The population of India is rising more quickly than the population of China.
4. Children were reading more in 1990 than they are reading now.
5. Children now spend far more time watching TV than they spend reading books.

B.2 Rewrite the following passage by removing the words that have been repeated. Use *that* or *those*, wherever necessary. You may have to make certain other changes, too.

Apes are in many ways similar to humans. The skeleton of an ape resembles the skeleton of a human and it has the same number of teeth as a human has. An ape's brain is smaller than the brain of a human, but its structure is the same as the structure of a human brain. It is not surprising then, that apes behave rather like humans behave.

Of all apes, the chimpanzee is most similar to man. It is the most intelligent of all the apes and can be trained more easily than other apes. Some chimpanzees have been taught to communicate with humans through gestures like the gestures used in deaf and dumb language.

B.3 What does this proverb mean?

The higher you climb, the harder you fall.

Match the clauses from column A with those in column B to form meaningful sentences.

A		B	
1.	The longer a candle burns,	a)	the shorter it becomes.
2.	The lower the sun is,	b)	the higher it sounds.
3.	The faster a guitar string vibrates,	c)	the less oxygen there is.
4.	The smoother an object is,	d)	the redder it appears.
5.	The higher we climb,	e)	the less friction it creates.

B.4 Now complete the sentences below

1. The harder I work,

   _____

2. The older you become,

   _____

3. The more he earns,

   _____

4. The sooner she realizes her mistake,

   _____

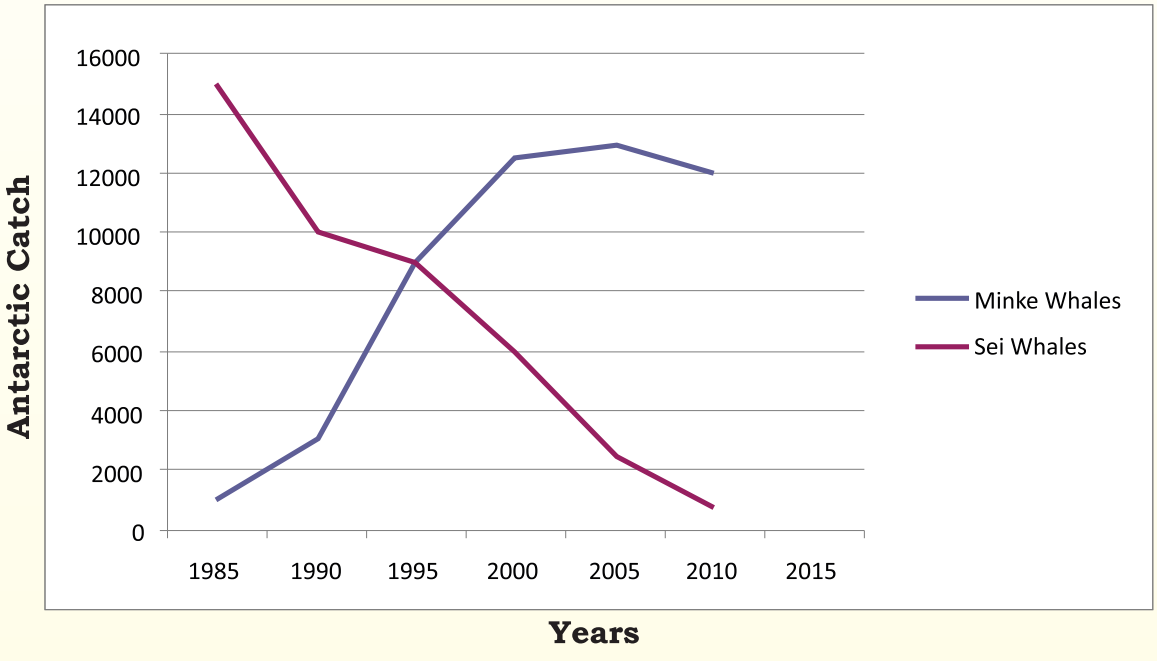
5. The faster our team scores,

   _____

C Comparison of Trends

C.1 Look at the graph and the paragraph below which provides an interpretation of the data given in the graph.

Graph to show number of whales caught in Antarctic (1985-2010)



As whalers reduced catching of the large/r whales, they switched to smaller species. This is evident when we compare figures for the Antarctic catch of the larger sei whale with those for small minke whale. In 1985, fifteen times as many sei whales as minke whales were caught. By 1995, catches of both the species were virtually the same (9000). By the 2000, the situation had reversed and the number of minke whales killed more than doubled as compared to sei whales (6000). The graph shows that while the sei catch was reduced by 95% between 1985 and 2010, over the same period the minke whale catch was eight times greater. If these trends continue, the situation for the smaller species will be as bad as it used to be for the larger ones.

Discuss with a partner:

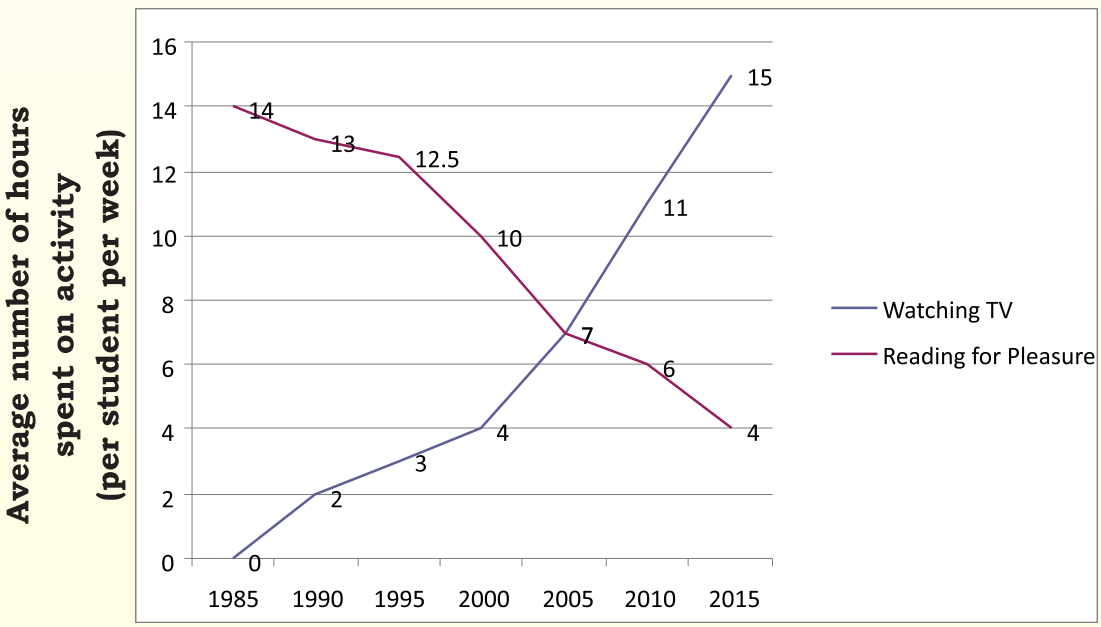
1. What expressions have been used for comparing the data? Underline them.
2. Does the analysis identify the main trends? Has any projection or guess been made based on the available data?
3. Can you spot a sentence that summarizes the data or draws a conclusion based on it?
4. Has the analysis been supported with figures from the given data?
5. Is there any unnecessary repetition?
6. How many times has the verb 'be' in its different forms been used?

Some useful expressions:

much / many / far / slightly / a little	more / greater / higher / less / lower / further / farther
half / twice / ten times / (etc.)	as { adj. / adv. } as
10 percent / 150 percent	{ more / less } than
almost the same _____as	
as { adj / adv. } as	

C.2 The graph below describes the average number of hours spent by students aged 11-15 years on two activities (per student per week) in India between 1985 and 2010 and gives projections for 2015. Study the information carefully and then write a paragraph interpreting the data. Include the following:

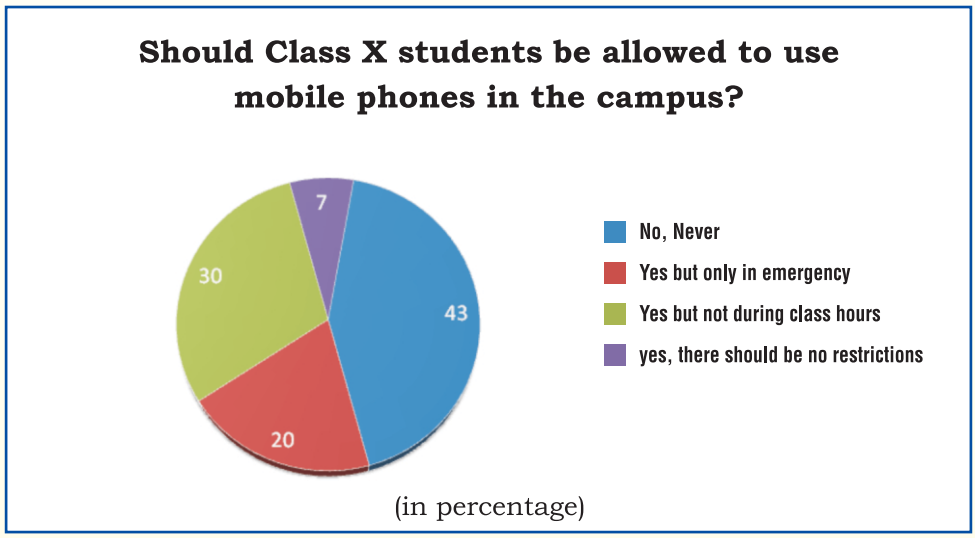
- A comparison of the trends in the two activities
- A comparison of the situation in 1985
- A comparison of the situation between 1985 and 2010
- Predictions for the future



Graph to show time spent on reading and watching TV by students in India between 1985 and 2010.

D Proportion

D.1 A survey was conducted among the teachers of New Hope High School to find out whether Class X students should be allowed to use mobile phones in the campus. The results of the survey are shown in the pie-chart below.



Useful expressions describing proportion:

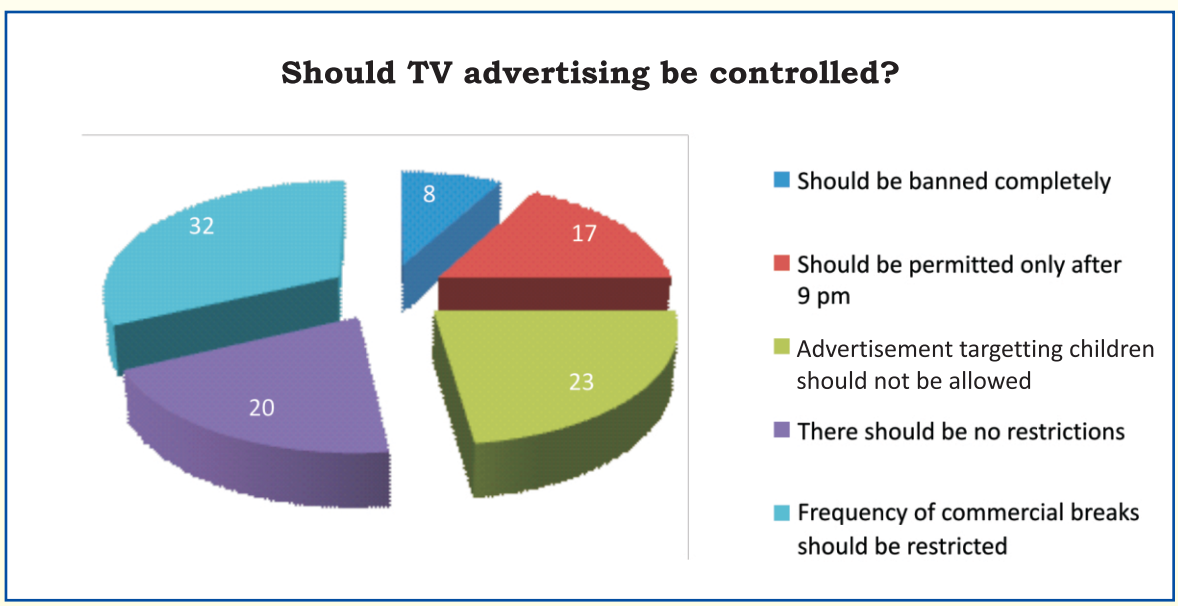
all..	some..
almost all..	a third...
a large/vast majority...	a few...
the majority...	very few...
most ...	one or two...
many...	a small minority...
above half	almost no...
	almost none...
	no-one

just...	over	half	much less	than
well	under	a quarter	more	
		(etc.)	fewer	

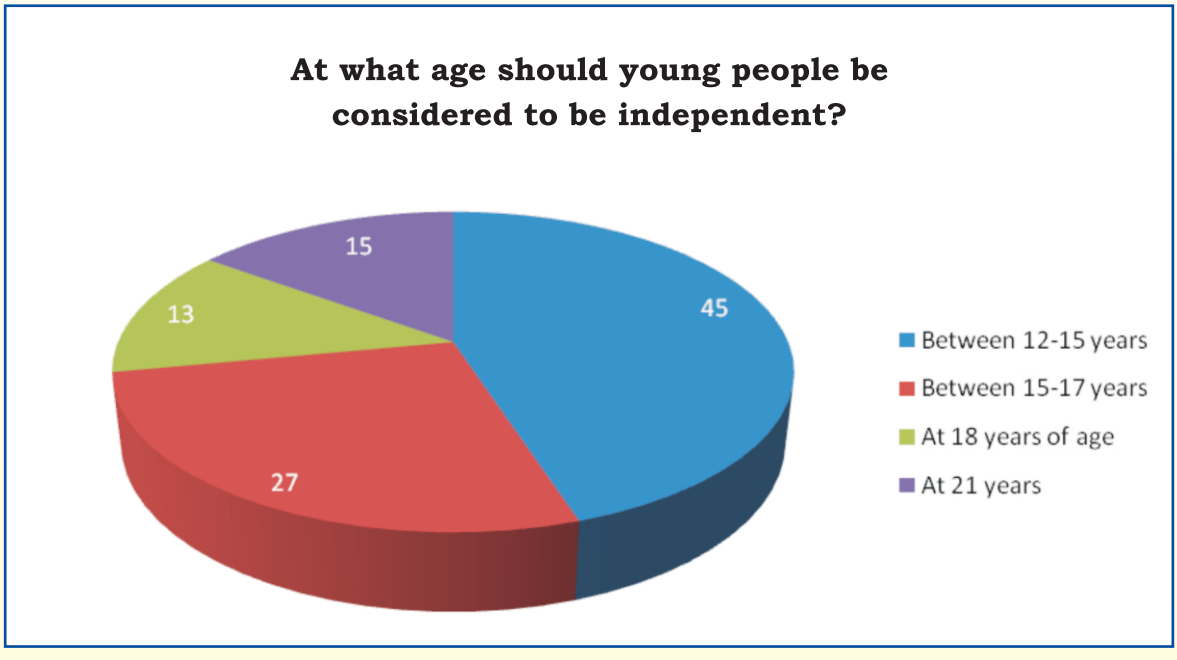
Look at the pie chart and the useful expressions above. Fill in the gaps in the following summary of results.

As can be seen from the above pie-chart, nearly a_____ of the teachers felt that Class X students must not be allowed to use mobile phones in the school campus. However, nearly one_____ believed the phones should be permitted but not during class hours. About _____ were of the opinion that the students may be allowed to use these phones only in times of emergency while a very_____ did not favour any restrictions on their use in the campus.

D.2 A school carried out two surveys in Class X. Look at the pie charts below and write short summaries of the results as in the model above.



(in percentage)



(in percentage)

E. Superlatives

E.1 Study the following sentences

Kilimanjaro is the highest mountain in Africa.

The Pacific is the deepest of all the oceans in the world.

The Nile is the longest river in the world.

Now make similar sentences about the following. Use your general knowledge and imagination.

1. Diamonds _____
2. The Himalayas _____
3. The Ganga _____

4. Leh _____

5. The Taj Mahal _____

6. Kolkata _____

7. Jupiter _____

8. The elephant _____

9. Mt. Everest _____

10. Russia _____

E.2 Which of the following do you like most? Write one or two sentences comparing your choice as shown in the example.

Comics, short stories, novels

I like comics most because they have the most colourful pictures. They are also the funniest.

I like short stories most because they don't take much time to read.

I like novels most because they make the most interesting reading.

1. Cricket, football, hockey

_____

_____

_____

2. Fruit, chocolate, ice-cream

_____

_____

_____

3. Theatre, TV, Cinema

4. Cartoon films, Sci-fi (Science Fiction) films, comedy films

5. (Think of three items of your own)

F Error Correction

Each sentence below contains an error. Identify and remove the error and rewrite the sentence correctly. One example has been given below.

*The population of China is greater than India.

The population of China is greater than that of India.

(Explanation: China's population is not greater than India, but India's population)

1. *Saeed runs quicker than Johnson.

2. *The faster land animal in the world is the cheetah.

3. *Our house is bigger than your.

_____

4. *On an average, people in cities earn more money than that living in villages.

_____

5. *His grade is the same than mine.

_____

6. *Ranvir is slightly taller as Javed.

_____

7. *Developed countries consume twice more resources as developing countries.

_____

8. *The clock tower is most prominent landmark in this area.

_____

Integrated Grammar Practice 4

1. Given below are Reena's notes from her trip to Fatehpur Sikri. Use this information to complete the paragraph by choosing the correct options.

Imperial city of Mughal empire between 1571-1584-built by Mughal emperor Akbar-buildings blend of Islamic and Hindu styles-general layout and concept: Islamic-actual buildings show Hindu influence especially Gujarat and Rajasthan

Fatehpur Sikri (a) _____ Mughal dynasty between 1571 and 1584. It (b) _____ Akbar, and is one of a kind. The buildings within Fatehpur Sikri (c) _____ architectural traditions. Though the general layout of the buildings (d) _____, the actual buildings (mainly palaces), their ornate columns, arches, carving style, etc. (e) _____ Gujarat and Rajasthan.

(a) (i) was the Imperial city of the (ii) is the Imperial city of the

(iii) was an Imperial city of (iv) has been an Imperial city of the

(b) (i) was being built by the (ii) has been built by

(iii) got built by the (iv) was built by

(c) (i) are a blend of Islamic and Hindu (ii) are blended with Islamic and Hindu

(iii) is blended of Islamic and Hindu (iv) is a blend of Islamic and Hindu

(d) (i) is conforming to the Islamic styles of architecture

(ii) conforms to the Islamic style of architecture

(iii) in conforming to the Islamic style of architecture

(iv) are conforming to the Islamic style of architecture

(e) (i) show a Hindu influence specially that of

(ii) shows an Hindu influence specially from

(iii) showed the Hindu influence of

(iv) show a particular Hindu influence of

2. Complete the passage by choosing the correct options from those given below.

Legends will tell you that flamingoes are (a) _____ ordinary visitors to Kutch. They were the honoured guests of King Lakho and he (b) _____ the hunting of flamingoes that (c) _____ to Kutch from various parts of the world every year to breed. For centuries the region (d) _____ a haven for this migratory bird. Flamingo City, an island in the middle of the Rann of Kutch, (e) _____ the world over as one of the biggest breeding grounds of the Greater Flamingo, (f) _____ with bodies of hundreds of flamingo chicks. The parents of these chicks (g) _____ the island due to lack of food.

(a) (i) no	(ii) not	(iii) just	(iv) an
(b) (i) has forbidden	(ii) forbade	(iii) forbidden	(iv) had forbidden
(c) (i) comes	(ii) are coming	(iii) came	(iv) come
(d) (i) has been	(ii) was	(iii) have been	(iv) is
(e) (i) knows	(ii) was known	(iii) are knows	(iv) known
(f) (i) is strewn	(ii) are strewn	(iii) strewn	(iv) has strewn
(g) (i) fled	(ii) have fled	(iii) has fled	(iv) are fled

3. Rearrange the following words and phrases to form meaningful sentences as shown.

spent/ trying / years/ to perfect/ Elias Howe/ a sewing machine

Elias Howe spent years trying to perfect a sewing machine.

- he/ that/ had been/ by / captured/ one night/ a tribe/ dreamed/ he

1. _____

_____

- told/ would have to/ he/ he/ to produce/ was/ in a day/ the sewing machine

2. _____

_____

- speared/ could not/ if/ he/ would be/ he/ by/ the tribe

3. _____

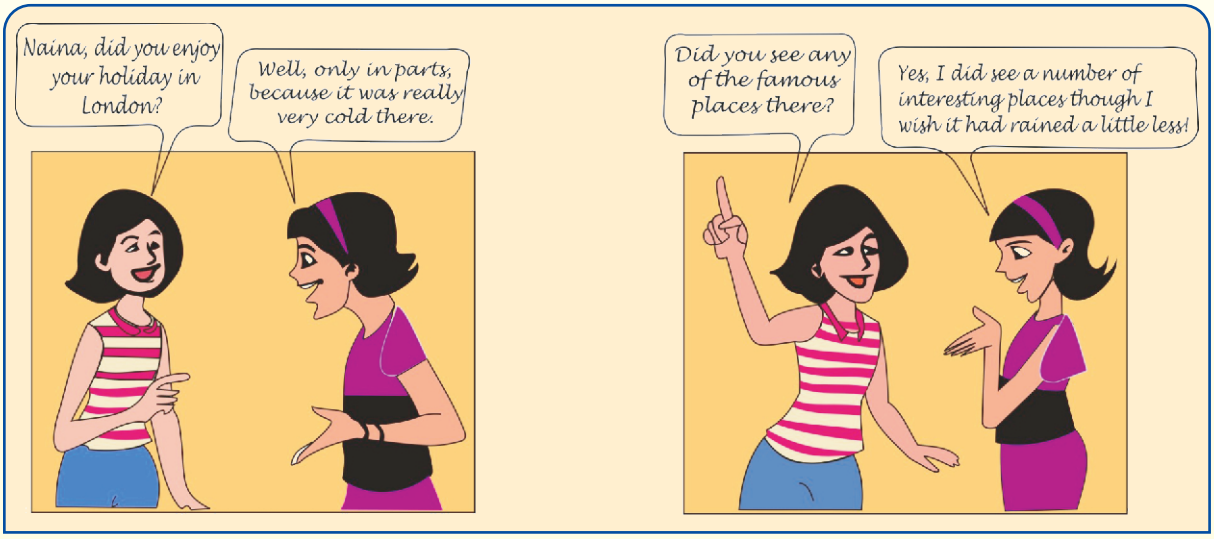
_____

- suddenly/ he/ Howe/ as/ woke up/ to/ the solution/ saw/ his/ problem

4. _____

_____

4. Read the comic strip and complete the passage given below.



Neha asked Naina (a) _____ London. Naina replied that she had enjoyed herself only in parts as (b) _____ there. Then Neha wanted to know (c) _____. To this Naina replied that (d) _____ although (e) _____it had rained a little less there.

5. Given below is a set of rules from the Rule Book of APM School, Jodhpur. Purnima, Head Girl of the school writes a set of instructions for the school notice board using these. Write the instructions for Purnima in Passive Voice in the space provided.

- Do not bring motorised vehicles to school
- Do not park your cycles at the entrance
- Return the library books within a week
- Do not walk in the front lawns
- Senior students should not go to the Primary Wing without permission

Students are hereby informed that they (a) _____ as they do not have valid licences for driving as yet. They are also (b) _____ _____ at the front entrance but must go to the cycle stand. The library books (c) _____ within a week of issue as other students may also require them. No student (d) _____ to walk about or run in the front lawn. Senior students (e) _____ to go to the Primary Wing without permission.

6. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it in your answer sheet against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

Two teenagers broke into grocery shop (a) _____

In 1984. The two boys located what they though the (b) _____

cash box, dragged it from the wall, ran off. (c) _____

When the box started ringing loudly, tried (d) _____

hitting it a heavy iron bar. Despite their (e)

_____

attempts to stop noise they had to throw (f)

_____

the box away. They stolen the burglar alarm. (g)

_____

Now they are police custoday. (h) _____

AVOIDING REPETITION

9 UNIT

When we speak or write, we very often want to make some connection with other things that we are saying or writing. This results in some amount of repetition. When do you think such repetition is annoying and when it is not?

In this unit you will learn how to avoid unnecessary repetition.

A. Notice the element of repetition in the following sentences and decide whether it is acceptable or not. Give reasons in support of your opinion.

1. Democracy is the government of the people, by the people, for the people.
2. "I want to scale Mt. Everest, I want to do scuba diving and I want to fly an aeroplane. Actually, I want to do a lot of things before I die."
3. New Delhi has many big, big malls.
4. In this article first I have tried to discuss the various causes of air-pollution. Then I have tried to discuss the various effects of air-pollution and finally I have tried to discuss various ways to reduce the amount of air-pollution.
5. “I've failed."

   “You've failed? I can't believe this!"
6. The incident took place today at around 6 a.m. in the morning.
7. Could you repeat that again, please?
8. I am very, very sorry.
9. I have planned a plan.
10. When I heard that she was staying at the Hotel Park View, I decided to go to the Hotel Park View to meet her there.

B. Read the following passages that describe a Herbal Doctor Mr. Ved Prakash Goel.

a. How many words have been used in each paragraph?

A	B
Mr Ved Prakash Goel is a self-taught practitioner of herbal medicine. The other day Mr Ved Prakash Goel met two patients suffering from respiratory diseases. They had difficulty in breathing. Mr Ved Prakash Goel prescribed to these patients his latest herbal medicine for respiratory diseases. At first the patients refused to take the medicine prescribed by Mr Ved Prakash Goel but when Mr Ved Prakash Goel assured the patients of respiratory diseases that his herbal medicine was purely herbal, the patients of respiratory diseases agreed to try that medicine. That medicine must have been very effective, for the patients of the respiratory diseases were cured of their diseases and thanked Mr Ved Prakash Goel for his wonderful herbal medicine.	Mr Ved Prakash Goel is a self-taught practitioner of herbal medicine. The other day he met two patients suffering from some breathing problem and prescribed to them his latest invention. At first they refused to take the medicine but on being assured by him that it was purely herbal and safe, they agreed to try it. Indeed, the prescription must have been very effective, for the patients were cured in a matter of days. They thanked the herbal doctor for the wonderful cure.

A. _____

B. _____

b. Circle the words or phrases in paragraph B that replace words or phrases in

paragraph A. Then join the corresponding circles with a line as shown in the example.

c. Which of the two paragraphs makes better reading? Why? (Discuss in pairs and write your answer below)

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

C. Read the passage below. Underline the words that have been used to avoid repetition. Mark the words that have not been replaced or deleted with '?'.

It was yet another escapade of Gopi and Gargi into the forest. The two were playing in the courtyard of the ruined castle when they heard strange sounds, as if someone was ringing tiny bells in a temple. But there was none in the vicinity. They knew it. Then who was making those sounds? Nothing of that sort had happened during any of their earlier visits. Was the castle haunted? Were there any ghosts in it? Suddenly, this thought had a vice like grip on their minds. Naturally enough, both were terrified but neither wanted to admit it. Presently the sounds became louder and louder and the duo would have fled had Gargi's sharp eyes not caught a glimpse of a herd of goats grazing behind the thickets nearby. 'So, those are the ghosts!' said Gargi and both burst into laughter. They rushed to the spot to have a closer look and found that there were thirteen goats in all and each had a tiny brass bell dangling from its neck. Four goats were black and the rest were brown.

D. Read Passage 1 below and then fill in the blanks in Passage 2 with one word each. You may choose words from the ones you underlined in the exercise C. Which makes a better reading-Passage 1 or Passage 2? Why?

Passage 1

Moina and Debi are students of class IX. Moina and Debi are great friends although Moina and Debi don't study at the same school. Moina has never

played cricket and Debi has never played cricket too but Moina and Debi are crazy about cricket. So far Moina and Debi have together watched ten international matches played by their country, India. Four of these matches were played in different foreign countries and six of these matches were played in their country, India. Surprisingly, India has lost no match where Moina and Debi were present in the stands. Moina claims that she is more passionate about the game of cricket than Debi. Debi says she is more passionate about the game than Moina.

Passage 2

Moina and Debi are students of class IX. ..... are great friends although they don't study at the same school. .....has ever played any cricket but .... are crazy about..... especially one day matches. So far the....have watched 10 matches together, all involving India. Surprisingly, India has lost....of them. Four of these matches were played in different foreign countries and the.....in India. ... girl claims that she is more passionate about the game than the other.

E. Ratna and Rajshree are two sisters. Ratna teaches English in a college and her sister Rajshree works in a bank. Rajshree is younger than Ratna. Ratna and Rajshree wear their hair long. Ratna likes eating ice-cream while Rajshree likes eating pastries. Ratna is not interested in sports. Rajshree is also not interested in sports. Rajshree is married to Utlam. Utlam is an engineer. Ratna is married to Sujit. Sujit is a businessman. Ratna has a daughter and a son. Rajshree has a daughter and a son too.

Rewrite the passage above such that there is no unnecessary repetition in it.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

F. What do you think of repetition in the following passage? Do you think all of it is bad? Can you improve the passage by removing instances of unnecessary repetition?

Chores!

Chores! Chores! Chores! Chores are boring! Scrubbing toilets, cleaning sinks, and washing bathtubs take up a lot of my time and are not fun at all.

Toilets! When you're scrubbing toilets, make sure they are not stinky. I've scrubbed one before and I was lucky it didn't stink. I think toilets are one of the hardest things to scrub in the bathroom because it is hard to get up around the rim.

Sinks are one of the easiest things to clean in the bathroom because they have no rims and they are small. I have cleaned one before and it was pretty easy.

Bathtubs, ever washed one? They are big, they are deep, and it is hard to get up around the sides. The bathtub is the hardest, I think, to wash in the bathroom.

All chores are boring, especially making my bed. Cleaning my room is OK because I have to organize, and I like organizing. Dusting is the worst: dust, set down, pick up, dust, set down.

There are so many things to dust, and it's no fun.

Chores aren't the worst but they're definitely not the best!

Source: Teaching that Makes Sense

(http://www.ttms.org/writing_quality/writing_quality.htm)

G. Substitution

G.1 We often use pronouns to make links between sentences and to avoid repetition.

Meena went to the grove with her aunt. She found it full of mangoes.

Read the following extract from the story 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'.

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

Work with your partner and answer these questions.

1. In the first line 'everything' refers to?

   _____

2. The phrase 'their payment' (line 3) refers to?

   _____

3. 'They' in the third line refers to?

   _____

4. The speaker says, 'I do not ask'. What does the speaker not ask? Whom?

   _____

5. 'Whatever it is.' (line 4)Here 'it' refers to?

   _____

6. Who do the pronouns 'I' and 'She' refer to?

   _____

G.2 Substitution in formal writing

Look at this piece of formal writing

The Deputy Commissioner and the Commissioner of Police were the Chief Guest and the Guest of Honour respectively. The former delivered the key note address and the latter gave away the prizes to the winners.

Complete the following table using information from the text above.

The Deputy Commissioner= the Chief Guest

The Commissioner of Police= _____

The former=_____

The latter=_____

Study the use of the words underlined in the text.

a. Why are they used?

_____

b. Why do you think they are not commonly used in spoken English?

_____

Rewrite the following texts. Use the former, the latter, and respectively to avoid repetition.

1. Anand likes History and Joel likes Mathematics. It is interesting to note that Anand is the son of a Mathematics teacher while Joel's father is a teacher of History.

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. Seema, the monitor of class IX and Ramesh, the monitor of class X were asked to meet the Principal before they went home.

G.3 Other types of substitution

Study the following sentences

- The Bunsen burner broke last week. So we ordered a new one.

  (One=Bunsen burner)

- He eats a lot less than he once did.

  (Did=ate)

- The mother asked the daughter to tidy her room and she did so.

  (Did so=tidied her bed room)

- A: I don't think it'll rain tomorrow.

  B: I hope not

  (Not=that it will not rain tomorrow)

- There are a number of books in the library. You should use some of these.

  (These=books)

- Unconventional sources of energy are becoming popular. Such sources help us to preserve our environment.

  (Such= unconventional sources of energy)

- 'Who ate all the rice?'

  'I did.'

  (Did= ate all the rice)

- Govind was delighted with the exam results. So was Gafur.

  (So=delighted with the exam results)

G.4 Use any of the above types of substitution to improve the following sentences.

1. Flendian Whalers killed more minkes in 2010 than they killed in 2000.

_____

2. The fishermen were condemned for catching so many small fish. They said they caught so many small fish because they had to earn a living.

_____

3. The light racquet was ineffective but the heavy racquet was difficult to handle.

_____

_____

4. The rains are very unpredictable in Shillong. We were advised to come prepared for rainy weather conditions.

_____

_____

5. Mr. Chopra entertained the guests very well. Mrs. Chopra also entertained the guests very well.

_____

_____

6. What is lying outside in the garden?

   It's one of the two umbrellas we bought yesterday. Didn't you see the umbrella in the lobby?

_____

_____

7. A: "I won't stay away from school tomorrow."

   B: "I should hope you will not stay away from school tomorrow."

_____

_____

G.5 Omission

Sometimes we can avoid repetition by omitting certain words and phrases. Which words or phrases have been left out in the following examples? Is the meaning in all of them clear in spite of the omission?

Oil is not found in the north but copper is.

is = is found in the north

What has been omitted in the following sentences?

A: "Did she find out who had stolen her purse?"

B: "No, she didn't."

didn't = _____

2. You take my book and I'll take Indu's when she gets back.

   Indu's = _____

3. If I don't get it to you tomorrow, I'll send it the day after.

   The day after = _____

4. Firstly, add four grams, then another four, then another four until the mixture has solidified.

   Another four/ another= _____

5. There were a number of graduates who were earning more than I was.

   was = _____

6. I think we need coaching more than they do.

   do = _____

7. A: "I can tell you what I know."

   B: "You needn't. I'm not asking you to."

needn't = _____

to = _____

8. A: "Do you visit the doctor regularly?"

B: "No, I can't afford to."

to = _____

G.6 Complete the following conversation between two sisters with suitable substitute words.

Mitali: Did you buy the dress you had seen in the shop?

Chetali: No, I _____

Mitali: But why? You liked___, didn't you?

Chetali: I had second thoughts about it. Well, I thought I would wear one of _____ instead. You have so many of them in your wardrobe.

Mitali: I ___ but_____ are all designer dresses unlike the cheap stuff you wear and I am not going to let you touch _____ of them. Do you understand?

Chetali: That's not fair!

Mitali: It____. Everyone should wear their own dresses. So you'd better go and buy that dress before someone else_____.

Go back to the Unit 8 on Comparisons. Where can you find examples of substitution and omission in it?

_____

H. (a) Match the sentences in A and B and write them together in the spaces below.

A	B
1. Both Ajay and Sahir are good players.	a. Few reach their destination.
2. Thousands of baby turtles set out on the long journey.	b. Either would be suitable as a captain.
3. Some like to eat fish raw.	c. Those who do have to study hard.
4. No one knows who did it.	d. Others prefer it cooked.
5. Not many people get to university.	e. It could be anyone.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

(b) Now underline the substitution word in each of the sentences written above and decide what each of the words refers to.

Substitution Word	What does it refer to?
1.	
2.	
3.	
4.	
5.	

NOMINALISATION

10 UNIT

In this unit you will learn different ways in which you can express your ideas differently, more precisely and more effectively by replacing words with their own noun forms.

Look at these sentences.

a. The school has decided to set up a student panchayat in school. It has created a lot of excitement among the students.

b. The decision of the school to set up a student panchayat has created a lot of excitement among the students.

In sentence (b) what happened to the verb 'decided'? Write your answer below:

_____

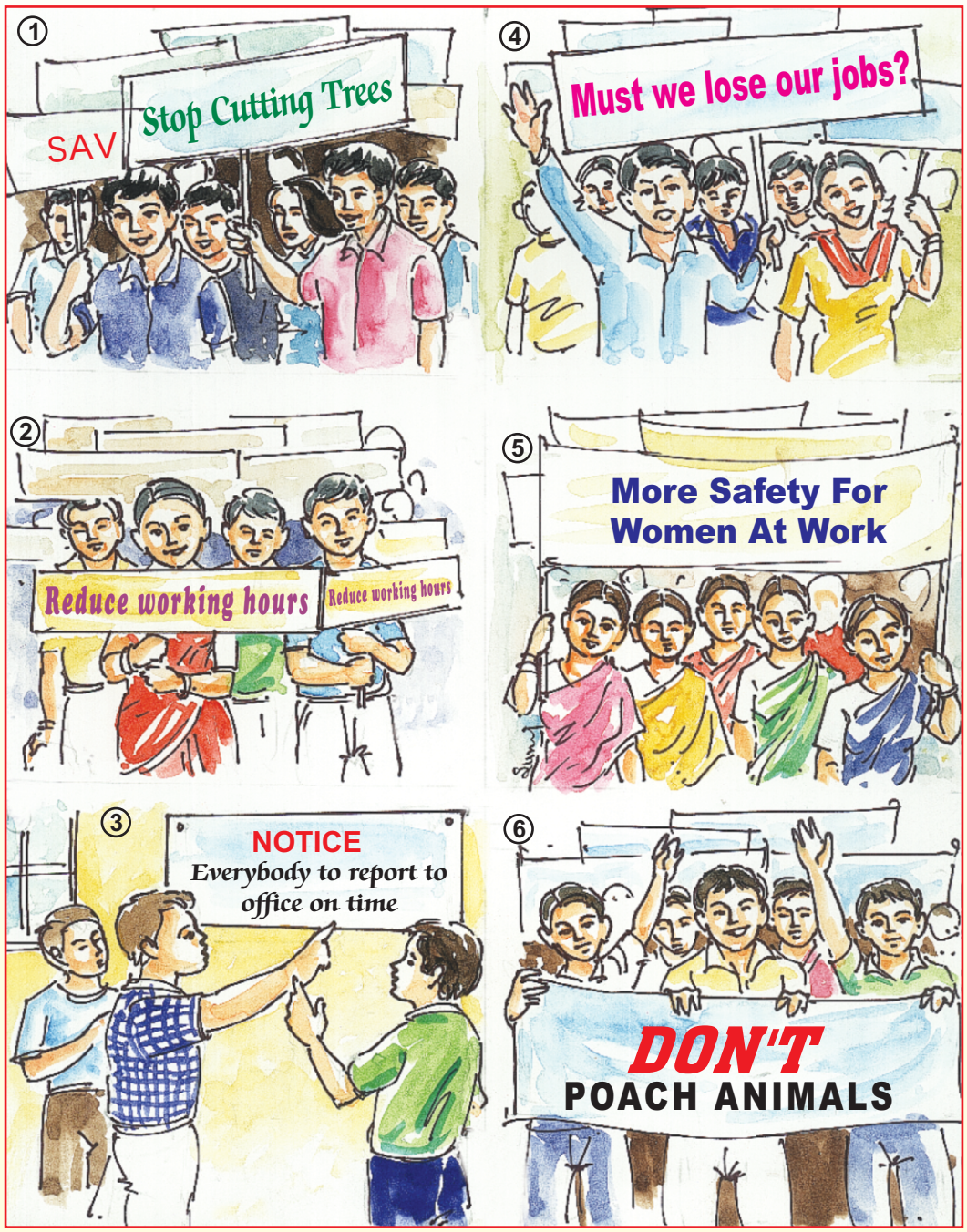
This is one example of a verb changing into a noun. This is called *nominalisation*.

A.1 Verbs into nouns:

Complete the following chart by filling in the blanks with either the verb or the noun forms. One example has been done for you.

VERBS	NOUNS	VERBS	NOUNS
1.recognise	recognition	7.	ability
2.illustrate		8.	description
3.	reduction	9. observe	
4.remove		10.	compulsion
5.arrange		11. break	
6.attend		12. explore	

A.2 Study the cartoons below:



What are the people trying to say? Study the first example and then complete the rest of the sentences using the same pattern.

1. They are protesting against cutting down of trees.
2. They are demanding ----------.
3. The boss insists on everyone ----------.
4. They are worried about ----------
5. The women are demanding safer ----------.
6. They want the Government to put a ban on ----------.

A.3: Combine the following sentences by nominalising the first verb. The first sentence has been done as an example.

1. Trees were planted along road sides .This made the surroundings look greener.

   Planting of trees along the road sides made the surroundings look greener.

2. The bomb exploded. This shattered the window panes.

   The window panes were shattered due to _____.

3. The committee must approve our plan. We cannot launch our project till then.

   We _____ till we get the _____of the committee for our plan.

4. There has been a rise in crime rate in the last two years. The police are very concerned.

   The police _____ about the _____ years.

5. Thousands of people participated in the charity walk .This helped Cancer Aid Society to raise funds for treatment of cancer patients.

_____ helped Cancer Aid Society raise funds for treatment of cancer patients.

6. The number of young people consuming drugs is growing .This has become an issue of social concern.

_____ by a growing_____ concern.

7. The eye witness described the accident scene vividly. This helped the police find the culprit.

The vivid _____.

8. Vinod presented his project very effectively. He was able to bag the multimillion dollar order.

Vinod's effective _____ helped him _____.

9. Mandela had spearheaded the fight against apartheid. He was jailed for this.

Mandela was jailed for _____.

10. He committed a series of crimes. He was given severe punishment.

He was _____.

A.4. Read the following extract from a Newspaper.

RECOVERY OF ANCIENT SHIP

An ancient ship, over 500 years old, has been recovered off the coast of Kerala. Salvage experts say.....

Given below are some extracts from Newspapers. Underline the most important verb. Then use the noun form of that verb to create a headline, as shown above.

1. Four more new escalators have been installed in the new Mall. People are very happy.

_____

2. The outstanding contribution to Indian film making by Ranjit Say was recognized tonight by the Bombay Film Institute.

_____

3. The Government has decided to set up a night safari at Noida. This will make this city very popular as more and more tourists…….

_____

4. His lost brother suddenly appeared after five years. This solved one of the greatest mysteries.

_____

5. Professors are protesting pay cuts at the university. Students suffer as professors stay……

_____

A.5: Fill in the blanks with the noun forms of the verbs given in brackets.

Hema: Recently I read an article about the _____ (improve) taking place in the health services.

Neena: When people get proper health care, it is bound to increase their life _____(expect).

Hema: Of course doctors have to show greater _____(dedicate) to their profession, particularly by _____ (bestow) greater _____ (attend) on the rural areas.

Neena: I agree. But, at the same time the government should also make adequate _____ (provide) for decent living conditions for the doctors serving in villages.

Hema: Besides sending doctors to rural areas, steps should be taken for the _____ (supply) of standard drugs to primary health centres. _____ (contaminate) of intravenous fluids and even vaccines due to non _____ (available) of _____ (refrigerate) facilities continues to pose a severe threat to people.

Neena: Besides health, we should also address the needs of people in _____ (educate) and _____ (employ). Only then can we achieve substantial _____ (develop) of the human resource.

Now write five sentences about the jobs you like doing or do not like doing.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

B: Adjectives into Nouns:

Read the following examples. Notice how the adjective in the first sentence is changed to its noun form in the second sentence.

1. Cinderella's beautiful looks so charmed the Prince that he could not take his eyes off her.

   Cinderella's beauty so charmed the Prince that he could not take his eyes off her.

2. They were asked to guess how high the building was.

They were asked to guess the height of the building.

3. The news that he was fit to play the match brought immense relief to his teammates.

The news about his fitness to play the match brought immense relief to his teammates.

B.1: Combine the following pairs of sentences by changing the adjective to a noun.

1. He was honest. The Principal commended him at the assembly.

_____.

2. Rajesh is a very amiable person. It has endeared him to his colleagues.

_____.

3. The actor was famous. It got him many endorsements.

_____.

4. The young businessman was extravagant. It led to his downfall.

_____.

5. James was silent during the enquiry. It did not help the police in bringing the culprit to book. .

_____.

B.2: Fill in the blanks in the table below. Then check your answers in a dictionary.

ADJECTIVES	NOUNS	ADJECTIVES	NOUNS
beautiful	beauty	fit	
clean			height
	neatness	frequent	
arrogant		proud	
intelligent			anxiety

B.3: Admirable qualities:

What type of people do you like most? In the box below there are some suggestions about different types of people. Discuss with your partner and tell him at least five qualities that you like and five that you do not like. You may add more words to the list given below.

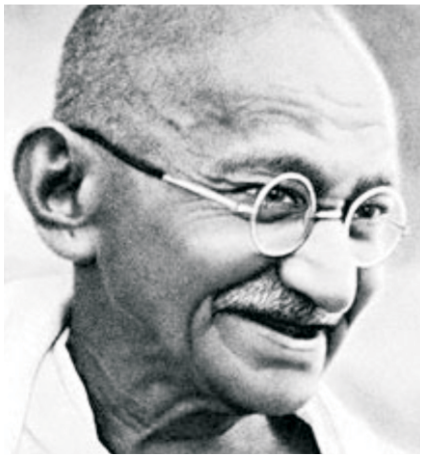
extravagant honest smart intelligent compassionate ruthless stubborn
miserly witty responsible sincere lively reserved diplomatic
generous shy talkative handsome arrogant patient ambitious

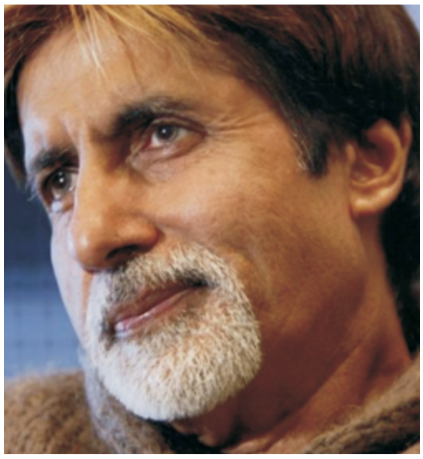
Now share your suggestions with the rest of the class. Your teacher will build up a list of qualities (adjectives) on the blackboard. Add them to the adjectives above and classify them under two columns, namely desirable and undesirable.

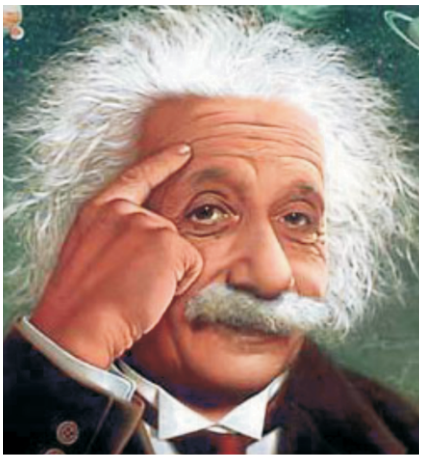
B.4 Let's Play a Guessing Game:

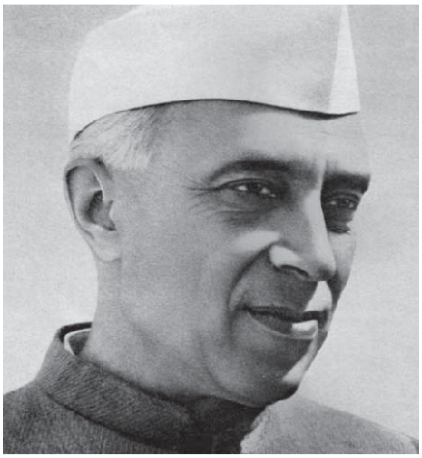
Work in pairs: Study the pictures given below. Partner A can think of any one of the personalities and describe the qualities for which he admires him/her. Partner B must guess the person being described. You may give a maximum of three clues in three chances to guess the answer correctly.

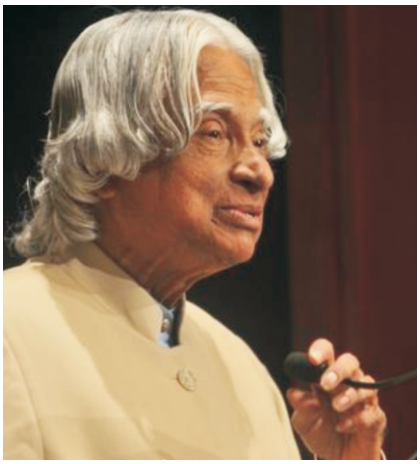
You may carry on the game with other famous personalities of your choice











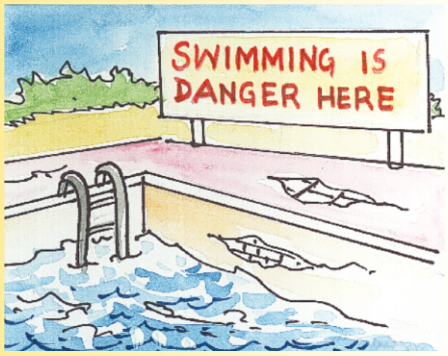
Example: He is a national leader. I admire him for his vision, statesmanship and intelligence. Who is he?

Ans: Is he Jawaharlal Nehru?

(Note: Even though someone is dead, we can still use the present tense when we talk about the qualities we admire)

C. Nominalisation using -ing form

C.1 Look at these signs / notices used in different parts of the world . Guess what they mean. Write your answers by using a word with an 'ing' form . One example has been done for you.

	Smoking is prohibited
	**Swimming is dangerous here**

C-2 **Now use your imagination and draw two of your own signs. Show them to your partner and ask him to guess what they mean. He must give answers using the 'ing' form.**

C-3 Read the list of activities given below. On an average which activity, according to you, uses the most energy. Order the activities from those that use most energy to the least. When you have finished, discuss the order with your partner using the 'ing' form eg:

Example: I think jogging uses the most energy.

No I don't think so. I think swimming uses more energy.

OK perhaps swimming is second. After that, I think cycling ..specially if it is uphill.

ACTIVITY	ORDER
climbing with backpack	
jogging	
cycling	
sweeping	
brisk walking	
playing tennis	
swimming fast	
watching television	
playing cricket	

C.4 Sentence reordering:

Reorder the following words and phrases to make meaningful sentences.

1. the / polluting/ sponge iron industry/is a heavily/ industry.
2. of the match/ the umpires'/ very good/ was/ handing.
3. bad manners/ interrupting/ when he is / someone/talking / is

4. acting / one and all/ his / by/was praised .

5. she/has decided/is so obsessed/not to join/with dancing/that she/ any college.

6. to live/in peace/forgiving/of others/and forgetting/best way/is the/the wrongs

7. accolades/Sachin's/batting/one and all/has won him/from

8. playing havoc with /allowing the/to continue operations/polluting industries /in the cities / the health of the citizens/ will mean .

9. news of rigging/the world of science/of climate change/took/by storm/the

10. only by ensuring that/strengthen/an ordinary man's voice is heard/ can we/the processes of democracy

D. Nominalisation -Summary

D.1: Read this article about a person who is the head of a big multinational company . Replace the underlined words with a noun form using 'ing' after a conjunction or preposition. One example has been done for you.

After graduating from The Janta College of Commerce, Amtul studied Business Administration. Today Amtul is a successful entrepreneur and heading (and head of) one of the biggest chain stores. Her life story is simple.

After she completed her school, Amtul joined the Janta College for Commerce. She applied for a course in Business Management with the Bright Scholars Business College where she was admitted after she cleared the entrance exam. Amtul left the college but did not take the exams.

She decided to see the world before she set up her home. She spent the next five years travelling to different countries and took up small assignments to sustain her living. She thought about her career seriously while she worked in a home store in America.

As soon as she returned to her country, Amtul purchased a small store called 'Your Store' . The store soon became popular. After Amtul set up a chain of stores, many people applied for franchise with her. She has proved that womanhood is no barrier to success in a man's world.

D.2 Complete the following sentences by filling the blanks with a word /words from the box.

resolutions, applause, devotion, burning of fossil fuels, probation

1. The_____ is harmful for the environment.
2. Sachin's magnificent batting drew a lusty_____ from the spectators.
3. It is ---------- to work which motivates one to do different things.
4. I am guilty of making ----------each new year which I let go easily.
5. Mahatma Gandhi served on ----------for a period of one year before becoming the member of the Servants of India Society.

D.3: Complete the following paragraph by filling in the blanks with the most appropriate words given.

Scientists all over the world are trying to invent newer ways for (1)---------- of energy without harming the environment. In Netherlands a team of scientists is researching into (2)---------- the waters of the North Sea to generate enough energy for thousands of homes.

The experiment involves (3)---------- a battery ,using salt and fresh water streams and channelizing them over stacks of membranes .The salt water contains positively charged sodium ions and negatively charged chloride ions . Electrodes were set up to create a battery which would generate power.

Through this research, the Dutch are aiming at setting up a 200 mW power plant which will generate enough power to cater for three provinces. Blue Water energy will be 30-40% more efficient than burning coal. It is also (4)---------- and (5)----------

Scientists in other parts of the world are also busy finding ways and means to generate energy . The (6)---------- of a childhood pastime of flying kites gave the senior scientists of Delhi University a brilliant idea. They felt that this simple childhood game could be used to provide some kind of breakthrough . By (7)---------- a few kites tethered to a generator, this team realized that they could produce 10 KW of power. This was sufficient to power 10 family homes .The researchers now plan to carry this (8)---------- further . Using multiple kites, they plan to generate 50 KW of power . They call this invention , Laddermill .

	A	**B**	**C**	**D**
1.	generate	generated	generating	generation
2.	tapping	tap	tapped	to tap
3.	made	making	make	to make
4.	renewed	renewable	renewing	renew
5.	sustain	sustaining	sustained	sustainable
6.	observing	observe	observed	observation
7.	flying	flown	fly	flyer
8.	inventiveness	inventing	invention	invented

Integrated Grammar Practice 5

1. Given below is a dialogue between Punit and Jai. Complete the dialogue by choosing the correct options.

Punit : Jai! (a) _____?

Jai : Don't you know? (b) _____ due to cardiac arrest.

Punit : Oh no!(c) _____. How did this happen?

Jai : I don't know what happened. But Amit (d) _____ and was immediately rushed to the hospital.

Punit : Oh I am shocked. What did the doctors say?

Jai : They (e) _____

(a) (i) Why there is such a large crowd outside Mithu's house

(ii) Why is there such a large crowd outside Mithu's house

(iii) Why such a large crowd is there outside Mithu's house

(iv) Why such a large crowd there is outside Mithu's house

(b) (i) Mithu's father is passed away last night

(ii) Mithu's father was pass away last night

(iii) Mithu's father is passing off last night

(iv) Mithu's father passed away last night

(c) (i) I am sorry for hearing this (ii) I am sorry to be hearing of this

(iii) I am sorry for that (iv) I am sorry to hear this

(d) (i) was saying that he is fainting (ii) is saying that he was fainting

(iii) said that he fainted (iv) said that he has fainted

(e) (i) are trying their best but they cannot be saving him

(ii) are trying their best but they could not save him

(iii) were trying their best but they cannot saved him

(iv) tried their best but they could not save him

2. Complete the passage by choosing the correct options from those given below.

The idiot box is (a) _____ pushing the bookshelf out of the (b) _____ even in regions that have a high literacy rate and a long tradition of libraries. According to the findings of a sample survey (c) _____ average Keralite now spends 90 minutes (d) _____ cable television and 80 minutes reading books. However, TV is not the only culprit; the survey, (e) _____ by the Kerala Library Council to mark the 50th anniversary of the library movement in the state (f) _____ that lack of interest and high price of books (g) _____ equally responsible for people running away from serious reading.

(a) (i) increasing	(ii) increasingly	(iii) increased	(iv) to increase
(b) (i) home	(ii) house	(iii) houses	(iv) homes
(c) (i) a	(ii) an	(iii) the	(iv) by
(d) (i) watches	(ii) watched	(iii) is watching	(iv) watching
(e) (i) was conducted	(ii) conduct	(iii) conducted	(iv) being conducted
(f) (i) indicates	(ii) is indicated	(iii) indicating	(iv) indicated
(g) (i) is	(ii) are	(iii) was	(iv) were

3. The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines indicated. Write the incorrect word and the correction in the space provided as shown.

	Error	Correction
In the last four decades, there have been a very	have	has
significant rise in the numbers of lower middle and	a)	
middle class woman who seek employment to	b)	
supplemented their household income. While there is	c)	
little doubt that women from the lower rank of	d)	
society have always had working in the fields or in petty	e)	
jobs to sustain themselves or their families, there	f)	

were strong objections and a marked reluctance between g) .....

the middle classes to allow women to step out of a h) .....

house to earn a living.

4. Given below are instructions for making soup. Use these to complete the paragraph that follows.

- Mix the soup powder with 750 ml of water without allowing it to form lumps.
- Pour the mixture into a heavy-bottomed vessel.
- Bring it to a boil, stirring continuously.
- Simmer the soup for five minutes.
- Pour the soup into four soup bowls and serve garnished with fried croutons.

The packet is opened and the contents (a) _____ with 750ml of water, without allowing it to form lumps. The mixture (b) _____ into a heavy-bottomed vessel. It (c) _____ continuously and (d) _____ to a boil. Then the soup (e) _____ on a slow flame for five minutes. Finally, before the soup (f) _____, it (g) _____into soup bowls and (h) _____ with fried croutons.

5. Look at the words and phrases below. Rearrange them to form meaningful sentences. The first one has been done as an example.

And a very / the king / named Acanthus / talented sculptor / Pygmalion was /of Cyprus /of a village.

Pygmalion was the king of Cyprus and a very talented sculptor of a village named Acanthus

a) had finished / he smiled / when he / the ivory statue / of a beautiful woman /one day

b) smile /at having found /it was / the innocent /new and unique / of a child / something

c) by the beauty/ that /to worship it /he was / falling down / he felt like / so impressed/ on his knees / of the statue

d) that he /a masterpiece / and called / he realized / this beauty, / had created / Galatea

e) was a devoted / to the goddess / he prayed / to breathe life / into it / of Aphrodite / since he / follower

f) to life and / married her / after the goddess/ his wish / Pygmalion / Galatea came / granted him

6. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it in you answer sheet against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

Wright and Fleming found out that treatment (a) _____

being used was doing harm than good. Each (b) _____

of the chemical antiseptics more harmful to (c)_____

the leucocytes than to the germs; and some cases (d)_____

the antiseptic actually facilitated multiplication germs. (e)_____

Wright and Fleming insisted that the surgeon's aim be (f) _____

not much to kill the germs as to help the (g)_____

leucocytes to do natural germs-killing work. (h)_____

UNIT 11

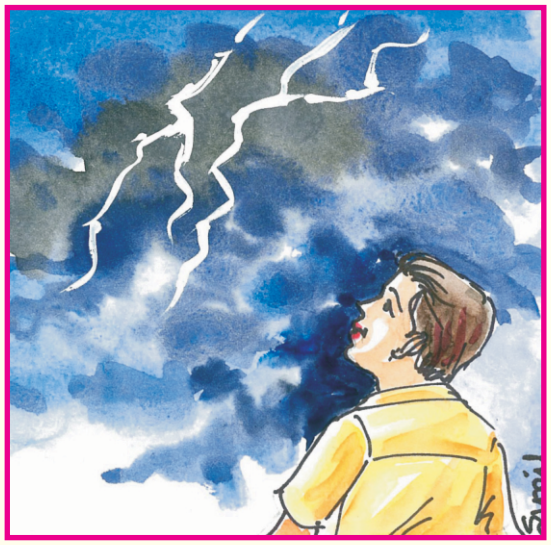
MODALS-EXPRESSING ATTITUDES

A. Introduction

A.1 Look at the pictures given below:

a.

b.



c.

d.

Now complete the following dialogues using only one word for each blank on the basis of the pictures given above.

a) Manav: Suma is playing the violin very well.

Priya : Yes; _____ you play any musical instrument?

Manav : I _____. But I have learnt vocal music.

b) Peter: It's suddenly become dark.

Nandiya : Yes; Thick clouds have gathered in the sky. It _____ rain this evening.

c) Abdullah: Ma'm , I'm a little late.

_____ I enter the class?

Teacher: You _____. I'm afraid late coming has become a habit with you.

d) Father: Take this. You _____ not forget to wear your helmet while riding your motorbike.

Son: Thanks, Dad. I forgot to pick it up.

The words that you have used to fill in the blanks denote certain attitudes and functions. Match column (A) with column (B) for the dialogues that you have completed.

A **Attitudes and Functions**	**B** **Dialogues**
• Necessity	A
• Possibility	B
• Ability	C
• Permission	D

The words that you have used are called MODALS. They belong to a large category of auxiliary verbs, i.e. helping verbs that cannot be used on their own, but to be used in conjunction with other main verbs.

A.2 Given below are some dialogues. Circle the modals and underline the main verbs in the italicised portions of the dialogues:-

a) A: Raju has fractured his arm.

B: *But still he can write.*

b) A: I have still some shopping to do. *May I leave my bag in your store?*

B: Yes, but please collect it before 8.00 pm.

c) A: The coffee is rather bitter. *Would you please pass some sugar?*

B: *No, you must not take any sugar.*

Have you forgotten your doctor's advice?

d) A: I'll not be able to finish my assignment in time.

B: *Shall I do the drawings for you?*

e) A: Jamila hasn't come yet. It's already very late.

B: *She may come tomorrow.*

f) A: Someone is knocking on the door.

B: I'll open it- *it'll be the maid.*

g) A: My feet get swollen in the evening.

B: *Then you must consult a doctor.*

A.3 Match the highlighted portions of the dialogues with the attitudes and functions denoted by the modals used in them.

Dialogue	Attitudes and functions
a) …… he **can** write	offering (help)
b) ……. **would** you please pass …..	necessity
c) …….. you **must** not …….	requesting
d) **shall** I do …….	asking for permission
e) she **may** come …….	advising
f) ……. It'**ll** be the maid.	logical deduction
g) …….. you **must** consult ……..	ability
h) **May** I leave ……..	possibility

A.4 Here are the modals used in English.

can	might	shall	would
could	must	should	
may	ought to	will	

Also, some ordinary verbs and expressions are used to express the same attitudes as modals.

be able to / be unable to		have to
be possible to / be impossible to		have got to
be used to	need to	be going to
	had better	bound to, etc.

A.5 Look at the following sentences:

a) He needn't come to office tomorrow.

b) He needed permission to take a day off.

What is the difference in the use of 'need' between the above sentences?

- In sentence (a) 'need' is used as a _____ verb because _____.
- In sentence (b) 'need' is used as a _____ verb because _____.

- Can, could, may, might, shall, should, will and would are called 'pure' modals because they

a) are followed by a main verb in its bare infinitive form (e.g. I must go)

b) don't change in the third person (e.g. He will help and not He wills help.)

- Need and dare are used both as modal verbs and main verbs.

e.g 1). They *needed* a lot of money to start a business (main verb).

2) They *need not* borrow from the bank to start their business. (modal)

(As a modal, verb 'need' is commonly used with 'not')

3) He *dare not* challenge the authority of his boss. (modal verb)

(As a modal verb dare is also commonly used with 'not')

4) He *does not dare* to challenge the authority of his boss. (main verb)

A.6 Complete the following conversation choosing the most appropriate option from those given in the box. There can be more than one option for some of the blanks.

Gautam: I heard that Rahim (1) _____ open a garment shop, though he is a little uncertain.

Sheela: He (2) _____ not plunge into another business proposition; he (3) _____ forget the colossal failure of his last business venture.

Gautam: You (4) _____ not have any worry on that count. He (5) _____ not be investing any money. His uncle is providing the capital and he said that Rahim (6) _____ be a working partner.

Sheela: In that case, I suppose, he (7) _____ go ahead. I remember how Rahim's father (8) _____ sit for hours worrying about his son's future.

Gautam: True. Now that Rahim has learnt his lesson, he (9) _____ be able to live upto the expectations of his father.

Sheela: Whatever you say, Rahim (10) _____ have his own way. He is that way a little obstinate. We (11)_____ only hope that everything turns out well.

1) a) may	b) can	c) could	d) will
2) a) need	b) dare	c) will	d) shall
3) a) needn't	b) shouldn't	c) won't	d) can't
4) a) will	b) shall	c) need	d) dare
5) a) could	b) will	c) shall	d) must
6) a) can	b) would	c) should	d) could
7) a) will	b) might	c) can	d) should
8) a) could	b) would	c) will	d) should
9) a) should	b) shall	c) could	d) will
10) a) must	b) will	c) can	d) may
11) a) may	b) will	c) can	d) must.

B. Modals Expressing Possibility

B.1 Look at the picture. What do you think is happening? Discuss in small groups. Use the modals given in the box.

could be	might be	must be	may be

B. 2 Indira and Mary are discussing their holiday plans. Read the dialogue and fill in the blanks by using suitable modals.

Indira: I'm so thrilled the exams are over.

Let's go to the North-East this time.

Mary: Yes. I'd love that. Where exactly do you want to go?

Indira: I'd like to go to Cherapunji.

Mary: That's hardly the place to go to. You see, it _____ raining there, especially at this time of the year. Let's go to Shillong instead.

Indira: Why Shillong?

Mary: Indira, I've lived in that place. You'll love it and the weather _____ really perfect now.

Indira: Okay, it's Shillong then. But tell me, do I need to carry woollens?

Mary: Not really. It's quite pleasant, but the nights _____ chilly, so bring a sweater.

Indira: And what about getting there?

Mary: Well..... you could fly to Juwahah, and then you can catch a bus to Shillong.

Indira: How far is Shillong?

Mary: It _____about 80 kilometres. It _____ a three hour drive by taxi.

B. 3 'Can' and 'Could' also denote ability. Rewrite the following sentences as shown in the example using 'Can' or 'Could'.

Example: Parents who are able to support their children should not apply for scholarship.

Parents who can support their children should not apply for scholarship.

a) After proper investigation, the police were able to nail the culprit.

_____

b) After the examinations, I shall be able to go home for a week.

_____

c) In spite of the sincere efforts of the coach, the team is not able to win a single trophy.

_____

Have you noticed that 'can' is used to denote ability in the present and future and 'could' is used to denote ability in the past? However, remember that 'could' refers to past time only when the context makes the time clear.

C. Modals - Past, Present & Future

C.1 Read the following report of a school cricket match and underline all the modals and the verbs accompanying them. Underline the modals red and the verbs green.

Our school cricket team is practicing really hard for the zonal matches. I have no doubt that we will beat the local teams very easily, but when it comes to the outside teams, I am not as confident. Our boys must work very hard. Perhaps they could do some yoga exercises to improve their concentration. They need not worry about their fitness at this stage, but they should follow a strict routine.

Last year they had to struggle to reach the finals. The draw might have been a little unfavourable to them but they shouldn't have neglected their fielding. This landed them in trouble in the quarter finals. This year our team should try and do better in the field. We lost the finals last year mainly because of floored catches! A casual approach to this aspect must have been the cause of our failure at the crucial stage. So our team ought to improve its fielding and get its batting to click.

C.2 You will have noticed in C1 that modals are used with a main verb to refer to the past, present or future. In pairs, look at the modals you have underlined and complete the table below. You may have noticed sometimes that the same modal is used to refer to the present as well as the future.

Present	Past	Future
Must	_____	**will**
_____	_____	_____
_____		_____
_____	_____	

C.3: Mr. Mehta and family decide to drive down to Goa for a holiday. On their way their car develops some problem. Given below is a conversation among the Mehta family members. Read the conversation and complete the conversation using suitable modals from the ones given in the box.

Note: Sometimes there could be more than one correct answer. You may also have to use some of the modals in the box more than once.

must have, will, can't have, may have, must, may, could, needn't, can

Mrs Mehta**:** What is the matter? Why have you stopped?

Mr Mehta: The car is giving some trouble.I have a feeling something is wrong with the engine. Let me check.

Mrs Mehta**:** Do you think we _____ run out of petrol?

Mr. Mehta: No, we _____ run out of petrol. I got the tank filled before starting.

Mrs Mehta: If there is a technical fault, do you think you --------- be able to fix it?

Mr. Mehta: Let me first check what is wrong.

Dinu: Dad, look there's smoke coming out . The engine _____ become too hot.

Mr Mehta: Dinu, be careful. Don't take the cap off the radiator. You _____ not do that. You _____get boiling water all over you.

Mrs Mehta: Yes, Dinu, we _____ have to wait till the engine cools down.

Dinu: And how long do you think it _____ take for that?

Mr Mehta: I'm not sure. We _____ have to wait for about fifteen minutes .

Dinu: Dad, I saw a garage about half a mile back. I suppose we _____ ask them to fix the problem.

Mr Mehta : You _____ worry . The car _____be all right . I got it serviced before starting. I am sure it's just got too hot. Let's wait and allow the engine to cool a bit.

Dinu: Mom, I am feeling hungry. _____ I have something to eat?

Mrs Mehta: There are some sandwiches in the car. You _____ have them.

D. Modals - Referring to the Past

D.1 Respond to the following situations by writing one sentence using might have, must have, should have, could have or ought to have. The first one has been done as an example.

1. Amber was certain that he would be here today, but he hasn't come yet (miss, flight)

   Response: He must have missed his flight; nothing else would have held him up.

2. I was asked to be here for a meeting at 10.00 today. It's already 10.30 and only a few of us are present.

   (meeting, cancel)

Response: The meeting _____, but you'd better wait for another half an hour.

3. They say they definitely sent the appointment letter by post, but it never arrived. (send fax message)

   Response: They _____ instead.

4. The Municiplality did not bother about keeping the locality clean. When the epidemic broke out, it claimed many lives.

   (take precautions, prevent epidemic)

   Response: The Municipality _____

   _____

5. The Principal is not in her office. She probably had some urgent work at home. (go, home)

   Response: She _____

6. Asha wasn't really a big hit as the heroine of the play. The director needn't have limited his choice to Class XII sutdents alone.

   (try, some of the XI class students)

   Response: He _____

   _____

D.2 Complete the following paragraph on a school sport meeting by filling in the blanks with could not have, might not have, should not have or would not have.

At this year's sports meeting, many records were broken but the reigning sports champion, Ravi, surprisingly could not make it to the finals in any of his favourite events. Perhaps he _____ missed so many of his practice sessions. His coach tends to think that he _____ had the time to get fit enough because of his special

classes in the evenings. Even if he had tried, he _____ beaten Ramu, who was much better prepared. If it had not been for Ramu, our school _____ gained a place in the draw of the inter-school tournament.

D. 3 Anant has returned from an interview. Read the dialogue, that takes place between Anant and his father. In pairs, fill in the blanks using any suitable modals. To help you, the number of words you need to use is given in brackets.

Father: Well , Anant, how was the interview?

Anant: Father, it was a real nightmare. Just about everything went wrong. I was late. I didn't have the required papers and the GK questions……..!

Father: Really ! Anant, please don't think I'm lecturing you, but I'd like to say something about how you _____ (2) handled the whole business better.

Anant: Father, I wish you _____ (2) say that. You _____ (2) seen the amount of effort I put in.

Father: Well…. I have my doubts about that. First, let's take up this business about being late.

Anant: Please remember I only got six days' notice.

Father: No, my dear, it was more than that. If I'm not mistaken, you got the interview call on Saturday itself. If I'd been you, I _____ (2) begun my preparation on Saturday itself. Honestly you _____ (3) gone off on that weekend trip.

Anant: Father you know I'd been planning to go on that trip for ages.

Father: Well….. if you had stayed home you_____ (2) made a list of the papers required and filed them systematically.

Anant: Yes, perhaps you're right, but father - those GK questions ….?

Father: What about them? Haven't you been reading the papers regularly?

Anant: Yes of course. But those questions were so outdated. I _____ (3)

answered them even if I had read the paper every single day for the past 10 years.

Father: Anant, there is no point complaining now. You _____ (1)/ (2) be prepared to be more alert about these things.

E. Modals - Summary

E.1 Read the following letter and choose the most suitable alternative from those given. Underline your choice. Sometimes more than one alternative is suitable.

Dear Mohan

It was lovely to get your letter and to hear the good news that you are going trekking with your friends. You (ought to/ would/ should) have a break after your exams! You ask me what you (can/ should. will) take. Well, you (might/ can't/ mustn't) fit everything in a backpack so you must be selective. You (will/ can/ must) take at least one sweater because it (ought to/ should/ can) get very cold in the mountains. You (needn't/ could/ should) pack a gas stove because there (could/ may/ will) be plenty of firewood from dead trees.

I'm sure you will have a wonderful time but I (may/ would/ should) give you a word of warning. Don't get stuck in the Laki Pass at night. Once you're there you (won't be able to/ can't be able to/ not to able to) get down and it's very dangerous at night. By the way, you (should/ should have to/ should have) told me earlier that you were going and I (should have/ would have/ will have) given you my walking boots!

Anyway, look after yourself and enjoy your holiday.

With love

Daddy

E.2 A Night at the Theatre - Role Play

Work in pairs. Below is a summay of a discussion between a parent and a child. Read through the notes and decide who will take which role. Then act out the role play. You will probably find that you sometimes need to use modals.

Backgoround to role play

Role A - Daughter/ Son

Yours exams start next week - behind with revision - want to go to theatre to see new play - with friend - his birthday - reduced tickets - good play - need rest from work - find it difficult to concentrate on work.

Role B - Father/ Mother

Disagree with daughter/ son - worried - won't do well in exam - don't want them to waste time - for own good - why not worked hard before - if had worked, could go out after exams.

E.3 When you have finished, you and your partner should team up with another pair and write the dialogue. Then act it before the class.

Integrated Grammar Practice 6

1. The following paragraph has not been edited. There is an error in each of the lines indicated. Underline the error and write your correction in the space provided as shown.

	Error	Correction
Economics, is nothing but a way to solving problems of	to	for
allocation of resources. Human want are graded in nature.	a)	.....
This means that a poor person will be more concern about	b)	.....
procurement of food for his surviving rather than buying a	c)	.....
luxury car. It is only after meet this requirement that his	d)	.....
need for other things should arise. The Government must	e)	.....
outline its country specific solution to the same problems,	f)	.....
that is, allocate of resources . There are three essential	g)	.....
problems, namely what to produced, how to produce and	h)	.....
for whom to produce.		

(Adapted from The Great Indian Dream by Arindam Chaudhury)

2. Given below is a dialogue between two friends discussing their classmates. Complete their dialogue by filling in the spaces with appropriate options from those given below.

Ruma: These days Javed is seen more (a) _____ than in the classroom. What is he up to?

Lekha: He is representing our school in the forthcoming 'Inter State Junior Tennis Tournament' scheduled next month so he (b) _____ daily to improve his skills and stamina.

Ruma: Oh! And what about Seema? She too (c) _____ five days now. Have you heard from her?

Lekha: She is down with severe cold , cough and high fever. Last evening when I called her up (d) _____ , she told me that the doctor had advised her at least ten days bed rest .

Ruma: She must be really bored sitting at home. She has never liked the idea of sitting indoors.

(a) (i) on the field (ii) in the field (iii) at the field (iv) out of the field

(b) (i) spent most of his time in the practice

(ii) is spending most of his time practicing

(iii) has been spending most of the time for practice

(iv) has spent most of his time in practice

(c) (i) have been absent for more than (ii) is being absent for more than

(iii) has been absent for more than (iv) was absent for more than

(d) (i) for found out why she had not been coming to school

(ii) to find out why she is not come to school

(iii) to finding out why she is not been coming to school

(iv) for find out why she has not been coming to school

3. The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction in the space provided as given below.

	Error	Correction
Decision-making is a very vital part in our lives. This is		in <u>of</u>
because where we are today is largely the result of the	a)	
decisions we took in the past. Similarly, whatever happened	b)	
tomorrow will be a result of the decisions we took in	c)	
the present. That is not possible to reverse the wrong	d)	
decisions taken in the past so it is possible to train	e)	
ourselves to becoming a good decision-maker for the	f)	
future. If we didn't, we'll end up doing what we've	g)	
always did and thus get what we've always got.	h)	
Philosopher Walter Kaufman has called this Decidophobia.		

4. Look at the newspaper items below. Then use the information in the headlines to complete the paragraphs.

1. Radiation reaches food chain in Japan

The Japanese government on Saturday confirmed that _____ as higher than normal levels of radioactive materials were found in spinach and milk at six farms in Ibaraki

2. Pakistan mine blast death toll hits 45

_____ Sunday's methane gas explosions in a coal mine

in Pakistan's southwestern province of Baluchistan, government officials said, as hopes of finding any survivors from the disaster faded.

3. Four New York Times journalists released in Libya

Four New York Times journalists who had been held _____

and are expected to cross the border to Tunisia on Monday.

4. Rs 700 cr fine imposed on telecom firms: Govt.

Fines to the tune of Rs 700 crore _____ on various telecom operators for carrying out illegal and clandestine activities in their services, particularly for non-compliance of the subscriber verification process.

5. Given below are instructions for making Chocolate Pudding Cake. Complete the following paragraph which describes how Chocolate pudding cake is made. The first one is done as an example.

- Preheat oven to 350°F.
- Combine 1 cup flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1/4 tsp salt, 2 tbs. cocoa and 2/3 cup sugar in a mixing bowl.
- Add 3/4 cup milk, 1 tsp. vanilla extract and 2 tbs. melted butter.
- Beat with an electric mixer until smooth and pale in colour.
- Stir in1/3 cup walnuts.
- Pour batter into a buttered 8 inch square baking dish and set aside.

- Combine 1/2 cup dark brown sugar, 2 tsp. instant coffee, 1 cup water in a heavy saucepan. Cook over high heat stirring constantly until the mixture comes to a boil.
- Gently pour hot sauce over cake batter.
- Bake for 40 minutes
- Top with caramel.

The oven is preheated to 350 degree. Flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and cocoa (a) _____ _____in a mixing bowl. After adding milk, vanilla extract and melted butter, the mixture (b) _____ in colour.1/3 cup of walnuts (c) _____ _____ .The batter (d) _____ a buttered baking dish and set aside. Brown sugar, coffee and water are combined in a heavy saucepan. The mixture is cooked over high heat till it starts boiling. Hot sauce is poured over the cake batter. It (e) _____ caramel before serving.

6. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it in your answer sheet against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

Twenty years ago, kids in school never even (a) _____

heard the internet. The internet is a vast resource (b) _____

for types of information. It is like a giant bulletin (c) _____

board that the whole world uses! But anyone can put (d) _____

anything the internet, you have to be careful. You must (e) _____

use your best judgment browsing it. And you (f) _____

can't rely on what strangers you 'meet' the (g) _____

internet tell either. (h) _____

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE

UNIT 12

A. Introduction

A.1 Complete the following sentences using the correct form of the verbs given in brackets.

1. It is a big college. More than a hundred teachers _____ (employ) there.
2. _____ (somebody/ clean) the office yesterday?
3. How much of our country's land area _____ (cover) by forest?
4. The hostel gates _____ (lock) at 8.00 pm everyday.
5. The parcel _____ (send) a month ago and it _____ (arrive) only yesterday.
6. Where _____ (these photographs/take)? In Mumbai? _____ (you/ take) them, or somebody else?

- Did you use the same type of construction in your answers?
- What are the two types of construction called?

_____

_____

A.2 When do we use the passive voice?

Example: Look at the following sentences:

a) My grandfather established this steel factory in 1940.

b) This steel factory was established in 1940 by my grandfather.

We use the passive voice when we are more interested in the action than the person who does it or when we do not know the active subject .

Read the following sentences and, using the given clues, find out the reason for the use of the passive construction as in the Example above.

1. He was killed in the World War II.

   Clue: Who must have killed him? Is it obvious?

   _____

2. The Bank was looted last night.

   Clue: Have the police caught the culprits?

   _____

3. Sachin Tendulkar is looked upon as a sport icon.

   Clue: By whom?

   _____

4. This sort of road-side restaurants can be seen everywhere in this city.

   Clue: How will you write it in active voice?

   _____

5. When he arrived at the airport, he was arrested.

   Clue: Rewrite the sentence in active voice. Is it a little awkward?

   _____

6. Employer: On account of tight financial condition, bonus will not be paid this year.

   Clue: If it is some good news, what voice will the employer use?

   _____

7. I got my hair cut.

   Clue: Look at the construction using 'got'.

   _____

We must remember that all active constructions cannot/ should not be transformed into passive constructions mechanically, even if such transformation is possible.

Example: a) He is drinking water.

b) Water is being drunk by him

Though sentence (b) is grammatically correct, we do not write or speak such a sentence. It is unnatural.

Hence it is necessary to keep in mind that the passive voice has certain legitimate uses as discussed in A.2

A.3 Match the excerpts below with the text types given in the box.

Excerpts

1. The tea leaves are picked and left to dry in the sun.
2. 20 ml of the salt is taken in a test tube and heated over the flame of a Bunsen burner.
3. Many villagers were adversely affected by the flash flood. It is estimated that nearly half of the standing crop has been submerged in water.

Text Types

a) Newspaper (and formal) report _____

b) Description of processes _____

c) Academic writings including reporting of scientific experiments

_____

What are the text types in which we can expect to find frequent use of the passive?

A.4 Read the following excerpt from a news story and answer the questions given below the excerpt.

74 killed in Myanmar quake.

MAESAI (THAILAND). At least 74 people were killed in a strong earthquake that struck Myanmar, state media said on Friday, while a series of aftershocks have caused panic but only limited damage in Thailand and Laos.

The death toll from Thursday's 6.8 magnitude tremor was expected to rise slightly in Myanmar after 225 homes and nine government buildings were destroyed. Over 100 people were injured, according to state television.

The quake sparked panic, but no major damage in other countries across southeast Asia has been reported. An aftershock of an estimated magnitude of 5.5 rattled Thailand on Friday but caused limited damage, although residents living in properties close to the epicentre were advised to leave their homes.

- Hindustan Times - March 26, 2011

1. Are all the verbs in the passage in passive voice? What do you infer from this?

_____

_____

2. Underline the passive constructions in the passage and comment on why the passive is more appropriate than the active in these.

_____

_____

3. Rewrite the second paragraph, keeping all the verbs in active voice. Begin like this.....

Authorities expect the death toll .....

_____

_____

_____

4. Does the re-written paragraph read well or is it a little awkward? Give reasons for your answer.

_____

_____

A.5 Now read the following extracts from a passage about a diamond:

a. The Jacob Diamond is believed to have been mined in Africa and was bought in London by Shimla-based trader called A.M. Jacob, after whom it is named.

b. Weighing 184.75 carats, it was reckoned to be the world's seventh largest diamond.

c. The Jacob Diamond was bought by the sixth Nizam of Hyderabad, Mahbub Ali Khan.

d. It was considered to be such a lucky stone that when the Nizam was offered Rs. 1 million by the Agha Khan, he spurned the offer.

e. The famous diamond was later purchased by the Indian Government for Rs. 40 crore.

1. Give the article a title (use not more than three words) _____

_____

2. Underline all the verb forms in the extracts above. What is the most common verb form in the passage called? _____

3. Write the appropriate newspaper headline for extract c. above. Use the jumbled words given in the box below:

bought - diamond - sixth - Jacob - Hyderabad - by - of - Nizam

_____

4. Now write a headline for extract e. above.

_____

_____

5. Compare your answers with your partner and then the rest of the class. Your teacher will then discuss the possible answers.

6. Now read the extract again. You want to write a headline based on this extract. You also want to focus attention on the Nizam of Hyderabad, not the Agha Khan. Write a headline to summarise this extract in not more than five words.

A.6 Now practise writing a few headlines based on the following cues.

a. e.g. Police - received anonymous tip / complaint - managed to catch culprits - produced in court

CULPRITS CAUGHT AND PRODUCED IN COURT

Expansion: The culprits were caught and prosecuted by the police.

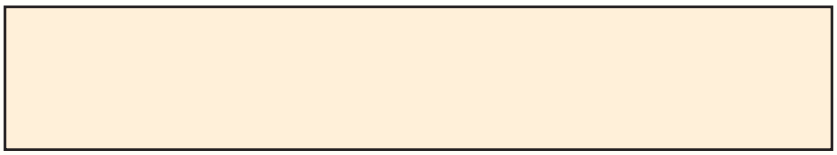
b. Young Sikkimese - succeeds - scales steepest face - Mt. Kanchenjunga

Expansion: _____

a. Government - passed legislation - ban smoking in state of Tamil Nadu - people not received it well.

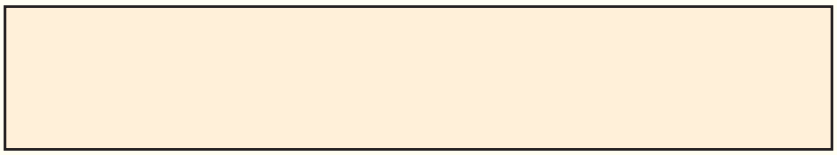
Expansion: _____

b. The ruling party - excessive election spending - no proper accounts kept - no convincing answer to opposition questioning.



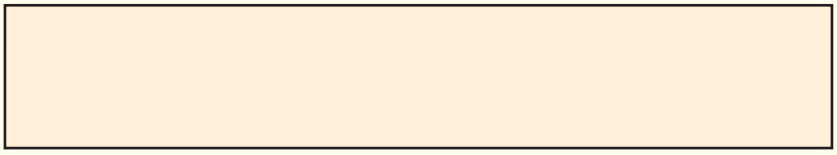
Expansion: _____

c. SIEMENS, Germany has appointed new Managing Director - J. Shubert after convening General Bnody meeting - last week



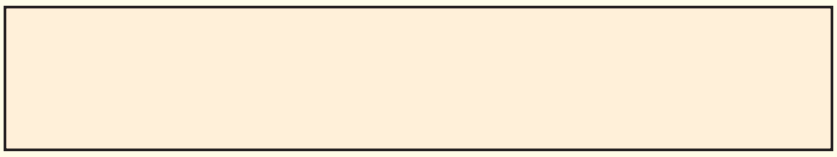
Expansion: _____

d. Rice shortage - increase production, says Government



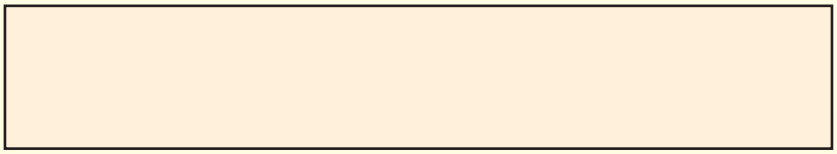
Expansion: _____

e. Archaeological Survey of India - has excavated Buddhist Stupa - in village in Haryana



Expansion: _____

f. Cricket team - prepares - tour to England - July 2011- selectors announce team



Expansion: _____

A.7 In two places in the incomplete sentence there has been some reduction, in order to avoid repetition.

What are the two words missing between if and found?

'If (_____) found guilty', she will be given a life sentence.

And what are the three words missing between 'if' and 'innocent'

'If (___ _____ ____) innocent', she will sue the police for wrongful arrest.

Read the following paragraph, which contains some repetition. Edit and rewrite the sentences so that you have one improved sentence.

a. The policeman, having been injured by the angry crowd, was lifted up by two Arun College students. He was carried to a nearby ambulance. Then he was taken to the city hospital.

_____

Now give the sentence you have written a headline. Some of it has been done for you.

Policeman _____ students

b. Suppose you wish to focus attention on the kindness or bravery of the students who helped the policeman, rather than on the policeman himself. Rewrite passage a. above so that the focus is on the students, and give your passage a headline.

What is the difference between the verb forms you used in 'a' above and those you used in 'b'?

_____

_____

B. Present Passive

B1. Read the set of instructions below and underline the main verb in each sentence.

HOW TO MAGNETISE A SCREWDRIVER USING A COIL

1. Place a screwdriver inside a coil carrying a direct current.
2. It becomes magnetised.
3. Remove it from the coil.
4. Place the screwdriver in iron filings.
5. It attracts the filings.

When we write a description of this experiment, which tense do we use?

Complete the description of the experiment using the information in B 1, by writing the verbs in the correct form. One example has been done for you.

A screwdriver (place) is placed inside a coil carrying a direct current. The screwdriver (become) _____ magnetised. It (removed) _____ carefully and (place) _____ in iron filings. It (attract) _____ the fillings.

B.2 Now read these instructions.

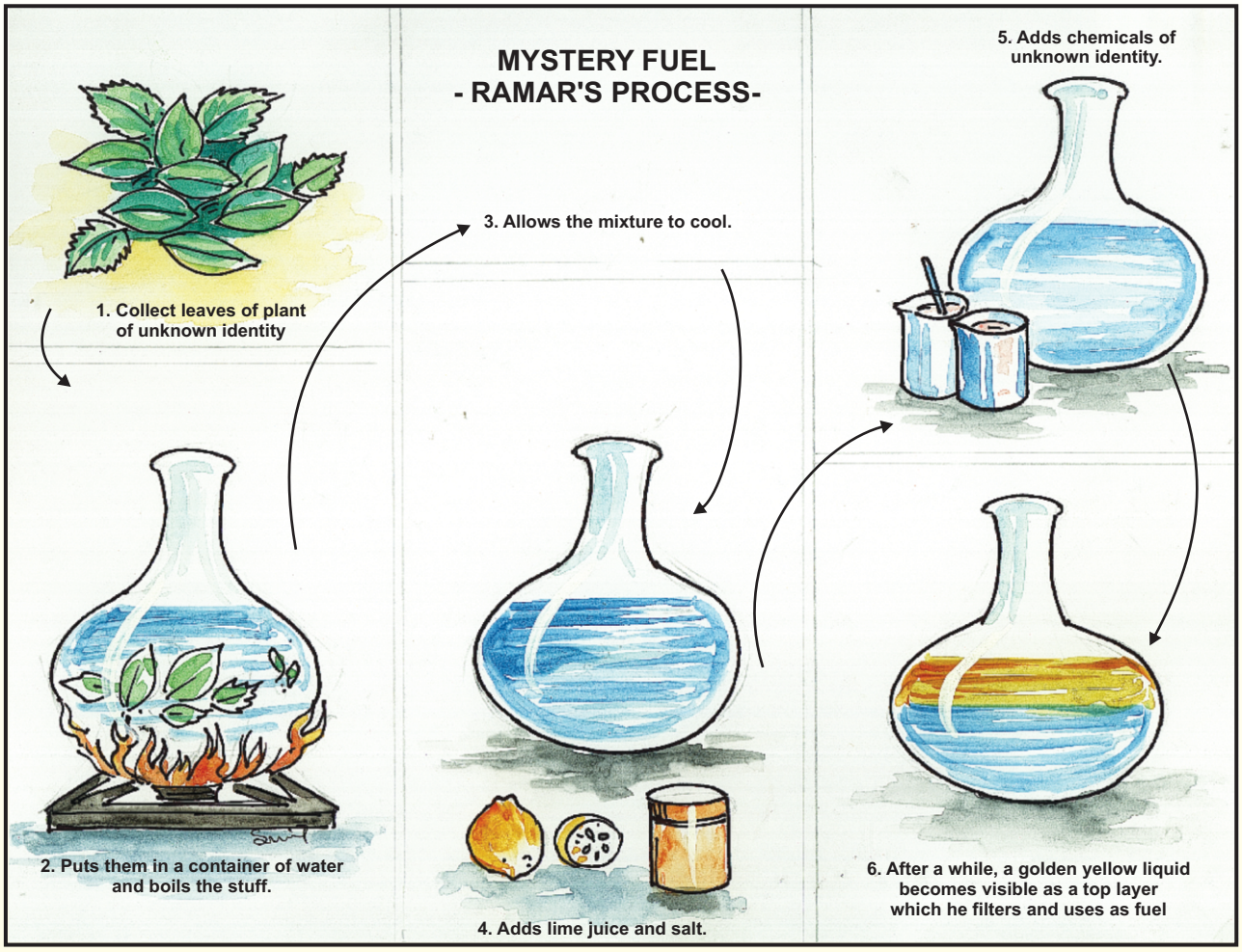
HOW TO DEMAGNETISE A SCREWDRIVER USING A COIL

1. Place the magnetised screwdriver blade inside the coil.
2. Pass an alternating current through it.
3. Slowly withdraw the screwdriver from the coil to a distance of about one metre while the current is flowing.
4. It becomes demagnetised.
5. Switch off the current.
6. Place the screwdriver in iron filings.
7. It does not attract the filings.

Write your own description of this experiment, using the Present Passive where appropriate.

A magnetised screwdriver is placed inside the coil.....

B.3 As illustrated in India Today, September 1996, Ponniah Ramar, 34, an amiable individual from a Tamil Nadu village, claims to be able to convert a bucket of water into half a bucket of volatile fuel by adding a secret herb - or so he says! Here is the illustration of the process of preparing the fuel. Write a report for the Junior Science Digest. You may use a combination of active and passive voice in your report, depending on what you wish to focus attention on.



MYSTERY FUEL

_____

_____

_____

_____

C. Simple Past Passive

Think back to when you were a small child. For each year, from the ages of five to ten, write a sentence in the simple past passive.

When I was five, I was called Bug Bunny by my sister.

When I was six, I wasn't allowed to……

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Show your writing to your partner. Do you share any experience?

(Correct each other's work, as necessary).

D. Modals with the Passive

Look at the picture below. At present this room is in a terrible state. Suggest what should be done to make it fit for a student to live and work in. Use different modals in the Passive voice, as in the example.

The walls	should/ought to/must	be painted.

E Present Perfect Passive

Two months later, you return to the room to observe the changes made.Write a letter to a friend asking him to pay a visit to your newly-renovated room. Describe in detail what has been changed. Use the space given.

Dear Prem

You will be pleased to hear that my room is finally ready. It has taken a lot of time and money but it now looks much better. The walls have been painted.....

Yours affectionately

F Future Passive

An architect is speaking at a special meeting of the Town Council. She is presenting her proposals for improving one area of the town.

Using the notes below, write down what she will say to the Town Council. You may start the report as given below.

"Firstly, the polluted slum settlements will be cleared and replaced with low-cost housing…"

Now	Future
slum settlement/ people sleeping on streets	build low cost housing
six cinemas/ no theatre	turn one cinema into a theatre
open sewers	cover sewers
only one old primary school (overcrowded)	setup/ establish two more primary schools, and one secondary school
no parks or open spaces	create small parks between low-cost housing blocks

G. Getting Something Done

G.1 Study the examples below:

Examples:

1. a) Mr. Akshay Pandey's car was damaged in an accident.

b) A mechanic repaired the car.

Usually in such situations, type 'b' sentences are rather uncommon. Instead, the same idea would be expressed as

Mr. Pandey got his car repaired.

This means that Mr. Pandey arranged for a mechanic to repair his car. He did not repair it himself. It can also be written thus:

Mr.Pandey had his car repaired.

Use the words in brackets to complete the following sentences. Use the structure: 'have/get something done'.

1. My neighbours _____

   (their garden/ relay) at the moment.

2. I lost my identity card. I'll have to _____ another (another/make)

3. _____ (you/ milk/ deliver) to your house every day, or do your go out and buy it?

4. A: Can I see the photographs you took during our school day function?

   B: I'm afraid _____ (not/ the film/develop) yet.

5. Your suit is a little tight. Why don't you _____ (a new one/ make)?

G.2 Answer the following questions using 'to have something done'. The first one has been done as an example.

1. Why did you go to the garage? To have my car serviced.
2. Why did you go to the doctor? _____
3. Why did you go to the bank? _____
4. Why did you go to the tailor? _____
5. Why did you go to the photo studio? _____
6. Why did you go to the dentist's? _____

H. Passive - Summary

H.1 Match the items from A and B to make meaningful sentences. There is sometimes more than one sensible combination.

A	B
1. Who will be	a. be informed
2. She likes	b. been done to stop it?
3. They ought	c. been told?
4. They are going	d. was given the money.
5. She	e. to get hurt.
6. It will	f. have been done by them.
7. You will	g. asked to come to the party?
8. He hates	h. being asked to parties.
9. What has	i. being looked at.
10. Has Sita	j. to be punished for what they did.

H.2 Complete the following sentences appropriately by using the passive form of the given verbs.

1. There's somebody behind us. I think we..... (follow)
2. A mystery is something that ..... (cannot/explain)
3. We didn't play volleyball yesterday. The match..... (cancel)
4. The minaret ..... (restore). The work is almost finished.

5. Every time I travel by plane, my plane ..... (delay)

6. I left some papers on the desk last night and I can't find them now.

They ..... (might/ throw) away.

7. Two people ..... (report) to ..... (injure) in an explosion at a factory in Bengaluru early this morning.

H3. Rewrite the paragraph below by changing these sentences into the passive; include the agent only if necessary.

Last year Mckiney Company built two new apartment buildings in the city centre. Recently one of the buildings was damaged by an earthquake. The earthquake also destroyed the company offices in the other building. The owners of the apartments of the buildings will receive the insurance money to fix the damages. Nobody will lose the money paid for the apartments.

Two new apartment _____.
Recently one of the buildings was damaged by an earthquake. The company offices in _____.
The insurance _____. Money _____.

H.4 Look at the following newspaper article. It has two versions. Version 'A' is written in the active and version 'B' is written in the passive voice. For each piece of information, decide whether Version 'A' or Version 'B' is more appropriate. Then rewrite the passage using a combination of the two versions.

Version A

Thieves stole the famous Nor Y Koh emerald from the City Museum last night. Police believe the thieves must have forced the locks on the windows and disabled the alarms before the museum attendants had closed the museum for the night. Police have arrested a man whom someone saw acting suspiciously outside the museum.

Version B

The Famous Nor Y Koh emerald was stolen from the museum last night. It is believed that the window-locks had been forced and the alarms disabled before the museum was closed for the night. A man who was seen acting suspiciously outside the museum has been arrested.

_____

_____

_____

H.5 Shahin, a newspaper reporter, visited the World Book Fair at Pragati Maidan. Suddenly he saw a stall in flames. He jotted down a few notes in his notepad. Using the cues and your own ideas, write a newspaper report in the space provided. Use Active or Passive, depending on what you wish to focus on.

- Pragati Maidan
- 10 October
- 10 am
- Rendezvous Publishers
- over 2000 books published
- smoke and sudden flames
- injured - women 11
- - men 6
- - children 14
- people in ICU - 4
- fire fighters - no water available

- controlled by noon
- reasons - not known

Integrated Grammar Practice 7

1. The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines indicated. Write the incorrect word and the correction in the space provided.

	Error	Correction
The Butterfly Effect is a metaphor who encapsulates	[a] _____	_____
a concept of sensitive dependence on initial	[b] _____	_____
conditions in chaos theory; naming that small	[c] _____	_____
different in the initial condition of a complex	[d] _____	_____
systems may produced large variations in the	[e]_____	_____
long termed behaviour of the system. A ball	[f]_____	_____
placed in the crest of a hill would roll into any of	[g]_____	_____
the several valleys depended on slight differences	[h]_____	_____
in the initial position.		

2. Read the following headlines and use the information to complete the following sentences.

i. CHENNAI REGION TOPS AGAIN IN CBSE X

The Chennai region _____ for the second consecutive year with 96.18 % of students clearing the CBSE exam in 2010.

ii. HEATWAVE IN NORTH INDIA TO SUBSIDE NEXT WEEK

The Indian Meteorologoical department formally announced _____.

iii. HUTS DESTROYED IN FIRE

About 100 huts near Vyasarpadi railway station _____ that broke out early on Friday.

iv. EXPERT SEES TREMENDOUS SCOPE FOR LITRERATURE GRADUATES

Education Consultant Mr Jayan Gandhi's advice to media aspirants was _____ _____.

v. SEVEN KILLED IN ROAD ACCIDENT

Twelve people were injured and _____.

3. Complete the advertisement for a five star hotel in Kolkata by writing suitable words and phrases in each space from the given options.

At a time when hotels (a) _____ in character, the Hotel Park-View, Kolkata, strikes a distinctive note. Its five- star amenities, comfort and unique personalized service (b) _____ . (c) _____, it has 80 rooms and 16 luxury suites. No holiday is complete unless (d) _____. Before this luxury hotel appeared on the Kolkata scene, (e) _____ an unfettered view of the famous Howrah Bridge.

(a) (i) are seeming to growing similar (ii) seem to be growing similar

(iii) seem to be grow similar (iv) seemed to be growing similar

(b) (i) made it the ideal hotel for tourists (ii) make it a ideal hotel for the tourist

(iii) make it an ideal hotel for tourists (iv) make it the ideal hotel for a tourist

(c) (i) Located along Chowringee Lane, and facing the Hooghly

(ii) Located on a Chowringee Lane, and faced the Hooghly

(iii) Located by the Chowringee Lane, and it faced the Hooghly

(iv) It is located along Chowringee Lane, and is faced the Hooghly

(d) (i) it included the stay at a Hotel Park-View

(ii) it includes a stay at the Hotel Park-View

(iii) it includes a stay at the Hotel Park-View

(iv) which include a stay at Hotel Park-View

(e) (i) there was none which could offer (ii) there is none which can offer

(iii) there is none which could offered (iv) there was none which was offering

4. Complete the following passage about Aung San Suu Kyi by filling up the blanks with suitable options.

Aung San Suu Kyi (a) _____ a figurehead for Myanmar's struggle for democracy (b) _____ 1988. She was educated in Burma, India, and the United Kingdom, (c) _____ she got her PhD. In 1988 she returned home (d) _____ for her dying mother. Myanmar was in political chaos (e) _____ a new military junta took power. A nationwide uprising (f) _____ the Generals

started and Suu Kyi (g) _____ for freedom and democracy. Suu Kyi was kept (h) _____ house arrest for the best part of two decades till 13 November, 2010. She was awarded the Nobel Prize.

(a) (i) has been (ii) had been (iii) was (iv) is become

(b) (i) from (ii) since (iii) between (iv) in

(c) (i) when (ii) there (iii) here (iv) where

(d) (i) caring (ii) cared (iii) to care (iv) cares

(e) (i) before (ii) after (iii) when (iv) where

(f) (i) opposed (ii) opposite (iii) against (iv) again

(g) (i) is campaigned (ii) campaigning (iii) campaigned (iv) was campaigning

(h) (i) in (ii) above (iii) below (iv) under

5. Mohini met her friend Rajiv at the bus stand after a gap of five years. Later Mohini writes to her friend, Rekha about their conversation. Read the dialogue given below and complete the letter that follows.

Mohini: Hello, Rajiv. I haven't seen you for ages.

Rajiv: I was in the United States for three years. I had gone there to do Masters in Business Administration. I just returned a week ago.

Mohini: Did you have a good time there?

Rajiv: Yes, I did. I finished my masters in two years and then I worked there for a year.

Mohini: Are you back for good?

Rajiv: No, I'm here for my brother's wedding. I'll be going back next week.

Dear Rekha,

You won't believe whom I met at the bus stand yesterday! Rajiv. I told him that it was nice to meet him as (a)..... He informed me that (b) ..... Masters in Business Administration. He returned a week ago after spending three years in the United States. I asked him (c) ..... and he told me that he did. When I asked him if he was back in India for good he said that he (d) ..... and that he would be going back the next week.

With love

Mohini

6. The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction in your answer sheet as given below against the correct blank number. Remember to underline the word that you have supplied.

Children love picnics and outings of their parents	e.g. of .... with
though they are equally happier doing things with	a) _____
them around the house. A parent may make	b) _____
his child feels special by following some simple	c) _____

rituals. Bedtime stories, the game of cards or d) _____

simply talking and laugh together before going to e) _____

bed gives children a wonderful sense f) _____

of well-being. They hardly ever forgot these moments, g) _____

and cherish them throughout these lives. h) _____

REPORTED SPEECH

13 UNIT

There are two main ways of relating what people have said.

We can use our own words (for instance, if we don't remember exactly what was said, or if we don't want to quote or repeat the exact words)

E.g (a) Mrs Palit greeted everybody cheerily.

(b) I replied that I had no idea when I was going.

We can report what someone thinks in a similar way.

(c) He thought that Mahua was worried.

OR

We can use the actual words, as if recorded on a tape recorder, to report what has been said.

E.g (a) "Good morning, everybody!" said Mrs Palit.

(b) I told my friends, “I've no idea when I'm going.”

(c) He thought : “Mahua's worried."

It is important to remember that we come across both ways of reporting in newspapers, novels, magazines etc.

Points to note:

- The exact words of the speaker quoted in Direct Speech are placed between inverted commas, and a comma or colon is placed immediately before the words quoted. The end mark could be a full stop, a question mark or an exclamatory mark depending on the meaning, context and mood expressed. The first letter within the inverted commas is capitalized.
- There is no comma after Reporting Verbs like said, asked, claimed in reported speech. The end mark in Reported Speech is always a full stop.
- Use of Direct Speech and Reported Speech.

a) Direct speech is generally used

i) to create a dramatic effect

ii) to create a sense of urgency and immediacy

iii) because the exact words of the speaker or writer are in some way important

iv) because a quote is required from authors, scientists, experts and politicians to lend authenticity

v) to make a piece of writing or speech interesting by adding variety in the mode of narration.

b) Indirect speech is used when we are interested not in the exact words that someone has chosen, but in the essential information they convey. Far fewer words are used to report what has originally been said.

c) We should remember that usually a judicious combination of the use of direct and reported speech enhances the effectiveness of speaking or writing .

A.1 Read and enjoy the following article.

The Road to English

(Adapted from an article by Arishban Bagchi (Hindu college) [The Hindustan Times, 4 October 1996]

1. The great question, after you have failed to put yourself in an engineering or medical college in contemporary Indian society, is whether you'll ever find a job.

2. "Oh! He showed such promise during his early days," says the sister of the neighbour of your aunt in Timbuctoo. "Now look at my Bittoo," she goes on. "In spite of being so brilliant and all, he could only barely manage a grade A+ at MIT, and then he only just managed a well- paid job. How difficult getting jobs must be."

3. The next line reads, "I wonder how your son will find a job, being a non-engineer, and that too in India."

4. Your father's friend, a prosperous doctor, decides to come visiting. Quite predictably, his first question on seeing you is the inevitable, "Why in heaven's name did you not qualify in the pre-medical test?' Followed by the equally inevitable, "Now what are you going to do?"

5. He raves on about his nephew who has just gone to the UK for his FRCS, and his daughter who has just completed her MBBS from AIIMS with top results, and what exciting prospects they have.

6. Your father into whose eyes you haven't dared to look for quite some time, speaks up. "I have lost all hope for him. However, educating him is my duty and I won't shirk from it."

7. Someone speaks up. "Let him go to college to study Physics or Chemistry." Everyone sits in silence. You cannot help feeling a little proud. At length, someone plucks up the courage: "It's quite impossible to educate him any further. Youngsters these days never seem to listen to what we have to say."

8. "I will study English Literature," you say, dropping a bombshell, fearless of the consequences. Amazingly, it works. The crowd hurries to disperse. You are so relieved to see their backs that you don't care. Thankfully, your parents voice no objection, remembering, perhaps, that you did manage to score highly in English in your Board exams.

9. So you finally take English literature as your subject of study.

A.2 Work in pairs and list the speakers in the passage you have just read.

i. _____

ii. _____

iii. _____

iv. _____

v. _____

Still working in pairs, answer the following.

1. Did anyone actually say (or write) "Oh! He showed such promise during his early days?" (Yes/No) How can you tell? _____

   _____

2. Is "Now look at my Bittoo", said by the same person as the extract in 1 above? (Yes/ No) How do you know? _____

   _____

3. In paragraph 4, who says "Now what are you going to do?"

   What words help you to know? _____

   _____

4. i) In paragraph 5, who is the speaker? _____

   Discuss and work out what must have been his exact words. Then write them below.

   _____

   _____

   _____

   _____

   ii) Underline the verb which tells you how the person must have said this. [Hint:

   Try to work out the meaning of this verb.]

   _____

   _____

5. How many of the nine paragraphs in the passage are reporting what someone has said? _____

6. How many paragraphs include the exact words of the various speakers (direct speech)? _____

7. How many paragraphs have reported them 'indirectly' (indirect speech)?

_____

8. What is your conclusion about how writers report what someone says or has said in a newspaper article such as this?

_____

_____

_____

_____

B. Reporting Verbs

B.1 A reporting verb is used in both direct and indirect (reported) speech. The reporting verb usually adds to the meaning of each sentence for instance, it may show the speaker's MOOD (e.g. agreed), PURPOSE (e.g. asked), MANNER OF SPEAKER (e.g. shouted). An example is:

The tourist complained that the hotel was hot and noisy.

In this sentence, the reporting word 'complained' shows that the tourist was clearly unhappy about the arrangements.

Now work in groups of four. Read the following sentences carefully, and circle the reporting verbs. Then discuss and write the ways in which each reporting verb adds to the meaning of its arrangement.

1. "When I was in school, I used to skip a few classes, especially Moral Science because of the bookish manner in which it was treated," confessed the retired IAS Officer.

_____

_____

_____

2. Saurav's friends protested that he should have been included in the school badminton team, on the basis of his fine performance in the inter-house matches.

_____

_____

_____

3. "Make a circle, make a circle!" Mira shouted, firmly pulling and pushing the children till a kind of vague circle was formed.

_____

_____

_____

4. The music teacher warned the children against getting carried away and getting out of tune.

_____

_____

_____

5. "Father, you must tell me what you meant exactly when you said that I was the same as every other teenager," Varun insisted.

_____

_____

_____

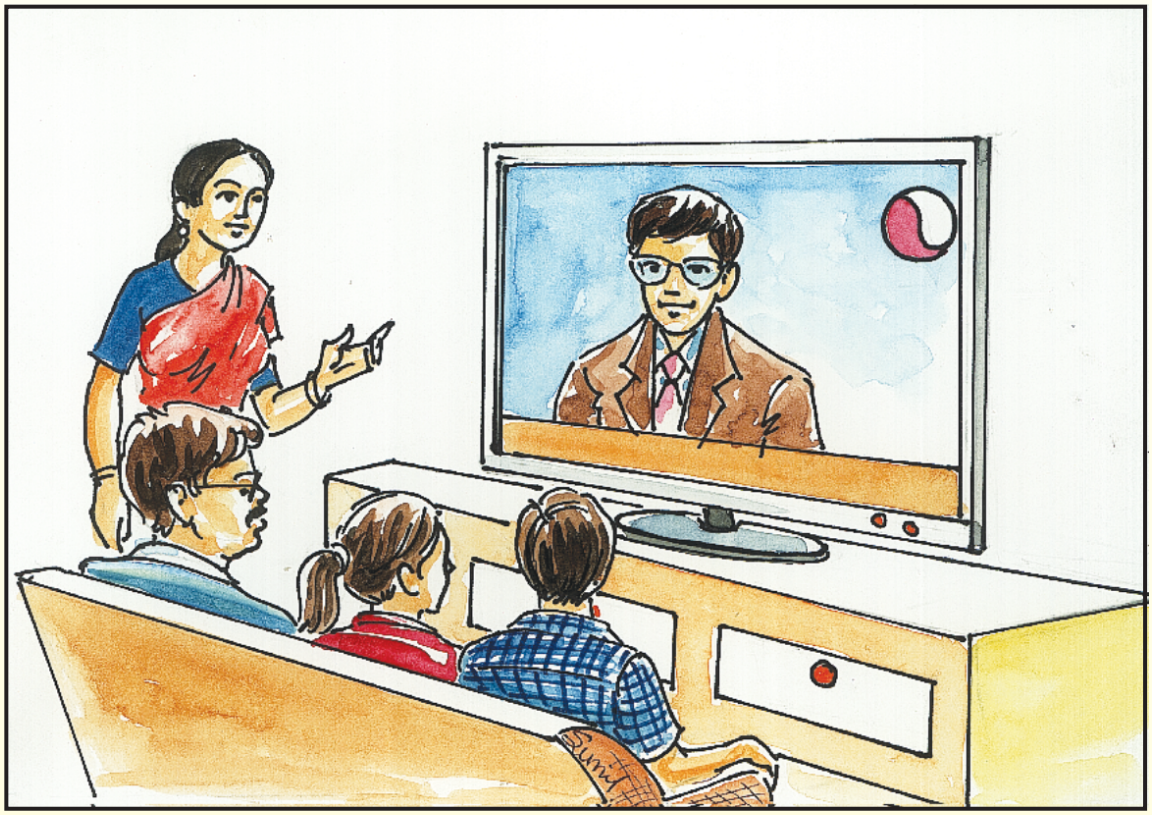
6. "Oh God! She is coming again," the children whispered to each other, when they saw Mrs. Sharma striding towards their classroom for the third time that day.

_____

_____

_____

B.2 Look at the following example.



The exact words of the Prime Minister: "I shall lead this great country on the path of peace and prosperity. Not only that, but I assure you that I will lower taxes and do everything in my power to reduce inflation."

[Situation: A newsreader reports the words of the Prime Minister on the radio.]

"The new Prime Minister said that he would lead the country on the path of peace and prosperity. He also promised to lower taxes and reduce inflation."

Working in pairs, note the changes the newsreader made while reporting the PM's speech.

Fill in the table below.

Reporting Verbs Used	Changes in Other Words
1. _____	I ⟶ a)_____ b)_____
2. _____	Shall ⟶ _____

Now do the same with this situation. The following is a conversation that took place between Neeta and Shobhna (in the presence of Shobhna's mother) last week.

Neeta : Can I borrow Rs. 25? I have lost all my money on the bus this morning.

Shobhna : But you asked me for a loan last week as well, you haven't repaid that yet. Sorry, But I can't lend you any more.

Imagine, it is now next week. Shobhna's mother talks about it to her husband in her own words.

"Neeta came in last week and asked Shobhna if she could borrow twenty five rupees. She explained she had lost all her money on the bus that morning. Shobhna reminded Neeta that she had asked her for a loan the previous week as well, and still hadn't repaid it. So she decided she couldn't lend Neeta any more."

Reporting verbs used	Changes in other words	Any other changes
1. 2.	I ⟶ _____ Have ⟶ _____	In the indirect speech above 'If' was added because
3.	Me ⟶ _____	_____
4.	My ⟶ _____	_____
5.	Last week ⟶ _____	_____
	Yet ⟶ _____	_____
	Can't ⟶ _____	_____

Read the exact words of Mrs. Bhattacharya, a resident of Park Street, Kolkata.

"Where do the two of you live? You shouldn't make such a noise in the street. If you do it again, I'll have to complain to the police. So, be careful."

Now think of a situation in which Mrs. Bhattacharya has to report what she said to somebody but not exactly as she has said above (eg. to a neighbour.)

Situation _____

_____

Now report Mrs. Bhattacharya's words. Remember: You can decide whether to use direct or indirect speech forms.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Work with your partner. Read the following. Decide on a likely situation in which what was said has been repeated. Then use your imagination and recreate the original ("direct") speech.

Everyone at the hospital looked after me very well. As soon as I arrived, a nurse asked me how I felt. Then she asked me where I lived and whether she could contact my parents. I explained that you were out today, so she couldn't contact you. After that she asked me how that accident had happened and I said I didn't know.

Situation _____

_____

Direct speech (in dialogue form)

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

C. Practicing Reported Speech

C.1 Statements: Rewrite the following in reported speech:

a) Sheela to Rashmi: "You can come and stay at my place if you're ever in Delhi".

b) Anand to Renu: "I don't know what Gayathri is doing these days. She hasn't visited us for ages".

c) Teacher to Students: "We shall go on a field trip to study water pollution".

Changes

- Usually present tense is changed into past tense. However, when reporting a conversation that is still going on or when reading a letter or instructions and reporting them, the reporting verb is in present tense. Also, statements that someone makes very often are reported in present tense.

Examples 1. He says that he is on his way.

("I'm on my way" over the telephone)

2. It says here that the hair drier needs a 15 AMP Socket. (reading from instructions)

3. Rani says that she'll never get married.

(statement that is repeated)

- I / we shall/ should normally become he/ she/ they would.
- Modals change to their 'past tense' form: would, could, might.
- Usually *would, could, might, should, ought to* and *must* remain unchanged. However, other expressions such as *advised/ urged/ warned/ asked/ explained* are also used to convey the 'modal' meanings.

Examples

1. "You might post these letters for me"

   He asked me to post those letters for him.

2. "You ought to/ should/ must read the application carefully".

   She advised / urged/ warned me to read the application carefully.

- Similarly 'could' also may be replaced with other expressions depending on the 'modal' meaning.

Examples

1. He said," I could come tomorrow".

   He said that he could/ would be able to come the next day. (Future ability)

2. He said, "When I was a boy, I could eat whatever I wanted".

   He said that when he was a boy he could/ was allowed to eat whatever he wanted.

- Past tenses sometimes remain unchanged though in theory the past tense changes to the past perfect.

a) The past/ past continuous tenses in time clauses do not normally change.

Example He said, "When we were studying in college……

He said that when they were studying in college……

b) A past tense used to describe a state of affairs which still exists when the speech is reported remain unchanged:

Example She said, "I decided to rent the shop because it is on the main road."

She said that she had decided to rent the shop because it was on the main road.

- Pronouns and possessive adjectives usually change from first or second person to third person except when the speaker is reporting his own words.

Examples 1. He said, "I've decided to change my job".

He said that he had decided to change his job.

2. I said, "I cannot tolerate any delay".

I said that I can/ could not tolerate any delay.

3. Rani said that she must have come by bus.

Here "she' may be ambiguous if Rani is referring to someone else. In such sentences it is necessary to add a noun to avoid ambiguity.

Rani said that her friend must have come by bus.

- **Expressions of time and place in indirect speech.**

Direct	**Indirect**
today	that day
yesterday	the day before
the day before yesterday	two days before
tomorrow	the next day/ the following day.
the day after tomorrow	in two days' time.
next week / year etc	the following week/year etc.
last week/ year etc	the previous week/ year etc.
a year etc. ago	a year before/ the previous year
here	there
this	that
these	those
now	then
bring	take
come	go

However, these changes have to be adjusted according to logic.

Example: 1. At breakfast this morning he said, "I'll be coming back late today".

At breakfast this morning he said that he would be coming back late

today.

(The reporting is being done on the same day. So today is not changed into that day)

2. He said, "Come here, friends"

He called his friends.

(He asked his friends to go there: this would be rather unnatural or awkward)

C.2 Questions in indirect speech.

Rewrite the following in indirect speech:

a) He said, "Who has moved into the neighbouring house?"

_____

b) He said, "What have you bought for Deepawali?"

_____

c) He said to me, "Why didn't you wear your new dress for the party?"

_____

d) "Is anyone there?" he asked.

_____

e) "Shall I wait for the doctor or come again tomorrow?" she asked the receptionist.

_____

Points to Remember

- If the direct question begins with a question word (when, where, who, how, why, what etc), the question word is repeated.
- Tenses, pronouns, possessive adjectives and adverbs of time and place change as in statements.

- The interrogative form of the verb changes to the affirmative form. The question mark (?) is therefore replaced by a full stop.

  He said, "Where does she live?"

  He asked where she lived.

- If the introductory verb is 'say', it must be changed to a verb of inquiry, e.g. ask, inquire, wonder, want to know etc.

- If the direct question does not have a question word, 'if' or 'whether' must be used.

C. 3 Commands, requests and advice in indirect speech:

Rewrite the following in indirect speech:

a) The General said," Move the tanks to the battlefield immediately."

_____

_____

b) "Don't drive too fast", the instructor said to me.

_____

_____

c) "If I were you, I'd buy that property immediately", the agent said to Anwar.

_____

_____

d) "Why don't you change into something more comfortable?" he said to his guest.

_____

_____

e) "Go on, taste it", said the cook to the guest.

_____

_____

- You will notice that direct commands, requests and advice are usually expressed by a suitable reporting verb in indirect speech (Refer Section B)

C.4 Let's, let him etc.

Examples

1. He said," Let's have our lunch before starting the journey".

   He suggested that they should have their lunch before starting the journey.

   OR

   He suggested having their lunch .....

2. The union leader said to the workers, “Let's show the management what we can do."

   The union leader urged the workers to show the management what they could do.

3. He said, "I can't issue the certificate. Let the secretary do it."

   He said that he could not issue the certificate and that the secretary ought to/ should do it.

4. "The students will complain", the teacher said.

   "Let them", said the Headmaster.

   The Headmaster said that he did not mind if the students complained.

   OR

   The Headmaster expressed indifference.

5. "Let the enemy enter the border and then we can launch our attack", said the commander.

The commander wanted to allow the enemy to enter the border and then they could launch their attack.

From the above you will notice that with sentences using 'let' the following changes are usually effected in indirect speech.

a) Use 'suggest' as a reporting verb when 'let's' expresses a suggestion.

b) Use urge/advice if let's expresses a call to action.

c) Use ought to/ should when the speaker is shifting the responsibility to someone or something else.

d) Whenever let him/them etc indicates the speaker's indifference, use 'didn't mind' or merely state that the speaker expressed indifference.

e) When 'let' means allow/permit, then use allow/ permit + to.....

C.5 Exclamations

Exclamations usually become statements in indirect speech.

Examples.

1. He said, "What a beautiful scene!"

He exclaimed that it was a beautiful scene.

2. "Good!" he exclaimed.

He gave an exclamation of pleasure/ satisfaction.

3. "Ah, I have finished the assignment at last!" She said.

With an exclamation of relief she said that she had finished the assignment at last.

Thus, you may use giving with--/ an exclamation of delight/ disgust/ horror/ relief/ surprise etc depending on the meaning of the direct exclamation.

Also Note

a) He said, "Thank you."---------- He thanked me.

b) He said, " Curse the heat." --------He cursed the heat.

c) He said, "Good luck." ---------- He wished me luck.

d) He said, "Congratulations." -------- He congratulated me.

e) He said, "Welcome to our college" --------- He welcomed us to their college.

f) He said, "Can you drive?" and I said, "No". ---------- He asked me if I could drive and I said I couldn't.

g) He said, " Will you help me?" and I said, "Yes". ---------- He asked me if I would help him and I said that I would.

C.6 Change the following into indirect speech. Change tense and time expressions only when necessary. You may use a variety of reporting verbs from the box below.

complain	confide	apologise	explain
invite	assure	regret	plead
scold	insist	remind	warn

1. "Human nature changes," sighed the old man.

_____

2. "We'll win the match next week." said Vasu optimistically.

_____

(reporting just after he said it)

3. "I saw him with Akanksha yesterday," she whispered.

_____

4. "Sanjay, I'm sorry we didn't visit you in Bombay last week," Arun said

_____

(reporting immediately after he said it)

5. "This rice tastes awful," he muttered.

_____

6. "Would you like to come to the party with us tomorrow, Gopa?" Sushila asked.

_____

(reporting later in the week.)

7. "Please, Ma, please," they begged. "We'll play on the veranda and porch. We won't take a step off the veranda."

_____

(reporting immediately after)

8. "Don't be a fool," Raghu said roughly, pushing him aside. Even Mira said, "Stop howling, Ravi. If you want to play, you can stand at the end of the line," and she put him there very firmly.

_____

_____

(reporting immediately after)

C.7 Correct the errors in the following sentences. Write the correct sentence in the space provided.

1. The nurse enquired how I am.

_____

2. He said he live in Connaught Circus.

_____

3. They asked when I have arrived.

_____

4. The taxi driver asked where I want to go.

_____

5. I warn Sanjay to be careful while crossing the road.

_____

6. Rohit couldn't understand where all the children are gone.

_____

C.8 You said that.....

Look at the horoscope page from a newspaper. Find your zodiac sign. Imagine that you have come to the end of the week and nothing has happened, according to the horoscope. Write a letter of complaint to Madam Kiran. Report what Madam Kiran said would happen and then describe what actually happened. You may wish to write something similar to the letter in the example below.

Dear Madam Kiran,

I am writing to complain about your horoscope prediction for Virgo last week.

Firstly, you said that my relationships would be successful. In fact, I had terrible squabbles with my mother and with no fewer than three different friends. You assured me that there would be a new admirer in my life who would make me feel confident about my future. Well, I have a new admirer but he is making my life a misery for me.....

Your Weekly Horoscope

by Madam Kiran

ARIES
(21 March – 20 April)

Your most pressing problems demand consideration and if you are smart and tactful you should be able to get rid of them. You have the knack of being impetuous – so be patient if there is trouble in the family or a tight schedule at work. During the weekend there is plenty of scope for romance.

TAURUS
(21 April – 20 May)

As the moon is in the sixth house, odd erratic ideas impress upon you. But do not be led by them. Go on a short tour, sit and watch TV in the evening or read books. Around the 25th don't instigate trouble or let yourself be a victim. Be willing to work out new ways of getting along.

GEMINI
(21 May – 21 June)

If any innovative plan hits you, do not cast it aside. You are thoughtful and imaginative, you just need its implementation. And once you promote your qualities more actively, you're sure to buy appreciation, money and personal satisfaction. So start right away. Do not neglect your health.

CANCER
(22 June – 23 July)

Tension at work, aroused by competitive colleagues, a noisy office or your own independent attitude might frustrate you. And so will the health of your spouse. But after mix-ups in communication and difficulties, problems fade right away.

LEO
(24 July – 23 August)

Competition and conflict will annoy you in work and at home. But your approach should be one of cooperation. And for this, you will need to keep your ego under control. Do not let the mounting expenses mount your temper too. The domestic front promises some pleasant moments.

VIRGO
(24 August – 23 September)

You will meet with success in relationships. A new admirer should make Virgo girls confident that the future holds the warm companionship they crave. Married girls will also enjoy a new closeness with their husbands. But money matters, especially around the 23rd, will create problems.

LIBRA
(24 September – 22 October)

All through the week, Librans will be energetic and assertive. However, do not be abrasive as this will only turn off possible contacts and allies. If you need help, do not hesitate to approach your friends. The time for romance starts from the 25th.

SCORPIO
(23 October – 22 November)

Scorpios have a rare chance now to boost their bank balance. Celebrate with a night out. Your confident attitude to work has surprised others and even you. But this time, you are liable to get over-confident, so be on your guard.

SAGITTARIUS
(23 November – 22 December)

Travel plans or faraway contacts bring opportunities that inspire Sagittarians. Around the 23rd and 24th, you should be experimenting, doing more. Take time to sort out mix-ups at work. You will find no room for romance amidst this hectic week.

CAPRICORN
(23 December – 20 January)

This is the time to make your mark professionally and build an even better reputation. For maximum impact unveil major career moves after the 27th. You will find people drawn to you. Be more expressive and demonstrate your inner feelings. Expose the private you.

AQUARIUS
(21 January – 19 February)

You've weathered a tough period at work, so be ready for a break. Your hard work pays off now. You will make an impact if you propose to your sweetheart. Perk up your social life and use your biggest strength, a take charge attitude. But do not overburden yourself.

PISCES
(20 February – 20 March)

Love affairs will be the thorn in your flesh this week. It will be a rare occasion when you don't snap at your mate. Curiously, this anger will fuel desire, culminating around the 29th when you might get involved in a clash.

D. Reported Speech - Summary

D.1 Read the following extract from Oliver Twist, a novel by Charles Dickens.

"Where is my little brother?" cried Nancy, when she reached the police station.

"There are no little boys here, madam," answered an officer.

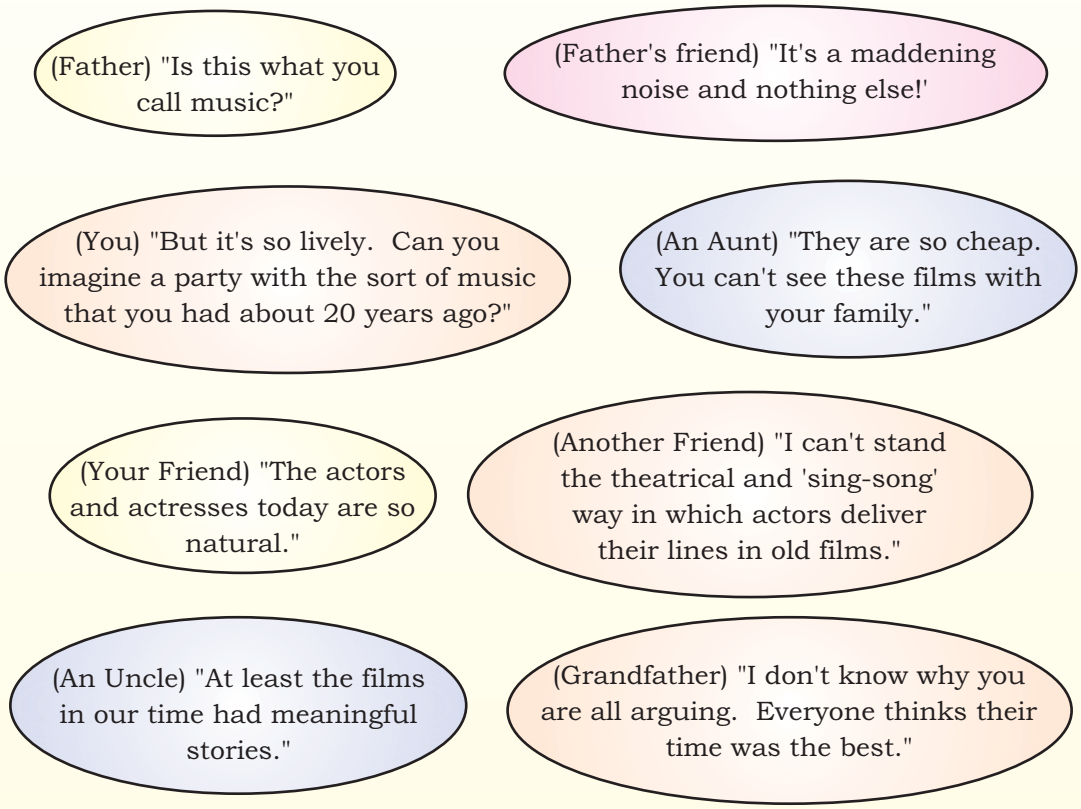
"Where is he, then?" she persisted, and began describing what Oliver looked like

The officer informed her that he had been driven to the home of a gentleman in Pentonville. When Fagin heard the news, he exploded, "The boy must be found, even if we have to kidnap him."

Working in pairs, a) note down the reporting verbs used in the above passage. Then, b) describe in a few words the mood or purpose of the speakers.

	Reporting Verbs	**Mood/Purpose/Manner**
i)	cried	i) worried, anxious, upset, tearful
ii)	_____	ii) _____
iii)	_____	iii) _____
iv)	_____	iv) _____
v)	_____	v) _____
vi)	_____	vi) _____

D.2 Below are some common remarks made by youngsters, their parents and guardians. They show the differences of opinions on modern music and film between the three groups. First read them carefully.



On the basis of the above comments, write an article for your school magazine, entitled: "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." Here are some tips:

i. Make your article interesting and readable by reporting the feeling in the above speech bubbles.

ii. Use both 'direct' and 'indirect' ways of reporting.

iii. Use a variety of reporting verbs to suit the mood, purpose, and manner of the speakers above. You may wish to use some of the reporting verbs listed below.

added	contended (= to express a firm belief)	implied
admitted	chorused (= to say something together)	informed
agreed	considered	objected
advised	declared	protested
announced	forbade (= to stop somebody from saying or doing something)	preferred
asserted (= to make a point strongly)		thundered (=to say something loudly and angrily).

iv) You may like to read the article "The Road to English" (A1) again, for some ideas.

D.3. Read the following excerpt from a newspaper report.

Tiger numbers up, but habitat a worry

New Delhi: India's tiger population has gone up. On Monday, environment minister JAIRAM RAMESH will announce an increase of over 100 tigers across the country at a three-day international conference of experts on tigers.

But can India keep this rising numbers intact? According to the government's own study on tiger reserves, India cannot hold more than 1000 to 1200 tigers, with its forests having witnessed a degradation in the last two decades.

"Where is the habitat to keep so many tigers safe?" asked Vivek Menon, chief executive officer of the Wildlife Trust of India. "Constant habitat destruction

and illegal mining is causing wildlife stress," said Dharmendra Kandhal, a wildlife biologist.

Hindustan Times- March 28, 2011

- Where do you find sentences in direct speech in the above excerpt?
- Why has the reporter used the exact words of Mr. Menon and Mr. Kandhal?
- Change the sentences in direct speech to indirect speech and then read the excerpt. Does it sound better or worse? Why?

D.4 Given below are notes on a news report covering an operation by Indian Navy that nabbed 16 pirates. Using the notes write a newspaper report. Remember to use a combination of direct and indirect speech. Make the report interesting and dramatic.

NAVY SINKS SHIP, NABS 16 PIRATES.

1.1 Indian navy- intensifying search for pirates- following approval of government for aggressive measures.

1.2 Saturday- sinking of 'private mother ship'- 400 nautical miles west of Lakshadweep Islands.

1.3 16 pirates captured- 12 Iranian and 4 Pakistani sailors held as hostages rescued- 120 pirates captured in last two months- In earlier three operations 104 pirates captured- facing trial in Mumbai courts.

2 Saturday operation- began 10 am- naval patrol aircraft spotted 'Morteza'- Iranian traveler used as 'mother vessel' by brigands-offshore patrol vessel INS Suvarna and coast Guard Ship Sangram sent to intercept Morteza- Pirates given warning- ordered to stop- but they fired- Suvarna returned limited fire- disabled Morteza - people seen abandoning ship- according to an official.

2.1 Later 16 pirates and 16 sailors picked up from the waters.

2.2 All being taken to Mumbai; will be handed over to police for investigation said official.

You may write this report in 3-4 paragraphs.

Integrated Grammar Practice 8

1. Given below are instructions for opening a bank account. Use these to complete the paragraph that follows.

- obtain form from the bank
- fill in the form with all the relevant details
- ask an account-holder to countersign your form
- submit two passport-size photographs
- deposit the minimum amount required

First a form must be (a) _____ . All relevant details (b) _____ _____. The form must then (c) _____. Two passport-size photographs along with proof of residence (d) _____. Finally the minimum amount required (e) _____.

2. Given below are a few news headlines. Using information from the same, complete the sentences that follow.

1. India Allows Airspace to Pak

In the first public move to diffuse tension between the two countries, India _____ _____ through Indian airspace.

2. Research Work at AIIMS Stalled for Want of Animals

More than 50 research projects at the prestigious All India Institute of Medical Sciences ____ _____ to conduct experiments on.

3. After making Toilets, MCD Looks for Users

About 250 toilet complexes constructed by the Municipal Corporation of Delhi with Japanese aid have turned into liabilities as apparently _____

4. Selling Kidneys to make a Living

Starving Tribals of Idduki district _____ to make a living.

5. Kidneys Donated without Medical Inspection

Most of the kidney donation procedures _____ the required medical examination in Indian hospitals.

3. The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction in the space provided.

	Error correction
Traditionally the festival of Holi is told to	(a) _____
mark a beginning of summer. While	(b) _____
there are some people who rise a cheer	(c) _____
at that prospect, the rest of us neither sigh	(d) _____
resignedly or contemplate suicide, and began to	(e) _____
hunt out our cottons, servicing all our cooling	(f) _____
devices, hang in the chiks, and prepare to	(g) _____
endure the season for heat, dust and sweat	(h) _____

Variety, HT March 20, 2011.

4. Complete the following paragraph on one of the earlier voyages of Columbus by choosing the correct options.

Christopher Columbus , (a) _____ born in 1451 AD. Unlike the people of his time, (b) _____. In order to prove his belief he said (c) _____, he could reach Japan. Queen Isabella of Spain supported him. Columbus sailed west (d) _____three ships. Unfortunately, one of the ships was wrecked. Columbus returned to Spain (e) _____ _____ to form a colony.

(a) (i) a skilled sailor and an explorer, was
(ii) was skilled sailor and an explorer
(iii) being a skilled sailor and an explorer was
(iv) a skilled sailor and an explorer is

(b) (i) but Columbus believed that the Earth was round
(ii) Columbus had believed that the Earth was round
(iii) but Columbus believed that the Earth is round
(iv) Columbus believed that the Earth was round

(c) (i) if he sails west from Europe
(ii) if he is sailing west of Europe
(iii) if he sailed west from Europe
(iv) if he sailed west to Europe

(d) (i) with a crew of ninety men on
(ii) having a crew of ninety men in
(iii) with a crew of ninety men having
(iv) going with a crew of ninety men on

(e) (i) left behind forty men in the island of Hispaniola
(ii) leaving behind forty men on the island of Hispaniola
(iii) has left forty men on the island of Hispaniola
(iv) is leaving forty men on the island of Hispaniola

5. Complete the following passage by choosing the correct options from those given below.

Electronic commerce, it seems, still has (a) _____ limits, even in the Silicon Valley. For all the feverish excitement (b) _____ the tripling of electronic shopping last holiday season, the total money (c) _____ by American consumers online still (d) _____ to only about one percent of its total sales- barely a tenth (e) _____ the revenues from (f) _____ method of distance selling that has been (g) _____ for a century; the catalogue. This may be because electronic shopping (h) _____ on quite a narrow range of goods, mainly books, toys and music. Worse, there (i) _____ many stories of failed and late deliveries. And, more recently, a string of hackers' attacks (j) _____ temporarily disabled some of the best-known e-commerce websites.

(a) (i) their	(ii) a	(iii) the	(iv) its
(b) (i) about	(ii) of	(iii) in	(iv) for
(c) (i) spend	(ii) spending	(iii) spent	(iv) being spent
(d) (i) amount	(ii) amounted	(iii) amounts	(iv) amounting
(e) (i) of	(ii) for	(iii) by	(iv) for
(f) (i) another	(ii) other	(iii) some	(iv) the other
(g) (i) user	(ii) used	(iii) uses	(iv) in use
(h) (i) concentrated	(ii) is concentrating	(iii) was concentrated	(iv) had concentrated
(i) (i) were	(ii) have been	(iii) has been	(iv) was
(j) (i) has	(ii) have	(iii) having	(iv) had

6. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it in your answer sheet against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

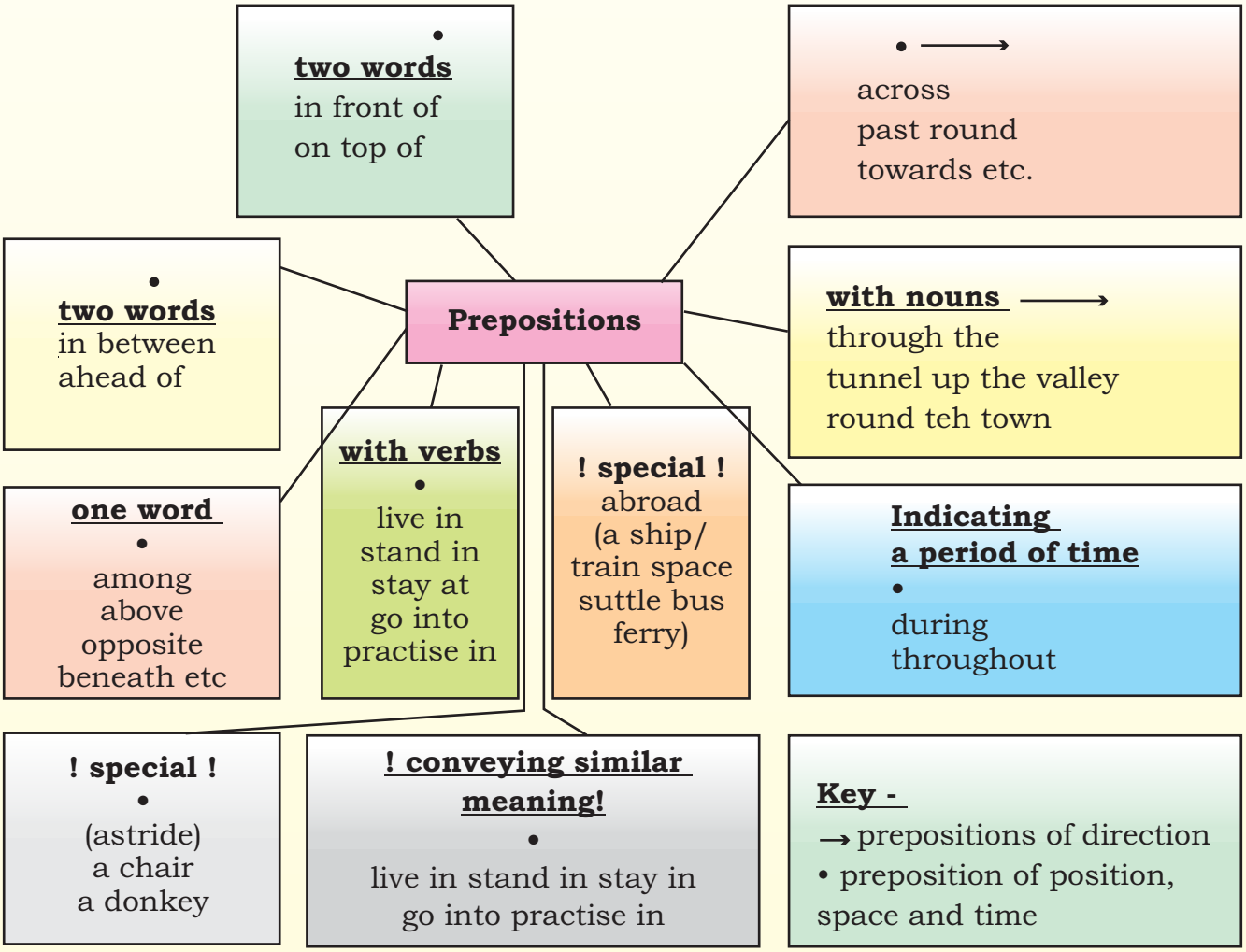
It was my second year boarding- school (a) _____
and was sitting on platform No.8 at (b) _____
Ambala station waiting the north-bound train. (c) _____
I think I was about twelvle at time. My (d) _____
parents considered me old to travel alone, (e) _____
and I arrived by bus Ambala early in (f) _____
the evening; now there was a wait midnight (g) _____
before my train arrived. Most the time I had (h) _____
been pacing up and down the platform.

PREPOSITIONS

UNIT 14

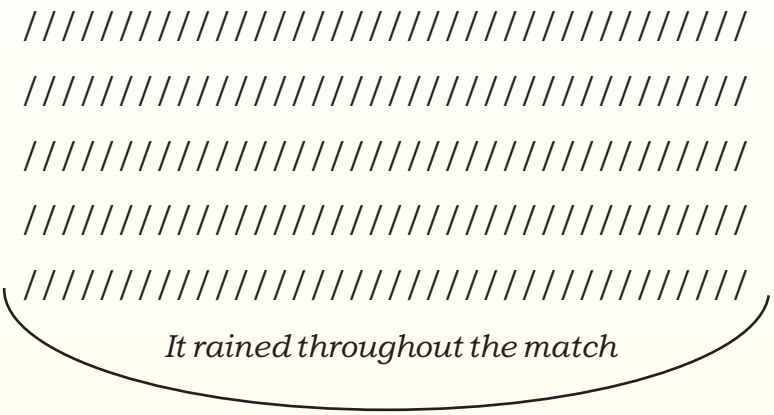
Prepositions often present a problem for students, but the problem is not really a serious one. So, you should not worry too much about them. Areas such as Modals, Conditionals and Subject - Verb agreement are far more important. If you make mistakes in these areas, the breakdown in communication that results will probably be far more serious than if you make a mistake with a preposition. That is why we have left this unit last.

1. You are already very familiar with common prepositions such as 'at', 'on' and 'in'. So, this short unit will focus on some of the less common but very useful ones. They are listed in the diagram below.

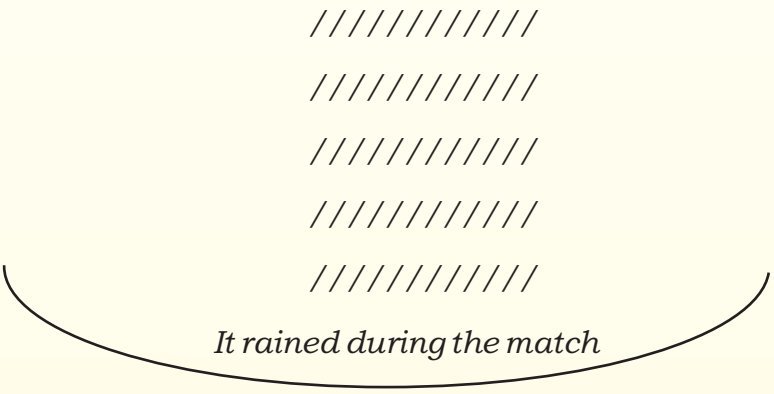


2. Look at the following:

a)



b)



Which one of the following explanations matches the above sentences? Write the letter in the box.

at one particular time/ particular times in that period	
for the entire period	

3. Read this paragraph. Underline the two prepositions from A.1 above. Then circle the time period they are referring to.

When the Nalaban Bird Sanctuary was flooded during the monsoons, the flamingos disappeared temporarily. Some of them were spotted on other islands in the lake. However, the long-legged birds flew back to the lake throughout the winter months. A record amount of migration was noticed in the first week of January.

Match each of the two prepositions above with its dictionary definition below:

1. right through; through the whole of (a place or period of time)	1. concurrently with (some other activity) 2. within the limit of (a period of time)

4. Complete the sentences below with appropriate prepositions.

1. My grandfather is always complaining _____ the pain in his back.
2. The pilot blamed his colleague _____ losing their way.
3. An infant depends _____ its mother for food.
4. He is worried _____ his bad results.
5. They're very fond _____ tennis.
6. You were absent _____ the Science Club yesterday.
7. I was angry _____ my brother for breaking my tape recorder.

Now refer to a dictionary and find out the prepositions that are normally used with the following words: complain, blame, depend, fond, absent and angry.

5. Take five different prepositions from the chart in A.1. Then write five sentences containing one each of those prepositions on a piece of paper. But leave out the prepositions in each. Then hand your piece of paper to a partner. She/ he must complete your sentences, using the correct prepositions.

1._____

2._____

3._____

4._____

5. _____

6. Fill appropriate prepositions in the blanks in the following sentences:

a) Since Raju is clever _____ painting, he should join an art academy.

b) They accused their neighbours _____ dumping garbage in front of their house.

c) The students agreed _____ their teacher's suggestion regarding the choice of place for an excursion.

d) He had to leave the firm because his superiors did not agree _____ him on many issues.

e) We should abide _____ the constitution of our country.

f) All the furniture in my office is made _____ wood.

g) Sugar is made _____ sugar beat and sugar cane.

h) The two countries entered _____ an agreement to increase bilateral trade.

i) Though Rahul does not like his rather imperious uncle, he tries to be polite _____ him.

j) The principal congratulated the school basketball team _____ their success in the inter school tournament.

7. Correct the following sentences.

a) It is essential that we discuss about your proposal before reaching any decision.

b) The class fell silent as the teacher entered into the classroom.

c) I have been living here since four years.

d) The tournament will be held between Monday to Friday.

e) Rani closely resembles to her maternal aunt.

f) As the train was approaching to the station, someone pulled the chain and brought it to a halt.

g) Connectors are also called as discourse markers.

Study sentences (a), (b), (e), (f) and (g). What conclusion can you draw from these examples about the correct use of prepositions?

_____

_____

_____

8. Read the following sentences in which prepositions occur before particular words and expressions.

a) Let's go in the car instead of by bus.

b) Seen from his point of view, the proposal seems quite reasonable.

Now fill appropriate prepositions in the blanks to complete the following sentences.

a) _____ my opinion, he should have accepted the offer.

b) Who is the woman _____ a dark red saree?

c) Is there any good show _____ the TV tonight?

d) The old man would have died if he had not been taken to the hospital _____ time.

e) The Chairman of the Board wanted the meeting to start exactly _____ time.

9. Pilloo has always had problems with prepositions. Edit this letter for him. Delete the incorrect prepositions and/ or insert the correct one wherever you think it is necessary. (There are eight mistakes altogether.)

Anand Bhawan
Udaipur
27 January 2011

Dear Binod

I must say time really flies! Because of lack of time, I couldn't write to you earlier. The great news is Anil is marrying with a Sikkimese girl. I must say he's a lucky guy! Reena wasn't too happy for it and Anil was very rude with her. He said he didn't care for her opinion. She wasn't nice with me either.

I've had no time for practice so I'm not taking part at the Athletics meet. I'm no good at either the high jump or the long jump and going there without practice would make it worse.

Yes, do write to Yak and Yeti Travels asking for details from their special offer. If it's within our budget, it'll be a great holiday. Write when you can.

Love

Pilloo

Integrated Grammar Practice 9

1. This is a conversation between a father and his son. After reading the conversation, report the conversation in your own words.

Father : Why did you return home late today?

Son : My motorbike brakes failed on the way.

Father : Why didn't you check your brakes before starting?

Son : I was in a hurry. I didn't have the time.

Father : It shows how careless you are. If you keep your bike in a good condition, you will save yourself a lot of trouble and time.

The father asked (a) _____. The boy replied (b) _____. On hearing this, the father (c) _____. The boy said that as (d) _____. Disappointed on hearing this, the father observed that it showed how careless he was. He added that if (f) _____.

2. Look at the newspaper headlines given and then use the information in them to complete the news items below by filling in each blank.

1. No Hike in School Fee

Delhi Education Minister has nullified the apprehension that the fee of government schools _____ .

2. Medical College Admissions to Reduce

Admissions of students in medical and dental colleges _____

by 2000 and 3000 seats respectively for want of renewal of permission from the centre.

3. ISSUE OF COMUTERISED HOUSE TAX BILLS.

The government of Delhi has decided that _____ within two months.

4. New Postal Stamp released

A commemorative stamp in honour of Babu Gulab Rai, _____ on 22 June by the Prime Minister.

5. Telephone Cables Cut

Two underground cables of 1200 pairs and 800 pairs capacity each _____ and stolen in Sarita Vihar exchange area on the night of 19 June.

3. Rearrange the words and phrases given below to form meaningful sentences. The first one has been done for you.

friends/I/my/were/grandmother/and/good

My grandmother and I were good friends.

1. left me/my parents/with her/they/in the city/when/went to live

_____

_____

2. morning/wake me up/she used to/in/the

_____

_____

3. she said/prayers/sing song/in a monotonous/morning/her/voice

_____

_____

4. listened/I/loved/I/her voice/because

_____

_____

5. she always/with me/school/she/to/went

_____

_____

4. Read the instructions for a cookware given below and then fill in the blanks in the paragraph that follows with one suitable word in each blank.

INSTRUCTIONS

a. Remove the label before cooking and rinse in warm soapy water.

b. Medium to low heat recommended for all cooking procedures.

c. Never use on high heat.

d. Very high temperature could cause sticking, loosening of handles

e. Easy maintenance. Use liquid soap only, not detergents.

The label(a) _____ to be removed before cooking. Then the cookware (b) _____ be rinsed in warm soapy water. It is advisable to keep (c) _____ medium to low heat for all cooking procedures. The cookware (d) _____ never be used on high heat. Very high temperatures (e) _____ cause sticking. The handles (f) _____ also loosen. However, you (g) _____ not worry about (h) _____ as it is quite easy. The cookware (h) _____ be cleaned with liquid soap and warm water. One (h) _____ not use detergents for cleaning these pans.

5. Read the following newspaper headlines and complete the news items given below.

a. Hostages Released

Bihar police report that all the hostages _____ by the gangsters today.

b. Women's Reservation Bill Blocked

The bill to grant 30% reservation to women _____ at the introductory stage itself by vociferous protests from the opposition.

c. 20 Killed in Torrential Rains

Mumbai: At least 20 persons _____ and dozens injured in floods caused by torrential rains in Mumbai.

d. Aussies Crush South Africa

The South African team _____ 3-0 by the Australians in the three test series which concluded recently.

e. Cold Resistant Plant Discovered

A cold resistant plant with rich nutrition and medicinal properties _____ by the DRDO scientists.

6. In the passage given below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and the word that comes after it in your answer sheet against the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

She was one of pretty and charming	(a) _____
young girls sometimes are born, as if	(b) _____
by a slip of fate, a family of clerks.	(c) _____
She no dowry, no expectations, no way	(d) _____
of known, understood, loved and wedded	(e) _____
by rich and distinguished man; so	(f) _____
she let be married to a little clerk	(g) _____
of the Ministry Public Instruction.	(h) _____

Interact in English

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भारत का संविधान

उद्देशिका

हम, भारत के लोग, भारत को एक सम्पूर्ण [1]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
[2]और राष्ट्र की एकता और अखंडता
सुनिश्चित करने वाली बंधुता बढ़ाने के लिए

दृढ़संकल्प होकर अपनी इस संविधान सभा में आज तारीख 26 नवम्बर, 1949 ई॰ को एतद्द्वारा इस संविधान को अंगीकृत, अधिनियमित और आत्मार्पित करते हैं।

1. संविधान (बयालीसवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 1976 की धारा 2 द्वारा (3.1.1977) से "प्रभुत्व-संपन्न लोकतंत्रात्मक गणराज्य" के स्थान पर प्रतिस्थापित।
2. संविधान (बयालीसवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 1976 की धारा 2 द्वारा (3.1.1977) से "राष्ट्र की एकता" के स्थान पर प्रतिस्थापित।

भाग 4 क

मूल कर्त्तव्य

51 क. मूल कर्त्तव्य – भारत के प्रत्येक नागरिक का यह कर्त्तव्य होगा कि वह –

(क) संविधान का पालन करे और उसके आदर्शों, संस्थाओं, राष्ट्रध्वज और राष्ट्रगान का आदर करे;

(ख) स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे राष्ट्रीय आंदोलन को प्रेरित करने वाले 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 सामासिक संस्कृति की गौरवशाली परंपरा का महत्त्व समझे और उसका परीक्षण करे;

(छ) प्राकृतिक पर्यावरण की जिसके अंतर्गत वन, झील, नदी, और वन्य जीव हैं, रक्षा करे और उसका संवर्धन करे तथा प्राणिमात्र 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 के सभी क्षेत्रों में उत्कर्ष की ओर बढ़ने का सतत प्रयास करे जिससे राष्ट्र निरंतर बढ़ते हुए प्रयत्न और उपलब्धि की नई उंचाइयों 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 लिये शिक्षा के अवसर प्रदान करे।

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

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved 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 the[2] 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 Amendment) Act. 1976, sec. 2, for "Sovereign Democratic Republic" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)
2. Subs, by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendment) 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 51A

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 nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;

[1](k) to provide opportunities for education to his/her child or, as the case may be, ward between age of 6 and 14 years.

1. Subs, by the Constitution (Eighty-Sixth Amendment) Act. 2002.

Foreword

The English - Communicative Course was introduced by the CBSE at the secondary level in 1993-94. Though the course materials were renewed periodically in 1995, 1997 and 2003, a full-fledged and complete revision was undertaken only in 2009 when the Main Course Book, Work Book and Literature Reader for class IX were revised on the basis of feedback received from teachers, students and ELT professionals.

As a follow-up, the Main Course Book, Literature Reader and Work Book for class X have been revised in 2010 and the revised books have come into effect from the academic session 2013-14. The present book is a reprint of the revised edition.

As the students gradually gain proficiency in a language, the content has been designed to provide them a diverse panorama of writings. Texts have been chosen with a view to appeal to the changing interests of students. All the four language skills have been addressed in a systematic manner, providing ample scope for lively interaction on contemporary issues. The content would also help in inculcating in them empathy towards different cultures, time-periods and also, in turn, be responsible towards the world around them.

The activities embedded along with the content give students an opportunity to practice and fine tune the language skills learnt. It is suggested that the pedagogical practices adopted to transact the content must prompt the students to think, express and create.

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

Team CBSE

Acknowledgements

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. Appropriate acknowledgement will be made at the first opportunity.

Unit 1: Health And Medicine

Introduction

A. Do Indians Get Enough Sleep?
B. Laughter-The Best Medicine
C. Whopping Walter Hudson
D. The World of Sports
E. Nature's Medicines

Unit 2: Education

Introduction

A. My Struggle For An Education
B. Educating The Girl Child
C. Inclusive Education
D. Vocational Education

Unit 3: Science

Introduction

A. Promise For The Future: Renewable Energy
B. Plugging Into Future
C. Space Travel
D. Letters From The Planet Aurigae II

Unit 4: Environment

Introduction

A. Treading the Green Path- Towards Preservation
B: Heroes of the Environment
C: Let's Clean Up
D. A Tale of Three Villages
E: Geological Heritage

Unit 5: Travel And Tourism

Introduction

A. Land of All Seasons
B. Eco Tourism
C. The Emerald Islands
D. Promoting Tourism

Unit 6: National Integration

Introduction

A. Unity in Diversity
B. Challenges to National Integration
C. Spirit of Unity
D. Mile Sur Mera Tumhara

Annexures

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Contents

UNIT 1: HEALTH AND MEDICINE 1

Introduction 3

A. Do Indians Get Enough Sleep? 3

B. Laughter-The Best Medicine 14

C. Whopping Walter Hudson 22

D. The World of Sports 28

E. Nature's Medicines 34

UNIT 2: EDUCATION 39

Introduction 41

A. My Struggle For An Education 42

B. Educating The Girl Child 52

C. Inclusive Education 58

D. Vocational Education 72

UNIT 3: SCIENCE 85

Introduction 87

A. Promise For The Future: Renewable Energy 88

B. Plugging Into Future 96

C. Space Travel 102

D. Letters From The Planet Aurigae II 109

UNIT 4: ENVIRONMENT 119

Introduction *121*

A. Treading the Green Path- Towards Preservation 121

B: Heroes of the Environment 132

C: Let's Clean Up 144

D. A Tale of Three Villages 146

E: Geological Heritage 156

UNIT 5: TRAVEL AND TOURISM 165

Introduction *167*

A. Land of All Seasons 168

B. Eco Tourism 174

C. The Emerald Islands 177

D. Promoting Tourism 191

UNIT 6: NATIONAL INTEGRATION 203

Introduction *205*

A. Unity in Diversity 205

B. Challenges to National Integration 209

C. Spirit of Unity 226

D. Mile Sur Mera Tumhara 230

ANNEXURES 237

HEALTH AND MEDICINE

UNIT 1

(SUMMARY)

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
Introduction		• Group discussion on good health		• Listing factors contributing to good health	
(A) Do Indians get enough sleep?	• Listening to a conversation/feature and understanding the topic and main points. • Listening for information required. • Understanding and interpreting spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Learning to present your views in a group discussion • Expressing opinion	• Identifying the main points of a text. • Analysing, interpreting and inferring the ideas in a text. • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar words.	• Writing an informal letter	• Phrasal Verbs • Understanding and using words related to health and sleep.
(B) Laughter the Best Medicine.		• Expressing and responding to personal feelings, opinions and attitudes. • Participating in spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Reading a poem for global and local comprehension and appreciation. • Recognizing the organization of a prose text.	• Planning and organizing ideas • Subtitling paragraphs • Writing an e-mail.	• Words related to benefits of laughter yoga.
(C) Whopping Walter Hudson		• Taking active part in group discussion.	• Identifying the main points of a text • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar lexical items in a given context.	• Adopting different strategies to convey ideas effectively according to purpose, topic and audience	• Word extension - using vocabulary related to eating and build.

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
(D) The World of Sports.		• Presenting opinions, supporting them with reasons. • Taking active part in a group discussion	• Selecting and extracting information from a text for a specific purpose . • Categorizing sports activities.	• Writing a coherent paragraph • Writing a diary entry.	• Punctuation • Words related to Sports and games. • Inferring the meaning of Words and phrases and using them in sentences.
(E) Nature's Medicines.		• Making a power point presentation	• Recognizing the organization of a text • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar lexical items • Identifying the main points of a text	• Subtitling paragraphs • Sentence completion • Class project and presentation	• Words related to herbal medicine and health.

UNIT 1

HEALTH AND MEDICINE

Introduction

In groups of 4-5, discuss and make a list of things that, according to you, contribute towards good health and wellness in an individual.

(a) *a balanced diet*

(b) _____ ( )

© _____ ( )

(d) _____ ( )

(e) _____ ( )

(f) _____ ( )

(g) _____ ( )

(h) _____ ( )

(I) _____ ( )

(j) _____ ( )

(k) _____ ( )

Source- Reader's Digest (August 2006)

Put a tick against the five most popular choices made by the groups in your class. How many groups included "A good night's sleep" as an important contributor to good health and well-being?

A. Do Indians get enough sleep?

A1. Read the following feature article on Sleep Habits among Indians.

1. Aviral knew he was exhausted. Though it had been more than thirty eight hours since the forty four year old marketing executive returned to Delhi early one morning from New York, he was still recovering from jet lag. He had forced himself to remain awake the whole day, as he had hoped to coerce his body into sleeping at night.

2. But the much needed sleep seemed to elude him completely. "I hardly managed any sleep that night," Aviral recalled. The time change had completely disrupted his sleep pattern, and when he got out of bed at 7a.m. to head for office, he was entirely ill at ease, to say the least. At the office, he could barely concentrate on his work.

3. Aviral wasn't aware simply how exhausted he was until he had driven a quarter of the twenty-four kilometre stretch on his way back home in the suburbs of Delhi. He halted at a busy signal on the way, but fell asleep suddenly at the wheel. He woke up dazed after the motorist behind him honked. Aviral drove on, but felt he couldn't focus any further. He decided to pull off the main road and parked the car in a quiet place. Then, he rolled down the windows a bit and managed to take a two-hour nap in his car. It was only after taking the nap that Aviral could drive home safely.

UNIT-1

4. It is an undisputed fact that not getting enough sleep can lead to problems in concentrating. In fact, many sleep disorder experts think that lack of sleep is the reason for many ailments. Dr. Kumar Menon and his colleagues presented a study paper on sleep disorders in Mumbai in which they stressed on the need for early detection of the problem and concluded that it was high time that all the physicians "woke up to sleep disorders and included sleep history in evaluating their patients."

5. Whatever be the cause of not getting proper and enough sleep, we've all experienced the exhaustion caused by lack of sleep. Thus, sleep is as important to a healthy lifestyle as eating properly and exercising. Getting a good night's sleep is one of the simplest things we can do to stay healthy.

6. A good night's sleep means waking up rested and re-invigorated. On an average, a healthy adult requires just over eight hours of sleep per night, according to Dr. Jeffrey Lipsitz, a Canadian expert on sleep disorders. However, the amount of sleep it takes to rejuvenate an individual varies from person to person. "It's not a fixed number," opines Joseph De Koninck, a renowned professor of psychology, adding that if one consistently gets less sleep than one needs, then "sleep deficit accumulates." The time it takes for a sleep deficit to accrue depends on how consistent the problem is. "Missing a couple of hours of sleep every night for a week is probably enough," says another psychiatrist, Robert Levitan.

7. Swarup Chatterjee, the 28 year-old IIM graduate and assistant manager at a BPO in Hyderabad, knows very well that he doesn't get enough sleep. "I haven't had more than four to five hours of sleep for the last three years. There's always so much that needs to be done in my professional as well as personal life that I am constantly thinking." Swarup is fully aware that all this is very stressful and he admits that even though he has high energy levels, he is often tired and so he drinks several cups of coffee to counter the fatigue. "But I know that I'll be able to concentrate better if only I got more sleep," Chatterjee concludes.

8. In a study conducted by sleep-disorder experts, it has been found that at least one-third of adults have significant sleep loss, i.e. they have just six and a half hours or less of sleep every night. Then a recent survey conducted in India has

shown that twenty-nine percent of Indians went to sleep only after midnight and sixty-one percent slept for seven hours or less. The survey also arrived at the conclusion that Indians were among the world's earliest risers, with sixty-four percent getting out of bed before 7a.m. Is there a need to reiterate that "Early to Rise" is good provided a person follows the "Early to Bed" principle as well?

A2. Now that you have read a substantial part of the feature article, work with your partner and write at least five reasons that, according to you, are mainly responsible for Indians today not getting the desired quota of sleep each night. Share your views with other pairs of students in your class .

A3. On the basis of your reading of the article, answer the following questions:

a) The direct result of lack of sleep is _____.

b) Why is it important for physicians to 'wake up' to sleep disorders? How will it help?

c) What do you understand by sleep deficit? Why does the amount of sleep required to rejuvenate people vary from one person to another?

d) Why does the writer refer to the 'early to bed…' principle?

A.4. Now, write a letter to your school going younger brother or sister who is sleep deprived. Advise him or her to make lifestyle changes to his/her daily schedule in order to get the desired hours of sleep daily.

Work in pairs and follow the CODER (Collect, Organize, Draft, Edit, Review) steps recommended for writing.

Language Tips: (a) Remember to use the imperative form of sentences mostly.

E.g. "Drink a lot of water and take at least a fifteen minute stroll after dinner on a regular basis."

(b) For the sake of introducing variety into your writing, use other forms of sentences making statements or asking questions, but consider the possibility of using modals like "should", "must", "may", "might", etc or using

words or expressions that we usually employ when we advise others.

E.g. "You are recommended/advised to....."

"You ought to..."

"You must not forget to...."

"It is important to...."

A.5. a) Phrasal verbs are "multi-word verbs". These verbs consist of **a base verb + another word or words.** The other word(s) can be preposition(s) and/or adverb(s) that modify or change the meaning of the basic verb. For example 'give up' is a phrasal verb that means 'stop doing' something, which is very different from the base verb 'give'. In the article that you have just read there are a few **phrasal verbs** like:

- ***pull off :*** Manage to do something difficult or tricky/to steer or turn a vehicle off the road
- ***roll down :*** roll down (something) or roll (something) down to move (something) down especially by turning a handle
- ***head for :*** to go or cause to go (towards)
- ***woke up :*** arose from sleep/realized

Now go through the unit of Health and Medicine, figure out the phrasal verbs that you come across and list them.

b) Find words from the article which mean the same as the following:

i. compel (para 1)

ii. evade (para 2)

iii. revitalize (para 6)

iv. amass (para 6)

v. oppose (para 7)

vi. restate (para 8)

A6. Read the concluding part of the article on whether we get enough sleep these days.

1. Sleep is crucial to maintaining one's health. Without it, we increase our susceptibility to an astonishing array of health problems, including heart disease, stroke, diabetes, obesity and depression.

2. Not sleeping enough can compromise your immune system, says Stanley Coren, noted professor of psychology and author of the very popular book *"Sleep Thieves"*. You eat well and exercise in order to keep your immune system up, Coren goes on to explain, but if you aren't sleeping, you undo all that good work. "The immune system works best when you are sleeping," he says. "That's when your natural killer cells are generated."

3. Natural killer cells are produced in the bone marrow and found in the blood and lymph fluid. They are part of the body's defence mechanism against viruses, bacteria, even cancer, and they do not work properly in the persons who are sleep-deprived. A study in Turkey revealed that after 24 hours of sleep deprivation, the percentage of natural killer cells in the blood declined by 37 percent. Another study in the USA conducted on 23 boys and men found that one night of partial sleep-deprivation reduced natural-killer-cell activity to 72 percent of normal levels. Though their activity returns to normal when we begin to get proper sleep, the real problem is that a lot of damage might have been done to our bodies when we were sleep-deprived for several nights and our immune system might have left us undefended and susceptible to infection.

4. It's not just our immune system that gets adversely affected when we cut down on sleep. According to Dr. Michael Sole, a Canadian cardiologist, there is a higher rate of heart failure among people with sleep disorders and sleep disturbances. He goes on to emphasise that there is increased evidence of C-reactive protein, an indicator of heart disease risk, in people suffering from sleep loss.

5. Researches in various universities all over the world have discovered that chronic sleep loss can reduce the body's ability to regulate hormones and process carbohydrates. In a study at the University of Chicago, the researchers reduced participants' sleep from eight to four hours a night and after less than even a week,

they noted changes in the body similar to the effects of early diabetes or advanced aging. Sleep disturbances increase the likelihood of prediabetic state of glucose intolerance and insulin resistance. Both these are also markers for heart ailments. Dietician Ramona Josephson notes that insufficient sleep may affect three hormones that can contribute to obesity.

6. There's a decrease in leptin, the appetite-suppressing hormone found in our fat tissue, she says. Ghrelin, the hormone controlling hunger pangs increases with lack of sleep causing greater feelings of hunger. Then a sleep-deprived body starts producing more of the stress hormone cortisol, which increases fat storage. Not only do the increased hormones resulting from sleep loss make us eat more, but induces us to quickly or mindlessly make wrong food choices because we feel fatigued and weak. "The less you sleep, the more your chances of obesity," Josephson concludes.

7. Sleep is important in keeping not only our waistline trim, but also ensuring a balanced brain activity. During sleep, brain neurotransmitters-the chemicals that deliver messages between nerve cells in the brain-are replenished. When we do not sleep well, our brain chemicals deplete which leads to emotional disturbances like depression, anxiety and general feelings of sadness, anger and irritation.

A7. Find words from the article above which mean the same as the words or group of words given below.

(a) Vital, very important (para 1): _____

(b) the quality of being prone to or open to dangers, like a disease or infection or a weakness (para 1): _____

(c) a wide range (para)1): _____

(d) very badly in a damaging way (para 4): _____

(e) a problem that has persisted for quite some time (para 5): _____

A8. Choose the appropriate option to complete the sentences below.

1. Lack of sleep

   (a) decreases laziness.

   (b) weakens the body's capacity to combat diseases.

   (c) helps youngsters do well in their examinations.

   (d) prevents a person from gaining weight.

2. Natural killer cells

   (a) make a person look old pretty quickly.

   (b) are produced in large numbers when we stay awake.

   (c) help us fight viruses and bacteria.

   (d) work well even for sleep-deprived people.

3. C-reactive protein

   (a) when produced more in the body causes heart failure.

   (b) prevents us from having a good night's sleep.

   (c) helps us to sleep peacefully.

   (d) assists in destroying natural killer cells.

4. If we don't sleep well,

   (a) we may lose our appetite.

   (b) we may become very thin.

   (c) our brain may stop functioning in a balanced manner.

   (d) production of brain chemicals increases.

A9. Lack of sleep has a direct effect on the production of three hormones and brain neurotransmitters, which in turn have a bearing on our health. Complete the table below to show the above.

Lack of sleep	Effect on the production of	Ultimate effect on us

UNIT-1

(a) Leptin _____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

(b) Ghrelin _____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

(c) Cortisol _____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

(d) brain neurotransmitters _____ _____

_____ _____

_____ _____

A 10 You have read about sleep deprivation and the ill effects it has on human beings. There are other work areas where youngsters remain sleep deprived and fall a prey to ill health. Your teacher would read out from page 239 some of the comments made about the business process outsourcing (BPO) sector which is part of the IT-enabled industry and do the activity.

While you listen, complete the following statements by choosing the right option :

1. According to the speaker, call centre work is insensitive because_____.

   i. employees cannot go to the toilets and need to concentrate very hard

   ii. employees are expected to attend to all the calls that come through to them

   iii. it requires unflagging concentration throughout the day with minimum breaks for meals or visits to the toilet

   iv. employees are expected to work on computers all day long

2. People working at call centers are not allowed to leave their desks because_____.

i. the managers do not want them to waste time smoking

ii. they have to attend the calls which come in one after the other

iii. they have to work at their computers all day long

iv. they are paid very well

3. The targets that have to be met by the call centre employees have been called unrealistic because_____.

i. they have to attend to too many calls in one day

ii. they have to attend to double the calls than call center workers in other countries

iii. it is not humanly possible to attend all the calls that come through to them

iv. the employees fall sick after working at these places

4. Closed circuit cameras have been installed in these offices to monitor_____.

i. whether the workers are smoking

ii. whether the workers are resting at their desks

iii. whether the workers are attending their calls without wasting a minute

iv. whether the workers are visiting the toilets too often

5. The statistics about the health problems suffered by these people are_____.

i. 13% - headaches,3%-eye fatigue,23% indigestion and constipation

ii. 3%- headaches, 13% -eye fatigue,23% indigestion and constipation

iii. 23% - headaches,3%-eye fatigue,13% indigestion and constipation

iv. 13% - headaches,13%-eye fatigue,23% indigestion and constipation

6. That most people are not happy with their jobs in a call centre can be inferred from the fact that_____.

i. they are under constant surveillance

ii. they have to speak incessantly on the telephone

iii. they have to stare at the computer screen all day long

iv. they do not stay in the job for more than three years

A 11. You have listened to the woes of working in a call centre. There are a number of other jobs which involve health hazards. However, modern advancements and developments in various therapies have improved our living conditions. Given below are different view points. In groups of four, discuss and add to these views:

SECTION B

The pace of life is very fast-there's a lot of stress and pressure, whether you're a student or an adult.

Everyday in the field of medical science, there is a new advancement.

Various new therapies are emerging to provide holistic health

In India, we have increased life expectancy

There is a growing awareness among people about life-style disroders

But there are also new diseases.

Yoga and laughter therapies are some of the best therapies that are an answer to present day life-style diseases

Even absence of stress also helps in keeping good health.

Laughter-the Best Medicine

B1. Read the following poem. Take turns in reading them aloud with your partner and ensure that you put in the right sort of feelings, emotions, voice modulations and intonation to make your partner laugh heartily.

Ogden Nash

The Muddlehead

I knew a man from Petushkee
As muddleheaded as could be.

He always got mixed up with clothes;
He wore his mittens on his toes,
Forgot his collar in his haste,
And tied his tie around his waist.

What a muddle head was he,
That man who lived in Petushkee!

They told him as he went about:
“You've got u'r coat on inside out!"
And when they saw his hat, they said:
"You've put a saucepan on your head!"

What a muddle head was he,
That man who lived in Petushkee!

At lunch he scratched a piece of bread,
And spread some butter on his head.
He put his walking stick to bed,
And he stood in the rack instead.

What a muddle head was he,
That man who lived in Petushkee!

He walked upto a tram one day
And climbed in very sprightly;
Conductor thought that he would pay,

UNIT-1

Instead he said politely:

"Parding your beggon,
Kister Monductor,

I'm off for a week's vacation;
I stop you to beg your cramway tar
As soon as we reach the station."
Conductor got a fright
And didn't sleep that nite.

What a muddle head was he,
That man who lived in Petushkee!

He rushed into the first café:
"A railway ticket please, One way."
And at the ticket office said:
"A slice of tea and a cup of bread."

What a muddle head was he,
That man who lived in Petushkee!

He passed the man collecting the fares,
And entered a carriage awaiting repairs,
That stood on a siding, all by itself.
Half of his luggage, he put on a shelf,
The rest on the floor, his coat on his lap
And settled himself for a bit of a nap.

All at once he raised his head,
"I must have been asleep"- he said.
"Hey, what stop is this?" he cried
"Petushkee," a voice replied.

Once again he closed his eyes
And dreamt he was in Paradise.
When he woke, he looked about,

Raised the window and leaned out.

"I've seen this place before, I believe,
Is it Kharkov or is it Kiev?
Tell me where I am," he cried.
"In Petushkee", a voice replied.

And so again he settled down
And dreamt the world was upside down
When he woke, he looked about,
Raised the window and looked out.

"I seem to know this station too,
Is it Nalchik or Baku?
Tell me what its called," he cried.
"Petushkee' a voice replied.

Up he jumped: “It's a crime!
I've been riding all this time,
And here I am where I began!
That's no way to treat a man!'

What a muddle head was he,
That man who lived in Petushkee

B2. Discuss with your partner which part of the poem you liked the most and give reasons for your preference.

B3. Humor is infectious. The sound of roaring laughter is far more contagious than any cough, sniffle, or sneeze. When laughter is shared, it binds people together and increases happiness and intimacy. In addition to the domino effect of joy and amusement, laughter also strengthens your immune system, boosts energy and protects you from the damaging effects of stress. Best of all, this priceless medicine is fun, free and easy to use. Given below the table are the benefits of laughter in a jumbled form. Complete the table by putting them in the relevant column.

UNIT-1

The Benefits of Laughter		
Physical Health Benefits:	**Mental Health Benefits:**	**Social Benefits:**
•	•	•

- Boosts immunity
- Strengthens relationships
- Enhances teamwork
- Relieves stress
- Helps defuse conflict
- Eases anxiety and fear
- Promotes group bonding
- Lowers stress hormones
- Decreases pain
- Improves mood
- Adds joy and zest to life
- Attracts others to us
- Enhances resilience
- Relaxes your muscles
- Prevents heart disease

B4. Read the following article.

Fundamentals of Laughter Yoga

1. The most important principle behind Laughter Yoga or the most significant driving force behind the several Laughter Clubs is the theory that Motion Creates Emotion. Quite a few people wonder how a person can laugh when he is in no mood to laugh or when one doesn't have any reason to laugh. However, the answer is very simple. For, there is a well established link between the body and the mind. Whatever happens to the mind happens to the body as well. This is easily understood and observed too. If a person is sad or depressed, his body also appears quite lifeless and sluggish. Such a person doesn't walk or talk enthusiastically. But, what most people fail to understand is that the opposite is also true. Whatever happens to the body also happens to the mind. I remember my father once telling me, "Son, if you are sad or feeling a bit low, don't sit idle. Keep doing some physical work or go for a walk or do some jogging or go out to play some cricket or football. You'll feel better." And most of the times dad was proved correct. I would start feeling better quite soon. In an unhappy state of mind, if we bring ourselves to behaving or acting happy, soon enough we will start feeling light-hearted and chirpy indeed!

2. So, Laughter Yoga aims to use the two-way body-mind link to change the state of mind through voluntary physical gestures which include repetitive clapping, chanting, specific body movements along with laughter and breathing exercises. The result is so positive and its effects are so powerful that the modern world today has witnessed Laughter Yoga overcome severe and chronic depression in thousands of people right across the globe. In fact, several Laughter Clubs have adopted the motto, "If your Mind can't laugh, bring your Body to our club."

3. Laughter is all about playfulness. Have you ever wondered why children laugh 300 to 400 times a day whereas adults would consider themselves very fortunate if they manage laughter 10 to 15 times in a day? This is because of that seriously wicked and interfering tool called the brain! Adult use their brains or minds first to comprehend humour and then decide if they have to laugh. Very often, they suffer

from what is called in Hindi the LKK Syndrome, that is "Log Kya Kahenge" or "What will people say?" This is called the "Mind-to-Body Model of Humour". On the other hand, children, who do not allow themselves to be too affected by the LKK Syndrome and don't use their brain too seriously do the comprehension first, laugh the most while playing. Even if they fall into mud and slime while playing, they laugh heartily together without bothering about the consequences of soiling their spotless white school dress, in case of a traditionally strict class teacher or headmistress in school or mother at home. Their laughter comes straight from the body and happily they don't make use of intellectual capacity of the brain for it. Very clearly, they exhibit the "Body-to-Mind Model of Humour". It is this childlike playfulness that Laughter Yoga aims at cultivating in people who are quite stressed these days. What is sadly significant is the fact that more and more children and even women, to whom smiles, laughter and giggling should come as naturally as the turtle coming out of its shell to walk or leaves falling in autumn, are enrolling themselves as members of laughter clubs nowadays !

4. Laughter Yoga makes a clear distinction between Happiness and Joy. Happiness is a conditional response of the mind which is totally dependent on the fulfilment of certain desires of the mind. By its very nature, it is related to how one's life had been in the past or how it will be in the future. It is not there at all in the present moment. The ironical and sad fact is that even if some dreams, goals or aspirations are fulfilled, happiness disappears quite quickly as the mind starts chasing new goalposts-a new, job, a new house, a bigger car etc. On the other hand, joyfulness is the unconditional commitment to be happy each moment, to have fun for the moment, despite the problems and challenges of life, no matter how insurmountable they seem to the mind. It is the promise that the body makes to the mind to indulge in playfulness moment by moment and thereby give relaxation to it. During these periods of playfulness triggered by a plethora of physical activities like dancing, singing, playing and laughing, physiological and biochemical changes take place within our body that give us a sense of well-being that completely alters the negative outlook towards life and its challenges, replacing it with confident positivism moment by moment.

5. Therefore, in Laughter Clubs, members develop positive conditioning of joy. By laughing together over a period of time, clapping in a rhythm ,chanting "Ho Ho Ha Ha" in unison and positive affirmations like " Very Good, Very Good, Yay Yay", the brain develops new neuronal connections to produce happy neuropeptides and hormones in the body that rejuvenate the members.

6. Finally, Laughter Yoga rectifies shallow and irregular breathing, which is the direct consequence of stress and negative mental state. According to Dr. Otto Warburg, a Nobel Laureate, one of the main reasons for falling sick is the lack of oxygen in the body cells due to incorrect breathing. So, let us laugh together and get the oxygen back into our cells!

UNIT-1

B 5 Given below in jumbled form are the sub-headings for the paragraphs of the article that you just read. Arrange the headings in the right order against the paragraph numbers:

(para 4) The unconditional nature of joy

(para 6) Healing power of laughter yoga

(para 2) Laughter-Positive Impact - making members refresh

(para 5) The conditioned Mind

(para 1) The link between Body and Mind

(para 3) Spontaneous laughter

B6. Now, write an e-mail to your overstressed sister who is preparing for her Class XII exams, suggesting that she join a laughter club to combat her anxiety. You may use the following cues along with your own ideas.

Laughter-- lowers blood pressure
— reduces stress hormones
— cleanses lungs and body tissues
— increases blood circulation
— boosts immune function
— produces a general sense of well being

Section C

"Whopping Walter Hudson"

C 1 You probably know the meanings of the words workaholic and alcoholic.

What do you think a foodaholic is? Walter Hudson was one. How much do you weigh? Walter Hudson weighed more, much more. This is his obituary.

1. **WALTER HUDSON,** who has died at Hempstead, New York, age 46, was once listed in The Guinness Book of World Records as the heaviest man on earth.

2. About 183 cm tall and 274 around, with cherubic features set off by pigtails braided in the Cherokee style, he long devoted himself to the pleasures of the table. Four years ago, Hudson-then tipping the industrial scales at his top weight of 540 kg - gained worldwide notoriety (as "Whopping Walter") when he became stuck in his bedroom door. He was wedged there for some four hours. It took eight firemen to free him.

3. Walter Hudson was born at Brooklyn in 1945 and, as he recalled, "began gorging at the age of six." At 15, he was so obese his legs collapsed underneath him and he was confined to bed.

UNIT-1

4. Indeed, except for the time when his family moved to Hempstead in 1970 and he was transported by motor-car (his then 266kg broke the seat), he remained inside. "I'm just a foodaholic," he once confessed, "I have no excuse."

5. Hudson's eating habits were fuelled by food brought in by members of his family. He would generally start his day with a breakfast of two pounds of bacon, 32 sausages, a dozen eggs, a loaf of bread, jam and coffee.

6. For lunch, Hudson favoured four enormous bowls of rice, four double cheese-burgers, eight boxes of fried potatoes, six pies, and six large bottles of coca-cola. For dinner he would eat six roasted corns, half-a-dozen yams and another six or seven baked potatoes, ending with a whole apple pie. Between these main meals, he would eat a chicken or two, followed by noodles, string beans, six large bottles of soda, not to mention colossal sandwiches, and copious amounts of ice-cream.

   "All I cared about," he recalled, "was food, FOOD!"

7. When not eating and sleeping, he would watch television, listen to tapes and read the Bible-he had a particular penchant for the psalms and was apt to recite Psalm 121. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills…"

8. Hudson, though, was advised against sitting up for longer than five minutes because of the risk of being smothered by flab. The only exercise he engaged in was when he attended to his ablutions; it took him an hour to negotiate the six yards to the bathroom from his bedroom. Then in 1987, he found himself wedged in the door-way. "The day I got stuck in that door," he recalled, "that when the Lord got me the help I needed." The help to which he referred was offered by Dick Gregory, a comedian who masterminded the Slim Safe Diet Scheme.

9. "We think what might have happened," said Gregory about his new client, "is that in 27 years of lying around he might, because of the reading of his Bible, have taken on the same characteristics as Buddhist monks - slowed down the biological processes. But we don't know."

10. Gregory placed Hudson on a 1,200 calorie-a-day diet of raw fruit and orange juice. For exercise, he was advised to lie in bed waving his arms about like a conductor.

11. Hudson soon lost some four inches off his knees, and within three months had shed 178 kg. It began to look as if he might fulfil such ambitions as visiting his

mother's grave, riding on the New York subway, driving into the country-and even flying to a clinic in the Bahamas, from which he envisaged emerging as a sylph of 13 stones.

12. But it was not to be. At the time of his death, of an apparent heart attack, Hudson reportedly weighed 508 kg. Rescue workers had to cut a large hole in the wall of his bedroom to remove the body. He was unmarried.

C 2 Copy and complete the following table, using information from the boxes below. (Draw a X if there is no information to put in certain boxes.)

Year	what happened	weight

family moved to Hampstead New York; broke the motor-car seat

540

1987/ 1988

died

1991

1970

"began gorging"

266 kg

362 kg

became stuck in bedroom door for four hours; eight firemen had to free him.

1945

went on a diet; lost 178 kg in three months.

born in Brooklyn

very obese; legs collapsed and he was confined to bed

508kg

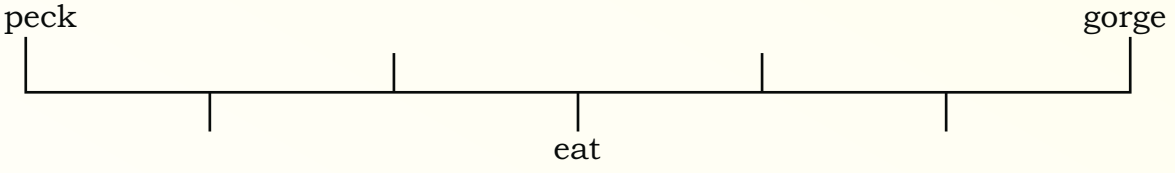
1960

UNIT-1

C 3. Find words in the passage from the paragraphs indicated within brackets and complete the following sentences. Use only one word, in its appropriate form, in each blank.

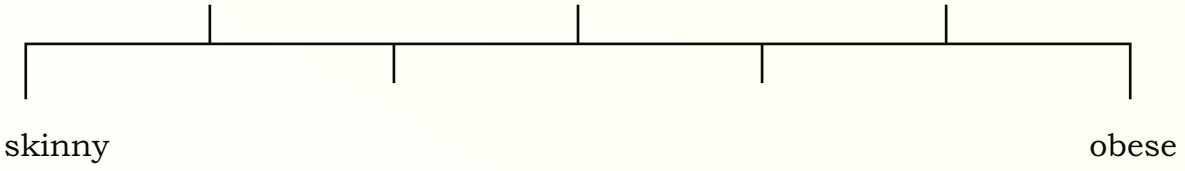
1. Some people are so_____ to their work that they have no time for their family. (para-2)
2. Harshad's corrupt practices soon gained him_____ in the city. (para-2)
3. When a person is dehydrated, he should be given _____ amounts of fluid. (para-6)
4. He visited various vintage car rallies because he had a _____ for old cars. (para-7)
5. If you over-eat and do not exercise, you will become_____.(para-9)
6. The driver had to _____ the winding road to the mountain top with caution. (para-8)
7. The new literacy programme _____ a 20% increase in the literacy rate over the next two years. (para-11)

C 4. Arrange the following words associated with eating on a scale ranging from 'peck' to 'gorge'. You may add more words to the list given below:



words: gobble, nibble, bite, hog, feast, gormandize.....

b. Form a similar scale for words that describe a person's build:



C 5. Have a class discussion.....

1. What do you think life was really like for Walter Hudson? Was he happy? Did he have many friends? Think of the things that you do every day: what things could Walter not do? Also, what about clothes, chairs, a bed, washing himself.....
2. Why do you think he did not go on a serious diet when he was much younger, so that he could have lived a fuller life?
3. What advice would you have given Walter on his diet?
4. Where do you think he got the money from to eat so much food?
5. Who do you think bought and cooked all the food he ate? Were they also to blame for Walter's obesity?

C 6. The following is an entry in Walter's diary:

Wednesday, 26 April 1986 7:30 pm.

I woke up at 10 am. I have put on 7 kg in the last three days. I watched TV all morning. All my clothes are now too small, so I phoned mother. She came at 3 p.m. with a tailor. He looked shocked and frightened when he saw me! He measured me for some new shirts and trousers. For evening dinner I had 10 baked potatoes, 2 kg rice, six meat pies, 12 bananas, and four large cokes. Then I had problems getting through the bedroom door - I had to breathe in and squeeze my stomach through with my fingers. I need to go to bed now and read the Bible before I go to sleep at 8 p.m.

Write the next day's entry in Walter's diary. Make up information, in order to make your entry interesting.

C 7. Writing a Message.

Sometimes information is received over the telephone, public address system or in person by someone and then passed on to a third person. A **message** is a short, informal piece of writing conveying the information to a person unable to receive the information at hand.

How to write a message?

* Since a message is received at a particular time and conveys important information that the receiver must act upon, a message must have a date and time.
* The name of person for whom message is intended must be clearly mentioned.

UNIT-1

* The message must convey all relevant details like the name of the person who left the message, the reason for leaving the message and follow-up action required.

Your father had recently gone for a health checkup. The doctor rang up to give the report. As your father was not at home, and you have to go out, you leave a message for him. Draft the message in not more than 40 words.

Dr. Geeta : Is it 67890987?

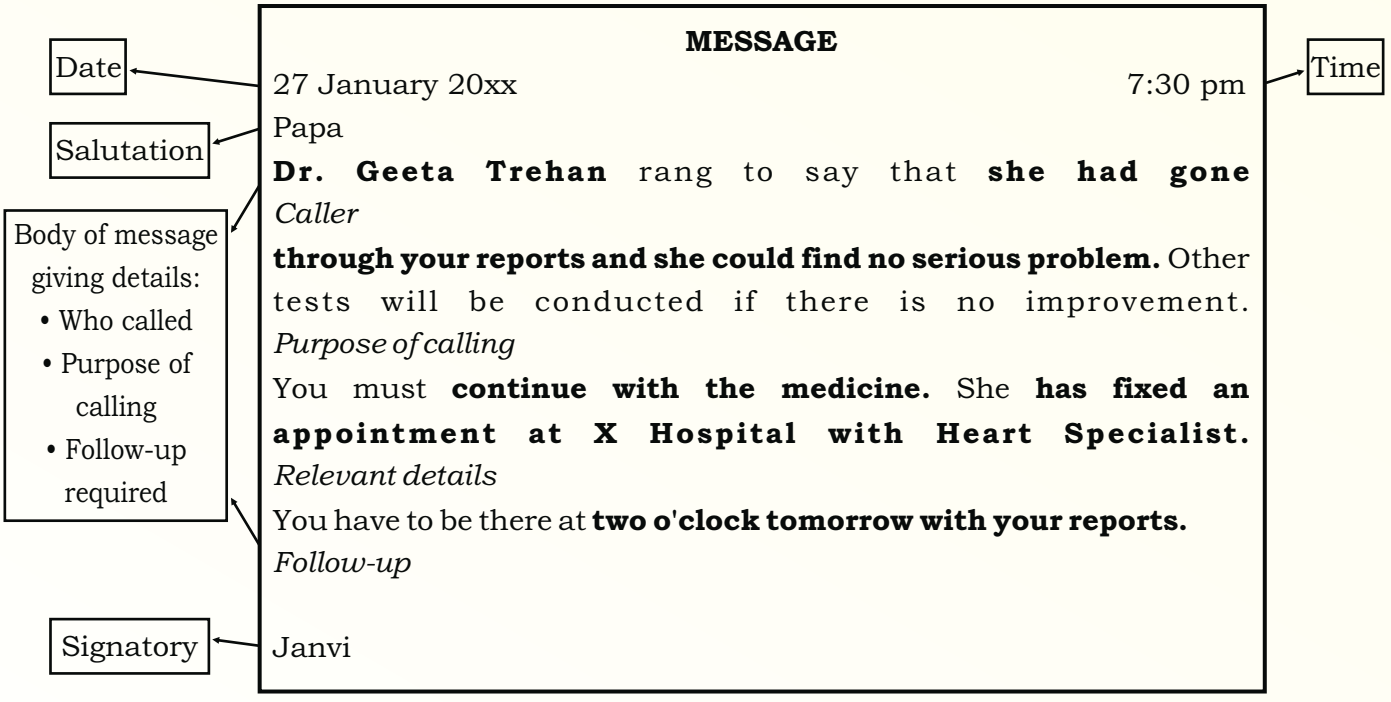
You : Yes, it is. May I know who is calling?

Dr. Geeta : I am Dr. Geeta Trehan from Trehan Surgical Centre and Nursing Home. I would like to talk to Mr. Uday.

You : He is not here at this moment.

Dr. Geeta : Could you please tell him that I have gone through all his test reports? They do not show any serious problem. If no improvement is seen during that period, we will go for some more tests. I feel he should continue the same medicine for another week. However, I have fixed an appointment with a Heart Specialist for two o' clock tomorrow at X Hospital. He must come there by the appointed time with his reports.

You : Thank you, Doctor. I shall convey your message when he comes.



C 8. Now, read the following telephone conversation between Radhika and Gaurish. As Gaurish wishes to leave home immediately, he will not be able to meet his parents who have gone to the market. He leaves a message for his parents. Write the message for Gaurish in not more than 40 words.

Radhika : Hello, Is that Mr. Saxena's residence ?

Gaurish : Yes.

Radhika : May I speak to Mr. Saxena? I am Radhika, the roommate of his daughter, Nidhi.

Gaurish : Papa is not at home as he has gone to the market. Is everything O.K. with Nidhi? I'm her brother, Gaurish.

Radhika : I'm sorry to inform you that Nidhi has received an electric shock and is admitted to Sanjeevani Hospital.

Gaurish : Oh! How did it happen?

Radhika : She was switching on the desert cooler when she received a shock and fell down unconscious. She was rushed to the hospital immediately. She is conscious now and wants to meet her family.

Gaurish : Thank you very much for informing us. I'll leave for the hospital immediately.

Radhika : That's all right, Bye.

Gaurish : Bye.

D. The World of Sports

Playing is an integral part of human nature. By turning a useful activity into a sport or play, man has shown himself the way to indulge in it and concentrate on it over a period of time and get daily doses of benefit out of it. This is the reason why sports and games, from times immemorial, have been our best source of amusement and entertainment. Any sporting activity involves physical exertion and skill, with an individual or a team engaged in competition with one another for honour or sheer entertainment or both. It helps us to develop physically, mentally and socially too.

UNIT-1

D1. Discuss in small groups and select two games that, according to you, develop us the best (a) physically, (b) mentally and (c) socially. Give reasons for your choice.

Physically: _____ and _____

Reasons for our choice: _____

_____

_____

_____

Mentally: _____ and _____

Reasons for our choice: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Socially: _____ and _____

Reasons for our choice: _____

_____

_____

_____

_____

D2. There are hundreds and thousands of sports and games being played all over the world. However, we can place them under the following categories in order to know about them in a more convenient and systematic manner. Some of the categories are as follows:

1. Team Sports 2. Athletics 3. Gymnastics 4. Racquet Sports 5. Water Sports 6. Combat Sports 7.Target Sports 8. Motor Sports 9.Equestrian Events 10. Adventure, Fun and Indigenous Sports

Working in small groups of 4-5 students, discuss and place the sports and games given below in the category to which each of them belongs.

paragliding	Go-Karting	hurdles	pommel horse	basketball
windsurfing	Formula One	judo	sculling	fencing
kayaking	pole vaulting	dressage	squash	kickboxing
kho kho	kung fu	malkhamb	snowboarding	golf
decathlon	cricket	soccer	snooker	kabbadi

D3 Punctuate the following passage.

a new age cycle rickshaw that is light on both the pockets and the calf muscles of rickshaw pullers mobile games designed to battle life threatening diseases like hiv/aids and tb and a low cost computer that enables visually challenged students to read the textbooks these are all new inventions

these are not innovations designed by phunjshuk wanngduaka ranchhoddas shamaldas of chanchad of 3 idiots fame much before aamir khan's rancho made innovation a household word these simple but powerful ideas were being quietly conceptualised and put to practice by enterprising Indians in various corners of the country.

D4. Read this rags-to-riches story of a professional golfer from India.

Ashok Kumar, one of the country's leading golfers who rose from the ranks of a caddie, remembers his very humble beginnings distinctly. "The reason I am here in this swanky restaurant of the Oberoi, sipping coffee with you is because of golf. It has brought me name, fame and money and all that I could possibly ask for in life. Without golf, I am a zero," said the 27-year-old golfer with rare candour in a chat with Kalyan Ashok, a sports journalist working with Sportstar, one of India's leading sports weeklies.

India's No.3 golfer may not exactly be rolling in luxury at the moment, but he definitely leads a comfortable life-a far cry from the days when he used to sleep in a stable. "It's destiny that brought me to this stage in life and I can't say that I deserve it, but it's God's gift to me through golf," said Ashok. Not the one to forget his past, Ashok Kumar keeps reminding himself how he came up in life.

UNIT-1

His life story is stranger than fiction. Ashok was born into a poor family in Bihar that struggled to make both ends meet. (He has four brothers and two sisters.) In 1988, his parents sent him away with his elder brother to Delhi and he worked as an errand boy at the Jaipur Polo Club.

"I used to work in the day assisting my brother and sleep in the stable at night. The club also had the Air Force golf course and I wandered on to it one day and watched the players and caddies. I thought of becoming a caddie, but I was too young then. I did not get the job, but the club hired me a few years later," recalls Ashok. It was then that he took to golf. He started practising in the club when no one was around. However, he was caught playing one day and was suspended from his job, as caddies were not allowed to practise golf.

"I was back to square one. Then I went away to help a lorry owner who was transporting sand. I remember the days when I had to pay five rupees to hire a blanket during winter and sleep in Connaught Place," Ashok said wistfully.

Six months later, when things cooled down, he moved back to the Air Force golf course and became a caddie to Amit Luthra, who was India's top golfer and an Asian Games gold medallist. "Luthra saab spoke to the club authorities and got me in," Ashok said with gratitude writ large on his face.

Ashok learnt a lot from Luthra and one day he challenged his mentor to a play-off. "I don't know what got into my head and I told him that I will beat him, to which Luthraji said that if I did that he would waive a month's caddie fee. We played on the road, but I lost," Ashok smiled.

Luthra, however, was very impressed with the young man's talent and got him enrolled at the Delhi Golf Club, which allowed caddies to play. Seizing this opportunity with both hands, Ashok went on to improve his game by leaps and bounds and in 1995, DGC selected him to play in the All India Junior tournament in Kolkata.

"I didn't know where Kolkata was. I thought it was outside the country! I travelled in an unreserved compartment, spending most of the time sitting in the bathroom or just outside as there was no place elsewhere."

In Kolkata, he finished third and in the next two years he became the Junior Champion of the country. In 2000, he moved to the amateur ranks and two years later he became a pro, finishing his first season as India's No.5 golf player. Riding a wave of success, Ashok held the No.1 spot in 2006 and 2008 and currently (2010) he is ranked No.3.

The moment he cherishes the most as a player is not the time when he won his first major title but when he finished 18th in the Hero Honda-DLF Tournament in 2002. It fetched him a cheque of Rs. 1 lakh. "I never looked back after that,"Ashok remarked.

In the first half of 2010, Ashok's golfing career got a boost when the Bangalore-based business and software company, Kaseya India, run by golf enthusiast, Mr. Girish Krishnamurthy, decided to sponsor him. "I am a simple guy and with Kaseya around to take care of other things, I can concentrate better on my game now," Ashok says with determination as well as gratitude. It is his ardent wish that all golf links in the country should support caddies, as he feels that many of them have a lot of inherent talent simply waiting to be tapped.

UNIT-1

Ashok has modelled his game on his golfing idol, Tiger Woods. Incidentally, he had met Tiger when he was a caddie to Arjun Atwal in Bangkok a decade ago. "He hugged me when he was introduced by Atwal as a top amateur from India. I asked him for his advice, to which the legendary golfer simply said-'don't think of beating others, they should think of beating you," Ashok's eyes sparkled when he recalled his meeting with Tiger.

He faithfully follows that advice from the maestro and hopes to play with him one day. "For the moment, I eat, drink and sleep golf. There's no distraction in my life. I relax with some music and watch CDs of Tiger Woods," Ashok concluded.

D5. Given below are some qualities that a human being may possess. On the basis of your reading of the passage, pick three qualities that you think the ace Indian golfer Ashok Kumar possesses and using incidents or statements justify your choice in a short paragraph of around 100-150 words.

(a) pride (b) frankness (c) jealousy (d) humility (e) perseverance (f) compassion (g) goal orientation

D6. The journalist has used some lovely words and expressions in the above 'story'. Match the words or groups of words with the meanings given.

A		B	
1.	swanky	(a)	a return to the original situation from where one started
2.	candour	(b)	highly unbelievable
3.	a far cry from	(c)	very quickly or in large amounts
4.	stranger than fiction	(d)	frankness
5.	back to square one	(e)	very different
6.	by leaps and bounds	(f)	fashionable and expensive
7.	inherent	(g)	a great performer
8.	maestro	(h)	pertaining to a natural quality that can't be removed

D7. Use the above words and expressions in meaningful sentences of your own. You may use more than a sentence to bring out the meaning clearly.

D8. You must be fond of a sport or any hobby like Hockey, painting or dancing or singing. Imagine that you have become a star in your field of interest. One day, you meet a poor boy with a lot of talent, but no resources to get himself the facilities to nurture his talent. As a successful person, who is very interested in nurturing his talent, you decide to become his mentor. How would you go about doing it? Write a diary entry on any given date ten years from now about the feelings that the young but poor talented person evoked in you and the plans you thought of to develop his potential.

E NATURE'S MEDICINES

E1. Read the following article "Nature's Medicine Chest" and complete the exercise that follows.

1. The plant world is an immense store of active chemical compounds. Nearly half the medicines we use today are herbal in origin, and a quarter contains plant extracts or active chemicals taken directly from plants. Many more are yet to be discovered, recorded and researched; only a few thousand have been studied. Across the globe, the hunt will always be on to find species that could form the bases of new medicines. Humans have always used plants to ease their pains. They imbued them with magical powers and then gradually learnt to identify their properties. We can now enjoy the benefits of herbal medicines because, over thousands of years, our ancestors discovered which plants were medicinally beneficial and which were highly toxic.

2. Thousands of years ago, the ancient Egyptians discovered simple ways to extract and use the active ingredients within plants. Egyptian papyrus manuscripts from 2000 B.C. record the use of perfumes and fine oils, aromatic oils and gums in the embalming process.

3. In ancient Greece in the 5th and the 4th centuries BC, Hippocrates, the father of medicine, was already recommending asparagus and garlic for their diuretic qualities, poppy as a way of inducing sleep and willow leaves to relieve pain and fever. In the 1st century AD, another Greek doctor, Dioscorides, established the first collection of medicinal plants. His treatise on the subject was translated into

Arabic and Persian. Centuries later, his work was also used by the Muslim scholars who influenced great universities of the period, particularly at Montpellier, Europe's most famous centre for the study of Botany. (2)

4. As a result of trade with Africa and Asia, the Western world's store of herbal medicines was enriched by the inclusion of camphor, cinnamon, ginger, ginseng, nutmeg, sandalwood, turmeric and henna. For a long time, however, the use of both local plants and those with more distant origins was based on more or less fanciful beliefs. Throughout the Middle Ages herbal medicine consisted of a mixture of magic, superstition and empirical observation. From the Renaissance onwards, scientists and their scientific studies, discoveries and inventions came to the fore, rejecting alchemists' elixirs and other magical remedies. Local plants were carefully collected and widely used to make infusions, decoctions and ointments. These plants make up the major part of the traditional cures that we have inherited.

5. In the late 1700s, Carl Wilheim Scheele, a gifted Swedish chemist, obtained tartaric acid from grapes, citric acid from lemons and malic acid from apples. The techniques that he and his contemporaries used led to the isolation of the first purified compounds from plants that could be used as drugs. First came the isolation of morphine from the opium poppy in 1803, then caffeine from coffee beans in 1819, quinine from cinchona bark and colchicines from meadow saffron both in 1820 and atropine from deadly nightshade in 1835.

6. One tree that generated considerable interest among scientists was the willow. In the early 1800s, chemists from Germany, Italy and France began the search for the compounds responsible for the acclaimed pain-relieving effects of its bark. In 1828, the German pharmacist, Johann Buchner, was the first to obtain salicin, the major compound in a pure form. In 1838, the Italian chemist, Raffaele Piria also obtained salicylic acid from the bark by various chemical processes. But these early compounds caused blisters in the mouth, and stomach upsets when ingested. In 1853, a French chemist, Charles Frederic Gerhardt, synthesised a modified form of salicylic acid-acetylsalicylic acid. But still it wasn't further developed for more than 40 years until a German chemist, Felix Hoffman, working for Bayer, rediscovered Gerhardt's compound. Hoffman gave it to his father who suffered from arthritis and reported the beneficial effects.

7. Bayer decided to market the acetylsalicylic acid as a new drug for pain relief and patented the compound acetylsalicylic acid in 1899. At last from the willow, the first modern drug was born and, with 12000 tons of aspirin sold every year throughout the world, it has kept its number one position.

8. From the 1930s onwards, advances in chemistry have made it much easier to reproduce the active ingredients in plants. But plants will continue to have a medicinal importance in their own right. Their active constituents may be slightly modified to improve their efficiency or to reduce their undesirable effects, but they are still vital for the treatment of disorders such as cancers and heart diseases or as a means of combating malaria. And they remain the essence of herbal medicine-an area that has still not been fully understood and explored.

E2. Some sub-titles are given below corresponding to each of the paragraphs of the article that you have just read. Match the sub-titles with their paragraphs by writing the number of the paragraph in the space provided.

SUB-TITLES	PARAGRAPH NUMBER
• Birth of the first modern drug.	_____
• Man's hunt for medicinal plants from ancient times.	_____
• Contribution of Greek scholars	_____
• Pioneering isolation of compounds	_____
• The beginning of a new era of recreation of plant components with modifications	_____
• Positive effects of new trade and trading routes	_____
• The Wonder Tree	_____
• Knowledge from ancient Egypt	_____

E3. Find words from the passage that mean the same or nearly the same as the following:

(a) filled with a certain quality (para 1) : _____

(b) scented or perfumed or sweet-smelling (para 2) : _____

(c) written work dealing with a subject systematically (para 3): _____

(d) people living at the same time as others (para 5) : _____

(e) notably large or significant (para 5) : _____

E4. Complete the following sentences on the basis of your reading of the text in D1.

(a) After the Renaissance, the major shifts that occurred in the approach towards herbal plants were ----------
---

(b) Isolation of compounds from plants to be used as drugs was the ----------
---

E5. Complete the following flowchart that traces the contributory processes leading to the development of the first modern drug from the willow tree.

(a) salicin, the first major compound, was obtained in 1828

↓

(b) ----------

↓

© ----------

↓

(d) Felix Hoffman's contribution of rediscovering Gerhardt's compound

↓

(e) ----------

E6. Class Project

Work in groups of 6-8 students to present your findings on any two of the herbal plants suggested below through a series of charts or a computer power point presentation.

(a) Alfalfa (Medicago sativa)

(b) Aloe vera

(c) Arnica (Arnica montana)

(d) Ashwagandha (Withania somnifera)

(e) Papaya (Carica papaya)

(f) Lavender (Lavandula officinalis)

(g) Black Radish (Raphanus sativus niger)

(h) Pumpkin (Cucurbita pepo)

(i) Pineapple (Ananas comosus)

(j) Peppermint (Mentha x. peperita)

Please ensure that the whole class is divided into 4-5 groups and each group must work on different sets or pairs of herbal plants.

EDUCATION

UNIT 2

(SUMMARY)

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
Introduction		• Taking active part in a group discussion • Narrating incidents and events and expressing opinions.		• Completing a web chart.	
(A) My struggle for an Education		• Taking active part in a group discussion • Expressing personal feelings, opinions and attitudes. • Participating in a debate, expressing and arguing a point of view clearly and effectively • Role play involving conversation.	• Identifying the main points of a text • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar lexical items	• Writing a conversation	• Words to describe a person's character • Words and phrases used in a debate

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
(B) Educating the Girl Child.		• Taking active part in a group/class discussion • Expressing opinions and giving reasons • Adopting different strategies to convey ideas effectively according to purpose, topic and audience.	• Analysing, interpreting and inferring the ideas in a text. • Retrieving and synthesising information from a range of material using study skills.	• Transcoding information from one text type to another • Writing a letter to the editor.	• Words and phrases related to education.
(C) Inclusive Education	• Listening to a talk and understanding the topic and main points • Understanding and interpreting message in a talk.	• Taking active part in a group discussion • Expressing and arguing a point of view clearly and effectively.	• Identifying the main points of a text • Analysing, interpreting and inferring the ideas in the text • Local and global comprehension of a poem. • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar lexical items.	• Making an oral presentation, expressing opinions and feelings • Illustrating a poem • Writing a formal letter. • Writing a bio-sketch. • Writing an article.	• Words and phrases occuring in news reports of human interest.
(D) Vocational Education		• Participating in a debate and expressing and arguing a point of view clearly and effectively. • Role playing and participating in spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Identifying the main points and supporting details and making notes. • Reading a story and appreciating the main idea conveyed by the story	• Writing an article based on the information given • Writing a narrative piece. • Writing a notice	• Names of professional courses • Names of vocations

UNIT 2

EDUCATION

Introduction

Discuss the following questions in groups of four. Then share your views with the whole class.

- Why do you come to school?
- Why is it essential to receive education?

a) .....

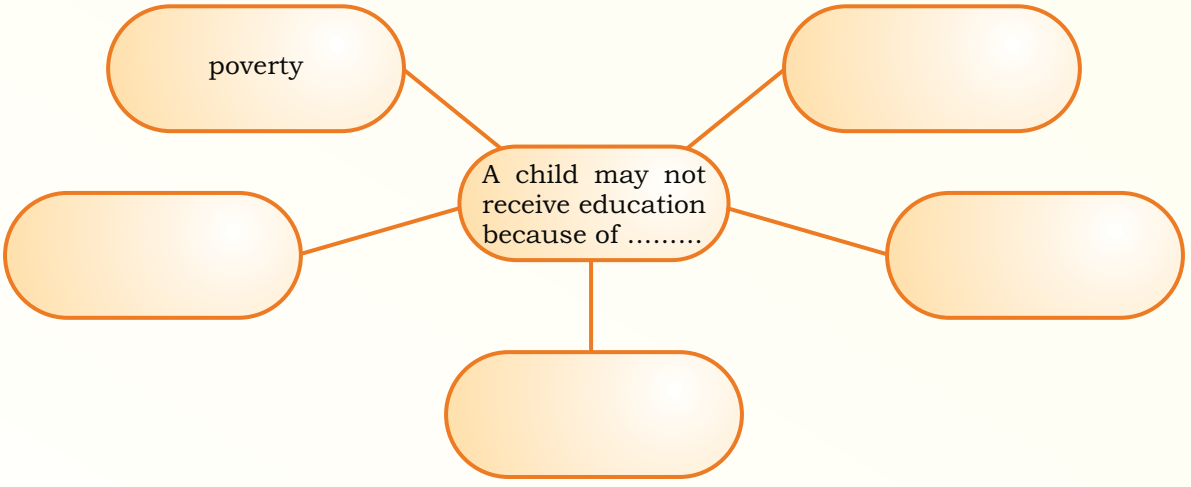
b) .....

c) .....

d) .....

- Do you know of anyone who is not educated?
- Why did he/ she not receive education?
- Does he/ she want to receive education now?
- Why/ why not?
- What are the reasons that may prevent a child from receiving education?

Complete the web-chart given below on the basis of your discussion.



A. My Struggle for an Education

A1. Read about a boy, Booker T. Washington and his struggle to receive an education.

One day, while at work in the coal-mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for coloured people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious than the little coloured school in our town.

I heard one tell the other that not only was the school established for the members of my race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

I resolved at once to go to that school, although I had no idea where it was, or how many miles away, or how I was going to reach it. I remembered only that I was on fire constantly with one ambition, and that was to go to Hampton.

While at work here, I heard of a vacant position in the household of General Lewis Ruffner, the owner of the salt-furnace and coal-mine. Mother applied to her for the vacant position. I was hired at a salary of $5 per month. I soon began to learn that first of all, she wanted everything kept clean about her, that she wanted things done promptly and systematically, and that at the bottom of everything she wanted absolute honesty and frankness. Nothing must be slipshod and every door, every fence, must be kept in repair.

The lessons that I learned in the home of Mrs. Ruffner were as valuable to me as any education I have ever gotten anywhere since. In the fall of 1872 I determined to make an effort to go. The small amount of money that I had earned had been consumed by my stepfather and the remainder of the family, with the exception of a very few dollars, and so I had very little with which to buy clothes and pay my traveling expenses.

Finally the great day came, and I started for Hampton. The distance from Malden to Hampton is about five hundred miles. I had not been away from home many hours before it became painfully clear that I did not have enough money to pay my fare to Hampton.

UNIT-2

By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry and dirty, it was late in the night. I had never been in a large city, and this rather added to my misery. When I reached Richmond I was completely out of money. I had not a single acquaintance in the place, and being unused to city ways, I did not know where to go.

Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion, I came upon a portion of a street where the broad sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes till I was sure that no passers-by could see me, and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head. The next morning I noticed that I was near a large ship.

I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten. My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I

desired I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do.

I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond. Many years after that, the coloured citizens of Richmond very kindly tendered me a reception which was not far from the spot where I had slept the first night I spent in that city. I thanked the captain of the vessel for his kindness, and started again. Without any unusual occurrence I reached Hampton with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education.

I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favourable impression upon her.

For some time she neither refused to admit me nor did she decide in my favour, and I continued to linger about her. After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

I swept the recitation room three times, then I got a dusting cloth, and I dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When 1 was through I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest-souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination. I have passed several examinations since then, but I always felt that this was the best one I had ever passed .....

UNIT-2

A.2. Answer the following based on your reading of the passage above:

1. The boy was inspired to go to Hampton because of .....
2. After working in the coal mine, where did the boy work next and what did he learn?
3. What happened to the money he had earned at Mrs Ruffner's house?
4. How far was Hampton from Malden? Was he able to hire a coach? What did he do and where did he reach?
5. What did he do in Richmond in order to earn for his journey to Hampton?
6. Why did the writer not make a favourable impression on the head teacher?
7. What did he have to go through in order to get admission to the Hampton Institute?
8. The names of some places are given below. Think of the main event that took place there and write them in the order given in the story.

   a) Hampton

   b) General Lewis Ruffner's house

   c) coal mine

   d) city of Richmond in Virginia.

A.3. Which of the following qualities best describe the boy's character? Give evidence from the story to support your answer.

kind	polite		hard-working
careful	friendly		respectful
generous	honest	frank	eager to learn

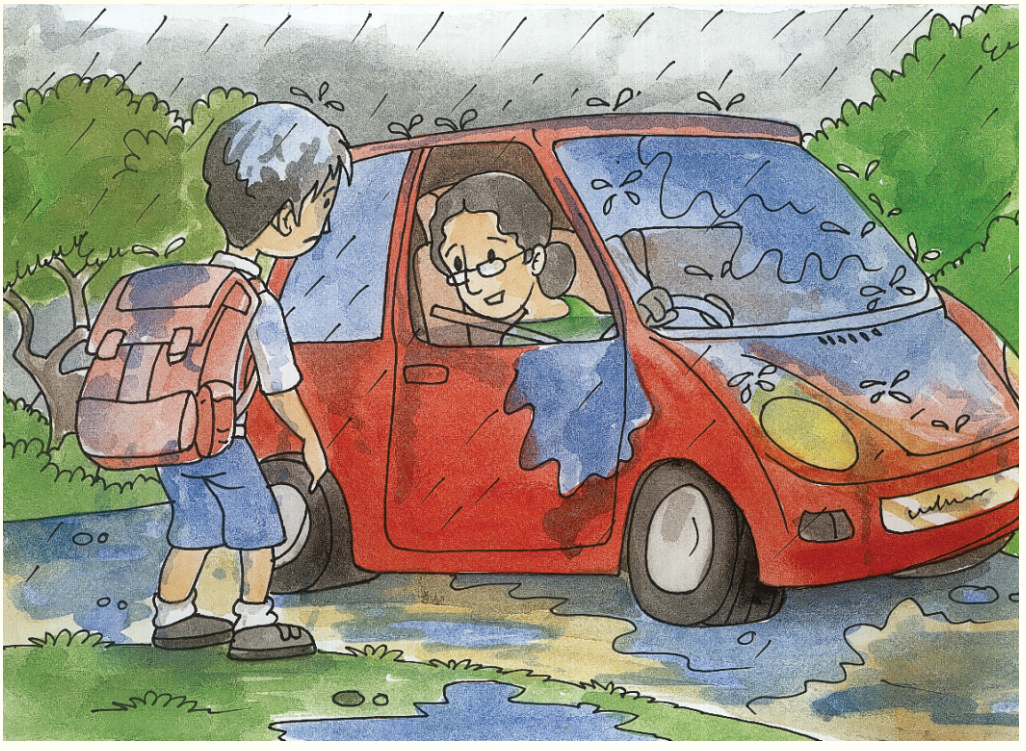
Quality	Evidence from the story
*	
*	
*	
*	

A.4. Match the following phrases with their meanings:

Phrases	Meanings
at work	pay off the cost by doing some work in lieu
work out	a day one has been waiting for
to be on fire	to be working
the great day	excited
to be out of money	not at all
not one bit of	not having any money

A.5. Read the story given below:

Just a chance meeting - Thripura Krishnan



Mrs. Mini was caught in a downpour. It was difficult for her to even drive. She had just finished her lecture and was on her way home. Just then, she saw a boy

standing on the pavement in the rain. He was in his school uniform and was carrying a heavy school bag. She pulled up close to him and rolled down the window.

"Get in," she said. He was hesitant.

"Come on," she said impatiently.

"I'm drenched and I might spoil your car," the boy said.

"Doesn't matter," she said. "Just get in."

A sad story

The boy got into the car and sat awkwardly, holding his bag tight on his lap.

"Where do you live? I will drop you home."

"Drop me anywhere… I don't want to go home yet."

She didn't want to be nosy. So she didn't ask any questions. Instead, she drove him to her house. She invited him in.

"Let's have lunch," she said. "What's your name?"

"Rahul."

She noticed he looked very sad. Later, when he had relaxed and was enjoying the lunch, she gently asked him, "Why don't you want to go home?"

Rahul looked at her. "She does seem to be kind," he thought. "May be she will understand."

"My mother is a housemaid and works very hard to make ends meet. My father is a wastrel and a drunk. All he does is get drunk and harass my mother and me. School is worse. My classmates taunt me because my uniform is shabby and smelly. They laugh at me because I do not speak English as well as them. And at lunchtime they turn their faces away from sour-smelling curd rice. I am the ideal target for a bully. I haven't been to school for a week now."

She was quiet for awhile. Then she said, "Come let's go out. The rain has stopped."

She bought him new uniforms, shoes, a bag, pencils and pens.

"Every morning you come here and collect your lunch. In the evening also come here and finish your homework."

Very soon, Rahul was doing well in school.

Years passed and he completed his degree in Engineering. At the convocation, there were two proud people. One was Mrs. Mini and the other was his mother. Both had played such an important part in Rahul's life.

A.6. Based on your understanding of the story respond to the following statements. You could get into groups of six and each student could respond to one statement.

a) Rahul is a victim of circumstances

b) His classmates' reaction is normal

c) Rahul should take admission in another school

d) Measures Rahul's teacher could take to avoid Rahul being bullied.

e) Children require individual attention

f) We need more people like Mrs.Mini

A.7. After the convocation, Mrs. Mini, Rahul's mother and Rahul, have a conversation. Write this conversation and enact it in groups of three.

A.8. Read the following news clipping about Right to Education.

UNIT-2

Right to Education is a Reality

When on 1st April 2010, the Right of Children to Free and Compulsory Education Act became a reality, this historic step became the first Fundamental Right that has been added to the constitution since India attained independence. The Act makes it obligatory on the State to guarantee Right to Education and "ensure compulsory admission, attendance and completion of elementary education by every child of 6 to 14 years." According to the Act, financial constraints should not prevent a child from completing elementary education, which means, even if a child lives in a remote area, providing free transportation will be part of the child's entitlement to education. Some of the salient features of the Act include: providing for school teachers at 1:30 teacher - pupil ratio at the primary school and 1:35 ratio at the upper primary level within six months, with these schools having only trained school teachers in five years. The norms for the schools in the Act include one room for every teacher, subject-wise teachers, toilets and drinking water, a library and a playground within three years. The Right to Education (RTE) Act has three basic goals: a) bringing children of marginalized sections into the ambit of school education; b) ensuring that all schools and their teachers meet some specified norms; and c) ensuring that all children receive quality schooling free from any kind of discrimination.

The RTE Act says that private schools should reserve a fourth of their seats for the poor and other categories of children. The RTE Act says that all schools should now be 'recognized.' Given the shortage of trained teachers in the country, there is a need to do some rethink on this stipulation and explore the possibility of hiring para- teachers to run these schools until sufficient number of trained teachers are available. Studies in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar by Kingdon and Banerji show that children taught by para-teachers are as good if not better than those taught by regular trained teachers. If the RTE Act is implemented successfully, India can emerge as a global leader in achieving the Millennium Development Goal of ensuring that all children complete their elementary education by 2015.

A.9. On the basis of your reading of the passage given above and <u>your own research on the Right to Education</u>, find out and discuss in your groups:

* What is the Right to Education?
* What are the challenges of RTE?

- What is the implication of 'free education' in the Act?
- What action will be taken if some parents don't send children to schools?
- Is the Act targeted only at weaker sections?
- Have the disabled children been adequately addressed in the Act?
- What about children not in schools right now?
- What if children admitted after age 6 attain the age of 14 before completing class 8?
- Do you think the government has the funds to set up adequate number of schools?
- If not, then how will the government meet the challenges of access, equity and quality in education?

A10. After you have discussed, give a one minute presentation on any one of the above topics in your class.

A.11. Now, hold a class debate on the following motion:

> The Right to Education Act is a realistic and achievable goal that will change the face of education in India.

Given below are certain expressions that might be used by debaters to emphasize/negate certain points:

1. I'd like to raise a/the question / argue...
2. In my opinion...
3. Nothing could be more illogical than...
4. I feel very strongly that ...
5. I would like to draw attention to ...
6. I fail to understand ...
7. I think you are being unreasonable in suggesting ...

8. I submit that ...
9. My first / next / final argument against / in favour of ...
10. I support the motion that ...
11. My knowledgeable opponent has submitted that ..
12. May I ask ...
13. I strongly oppose / support the view that ...
14. On the contrary ...
15. It is unrealistic to say that ...
16. I disagree ...
17. I firmly reject ...
18. I wholeheartedly oppose / support ..

B. Educating the Girl Child

STUDY THE STATE-WISE LITERACY RATE IN INDIA ACCORDING TO 2021 CENSUS.

S.No.	State/Union Territory	Literacy rate in % (Person)	Literacy rate in % (Male)	Literacy rate in % (Female)
1.	Kerala	94.0	96.1	92.1
2.	Lakshadweep	91.8	95.6	87.9
3.	Mizoram	91.3	93.3	89.3
4.	Goa	88.7	92.6	84.7
5.	Tripura	87.2	91.5	82.7
6.	Daman & Diu	87.1	91.5	79.5
7.	Andaman & Nicobar Island	86.6	90.3	82.4
8.	NCT of Delhi	86.2	90.9	80.8
9.	Chandigarh	86.0	90.0	81.2

10.	Puducherry	85.8	91.3	80.7
11.	Himachal Pradesh	82.8	89.5	75.9
12.	Maharashtra	82.3	88.4	75.9
13.	Sikkim	81.4	86.6	75.6
14.	Tamil Nadu	80.1	86.8	73.4
15.	Nagaland	79.6	82.8	76.1
16.	Manipur	79.2	86.1	72.4
17.	Uttarakhand	78.8	87.4	70.0
18.	Gujarat	78.0	85.8	69.7
19.	West Bengal	76.3	81.7	70.5
20.	Dadra & Nagar Haveli	76.2	85.2	64.3
21.	Punjab	75.8	80.4	70.7
22.	Haryana	75.6	84.1	65.9
23.	Karnataka	75.4	82.5	68.1
24.	Meghalaya	74.4	76.0	72.9
25.	Odisha	72.9	81.6	64.0
26.	Assam	72.2	77.8	66.3
27.	Chhattisgarh	70.3	80.3	60.2
28.	Madhya Pradesh	69.3	78.7	59.2
29.	Uttar Pradesh	67.7	77.3	57.2
30.	Jammu & Kashmir	67.2	76.3	56.4
31.	Andhra Pradesh	67.0	74.9	59.1
32.	Jharkhand	66.4	76.8	55.4
33.	Rajasthan	66.1	79.2	52.1
34.	Arunachal Pradesh	65.4	72.6	57.2
35.	Bihar	61.8	71.2	51.5

UNIT-2

B.2. Attempt the following in pairs.

- Name the states/UTs with female literacy lower than 60%.
- Name the state/UT with the highest female literacy.
- Discuss reasons why male literacy is higher than female literacy in India.

B.3. (a) What do you think are the causes for female illiteracy in India?

- .....
- .....

(b) Suggest ways to increase female literacy in India.

- .....
- .....

B.4. Read the following short story

The whole world came together

A young mother was ready for a few minutes of relaxation after a long and tiring day. However, her young daughter had other plans for her mother's time.

'Read me a story, Mom,' the little girl requested.

'Give Mommy a few minutes to relax and unwind. Then I'll be happy to read you a story,' pleaded the mother.

The little girl was insistent that Mommy read to her now. With a stroke of genius, the mother tore off the back page of the magazine she was reading. It contained a full-page picture of the world.

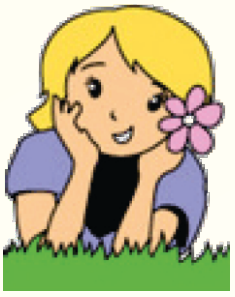
As she tore it into several pieces, Mom asked her daughter to put the picture together and then she would read her a story. Surely this would buy her some relaxing moments.

A short time later, the little girl announced the completion of her puzzle project. To her mother's astonishment, the world picture was completely assembled.

When she asked her daughter how she managed to do it so quickly, the little girl explained that on the reverse side of the page was the picture of a little girl.

'You see, **Mommy!' she said, 'When I got the little girl together, the whole world came together!'**

B.5. On the basis of your reading of the story and the discussion between the girls in the following picture, have a whole class discussion on-The Need to Recognize and Empower the Girl Child



UNIT-2

A little amount of care, a handful of warmth and a heart full of love for a girl child can make a big difference.

Did you know that every year 12 million girls are born in the country but unfortunately only 1/3 of those survive? Some are killed in the womb, some at the time of birth, some die due to ill health and some due to poor nutritional status.

Why do people discriminate against us for nutrition and even education?

B.6. Read the following extract on Girl Child Education

UNIT-2

Education of girls has been a high priority with the Government of India. The National commitment to provide free and compulsory education to all children in the 6-14 years age group is now a Fundamental Right of every child in India.

Reaching out to the girl child is central to the efforts to universalize elementary education. Sarva Shiksha Abhiyan, or 'Education for All' programme, recognizes that ensuring girl's education requires changes not only in the education system but also in societal norms and attitudes. A two-pronged gender strategy has, therefore, been adopted to make the education system responsive to the needs of girls through targeted interventions, it serves as a pull factor to enhance access and retention of girls in schools, on one hand, and, on the other, to generate a community demand for girls' education through training and mobilisation.

The targeted provision for girls under 'Sarva Shiksha Abhiyan' includes:

- Free textbooks to all girls upto class VIII
- Separate toilets for girls
- Back to school camps for out-of-school girls
- Bridge courses for older girls
- Recruitment of 50% women teachers
- Early childhood care and Education centres
- Teachers' sensitisation programmes to promote equitable learning opportunities
- Gender-sensitive teaching-learning materials including textbooks
- Intensive community mobilisation efforts
- 'Innovation fund' per district for need based interventions for ensuring girls' attendance and retention.

UNIT-2

B. 7. On the occasion of Women's Day, your school Literary Club is organizing a Speech Competition on the topic - "Empowering the Girl Child is the Best Way to Empower the Nation". On the basis of the input given above and your own ideas, draft the speech.

When giving your speech:

- Stand
- Make sure you look at every member of your audience while speaking
- Use questions, so as to involve your audience e.g. "Did you know that……?" "I wonder how many of you are aware…..?"
- Speak up so that everyone can hear you
- Pause occasionally
- Don't talk too fast

B.8. Girls' Enrolment:

B.8. The Government of India has consistently worked to ensure an allevation in the status of education of the girl child.

➢ **Introductory paragraph:**

- As an avid reader of your newspaper, I would like to draw the attention of the readers towards the issue of…
- This is to draw your attention towards…
- As a responsible citizen, I would like to draw the attention on a matter of utmost concern that deserves immediate redressal.

➢ **to express opinion:**

- Therefore,…
- As a result,…
- Consequently,…
- If we/they do/did this,…
- Obviously,…
- Clearly,…

➢ **to summarise and conclude:**

- I hope my comments/suggestions/points will be taken into consideration by the authorities concerned...
- I hope this draws the attention of the government authorities...
- I hope this leads to constructive action...

Write a letter to the editor of a national daily, expressing your appreciation towards government initiatives and provisions made for girl child education and the importance of the same. You can refer to the data in Ex. B1.

B.9. Take a look at the format of a letter to the editor.

51, Moti Bagh New Delhi-110023	→	Sender's address
25 February 20XX	→	Date of writing the letter
The Editor Serra Delta Street Charlie City – 10001	→	Receiver's Designation and address
Subject :	→	Purpose of writing the letter
Sir/Madam	→	Saluation

Body of the letter :

(I) Introduction
(ii) The issue, facts, causes & consequences
(iii) Minimum two suggestions;
(iv) Conclusion

Yours truly

Name

address

UNIT-2

C. Inclusive Education

C.1. Read the following story.

Fox was very happy that there were more than 50 admissions in his new school. He was determined to make it, the best school in the jungle. He introduced everything in his curriculum: reading, writing, arithmetic, swimming, dancing, running, climbing trees etc. and insisted that teachers should take classes regularly and test the students regularly. The teachers however were very unsatisfied with the results. However much they tried, they couldn't teach the lion to swim, the tiger always failed in climbing trees and the crow refused to sing. The teachers tried all the methods and regularly conducted classes. The students had to attend special classes. The peacock would help the teacher conduct dancing classes but the pig could not get a single step correct. Likewise, the owl did not want to learn to read and the monkey could not swim. All the students failed in the exams and Fox was very worried. Then the wise bat told him to let the students

take up the courses they wanted to and then conduct the exams. The monkey did not have to learn swimming anymore but the crocodile could practise swimming and diving, the crow could fly and learn to do somersaults in the air and the squirrel could continue learning arithmetic. When the exams were conducted, all the animals passed with flying colours and the Fox was very proud of his school.

Discuss in groups of four, the following questions:

- What was wrong with Fox's school initially?
- What were the reasons for improvement in the results?
- Do you think the schools in the present day resemble Fox's school? If yes/no say how?
- Can the Bat's advice be extended to present day schools? If yes, how. If no, why?

C.2. Discuss within your group in what way is the story of the Fox's school applicable to your classroom. How can the issue of inclusion of students with different abilities be addressed in the best possible way?

C.3. What does the term "inclusive education" mean to you?

To me the term "inclusive education" means .....
.....
.....

C.4. Read the poem given below:

I am SPECIAL, and so are YOU.

Imagine just how boring the world would be
If Mother Nature believed in UNIFORMITY?!
All living beings of same colour and shape
The ant and the ape!
A leopard and a bear!
A watermelon and a pear!!!
The birds soaring high;

UNIT-2

The clouds floating by

The leaves on every tree.....
The fish in every sea...
And as a further blow to individuality
Hey, may be even you... and me!!!
Eeeeeeks!!! Wouldn't life be a tragic shame!
If everything looked
Felt
Smelt
Exactly... the SAME!!
Thank God that we all have our own shapes and sizes
With different looks, talents and surprises
Each with a special strength and may be, a weakness
And you know... that's what gives us our uniqueness!
I've got friends who are fat and friends who are tall
Friends who are skinny and some who are small
Friends who are gawky, friends who have grace
Some who are slow... and some with the pace
Friends who wear glasses or use a wheelchair
Friends who wear braces or funny things in their hair!!!
Friends whom I help... and friends who help me
But friends forever... as we were meant to be...
Some are really brainy, ahead of the rest,
Scoring superbly in every class test
Some are winners in many other ways
In music... dancing... painting... or on sports days...
Then, there are others who might not win any prizes
But watch out, they too are full of surprises
That's because each of us is one of a kind

Specially created... specially designed...
We each have a purpose, each have a role
Each with a dream, each with a goal
We each are different, special.. rare
Each an answer to a special prayer...
So love who your are, in life have an aim
Be happy to be special not boringly same
Be who you are... do what you do
We are all really special... coz I am. I... And you are YOU!!!

Contributed by TRINAYANI towards creating awareness in diversities and disabilities. Written by Vanessa Ohri. Visit www.trinayani.org

C.5. Based on your understanding of the poem, conduct a group discussion on the topic: 'Inclusion means acceptance of diversity in a classroom.' After having the discussion, a member of each group will make a brief presentation to the class, giving the views and opinions of the group.

C.6. Working in groups, illustrate the poem. Put up your illustrations on the class notice board under catchy titles.

C.7. Now read the news story given below.

West Bengal Boy is World's Youngest Headmaster

1. *Around the world millions of children are not getting a proper education because their families are too poor to afford to send them to school. In India, one schoolboy is trying to change that. Babar Ali's remarkable education project is transforming the lives of hundreds of poor children.*
2. At 16 years of age, Babar Ali must be the youngest headmaster in the world. He is a teenager who is in charge of teaching hundreds of students in his family's backyard, where he runs classes for poor children from his village.
3. The story of this young man from Murshidabad in West Bengal is a remarkable tale of the desire to learn amid the direst poverty.
4. Babar Ali's day starts early. He wakes, pitches in with the household chores, then jumps onto an auto-rickshaw which covers only a part of the 10 km journey to the

UNIT-2

Raj Govinda school. The last couple of kilometers he has to walk.

5. The school is considered to be the best in this part of West Bengal. There are hundreds of students, boys and girls. The classrooms are neat, if bare. But there are desks, chairs, a blackboard, and the teachers are all dedicated and well-qualified.

6. As the class 12 roll-call is taken, Babar Ali is seated in the middle of the front row. He's a tall, slim, teenager, studious and smart in his blue and white uniform. He takes his notes carefully. He is the model student.

7. Babar Ali is the first member of his family ever to get a proper education.

“Everything I have and everything I am today is because of my education”

8. "It's not easy for me to come to school because I live so far away," he says, "but the teachers are good and I love learning. And my parents believe I must get the best education possible, that's why I am here."

9. Raj Govinda school is government-run, so it is free. All Babar Ali has to pay for is his uniform, his books and the rickshaw ride to get there. But still that means his family has to spend around 1,800 rupees a year to send him to school. In this part of West Bengal that is a lot of money. Many poor families simply can't afford to send their children to school, even when it is free.

10. Chumki Hajra is one who has never been to school. She is 14 years old and lives in a tiny shack with her grandmother. Their home is simple - A frame supporting a thatched roof next to the rice paddies and coconut palms at the edge of the village.

Inside the hut there is just a room for a bed and a few possessions.

11. Every morning, instead of going to school, she scrubs the dishes and cleans the houses of her neighbours. She has done this ever since she was five. For her work she earns just ₹ 200 a month. It's not much, but it's the money her family desperately needs. And it means that she has to work as a servant everyday in the village.

12. "My father is handicapped and can't work," Chumki tells me as she scrubs a pot. "We need the money. If I don't work, we can't survive as a family. So I have no choice but to do this job."

13. But Chumki is now getting an education, thanks to Babar Ali. The 16-year-old has made it his mission to help Chumki and hundreds of other poor children in his village. The minute his lessons are over at Raj Govinda school, Babar Ali doesn't stop to play; he heads off to share what he's learnt with other children from his village.

14. At four o'clock every afternoon after Babar Ali gets back to his family home, a bell summons children to his house. They flood through the gate into the yard behind his house, where Babar Ali now acts as headmaster of his own, unofficial school.

15. Lined up in his backyard the children sing the national anthem. Standing on a podium, Babar Ali lectures them about discipline, then the study begins.

16. Babar Ali gives lessons just the way he has heard them from his teachers. Some children are seated in the mud, others on rickety benches under a rough, homemade shelter. The family chickens scratch around nearby. In every corner of the yard are groups of children studying hard.

17. Babar Ali was just nine when he began teaching a few friends as a game. They were all eager to know what he learnt in school every morning and he liked playing at being their teacher.

18. Now his afternoon school has 800 students, all from poor families, all taught for free. Most of the girls come here after working, like Chumki, who work as domestic help in the village, and the boys who come after they have finished their

day's work in the fields.

19. "In the beginning I was just play-acting, teaching my friends," Babar Ali says, "but then I realised these children will never learn to read and write if they don't have proper lessons. It's my duty to educate them, to help our country build a better future."

20. Including Babar Ali there are now 10 teachers at the school, all, like him, are students at school or college, who give their time voluntarily. Babar Ali doesn't charge for anything, even books and food are given free, funded by donations. It means even the poorest can come here.

21. "Our area is economically deprived," he says. "Without this school many kids wouldn't get an education, they'd never even be literate."

22. Seated on a rough bench squeezed in with about a dozen other girls, Chumki Hajra is busy scribbling notes.

23. Her dedication to learning is incredible to see. Every day she works in homes in the village from six in the morning until half past two in the afternoon, then she heads to Babar Ali's school. At seven every evening she heads back to do more cleaning work.

24. Chumki's dream is to become a nurse one day, and Babar Ali's classes might just make it possible.

25. The school has been recognized by the local authorities as it has helped increase literacy rates in the area, and Babar Ali has won awards for his work.

26. The youngest children are just four or five, and they are all squeezed in to a tiny veranda. There are just a couple of bare electric bulbs to give light as lessons stretch into the evening, and only if there is electricity.

27. And then the monsoon rain begins. Huge drops fall as the children scurry for cover, slipping in the mud. They crowd under a piece of plastic sheeting. Babar Ali shouts an order. Lessons are cancelled for the afternoon, otherwise everyone will be soaked. Having no classrooms means lessons are at the mercy of the nature.

28. The children climb onto the porch of a nearby shop as the rain pours down. Then they hurry home through the downpour. Tomorrow they'll be back though. Eight hundred poor children, unable to afford an education, but are hungry for anything

that they can learn at Babar Ali's school.

C.8. On the basis of your reading of the above text complete the following sentences:

1. What makes Babar Ali's tale extraordinary is _____ _____.

2. That Babar Ali values his education is evident _____ _____

3. In spite of the fact that he studies in a government school, receiving an education is not easy because:

   a) _____

   b) _____

4. Chumki is likely to achieve her dream of becoming a nurse because she has the qualities of:

   a) _____ b) _____

5. The poor infrastructure that the students of Babar Ali's school study in is obvious from_____

6. It is ironical that though the poor children are hungry for knowledge _____

C.9. Find one word or phrase from the passage that means the same as the following:

a) extremely serious, bad or terrible (para 1-3)

b) to give enthusiastic support (para 4-5)

c) lanky (para 6-8)

d) to leave for another place (para 13-14)

e) wobbly (para 16-17)

f) to write something hastily or untidily (para 22-23)

g) very difficult to believe (para 23-25)

h) scamper (para 27-28)

i) heavy shower (para 28)

C.10. Smt. Anju Kar, Minister (Mass Education), West Bengal comes across BBC's story of Babar Ali's remarkable achievements transforming the lives of hundreds of poor children. She writes a letter to him lauding his extraordinary efforts and undeterred spirit of reform in the face of adversity. She also promises support, both financial and academic to him. As Anju Kar, write the letter to Babar Ali.

C.11. Writing a Biosketch

BIOSKETCH

Biographical sketch means an account of the life and activities of an individual or family. It would include information about the person's **name, place of residence, education, occupation, life and activities and other important details.** A biographical sketch is always written by someone else except the person on whom it is written.

A bio-sketch presents the facts about the person's life including what the person did and how he/she influenced the world. It should describe the person's personality and provide an explanation for why he or she acted in certain ways. Most bio-sketches not only present the facts but also tell what those facts mean.

SAMPLE BIO-SKETCH

With the help of the given clues, write a bio sketch of Subhash Chandra Bose in not more than 80-100 words :

Name :	Subash Chandra Bose ; Netaji
Contribution :	immense, Freedom Fighter
Born :	January 23, 1897 in Cuttack, Orissa.
Career :	Civil Services
Achievements :	Joined struggle; established Indian National Army
Motto :	Gain independence for India "Give me blood and I will give you freedom"
Setback :	Retreat after the defeat of Japan and Germany.

Death : Air crash over Taipei, Taiwan (Formosa) on August 18, 1945

Subhash Chandra Bose, affectionately called Netaji, was born on January 23, 1897 in Cuttack, Orissa. He was one of the most prominent leaders of Indian freedom struggle. Deeply moved by the Jallianwala Bagh massacre, he gave up a promising career in the Civil Service to join the Freedom Movement. He founded the Indian National Army to overthrow British Empire from India. His famous line was "Give me blood and will give you freedom". However, defeat of Japan and Germany in the Second World War forced INA to retreat and it could not achieve its objective. Subhash Chandra Bose was reportedly killed in an air crash over Taipei, Taiwan (Formosa) on August 18, 1945.

Read the biographical details of famous Tamil writer -Bama and write a bio-sketch on the basis of these details.

- Bama - Born 1958, creative Tamil, woman writer, committed teacher, social activist -popularly known as Karukku Bama.
- Penname -- Faustina Mary Fatima Rani.
- Novels --Karukku, Sangati and Vanman- translated into other Indian languages, English and French.
- Wrote twenty short stories --not published in book form.
- Honorary doctorate degree, Crossword Award for her semi-fictional autobiography Karukku.
- Invited by universities in India and abroad --lectures at various conferences..
- Multi-faceted personality-woman with extraordinary courage, conviction, resistance to any form of oppression
- Keen eye for beauty in nature, profound insight into issues pertaining to caste, religion, women.
- Clear thoughts and expression
- Dedicated to the upliftment of the downtrodden: passion-Teaching: Mission --Building a casteless society

UNIT-2

C.12. Your teacher will read out from page 241 Steve Jobs' speech. Complete the following statements by ticking the correct options from those given.

1. Steve dropped out of college because
   a) He did not want to waste his parents' money
   b) He did not see any value in college education
   c) Both a & b
2. Steve's decision to drop out of college was the best decision because
   a) He could save his parents' money
   b) He could start earning
   c) He could attend classes he was interested in
3. What was the significance of his calligraphy classes?
   a) Helped him design different typefaces in his computer
   b) Assisted in helping him earn money during his college days
   c) Presented hardly any practical value.
4. What does connecting the dots in our life, mean?
   a) Looking backwards to see how the choices we made affect our lives
   b) Looking forward and believing that every action has a purpose
   c) Both a&b

C.13. Steve Jobs believes that we cannot really predict as to how, what we learn now will become useful to us in future. Do you believe in this? In small groups discuss how some of the things you learn in school will be useful to you in future. Make a list and present it to the class in the form of a poster.

C.14. In life we face many choices and we are required to make decisions. For instance, you will soon be faced with the choices of different subjects and careers. Like what Steve Jobs has explained, the decisions we make in life, if based on conviction, interest and gut feeling, help us achieve our dreams. When we choose a path based on our instinct and interest, we will realize in future how important that decision was in shaping our life. This is what Jobs refers to as 'connecting the dots':

Here is a poem on the same theme. Read it and have a class discussion on the central idea of the poem. Do not forget to bring out the parallels between the poem and the speech of Jobs.

The Two Roads

By Whitney Welch
There was a path
Deep in the woods.
Once it forked—
The bad, the good.

I chose to take
The left-hand path,
I did not know,
I had no map.

Now this road that I travel
Is dirty and battered.
It's littered with dreams
That are broken and tattered.

Paved with wrong doings
And dotted with hearts,
That were taken from people
And just torn apart.

Pain and regret
Are common here.
Wherever you turn,
They're always near.

I want to cross
To the other path,
And leave behind
This painful wrath.

I thought I was forever
Doomed to walk.
And all the gates
Were tightly locked.

UNIT-2

But as I continued,
A footbridge I could see.
A Bridge of Hope
Called out to me.

Slowly I crossed
To the path of good.
Finally I was on the path
Of which I thought I should.

Now hidden deep
Within the woods.
The one that forked,
Paths bad and good.

I once was wrong,
But now I'm right.
And before me
Glows a guiding light.

Altered by
A little step.
So close to falling
In darkened depths.

But I was finally
Pulled to hope.
I found that footbridge,
And learned to cope.

My simple mistake,
Following the crowd.
Ignoring the heart
That speaks so loud.

The choices you make
Can change your life.
One will bring happiness,
The other brings strife.

Following the crowd,
Won't lead you to right.
If you follow your heart,
You'll be guided by light.

There was a path,
Deep in the woods.
Once it forked—
The bad, the good.

Heed my warning,
Because I know.
Follow your heart—
You know where to go.

C.15. Based on your understanding of Inclusive Education from this section , write an article on the topic-- 'Inclusive Education is not an alternative but an inevitability' ,for publication in your school magazine. You may keep the following factors affecting Inclusive Education in mind:

* Attitude of parents, teachers, classmates and the society
* Physical support
* Curriculum support

UNIT-2

- Teacher support
- Policy support
- Infrastructure

D. Vocational Education

D.1. This is Rohan. He is not interested in the usual set of professional courses like the ones mentioned above. Do you think he can try his hand at something else? Work in pairs and try to find some courses that he may like from the word maze given below.

E	A	R	P	L	U	M	B	I	N	G	A	W	P
L	C	E	F	I	T	T	E	R	Q	T	S	E	O
E	W	Q	O	B	A	S	A	E	E	F	D	R	I
C	M	S	U	R	Z	D	U	T	Y	P	I	S	T
T	A	D	N	A	X	F	T	A	E	I	N	D	A
R	C	F	D	R	C	G	I	I	D	Y	S	E	I
I	H	W	R	Y	V	H	C	L	X	U	U	S	L
C	I	E	Y	I	B	J	I	I	C	T	R	I	O
I	N	L	M	A	N	K	A	N	V	J	A	G	R
A	I	D	A	N	M	U	N	G	F	H	N	N	I
N	S	E	N	K	D	E	S	I	G	L	C	E	N
D	T	R	U	P	U	B	L	I	S	H	E	R	G

D.2. Now that you have identified a few of the courses that Rohan can do, can you guess what would be their job profile and what category they can be placed under? Given below is a table with jobs in column A and the job profile in column B (Jumbled up). Work in pairs to match the column A with column B and column C

S.N	Jobs A	Profile B	Category C
1	Fitter	A tradesperson who specializes in installing and maintaining systems used for potable (drinking) water, sewage, and drainage.	Agriculture
2	Machinist	A person who types, especially for a living	Technology
3	Foundry man	The science of plant cultivation including the process of preparing soil for the planting of seeds, tubers, or cuttings	Home Science
4	Electrician	A person who joins two or more pieces of metal together	Humanities
5	Welder	A person who provides coverage for life and property	Commerce
6	Typist	An information professional trained in the organization and management of information services or materials for those with information needs.	Agriculture
7	Retailer	A tradesman specializing in electrical wiring of buildings, stationary machines and related equipment.	Commerce

UNIT-2

8	Publisher	A person who manufactures various types of articles out of sheet metal	Humanities
9	Insurance Service Provider	A person who works in a factory that produces metal castings.	Technology
10	Plumber	A person who is in the business of production and dissemination of literature or information	Humanities
11	Designer	A person who makes, repairs, or alters clothing professionally, especially suits and men's clothing.	Commerce
12	Beautician	A person who uses machine tools to make or modify parts, primarily metal parts	Technology
13	Librarian	A person who crafts clothes, furniture, crockery ect	Commerce
14	Tailor	A person who is in the business of rearing of silkworms for the production of raw silk.	Technology
15	Sheet metal worker	A person who is skilled in adornment of body	Technology
16	Sericulturist	A person who sells goods directly to the consumer.	Technology
17	Horticulturist	A person who uses machine tools to make or modify parts	Technology

D3 Vocational Education

Read the following article on vocational education.

Vocational Education prepares learners for jobs that are based on manual or practical activities. It has traditionally been considered non-academic and totally related to a specific trade, occupation or vocation. Hence, it is sometimes referred

to as technical education. It is generally given at the secondary or post-secondary level. It focuses on development of skills that are needed for specific trades and hence practical work is given greater importance than bookish learning.

There is an urgent need to respond to the growing skill requirement so that the momentum of the economy can be sustained. By focusing on employability, our education system can fulfill the requirements of skilled manpower. Further, vocational education also creates more employment opportunities by equipping learners with entrepreneurial skills. It also addresses the changing face of technology through diversified courses.

However, there are many concerns, foremost among them being low motivation amongst students to pursue vocational education. It is compounded by the rigid mindset of parents and educators in accepting vocational courses. It is also a painful fact that many vocational courses that are being offered have become obsolete. Since there is poor linkage between institutions offering vocational courses and the private sector, students often find it difficult to secure proper employment immediately after completing their courses.

As a result of globalization, new sectors in both manufacturing and service industries have opened up. Hospitality, fashion technology, film and television, information technology, retail, health care etc are some of the emerging areas that require skilled man power.

D.4. After reading the above passage, complete the notes given below:

VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

1.0 What is VE

1.1 Prepares .....

1.2 Related to .....

1.3 Generally at the ..... level.

1.4 Focus on ..... and .....

2.0 Need of VE:

2.1 To sustain.....

2.2 To provide .....

UNIT-2

2.3 Creates ..... by .....

2.4 Addresses ..... through .....

3.0 Concerns:

3.1 Low .....

3.2 Rigid .....

3.3 Obsolete .....

3.4 Poor linkage .....

4.0 Emerging Fields:

4.1 Globalization has resulted in .....

4.2 New fields of employment:

- Hospitality
-
-
-
-
-
-

D.5. Based on the information provided in this section along with the input given below write an article on "The growing need for Vocational Education"/ "Education Curriculum requires fresh perspective"

"In India every year 6,50,000 Engineering graduates and approximately two million graduates pass out of colleges. Nearly two thirds of the 6,50,000 engineering graduates need to be re skilled, so that they can get jobs in the industry. The developed world requires knowledge workers and skilled professionals. By 2020, the developed world will have a shortage of 40 million working people, says a report.

According to a survey, 72 per cent of our population is under the age of 35 and it is estimated that 300 million people between the ages of 18 and 50 seek employment of some or the other form. While 57 per cent are unemployable, 46 per cent are registered with employment exchanges with little hope of finding work as there lies a mismatch between the skilled manpower required and skilled manpower available. A majority of the youth passing out of colleges do not have the specific skills required by various sectors in the market.

You may follow the CODER to write your article. You may arrange your information as suggested below:

Para 1- Introduction (The present education system- How is Vocational education different)

Para 2- The short comings of the system, its effect on the development of the country

Para 3- Reasons for this mismatch in the market

Para 4- Suggestions to bridge the gap

D.6. Your school is planning to close down two vocational courses at + two level as the enrolment has not been very encouraging. However, the school has decided to hold a debate concerning this issue. The team that is able to convince the students will be the deciding factor for the courses.

Based on all the inputs provided in the section, hold a class debate on the following topic:

"Education should be skill based rather than knowledge based"

Divide the class into four groups, two FOR the motion and two AGAINST the motion. In your groups choose:

Group Leader: To co ordinate the work

Group Speaker: To effectively deliver the views

Group Secretary: To note down the points discussed

A Chairperson, Debate Secretary and Time keeper will be appointed to conduct the debate.

UNIT-2

D.7. Most children face dilemma while choosing the right stream at + two level. Most of them are unsure of what they want to do. The decision is mostly taken based on popular choice, parents' pressure or peer pressure.

Rashmi is a student of class X. Her school organized a workshop on career counseling. It proved to be an eye opener as she came to know about the varied possibilities and benefits of joining a Vocational Course and learn things that she has always been interested in. At the same time she also learnt about the requirement of the job market. She has taken a decision about pursuing Photography/ Choreography. She has decided to tell her family about her decision. Each one of them reacts differently. Her father is very much against the idea. Her mother though supportive, is very apprehensive about the future prospects. Her sister, who is a counselor, supports her decision.

In groups of four, you will discus the choice that Rashmi has made. You will play the following roles:

1. Rashmi
2. Mr. A.K Saxena (Father)
3. Mrs. Rita Saxena (Mother)
4. Ms Rakhi (Sister)

Your teacher will distribute Role Cards, which will give you information about the roles you are to play. Each group should do a presentation in the class

Role Cards:

Rashmi- A very bright student who loves taking pictures of animals. Her grandfather's gift of a camera made her realize her passion. She has a very good eye for the aesthetics of a picture. She has no desire to study Science or Commerce. She wants to pursue her passion. She is also interested in dance and music.

Mr. A.K Saxena- An engineer by profession has high expectations from his daughter. He wants her to follow his footsteps and go to his Alma mater, IIT. He cannot think beyond B. Tech. He is of the firm opinion that such interests are appropiriate for hobbies but not for a career.

Mrs. Saxena- A banker by profession, is more open to the idea but is anxious whether her daughter will be able to survive in the world- whether she will get a job. She wants to support her daughter but her set outlook on what are the right choices of career for girls is getting in her way.

Ms Rita- A counsellor by profession is very happy that her sister has been able to find out so early in life what she wants. She supports her decision and tries to convince her parents that they should let Rashmi do what she wants to do.

D.8. Your school has decided to introduce Mass Media Studies as a subject under the vocational stream. This is going to help students who want to pursue a career in films , its production and other attached fields. Write a notice for your school notice board informing all students who are studying in class X regarding the course.

Writing a notice

A notice is information regarding an important event that is about to happen or that has happened. It is publicly displayed — a kind of information for others to know and follow:

* The notice must contain complete information
* The message with essential details includes :
  - an eye-catching caption — preferably a phrase and not a sentence
  - important details
  - the name of the body / organisation organising the event

As the Head Boy/Head Girl of your school, you are organizing a Career Counselling session for students of class IX and X of your school. Write a notice giving details to be displayed on your school notice board in about 50 words.

UNIT-2

Issuing Authority

Date

Body of notice with details:
- Purpose
- Event
- Date/time venue
- Details

Name and designation of person issuing the notice

JAWAHAR NAVODYA VIDYALAYA, VADODRA

1st Jan 20xx **NOTICE**

The word NOTICE

CAREER COUNSELLING WORKSHOP

Heading

The Students' Council of the school is organizing a **Career** *Event*

Counseling Workshop for students of Classes IX and X on **Saturday, 6th January** between **9 am and 1** pm in the **School** *Date* *Time*

Auditorium. Renowned counselors from MS University will *Venue* *Details*

address the students. Students interested in participating should **be seated in the Auditorium by 8.45 am.**

Follow-up

Nakul Purohit
Head Boy

D.9. Rahul - in the picture is not only your co worker but also a good friend. When you see him working with so much diligence and dedication, you feel happy at having supported him when his father was against him learning to be a Machinist. Write a narrative piece on Rahul's journey of self realization and success and how your support helped him achieve his ambition.

D.10. Read and ponder over the following story silently.

***Pelican Watching*— Donna Getzinger**

Have a class discussion on the great lesson that human beings can learn from Papa Pelican.

One day my father took me fishing with him. I told him that I wasn't ready to use my own fishing pole yet, but he brought two fishing poles anyway. I sat in the boat and watched the sea birds as my father untied the fishing boat from the dock and started up the motor.

"What kind of birds are those funny ones with the tiny heads and fat bodies?" I asked, pointing to the two birds not far from us.

My father looked up and said, "They are pelicans."

"The little one looks angry. It keeps flapping its wings at the big one."

"Hmmm,"my father said. "Looks like the big one with the yellow feathers around his eyes is the papa. That little one with the grey and white feathers must be his baby. The baby wants to sit with him on his post."

"But he won't let her," I said, as I pointed out how the papa pelican kept pushing the baby pelican off the post.

"Oh, look," my father said. "Papa's gonna dive for a fish. There he goes."

"Go, Baby Pelican!" I laughed. "She has nabbed the post, dad!"

"Not for long," my father replied with a cool smile playing on his lips.

Sure enough, Papa Pelican came up with a fish in his mouth. He flew to his messy post, pushed off Baby Pelican and swallowed the fish.

"That's not fair!" I said. "Papa Pelican should share his post with his baby and give her some of his fish."

"I don't know about that," my father said. We watched Papa Pelican dive into the water two more times, coming each time to knock his daughter off his post.

"Come on, Dad, let's go," I said. "I've seen enough."

"No, wait," my father insisted. "Just a little longer."

The next time Papa Pelican dove, he came up with a fish, but he didn't take it back to his own post. Instead, he put it on another post. Then he flew back to his own post and knocked his daughter off.

"He wants her to go to the other post," my dad said.

Baby Pelican flew around for a moment as if she was confused, but the smell of the fish must have caught her attention because she eventually landed on the other post and swallowed the food.

Papa Pelican dove again, brought up a fish and ate it. Baby Pelican squawked loudly. Papa Pelican dove a couple more times to catch a few more fish for himself. Each time Baby Pelican squawked louder.

"Just get your own fish then, Baby," I yelled to her. "You can do it!"

The fourth time Papa Pelican dove, Baby Pelican copied him. Papa came up with a fish in his mouth. So did Baby Pelican. They both went to their own posts and swallowed their food. Baby Pelican cooed, and Papa Pelican flew close to her so he could touch her with his long beak as if he was kissing her.

"He taught her how to fish!" I gasped.

"Incredible, eh?" my father said. "Watching all that fish-eating has made me hungry".

"Let's catch some big ones for ourselves!"

"Yeah!" I agreed.

After a short while, we found a cove where the water was calm. My father put bait on a hook and handed the pole to me.

"No thanks, Dad," I said, pushing the pole back towards him.

"I thought you wanted to fish today," my father said.

"I do," I said. "I just want to do it with my own pole."

My father grinned. "It's about time!" He leaned over, hugged me and messed up my hair. "Do you want to put the worm on, too?" he asked.

I looked at the tub of worms. "Well, actually, I think I will let YOU handle that."

The two of us fished side-by-side all afternoon. Each time I caught a fish all by myself, with my own pole, I would cheer. And every time there was cause to cheer, my father would lean over and kiss me on the head.

SCIENCE

UNIT 3

(SUMMARY)

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
Introduction	• Listening to answers and comprehending them in a natural setting	• Interviewing people • Framing questions to elicit desired response and responding to questions appropriately.	• Understanding written instructions • Transcoding information from verbal to diagrammatic form	• Completing a table	• Words related to travel and pollution.
(A)Promise for the future: Renewable Energy	• Listening to an oral presentation for information required for a specific purpose • Listening to take notes.	• Making an oral presentation clearly and confidently	• Identifying the main points of a text • Analysing, interpreting and inferring the ideas in a text.	• Writing a description of a process • Writing an e-mail	• Words related to new inventions
(B) Plugging into future		• Presentation: Making an oral presentation clearly and confidently • Presenting an advertisement effectively.	• Reading to extract information for a specific purpose • Analysing and evaluating the ideas in a text. • Interpreting texts by relating the information in them to the objects described.	• Writing an advertisement • Writing a description of an object.	• Words related to gizmos.

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
(C) Space Travel		• Group/Class discussion • Speaking intelligibly using appropriate word stress, sentence stress and intonation patterns.	• Identifying the main points of a text.	• Writing a speech. • Writing a report	• Words related to space travel.
(D) Letters from the Planet Aurigae II	• Understanding and interpreting spontaneous spoken discourse.		• Identifying the main points of a text • Anticipating and predicting what will come next in a text. • Analysing, inferring and evaluating the ideas in the text.	• Writing an informal letter. • Writing a science fiction story	Words related to life on alien planets.

Introduction

From Carelessness to Car-Lessness

The harmful gases emitted into the atmosphere from the vehicles are polluting the environment, especially the air we breathe. All of us have to take action individually and collectively to reduce air pollution as much as we can. So be an eco-journalist and do your bit to help reduce air pollution. And the first step towards saving the environment is to know where we stand.

Carrying out a door to door survey

- Find out how your friends and neighbours commute to school or office
- Interview at least 10 friends or neighbours who commute to school or office by personal cars
- Find out if they would be ready to switch to a non-polluting mode of transport, like a bicycle, if their schools or offices are not too far away.
- Find out if they would like to join a carpool or travel by public transport. Do not forget to mention the advantages of shifting from the use of personal vehicles, such as reduced pollution, savings and companionship.
- If they are not interested and would like to continue travelling in their private cars, ask them the reasons why would they not make the change.

After collecting all the data, fill in a table like the one given below:

Respondent number	Type of car (small, big, SUV)	Fuel (petrol, diesel, CNG, any other)	Number of people travelling in car	Is the mode of transport polluting? Y yes; N no	Would consider change in transport? specify carpool or bus or bicycle	Cannot change their mode of transport	Reasons for not using public transport or car pooling or bicycle

At the end of your survey, find out how many interviewees are now travelling by bicycle, public transport, or car pool and how many have decided not to do so.

- Number of people interviewed
- Number of people who commute by private car
- Number of people who have agreed to change their mode of transport
- Number of people who now travel by public transport
- Number of people who have joined a carpool
- Number of people who are now cycling to work
- Number of people who have not changed their mode of transport

A. PROMISE FOR THE FUTURE: RENEWABLE ENERGY

A1. In A.2 you will read about alternative sources of energy. Before doing so find out how much you already know about renewable sources of energy. Complete column A, to indicate whether you think each statement is True ( ) , False(X), or whether you do not know(?) After reading the passage, complete column B in the same way.

Statements	(A)	(B)
a. Solar energy is a powerful source of energy		
b. Electric battery operated cars are more powerful than those run on fossil fuels		
c. EV stands for electric vehicles		
d. Driving an electric vehicle is stressful		
e. Solar power can be the next source of pollution in the world		
f. India is one of the countries with a great potential for generation and use of solar energy		
g. Using alternate sources of energy can help India save a lot of money spent in foreign exchange		

UNIT-3

A2. Read the article:

Solar Power

With energy consumption being the buzzword in developing economies around the world, fears of an energy crisis looming ahead are not totally unfounded. The non-renewable nature of fossil fuels makes complete dependence on these for future energy needs, a very dicey affair. Renewable energy sources are the best bet in the scenario. And what can be a better renewable energy resource than the sun?

In a country like India, if the abundant amount of sunlight available is harnessed properly it could mean an end to the energy crisis. It is the most abundant source of energy. The average global solar radiation is around 5 kilowatt hours (KWH) per square meter per day with the sunshine hours ranging between 2300-4300 per year. India is in the sunny belt of the world. The country receives solar energy equivalent to more than 5000 trillion KWH per year, which is far more than its total annual energy consumption.

Besides, it is a renewable and clean energy source. Taking both environmental and economic cost, solar energy works cheaper than fossil fuel resources. Once we master techniques to harness solar energy, it can be a vital source of power on all planets.

Solar energy can be a viable source of power generation for the next 1000 crore years. There are many technologies available for conversion of solar energy into solar power. For instance, solar photovoltaic (SPV) technology, photo galvanic cells, solar steam generators (solar concentrating power), solar tower or solar chimney, radio micrometers and thermopile are some of them.

Electric motors

Imagining a future where clean air is no longer a dream and our cities are not smog filled concrete jungles, this could well become a reality in the coming years if the world begins to increasingly adopt the use of cleaner options like alternate-fuel vehicles.

The rise in economic activity and the burgeoning population have led to a tremendous demand in the transport sector, especially in urban India. With India's ever growing population, pollution is also increasing manifold. Thus, a very

critical issue of keeping air and noise pollution in urban areas under control has emerged.

If we can have three lakh electric vehicles (EVs) on the roads, including three wheelers, cars and scooters, we could reduce pollution by 16 lakh metric tones, save ₹ 3700 crores in foreign exchange earnings and substantially reduce healthcare costs.

Small electric buses, three wheelers and electric scooters are ideal for city mobility in India but it could take same years before they become viable for commercial use.

The electric vehicle uses electric energy which is stored in batteries that feed the electric motor. Driving an electric vehicle is easier and more relaxing than a traditional one because it has no speed-gear and functioning noise. It is enough to turn the key and press the acceleration pedal; you need only two driving pedals-accelerator and brake.

The need to reduce air pollution along with the availability of new advanced batteries have allowed EVs to reappear as a clean alternative to internal combustion vehicles. Electric drive systems are virtually non-polluting and extremely energy efficient. While internal combustion vehicles can convert about 20% of the chemical energy in gasoline into useful work, 75% or more of the energy from a battery has productive power in an electric vehicle.

Electric motors can also provide power at almost any engine speed. While internal combustion engines must be revved up to high rpm to achieve maximum power, electric motors provide nearly peak power even at low speeds. This gives electric vehicles strong acceleration performance from the start.

The emergence of newer batteries has driven the cost and performance of EVs. There are several major types of automotive batteries available and under development, from advanced lead acid batteries like those that start our internal combustion engines to lithium polymer batteries. Although recharging could be considered as a matter of concern, home recharging systems are available giving EVs an added advantage.

UNIT-3

Apart from being environment-and -user friendly, there are several other reasons for alternative fuel cars to flourish in India. Firstly, electricity for EVs can be produced from various sources for which India has natural resources and does not need to depend on the import of oil. Although EVs will not replace LPG, CNG or petrol and diesel for intercity use, the infrastructure required for EVs in the form of electricity distribution infrastructure, is already available in all the major cities and minimum costs are required to install additional capacity.

EVs are zero polluting, easy to handle and have low maintenance costs. EVs do not degrade with time and they are always zero polluting unlike conventional vehicles where the pollution increases with engine degradation, poor maintenance and adulterated fuel. India also has the maximum market potential for EVs owing to an established auto component infrastructure, low manufacturing and R&D cost, mechanical hardware availability, high urban congestion and the presence of domestic market. The industry could significantly gain from rising exports and with appropriate government support, can transform the landscape of urban India by reducing pollution, improving public health, creating employment opportunities and impacting society.

In order to do that, a holistic approach involving the government, public and auto majors is needed to promote EVs in India. Appropriate government policies and adequate support from business houses and institutions, for instance, purchasing a fixed percentage of vehicles for their fleets and offering subsidies and tax exemptions, will go a long way in promoting the industry in India.

Finally, people have to become more informed about these technologies. The media must play its role in educating the public about alternative fuel vehicles and their advantages.

A.3 Now go back to A.1 and complete column (B). How much did you know already before you read the article?

A.4. Complete the following blanks with information from the passage:

a. India receives 5000 trillion KWH/year which means.....

b. The advantages of using solar energy instead of fossil fuels is that it is.....

c. It is important to find means of keeping air and noise pollution in urban areas under control because.....

d. Tax exemptions and subsidies are required to.....

e. The media can help by.....

A.5 Copy and complete the following table with the required information from the passage

Points of comparison	Internal Combustion Engine	Electric Motors
1. Pollution		
2. Engine efficiency		
3. Peak power generation		
4. Recharging		
5. Maintenance		

A.6 Based on your reading of the passage say whether the following statements are True or False:

a. EV's have the potential to flourish in India

b. EVs degrade with time

c. EVs can create health hazards

d. EVs cannot drive fast because they have only two pedals

e. Solar power will not last for a very long time in our country

f. Establishing Solar Power generating units is too expensive

A.7 From page no. 244, your teacher will read out about a presenter discussing three new inventions-The Solerickshaw, the Green Phone and the Solar Water Purifier. As you listen complete the notes given below.

UNIT-3

Solar Powered Inventions

I. Solerickshaws

1. Features
   - I. ……
   - ii. ……
   - iii. ……
   - iv. ……
2. Designed and developed by ……

II. Green Phones

1. Blue Earth developed by……
   - i. back with……
   - ii. made from……
   - iii. CO2 emissions monitored by……
   - iv. fits into……
2. Coral 200
   - i. powered by……
   - ii. fits……
   - iii. made by ……
   - iv. talk time…… for every ……..of sunlight
3. LG
   - I. ……mins. of talk time for ……of sunlight
   - ii. Bluetooth solar car kit called……
   - iii. features
     - I. ……
     - ii. ……

III. Solar water purifier

1. first type features

   I. .....

   ii. .....

2. second type features

   I. .....

   ii. .....

   iii. process of distillation

   a. water heated by.....

   b. water condenses on.....

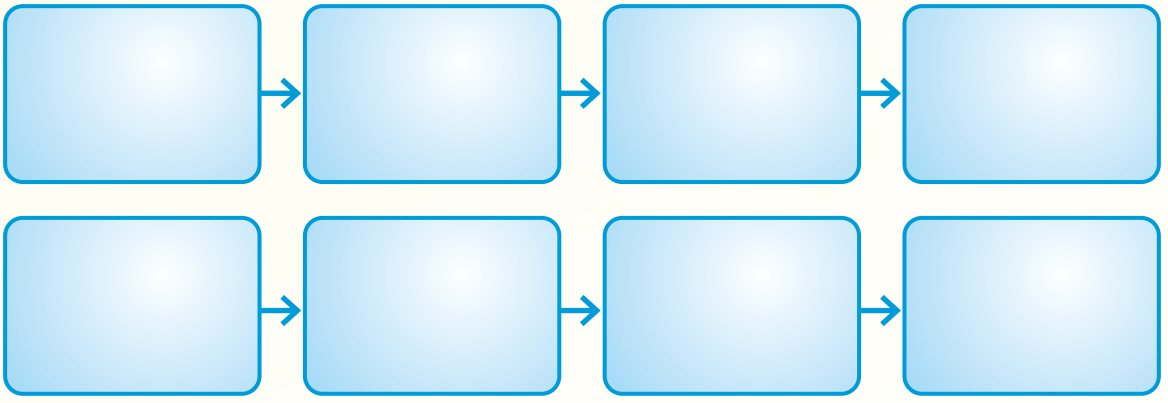
   c. impurities collected in .....

   d. water collected in.....

   e. from trough into.....

   f. germs and bacteria killed by.....

A.8 You have listened to a presentation on three new inventions. one of them is solar water purifier. The stages of water purifier can be set in a flow-chart. Copy and complete the following flow chart with the stages in their correct order.



* impurities of water remain in the box
* sun rays heat the water
* box filled with unpurified water
* solar panel is placed on top of a rectangular shaped box
* water condenses on the underside of the solar power
* slope of the panel allows water to be collected in the trough.
* bottles collect water from trough

A.9. Now read that portion of the listening text describing the solar distillation system:

The solar distillation system has a solar panel placed on top of a rectangular shaped box. At first the box is filled with unpurified water. Next, it is exposed to the sun rays which heats this water. Then the pure water droplets condense on the underside of the solar panel leaving the impurities in the box. The pure water now runs into a trough which is connected to collection bottles. Additionally, the ultra violet rays from the sun kill the germs and the bacteria in the water.

You will notice that each sentence is connected with the next one and when we describe a process we use sequence markers like- *at first; next; then; now; additionally;*

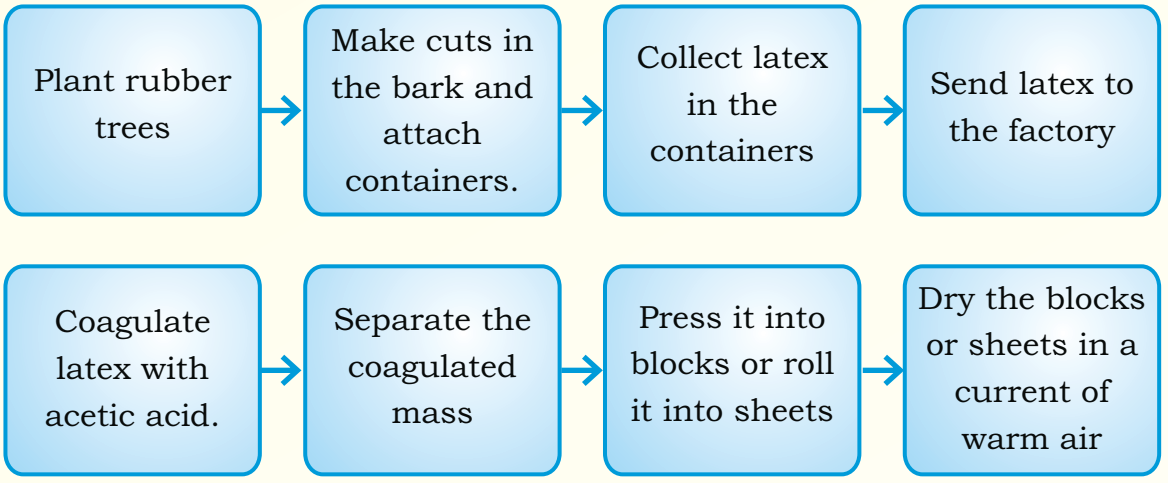
The other commonly used sequence markers are

* first, second, third----
* at the same time, simultaneously—
* finally, lastly, in the end, to conclude—

You may also have observed that the writer has used a combination of Active forms (e.g. the water droplets condense on the underside of the solar panels) to emphasize the 'doer' of the action and Passive forms (e.g. the box is filled with unpurified water) when he wants to stress that the action *'is filled'*.

Another feature of a process description is that the writer normally uses the simple present tense, because he describes what always happens in the particular process.

A.10. Below is a flow chart describing the process of making rubber. With its help complete the process description that follows it. Remember to use the simple present tense, a mixture of actives and passives, and to add sequence markers where you see*



First rubber trees …….. in deep soil.*. when the trees …, fully ….., the bark of the tree …. and containers …. The latex …….. and is ……. to the factory. Here it ….. by treating it with acetic acid* the coagulated mass ….. It is then ….. into blocks or ….. into sheets. * …. in a current of warm air.

Check: What tense did you use? Did you use sequence markers? Did you use a mixture of actives and passives?

A11. You have been gifted a new cell phone which is powered by solar energy. Write an email to your friend describing the phone and all its exciting features. You may use the notes that you have made in A.7

While writing this email, remember to:

- Start with writing your friend's email ID
- Mention the subject clearly
- Begin with Dear …….. followed by a greeting and enquire about their well-being
- Tell them your reason for writing.

- Describe your phone and your excitement on getting the gift.
- Close with a promise to write back again, and express hope to hear from your friend.
- Sign off by writing 'Yours affectionately' and your name.

B. Plugging into future

B1. In this section you will read about the old gizmos, which your father or grand-father would have used. Try to compare these gizmos with the ones you have been using. Work in pairs and discuss the change.

Sunday Times of India, New Delhi, January 02-2011

(Article by B. Pradeep Nair)

Yesterday's gizmo is today's junk

More things have changed in the last few decades than in any other period of time. Many common-place utility gadgets have been dying off faster than one would have imagined. In fact, in the past few decades, a number of technologies have become so obsolete that it is difficult to even imagine we were, once upon a time, so contended with them.

Here are five of those which have vanished without a trace:

Floppy disks: Computer CPUs had a slot where this could be inserted. Text and pictures could be copied on it and carried. It was notorious for its susceptibility to get infected by viruses that got passed on to PCs when it was inserted. The most common 3-1/2 disk had a storage capacity of 1.44MB. Now, these have been replaced by CDs DVDs and pen-drives that have higher capacity to carry. Of course, with cloud computing catching on at a fast pace, even these face extinction.

Pager: The user had a number to which someone could send a short message via the paging company. It became very popular in the 1990s because it was the first portable communication device for the ordinary consumer. Typically the message sent on pagers were like. "call me on (some landline number)" or "reached home" etc. Pagers soon lost out to mobile phones once they became affordable.

Valve radio: One 'got stations' by turning the tuning knobs. The concept of fine tuning never existed. Like a refrigerator, a radio had its place in a house; it was too

big to be portable. Often the radio used to be switched on right in the morning and switched off only when it was realized that no one was paying any attention to it. The radio also functioned as a clock - people timed their schedules with the beginning or end of popular programmes.

Gramophone plate: There was a stick-like lever that one kept over the disk so that the tiny needle at the end of that lever made contact with the invisible grooves on the disk. It then produced the favourite Mohd. Raffi and Kishore Kumar numbers. There were different disks depending upon the speed of revolution (RPM for revolution per minute). The plates had their amusing offerings as well. One often heard singers mysteriously repeating the same line of a song many times, until someone realized that the needle had got stuck on the same track. So much for getting lost in a tune!

TV antennas: They were also status symbols so much so that it didn't matter if you had a cheap black and white TV or an expensive colour one. You had graduated into the next rung of the social ladder if you had one of those antennae sticking out of your roof. It was important to get its position right. And there were no sophisticated ways to do that: there was one guy on the rooftop, and another monitoring the reception in the living room; and through a sequence of 'yes-no', the final position was arrived at.

B.2 Work in groups of four and give a one minute presentation on the latest gadgets that you have been using or your parents are using at home. Write any two advantages and disadvantages the new gadget has over the old one.

B. 3 Here is a list of innovative inventions. Read them and match them with the visuals by writing the correct numbers in the blanks given by the side of the visuals.

1. If you're looking to uncover a hidden treasure, then put your conventional metal detector to the side, and replace it with this pair of metal detecting sandals. Not exactly a trend setter, but a lot more practical than carrying a large pole around with you. The sandals are attached to a small black box, which can be strapped around one of your legs, concealed under your trouser leg.

   The right sandal has an inbuilt copper coil, which is powered by the battery pack, which straps around your leg. Once the sandals approach within

2 inches of a metal object, you will be alerted in one of two possible ways. A light is flashed, and then either a vibration or a buzzing noise is emitted. The metal detecting sandals require a 9V battery, which does not come included, but which will supply 6 hours of detecting time. The sandals come in different sizes, to fit both men and women

2. Occasionally a product comes along that simply blow our minds. We get to see a lot of crazy and sometimes brilliant inventions, but Laser Cosmos is without a doubt the most superb one we've seen. There is no product out there that comes even close to the sheer excellence of this galactic wonder - sorry to sound quite so effusive, but really, it's staggering.

   Imagine lying in your room, and having the ceiling whipped away to reveal the vast outreaches of the cosmos whirling overhead, complete with misty blue nebulae (which you can turn on and off!) and the occasional shooting star. Fully adjustable and requiring no set up, this super powerful space projector scatters a random panoply of sparkling green stars that will fill any room from the tiniest bedroom to the largest warehouse with a crystal clear animated star display. What's so clever about this (apart from everything of course) is that it seems so three-dimensional, that the varying brightness of different stars makes some seem closer and others appear as if from distant galaxies.

   Created from powerful green laser and holographic technology, such bright and clear display has never been available before. It's utterly mesmerising, and had us transfixed for hours (literally). Whether you're zoning out to music, throwing a party or just chilling, this stunning cosmic light show is like nothing we've ever seen before. Truly one of the most amazing light shows you will see anywhere.

3. Power naps are fantastic, and also proven to rejuvenate a person during the day. We all long for these power naps, but unfortunately there is never a bed around at the time, especially in the work place that leaves you nodding off with your nose pressed hard down against the desk. Did you ever dream of a portable bed which you could quickly assemble and then catch up on some much needed sleep? Well, the solution to such problems has finally arrived.

   A German study which was undertaken in 2004 concluded that a daily power nap can be beneficial in the workplace as it would improving efficiency as well as the morale. Designed by four students to demonstrate these findings, the

Nappak was invented. The Nappak is essentially an inflatable bed which comes complete with an air compressor and rollers, but it is at this moment merely a concept.

Adding such beds into the workplace will be rewarding for both the employees and employers, if these findings are correct - since efficiency and morale are the basis of any successful business organisation. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm off to take a power nap.

4. Introducing the new LED umbrella. This new device comes equipped with a built in LED light which illuminates in the dark. At the touch of a button the light shines into action offering a safe and secure passage to your destination. The light is embedded inside the handle to lighten the area under the umbrella hood.

   Be it day or night, this gadget has got you covered despite looking like a Star Wars light saber.

   So for those of you who can't handle a long walk home in the dark, this LED umbrella is sure to make that walk a little bit brighter.

5. This alarm clock will be sure to wake even the heaviest of sleepers. The idea is simple; when the alarm is triggered, part of the alarm will fly and land at some random location in your room. Only when the an object is placed back on the stationary alarm piece will the alarm cease.

   The flying piece takes to the air via rotating propeller blades which allows it to take off. The only way to silence the alarm is to physically find the propeller and position it back on the alarm, thus forcing the scope of bed.

   A strange concept, but one which might just prove helpful to those who find it difficult on those Monday mornings.

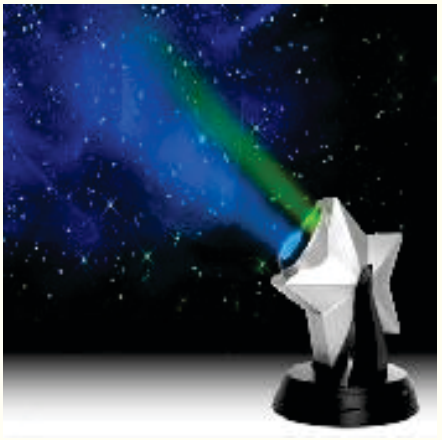
6. Dragging your luggage around with you is a mundane and painful task, especially on the way back from an action-packed, or relaxing holiday. Well now you can stop pulling around your luggage and wheeling it back home, thanks to this new invention. This luggage bag is also a mini scooter, allowing you to scoot around with your luggage safely tucked away.

   Just imagine a scenario when everyone else is carrying around their luggage, whilst you just jump on your scooter and pass them by, shortening your trip back home, and also making it a lot more fun. It's a simple idea, but an

extremely effective product, which we think will be immensely popular in the future, so look out in airports near you for scooters gliding past you from all directions.

The scooter also folds up, allowing you to use it as a normal luggage carrier, but why minimise the fun? The bag itself is rather small, so you may very well be able to use this for your on-board luggage bag.

Details about where this product is available and how much is it going to cost are currently unknown, but expect them to hit the market pretty soon.



B. 4 Your teacher will divide you into groups of four. Pick any one of the inventions that you read about in B.3 and create an advertisement for it.

Keep the following points in mind while preparing the advertisement.

- Create a catchy slogan to attract the attention of the reader, Example – Use Solar Energy to Reduce Your Electrictiy Bills!
- Highlight the main features of the product and the benefits of using it
- Offer discounts/schemes
- Mention the name of the manufacturer/company, website and other contact details
- Design the advertisement in a way that the information is properly spaced and does not appear crowded
- Draw a box around your advertisement

B. 5 In groups of four describe an innovative invention that you could make to lighten your burden at home or in school and present it to your class.

C. Space Travel

C.1. In this section you will read about the experiences of four women astronauts in space. Your teacher will divide the class into groups of four and ask each of the group members to read about one of the astronauts. In the end each of the group members will complete the table given below by exchanging information within the group.

UNIT-3

C.2. Read the article:

4 Women Astronauts Talk About Space Exploration

By Julie Bain

Peggy Whitson

Age: 48

Astronaut since: 1996

Space time: Two six-month tours on the International Space Station, in 2002 and 2007-2008

Imagine being in a confined space for six months with no easy means of escape and only a cosmonaut or two to keep you company. Peggy Whitson did it-twice, the second time as the first woman commander. The former Iowa farm girl racked up 377 days in space on two of her missions, more than any other U.S. astronaut. Her space walks totaled to nearly 40 hours, more than any other woman astronaut. She's now a walking laboratory for the long-term effects of zero gravity (zero-g) on the human body. And hers, by the way, is ripped like an Olympic athlete's.

Getting used to zero-g: "Fitness is a lot more important than strength. So is your ability to think in 3-D and intuit how to move objects in a different way than on earth. The second time I went to the station, it felt like coming home. I adapted and got comfortable much quicker."

The best zero-g side effect: "It's a nice plus that without the effects of gravity, everything is lifted while you're up there, so you look younger!"

Staying in shape: "With no gravity for resistance, muscles and bones deteriorate quickly up there, so every day we do an hour of cardio on a specially designed cycle or treadmill and an hour of resistance training. You need strength for space walks, as every motion works against the pressure of the space suits we wear, and it's very fatiguing. Exercising always made me feel more positive and upbeat afterward too."

Poetic moment: "As we orbited every 90 minutes, the view of the earth's curvature was incredible. You could see the layers of atmosphere extend beyond the surface to meet with the blackness of space beyond. It seemed impossibly thin,

yet it carried all the shades of blue: closest to the planet a glowing blue, like sunlit water over white sand, extending to the deepest blue-purple mixture that holds the blackness at bay."

Returning to gravity: "At first, being back on earth is not pleasant. My agility and quick motions, like playing basketball and the timing to dribble and do a layup, were severely hindered. But I had my physical fitness assessment about a month after my return, and I'm back to preflight norm, which I'm really happy about."

Inspiration: "Exploration is a very important part of who we are, and if we want to literally expand our horizons, we have to keep doing it. Construction of the International Space Station shows we can expand those horizons culturally as well."

Pamela Melroy

Age: 47

Astronaut since: 1995

Space time: Three shuttle missions, in 2000, 2002, and 2007

After Pam Melroy flew the shuttle into a tricky backflip within 600 feet of the space station to photograph the belly of the craft for damage, thereafter, she performed the pinpoint-precision feat of docking it with the station. The retired Air Force test pilot (and combat veteran) and her crew came on board to shouts and hugs from Whitson and her crew. It was a historic moment: the first time two women were in charge of two spacecrafts at the same time.

Melroy's mettle as commander was tested when, during deployment of a solar wing at the station, a guide wire snapped, tearing the wing and keeping it from providing full power. The world watched as fellow astronaut Scott Parazynski, MD,

rode a boom for an hour and a half to reach the damaged area. He then performed a kind of delicate surgery for seven hours to cut the snagged wire and fix the torn parts. It worked.

On managing a crisis: "The night before the space walk to repair the solar wing, we were all gathered to go over the final list of issues. The whole crew was giving their input, and everyone was firing on all cylinders. I realized I didn't need to say anything. I kind of floated away and observed them. They were doing what they were supposed to do, pulling together, without needing to be guided in any way. That was the best moment for me."

On gender: "Twenty-five years ago, it would have been almost impossible to imagine that two women would be commanding two spacecrafts at the same time. But Peggy and I just try to relax and have fun with it. The most important part for us is that we're good friends and we really enjoyed working together."

What she misses most: "The physical sensation of zero-g. It's magic. I do occasionally dream about it. It happens a lot within the first week or two of landing, and it can be profoundly disorienting, especially when you wake up and you're not sure where you are, in gravity or not. It is fun to go back and visit, though."

The value of the space station: "The immediate payoff is in industrial and medical applications from the sheer act of sending humans into this extremely hostile environment. The medium outcomes are working with other countries on long-term, complicated technological projects. We'll need that to go to Mars and the moon. Then the long-term payoff is the science of understanding how the human body operates in space and other developments that we may not understand or value till later."

Sunita Williams

Age: 43

Astronaut since: 1998

Space time: Six months on the space station in 2006-2007, including more than 29 hours of space walks

With her 195 days in space, Sunita Williams broke Shannon Lucid's previous endurance record-until Peggy Whitson broke both the women's records in 2008.

Williams, a naval aviator and test pilot who grew up in the Boston area, also "ran" the Boston Marathon from the station treadmill, with an unofficial time of 4 hours and 24 minutes (during which the International Space Station orbited the earth about three times).

On being a rookie: "Yes, it's unusual to stay in space for six months on a first flight. And yes, it's a little shift that you're going to be locked in a can with a couple of guys. But I embraced the idea. I mean, I prepared for almost eight years! All the training was definitely beneficial for living up there. And with my Navy background, I'd gone on deployments before, so I wasn't worried about leaving home for six months. The cosmonauts were very professional, and we all had mutual respect and understanding."

Flying versus walking: "I learned after about a week how to fly gracefully without going too fast or jerking around. I had a hard time remembering how to walk. I prefer flying!"

Daily exercise: "The treadmill harness is a little uncomfortable and takes some getting used to. I really like running outside and having the wind blow on you, even if it's hot and humid like in Houston. But I got into a routine. If you're healthy, your body can adapt to anything."

Her haircut: "Long hair can be troublesome in space. It sticks to everything, and I didn't want to have my hair floating all around the space station. So I decided to cut it as we were preparing to dock.

"I've had some friends who've had cancer and had to go through chemo. I know how traumatic that is, so I thought the least I could do was donate my hair. A friend's 12-year-old daughter had given her own hair to Locks of Love. So I put my hair in a plastic bag, sent it home on the space shuttle, and asked that someone give it to her. She donated it for me."

Tranquil view: "When you have that perspective of being far away and looking back at the planet, you don't see the hustle and bustle or the borders. You see a very peaceful place. Gandhi tried to instill the feeling of oneness in all of us. Seeing our planet from space, you understand that."

Barbara Morgan

Age: 56

Astronaut since: 1985

Space time: One shuttle mission in 2007

Biology teacher Barbara Morgan waited a long time for her shuttle mission: 21 years. Originally chosen as a backup for the NASA Teacher in Space Program in the 1980s, she trained with Christa McAuliffe before the tragic Challenger accident in 1986. Afterward, Morgan returned to teaching elementary school in Idaho but remained hopeful that, as NASA's Teacher in Space Designee, she'd get to fulfill McAuliffe's mission someday. Finally, in August of 2007, she blasted off in the shuttle Endeavour for a 13-day mission, even operating the space station's robotic arms during space walks. Although a worrisome puncture in the heat shield diverted some of the crew's attention for a while, Morgan was able to teach lessons via onboard video about life in space. She left NASA in August this year to become an educator at Boise State University in Idaho.

The biggest surprise: "No matter how I was situated the first day, my body felt like it was upside down. That might've been because all your fluids shift up to your head. And what memory do we have of being in that situation? It's like when we're kids, hanging upside down."

Another surprise: "I slept really well, even on the first night. On earth, when my mind is going, it's hard to relax and go to sleep. But I was amazed on orbit because the minute I strapped myself in, I fell asleep right away. The next thing I knew, I was waking up to the alarm."

The power of food: "Food gave us teachable moments to show Newton's laws and properties of liquids. It was fun. My favorite thing to eat was beef Stroganoff. The Russians shared some of their beef and lamb dishes, caviar, and cheeses, and that was very nice."

Gut reactions: "I found that for the first couple of days, I was staying hydrated and I wasn't very hungry. My gastrointestinal system seems to rely on gravity to a certain extent, and it sort of shut down. But the body adjusts."

Bodily functions: "Kids always want to know about the toilet. It looks similar to what we have on earth, but there are bars you put over your thighs to hold yourself down, and it uses fans that pull body waste away. There's a hose with a personal funnel attachment for male or female anatomy. The trick is to keep it tightly sealed so that things don't get away and float around. When we get asked, "How do you go to the bathroom?' the answer is 'Very carefully."

C.3. Copy and complete the following table with information from the passage:

Name	Age	Year of becoming an astronaut	No. of space Journeys	Experience with zero gravity	Ways of staying fit	Memorable moments	What one has learnt from the travels
1. Peggy Whitson							
2. Pamela Melroy							
3. Sunita Williams							
4. Barbara Morgan							

C.4. Complete the following sentences with information given in the passage above:

1. Peggy Whitson has been described as a 'walking laboratory' because .....
2. Peggy feels that returning to earth is not a pleasant experience as .....
3. Pam Melroy and her crew members were applauded when .....
4. The historic moment during Pam Melroy's space flight was .....
5. According to Melroy the space station is important because .....

6. 'Being a rookie'means .....

7. Sunita Williams donated her hair because.....

8. Sunita Williams broke the record of.....

9. Barbara had to wait for her turn to go into space because.....

10. Morgan's work on the space shuttle was to.....

C.5. In your groups, find out about the famous Indian astronauts and their achievements. Is there any woman astronaut in India? Report your findings to the rest of the class.

C.6. You are greatly inspired by the achievements of the women astronauts you read about in C-2. Now, in your groups find out about Indian women who have exelled in the field of Science and Technology. Write a speech on their achievement to inspire more girls to make a mark for themselves in the field. Present your speech in the class.

- Start with a suitable salutation (Good morning.....)
- Provide of an impressive introduction (a quote/a humorous story/questions, etc;)
- Refer to the points that appealed to you in the article
- Write the reasons why there are very few women in the field of Science and Technology.
- Include ways in which this can be changed
- Present an interesting conclusion

D. LETTERS FROM THE PLANET AURIGAE II

D.1 Have you read novels or short stories about life on other planets? What is this type of writing called?

Read the following extract from a letter received by someone on Earth from another planet.

Planet Aurigae II

Dear Pen Pal,

When I received your letter from the interstellar correspondence club, my first impulse was to ignore it. However, your description of Earth sounds exciting. I would like to live there for a while, and I have…

1. What does the letter suggest about its writer?

2. What do you think may happen between the writer and Pen Pal?

D.2 Now find out what happens, in this exciting Science Fiction story. The letter to Pen Pal continues.....

a.... suggestion in this connection, but I won't mention it till I have developed it further. I must introduce myself. I am a scientist on the Planet Aurigae* II. We have known for some centuries that there are other inhabited planets in the galaxy. Since I am allowed to experiment in my spare time, I have been amusing myself at communication with those planets. In fact, I have developed systems for intercepting communications between the planets in our galaxy, and have been able to draw your letter from the interstellar correspondence club.

You will have noticed the material on which this letter is written. It is a highly sensitive metal, very thin, very flexible, and I have enclosed several sheets of it for your use. Tungsten dipped in any strong acid makes an excellent mark on it. It is important to me that you write on it, as my fingers are too hot-literally-to hold your paper without damaging it. This is because the temperature on Aurigae II is more than 250 degrees Celsius. This must seem extremely hot to you, but (unlike you) we are not a hydrocarbon form of life, and we find 250 degrees Celsius very pleasant.

I'll say no more now. But before I close, I must tell you that I am a prisoner in the Aurigae jail. If you are still interested in writing to me, I shall be happy to continue the correspondence.

Skander.

UNIT-3

* pronounced "Our-ee-guy"

1. What does "a hydrocarbon form of life" mean?
2. What would a non-hydrocarbon form of life look like?
3. Why do you think Skander is in prison?

D.3

Planet AURIGAE II

Dear Pen Pal

Your prompt reply to my letter has made me very happy. I welcome your many questions, and I shall try to answer them all. However, I am not yet in a position to answer your question about how I plan to visit Earth, as my experiment has not yet proceeded far enough.

You are right in saying that it would be difficult for a being who lives at a temperature of 250 degrees Celsius to mingle freely with the people of Earth. This has never been my intention, so please relieve your mind. However, let us drop that subject for the time being.

I appreciate the delicate way in which you approach the subject of my imprisonment. But it is quite unnecessary. I have performed forbidden experiments upon my body in a way that is deemed to be dangerous to the public welfare, so charges have been laid against me. I have thirty more years to serve. It would be pleasant to leave my body behind and tour the universe-but as I said, we'll discuss that later.

I wouldn't say that we're a superior race. We have certain qualities which apparently your people don't have. We live longer - not because of any discoveries we've made about ourselves, but because our bodies are made of a more enduring element.

I am enclosing a photographic plate, properly cooled and chemicalized for your climate. I wonder if you would set it up and take a picture of yourself. All you have to do is arrange it properly on the basis of the laws of light-that

is, light travels in straight lines, so stand in front of it - and when you are ready think "Ready!" The picture will be automatically taken.

Would you do this for me? If you are interested, I will also send you a picture of myself, though, I must warn you: my appearance will probably shock you.

Skander

1. What qualities of the Pen Pal can you gauge from this letter?
2. Why do you think that Skander has started this correspondence with Pen Pal?
3. What impression do you have of Skander?

D.4

Aurigae II

Dear Pen Pal,

You say you showed the photographic plate to one of the doctors at the hospital-I cannot picture what you mean by "doctor" or "hospital" but let that pass-and he took the problem up with government authorities. Problem? I don't understand. I thought we were having a pleasant correspondence, private and personal. I shall certainly appreciate your sending that picture of yourself.

Skander

D.5

Aurigae II

Dear Pen Pal,

I assure you that I am not annoyed at your action. It merely puzzled me, and I am sorry the plate has not been returned to you. Knowing what governments are, I can imagine that it will not be returned to you for some time, so I am taking the liberty of enclosing another plate.

UNIT-3

I cannot imagine why you should have been warned against continuing this correspondence. What do they expect me to do? - eat you up at long distance?

In any event, I would like your picture as a memento of our friendship, and I will send mine as soon as I have received yours.

Skander

D.6

Aurigae II

Dear Pen Pal,

Your last letter was so slow in coming that I thought you had decided to break off the correspondence. I was sorry to notice that you failed to enclose the photograph, puzzled by your reference to having a "relapse", and cheered by your statement that you would send it along as soon as you felt "better" - whatever that means. However, the important thing is that you did write.

Here I am in prison, doomed to spend the next thirty years tucked away from the mainstream of life. Even the thought is hard on my restless spirit, though I know I have a long life ahead of me after my release.

In spite of your friendly letter, I won't feel that you have completely re-established contact with me until you send the photograph.

Skander

1. Why (D4) do you think Pen Pal showed Skander's photographic plate to a doctor at the hospital?
2. In all the last four letters, Skander is insistent that Pen Pal sends a photograph of himself. Why do you think Skander is so insistent?
3. Why (D5) do you think Pen Pal's government warned him against continuing the correspondence?

D.7

Aurigae II

Dear Pen Pal,

The photograph arrived. As you sugest, your appearance startled me. You'll notice that I've enclosed a photograph of myself, as I promised I would. Chunky, metallic looking chap, am I not, very different I'll wager than you expected. The various races with whom we have communicated become very wary of us when they discover we are highly radioactive, and that literally we are a radioactive form of life.

As you know, I have occasionally mentioned that I had hoped of escaping not only the deadly imprisonment to which I am subjected, but also from my body - which cannot easily escape. Perhaps you'll be interested in hearing about how far this idea has developed. The process involves an exchange of personalities with someone else. For this, it is necessary to get an impress of both individuals - of their mind and of their thoughts as well as their bodies. Since this phase is purely mechanical, it is simply a matter of taking complete photographs.

The next step is to make sure the two photographs are exchanged, that is, that each party has somewhere near him a complete photograph of the other. The third and final stage occurs when I activate the sub-space energy flow between the two photographic plates. (It is already too late, Pen Pal. I have already set the energy in motion!) Soon there will be an exchange of personalities - I will live in your body and you in mine.

You will take with you a complete memory of your life on Earth, and I will take along memory of my life on Aurigae. As soon as I grow tired of Earth, I will exchange bodies in the same way with a member of some other race. Thirty years hence, I will be happy to reclaim my body, and you can then have whatever body I last happened to occupy.

This should be a very happy arrangement for us both. You, with your short life expectancy, will have outlived all your contemporaries and will have had an interesting experience. I admit I expect to have the better of the

exchange. By the time you reach this part of the letter it will be me reading it, not you. So long for now, Pen Pal. It's been nice having all those letters from you. I shall write to you from time to time to let you know how things are going with my tour.

Skander

1. What exactly did Skander do?
2. Why did he do this?
3. Might this ever be really possible, at some stage in the future?
4. What could be the advantages and/ or disadvantages in doing so?
5. Were there any clues in earlier letters that warned us of what Skander was planning to do?

D.8 The final letter

Dear Pen Pal,

Thanks a lot for forcing the issue. For a long time I hesitated about letting you play such a trick on yourself. You see, the government scientists analyzed the nature of that first photographic plate you sent me, and so the final decision was really up to me. I decided that anyone as eager as you were should be allowed to succeed. By this time you will have realized for yourself that a man who has been paralyzed since birth, and is subject to heart attacks, cannot expect a long life span. I am happy to tell you that your once lonely pen pal is enjoying himself, and I am happy to sign myself with a name to which I expect to become accustomed.

With best wishes

Skander

1. Who has written the letter? (Original Pen Pal? original Skander? "New Pen Pal")?
2. Which planet does he live on?
3. Answer the following questions by choosing the correct option.

(I) Pick the option that matches the meaning of the word 'serve' as in the sentence – "I have thirty more years to serve."

- A. The punishment served as a warning to other criminals.
- B. He has served his complete term of punishment.
- C. Federer served out the second set at 5-4.
- D. Only pure vegetarian food is served in this restaurant.

(ii) Skander writes, "...charges were laid against me". This means that he was_____.

A. told to pay compensation
B. put in a prison
C. caught in a conspiracy
D. accused of a crime

(iii) Choose the option that best describes Pen Pal's personality.

(1) helpul
(2) adventurous
(3) intelligent
(4) friendly

A. (1) and (2)
B. (2) and (4)
C. (3) and (4)
D. (2) and (3)

(iv) Which of the following statements sums up the theme of the lesson?

A. Life comes full circle.
B. Do unto others as you would have them do to you.
C. He who digs a pit for others will fall into it.
D. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

4. The exchange of letters amongst Skander and Pen Pal was a battle of wits. Illustrate with evidence from the text.

5. Imagine that five years have passed since the last letter. Skander and Pen Pal are both still alive. Write another letter from Skander to Pen Pal, outlining what has happened in the intervening years. What is your present situation? What are your thoughts? What are your plans for the immediate future? (NB. Decide: Are you the "original Skander" or the "New Skander""?)

D.9 Writing a science fiction story: Do you think life exists on other planets?

If there is life on other planets, what would these aliens look like? Draw your idea of an alien in the box below.

Write a story about the alien (s) you drew.

Before you write your story, you must think about

- The setting
- The characters
- The plot

The Setting

Some science fiction stories are set here on Earth. Others may be set on a different planet.

The Characters

Your characters must include

- People from Earth
- Aliens

You must decide whether the aliens are friendly or unfriendly and whether the human beings are scared of the aliens or friends with them.

The Plot

The plot of your story must have

- **Introduction :** The characters and setting are described.
- **Conflict :** The problems human beings face
  - (i) on Earth when they are invaded by unfriendly aliens; or
  - (ii) on a different planet due to hostile environment/unfriendly aliens or both.
  - (iii) if the aliens are friendly, then how do they help earthlings and vice versa.
- **Climax :** The part of the story where the excitement is pushed to its limits.
- **Resolution** or the point where the conflict is resolved.

ENVIRONMENT

UNIT 4

(SUMMARY)

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
Introduction			• Selecting and extracting information required for a specific purpose.	• Completing sentences.	• Words related to preservation
(A) Treading the Green Path- Towards Preservation	• Listening for information required for a specific purpose • Distinguishing main points from supporting details • Understanding and interpreting messages conveyed.	• Role Play: speaking intelligibly using appropriate word stress, sentence stress and intonation patterns	• Recognizing the organization of a text. • Identifying the main points of a text	• Writing a letter to the editor • Transcoding information from a table to verbal form • Writing a news-paper report.	• Words related to eco systems
(B) Heroes of the Environment.	• Understanding and interpreting spontaneous discourse	• Taking active part in a group discussion • Presenting a report clearly and confidently	• Analysing, interpreting, inferring and evaluating the ideas in a text • Retrieving and synthesising information. • Identifying the main points of a text. • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar lexical items.	• Writing instructions • Designing a poster • Writing a power point presentation • Writing an e-mail	• Words related to environment and conservation.

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
(C) Let's clean up		• Taking active part in a group discussion.	• Selecting and extracting information required for a specific purpose • Analysing, interpreting and evaluating information.	• Expressing ideas in clear and grammatically correct English, using appropriate punctuation and cohesion devices • Writing a letter to the editor.	• Words related to food waste and ways to reduce food wastage.
(D) A Tale of Three Villages		• Expressing and arguing a point of view clearly and effectively.	• Identifying the main points of a text • Selecting and extracting information required for a specific purpose • Retrieving and synthesising information	• Filling in a worksheet	• Words related to environmental degradation
(E) Geological Heritage		• Participating in spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Anticipating and predicting what will come next in a text. • Identifying the main points of a text.	• Writing a power point presentation " Preparing a poster.	• Words related to Geology.

UNIT 4

ENVIRONMENT

Introduction

Complete the following statements by choosing answers from the box given below and check your awareness about environment.

1. This animal is hunted for its under wool, shahtoosh, which is used to make shawls and scarves. This is the ……
2. The key threat to tigers is……
3. The Sumatran Rhino is possibly the most critically endangered of the Asian Rhinos. The rhinos are hunted primarily because of their horn, which is used in ……
4. The tiger has few enemies. The main predator of the tiger is the ……
5. The largest endangered land mammal is the ……
6. The name given to the list of endangered/threatened species is….
7. The major environmental factor thought to cause the loss of habitat for the polar bear is……
8. One of the reasons the WWF (World Wildlife Foundation) was created was to ……

human being, traditional Asian medicine, , The Red List of Threatened Species, Chiru/ Tibetan Antelope, global warming, loss of habitat, educate and encourage conservation, , Asian elephant

A. TREADING THE GREEN PATH - TOWARDS PRESERVATION

A.1. Read about Romulus Earl Whitaker, a herpetologist, wildlife conservationist and founder of the Madras Snake Park, The Andaman and Nicobar Environment Trust, and the Madras Crocodile Bank Trust.

1. Romulus Whitaker, an American-born, 65-year-old Indian citizen, is a reptile expert and environment film-maker. What drives him is a boundless enthusiasm for the wonders of nature, and a determination to save them. "It is fascination with

the endless natural mysteries, questions on why critters do what they do, and empathy and sympathy in the face of the destruction all around," he explains from his base in the southern Indian state of Tamil Nadu. "I haven't had to do a nine-to-five job ever in my life, and that is a very envious situation to be in if you like the wild. Life has been much like a river in that it picks you up and carries you along. I have got into things as they come towards me."

2. This seemingly relaxed attitude belies the original thinking and careful and considered planning behind his many projects for wildlife, for forests and for the people living in them. His current ambition, for which he has been selected as an Associate Laureate in the 2008 Rolex Awards, is to create a network of rainforest research stations throughout India, part of a vision he has been elaborating in his mind for many years. "The idea of the rainforest research stations has been with me absolutely forever, but I didn't have the wherewithal to do anything about it. Then all these things started falling into place over the last few years. I bought a block of land at Agumbe, in southern India. Then the Whitley Award for Nature came along and helped set up the Agumbe Rainforest Research Station and get it working really well."

Romulus Whitaker

3. A mother's tolerance for a small boy's fascination with snakes became the basis of a notable career in herpetology for Whitaker. Author of eight books and over 150 articles, he served in key reptile posts and has inspired many with 23 acclaimed environmental documentaries, such as the National Geographic film "King Cobra". In 1984, for his project to help the indigenous Irula people of Tamil Nadu make the transition from their old trade (catching snakes for the now-banned skin trade) to collecting snake venom to produce life-saving anti-venom serum, he received an Honourable Mention in the Rolex Awards for Enterprise.

4. Whitaker realized long ago that snakes and the other species he loves cannot survive without their habitats. So, like many others, he has evolved from naturalist to conservationist. "A lot of us get wrapped up in our own little special animal and then we wake up and start thinking it has got to be habitat and it has to be eco-development that involves people and, now, in my case, it has crystallized into the whole idea of water resources.

5. "India has a history of droughts, floods and famines," Whitaker explains. "Food production has been successfully tackled and dealt with, but we are now faced with a water shortage that will dwarf any of the past problems faced by the people. Owing to forest clearance and ill-advised dam projects, rivers are drying up, ground water reserves are being used up faster than they can be replenished and pollution is hitting most of our sources of drinking water. These are the obvious problems, but there are other, possibly much more serious threats facing our water regimes including climate change, which we must tackle on a war footing."

6. Ironically, the water that Whitaker is intent on saving is - in the form of rain - one of the major obstacles to conservation research in many parts of India. Despite being recognized worldwide as biodiversity hotspots, relatively little is known about India's dwindling rainforests and the many species for which they are home. But monsoon downpours make it near-impossible for researchers to operate at the very time the most scientifically interesting events are occurring in the landscape and the lives of its inhabitants. At Agumbe, where Whitaker caught his first king cobra back in 1971, annual rainfall of 10 metres or so condemns outsiders not just to swarms of leeches, along with wet clothes and tents, but also to guaranteed malfunction in all the equipment bound up in recording, communicating and calculating.

7. Whitaker's base at Agumbe, constructed in 2005, and now a fully functioning research, conservation and education centre, is the first of seven research stations that will connect key remaining rainforest strongholds throughout India. Sita Nadi, a river that has its source near the Agumbe Station, is a major focus for Whitaker and his team, who have started a small but ambitious plan to clean up and maintain the integrity of the river, using a three-pronged approach:

evaluating the problems, involving the people and implementing a practical action plan. Whitaker cannot emphasize enough the importance of the region's rainforests for water resources. "The rainforests of India are the origin of all the major rivers in the south and the north-east," he points out. "The rivers in the Western Ghats [in India's south] provide the water for 350 to 400 million people, about a third of India's population."

The Agumbe station

8. The Agumbe station itself consists of living and working quarters purpose-built to function during the monsoon and to be self-sufficient in renewable energy. It is strategically located on about three hectares of land adjacent to a wildlife sanctuary and a national park so that field scientists have easy access to the forest. The base has hosted dozens of Indian researchers, journalists and naturalists. But the station's mission extends beyond science. It is a springboard for local conservation, including the sustainable use of minor forest produce and medicinal plants. The station has educated hundreds of school children about the forest. "Children are a bit shaky about going into the forest at first, but fascination with what we show them soon gets them hooked," Whitaker says.

9. The network of seven stations will produce vital information, building on discoveries by Whitaker's colleagues of over 100 new species of frogs in the last decade, and the study of crabs that live in trees. The network will allow immediate exchange of expertise and research, creation of a comprehensive biodiversity database, and expanded mobile educational programmes. Five of the stations in the network, including Agumbe, will be located in the states that span the Western Ghats. A sixth station will be located in the far north-eastern state of Assam, a vital haven for large numbers of migratory birds and endangered mammals. The seventh station is in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, situated 1,200 kilometres

from the Indian mainland in the Bay of Bengal.

10. Six of the seven stations already exist in various stages of development and now need vital new laboratory equipment and in some cases physical expansion to bring them up to speed for the network. Whitaker will use the Rolex award to help make this happen. Only one station, near the Kalakkad-Mundanthurai Tiger Reserve in the southern tip of India, needs to be built from the ground up. The Rolex funds will also be used to fit out the bases with automatic weather stations. "Climate change is tightly linked with the future of water resources and we need to be monitoring it now," he says.

11. Whitaker puts his trust not just in his own skills, but also in the aspirations of younger generations: "We are doing a lot of work with young people, bringing them to the forest and showing them what happens here and why it matters. It can be very difficult to change adult attitudes, but with the young, it is easier to get across the knowledge that what we are doing to the forests, we are doing to ourselves."

A2. The author of the article had made the following sub headings, but they got mixed up. Re-order them in the correct sequence, and write the number(s) of the paragraphs that would come under each sub heading.

* The network of rainforest research stations
* Whitaker's achievements
* People support
* Whitaker's love for nature, his vision and ambition
* The Agumbe station
* Water shortage and the need to save rainforests
* Becoming a conservationist

A.3 On the basis of your reading of the above article choose the correct option to complete the following statements:

1. Romulus Whitaker was able to pursue his dream because

   a) he was determined

b) of his fascination with nature

c) he didn't have a regular job

d) he was sympathetic

2. Romulus's ambition was to

a) save reptiles and frogs

b) establish rainforest research stations

c) start a water conservation project

d) create awareness about the king cobra

3. Whitaker was able to fulfill his ambition with the help of

a) his friends and colleagues

b) Whitley award money

c) Rolex award money

d) his personal savings

4. Whitaker evolved from a Naturalist to Conservationist because he realized that

a) Naturalists get obsessed with animals

b) It was the requirement of Rolex award

c) Conservationist has more importance than naturalist

d) Animals cannot be saved without saving their habitat

5. According to Whitaker the most serious threat facing the humanity is

a) Forest clearance

b) Drying of rivers

c) Water shortage

d) Climate change

6. The mission of Agumbe research station is to

   a) Educate children

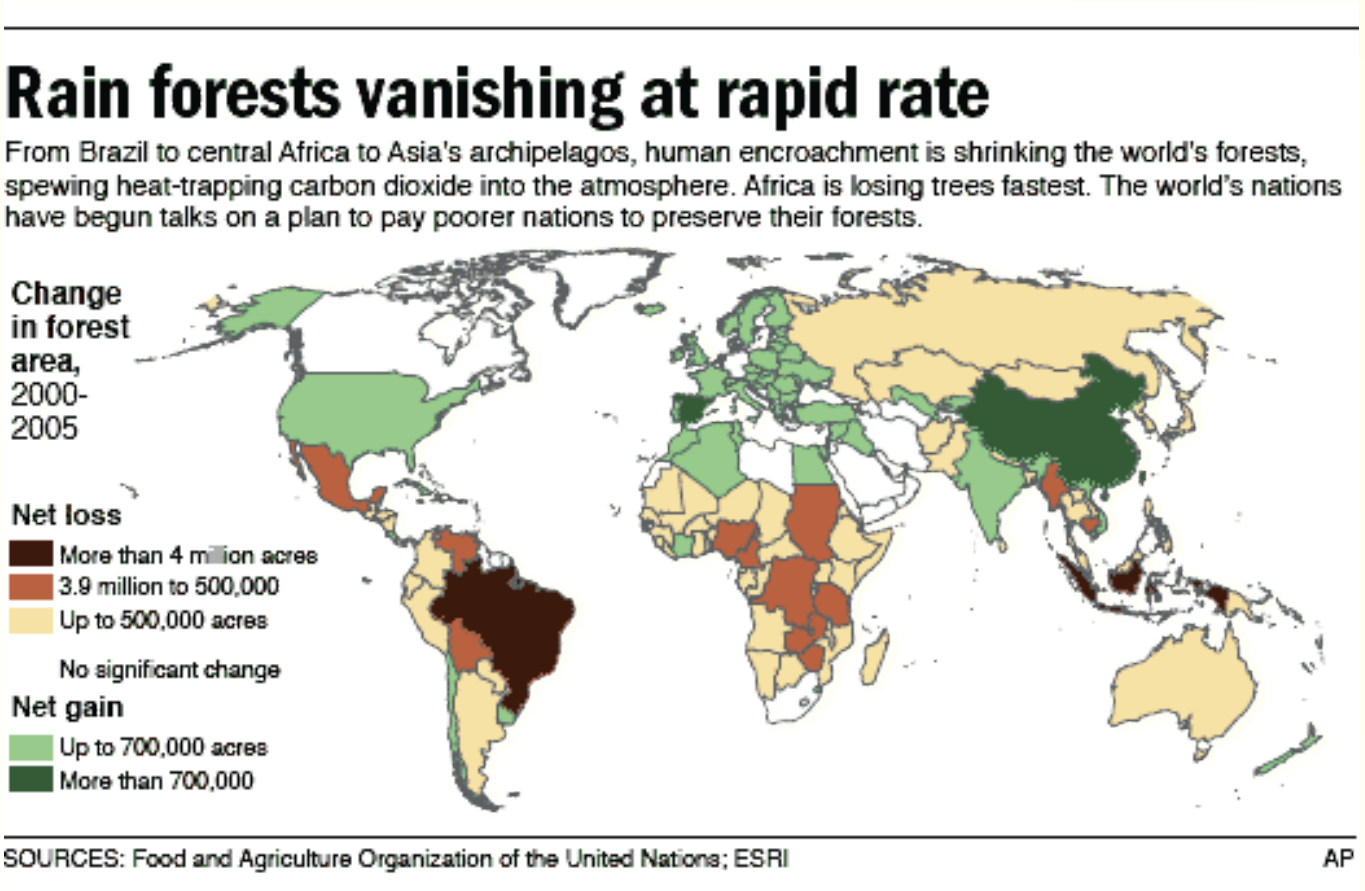
   b) Play host to Researchers, Journalists and Naturalists

   c) Sustainable development of forest products

   d) All the above

A.4 The dwindling forest cover not only threatens the habitat of millions of species but also endangers water reserves. On the basis of the above article and the visual input given, write a letter to the editor of a national daily expressing your concern about the threat to the bio reserves.

a)



b) Threat to animals

	Not Endangered	Vulnerable Endangered	Endangered	Critically Endangered
Fish	50%	20%	10%	20%
Amphibians	70%	10%	12%	8%
Reptiles	40%	30%	17%	13%
Birds	90%	5%	3%	2%
Mammals	75%	10%	8%	7%

A5. Romulus Whitaker has been awarded the Whitley Award for his work towards conservation of nature. He is in town for a press conference. Choose a student for the Hot Seat- to role play Whitaker. Divide the class into three groups; one group of students will be responsible for interviewing Whitaker. The second group will note down the interaction and the third group will issue a report for the class newsletter.

How to write a newspaper report

A report is a description of an event that has already taken place. It is a factual account of some event or happening that may have occurred somewhere but is of interest to the general masses or the readers for whom it is meant to be.

A newspaper report must be comprehensive but brief; factual yet interesting. Hence factual reporting is the accurate and truthful coverage of an event. It is a brief review of a situation or a process that includes only the relevant points and information. It is usually written in third person and indirect speech. Passive voice is used. The language is neutral and figurative. Ornamental language is avoided. The content should include **when, where, why** and **how** of the topic to be written about.

Headline

Every news article has a headline to attract the attention of the reader. The headline must state the topic of the news in a strong, short phrase or statement.

Headline must be:

- catchy
- brief - leave out articles, prepositions, etc where possible, use abbreviations/shortened word-forms wherever possible

Byline

Since this is your news article you need to let the reader know who wrote it. The line with your name on it is called "by" line because it tells by whom the article has been written.

Write the word "By" followed by your first and last name.

On the next line, write your School and City.

Paragraph 1

A lead paragraph usually answers the questions: Who? What? Where? When? Why? It tells the reader how the incident happened. Narrate the incident in the chronological order. Eyewitness accounts add to authenticity of the news. Also, they may interest the reader. Include some quotes from the eyewitnesses' comments. Also describe what they have felt about the incident.

Paragraph 2

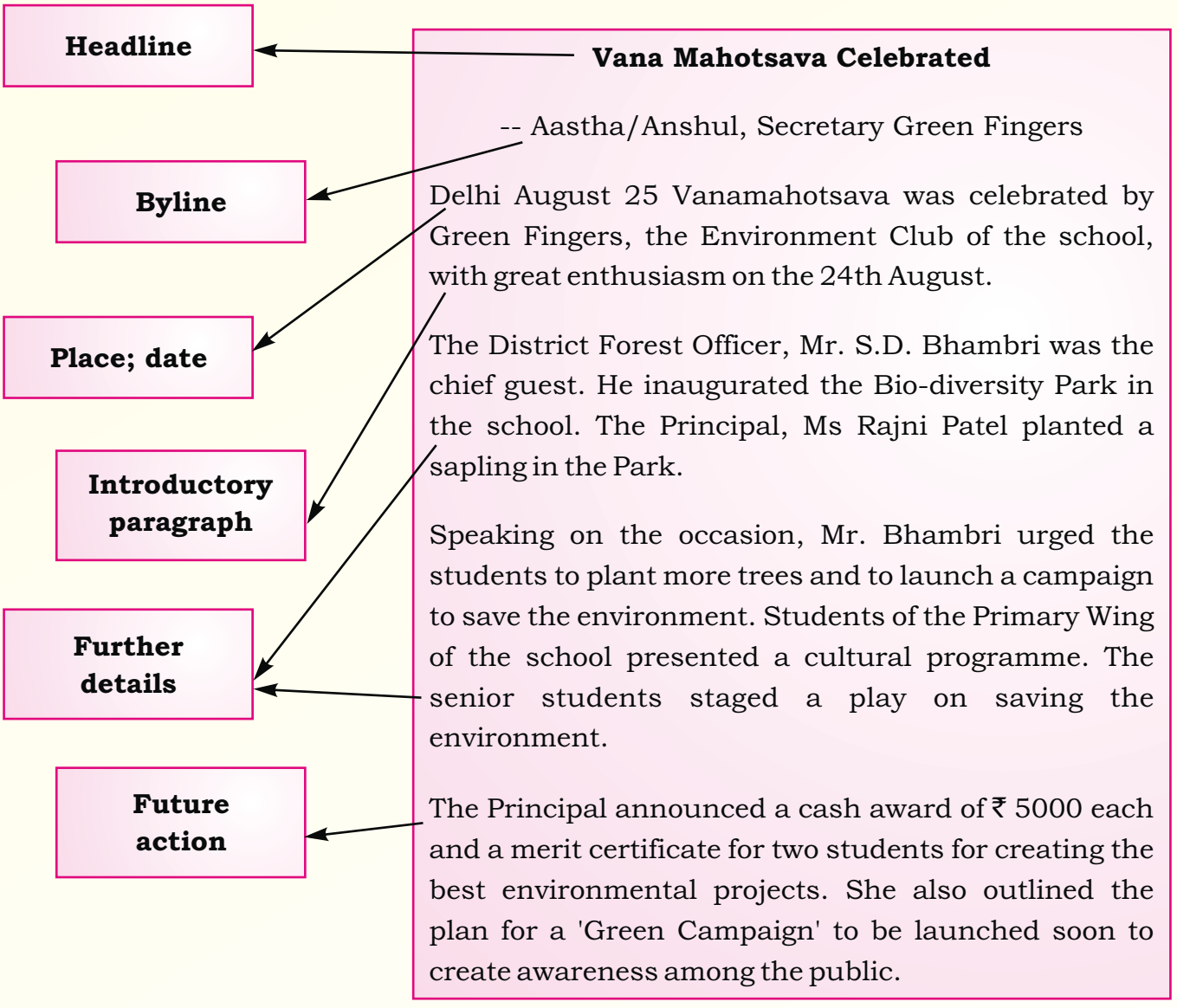
Give details of the event. If it is an interview, use quotes from the interviewee.

Paragraph 3

Describe the future course of action being planned

Remember to use simple, clear but formal language

Aastha/ Anshul is the Secreatary of Green Fingers, the Environment Club of Gurukul School, Delhi. The school has celebrated Van Mahotsava on August 24. She/he has written a report of the programme for the school newsletter. As Aastha/Anshul write the report.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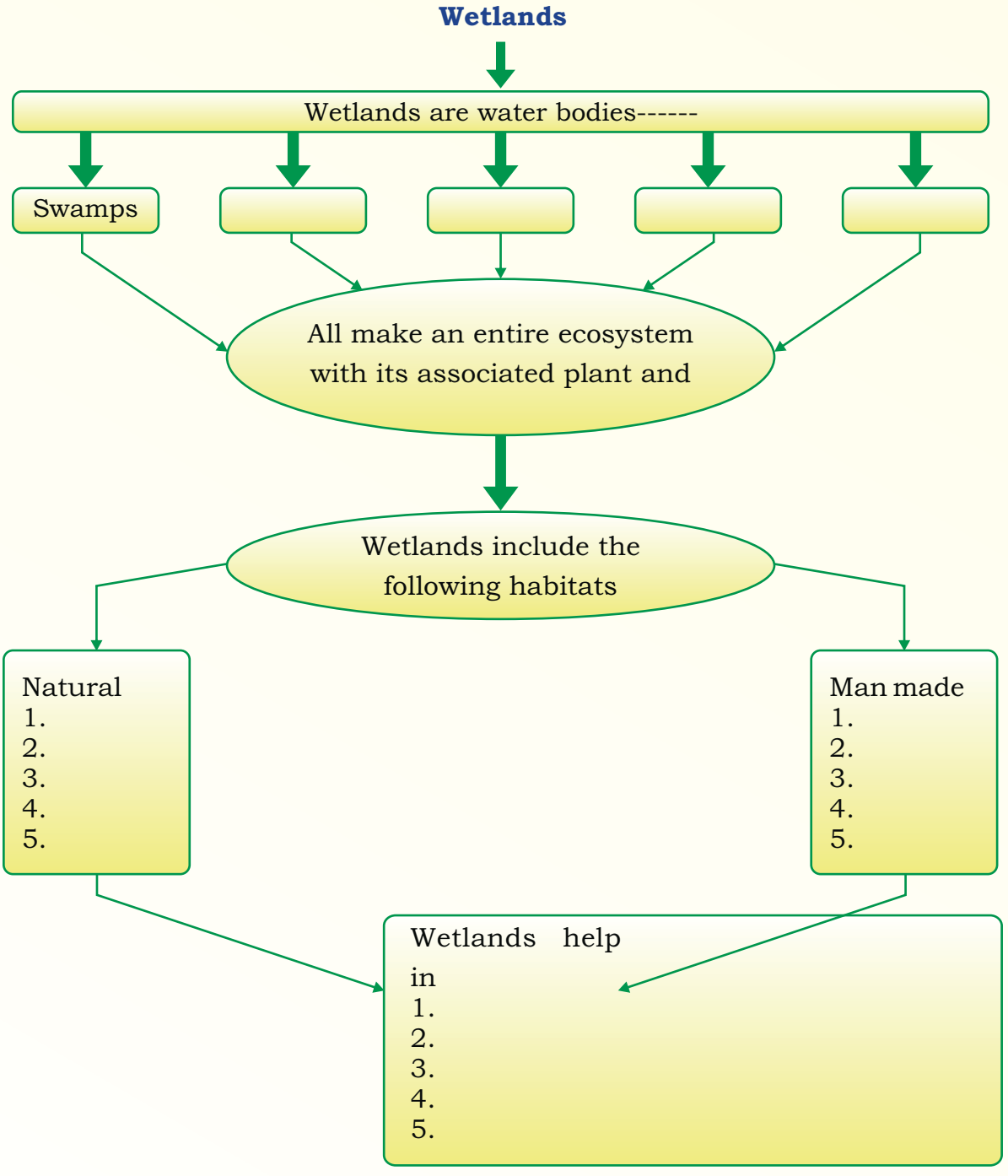
Further details
Future action
Vana Mahotsava Celebrated
-- Aastha/Anshul, Secretary Green Fingers
Delhi August 25 Vanamahotsava was celebrated by Green Fingers, the Environment Club of the school, with great enthusiasm on the 24th August.
The District Forest Officer, Mr. S.D. Bhambri was the chief guest. He inaugurated the Bio-diversity Park in the school. The Principal, Ms Rajni Patel planted a sapling in the Park.
Speaking on the occasion, Mr. Bhambri urged the students to plant more trees and to launch a campaign to save the environment. Students of the Primary Wing of the school presented a cultural programme. The senior students staged a play on saving the environment.
The Principal announced a cash award of ₹ 5000 each and a merit certificate for two students for creating the best environmental projects. She also outlined the plan for a 'Green Campaign' to be launched soon to create awareness among the public.

UNIT-4

A6. You are going to listen to an environmentalist giving a speech at a seminar on World Environment Day on 'Wetlands, an important Ecosystem'. As you listen, complete the flowchart given below.



B: Heroes of the Environment

B.1. Read the following Newspaper story:

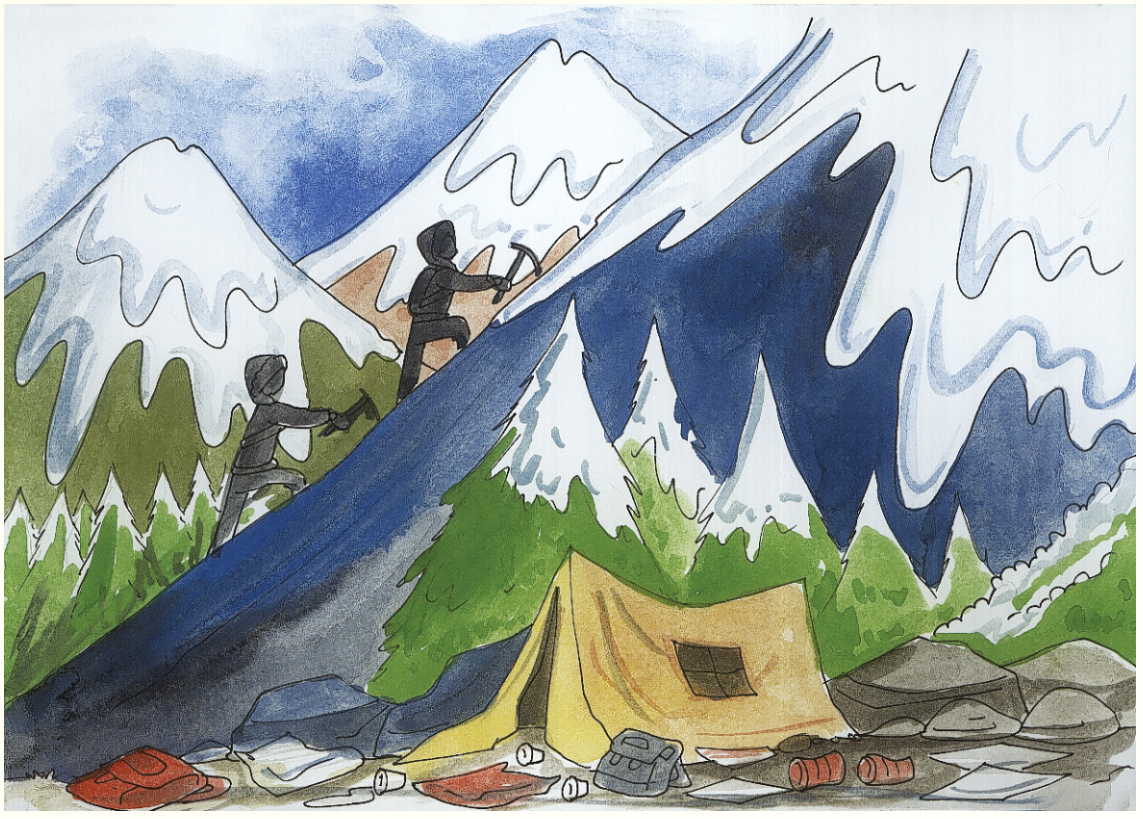
Sherpa to clean Mount Everest

Mount Everest will be cleaned up, thanks to the efforts of twenty Nepali climbers who are setting off to remove decades-old garbage from the mountain.

The expedition, led by Namgyal Sherpa, will clean the area known as the "death zone." Sherpa stated: "This is the first time we are cleaning at that height, the death zone. It is very difficult and dangerous." The death zone gets its name from thin air, sub-freezing temperatures and extreme climbing conditions.

"The garbage was buried under snow in the past. But now it has come out on the surface because of the melting of snow due to global warming," the Sherpa said.

Many consider Everest to be the world's highest garbage dump. Some climbers leave behind their trash and gear such as climbing equipment, food, plastics, tins, aluminum cans, glass, clothes, paper, tents, and even dead bodies.



American Barry G. Bishop, upon his return from Mount Everest, labeled the mountain "the highest junkyard in the world." The team will attempt to remove at least 4,400 pounds of garbage during the expedition.

More than 4,000 climbers have reached Mount Everest's summit since it was first conquered. A special effort is being made to remove the body of a Swiss climber who died on the mountain in a 2008 climbing attempt.

The team's mission is the collection of waste to set an example for future climbers.

B.2. On the basis of your reading of the news story, discuss with your partner and complete the following table.

Adverse environmental effects of tourism and adventure sports.	• Personal conquests seem to be more important than preserving the integrity of a natural site. • ..... • ..... • ..... • .....
Ways to prevent it	• Charge high climbing fees • ..... • ..... • ..... • .....

B.3. Now imagine you are in charge of a mountaineering expedition to Mount Everest. You have to address the first time climbers. Write the instructions that you would give to the climbers on keeping the track clean besides

giving instructions on safety measures. Instruct how they can contribute in preventing the Everest from becoming, "the highest junkyard in the world".

Before writing the instructions, read the following questionnaire on how to write instructions and tick mark the right option:

1. What tense is commonly used in writing imperative sentences?
   a. Present Continuous
   b. Simple Past
   c. Simple Present
2. Where do verbs most commonly come in these instructions ?
   a. At the beginning of a sentence or a clause
   b. In the middle of a sentence or a clause
3. How long are the sentences?
   a. Very long
   b. Mixed length
   c. Short
4. Why are the instructions so written/given?
   a. So that the reader can understand more easily
   b. So that the writer can write more easily
5. What is the order of the instructions?
   a. Mixed order
   b. The order in which the instructions have to be carried out
6. Are the instructions numbered?
   a. No
   b. Yes

B. 4. How to design a Poster?

Posters are an amalgam of notices, advertisements and invitations. They may be in the form of large hoardings to be put up on walls, or the size of the handbills to be displayed on the notice boards etc. Hence, they have to be captivating, attractive and persuasive so as to influence a large number of people. Generally they are designed to create social awareness about issues releated to current problems or needs, or to even extend public invitations.

Main Features of a poster

(a) Layout

- Visually attractive
- Catchy title/jingle
- Sketch or simple visuals
- Fonts of different shapes and sizes

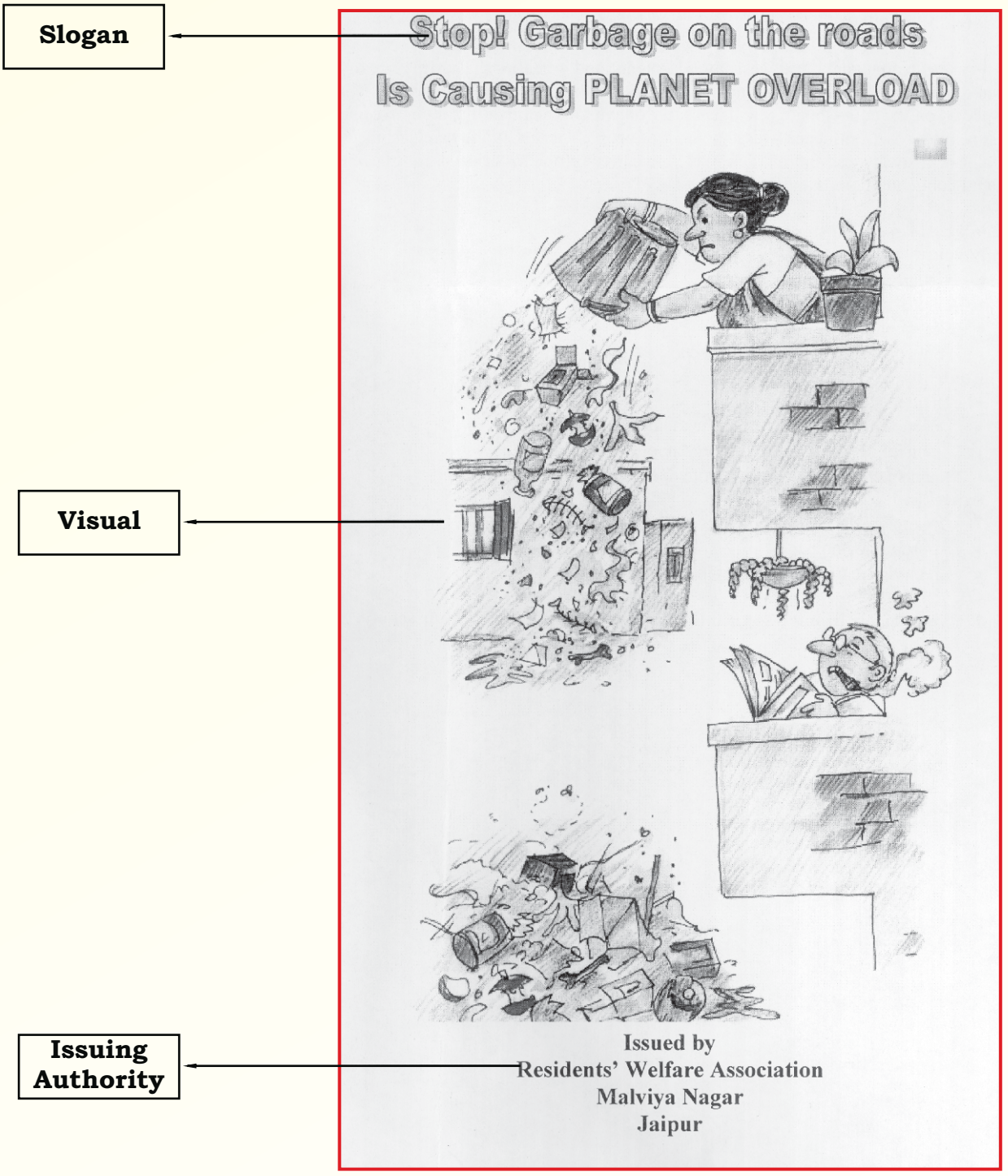
(b) Content

- Theme/subject
- Description/details related to the theme
- Essential details e.g. date, time, venue
- Name i.e. issuing authority, organizers

(c) Expression

- Organizing and sequencing of content
- Appropriate language
- Creativity (language and design)

(i) Look at the poster for promoting cleanliness in the surroundings of your colony and discuss its salient features along with your partner.



(ii) On the basis of this, design a poster urging mountaineers to preserve the pristine glory of the mountainsides. Work in groups of 4-5

B.5. Wangari Maathai started the Green Belt Movement and also fought for equal rights for women in Africa. She is the first African woman to win the Nobel Peace Prize. Read the excerpts from her interview with NHK Radio (Japan).

Question: How did you become aware of the environment?

W M: From the time we started, we were trying to respond to the basic needs of people in the rural areas; and people were asking for clean drinking water, for food, for energy (which is mostly firewood), for building material, for fodder for the animals. And all these come from the land. So we knew that what the people in the rural areas were asking for had to do with the environment. They did not have those things because the environment was degraded. So, from the very beginning we understood that we have to rehabilitate the environment.

The forested mountains were the source of water and the source of rain, so when you deforest you cause a shortage of water and a change of rainfall patterns and therefore people are not able to get food and water. Therefore, in order for them to have good environment that can sustain their livelihoods, it is important to have a government that accounts to them, that protects them, that protects their interests, that is concerned about their lives.

Question: How is peace connected to a good environment?

W M: Many wars that are fought in the world are fought over natural resources. Some wars are fought because the environment is so degraded that it is not able to support communities and so they fight over the little that is left. Others are fought because some people want to take a lot of resources, to control them, and to keep many other people out.

Now, whether this happens at the national level or at the regional level, or even at the global level, sooner or later there is discontent; and when that discontent is

strong enough, there is conflict. So good management of the natural resources, equitable distribution of these resources, is important for peace. At the same time, good management of the natural resources is not possible if you do not have democratic space, respect for human beings, respect for human rights, give other people dignity.

That is why the three themes are related, like the African stool, with three legs and the basin on which you sit. The three legs: one leg is peace, the other leg is good governance, the third leg is sustainable management of resources. When you have those three legs, you can put the basin, which is development. And if you try to balance that stool without those three, it won't happen.

We have not shared our resources equitably. We have allowed some people, especially those in power, to acquire a lot at the expense of the majority. And we have also engaged in conflict.

Question: What was the environment like when you were young, and how did you go about saving it?

W M: When I was a child, which is almost more than fifty years ago, the environment was very pristine, very beautiful, and very green. We were a British colony, and the British government at that time started to clear cut the indigenous forests in our forested mountains because they wanted to establish commercial plantations of exotic species of trees such as the pines from the northern hemisphere and the eucalyptus from Australia. These trees are very nice, they grow tall, and they grow very fast, but as they grow they destroy all the local biological diversity. All the flora and fauna disappeared. So although we were getting commercial timber for the growing timber industry, we also destroyed our local flora and fauna.

As a result, these forests, which were the water towers, were no longer able to contain the water, so when the rains fell the water ran downstream and ended up in the lakes and ocean instead of going down into the underground reservoir so that it could come back to us in the form of rivers. One thing we noted is that not only did the rain patterns change, became less, but also the rivers started drying up. We lost our local biological diversity. So, that's a lot of damage to our environment.

That is why in 1975, at the very first United Nations Conference for Women in Mexico, many of the women were saying, "We need food, we need water, we need clean drinking water, we need fodder for our animals." And I was wondering, what has happened? These are things that were there twenty years ago when I was a child. The environment had changed; and that's when I started this campaign to restore the vegetation and to restore the land and to rehabilitate the forests.

Question: What happened when you started working with the women?

W M: Well, the first time when I told them, "Let us plant trees," the women said they did not know how to plant trees. So I asked the foresters to come and teach them, but they were very complicated-they are professionals. It became very complicated for ordinary illiterate women so I told the women, "We shall use our common sense, and just do what we do with other seeds." Women work on the farms. They're the ones who plant. They're the ones who cultivate. They're the ones who produce food, so I told them that seeds of trees are like any other seeds. So if they were to treat these tree seeds the same way they treat other seeds of food crops, there is no difference. I told them to look for old broken pots even and put seeds there. They will germinate and they will know these are the seedlings from the seeds they planted and we gave them plastic bags to be able to put those seedlings and to nurture them and when they were about half a meter long then they could go and transplant them on their farms.

In the beginning it was difficult, but they soon gained confidence and they became very competent foresters. So I called them "Foresters without Diplomas".

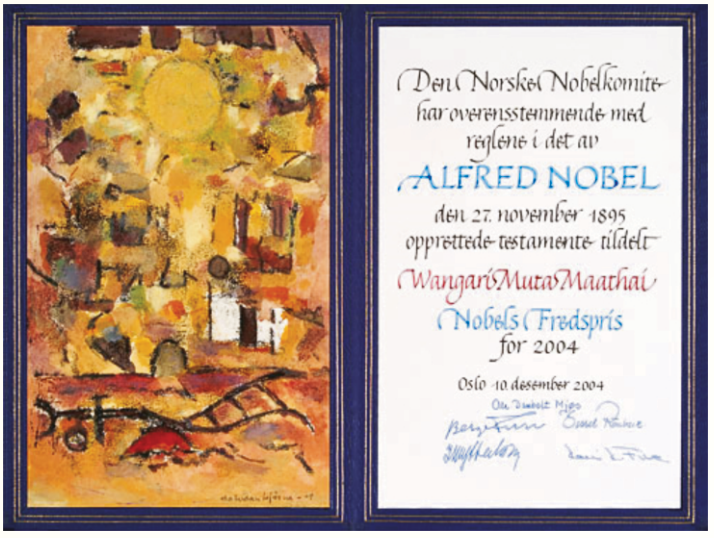
Question: Why do you think they responded so well to your message?

W M: It was a need. When the women said they needed firewood and building material, we responded to that need. Plant trees; then you will have trees for firewood. In the tropics, trees grow very fast. In five to ten years these trees serve as firewood, as building materials.

Once we had planted those trees, we saw the need for them to understand why we have to have good governance; so it became important to give them civic education so that they could understand how we govern ourselves, why we govern ourselves the way we govern ourselves, why we are managing our environment the way we are managing it. Because we were dealing with the environment, we gave them education both in civics and also in environment. That made them understand clearly why they should take up the responsibility of protecting their environment-that it was not the responsibility of the government or the responsibility of somebody else to come and rehabilitate their environment on their own land. It's them; it's their responsibility.

Question: What transformations did you see?

W M: One of the biggest transformations that I saw was that ability of an ordinary, illiterate woman to get to understand and to be able to plant trees that in five or ten years became big trees and she was able to cut them and be able to give herself energy; to be able to sell those trees and give herself an income; to be able to feel confident that she had done something for herself. That sense of pride, sense of dignity that they are not begging, that they are doing things for themselves was very empowering. That transformation was very very powerful.



The other is the transformation of the landscape. Places where there was dust, there is no more dust.

There are trees, even birds and rabbits. They come back and they make the environment very beautiful. There is shade and sometimes even dry springs come back because the water is not running, the water is going into the ground. Very profound transformation.

And the other transformation that I saw was the willingness of the people to fight for their rights; to decide that they have a right to a good clean environment; to decide that they will fight for their forests, they will protect their forests, they will not allow corrupt leaders to take their public land.

Question: How do you think you can influence the rest of Africa?

W M: Our efforts will inspire other people to stop wasting their resources and their youth in wars and instead engage in creating a peaceful environment, more peaceful states.

I'm very happy about the fact that now in Africa you see new efforts of ensuring that Africans engage in dialogue, that they invest in peaceful negotiations for conflicts, that we manage our environment. We must restore our environment and try to ensure that we do not fight, because we are allowing the environment, especially the land, to be degraded; and then we fight over agricultural land and grazing land. I see a lot of hope in what is happening in Somalia, what is happening in the Sudan, what is happening in West Africa. I see a lot of African leaders encouraging each other to engage in dialogue.

Question: What is the one thing we can do?

W M: For me, my greatest activity is to plant a tree. I think that a tree is a wonderful symbol for the environment and when we plant a tree we plant hope. We plant the future for ourselves, for our children, for the birds. We plant something that will last, long after we are gone.

B.6. Based on your reading of Wangari Maathai's interview answer the following questions:

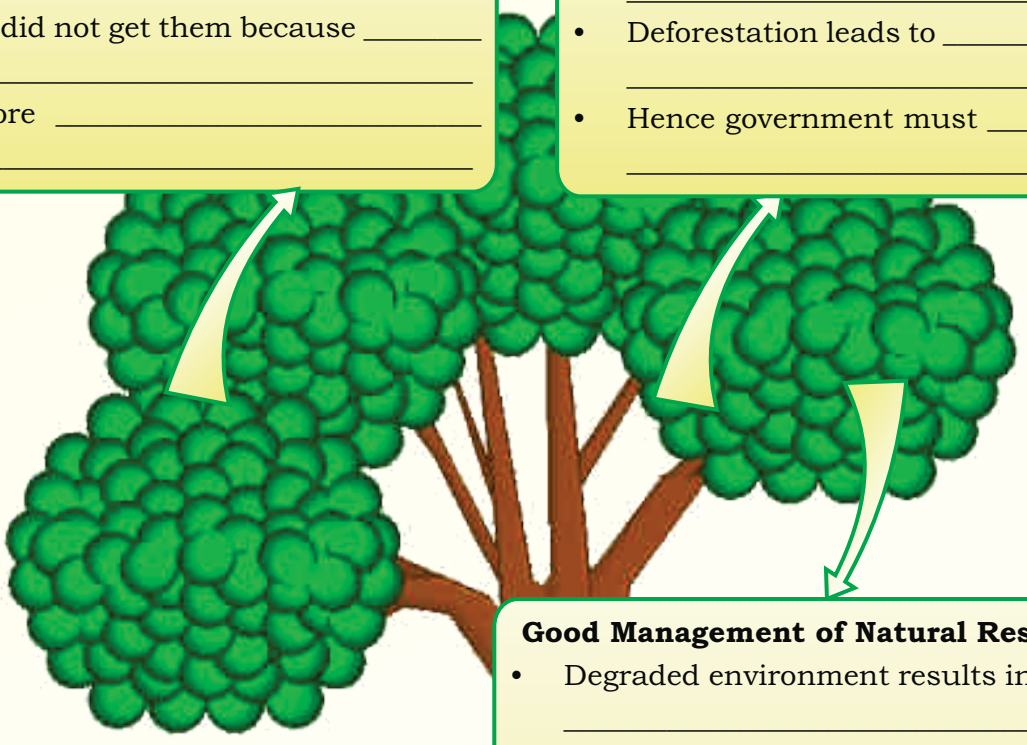
1. Complete the tree of environment:

Need to rehabilitate the Environment

- Things that came from the environment _____
- People did not get them because _____ _____
- Therefore _____ _____

Protecting forested mountains

- Source of _____ _____
- Deforestation leads to _____ _____
- Hence government must _____ _____



Good Management of Natural Resources

- Degraded environment results in _____ _____
- It leads to_____and _____
- Good management of natural resources means _____ _____
- It is essential for _____ _____
- Good management possible only when we have _____ _____

2. How does Wangari Maathai explain the essential components of development? Label and explain through the analogy of the stool.

3. What changes in the environment had Wangari Maathai noticed after growing up?
4. What is the importance of indigenous flora and fauna?
5. How did the campaign to save environment lead to the empowerment of women?
6. What transformation did Wangari Mathai see in people and the environment?

B7. Match the 'environment words' with their meanings.

Words	Meanings
• ecology	A person who advocates preservation and careful management of natural resources.
• habitat	The variety and variability among living oraganisms and the ecological complexes in which they occur.
• herpetologist	The relationship of living things to one another and their environment, or the study of such relationships.
• extinct	Tropical evergreen trees or shrubs forming dense thickets along tidal shores.
• aquifer	A place where a population lives and its surroundings, both living and non-living.

• naturalist	A zoologist who studies repitles and amphibians.
• biodiversity	Having no living representative.
• mangrove	An underground geological formation, containing water.
• conservationist	A person who studies plants and animals, especially outdoors.

B.8. Identify an area in India that needs efforts on a war footing to conserve the bio system. On the model of Wangari Maathai's efforts, prepare in groups a power point presentation covering the environmental problem, causes, effects and solutions. Each student in the group should present a part of the presentation.

B.9. After reading the interview of Wangari Maathai, you are inspired and motivated to do a summer training under her at one of the Research Stations. Write an email to Wangari Mathai. In your mail describe Wangari's influence on you and your desire to work under her and convince her as to why you should be given a chance to work under her.

C: Let's Clean Up

C.1. Read the inputs given as I and II and have a class discussion on 'Food Wastage'.

I. Love Food, Hate Waste - Britain throws away £10bn of food every year

Global food shortages, soaring prices and alarm over the environment. But every day, according to a government-backed report, Britain throws away 220,000 loaves of bread, 1.6m bananas, 5,500 chickens, 5.1m potatoes, 660,000 eggs, 1.2 m sausages and 1.3m yoghurts. The roll call of daily waste costs an average home more than £420 a year but for a family with children the annual cost rises to £610.

UNIT-4

II. Kerala shows the way

BIOTECH has succeeded in tackling the problem of the dumping of food waste in the streets of Kerala through the installation of biogas plants that use the food waste to produce gas for cooking and, in some cases, electricity for lighting; the residue serves as fertiliser. To date BIOTECH has built and installed an impressive 12000 domestic plants (160 of which also use human waste to avoid contamination of ground water), 220 institutional plants and 17 municipal plants that use waste from markets to power generators. The disposal of food waste and the production of clean energy are not the only benefits of biotech's scheme. The plants also replace the equivalent of about 3.7 tonnes of LPG and diesel which in turn results in the saving of about 3700 tonnes/year of CO_2, with further savings from the reduction in methane production as a result of the uncontrolled decomposition of waste, and from the transport of LPG. BIOTECH won an Ashden Award for Sustainable Energy in 2007.

C.2. Punctuate the passage given below

what exactly is waste waste is anything discarded, rejected, or otherwise released into the environment in a manner that could have an impact on that environment how can we help we can help by practicing the three rs of waste management reduce reuse and recycle it has been estimated that every ton of recycled paper saves 17 trees 7000 gallons of water 4100 kilowatt hour of energy and three cubic yards of landfill space how does reduce and reuse help reducing consumption is decreasing waste whereas the reuse of products such as recyclable plastics prevents the need for excess production of these exact same plastics hence the emission released from factories is lessened recycled products also take less energy to produce

C3. With the help of the inputs given below, write a letter to the Editor of a newspaper on the colossal wastage of food in the lavish Indian weddings.

- Indians spend life's saving on weddings.
- Wedding market in India is approximately ₹ 1,50,000 crores per year.
- India also hosts one of the biggest armies of starving people in the world.
- No wastage more condemnable than wastage of food
- Responsibility of the guests to limit the size of the servings according to their appetite.
- Take spoonfulls of each to taste and decide, instead of filling the plate with every dish.

D. A Tale Of Three Villages

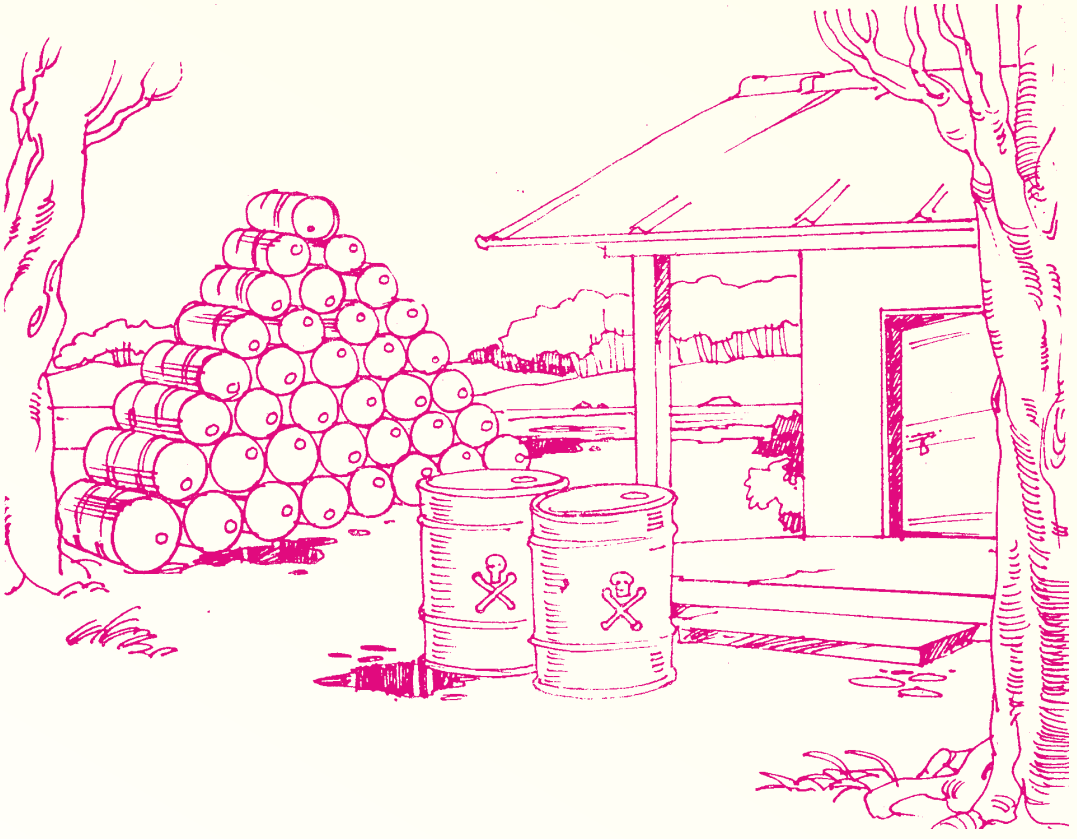
In groups of three, one of you read story D.1. another D.2. and the third D.3. Then exchange information to complete the table in D.4.

D.1 Koko Village, Nigeria

Mr. Sunday Nana, his wife and four small children live in Koko Village. Nigeria. The village is like any other African village-picturesque, colourful and noisy. The Nana family's house, too, is the same as all the other houses in the village, with mud walls and a rusting corrugated iron roof, and with children and chickens sharing the compound.

UNIT-4

There is one difference, however. Outside Mr. Nana's front are three large empty metal drums, the bright red paint now flaking away, but the skull and crossbones symbol clearly visible on each. And in a clearing 200m away from the village, next to a stream that the villagers get their drinking water from, is an enormous pyramid of identical drums, reaching to the sky. Some of them are badly corroded, their slimy contents of various colours - grey, dark green, bright orange, etc. - leaking out, down, on to the baked African earth and into the stream. Some have fallen down and rolled - or been rolled by playful children - into the bush. Some are smoking in the midday heat. Some are swelling, as if their contents are bursting to get out. Some have already burst.



"They came on a Wednesday," said Sunday, "Many, many big lorries. They took all day unloading them. No-one told us what was in them. They gave the Chief a brown paper bag-I saw him smiling as the lorries drove away. This was five years ago. Then three months ago, one of the brightest boys in the village - Thomas Agonyo - started university in Lagos. He came home one weekend with a new

Chemistry book, and spent all day looking at the drums and writing things down and talking to himself and shaking his head. We all thought he had gone mad. Then he called a meeting of the village and told us that the drums contained poisonous chemicals. He said they had come from Italy. But I don't know where that is. Is it in Europe?

Mr. Sunday Nana stopped, frowning, a troubled look on his face, "In the last five years, 13 people have died in this village, my own elder brother being one of them. They have been in pain, terrible pain. We have never seen deaths like that before. Lots of our children are sick. We have asked the Government to take the drums away, but they do nothing. We have written to Italy, but they do nothing. The Chief says we should move our houses to another place. But we have no money to buy land. We have no choice. We have to stay here. And they"---- pointing to the mountain of death in the clearing - "are our neighbours."

D.2 Ponnimanthuri Village, India

"I can remember the time." she said wistfully, "when all the fields around this village were green and the harvests good." Her outstretched arm described a complete circle as she stood in the morning sun. "Then they built those monsters, those..." Her voice spluttered in anger as she shook her fist at a collection of ominous-looking black buildings on the horizon, covered in a low-lying shroud of thick smoke. "They said that factories need leather to make shoes, handbags and clothes. They said our menfolk would get jobs. They said we would all become rich."

We stood silent, each thinking our own thoughts. Yes, they told you all that. But there is so much they didn't tell you. They didn't tell you that to change animal skins into leather - which they call tanning - uses as many as 250 different chemicals, including heavy metals such as cadmium, arsenic and chromium. They didn't tell you that these chemicals are discharged into the environment from those chimney stacks and fall to earth for miles around, polluting the earth below. They didn't tell you that this would poison your fields, so that nothing will grow.

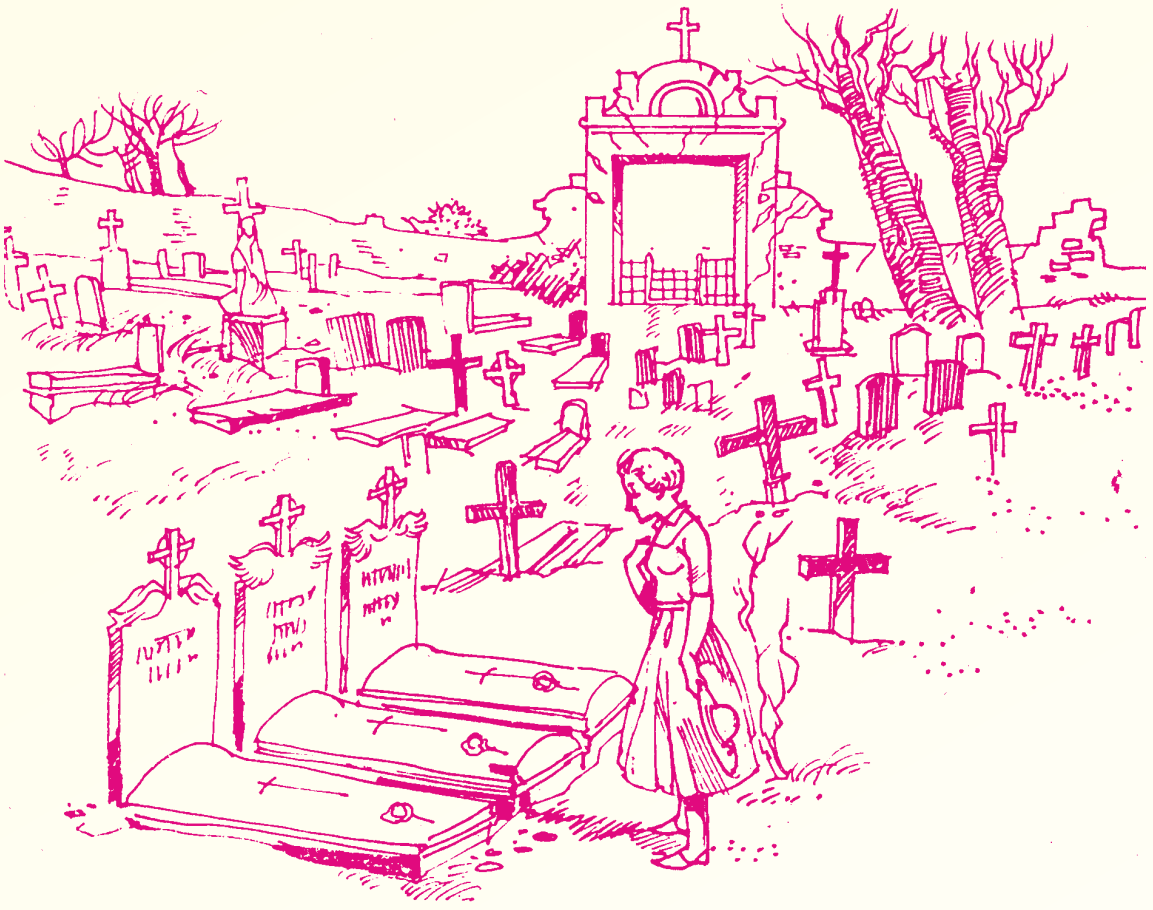
"They didn't tell us that the chemicals would be dumped in open fields and into our rivers," sighed Vijayasama. We had been thinking the same thoughts. "They

didn't tell us that our women would have to walk ten kilometers every day. They didn't tell us that we would get ulcer and sores on our bodies. They didn't tell us..." Her voice trailed off. There is so much they didn't tell you, I thought.

"We don't buy leather shoes or leather handbags or leather clothes," she said.

D.3 Vorobyov Village, Ukarine (formerly USSR)

"It happened on April the 26th 1986. I remember the date because it was my mother's birthday. We heard the explosion early in the morning. We didn't worry, because there had been explosions before from Chernobyl. But this one was bigger. Everyone stopped what they were doing and listened. Then we ran out into the garden. We could see a cloud of white smoke coming from the nuclear reactor." Natasha Revenko wiped her hands nervously on her apron. Tears came to the corners of her eyes, and slid slowly down her pinched, pale cheeks.



"It was a Saturday ," she went on, still wiping her hands on her apron. "It was a lovely warm day, and the children played outside all weekend. Even when the dust began to fall, they still played outside. They picked up handfuls of it and threw it at each other, laughing. It was Wednesday before the loudspeaker van came to the village, telling us to keep our children indoors and not to touch the radioactive dust. They also told us to wash down our houses and roads with water. A week later the children began to vomit. Their hair fell out. They couldn't eat. They grew so thin, and sores appeared all over their little bodies. Two weeks after that, all three died - all three on the same day." She broke down now and cried quietly, as she had done so many times before. "They're buried over there." She pointed to the church graveyard. "Lots of village children are. And adults."

I touched her gently on the shoulder, leaving her to her bitter-sweet memories, and walked on through the silence. It was a ghost town. No- one lived there any more. They had either died or been forcibly evacuated. The fields were barren.

Nothing grew. Nothing ever would again. There was no bird-song. No rabbit peered at me. No cow endlessly chewed. No horse neighed.

Natasha caught me up as we boarded the bus marked MOSCOW. "Thank you for coming with me." She said. "I wanted to see the graves and the house again, before I die."

D.4. Now that you have each read one of the stories above, first complete the appropriate column of the table below. When you have done that, ask the other two students in your group about the stories you have not read. For example, ask "In which country did your story take place? What type of pollution is there?" When it is your turn to give information, only do so when the other two students ask you questions. As you receive the answer, complete the other two columns.

	D. 1	D. 2	D. 3
Country			
Cause (s)of pollution			
Who is responsible?			
Consequences			
What do you think should be done to solve the problem?			

D.5. Work in groups of three, and answer the following questions:

Koko Village, Nigeria

- Why are there "three large, empty metal drums" outside Mr. Nana's front door?
- Why were the drums sent from Italy to Nigeria?
- What was in the brown paper bag that the Chief received?
- Why are the drums referred to as "the mountain of death"?

Ponnimanthuri Village, India

- Vijayasama and the narrator both refer many times to "they." Who do you think "they" are?
- Why do you think that the women of the village have to walk 10 km every day?
- Why does Vijayasama say: "We don't buy leather shoes or leather handbags or leather clothes?"

Vorobyov Village, Ukraine

- Why did Natasha's three children die?
- Where does Natasha live now?
- What might happen to Natasha very soon? Why?

D.6. Still working in groups of three, find any ten "happy" words and ten "unhappy" words from the passages you have just read. First, copy and complete the table below:

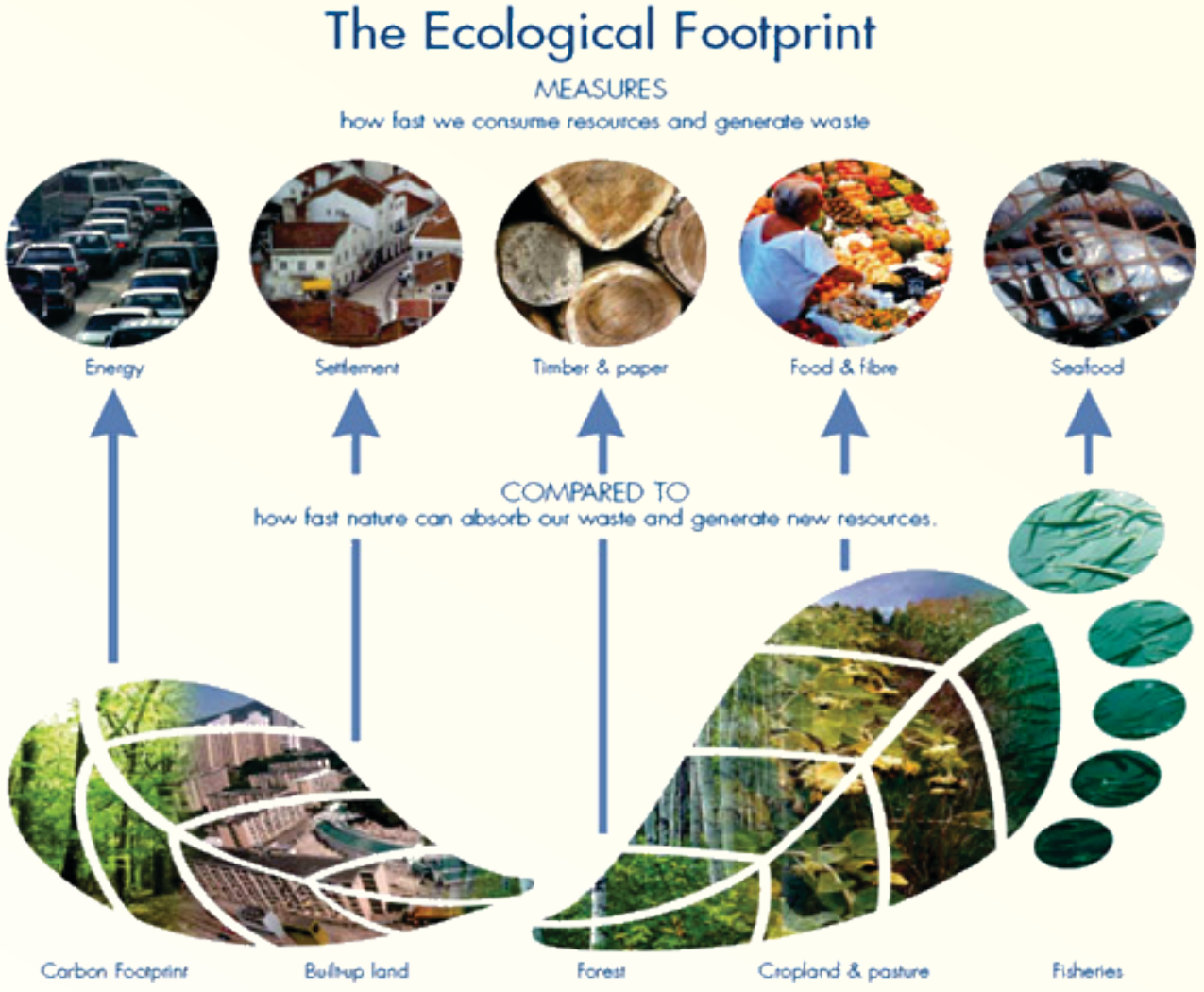
	"happy" words	"unhappy" words
Koko Village, Nigeria Ponnimanthuri Village, India Vorobyov Village, Ukraine	picturesque, colourful	skull and crossbones symbol, corroded, slimy

Now give reasons why you have classified them as 'happy' and 'unhappy' words.

D.7. The Ecological Footprint

The Ecological Footprint is the measure of humanity's demand on nature. It measures how much land and water area a human population requires to produce the resource it consumes and to absorb its wastes, using prevailing technology.

UNIT-4



Since the 1970s, humanity has been in ecological overshoot with annual demand on resources exceeding what Earth can regenerate each year. It now takes the Earth one year and six months to regenerate what we use in a year.

By measuring our Ecological Footprint we can assess our pressure on the planet. This will help us manage our ecological assets more wisely and take personal and collective action in support of a world where humanity lives within the Earth's bounds.

The situation is not hopeless. There are lots of things we can do to reduce our impact on the planet! Fill in the worksheet given to measure your ecological footprint.

My Ecological Footprint

Worksheet : Measures Your Impact

Instructions

1. You need to write down 10 activities and record, what resources are used. Activities may cover catching a bus, brushing teeth, getting dressed, eating lunch, and playing sport, to name a few.
2. You also need to record, what resources are used to undertake the activity. The resources include water, and energy. Also record the waste produced.
3. You then need to estimate how much of the resource you have used and write down the number 1, 2 or 3 in the usage boxes. Use the following guide :

Length of Activity	Use	Score
Less than 10 minutes	Low	1
11 minutes - 1 hour	Medium	2
Over 1 hour	High	3

For example if you only had the television on for 30 minutes the resource used would be medium. However, if you had the television on for 3 hours, it would be high. An example is given below to get you started!

Activity	Resource(s)	Usage		
		Low	Medium	High
Brushing my teeth	Water	1		
Having a bath				
Commuting to school				
Watching Television				
Visiting Friends				
Using computer				
Using Fans/Air conditioners/Coolers				
Cooking				
Entertainment				
Subtotals (add up each column and write the subtotals in the boxes)				
Total Score (add all the subtotals)				

UNIT-4

How do you rate?

10-15 Friendly Flea 16-20 Careful Kangaroo 21-30 Dumping Dinosaur

D.8. How could you improve your score?

How could you improve your score? Also reflect on the ways in which the waste produced in carrying out some of the activities above is disposed of.

My Ecological Footprint

Worksheet : How could you improve your score?

What changes could you make in your daily activities at school and at home to improve your score? Use the table below to write down ways of using less energy, less water and making less waste.

Use Less Energy	Use Less Water	Make Less Waste
Turn off the light when there is no one in the classroom or bedroom	Don't leave the water running when brushing	Put the rubbish in the recycling bins

E: Geological Heritage

Working to save a geological heritage

By Anita Satyajit

Look at the photograph given below. This is The Three Stooges, a bizarre rock formation that can be found in Goblin Valley. There are some exceptionally unique rock formations all over the world.

A) Why do you feel such geological structures should be preserved?

a) .....

b) .....

c) .....

B) What are the threats to such structures?

a) .....

b) .....

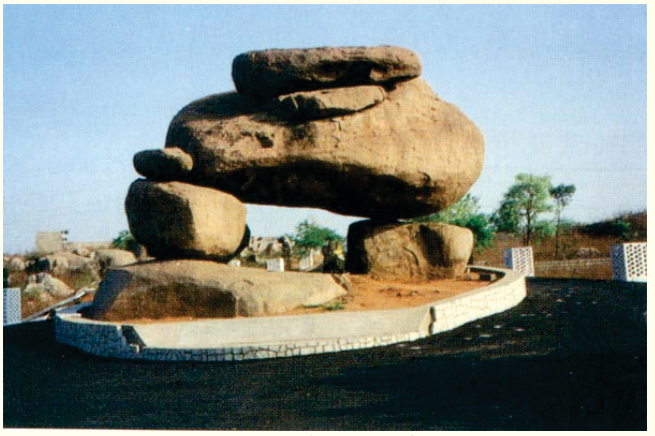
c) .....

E.1. Now read about the vanishing rocks of Hyderabad.

One of the most interesting facets of Hyderabad is the mammoth granite rocks in

bewitching poses that capture one's eye and imagination. Rocks large and small precariously balance on one another to form shapes that mesmerise the mind. These rocks, among the oldest in the world, are Hyderabad's true heritage. Even the mighty Himalayas at 40-60 million years old are younger than these rocks!

Nature's sculptures



Tortoise Rock

The gigantic boulders inspire creativity and reverence in people, forcing them to look beyond the obvious shapes to create imaginary forms. These rocks seem to strike poses and imitate life-a puppy seated on its hind legs with its front legs raised in the air, a car-shaped formation, flying saucer resting on rocks, four chambers of the heart, and a woman standing with her face to the breeze; these are just a few shapes that tickle your imagination. It is no wonder then that people have taken to naming certain rocks after the shape, they think they resemble, or the idea they think they epitomise.

Some of these names have stuck on and the rocks have thus become landmarks in the city. And in some other places, rocks with their symbolic shapes have inspired the devout. Natural openings and cave like structures formed by the rocks have been used as temples by locals. Many people even consider them as symbols of the divine and worship these silent sentinels.

Golconda fort of Hyderabad

Maintaining ecological balance

Apart from being a visual treat for viewers, these rocks play an integral role in preserving and nurturing the ecological balance of the region. Lakes and ponds have always formed on adjoining rocky patches. This is a

natural occurrence as rocks help create the natural drainage system of the area. Subterranean passages created by these rocks result in the natural flow of rain water to that area, aiding the formation of ponds and lakes and recharging ground water levels.

And where there is green, there are birds and bees. Rocky hills often act as the biodiversity hub for the area. Prickly thick shrubs and dry deciduous forests ensconce the rocks. Along the lakebeds, tall grass grows in wild abandon. Often even medicinal plants and aromatic herbs are found in the area. And hidden in this medley of plants are insects, birds and reptiles. So don't be surprised if a Baya weaver flies by or a snake wiggles past you, when you are trekking about the rocks. Fauna and flora of varied kinds thrive in rocky eco-systems. Nature is at its best in these spots and here is where people can go to for a whiff of the wild. But today, such spots are disappearing with alarming alacrity. Rocks are being destroyed indiscriminately; the price the city is paying for growth.

Development at the cost of nature

It is easy to wonder why someone would destroy rocks that are billions of years old. For centuries now, these rocks have been the building material for the city. Even the famous Golconda fort of Hyderabad which sits atop a granite hill is made of the very same granite rock. The problem however lies at the speed and magnitude with which these rocks are now disappearing. Just consider the following statistics. The official 2001 census stated that the Hyderabad population was around 3.7 million. But today, the overflowing buses, traffic jammed streets, and expanding city borders tell a very different story. Today, this natural legacy is giving way to tall residential high-rises and software parks. Hills are being replaced with malls and buildings.

As the massive inflow of population continues, rocks are being quarried round-the-clock to cater to the exponential boom in the construction industry. Large tracts of land have been approved for residential or commercial use, without taking into consideration what actually lies on the land. The rocks are blown down, land is cleared and the hard crystalline rocks are used as construction material. In the past four years itself, vast stretches of hills around the city's fringes have been turned to rubble or have completely disappeared. If you visit the places where the development is taking place your heart will bleed at the sight of

the half quarried, half-eaten mountains.

Growth and development are inevitable and necessary to absorb the growing needs of the economy. But the problem lies, in the fact that none of this growth is monitored. Giant machines dig the earth out and transport mud to all corners of the city. Ratty trucks with broken remains of gigantic rocks can be seen ferrying the roads primarily during dusk or night. Most of this quarrying is illegal. Contractors excavate mud and destroy rocks in remote spots often under the dark cover of night for a paltry sum.

Mass destruction of rocks has exacerbated the depletion of green cover. Precious fauna and flora has been destroyed. Loss of these rocks has meant ground water depletion which has further compounded the city's water woes. Years ago tiny lakes dotted the entire city including the famous Jubilee and Banjara hills localities. Today lakes are found only on the city outskirts in places like Shamirpet. Lakes closer to the city are shrinking with every passing year.

Fighting for Conservation

Though Hyderabad has seen the gradual depletion of rock cover, ecological conservation is an issue that has not found much voice with the population. Most citizens, especially those new to the city, are too busy focusing on seeing a snazzy Hyderabad finding its spot on the global map. But even in this bleak scenario there is a ray of hope for the rocks.

Since 1996, a group of concerned citizens have come together to prevent indiscriminate destruction of the rocks and protect the rocky landscapes. Their organization 'Society to Save Rocks' (STSR) has since then been working hard to preserve the rocky ecosystem in the city and state.

Due to their dedicated campaigning, the Government of Andhra Pradesh has added nine rock formations in Regulation No. 13 of the Hyderabad Urban Development Authority (HUDA) for the protection of Heritage Buildings and Precincts. This act of the governments was hailed by conservationists across the country as a great step in recognising the importance of the rocks and the need to protect them. Today Hyderabad is the only city in India where rocks are protected as a natural heritage. Encouraging the government to preserve these rocks by

promoting them as tourist attractions is an alternative that the Society is pushing for.

But despite the dedicated efforts of STSR's the city faces a challenge, as much land in and around the city has already been sold off. Durgam Cheruvu, one of the designated heritage sites is the best place where the government's attempt at conservation and apathy towards rocks, are both visible.

Durgam Cheruvu

Years ago, the lake lay hidden between rocky cliffs and was inaccessible. A few years ago it was converted to a model tourist spot with boating and other leisure facilities.

But entire stretches of hills on one bank of this protected area have been destroyed in the past decade to accommodate the fast-growing Hi-tech city. Durgam Cheruvu thus epitomises the ongoing conflict between development and protection in the city.

However some individuals have successfully managed to integrate rocks that abut their house into the structure of their homes. The rock forms as much a part of their home's interior as does their sofa or any other furniture. Some builders and companies too have taken the initiative to include rocks in their building complexes. While they have included a natural rock structure within their building premise, their focus remains on decorative appeal rather than ecological consideration for the rocks.

Over the years, due to the efforts of organizations like the STSR, the rocks of Hyderabad have found a voice. But the din of the construction industry and growing needs of an expanding city are far louder than the voice of these few individuals. What the rocks require are greater public support and a deeper appreciation of their existence. Locals, tourists and governments need to take a pro-active approach to ensure that growth includes preservation of rocks and

their eco-systems. After all if a booming economy overtakes billions of years of nature, the consequences and blame will have to be borne by none other than the citizens themselves for the only people who stand to gain will in reality be the ones who lose.

E.2. The box below contains ten words from the passage. Use them appropriately to fill the blanks in the sentences that follow:

mammoth	precariously	subterranean	ensconce
alacrity	exponential	snazzy	apathy
abutting	booming		

1. While food production has shown only marginal improvement, the demand for food grains, vegetables and fruits has registered an _____ growth the world over, forcing governments to initiate urgent measures to establish a balance between supply and demand.
2. To construct the _____ structure, the builder had to use enormous quantities of concrete.
3. When he returned from the office, he _____ himself in an armchair and asked for a cup of tea.
4. When the teacher saw a student perched _____ on the branch of a tree, she asked him to climb down immediately.
5. The newly appointed office assistant earned the praise of her colleagues for the _____ with which she completed the tasks assigned to her.
6. The new office building was _____ with its bright and fashionable exterior.
7. The pensioner did not get his dues in time on account of the _____ of the officials.
8. The land _____ the post office was procured by the authorities for expanding the building that housed it.
9. Merchants stock up on goods during festival seasons to meet the _____ demand and declare discounts when the sales

slacken.

10. During wars armies dig up _____ passages for the movement of troops and supplies unseen by the enemy.

E.3. On the basis of your comprehension of the text fill in the following table.

(a) Importance of rocks

Aesthetic importance	Ecological importance
(a)	(a) .....
(b)	(b) .....
(c)	(c) .....

(b) Threats to the geological heritage.

Causes

(i) .....

(ii) .....

Effects

(i) .....

(ii) .....

(c) The hope

(i) The efforts of 'Society to Save Rocks' led to .....

.....

(i.i) Challenge to the efforts of 'Society to Save Rocks' comes in the form of .....

(ii) Individuals have made efforts to preserve the heritage by.....

E.4. Select a historical site in need of conservation, research about its historical significance, identify the threatening factors and suggest ways of preserving the geological heritage. Prepare a power point presentation and make a presentation to the class.(This can be done in groups)

For example: The Taj Mahal has been diagnosed with a life threatening disease; Marble Cancer. Experts have predicted that if the air in Agra is not monitored and cleaned, the exterior of the mausoleum would eventually turn black. The application of Fuller's Earth has also disfigured the Taj.

The efforts to protect the monument were started in early 1990's.

* Uptil 1993, 1700 factories in and around Agra were belching out noxious fumes and gases and the Supreme Court ordered the closure of 212 industrial plants in Agra. Cars and buses were barred from crossing the cultural landmark.
* In 1999, the Supreme Court ordered to close 53 iron factories and 107 other plants that harm the Taj.
* Many plants were planted in the Taj nature walk in order to preserve its beauty

* In 2009, natural gas pipelines were placed to deliver clean fuel to industries in Agra and Firozabad. The three-wheelers previously running on diesel have been replaced by CNG-power and Mathura refinery has been making heavy investments to reduce pollution.
* In February 2010, the government approved a plan to plant one million 'Tulsi' plants near Taj because Tulsi is considered to purify the environment owing to its ability to release high amount of oxygen.

E.5. Prepare a poster on 'Let's Preserve Our Heritage'

Remember

* to include both textual and graphic elements
* to make it easy to read
* to make it easy to understand
* to try for:

  20% text

  40% graphics

  40% empty space

TRAVEL AND TOURISM

UNIT 5

(SUMMARY)

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
Introduction			• Solving a puzzle • MCQ's		
(A) Land of all seasons		• Expressing and arguing a point of view, giving comments and reasons. • Road show participating in a variety of spontaneous spoken discourses.	• Identifying the main points of a text. • Distinguishing main points from supporting details. • Selecting and extracting information required for a specific purpose	• Preparing an advertisement • Writing an article	• Words related to tourism industry.
(B) ECO Tourism	• Understanding and interpreting spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Making a speech/ presentation coherently.	• Analysing, interpreting and inferring the ideas in a text. • Retrieving and synthesizing information from a range of texts.	• Writing a presentation. • Writing an informal letter. • Writing a notice.	• Words related to responsible tourism.
(C) The Emerald Islands	• Listening to a narrative and understanding the topic and main points	• Role play: Participating in spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Recognizing the organization of a text. • Identifying the main points of a text.	• Writing a dialogue • Writing an e-mail. • Preparing an itinerary. • Preparing a tourist brochure.	• Words related to geography and topography.

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
(D) Promoting Tourism	• Understanding and interpreting spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Participating in spontaneous spoken discourse.	• Identifying the main points of a text. • Analysing, interpreting, inferring and evaluating the ideas in a text.	• Writing a formal report. • Transcoding information from one text type to another.	• Words related to tourism. • Words and expressions used for reporting.

UNIT 5

TRAVEL AND TOURISM

INTRODUCTION

THE TRAVEL AGENT'S NIGHTMARE

Two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Apple and Mr. and Mrs. Banana, are going on individual vacations. One person wants to fly to Kathmandu, one to London, one to Frankfurt, and one to Hongkong.

Of these four, only two can fly on a weekend.

One of those two is going to London.

One woman wants to fly to Hongkong on a weekend. Her husband wants to go to Kathmandu.

Mrs. Banana must leave on a weekday.

1) Where does Mrs. Banana want to go?

   a) Kathmandu b) London

   c) Frankfurt d) Hongkong

2) Where and when does Mr. Banana want to go?

   a) to London on a weekend

   b) to Kathmandu on a weekend

   c) to Frankfurt on a weekend

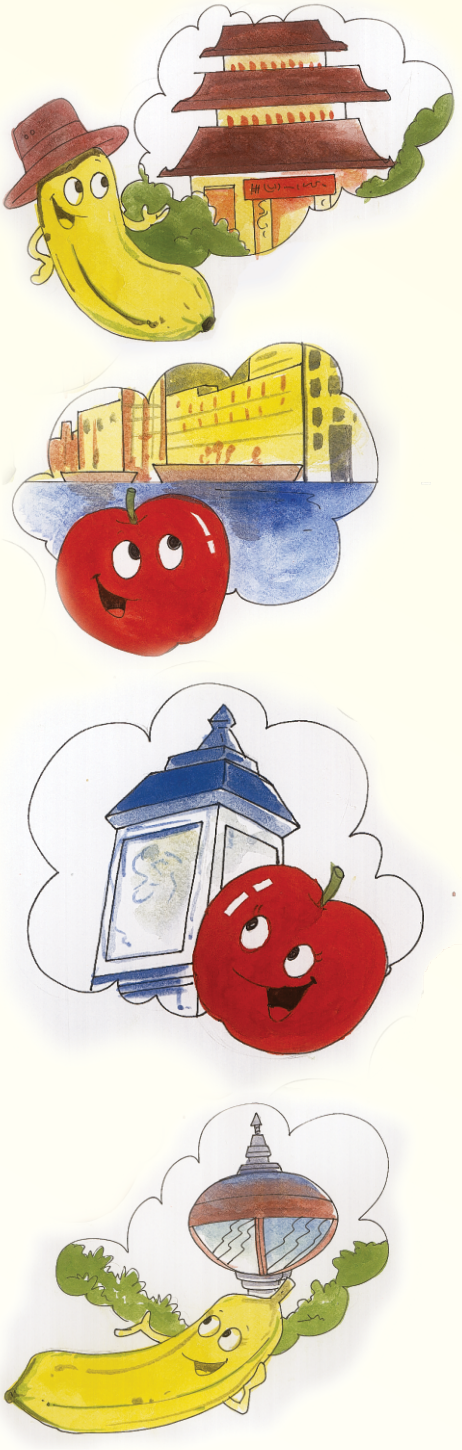
   d) to Hong Kong on a weekday

   e) to London on a weekday

3) Who wants to fly to Kathmandu?

   a) Mrs. Banana b) Mr. Banana

   c) Mrs. Apple c) Mr. Apple



UNIT-5

A. LAND OF ALL SEASONS

A1. Atithi Devo Bhava:

India is the current tourism hot spot. The other epithets used while referring to the nation include 'Destination of the Millennium' and 'Land of All Seasons'. Spanning an area of 3,287,263 square kilometers, India is a vast country and includes dry desert areas, evergreen forests, snowy Himalayas, a long coast, and fertile plains.The natural beauty and cultural diversity of the place echo a rich tradition. India flaunts with equal grandeur bays and beaches, deserts and mountains, enigmatic green valleys and backwaters. There exists in India a comfortable juxtaposition of contrasts- the existence of bustling *haats* and swanky malls, emergence of nuclear families but a reluctance to let go on the joint family system, a rush to embrace modernity yet a firm resolve to preserve traditions; destination for both ayurveda and modern medical tourism; bustling communities and indigenous tribes.

India has a rich heritage and culture of warm hospitality. In India it is believed that honouring guests equals to honouring God. A guest is welcomed into our home and hearth with cheerful gratitude. The Sanskrit adage *'atithi devo bhava'* dictates the respect granted to guests in India. This wonderful tradition of our country has become the unique selling point of the modern tourism industry. Ministry of Tourism, Government of India has pioneered an initiative that will help tap into the full potential of tourism in India. Ministry of Tourism, Government of India has introduced *"Atithi Devo Bhavah Program"*- a nation wide campaign that aims at sensitizing key stakeholders towards tourists, through a process of training and orientation. The endeavour is to boost tourism in India, which in turn would act as a catalyst for India's economic growth.

The 'Incredible India' Campaign has been launched to create awareness about the effects of tourism and sensitizing people about preservation of our rich heritage and culture, cleanliness and warm hospitality. It also re-instills a sense of responsibility towards tourists and reinforces the confidence of foreign tourists towards India as a preferred holiday destination.

UNIT-5

I. Fill in information from the text to complete the notes on the passage.

India: Destination of the Millennium

I. To a tourist it offers

a. ..... topography

b. .....beauty

c. .....diversity

II. Traditional yet modern

a. shopping: .....

b. family structure: .....

c. medicine : .....

III. Indian hospitality

a. belief: .....

b. attitude: .....

c. unique selling point(USP): .....

IV. Ministry of Tourism, GOI proposal

a. name of the prog: .....

b. train people to .....

c. boost .....

d. effort to preserve.....

e. inculcating sense of.....

A2. Following are some web links to the most creative advertisements that are a part of the 'Incredible India' Campaign. Watch them and then discuss in class which one you liked best and the reason for your choice.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-T2qtEu9e5o&feature=related

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ruJvV7Tb6Mw&feature=related

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rNWeBVBqo2c&feature=related

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rLZ9eMNezQY&feature=related

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dro_oER2iDU&feature=fvw

Comment on the contents of each of them. Your comments should include your opinion about the message and the visuals. Discuss in class which one you liked best and the reason for your choice. Speak about the features of the advertisement which made it more attractive than the others. Alternatively prepare a scrap book of advertisements related to the promotion of tourism in India. Discuss in class which one you liked best and the reason for your choice. Speak about the features of the advertisement which made it more attractive than the others.

A3. As an employee of the Ministry of Tourism, Government of India prepare an advertisement to promote tourism in India. You can promote tourism in your state or the country.

A4. Read the following text prepared by the Ministry of Tourism, Government of India and answer the questions that are given below the text.

GUEST IS GOD-ATITHI DEVO BHAVAH

As the old saying goes, "Treat others as you would like to be treated yourself." That is the essence of Atithi Devo Bhavah campaign.

And for that to happen, we need to change our attitude towards tourists. Some of us have lost touch with the hospitality that we were famous for. Let us bring that warmth back. Let us truly embrace the spirit of Atithi Devo Bhavah.

WHY ATITHI DEVO BHAVAH: Last year we had 3.3 million visitors, but when you consider that Singapore gets 7 million a year, Thailand 9.6 million a year and Malaysia 11.5 million, it is a small number. There is no reason why we can't aim to increase our numbers by 100%. And that too would be just a beginning. However to do this we need to change our attitude towards those who visit us. Often tourists are mistreated, cheated and rudely dealt with. It is simple logic: if someone in a house is rude to you, as a guest, you don't encourage your friends and relations to go there.

UNIT-5

This is perhaps the reason why, in spite of an incredible wealth of tourist spots, cultural attractions, natural wonders and destinations for the soul, India still isn't amongst the top 15 tourist destinations of the world. The time has definitely come to get together to change this.

INSPIRATION BEHIND ATITHI DEVO BHAVAH: Respect has always been an integral part of the Indian soul. From time immemorial we have always respected our teachers, our elders, our parents and our guests. Perhaps this is why a great Indian Emperor once observed-'In Hindustan our manner is very respectful and our hearts are always open'. In many ways, at that time India was the ultimate destination for the enlightened travellers. Now, thousands of years later, we can bring that golden age back again. This inspired us to go back to those years, when Indian hospitality set the standard for the world. *And we found the keystone of what we want to do*

Or guest is blessed.

Our visitor is God.

That is how we have arrived at our mission called '**Atithi Devo Bhavah**'

THE SEVEN POINT 'ATITHI DEVO BHAVAH' PROGRAMME :

'Atithi Devo Bhavah' is a programme of hospitality and training

Sensitization- sensitize various sections of the tourism industry about how each of them has to contribute for the growth of the tourism industry and how they will benefit from the programme.

Training and Induction- explaining to them the needs and expectations of the tourist, how they should respond and behave in order to satisfy the needs and expectations of the tourist.

Motivation must be generated to participate in this programme through various measures e.g. Awards for the best worker in the segment. An enthused worker can do wonders.

Certification to ensure standards at various stages.

Feedback -Feedback must be obtained from tourists about the service they have received and the experience they have had, in order to improve the training programme on a continuous basis.

General Awareness - The mass media communication campaign must be undertaken to create general awareness among the public about the necessity and the benefits of the 'Atithi Devo Bhavah' Programme.

Ownership-The 'Atithi Devo Bhavah' programme is a movement which will urge all segments of the Indian society to adopt, and look upon it as their own.

THE CHARTER OF THE PROGRAMME :

Hygiene and Cleanliness:

Hygiene and Cleanliness shall cover the areas of product, for example, vehicles like taxies, hotel rooms, restaurants, shops, etc., personal hygiene and cleanliness of the person providing the service and cleanliness of the monuments / places of tourist interest.

Conduct and Behaviour:

The person concerned, for e.g. the taxi driver / hotel employee shall behave in a courteous and polite manner towards tourists.

UNIT-5

Integrity and Honesty:

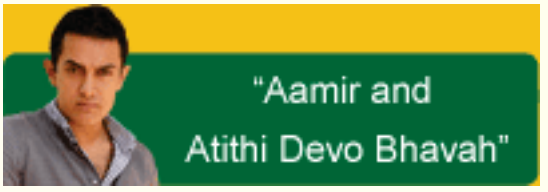
The person providing service to the foreign tourists should display honesty and integrity.

Safety and Security:

The safety and security of the tourists shall be ensured.

PR Road Shows

Besides training, PR Road shows are also undertaken with the tourism trade in order to generate active participation and create an ownership of the 'Atithi Devo Bhavah' programme. Right now the contact programmes are being conducted in several cities



Mass Media Communication

Communication in newspapers, TV, cinema and outdoors is also carried out to create general awareness about the 'Atithi Devo Bhavah' programme and to communicate to key stakeholders as to how it is in their own interest that foreign tourists be treated well so that they will go back happily carrying fond memories.

Courtesy: Ministry of Tourism Government of India 2004
webmaster@incredibleindia.org

A.5 On the basis of your reading of the passage above, answer the following questions:

1. List the factors that you think inhibit tourists from coming to India. Find practical solutions to each of them. Give reasons to support your solutions.

2. Cultural Tourism is travel to experience the arts or history of a location or travel to immerse oneself in the language, society, or culture of a region.

   This brings people into contact with each other and can foster understanding between people and cultures. This helps people to develop mutual sympathy and understanding and to reduce prejudices. The jobs created by tourism can act as a very important motivation to reduce emigration from rural areas.

However, this causes cultural and environmental destruction.

Write an article on "The Two Sides of Tourism Industry".

3. Prepare a Road Show to sensitize people towards the responsibility of being good hosts in order to ensure that India becomes a safe and preferred destination for foreign tourists. Your road show must include a talk, jingles, street play etc. Prepare banners, backdrop and posters to create a suitable effect. For this activity divide your class into five groups.

B. ECO TOURISM

B 1. Read the following feature on Eco Tourism.

Eco tourism means responsible travel to natural areas conserving the environment and improving the well being of local people

The Ecotourism Society of India is dedicated to the promotion of sustainable development in tourism and to develop responsible practices in and among the tourism fraternity. It works towards continuous identification of new ecotourism destinations, strengthening ecotourism and making India a preferred ecotourism destination. Its objectives are:

1. Make strategy for ensuring long-term (perpetual) sustenance of the environment.
2. Work with empowered bodies to establish carrying capacity and sustainable tourism practices which include conservation of nature and wildlife, and allow local communities to benefit from tourism.
3. To balance tourists and visitors' numbers and ensure good tourism practices that would allow nature to re-generate itself.
4. To work with government bodies to develop policies and code of conduct for promotion of sustainable tourism, and help implement the same.
5. To work towards certification of tourism service providers.
6. To act as watchdog for excessive consumption of natural resources and any negative impact in the tourism sector.
7. To support research in tourism environment related areas.

UNIT-5

8. Work with service providers to enhance quality of their product and eco-friendly services.
9. Encourage use of appropriate local practices, materials, art, craft, architecture, food.
10. Encourage minimal conspicuous consumption and prevent excessive consumption of energy.
11. Encourage energy saving practices, water harvesting, use of solar and other natural energy sources.
12. Encourage good waste management practices especially non-biodegradable materials.
13. Encourage low pollution-generating practices to minimize carbon footprint.
14. Organise training and other activities to create awareness on ecotourism, sustainable and responsible tourism.
15. To collaborate with like-minded bodies and implement ecotourism objectives all over the world.

B2. Carefully read the objectives of Ecotourism Society of India. Dividing students in pairs, distribute each point amongst the pairs. Initiate a one minute speech in the class where each pair will make a presentation on the point allotted to them.

B.3 Your school is organizing a long tour for the students of your class to Kolkata, Guwahati, Shillong and Gangtok. In order to make the students aware of the need to be responsible 'eco-tourists' and to brief them about what they should and should not do in this long tour, a meeting has been arranged. You have been asked to make a presentation giving tips to the students on responsible behaviour as tourists. Taking help from the objectives of eco tourism and your own research, prepare the presentation. It can be a power-point presentation or a speech supported by charts and visuals. As the places to be visited include heritage sites, places of worship, monuments and places of ecological importance such as mountainsides and

rivers, your presentation should cover a range of responsibilities. The general thrust should be "Towards Joyful and Sustainable Tourism". You may decide to do this as a group activity also. In that case, divide the work among the members of your group for research and collection of data, preparation of the presentation, preparation of visuals and actual presentation.

B4. You are Aditya Vikram of Gyan Gurukul School.Your friend has appeared for class XII board examination this year. He has still not been able to make up his mind regarding the choice of vocation. You came across the information given below in a newspaper. You decide to write a letter to this friend of yours encouraging him to choose a career in the field of tourism. Using the inputs

given below, write the letter to your friend.

- PERSONALITY TRAITS

The industry is highly competitive and the winner is the one who has the access to a wide range of information, quick access to travel and transportation data and who can blend business skills with diplomacy. Essential qualities for success:

Personal knowledge and experience of travel to major tourist destinations

Knowledge of accommodation, places of interest and local customs

Effective communication skills

Language skills

Enthusiasm to interact with people and social etiquettes

- ➞ Business tactics, good memory and a positive attitude
- ELIGIBILITY
  - ➞ Class XII in any stream
- COURSES / TRAINING
  - ➞ Diploma / Degree courses in Travel and Tourism
  - ➞ Diploma / Degree courses in Public Relations / Advertising
  - ➞ Certificate course with a travel agency
- PLACEMENTS AND PROSPECTS
  - ➞ Government tourism departments
  - ➞ Private sector with travel agencies, civil aviation, tour operators and as free lancers
  - ➞ Self employment - establishing own travel agency

B5. The Students' Council of Greenland School, New Delhi has organised an excursion to Kulu, Manali and Rohtang Pass for students of Classes XI and XII during the Easter break. As the Headgirl/ Headboy of the school draft a notice for the notice board of your school to this effect inviting students who wish to join the excursion to give in their names for the same. Add relevant details like duration and cost of excursion and last date for submission of authority letter signed by parents and making the payment.

Do not exceed 50 words. **Put the notice in a box.**

C. THE EMERALD ISLANDS

C1. Read the passage about the awesome Andaman and Nicobar Islands

1. Floating in splendid isolation, east of the Indian mainland is the archipelago of 572 emerald islands, islets and rocks known as Andaman & Nicobar Islands. This Union Territory is stretched over an area of more than 700 Kms. from north to south with 36 inhabited islands. Once a hill range extending from Burma

(Myanmar) to Indonesia, these undulating islands are covered with dense forests and endless variety of exotic flowers and birds. The topography of the islands is hilly and abounds in evergreen forests. The sandy beaches on the edge of a meandering coastline are fringed with coconut-palms that sway to the rhythm of the sea. The sea around the islands offers excellent scope for water sports. The rare flora and fauna, underwater marine life and corals, with crystal clear water and mangrove-lined creeks, offer a dream-view of the rare gifts of nature. The clean and wide roads, free of filth as well as unpolluted fresh air attract nature-lovers, who seek absolute peace and tranquility in the lap of mother nature. Adventure tourism like trekking, island camping, snorkeling, scuba diving etc., are the real attractions. A visit to these islands is a memorable lifetime experience. Mythologicaly, the name Andaman was presumed to be derived from Hanuman, who was known to the Malays as Handuman. Since prehistoric times, these islands were the home of aboriginal tribes.

The Cellular Jail

UNIT-5

The Cellular Jail

2. The Andamans reminds us of those freedom fighters who on 10th May 1857 gave the clarion call to rise against the British rule. This was our First War of Independence, what the British in their history books refer to as the Sepoy Mutiny. To totally stamp out the uprising, the British sent thousands to the gallows and even hung them up from trees. The revolutionaries, who survived, were exiled for life to the Andamans so that their connection with their families and their country would be severed and their countrymen would forget them forever. The Cellular Jail was inalienably linked to the long and glorious struggle of our revolutionary freedom movement fought on the mainland and it had deep political significance. Leading figures from revolutionary upsurges on the mainland were invariably banished to languish and suffer in the Andamans. Now in the evening an enthralling Sound and Light Show at Cellular Jail brings alive the struggle of the young prisoners.

3. The tribes of the Andaman group of islands are the Great Andamanese, Onges, Jarawas, and Sentinatese, all of Negrito origin, while the tribes of Nicobars are the Nicobarese and Shompens, both of Mongoloid stock. The first settlement by the British took place in 1789, which was later abandoned in 1796. The second settlement was basically a penal settlement, taken up in 1858, after the First War of Independence, followed by the settlement of convicts, Moplas, some criminal tribes from Central and United Provinces, refugees from erstwhile East Pakistan, Burma and ceylon as well as ex-servicemen.

(Photos: Survival International)

4. In these islands people of all faiths - Hindus, Muslims, Christians, Sikhs etc., and of all languages like Hindi, Bengali, Malayalam, Tamil, Telugu, Punjabi, Nicobari etc., live together in complete peace and harmony. Inter-religion and inter-regional marriages are common. This amazing racial and cultural mix is correctly

described as Mini-India.

5. 29 km from Port Blair, Mahatma Gandhi Marine National Park at Wandoor covers an area of 281.5 sq km and is made-up of open sea, creeks and 15 small and large islands. It is one of the best in the world offering views of rare corals and underwater marine life through glass bottom boats, scuba diving and snorkeling. Gandhi Park at Port Blair offers amusement rides, safe water sports, nature trails around the lake, historic ruins of a Japanese Temple, garden and bunker. 14 km from Port Blair, Sippighat Farm is a government farm sprawling over an area of 80 acres, where research and development programmes for cultivation of spices like cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, coconut and pepper are conducted.

6. 25 km from Port Blair is Chidiya Tapu, the southern most tip of South Andaman with lush green mangroves, multitude of birds, sylvan sands and Munda pahar beaches. One can get excellent views of isolated islands, submerged corals and enchanting sunset from the forest guesthouse situated on top of a hillock. 36 km from Port Blair, Collinpur has a beautiful sandy beach with shallow waters suitable for swimming, sunbathing and watching sunset. A 20 km ferry ride away from Port Blair is Madhuban , a superb trekking area, north east of South Andaman, with outlandish endemic birds, animals, butterflies and elephants engaged in lumbering. 55 kms. from Port Blair, Mt Harriet is an ideal place for a bird's eye view of the outer islands and the sea. It was the summer headquarters of the Chief Commissioner during British Raj. 365 m high, it is the highest peak in the South Andamans. 110 kms. by road from Port Blair to Baratang are the

Spotted Deer

amazing Mud Volcano and Lime stone caves. The travel involves crossing of creeks and dense forest.

7. The Nicobars abound in coconut palm, casuarina and pandanus trees. The fauna of Great and Little Nicobar islands consist of Giant Robber Crab, long-tailed Monkeys, Nicobarese Pigeons and Megapode, a rare bird found in Great Nicobar. The Indira Point (formerly known as Pygmallion Point), the southernmost tip of India is Great Nicobar Island. Car Nicobar, the headquarters of Nicobar District, is covered with clusters of coconut palms and enchanting beaches. Nicobari huts are unique and are built on stilts and have entrance through the floor with a wooden ladder. Katchal, a tiny island in the Nicobar group was honored with the first sunrise of the new millennium on 1st January 2000 and has beautiful beaches at East bay, Jhula and West bay.

8. A fortnight long Island Tourism Festival organized by the Andaman & Nicobar Administration annually in December to January exhibits developmental aspects of these islands. It features cultural programs and performances by artistes of national and international fame from all over India including the native tribals. Water sports competitions such as Nicobari Hodi Race, Canoe Race and Scuba Diving are organized and the festival focuses on eco-friendly tourist destination. Block Mela held annually at Diglipur in January or February highlights the development of the rural areas and typical rural life of these islands. Science Centre in Port Blair displays the genesis of the Andaman & Nicobar archipelago through interactive exhibits and explains the science of oceans, the flora and fauna of the islands.

C2. Articles are often divided into parts to help the reader. Given below are the subheadings of the eight paragraphs given in a jumbled order. Match the paragraphs with the subheadings.

1. Southern paradise.
2. Life of harmony.
3. Showcasing the culture and spirit of A&N
4. Links with freedom struggle.

5. Sea sports, farms and temples.
6. Indigenous population and settlers.
7. Flora and fauna.
8. Get to know the Emerald Islands.

C3. When people are not very familiar with a language, they will sometimes explain words by paraphrasing them. Match the words in the box to the paraphrases below. Check in the dictionary if you are not sure.

cluster, fauna, penal settlement, languish, mangrove, aboriginal, archipelago, topography, meandering, snorkeling

- It's a tropical tree, found near water, whose twisted roots grow partly above ground
- It refers to the shape of an area of land, including its hills, valleys etc.
- It is an area of sea in which there are many small islands
- It is a group of similar things that are close together
- It is to describe the course of a river, coast line or path that turns a lot.
- This is to exist in an unpleasant or unwanted situation
- They are all the animals that live wild in a particular area
- It is an activity that involves swimming underwater using a breathing device
- A type of prison, which is often in a place far away from other people

UNIT-5

- This is a person or living thing that has existed in a country or continent since the earliest time known to people

C 4. On the basis of your reading of the passage complete the "Mindmap" given

Andaman & Nicobar Islands-Introduction

- Origin of Name: .....
- Location: .....
- Length: .....
- Topography: .....
- Tourist Attractions: .....

.....

Link with the Freedom Movement

- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....

People

- .....
- .....
- .....

Harmonious Life

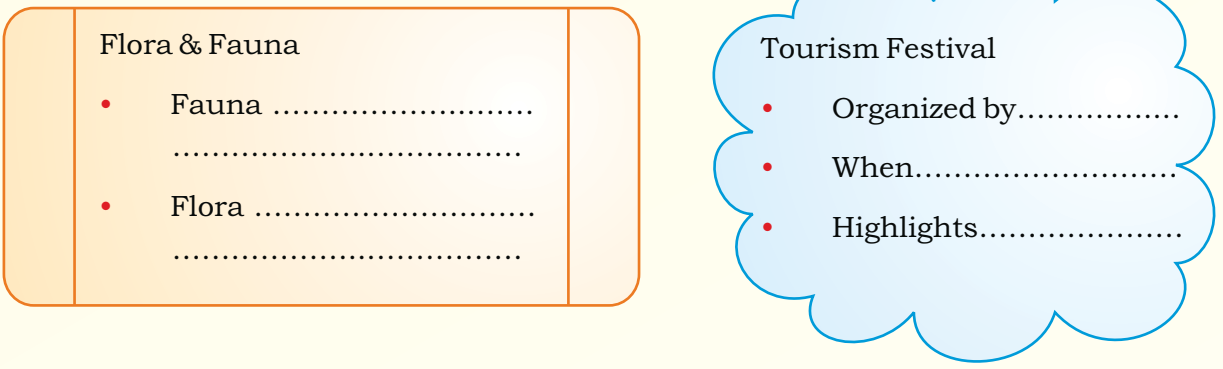
- Faiths.....
- Languages.....

MGM National Park

- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....

South Andaman

- Chidiya Tapa .....
- Collinpur .....
- Madhuban .....
- Mt. Harriet .....



below:

Floating Splendour

C 5. Dr Varun is a tourist on a visit to the awesome Andaman and Nicobar Islands and Maiguru is his tour guide. Dr Varun wishes to know about the history and social life of the Islands and the best places to visit during his trip. Based on the "Mindmap" you have prepared, write and act out a short dialogue between them. You can choose a partner for this activity.

C 6. Overawed by the beauty of the Islands, Dr. Varun writes an e- mail to his sister Ishita who promptly responds. Draft this exchange of e- mails between them.

C7. Imagine that Class X of your school is planning a trip to Andaman and Nicobar Islands from 25thDec to 01st Jan. Based on your reading of the text and your imagination complete the following itinerary:

25th Dec: fly from the nearest airport to Port Blair

26th Dec: (morning) .....

(afternoon) .....

(evening) Sound and Light Show at Cellular Jail

27th Dec: (morning): take bus to National Park at Wandoor

(afternoon): .....

(evening) :enjoy local cuisine at hotel

28th Dec: (morning): visit the Chidiya Tapu to observe the magnificient birds

(afternoon) : .....

(evening) : .....

29th Dec: (morning): .....

(afternoon) : free to explore local market

(evening) : .....

30th Dec: (morning): .....

(afternoon) : Island Tourism Festival

(evening) :.....

31st Dec: (morning): relaxed Breakfast at hotel

(afternoon) : .....

(evening) : cultural evening at hotel to celebrate New Year Eve

1st Jan: (morning): by bus to Katchal for.....

(afternoon) : transfer to Airport to reach home destination

C 8. Read the tourist brochure brought out by the Rajasthan Travels Guide, describing Jaipur and the surrounding area.

JAIPUR

History

Built by the warrior-astronomer Raja Sawai Jai Singh II in 1727, it is full of formidable forts, enchanting palaces and lovely temples. Jaipur is listed in most tourist books as one of the three cities that make India's Golden Triangle - the other two are Delhi and Agra. The old city of Jaipur is

enclosed within seven gates, the most important of which are Chandpol, Jaipuri and Sanganeri.

Reaching Jaipur

ByAir

Jaipur is well connected to all the major cities which include Delhi, Mumbai, Kolkata, Jodhpur and Udaipur. Recently, flights to Dubai have also started from Jaipur by Indian Airlines.

ByBus

Rajasthan Roadways run very comfortable deluxe & air conditioned buses from Delhi (Bikaner House, Nr. India Gate) to Jaipur. The roads are very good, and it takes around 5-6 hrs from Delhi. You can also come by taxi.

ByTrain

Jaipur is on the Broad Gauge and hence connected to all the metro cities of India. There are daily trains from Delhi in morning (Shatabdhi Exp) and evening (Intercity Exp).

Getting Around

In the city you can travel by un-metered auto-rickshaws, buses, cycle-rickshaws or you can also use car cabs and car-taxi. The Rajasthan Tourism Development Corporation operates regular bus service for local city tour.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Weather

In Summer: 45° C (Max) - 25° C

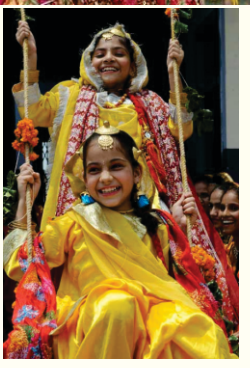
In winter: 22° C (Max) - 8° C (Min)

Rainy Season : July to Mid Sept; very humid (upto 90%)

Our suggestion: Best time to come: Oct to March

ACCOMMODATION: Accommodation for tourists in Jaipur ranges from five star

deluxe hotels to budget hotels. Heritage hotels also offer im o guests.



Hot Attractions

Kite Festival

A festival with a difference - as kites take to the sky all over Jaipur. In the evening, kites with lights in them and fireworks brighten the skies above. If you like kite flying, you should be here.

Elephant Festival

A festival to celebrate Holi, this is a great occasion for the visitor to watch several elephant sports and also play this festival of colors.

Gangaur Fair

A festival devoted to Goddess Parvati. It is time for young girls to dress up in their finery and pray for grooms of their choice while the married women pray for the well-being of their husbands.

Teej Festival

A festival to mark the advent of monsoon. Essentially a women's festival, it is interesting to watch them

enjoying in groups and at various bazaars where they turn up to shop in all their finery.

Local Sightseeing

Hawa Mahal

Built in 1799, the Hawa Mahal (the palace of Winds) is one of Jaipur's major landmarks.

Amber Fort

The magnificent Amber Fort, seeped in history, mesmerizes the visitor with its grand architecture and grandiose history

Jantar Mantar

Next to the City Palace entrance is the Jantar - Mantar, begun in 1728 by Savaii Singh whose passion for astronomy is renowned all over the world

Jaigarh Fort

The imposing fort, built in 1726 by Jai Singh was opened to the public in mid - 1983 and offers a great view.

Galtaji

A popular site with pilgrims, Galtaji's hilly location is full of surprising spires and peaks. Some of the temples here are quite old.

Ram Niwas Bagh

A garden planned by Maharaja Ram Sigh in the 19th century as a famine relief project, this extensive park consists of a zoo.

Jain Temple

The most beautiful temple in Sanganer is the ancient Shri Digamber Jain temple. The temple has fine carvings.

CUISINE: Dal Batti Churma

Recognised as a Rajasthan speciality, *Dal-batti-churma,* is a wholesome Rajasthani meal. *Dal,* or lentil curry, is served with *Batti,* a roundel of stuffed flour

that's baked in a charcoal fire or oven. *Choorma* is a sweet dish made with flour, jaggery or sugar and ghee.

MAWA KACHORI is filled with mawa and sugar syrup; this delicacy is not to be missed.

SHOPPING

Johari Bazar: This is where you can buy jewellery and tie and dye sarees,

Tripolia Bazar and Chaura Rasta: You can shop here for textiles, utensils, ironware and trinkets. If you want to see the artisans at work, step into the side lanes and see for yourself.

Bapu Bazaar and Nehru Bazaar: Here you can purchase textiles, local perfumes and shoes made of camel skin.

Mirza Ismial Road (MI. Road): The broad thoroughfare houses a large number of emporia selling a variety of goods ranging from jewellery and brass work to textiles, blue pottery, woodwork, etc. These shops stock a large variety of goods to satisfy the tourists' needs.

Visiting Jaipur is the most satisfying experience as the city is a fine balance of modern conveniences and great traditions. No wonder the pink city is a tourist's haven.

C9. Prepare a similar brochure for the Andaman and Nicobar islands. Besides using the information from the passage given in this section (C.1), you will have to gather more information about the history, mode of travel, accommodation etc. Work in groups of 4-5 to prepare the brochure. Please keep in mind the following attributes of a brochure:

- Introduction
- General Information
- How to Reach
- Accommodation

- Intercity Travel
- Local Attractions
- Sightseeing
- Cuisine
- Shopping
- Appropriate closing sentence

C10. You are going to listen to Harsh Misra's vacation plans. As you listen, fill the blanks with the exact information.

Harsh Misra's Vacation Plan

- Travel from..... To .....
- Stopover at .....
- Visit during.....season.
- Will visit.....
- It is located..... away from the town.
- Being the ..... peak, it offers ..... view of the town.
- Coffee House serves the original ..... picked from the plantations.
- Next halt:.....
- Temple trail would include visits to the ....., ...and .....

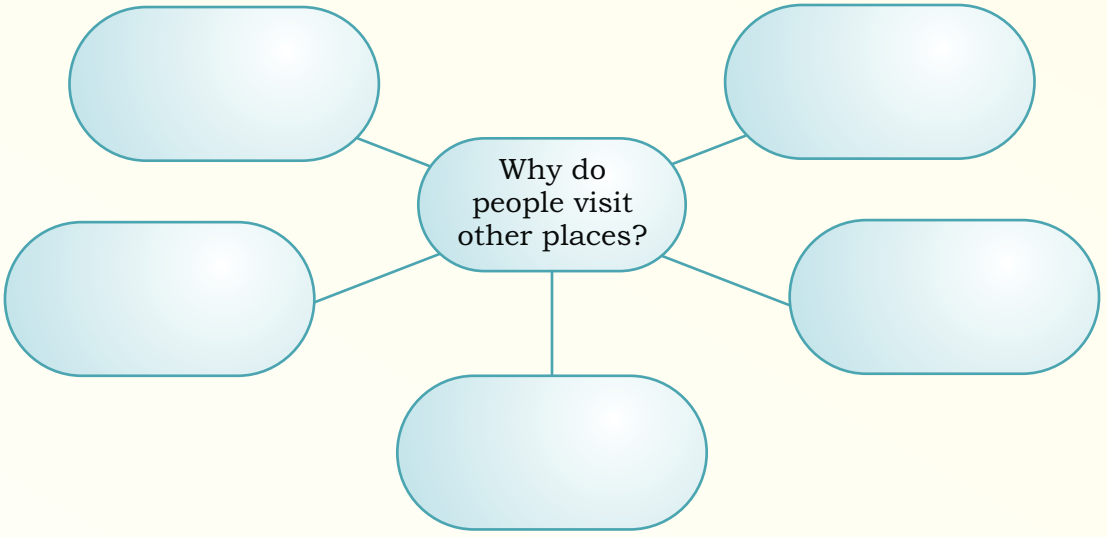
C 11. Punctuate the passage given below using capital letters wherever necessary.

on a spring evening some years ago while living in mumbai i decided to take in a musical where i heard lakshya kumar sing for the first time i was enthralled i believed i had discovered the next kishore kumar yet disappointed by the sparse audience i decided to write an article to help promote him struggling to contain my

excitement the next day i phoned the theatre where he was performing and unabashedly acted like a professional writer may I speak with lakshya kumar please just one moment replied the person at the other end hello this is lakshya kumar answered a deep voice at the other end who is speaking my trembling hands dropped the receiver and I seemed to have lost my voice I heard the phone being disconnected at the other end what an end to my grand plans

D. PROMOTING TOURISM

Discuss in groups



- What is tourism?
- Why do tourists visit a place?
- Do you think Indian tourists and foreign tourists visit places for the same reasons?
- Share your views with your class.

D.1. Read the following article about promoting tourism in India.

The new tourist is Indian

— by Hugh Colleen Gantzer (The Hindu January 1, 2011)

1. If India wants to make it to the top 10 in the international tourism market, then it will further have to revamp its strategies and re-woo its tourists. Today, the need is to highlight the potential areas within the country and court the new tourist.

2. "Indian tourism will soar by 15 to 20%" said Rajji Rai, President of the 2448 member Travel Agents Association of India. TAAI's interests lie in handling both visitors crossing international borders as well as the growing ranks of Indians travelling around India. This distinction between foreign and domestic tourists is important.

3. Judging by published statistics earlier, our efforts to attract foreign tourists had been consistently unsuccessful. Both Malaysia and China entered the international tourism market decades after we did. In 2009, Malaysia was ranked ninth with 23.6 million foreign arrivals. In the same year, China was ranked 4th with 50.9 million visitors. India did not appeared in the first 10 because it just managed to attract less than 10 million tourists.

Future, tense?

4. All of which begs the question "What makes the Tourism Industry take a rosy view of the future?" It does so because it has realised that it had been courting the wrong tourist. No longer must it run after the brash, demanding, camera-bedecked foreigner trickling in from recession-hit economies.

5. The New Tourist is the well-heeled, tolerant, eager Indian: keen to discover India, impatient to go abroad.

6. Mining this market are former *Travel Corporation of India* employees now in *Trail Blazer Tours.* According to its brisk and affable CEO, Homa Mistry, in the three brief years of their existence, they had doubled their business every year particularly to the new markets of China, Russia and South America. Indian travellers are now also signing up for cruises to exotic destinations in sybaritic comfort.

7. Karnataka, too, had been quick to assess that the rapidly changing demographics of India had blurred the line between the assumed needs of foreign tourists and those of our domestic ones. The state's glamorous *Golden Chariot* Tourist train, designed for foreigners, now also does a shorter *Jewel of the South* tour for upper-middle-class Indian tourists. To quote Vinay Luthra, the MD of the Tourism Development Corporation, "Money does not seem to be a constraint with domestic tourists interested in the Golden Chariot."

8. The state's very successful, and luxury class, *Jungle Lodges and Resorts* had, however, created a no-frills clone in their Jungle Camps and Trails for a younger clientele, tapping the growing ranks of junior executives still low on the corporate totem pole. Karnataka had, thus, broadened the base of its domestic tourism market and set another bench-mark.

9. So, too, has Kerala. Kerala's *God's Own Country* campaign had been clearly designed for the foreign market. But now, Dr. Venu, the then Kerala's Secretary, Tourism and Culture, had deliberately shifted his focus. It is to be noted that in '06-07 Kerala targeted 60% international and 40% domestic, and allocated their tourism resources accordingly. But then it was reversed. By organising *Partnership Meets* between Kerala's tourism stakeholders and tourism professionals in non-metro cities all around India, Kerala managed, very successfully, to bypass the slump felt by states dependent on international visitors. "We provide a strictly Business to Business platform in the cities we visit. It's been very successful: our tourism figures have grown while those of states dependent on the fickle, demanding, overseas market have remained static," Venu said.

10. This was, logically, a good strategy. In 2009, when we had received 5.11 million foreign tourists, 11.07 million Indians went to tourist destinations outside India. If

our Union Ministry of Tourism continues to concentrate on improving facilities for the domestic traveller, the outflow of tourists and rupees will diminish. Enhanced infrastructure such as roads, airports, hygiene, is also attracting more international visitors.

11. Madhya Pradesh saw this writing on the wall years ago. Its brilliant Heart of India campaign and finger-shadows version, overseen by its former Executive Director, Guru Chahal, targeted the domestic traveller. Hari Ranjan Rao, the then MD of the MPTDC had said: "We have the attractions. When we have the infrastructure.. a good network of roads, for instance... domestic tourists will flock in. The others will follow."

12. According to the authoritative trade publication, *TravBiz Monitor,* the States and Union Territories reported that more than 650 million domestic tourists had visited them in 2009. Contrast that with the insignificant 5.11 million foreign tourists we managed to attract in the same year.

Clearly Tourism, like Charity, begins at home.

D.2. Based on your reading of the article above, answer the following questions:

1. What evidence does the author provide to support his view that our efforts to attract foreign tourists have been unsuccessful?
2. What, according to you, may be the reasons for such a bleak scenarao?
3. What is the shift in tourism policy recommended by the author? What are his arguments for such a shift?
4. What are the two initiatives taken by Karnataka that signify marked change in its marketing strategy?
5. Why have Kerala's tourism figures grown while those of some other states have remained static?
6. Why does the author say that we should now make efforts to attract ther domestic traveller? What are the areas that we should focus on to achieve it?
7. Why does the author say, "Clearly Tourism, like Charity, begins at home?"

D.3. Find words or phrases from the passage that mean the same as the following.

a) to renovate, redo, or revise (paragraph 1)

b) trying to win the favor, preference, or goodwill of (paragraph 1)

c) come in small numbers (paragraph 4)
d) well-off; rich (paragraph 5)
e) friendly (paragraph 6)
f) wanting or enjoying expensive pleasures (paragraph 6)

D.4 Imagine that you are the Director of the Department of Tourism of the State of Palwal Pradesh. You have recently received the following letter from the Minister of Tourism.

GOVERNMENT OF PALWAL PRADESH
Ministry of Tourism

13 May 20xx

Director of Tourism
121 Janta Avas Gri
Anandpur, Palwal Pradesh

Subject-

Dear…

As you are aware, local and international tourism is becoming increasingly important to Palwal Pradesh. It is now a major employer, and a significant means of earning foreign exchange. I am therefore anxious to promote and develop the State's tourism industry.
I should like you to study the present trends in tourism and write me a report on their main features, with projections for ten years' time. I should also like to receive your recommendations on certain matters. Specifically, your report should deal with the following:
Origin of Tourists: Where are they from - India and/ or foreign countries?
What do you predict will be the figures in 10 years' time?
What action do you recommend?
I look forward to receiving your report.

Yours sincerely

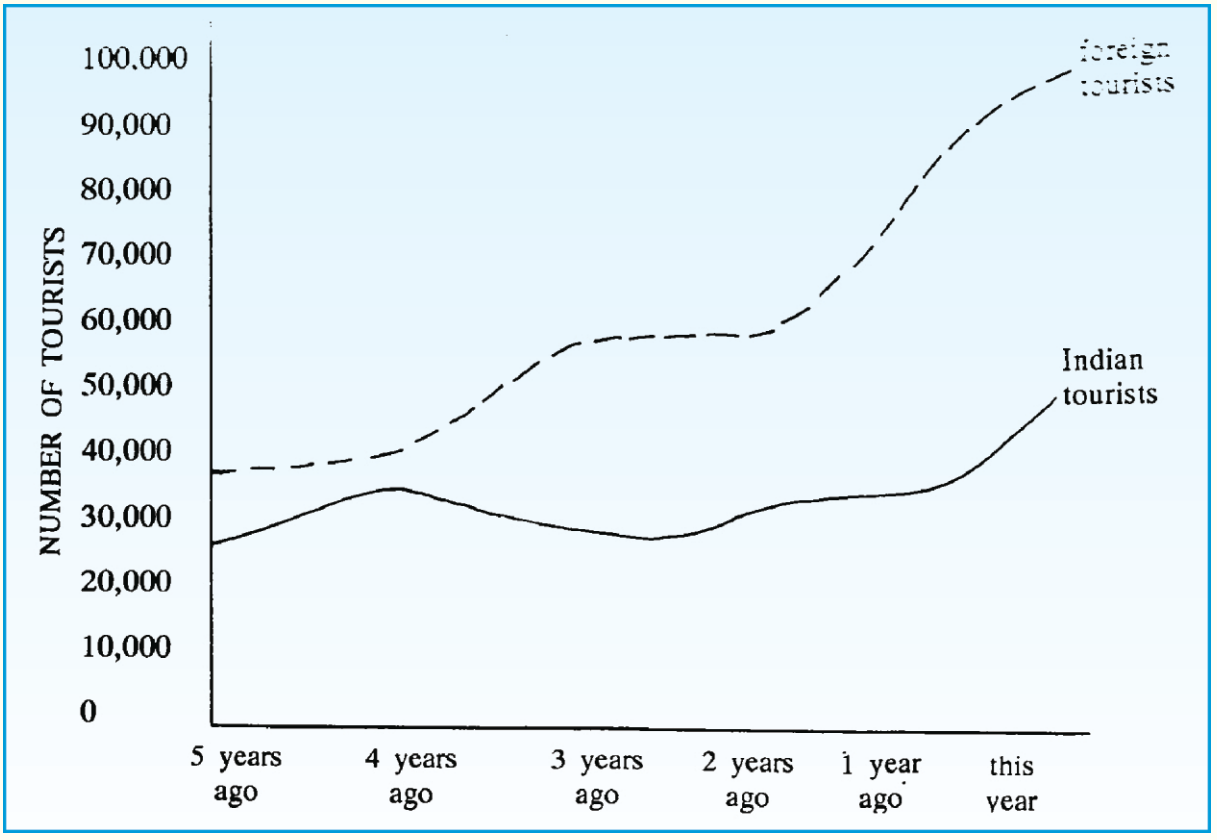
Krishna Mathur

(Krishna Mathur)

Minister of Tourism

D. 5 In Section D.6 you will write the report asked for. First though, it is necessary to study the following statistics and draw appropriate conclusions. Work in groups of four. Discuss the three figures in this section and the questions that follow each figure, and write notes to answer those questions. (Contrary to the recent trends, foreign tourists visiting Palwal Pradesh outnumber domestic tourists).

Fig 1 :

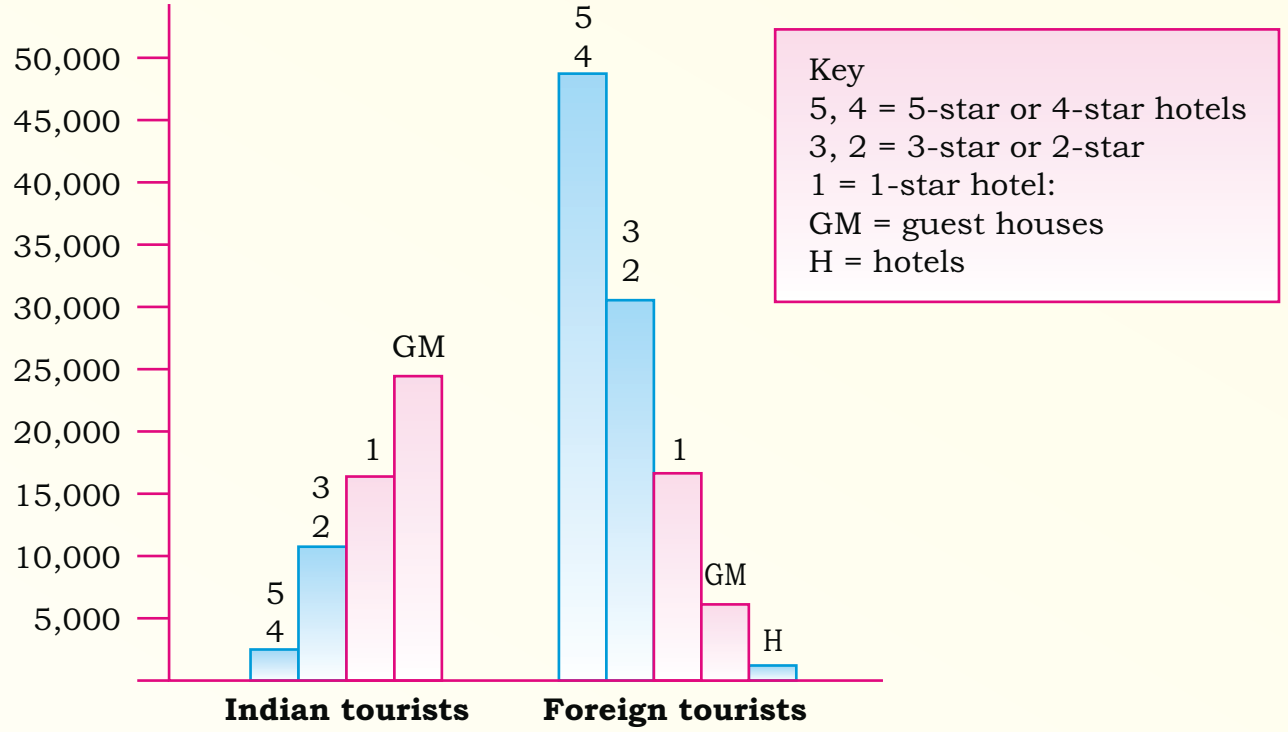


Number of Tourists over the Last Five Years

1. What has been the general trend in the number of tourists visiting Palwal Pradesh over the last five years?
2. Which groups have shown increases, and by how much?
3. Suggest reasons for the changes over the last five years, for both groups of tourists.

Fig. 2 : ***Accommodation Preferences*** (this year's figures)

UNIT-5



1. For each group of tourists, which is the most popular type of accommodation?
2. How many tourists of each group stayed in these most popular types of accommodation?
3. Suggest why different types of accommodation are popular with different types of tourists.

Type of accommodation	Number	Total number of beds	Occupancy rate (in%)
5 star hotels	3	780	85
4 star hotels	5	500	92
3star hotels	10	350	65
1 and 2 star hotels	16	465	82
Guest houses	32	255	78
Youth hostels	13	780	95

Fig. 3 Types of accommodation (this year's figures)

1. What does the final column mean? Why is it important?
2. There are three 5 star hotels and 13 youth hostels, yet each type of accommodation has the same number of beds. Explain.
3. Which are the two most popular types of accommodation?
4. Which types of accommodation have occupancy rates of 85% or over?

D.6 Work with a partner to write the report asked for in D.4. You are the Director of Tourism for Palwal Pradesh. Make sure that....

- you answer all the questions raised by the Minister.
- you quote from the statistics in D.5 to support the points you make.
- you follow the report format and style in D.7 below.
- you use the language advice given in D.8 below.

First study D.7 and D.8. Then (working in pairs) write your report.

D.7

REPORT

From: (your name), Director of Tourism, Palwal Pradesh

To: Minister of Tourism, Palwal Pradesh

(Date)

(Suitable heading)

(Suitable introduction, eg) You recently asked me to submit a report on tourism in our State - specifically, present trends, projections for 10 years time, and recommendations on certain matters. The following are my findings and recommendations:

1 Current Trends

1.1 Origin of Tourists

(Summarize your answers to Questions 1-3 under Fig. 1)

1.2 Accommodation

(Summarize your answers to Questions 1-3, Fig 2)

UNIT-5

2. Predictions for 10 Years in the Future

2.1 Origin of Tourists

(On the basis of Fig. 1 and your own personal views, predict the situation in 10 years time.)

2.2 Accommodation

(On the basis of Fig. 3 and your prediction in 2.1 above, predict the number of beds needed in 10 years time for each type of accommodation.)

3. Recommendations

3.1 Accommodation

(On the basis of your predictions in 2.2 above, recommend the types of new hotels needed in 10 years time.)

3.2 Other Means of Attracting Tourists

(Do you have any recommendations to make?)

4. Conclusions

(A suitable ending, possibly expressing confidence in the future of tourism in Palwal Pradesh, if action is taken now)

(Your signature)

(Your name)

Director of Tourism

D.8 In your written report, you will find the following language useful when describing trends and changes.

There has been a sharp fall in…

- gradual decline
- steady rise
- steep rise

has dropped sharply

….. gradually declined / risen steadily / risen steeply

…… has levelled off at……

*when expressing probability

It is probable that

most likely

The probability is that…..

When making projections

It is forecast / projected that approx….

I would predict that approx…..

Present trends indicate that approx….

….is forecast / projected to reach approx..in…

*when making recommendations

I recommend / urge / propose that…..

It is proposed / recommended that….

My recommendation / proposal is that…..

D. 9 A Final Check…..

UNIT-5

Before you hand in your report:

1. Have you answered all the questions in the Minister's letter in D.4?
2. Have you proof-read your report for accuracy in grammar, spelling and punctuation?
3. Is your report written in a simple, easy-to-read, interesting style?
4. Have you asked a classmate to read your report, and give you feedback on it?

NATIONAL INTEGRATION

UNIT 6

(SUMMARY)

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
Introduction		• Narrating incidents and events.	• Using a reading text as a trigger for discussion	• Making short notes.	
(A) Unity in Diversity	• Listening to narratives and using the information gathered to identify states/ regions.	• Presenting conclusions clearly and logically.	• Retrieving and synthesizing information from a range of material.	• Transcoding information into a grid. • Writing captions	• Words related to features of a region.
(B) Challenges to National Integration.		• Presenting an oral report on a SWOT analysis effectively. • Role Play: Participating in spontaneous spoken discourse. • Taking active part in a group discussion	• Local and global comprehension of a poem. • Identifying the main points of a text. • Deducing the meaning of unfamiliar lexical items. • Interpreting and evaluating ideas.	• Writing a diary entry. • Writing a letter to the editor • Designing a stamp.	• Words and phrases that enhance the power of expression.

SECTION	In this UNIT you will develop your				
	LISTENING SKILLS	SPEAKING SKILLS	READING SKILLS	WRITING SKILLS	VOCABULARY
(C) Spirit of Unity		• Taking active part in a group discussion		• Making a power point presentation. • Writing a film review.	• Words used in film reviews.
(D) Mile Sur Mera Tumhara		• Making a musical presentation	• Synthesising information from a range of material.	• Writing slogans	----

UNIT 6

NATIONAL INTEGRATION

INTRODUCTION

The Indian National Flag flew, for the first time, to space in 1984 when Wing Commander Rakesh Sharma went to space. The flag was attached as a medallion on the space suit of Rakesh Sharma. On being asked by Mrs Indira Gandhi how India looked from up there, he said *'saare jahan se achcha'*.

Rakesh Sharma has one underlying concern. "I hope we don't export conflict from this planet into the others. None of the paradigms that define us here on earth- the borders, the parochialism, the divide, should mar our presence in space".

Do you think moments of glory make people more patriotic?

Recall more such moments.

- The Indian flag was hoisted on the highest mountain peak of the world, Mount Everest on 29th May 1953.
- When the National Anthem plays during Olympics.
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....

Now read the passage given below.

A. UNITY IN DIVERSITY

A1. Read about Rohan and Rajni's observation that the Indian identity is forged in diversity

Rohan and Rajini are travelling in India, one from Gujarat to Mizoram, and the other from Kashmir to Tamil Nadu. As they travel they notice the beauty and diversity of each region, and yet feel a strong palpable emotional connect. They

appreciate the idea that India is one land embracing many and that the Indian nation has a multitude of castes, creed, colour, conviction, culture, cuisine, costume and custom; and yet we are one. Everywhere they observe festivals dedicated to seasons and harvests. They feel heartened by the pride displayed during national festivals. They both return home with a feeling of being complete Indians having embraced every region that they travelled through.

Source: http://surveyofindia.gov.in/documents/polmap-eng-11012021.jpg accessed on 07.02.2023 at 12:53 PM

A2. During the journey, Rohan and Rajini, both note down the information they gather about the states they travel through. When they return they jot down this information.

Working with your partner, choose any one journey and complete the grid for them. You may access the internet or refer to books in the library to complete your grid.

- The states that they pass through.
- The variety of languages they hear.
- The local cuisines they enjoy.
- The local handicrafts they buy for their family from each of the states they pass through.
- The weather they experience.

STATE	LANGUAGE	CUISINE	HANDICRAFTS	WEATHER

A3. **What conclusions do you draw from Rohan and Rajini's experience?**

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

A4. **Present your conclusions to the class.**

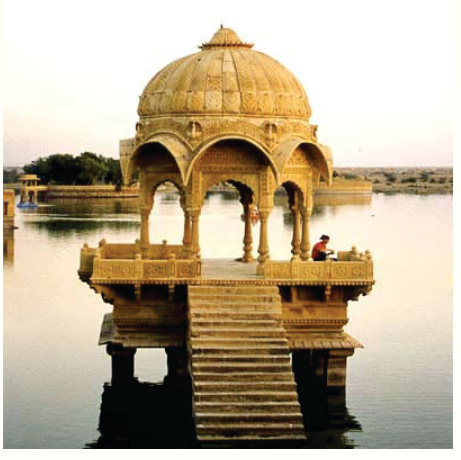
A5. **Where are they from?**

Divide the class into six groups. Your teacher will read out from page 249 the conversation between four people talking about the Indian states they live in. As soon you think you know which region the first person is speaking about, ask your teacher to stop. If you are right your group gets a point. If you are wrong, all the other groups get a point and the teacher starts again. But your group isn't allowed to guess again for this region. Then listen to the other three speakers in the same way. Which group has got the most points at the end?

A6. **Look at the pictures given below. Decide in your group which regions the six photos probably come from. Explain why you think so and find out from your teacher if you were correct. Then write a short caption for each photograph. It can be serious or funny.**

_____

_____



UNIT-6

B. CHALLENGES TO NATIONAL INTEGRATION

B 1. Read the poem given below and answer the questions that follow

Where the Mind is Without Fear

WHERE the mind is without fear and the head is held high

Where knowledge is free

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments

By narrow domestic walls

Where words come out from the depth of truth

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way

Into the dreary desert sand of dead habit

Where the mind is led forward by thee

Into ever-widening thought and action

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

Rabindranath Tagore

- Why does the poet say, 'Where the mind is without fear'?
- What are the narrow domestic walls being referred to as?
- Why are they 'narrow'?
- How / when does the 'clear stream of reason' lose its way?
- What is the poet's appeal?

B 2. SWOT ANALYSIS OF INDIA

S: Strengths W: Weaknesses

O: Oppoprtunities T: Threats

SWOT analysis is a tool used to develop effective strategies and plans for the progress and development of organizations, companies, institutions and even individuals. Working in groups, identify the strengths, weaknesses, opportunities and threats for our country. Present your group's views to the class. Your brief presentation should conclude with a 'vision statement' for India- where you want our country to be, say ten years from now and what we should do to achieve it.

UNIT-6

B3. Read the following extract from Wings of Fire, where the former President of India speaks of his childhood.

My Childhood

--APJ Abdul Kalam

1. I was born into a middle-class Tamil family in the island town of Rameswaram in the erstwhile Madras State. My father, Jainulabdeen, had neither much formal education nor much wealth; despite these disadvantages, he possessed great innate wisdom and a true generosity of spirit. He had an ideal helpmate in my mother, Ashiamma. I do not recall the exact number of people she fed every day, but I am quite certain that far more outsiders ate with us than all the members of our own family put together.

2. I was one of many children - a short boy with rather undistinguished looks, born to tall and handsome parents. We lived in our ancestral house, which was built in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was a fairly large pucca house, made of limestone and brick, on the Mosque Street in Rameswaram. My austere father used to avoid all inessential comforts and luxuries. However, all necessities were provided for, in terms of food, medicine or clothes. In fact, I would say mine was a very secure childhood, both materially and emotionally.

3. The Second World War broke out in 1939, when I was eight years old. For reasons I have never been able to understand, a sudden demand for tamarind seeds erupted in the market. I used to collect the seeds and sell them to a provision shop on Mosque Street. A day's collection would fetch me the princely sum of one anna. My brother-in-law Jallaluddin would tell me stories about the War which I would later attempt to trace in the headlines in Dinamani. Our area, being isolated, was

completely unaffected by the War. But soon India was forced to join the Allied Forces and something like a state of emergency was declared. The first casualty came in the form of the suspension of the train halt at Rameswaram station. The newspapers now had to be bundled and thrown out from the moving train on the Rameswaram Road between Rameswaram and Dhanuskodi. That forced my cousin Samsuddin, who distributed newspapers in Rameswaram, to look for a helping hand to catch the bundles and, as if naturally, I filled the slot. Samsuddin helped me earn my first wages. Half a century later, I can still feel the surge of pride in earning my own money for the first time.

4. Every child is born, with some inherited characteristics, into a specific socio-economic and emotional environment, and trained in certain ways by figures of authority. I inherited honesty and self-discipline from my father; from my mother, I inherited faith in goodness and deep kindness and so did my three brothers and sister. I had three close friends in my childhood - Ramanadha Sastry, Aravindan and Sivaprakasan. All these boys were from orthodox Hindu Brahmin families. As children, none of us ever felt any difference amongst ourselves because of our religious differences and upbringing. In fact, Ramanadha Sastry was the son of Pakshi Lakshmana Sastry, the high priest of the Rameswaram temple. Later, he took over the priesthood of the Rameswaram temple from his father; Aravindan went into the business of arranging transport for visiting pilgrims; and Sivaprakasan became a catering contractor for the Southern Railways.

5. During the annual Shri Sita Rama Kalyanam ceremony, our family used to arrange boats with a special platform for carrying idols of the Lord from the temple to the marriage site, situated in the middle of the pond called Rama Tirtha which was near our house. Events from the Ramayana and from the life of the Prophet were the bedtime stories my mother and grandmother would tell the children in our family.

6. One day when I was in the fifth standard at the Rameswaram Elementary School, a new teacher came to our class. I used to wear a cap which marked me as a Muslim, and I always sat in the front row next to Ramanadha Sastry, who wore the sacred thread. The new teacher could not stomach a Hindu priest's son sitting with a Muslim boy. In accordance with our social ranking as the new teacher saw

it, I was asked to go and sit on the back bench. I felt very sad, and so did Ramanadha Sastry. He looked utterly downcast as I shifted to my seat in the last row. The image of him weeping when I shifted to the last row left a lasting impression on me.

7. After school, we went home and told our respective parents about the incident. Lakshmana Sastry summoned the teacher, and in our presence, told the teacher that he should not spread the poison of social inequality and communal intolerance in the minds of innocent children. He bluntly asked the teacher to either apologise or quit the school and the island. Not only did the teacher regret his behaviour, but the strong sense of conviction Lakshmana Sastry conveyed ultimately reformed this young teacher.

8. On the whole, the small society of Rameswaram was very rigid in terms of the segregation of different social groups. However, my science teacher Sivasubramania Iyer, though an orthodox Brahmin with a very conservative wife, was something of a rebel. He did his best to break social barriers so that people from varying backgrounds could mingle easily. He used to spend hours with me and would say, "Kalam, I want you to develop so that you are on par with the highly educated people of the big cities."

9. One day, he invited me to his home for a meal. His wife was horrified at the idea of a Muslim boy being invited to dine in her ritually pure kitchen. She refused to serve me in her kitchen. Sivasubramania Iyer was not perturbed, nor did he get angry with his wife, but instead, served me with his own hands and sat down beside me to eat his meal. His wife watched us from behind the kitchen door. I wondered whether she had observed any difference in the way I ate rice, drank water or cleaned the floor after the meal. When I was leaving his house, Sivasubramania Iyer invited me to join him for dinner again the next weekend. Observing my hesitation, he told me not to get upset, saying, "Once you decide to change the system, such problems have to be confronted." When I visited his house the next week, Sivasubramania Iyer's wife took me inside her kitchen and served me food with her own hands.

10. Then the Second World War was over and India's freedom was imminent. "Indians will build their own India," declared Gandhiji. The whole country was filled with an unprecedented optimism. I asked my father for permission to leave Rameswaram and study at the district headquarters in Ramanathapuram.

11. He told me as if thinking aloud, "Abul ! I know you have to go away to grow. Does the seagull not fly across the sun, alone and without a nest?" He quoted Khalil Gibran to my hesitant mother, "Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come through you but not from you. You may give them your love but not your thoughts. For they have their own thoughts."

B 4 On the basis of your reading of the passage answer the following questions by ticking the most appropriate options. Give reasons for your choices.

1. 'Despite these disadvantages, he possessed great innate wisdom and a true generosity of spirit'. The expression 'these disadvantages' here refers to

   a) lack of formal education and riches

   b) middle class social status and a small town

   c) lack of comforts and luxuries

2. Kalam's childhood was

   a) secure

   b) insecure

   c) austere

3. 'That forced my cousin Samsuddin'... 'That' here refers to

   a) world War II

   b) increase in the demand of tamarind seeds

   c) withdrawal of train halt at Rameshwaran station

4. Samsuddin was forced to seek a helping hand because

a) the Second World War had begun

b) the train now halted at Rameshwaram station

c) newspapers thrown from the moving train had to be collected

5. Kalam continues to be proud of the money he had earned during the time of World War-II because

a) his cousin Samsuddin had helped him earn it

b) it was the first wages he had earned

c) he was able to supplement his father's income

6. Kalam owes his honesty and self-discipline to his

a) brothers

b) father

c) mother

7. As children Kalam and his friends did not have any

a) religious differences

b) right upbringing

c) realization that they were different in any way

8. Paragraph 5 shows that Kalam's mother and grandmother had

a) great scholarship and wisdom

b) excellent ability to tell stories of historic importance

c) all embracing outlook on religion and communities

9. 'As the new teacher saw it' (Paragraph 6). Which of the following best explains the meaning of this expression?

a) as our new teacher understood it

b) as our new teacher wanted it

c) as our new teacher was asked to ensure

10. Lakshmana Sastry made the newly appointed teacher realize that

    a) it was wrong on his part to discriminate on the basis of religion

    b) it was wrong to separate two great friends

    c) it was wrong to impose one's own ideas on others

11. Kalam's science teacher Sivasubramania was something of a rebel in the sense that

    a) he used to spend hours with his students

    b) he used to defy his wife

    c) he encouraged people of different communities and castes to mix up freely

12. The science teacher's wife's behaviour during Kalam's second visit to their home showed that

    a) she had understood and adopted her husband's outlook on the oneness of mankind

    b) she wanted to repent for her earlier mistake

    c) she had purified her kitchen ritually

13. Father gave Kalam the example of the seagull to

    a) encourage him to be adventurous and fearless

    b) encourage him to study the science of flying

    c) encourage him to be creative and imaginative

14. "Once you decide to change the system, such problems have to be confronted." Which problems are referred to here?

    a) keeping kitchens ritually pure

    b) discrimination and boycott on the basis of one's faith

    c) differences in the way people of different communities live

UNIT-6

B 5. Complete the following sentences.

a. An example of the generosity and kindness of Kalam's parents is.....
.....

b. Kalam feels he had a very secure childhood because.....

c. The suspension of train halt at Rameshwaram station proved to be a blessing in disguise for Kalam because.....

d. Kalam continues to feel proud about the money he had earned in childhood by picking up bundles of newspaper because.....

e. Some traits and values Kalam and his siblings inherited from their parents were.....

f. The salient feature of Kalam's relationship with his three childhood friends was that.....

g. Two unique examples of communal harmony and brotherhood of mankind are.....

h. The nation should be wary of people like the grade V teacher of the narrator because.....

i. However, the country needs more and more people like Kalam's Science teacher Sivasubramania and Kalam's mother and grandmother because.....

j. Kalam's second visit to his science teacher's house surprised him because.....

B.6 Role Play:

Your teacher will divide the class into groups of four and ask them to act out the following roles:

Kalam

Ramanadha Sastry

Aravindan

Shivaprakasan

In your group you should play the role allocated to you by engaging in a conversation in which the friends

a) Express surprise and joy at meeting each other after nearly fifty years

b) Fondly recall their childhood times

c) Compare the problems facing the country then with the problems she is facing now.

d) Discuss what can be done to rid her of these problems

(Refer to the SWOT analysis of India)

After the role play, your teacher will invite some of the groups to share with others what problems they discussed and the solutions they proposed.

B.7 Diary Entry:

Suppose you are Kalam/Ramanadha Sastry. You are upset about being made to sit away from your best friend in the class. Write a diary entry expressing your feelings and reactions. In your diary entry you should

a) Describe the incident briefly

b) Say how you and your friend felt about it

c) Decide what you are going to do about it

Things to do:

1. Narrate the incidents described in the memoir in the form of a comic strip
2. Make a short film on the incidents narrated in the memoir
3. Script and stage a skit on the incident that happened in V grade.

B.8. Vocabulary

Read each of the following sentences from the story and tick the word/ phrase that gives the correct meaning for the italicized words/ phrases in the context in which they are used here.

UNIT-6

1. For reasons I have never been able to understand, a sudden demand for tamarind seeds *erupted* in the market.

   a) came up

   b) blew up

   c) ended

2. My brother-in-law Jallaluddin would tell me stories about the War which I would later attempt to *trace* in the headlines in Dinamani.

   a) draw

   b) locate

   c) copy

3. The first *casualty* came in the form of the suspension of the train halt at Rameswaram station.

   a) target

   b) something destroyed as an indirect result of a particular event or circumstances

   c) victim

4. My cousin Samsuddin, was looking for a helping hand to catch the bundles and, as if naturally, I *filled* the slot.

   a) was found suitable for the purpose

   b) applied for the job

   c) was rejected

5. The new teacher could not *stomach* a Hindu priest's son sitting with a Muslim boy.

   a) tolerate

   b) dislike

   c) face

6. He looked utterly *downcast* as I shifted to my seat in the last row.

   a) happy

   b) angry

   c) dejected

7. Sivasubramania Iyer was not *perturbed*, nor did he get angry with his wife

   a) relaxed

   b) agitated

   c) panicky

8. Then the Second World War was over and India's freedom was *imminent*.

   a) at hand

   b) well-known

   c) distant

B.9. Phrases

Match the phrases in Column A with their meanings in Column B

Column A	Column B
break out	to try to find somebody or something
to look for	as a rule or in general taking all relevant factors into account
to take over	start suddenly and strongly
to go into	to obtain or assume control of something, or gain control of something from somebody else
on the whole	to begin a job or career in a particular area of activity

B.10. Write a letter to the editor of a leading newspaper / an article for your school magazine on 'The Importance of Celebrating Diversity, but Working for Unity'.

UNIT-6

B.11. Assignments

1. If you were in the selection committee for the National Integration Award who would you choose and why?

2. Design a stamp in honour of your hero that captures the important moment of his contribution. You could create a fictional hero also.

B.12 The following passage is an excerpt from an article presented by the author at a meeting organized to observe the national integration week (19-25 November) by the India - Canada Association and the High Commission of India on 25 Nov. 2009.

Read it carefully and answer the questions that follow:

Challenges to National Integration: Dr. Subhash C. Biswas

As the population of India comprises many different races, religions, cultures and language groups, the importance of national integration comes to the forefront. In order to establish peace and stability and ensure progress, all different societies must be brought into one single nation with a national consciousness. National integration should aim at improving socio-cultural relations, reducing economic inequalities and strengthening unity and solidarity. If we ask what the forces that challenge national integration are, the answers are not difficult to find. Regionalism, communalism, religious fanaticism, lingualism and now terrorism are the main forces among others. The patriotic doctrine that for a citizen, the country comes first and all other issues come second, doesn't always work to motivate the people for national causes. As we know, the second is an under dog that always vigorously tries to overcome the first. This explains why national integration is always under threat from with in the country as well as from outside. It's unfortunate that pernicious forces-often coming from a few individuals with extraordinary capability to gather and organize followers-are always present posing threat to national integration for narrow political goals.

Regional aspirations of the people, if not controlled, may be dangerous for the country as it may break it up or create more and more new states. Communalism may encourage clashes between communities. No community should be placed

above the nation. Lingual preferences should be peacefully dealt with so that no excessive bias or favour for any one language brings about agitation in the country. Religious fanaticism is another dangerous force that often leads to violence, not only in India, but all over the world. India is a secular country, but that hasn't solved all problems. Let us recollect what our secularist founding fathers thought about religions. Mahatma Gandhi said, *"I am a Hindu, I am a moslem, I am a jew, I am a Christian, I am a Buddhist"*.

And Pandit Nehru: *The spectacle of what is called religion or at any rate organized religion in India and elsewhere, has filled me with horror and I have frequently condemned it and wished to make a clean sweep of it. Almost always it seemed to stand for blind belief and reaction, dogma and bigotry, superstition, exploitation and the preservation of vested interests."*

Rabindranath Tagore held humanity above anything else. Religion has become an explosive issue. But fanaticism and radicalism have to be eliminated in order to ensure stability.

In order to achieve National Integration, we must first identify the force that may blissfully bind the people of the country, create an emotional bond and help them share common ideas and values. Constitution, territorial continuity, art, literature, music, national festivals, national flag, national anthem, sports and, let us not forget, Bollywood- these are the vital aspects that may be exploited to promote national integration. Economic development of the unprivileged and underprivileged regions should get primary importance. More facilities should be extended to distant regions and tribal groups. The education system in general should be revised with the aim of fostering national integration. Some special means should be adopted within the education system to instill a sense of belonging and unity in the mind from childhood. An old American song by Paul Robeson, very appropriate in this context, comes to my mind.

"We're in the same boat brother,
We're in the same boat brother,
And if you shake one end,
You gonna rock the other
It's the same boat brother."

(Lyrics by Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter).

Last but not the least, I would like to mention a very special point, often ignored, that may be considered extremely vital for national integration. Exercise of power and authority may be successful temporarily, but fails in the long run. It's essential to attain internal freedom for the people first, by which I mean a mind free of selfish ego and aware of basic values and humanity in general, a conscience always awakened and strong, and love and true spirit in the core of heart. Such a free mind remains open to other cultures, religions and languages and will easily accept different people of the country.

B13. Based on your reading of the passage answer the following questions:

a. Why is national integration important for a country like India?

b. What are the aims of national integration?

c. What are the forces that challenge national integration?

d. What are the steps that we should take to strengthen the nation and its unity?

e. How can we bind the people of the country and create an emotional bond?

f. How can we attain internal freedom for the people of the country?

B.14. Read the passage carefully and familiarize yourself with the new words used in the passage by working out their meanings. Match the words in column A with their meanings in column B.

Column A	Column B
foster	the act of accepting someone as a part of a group
pernicious	excessive enthusiasm for an extreme political or religious cause.
integration	encourage the development of.
fanaticism	agreement and support resulting from shared interests, feelings or opinions
solidarity	having a harmful effect.

B 15. Organize a group discussion on the topic: "Destabilizing Forces Within a Country: Challenges to a Nation"

The discussion will enable you to identify the forces that may 'blissfully bind the people of the country, create an emotional bond and help them share common ideas and values'.

- CONSTITUTION
- TERRITORIAL CONTINUITY
- ART
- LITERATURE
- MUSIC
- NATIONAL FESTIVAL
- NATIONAL FLAG
- NATIONAL ANTHEM
- SPORTS
- BOLLYWOOD

The class will be divided into groups with six students per group. The teacher will ensure that the students adhere to the Do's and Don'ts of participating in a Group Discussion.

Do's and Don'ts of Group Discussion

1 Keep eye contact while speaking :

Do not look at the evaluators only. Keep eye contact with every team member while speaking.

2 Initiate the GD:

Initiating the GD is a big plus. But keep in mind: initiate the group discussion only when you have understood the GD topic clearly and have some topic knowledge. Speaking without proper subject knowledge gives a bad impression.

UNIT-6

3 Allow others to speak:

Do not interrupt anyone even if you don't agree with his/her thoughts. Do not snatch their chance. Instead make some notes and give your views when it's your turn.

4 Speak clearly:

Speak politely and clearly. Use simple and understandable words. Don't be too aggressive while disagreeing with someone. Express your feelings calmly and politely.

5 Make sure to bring the discussion on track:

If the group is deviating from the topic or goal then simply take initiative to bring the discussion on track. Make all group members aware that you need to come to some conclusion at the end of the discussion. So stick to the topic.

6 Positive attitude

Be confident. Do not try to dominate anyone. Use positive language.

7 Speak sensibly:

Do not speak just to increase your speaking time. Don't worry even if you speak less. Your thoughts should be sensible and relevant.

8 Listen Carefully to others:

Speak less and listen more! Pay attention while others are speaking.

9 No need to go into much details:

Some basic subject analysis is sufficient. There is no need to give detailed explanations. You have limited time so be precise and convey your thoughts in short and simple language.

C. SPIRIT OF UNITY

C1. 'Whenever our nation faces a threat, or some major calamity happens, don't we all stand together with a sense of emotional oneness to fight against evil forces and unnatural situations?'

In groups of six, research on the occasions when 'India' came together (e.g. tsumani, earthquake at Bhuj, Ladakh flash floods, Mumbai Blasts)

Make a PowerPoint presentation of about 5-7 minutes. You can collect information by surfing the net and through other sources like books, magazines and newspapers.

Focus on

- Rescue
- Relief

- Rehabilitation
- Interview with victims and volunteers
- United we serve

Alternatively, prepare a creative presentation (charts, collage etc). Each member will take turn to speak on a particular aspect of the given topic.

C2. Film review

The aim of writing a film review is to judge a film and inform the viewer about it. The reviewer talks about the subject of the film being reviewed and how the film maker has handled the subject. At times the reviewer's aim is to arouse the interest of the viewer so that she/ he wishes to see the film. Sometimes, the reviewer warns the viewer why she/ he should not see a particular film.

C3.

Common words / phrases used in film reviews

captivating	thrilled	excessive violence	breathtaking
evocative	mood	in poor light	atmosphere
unsuccessful	detail	perfect moments	scenery
irresistible plot	classic	wonderful	hilarious
unexpected	unbelievable	plot twists	phenomenal
disappointing	momentum	confusing/confusion/confused	portrayal
hype, suspense	imitation	moving	genre
unoriginal	quality	typical	credible
cliché	impressed by	mixture of	spectacular
visual effects	finesse	melodramatic	slapstick

C4. Writing a Film Review

- **Title**

  Imaginative and catchy: It gives a brief idea of the nature of the film and provides a starting point for the reader to focus on. You can indicate if the review will be positive or negative.

- **Brief outline of the plot**

  Synopsis or summary of the plot: Make sure that your summary makes sense to a reader who does not know the movie. Do not refer to specific scenes and do not try to explain everything. Don't give details about the ending or else no one will go and see the film!

- **What you liked about the film.**

  Use descriptive words, think about the story, setting, effects used and music used.

- **What you didn't like about the film.**

  Comment on the same things that you mentioned in the previous paragraph.

- **Characterization**

  Talk about the characters, did you like them? Did the actors play them well? What was it about their portrayal that you liked or didn't like? Other impressions of the characters, will audiences be able to relate to the characters? How? Will audiences not like certain characters? Why not?

- **Why the film was worth watching / not worth watching**

In the last part of your review write about:

- Its message, if any: the director's purpose or intention; or the theme of the film.
- Compare with other realities you know (your country, historical fact or event, other films from the same director or genre…)

- Your opinion that summarizes your view of the film. You may want to say something inspiring to get the reader to go out and see the film or you might say something that would want them not to go and see it!

Rating

You could give it a star rating out of 5

You must include the credits:

- title and year of production
- screenplay
- music or soundtrack
- genre
- director
- main actors

C5. Now write your own film review on 'Chak de India', 'Lagaan', or 'Mother India'.

The teacher could arrange for the screening of the film if need be.

The class could also decide on any other regional film that portrays the spirit of National Integration.

Highlight the aspect of national integration that has been portrayed in the film.

C6. Working in groups of four, discuss the ways in which the following have integrated India:

1. Music - Jai Ho / Vande Mataram
2. Food - North Indian / South Indian
3. Fashion - Salwar kamees / lehengas / Achkan / Dhoti Kurta
4. Occupation and trade - Job opportunities
5. Relationships / Marriage

D. MILE SUR MERA TUMHARA

D1. Read the following extract from an article by Usha Bande on Bonds of Culture. Based on your understanding, complete the tasks.

A decade or so ago to counter the threat of the divisive forces, a catchy slogan on buses and public places read "From Kashmir to Kanyakumari, India is one". Incidentally, around the same time, V.S. Naipaul's India: A Million Mutinies Now (1991) was released, visualising a strong and unified India despite its "million mutinies" threatening its very existence. The mutinies, he said, are a process of integration and restoration and are not to be wished away. "These were a part of a new beginning, of a new way for millions, part of India's growth, part of its restoration". It is true that "a central will, a central intellect and a national idea" has always prevailed underneath Indian culture lending cultural wholeness to the country.

"From Kashmir to Kanyakumari, India is One" is a popular slogan for promotion of National Integration

A slogan is a memorable motto or phrase used in a political, commercial, religious and other contexts as a repetitive expression of an idea or purpose. Often their simple rhetorical nature leaves little room for detail, and as such they serve perhaps more as a social expression of unified purpose

UNIT-6

D2. Jog your memory for interesting and memorable slogans you may have come across:

Airlines Slogan _____

Adult Education Campaign Slogan _____

Struggle for Independence Slogan _____

Polio Eradication Slogan _____

Eye Donation Slogan _____

Blood Donation Slogan _____

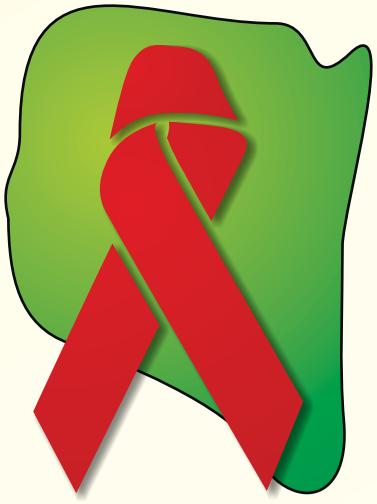
Let us learn four essential tips on writing catchy slogans:

- Focus on the core issue you wish to promote
- Decide which specific aspect to target and promote
- Ensure quick and easy language
- Where you can bring humour to a slogan, do it
- Brevity is the essence of a good slogan

D3. Look at the pictures given below, frame short, interesting and creative slogans:

_____

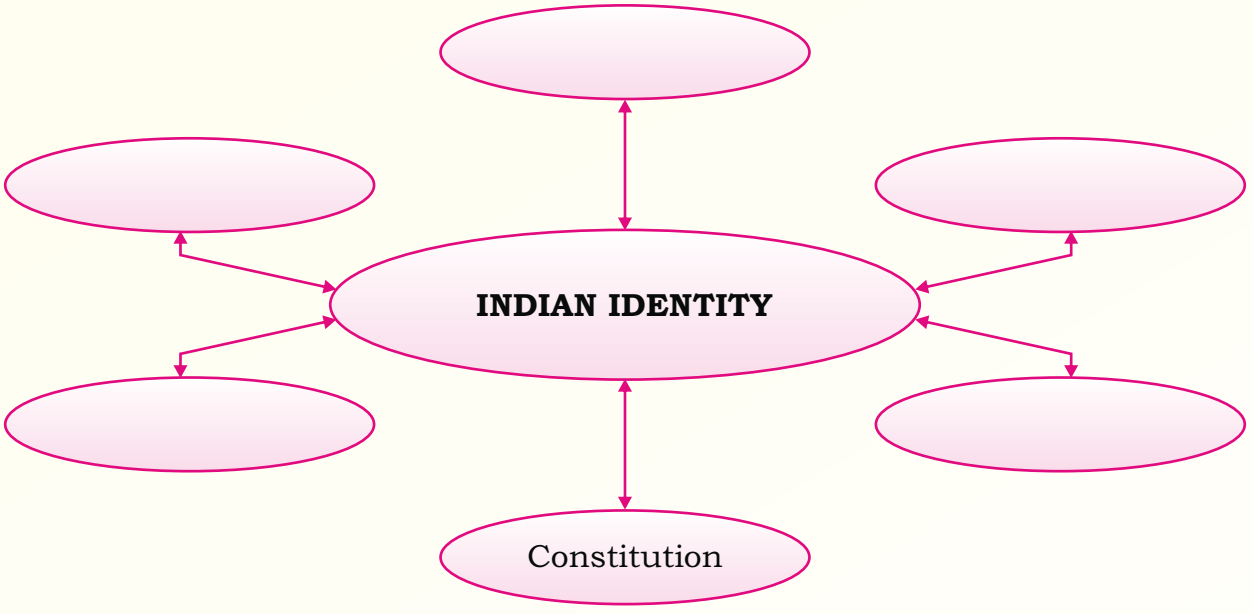
_____



_____

_____

D4. Work with your partner and write six prominent features of Indian identity.



UNIT-6

MILE SUR MERA TUMHARA

D 5. 'Ek sur' (meaning One Tune) or 'Mile Sur Mera Tumhara' as it is better known, is an Indian song and accompanying video feature promoting national integration and unity in diversity.

The concept for Mile Sur was developed in 1988 by Lok Seva Sanchar Parishad, and promoted by Doordarshan and India's Ministry of Information. The song was composed by Ashok Patki, co-composed & arranged by Louis Banks, written by Piyush Pandey (then an Accounts Manager and presently the Executive Chairman and Creative Head of Ogilvy and Mather, India). The project was conceived and directed by Suresh Mullick (then All India Creative Director, Ogilvy & Mather) and recorded by a group of people from all walks of life, including a super group of popular Indians - musicians, sports persons, movie stars, etc.

The national integration video was intended to instill a sense of pride and promote unity amongst Indians, highlighting the different linguistic communities and societies that live in India - India's unity in diversity, so to speak.

Mile Sur was telecast for the first time on Independence Day 1988, after the telecast of the Prime Minister's speech from the ramparts of the Red Fort.

It quickly captivated India, gaining and maintaining near-anthem status ever since.

The song's lyrics are unique; One phrase, repeated in fourteen Indian languages: 'Mile sur mera tumhara, to sur bane hamara', meaning "When my musical note and your musical note merge, it becomes our musical note".

The song itself ends by fading into the final notes of the Indian National Anthem.

Languages used

Hindi, Kashmiri, Urdu, Punjabi, Sindhi, Tamil, Kannada, Telugu, Malayalam, Bangla, Assamese, Oriya, Gujarati and Marathi.

Phir Mile Sur Mera Tumhara

Twenty years after the original debut, the song has been re-recorded with an updated cast for telecast on January 26, 2010 by Zoom TV. This version titled *Phir Mile Sur Mera Tumhara* features Indian musicians, singers, sportspersons and film personalities from the current generation. The current version (16 min 17 sec) runs longer than the older version (6 min 9 sec) and has been directed by Kailash Surendranath who had produced the original version of Mile Sur Mera Tumhara as well. The new version also retains music composer/arranger Louis Banks who had co-composed/arranged the original Mile Sur Mera Tumhara as well.

The lyrics in different languages:

“ [hi] मिले सुर मेरा तुम्हारा, तो सुर बने हमारा

सुर की नदियाँ हर दिशा से, बहते सागर में मिलें

बादलों का रूप लेकर, बरसे हलके हलके

मिले सुर मेरा तुम्हारा, तो सुर बने हमारा

मिले सुर मेरा तुम्हारा

[ks-dev] चॉन्य् तरज़ तय म्यॉन्य् तरज़, इक़वट़ बनि यि सॉन्य् तरज़

[ks-nast] چأنِۂ ترز تَے میأنِۂ ترز، اِکوَٹھ بَنہ یہ سأنِۂ ترز

[pa] ਤੇਰਾ ਸੁਰ ਮਿਲੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਸੁਰ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ, ਮਿਲਕੇ ਬਣੇ ਇੱਕ ਨਵਾਂ ਸੁਰ ਤਾਲ

[hi] मिले सुर मेरा तुम्हारा, तो सुर बने हमारा

[sd-dev] मुंहिंजो सुर तुहिंजे सां पियारा मिले जड़ुहिं, गीत असांजो मधुर तरानो

बणे तड़ुहिं

[sd-nast] مُنھنجو سُر تُنھنجي سان پيارا مِلي جَڏُھن، گِيت اَسانجو مَڌُر تَرانو بَڻي تَڏُھن

[ur] سر کی دریا بہتے ساگر میں ملے

[pa] ਬਾਦਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਰੂਪ ਲੈਕੇ, ਬਰਸਨ ਹੌਲੇ ਹੌਲੇ

UNIT-6

[ta] இசைந்தால் நம் இருவரின் ஸ்வரமும் நமதாகும்
திசை வேறானாலும் ஆழி சேர் ஆறுகள் முகிலாய்
மழையாய் பொழிவது போல் இசை
நம் இசை

[kn] ನನ್ನ ಧ್ವನಿಗೆ ನಿನ್ನ ಧ್ವನಿಯ, ಸೇರಿದಂತೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಧ್ವನಿಯ

[te] నా స్వరము నీ స్వరము సంగమమై, మన స్వరంగా అవతరించే

[ml] എന്റെ സ്വരവും നിങ്ങളുടെ സ്വരവും, ഒന്നുചേർന്നു നമ്മുടെ സ്വരമായ്

[bn] তোমার সুর মোদের সুর, সৃষ্টি করুক ঐক্যসুর

[as] সৃষ্টি হউক ঐক্যতান

[or] ତୁମ ଆମର ସ୍ୱରର ମିଳନ, ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରି ଚାଲୁ ଏକ ତାନ

[gu] મળે સૂર જો તારો મારો, બને આપણો સૂર નિરાળો

[mr] माझ्या तुमच्या जुळता तारा, मधुर सुरांच्या बरसती धारा "

[hi] सुर की नदियाँ हर दिशा से, बहते सागर में मिलें
बादलों का रूप लेके, बरसे हलके हलके
मिले सुर मेरा तुम्हारा, तो सुर बने हमारा
मिले सुर मेरा तुम्हारा

" **Transcription**

[hi] milē sur merā tumhārā, tō sur banē hamārā
sur kī nadiyāṅ har diśā sē, bahte sāgar meṅ milē
bādalōṅ kā rūp lēkar, barse halkē halkē
milē sur merā tumhārā, tō sur banē hamārā
milē sur merā tumhārā
[ks] Chaain taraz tai myain taraz, ik watt baniye saayen taraz
[pa] tērā sur milē mērē sur dē nāl, milkē baṇē ikk navāṅ sur tāl
[hi] milē sur merā tumhārā, tō sur banē hamārā
[sn] munhiṅjō sur tunhiṅjē sāṅ piyārā milē jaḍahiṅ, gīt asāṅjō madhur tarānō
baṇē taḍahiṅ
[ur] sur ka darya bahte sagar men mile
[pa] bādalāṅ dā rūp laikē, barsan haulē haulē
[ta] Isaindhal namm iruvarin suramum namadhakum
Dhisai veru aanalum aazi ser aarugal Mugilai
mazaiyai pozivadu pol isai
Nam isai

[kn] nanna dhvanige ninna dhvaniya, sēridante namma dhvaniya
[te] nā svaramu nī svaramu sangamamayi, mana svaraṅga avatarincē
[ml] eṉṯe svaravum niṅṅkaḷoṭe svaravum, ottucērnnu namoṭe svaramāy
[bn] tōmār śūr mōdēr śūr, sriṣṭi kōruk ōikōśūr
[as] sriṣṭi hauk aikyatān
[or] tuma āmara svarara miḷana, sriṣṭi kari chālu ekā tāna
[gu] maḷē sur jō tārō mārō, banē āpṇō sur nirāḷō
[mr] mājhyā tumchyā juḷtā tārā, madhur surānchyā barastī dhārā
[hi] sur kī nadiyān̐ har diśā sē, bahte sāgar mēn̐ milē
bādalōn̐ kā rūp lēkar, barse halkē halkē
milē sur merā tumhārā, tō sur banē hamārā "

D.6 Arrange a video viewing of both the versions of "Mile Sur". Later you may produce your own version of the song for presentation in the morning assembly.

ANNEXURES

Texts for Listening Tasks

UNIT-1 : Health And Medicine

A 10 You have read about sleep deprivation and the ill effects it has on human beings. There are other work areas where youngsters remain sleep deprived and fall prey to ill health. Listen carefully to some of the comments made about the business process outsourcing (BPO) sector which is part of the IT-enabled industry and do the activity.

Work in a call center is challenging, requiring high levels of concentration. An employee performs one type of activity throughout the day staring at the computer screen all day

They are expected to be at the desk at all times during their shift except for toilet and meal breaks. They have to pick up the telephone within seconds of its ringing. This is monitored by the managers. They have to complete the call satisfactorily, as quickly as possible and move on to the next call.

They also have to meet an unrealistically high target number of calls everyday. In India workers are expected to complete an average of 180 calls per day, compared to 75 in the US. This is really emotionally exhausting!

I have also heard that the employees are under constant surveillance. Closed circuit cameras are placed in every part of the office. In addition, the 'group leader' in each department tracks the workers' performance minute by minute to ensure that work never slows down and peak efficiency is maintained-even though these offices are always short-staffed.

When a person wants to take a toilet break she/he must raise a hand and the group leader will give permission after making sure that someone else takes over the desk. There are even reports of employees being followed to make sure they are not actually taking a long break!

No wonder there are a number of related long-term health problems. In a study it has been found that13% have reported visual problems such as eye fatigue, 3% have reported headaches while 23% had indigestion and constipation. They also suffer repetitive stress injuries from long hours at the computer and repetitive voice injury from speaking on the telephone for hours continuously

I suppose that is why there is such a high burn-out rate in this industry. People rarely stay for more than a year in any one office, and in about three years they've left the industry for other jobs

UNIT-2 : Education

C.12. Listen carefully to a speech by Steve Jobs.

(Speech by Steve Jobs from Canara bank in house magazine and also in Steve Jobs Stanford Commencement Speech 2005- you tube)

Thank you.

I'm honoured to be with you today for your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. Truth be told, I never graduated from college, and this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation. Today, I want to tell you the story of my life. That's it. No big deal. Just a story.

The story is about connecting the dots. I dropped out of Reed College after the first six months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife----except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl.

So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking, "We've got an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said, "Of course." My biological mother found out later that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would go to college. This was the start in my life.

And 17 years later I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all the money my parents had saved their entire life.

So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out okay. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out I could stop taking the required classes that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked far more interesting.

It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms. I returned coke bottles for the five cent deposits to buy food with and I would walk the seven miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuitions turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and san serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically satisfying albeit in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But ten years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the "Mac" would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts.

And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer could have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on that calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college but was very, very clear looking backwards 10 years later.

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something... your gut, destiny, life, karma,

whatever.... because believing that the dots will connect down the road will give you the confidence to follow your heart, even when it leads you off the well-worn path, and that will make all the difference.

(Steven Paul Jobs (born February 24, 1955) is an American business magnate and inventor. He is well known for being the co-founder and chief executive officer of Apple.)

UNIT-3 : Science

A.7 You are going to listen to a presenter discussing three new inventions-The Solerickshaw, the Green Phone and the Solar Water Purifier. As you listen complete the notes given below:

Good Morning everyone. In today's episode of Scientific Inventions I am going to talk about three exciting new inventions, the Solerickshaw, the Green Phone and a solar water purifier .

First, some information about the Solerickshaw

The Solerickshaw is not just any rickshaw but an optimally designed pedal - operated and motor- assisted three-wheeler. Solerickshaws provide motorized assistance with the motor running on battery powered by solar energy. This Zero Carbon, Urban Transport Vehicle or 'Pedicab' was designed and developed by a team of engineers from the Central Mechanical Engineering Research Institute, Durgapur, West Bengal.

Now for the second interesting invention-yes, the gorgeous Green Phone!

We all know mobile phones are 'must haves' these days. In fact according to statistics, six out of ten people in this world own a cell phone. So imagine the energy consumed and the e-waste generated by these devices, Realiizizng the 'side-effects' of mobile phones, many handset manufacturers are going green while some are even going solar!

Samsung for instance has unveiled the solar powered phone-'Blue Earth'. It is a touch phone that has a full solar panel on its back which can generate enough power to charge the phone. It is made from recycled plastic from water bottles and has a built-in pedometer to keep a tab on your carbon dioxide emissions. And it is small enough to fit into your pocket!

Another phone that can fit into your pocket and also your budget is the Coral 200, a solar-powered handset from the Chinese mobile manufacturer ZTE. The phone provides fifteen minutes of talktime for every hour of sunlight'

LG too plans to launch a solar powered concept cell phone, which would provide 3 minutes of talk time for every 10 minutes of sunlight. The company has also come up with the HFB-500 Bluetooth solar car kit, which gives customers hands-free mobile use in a fully rechargeable solar unit.

The third solar powered gadget that has just been invented is the solar water purifier which can convert contaminated water into drinkable water.

There are two kinds of solar water purifiers. One type uses solar panels to power a 12 volt water purifier and the other counts on distillation without electricity. While the former is more potable, the latter is relatively inexpensive.

In a solar distillation system, a solar panel is placed on top of a rectangular-shaped box filled with unpurified water. The sun rays heat the water which condenses on the underside of the solar panel and the impurities remain in the box. The gentle slope of the panel allows the water to run into a trough and into collection bottles at the lower end of the box. Additionally, the ultraviolet rays from the sun kill the germs and bacteria in the water.

So dear listeners which of the inventions are you going to buy? With this I sign off promising to bring more exciting scientific news from the world of inventions next week, same frequency, same time!!!!

UNIT-4 : Environment

A6. You are going to listen to an environmentalist giving a speech at a seminar on World Environment Day on the topic 'Wetlands, an Important Ecosystem' As you listen, complete the flowchart.

Wetlands

Good Morning everyone, every year February 2, is celebrated as the World Wetlands Day all over to raise public awareness about the ecosystem and promote its conservation.

Firstly, as is obvious by the name, wetlands are water bodies. But, a wetland is not just any water body. It is land that is covered with shallow water - either still or flowing, in which the water table is close to the surface. Swamps, marshes, oases in deserts, mud flats, and paddy fields are all examples of wetlands. Stretches of marine water where the depth does not exceed 6 meters at low tide are also categorized as wetlands. Morever, it is an entire ecosystem with its associated plant and animal life.

Additionally, wetlands are the world's most productive environments with stunning biological diversity. Wetlands stretch from mountains to seas and include a wide variety of habitats from rivers and lakes, lagoons and mangroves to coral reefs. These habitats support a variety of species of birds, mammals, reptiles, and fish. Some are shrimp farms or fisheries, while others are purely for recreation purposes, valuable in ecotourism.

However, not all wetlands are natural. Some are man-made. Fish and shrimp farms, ponds, irrigated land like paddy fields, salt pans and reservoirs are artificial wetlands.

I must add here that wetlands, like mangroves, provide a barricade between the sea and land and help in stabilizing the shoreline. They help in preventing soil erosion and also in reclaiming land. They are breeding ground for marine organisms like shrimps and a variety of fish. Furthermore, some wetlands help in checking floods and siltation of water ways, others help in checking erosion of forests. Wetlands, which are freshwater bodies, are sources of water supply.

For thousands of years, mangrove forests have provided a natural shield against cyclones and storms that have frequently hit the shores of southern India. It has now been documented that coastal trees and shrubs saved the lives of hundreds of people in the tsunami disaster.

Sunderbans in West Bengal is the largest mangrove forest in the world. India has 19 wetlands sites which are of international importance.

On the whole it is interesting to note that wetlands cover a tiny portion of the earth's surface, but due to the nature of their unique ecosystem, it is all the more important to protect and conserve them.

Thank you.

UNIT-5 : Travel And Tourism

C10. Listen carefully to Harsh Misra's vacation plans and fill in the blanks with exact information:

Harsh Misra's Vacation Plan

My name is Harsh Misra. This autumn break, I am thinking about heading to Shimla for vacation. I'm from Allahabad, I haven't been out in the hills very often. Shimla will be a nice change of place as I have heard there are endless attractions in this area.

Since Allahabad is so far away from Shimla, I will probably have a stopover in Delhi. The spring season is the peak season in Shimla so I'll have to pay a lot. My friend's brother is a travel agent so I will have to ask him to help me out in getting some good rates. Having talked to him in the past about travelling I know he is going to tell me to go in the off season to get a better rate. He tells all of his clients this. I understand his point, but I've never liked planning my vacations around the lean seasons.

I will visit the Jakhu Hill that is located 2 kms. away from the town. Serving as the highest peak of Shimla, Jakhu Hill offers panoramic views of the town and the nearby mountains.

My friends have advised me to stop for a quick bite at the Coffee House which serves the original flavours of coffee picked from the plantations. The next halt in my itenerary would be the State Museum at Shimla, which showcases various miniature paintings, costumes, textiles and jewellery of the region.

My temple trail would include visits to the Kamna Devi Temple, Tara Devi Temple, Kali Bari Temple and Christ Church that are some of the highly revered pilgrimage centres in Shimla. It should be a great time!

UNIT-6 : National Integration

A5. Where are they from?

Divide the class into six groups. You will listen to the conversation between four people talking about the Indian states they live in. As soon you think you know which region the first person is speaking about, ask your teacher to stop. If you are right your group gets a point. If you are wrong, all the other groups get a point and the teacher starts again. But your group isn't allowed to guess again for this region. Then listen to the other three speakers in the same way. Which group has got the most points at the end?

Speaker A: A trip to my colourful state will leave you totally charmed. Bordered by Pakistan, and the states of Rajasthan to the north east, Maharashtra and the Union territories of Diu, Daman, Dadra and Nagar Haveli to the south and Madhya Pradesh to the east, my state is one of the major tourist destinations in India. Strolls along the lovely beaches of Ahmedpur, Mandvi Beach, Chorwad Beach, Diu Beach, Gopnath Beach and Kutch. Mandvi Beach will offer some of the cherished moments of your life. One of our famous temples is at Somnath. Also known as 'the Shrine Eternal', the temple has been torn down six times, but has been rebuilt on each occasion. My name is Jassu Ben

Speaker B: The name of my state means elevated land. This state has a rich history and tradition dating back to the times when the ancient rulers used to reign over this place. Tipu Sultan has been an important ruler. He has fought against the British with the invaluable assistance of the French but was eventually overthrown by the British in the year 1799. The capital of my state has significantly contributed to the technological advancement and overall commercial growth of the state. Some of the prominent national parks are Bandipur National Park, Bhadra Wildlife Sanctuary, Nagarhole and Ranganathittu Wildlife Sanctuary. My name is Arnav Karnad

Speaker C: My state is miniature India in itself, comprising mountains, forests, a large number of rivers,the Gangetic delta and the sea. India, has been ruled from

its capital city till 1911 when the capital was shifted to Delhi. Popularly known as the Queen of the Hills, one of the most beautiful hill stations in India is among the major highlights of tourism in my state. The state has immense geological importance as the Ganges enters its final stage here, and drains the world's largest delta which is home to a large forest, the habitat of the royal tiger. The state has given the country as many as four Nobel laureates. The prominent landmarks to this city include the Victoria memorial Hall, the writers' building, Town Hall the Indian Museum, Asiatic Society, Rabindranath Tagore's residence, National Library and other places of importance. The state has many forests that are rich in wildlife and are known for the leopard and elephant population. The northern region is known for some swift flowing rivers like the Teesta, which is popular among adventure enthusiasts. My name is Abeer Sen

Speaker D: My state is located in the northern part of India at the foothills of the Shivaliks and is one of the most visited among the various tourist destinations of north India. Some of the important fairs and festivals are Hatkalika Fair, Tapkeshwar Fair, Surkhanda Devi Mela, Kunjapuri Fair, Lakhawar Village Fair, and Mata Murti Ka Mela. There are innumerable tourist attractions such as Badrinath, Corbett National Park, Gangotri, Haridwar, Mukteshwar, Kausani, Mussoorie and Nainital. There are a number of pilgrimage spots that are located in my state such as Gangotri, Yamunotri, Badrinath, Kedarnath, Hemkund Sahib and Joshimath. The state has been carved out of Uttar Pradesh in 2000 and is known as Uttaranchal since 2006.My name is Anant Bahuguna

Additional Reading Material

Travel and Tourism

Resplendent Diversity of India

Read the following account and attempt the exercises given at the end.

Raju and Pinky were visiting Agra on a school excursion and were very excited about this trip. There had been a lot of discussion before the educational tour was finalized. Some wanted to go to Jaipur, others thought that Corbett National Park would be far more thrilling. The choice of Agra was made because the excursion could be completed in a day, did not involve expensive night stay in a hotel and of course, what clinched the issue was the Taj Mahal, a world heritage site. Some senior students from class XII also joined as the Final Board exams were far away.

All along the way, those who had suggested Jaipur and Corbett kept grumbling. Mr. Kumar, the teacher consoled them by promising that next time a more distant and exotic destination may be possible. Many students started talking at the same time. Salim suggested the sun drenched beaches of Goa and Gurjit chipped in with Andaman Nicobar islands that he had visited with his parents on a LTC vacation. George and Mary -the cheerful twins-had Ajanta and Ellora on their wish list and while Anjali, usually very shy and not talkative, for once, broke her silence to vote for Hyderabad, the city of Char Minar and next to Golconda. This gave Mrs Nair an opportunity to embark on a lecture on the resplendent diversity of India that is our priceless inheritance. She, of course, painted wonderful word pictures of Shalimar Gardens in Srinagar and Fishing Nets in Cochin. Zoobi, who won all the prizes in all the quiz competitions, lost no time in showing off by rattling figures about the number of foreign tourists that visit India every year and how much foreign exchange we earn through them.

But the kids were not prepared for a rude shock when they reached the Taj Mahal. Two young foreigners just ahead of them in the line before the ticket counter were mobbed by a group of unruly 'guides'. The visitors were looking harassed and irritated. Pinky told Raju, "Isn't this just like the Amir Khan ad they show on TV?" Anjali, exceptionally vocal on the trip, commented sharply, "But no Amir Khan is going to appear here as a saviour.

What are you waiting for? How long are you going to watch this tamasha? Are you scared to rescue your guests?" This prompted Gurjit to roll up his sleeves literally and rush in. In a blink all the students with their teachers formed a circle and outnumbered the haggling guides. Their enthusiastic intervention forced the officials and security guards to come out. The troublemaking guides retreated and the young foreigners thanked their new young friends. The teachers invited them to join the school kids for a quick cup of tea before beginning the exploration of the majestic building. At first they were reluctant and hesitant but were won over when Salim quoted the Sanskrit verse Atithi devo bhava- and explained it stating that in India a guest is treated as God. Zoobi immediately contributed a song version of the shloka singing slightly out of tune, 'Mehman jo hamara hota hai wo jaan se pyaara hota hai' translating in the same breath- 'our guest is dearer to us than our own life.' The eyes of foreigners twinkled mischievously and they didn't miss the opportunity of reminding the kids of their encounter with the guides! The children were stumped but regained their cheer before long.

Soon the strangers began to feel at home with their new Indian hosts and started exchanging their experiences, sweet and sour with them. Liz was from France and Jim was from Australia. Both were studying in an American university and visiting India as back packers. The teachers, as well, as the children shot a volley of questions at them. What are the places you have visited? What other places are you going to visit? Do you plan to ride on the Palace on Wheels? Have you stayed in the Lake Palace Hotel in Udaipur built on an island on Lake Pichola? What have you liked most? What have you bought for friends at home? There was no end to their curiosity. Liz and Jim were patient and tried to explain that they were not rich tourists who could splurge at deluxe hotels and ride Royal trains. They also told the children what the pleasures of back packing are. One can enjoy a lot even on a small budget if one knows what to eat, where to stay and what to see and do. Liz pulled out a copy of the Lonely Planet guide from her rucksack and showed the children the wealth of information it contained about Agra.

After some time they took their leave and the children kept talking about them as they appreciated the beauty of the marvellous monument in marble. After Taj, it was the turn of the Red Fort. Here, the problem was the litter left behind by visitors who had thrown about empty water bottles, pieces of paper in the lawn. The children, prompted by teachers, volunteered to clean up the mess. They also asked the guards on duty why they hadn't stopped and punished the culprits. They in turn pleaded helplessness. "What can we do? We are so few. Hundreds visit this place every day; it's impossible to keep an eye

on all of them." Pinky observed, "We must take care of our heritage ourselves. Government cannot do everything. People should have self discipline." She would have continued with her lecture but another shock stopped her in mid sentence. Someone had scribbled with charcoal on a wall in a corner 'Sita and Gita, Ram and Shyam had come here.' A cartoon like figure was also drawn that defaced the wall. Zoobi hissed in anger. "Incredible India!" Anjali once again put him in his place reminding him that all of us are part of Incredible India. Instead of blaming others we should do our bit. Lighting a lamp is better than cursing darkness. All poor Zoobi could do was to say, 'Gurudev Tagore wrote that, didn't he?' The kids cleaned up the wall the best they could and after an evening snack headed back for Delhi.

Maybe it was the day full of exciting excursions, or sheer tiredness but the road on return journey felt bumpier and the food packed from the shop near the bus stand tasted stale and insipid. Discussion soon heated on the so called four lane highway and amenities for tourists in the city of Taj. Conversation with foreign youngsters was recalled. It's not only foreigners who need facilities but domestic travellers too require clean drinking water, hygienic food and convenient toilets. Affordable hotels, hostels and dormitories must be added to this list. All this would be wasted if no good roads or trains provide connectivity. Suddenly, some students started teasing Raju who, it was well known to his classmates, wanted to join a Hotel Management Course after finishing school. "If this is the case of a heritage site and a historic city, you will have no tourists to cater to by the time you get your first job!"

Raju, made of sterner stuff, responded gallantly. He pointed out how much the city and the monuments had improved since his last visit. He reeled off how clean and beautiful the Red Fort in Delhi looked now. Could anyone deny that the Light and Sound show was magical? What about Humayun ka Makbara that had left President Obama speechless? The moment he mentioned Jantar Mantar those who had wanted to visit Jaipur took off. Jantar Mantar there may be smaller but wasn't the Hawa Mahal in the Pink City exquisite! Gurjit who had been sleeping on the seat woke up as soon as pyaaz ki kachori and daal baati choorma were mentioned. Salim who was a hard core non vegetarian couldn't resist mentioning the sublime biryani he had tasted at his grandparents' house in Hyderabad and what could compare with the delicious khoobani ka meetha topped with malai. Before the contenders could come to blows, the teachers intervened gently. This time interesting anecdotes about diversity in food and costumes became the subject of a quick quiz. Song and dance and colourful festivals and dazzling

handicrafts too cast their spell on tourists both domestic and foreign. Chikan work in Lucknow, Bidriware in Hyderabad, miniature bronze and silks in Tamilnadu, inlaid woodwork and sandalwood in Karnataka. The names came tumbling out from children; shawls and embroidery from Kashmir, soft leather jutis and tie & dye cottons and feather-light quilts in Rajasthan. It was almost like an antakshari cataloguing souvenirs. Those who couldn't think of handicrafts kept interrupting with names of landmarks and monuments from these tourist destinations. Rumi Darwaza and Bara Imambara, Ghats in Varanasi, Victoria Memorial and Rosogolla all got jumbled up and all ended up laughing uncontrollably.

When the students met again the day after in school they were full of recollections and stories related to their trip. They were made happier when the class teacher asked them to write a short essay on how to make Agra more tourist friendly. She was in a generous mood and allowed the wild life lovers to write their essay focusing on problems and potential of Wildlife Parks.

When the essays were read out, one thing became quite clear. Nearly every region in our vast and varied land has breathtaking natural beauty and enchanting flora and fauna. Some species are threatened and a balance must be struck between tourism development and conservation. Tigers and Dolphins, Elephants and Pheasants, majestic Deodar and Orchids all are part of the enchantment of this land. This biodiversity needs protection as urgently as the architectural heritage. It was delightful to see classmates, wiser by their trip to Agra and chance encounter with young foreign tourists, could now talk about tourism in a balanced manner. They cheerfully filled up gaps in fellow students' presentations. All in all, the class covered not only the natural and cultural diversity that attracts tourists like a magnet but also showed awareness of different types of tourism- heritage tourism, pilgrim tourism, eco tourism, adventure tourism and wilderness tourism.

Those who had stayed back and not joined the excursion made up by slogging in the library and making presentations that relied on facts and figures enriched with pictures and interesting charts. These provided the perspective that even today our country's share in international tourist trade is minimal. Much smaller countries like Singapore, Thailand and UAE attract much larger numbers. Some talked of favourite destinations for Indian tourists- Australia, Hong Kong, Dubai and Switzerland. When told that they had strayed from the prescribed topics, a smart alec responded, 'Mam, we wish to learn from others' experiences!'

The teacher couldn't help smiling a little but insisted that they do as homework what had been assigned. The only concession she made was to add one more topic to the list. Students could also choose to write about the variety of jobs and employment that tourism can generate for young Indians in coming decades. She mentioned as a helpful hint the hospitality industry that provides board and lodging, travel and transport, folk arts and crafts, guides and interpreters, banks and souvenir sellers. It's not difficult to guess what our friend Raju wrote about! Zoobi is busy preparing an Incredible India quiz based on ads of different Indian states-covering everything from 'MP Gazab Hai' to 'Gods Own Country'. Audio-Visual cues range from miniature paintings of Baj Bahadur and Rupmati who lived once in a City of Joy (not Kolkata!) to a small part of a Thyagaraja kritti to help you identify a magnificent temple built a thousand years ago. Can you name it now? A Jataka tale is retold in brief to tempt you to lose your way in a maze of cave paintings - Do you know what we are talking about? Three different celebrations of Dussehra tempt us to visit three different states and a picture of carnival takes us to a region where the Portuguese held sway for over four centuries. Additional cues are cartoons by Miranda.

Pintu Ghosh, the youngest in the class, surprised everyone with his comprehensive contribution surveying the wonders in the north east. 'The Rainbow Unveiled' was the title of his project that covered all the seven sisters and a brother! He reminded his classmates that Arunachal Pradesh had monasteries like Tawang as impressive as Ladakh and like Sikkim which could boast of Pemyengtse and Tashiding attracted a lot of tourists interested in Buddhism. Pintoo had taken trouble to include details about Manipuri raas, a dance form that is inspired by the Radha-Krishna legends but is very different from dandiya raas in Gujarat or the raas leela in Uttar Pradesh. A large section in his essay dealt with Kaziranga, the wild life sanctuary in Assam, home of the rare one horned rhino. The illustrations were all very colourful and showcased chiraaw bamboo dance from Mizoram and Naga shawls and spears. Never to be satisfied easily, Zoobie cribbed, 'But he has not mentioned Cherapunji in Meghalaya and the Toy Train in Darjeeling.' No one in the class was in the mood to support him. Everyone was in a hurry to read out what they had done.

Another essay that drew praise from the teacher was written by bespectacled Madhavan Pillai who had prepared a note on all the World Heritage Sites in India. Most had heard of the concept but were ignorant about their number and locations in India. The Red Fort, Fatehpur Sikri, the Taj, the Grand Stupa in Sanchi attract tourists like a powerful

magnet. But others are no less fascinating. Madhavan reminded his class fellows that unless we are careful and protect these monuments, UNESCO can withdraw this prestigious recognition. We must ensure, he added, that no one defaces or disfigures these.

Samyukta Mohanti followed this with a short essay that continued the argument further. She referred to the Great Dark Pagoda, the Sun temple at Konark and the Jagannath temple at Puri, famous for the rath yatra festival. Her complaint was that most tourists gave Odisha a miss and were not even aware of the beauty spots it possesses like the Chilka Lake or Satkosia gorge on Mahanadi and the Bhitarkanika crocodile reserve. She was keen to include something about the Odissi dance and Geet Govinda but had to wind up due to the word limit.

Raj Iyer who had recently come to Delhi from Puducherry wrote a short piece about the French connection and the revolutionary sage, Sri Aurobindo.

We could go on and on with teasing and tempting but think it will be better to set you free to explore the land and people on your own. Do as much armchair travelling as you wish before you step out. Remember the old saying 'Charan vai madhu vindati'- one who travels gathers honey. Don't ever forget that 'Atithi devo bhava' and 'Incredible India' go hand in hand. Welcome the guest and treat him well. Take good care of the shared natural and historical heritage. These are an integral part of our identity and never forget a happy guest is a friend for life. Tourism doesn't only add to earnings and creates jobs- it enriches our own lives.

Things to do:

Make a list of delicacies from different parts of India.

Match major tourist destinations with historic monuments.

List the World Heritage Sites in India and write short notes on any five.

Write briefly about the temples and shrines belonging to different faiths in different regions of India.

Name the more famous wild life parks and natural reserves in India and write about the rare animals that we can encounter there.

Jaipur-Delhi -Agra are often referred to as the Golden Triangle. Can you suggest similar Golden Triangles for Eastern, Western and Southern India?

Name the major Indian dance forms -classical and folk that may interest the tourists, both domestic and foreign.

How would you plan a trip to a destination of your choice? Cover everything-travel, accommodation, sightseeing, food and souvenir purchases.

Feature by:

Pushpesh Pant

Professor, School of International Studies

Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi-110067

Courtesy: Ministry of Tourism, Government of India.

Inter-disciplinary Project

This is an ideal area for an inter-disciplinary project. Such a project will help children explore different aspects of the diverse tourism opportunities that India offers in a joyful manner, working in groups of 4-5 students. Besides enabling the students to integrate their learning by working across subject boundaries, such a project will also reduce the work load on students and teachers.

Here are some suggestions for an inter-disciplinary project based on the above feature 'Resplendent Diversity of India'.

Project Topics:

Since the feature covers many aspects of India from the point of view of tourism, it is advisable to identify specific areas for the project work so that they can be easily managed by students.

The topics for the project work on India as a tourist destination are as follows (all the topics are with reference to India only).

- Historical and Heritage Site Tourism.
- Eco Tourism
- Adventure Tourism
- Pilgrim Tourism
- Wild Life Parks and Natural Reserves
- Cuisines and Handicrafts
- Art, Dance and Music
- 'Atithi Devo Bhava'- promoting Indian Tourism.
- Tourism Infrastructure

(After reading the feature you may be able to identify more topics).

- **Subjects that can be integrated in the Project:**

  Language: The topics can be explored for developing language skills through

  a) Brochures

  b) Advertisements

  c) Power point presentations

  d) Travel guides

  e) Feature and analytical articles

  f) Photo features

  g) Essays

  h) Recipes

  i) Role plays (as guides and tourists)

  j) Light and sound shows

  k) Posters

  l) Drawings and paintings with write-ups

The language component of the project can include some of the above suggested modes.

Geography: Since tourism is very closely related to geographical locations, it offers immense scope for integrating geography through

a) Write-ups on the geographical locations and sites of the tourist destinations chosen

b) Maps showing exact locations

c) Write-ups describing the salient geographical features, flora and fauna

d) Maps and details of rail, road and air links.

e) Power-point presentations with visuals

f) Miniature models of heritage sites, religious monuments etc.

g) Drawings and paintings with write-ups giving information about location, weather and transport available.

History: Since most of the tourist destinations are steeped in history, the project can encourage students to gather information about the history of monuments, places of worship, heritage sites, cuisines, trade, dance forms, handicrafts etc. through

a) Time lines

b) Historical sketches

c) Dramatization and role play

d) Feature articles and essays tracing the history of monuments and places of tourist interest.

Mathematics: Tourism industry involves both foreign and Indian tourists, income including foreign exchange, accommodation and travel facilities. These may be integrated in the project through

a) Graphs, pie charts, tables etc.

b) Calculation of foreign exchange inflow

c) Projection of future needs in infrastructural facilities. (Refer Section D of Unit 5)

Procedure

1. The subject teachers involved in the project (it may involve the language, social science and mathematics teachers, if all the four subject components are chosen) must get together and prepare a detailed plan for the project on the basis of notes given here.
2. The students will be divided into groups of 4-5 students.
3. Each group can be allowed to choose a topic after discussion and consultation among themselves and with the teacher.
4. Based on the topic, a combination of modes listed under the four subjects could be chosen. It should be ensured that the project reflects all the four subject areas but at the same time does not become too heavy or difficult for the students.
5. The subject teachers should sit with each group and help them draw out on outline of their project.
6. Sources and Resources for collecting information, material and for research may be identified.

7. The members of each group may be helped to allocate the work on the basis of their interests and talents.

8. An initial draft/ presentation to the teachers may be arranged for comments and suggestions. It may not be complete in all respects. Such an intervention by the teachers is necessary to help students know whether they are on the right track. It will also enable the teachers to know what learning gains are accruing for the students.

9. Any help by way of editing, improving etc may be provided by the teachers.

10. A time schedule may be suggested for the final submission/ presentation. It is suggested that a project of this nature may require about 40 days. So this is ideally suited for a Formative Assessment Task. Since Travel and Tourism is the 5th unit of MCB, teachers will do well to give this project as part of FA 4. If teachers feel that it would be too close to SA 2, the project can be given as FA 3 and subsequently the unit on Travel and Tourism could be taken up for detailed study.

Assessment

The three subject teachers can develop rubrics for assessment keeping the requirements of their respective subjects. Suggested rubrics are given below:

Rubrics

Max. Marks for each subject: 10

Languages

• Relevance, richness and variety of content	:	3 Marks
• Accuracy of language used	:	2 Marks
• Fluency and effectiveness of organization	:	2 Marks
• Imaginative use of language, visuals and other presentation techniques (modulation, eye contact etc in the case of oral presentation)	:	2 Marks
• Group Dynamics	:	1 Mark
Total		**10 Marks**

Geography and History

- Correctness and relevance of geographical / historical information : 3 Marks
- Richness and Variety of information : 2 Marks
- Effectiveness of presentation : 2 Marks
- Richness and authenticity of sources used and research done : 2 Marks
- Group Dynamics : 1 Mark

Total **10 Marks**

Mathematics

- Correctness and relevance of mathematical Tools used such as graphs, pie-charts etc. : 2 Marks
- Correctness of calculations : 2 Marks
- Effectiveness of presentation : 2 Marks
- Aptness and authenticity of sources used for collecting data : 2 Marks
- Aptness of conclusions drawn and projections made : 1 Mark
- Group Dynamics : 1 Mark

Total : **10 Marks**

Precautions

- It should be done as a group project.
- Students will do the project within the school hours.
- Sources for information should be easily accessible like books from the library, internet etc.

- The project should not expect a voluminous document as a product. Simple advertisements, posters, write-ups, articles backed by oral presentations will be more enjoyable.
- If there is a written product, it should not be a computer print out. It should be handwritten supported by visuals, either drawn / painted or pasted.
- Subject teachers should make use of simple but probing questions to ascertain the learning gain of every member of the group.
- The project may be assessed by each of the three teachers so that it can be taken as a Formative Assessment Task for all the three subjects, ie, English or Hindi, Social Science and Maths. Thus, with one project three subjects can be assessed.
- It will be advisable for the three subject teachers to come together for assessment, especially if the project work involves oral presentations, dramatization, talks, role play etc.

This is only a suggested plan for the inter-disciplinary project. Teachers are at liberty to make any changes they feel necessary to suit the needs of their students.

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A Textbook for English Course
(Communicative)

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भारत का संविधान

उद्देशिका

हम, भारत के लोग, भारत को एक सम्पूर्ण [1]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
[2]और राष्ट्र की एकता और अखंडता
सुनिश्चित करने वाली बंधुता बढ़ाने के लिए

दृढ़संकल्प होकर अपनी इस संविधान सभा में आज तारीख 26 नवम्बर, 1949 ई॰ को एतद्द्वारा इस संविधान को अंगीकृत, अधिनियमित और आत्मार्पित करते हैं।

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2. संविधान (बयालीसवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 1976 की धारा 2 द्वारा (3.1.1977) से "राष्ट्र की एकता" के स्थान पर प्रतिस्थापित।

भाग 4 क

मूल कर्त्तव्य

51 क. मूल कर्त्तव्य – भारत के प्रत्येक नागरिक का यह कर्त्तव्य होगा कि वह –

(क) संविधान का पालन करे और उसके आदर्शों, संस्थाओं, राष्ट्रध्वज और राष्ट्रगान का आदर करे;

(ख) स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे राष्ट्रीय आंदोलन को प्रेरित करने वाले 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 सामासिक संस्कृति की गौरवशाली परंपरा का महत्त्व समझे और उसका परीक्षण करे;

(छ) प्राकृतिक पर्यावरण की जिसके अंतर्गत वन, झील, नदी, और वन्य जीव हैं, रक्षा करे और उसका संवर्धन करे तथा प्राणिमात्र 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 के सभी क्षेत्रों में उत्कर्ष की ओर बढ़ने का सतत प्रयास करे जिससे राष्ट्र निरंतर बढ़ते हुए प्रयत्न और उपलब्धि की नई उंचाइयों 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 लिये शिक्षा के अवसर प्रदान करे।

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

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved 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 the[2] 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 Amendment) Act. 1976, sec. 2, for "Sovereign Democratic Republic" (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)
2. Subs, by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendment) 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 51A

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 nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;

[1](k) to provide opportunities for education to his/her child or, as the case may be, ward between age of 6 and 14 years.

1. Subs, by the Constitution (Eighty-Sixth Amendment) Act. 2002.

Foreword

The English - Communicative Course was introduced by the CBSE at the secondary level in 1993-94. Though the course materials were renewed periodically in 1995, 1997 and 2003, a full-fledged and complete revision was undertaken only in 2009 when the Main Course Book, Work Book and Literature Reader for class IX were revised on the basis of feedback received from teachers, students and ELT professionals.

As a follow-up, the Main Course Book, Literature Reader and Work Book for class X have been revised in 2010 and the revised books have come into effect from the academic session 2013-14. The present book is a reprint of the revised edition.

As the students gradually gain proficiency in a language, the content has been designed to provide them a diverse panorama of writings. Texts have been chosen with a view to appeal to the changing interests of students. All the four language skills have been addressed in a systematic manner, providing ample scope for lively interaction on contemporary issues. The content would also help in inculcating in them empathy towards different cultures, time-periods and also, in turn, be responsible towards the world around them.

The activities embedded along with the content give students an opportunity to practice and fine tune the language skills learnt. It is suggested that the pedagogical practices adopted to transact the content must prompt the students to think, express and create.

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

Team CBSE

Acknowledgements

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. Appropriate acknowledgement will be made at the first opportunity.

FICTION

F. 1 *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by A.J. Cronin

F. 2 *Mrs Packletide's Tiger* by Saki

F. 3 *The Letter* by Dhumketu

F. 4 *A Shady Plot* by Elsie Brown-Humorous Ghost Stories (Free e-Books) public domain

F. 5 *Patol Babu*, Flim Star by Satyajit Rai-Best of Satyajit Ray Publisher: Penguin Books (January 5, 2001) ISBN-10:0143028057

F. 6 *Virtually True* by Paul Stewart-Sensational Cyber Stories Edited by Tony Bradman; Publisher: Doubleday; ISBN-10: 0385408366; ISBN-13: 978- 0385408363

POETRY

P. 1 *The Frog and the Nightingale* by Vikram Seth

P. 2 *Not Marble nor the Gilded Monuments* (Sonnet 55) by William Shakespeare

P. 3 *Ozymandias* by Percy Bysshe Shelley

P. 4 *Snake* by D.H. Lawrence

P. 5 *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

DRAMA

D.1 *The Dear Departed* by Stanley Houghton

D.2 *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare

OTHER TEXTS

1. Snake Trying WWE Ross-The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse in English; customer.service.ca@oup.com
2. Snake-Keith Bosley-www.mcgraw-hill.co.uk
3. Zlata's Diary-Zlata Fillipovic-ISBN: 9780140374636 Publisher: Puffin
4. Character actor, Wikipedia-Free encyclopaedia
5. Masai Tribe-www.maasai-association.org/lion.html
6. Tour of Body-Alex Crees-www.foxnews.com

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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 - Five poems
* Fiction - Six fiction pieces
* 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.

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 six Fiction pieces 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!

Contents

Introduction

FICTION 1-88

Unit 1	F. 1	Two Gentlemen of Verona *by A.J. Cronin*	3
Unit 2	F. 2	Mrs. Packletide's Tiger *by Saki*	14
Unit 3	F. 3	The Letter *by Dhumaketu*	25
Unit 4	F. 4	A Shady Plot *by Elsie Brown*	37
Unit 5	F. 5	Patol Babu, Film Star *by Satyajit Ray*	60
Unit 6	F. 6	Virtually True *by Paul Stewart*	77

POETRY 89-133

Unit 7	P. 7	The Frog and the Nightingale *by Vikram Seth*	91
Unit 8	P. 8	Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments (Sonnet 55) *by William Shakespeare*	103
Unit 9	P. 9	Ozymandias *by Percy Bysshe Shelley*	107
Unit 10	P. 10	The Rime of the Ancient Mariner *by Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	112
Unit 11	P. 11	Snake *by D.H. Lawrence*	125

DRAMA 135-189

Unit 12	D. 12	The Dear Departed *by Stanley Houghton*	137
Unit 13	D. 13	Julius Caesar *by William Shakespeare*	160

ANNEXURE 191-200

Texts for Listening Tasks

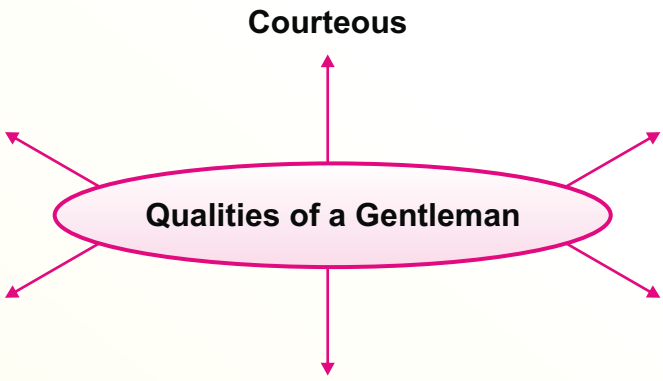
FICTION

Fiction 1 UNIT

F. 1 Two Gentlemen Of Verona

A. J. Cronin

1. What are the qualities of a "gentleman"? Work with your partner and complete the following web-chart by listing the qualities of a gentleman.



Does a gentleman have consideration for others and their feelings?

2. Based on your discussion above, what do you think the story is about?

- .....
- .....

3. Now read the story given below. Your teacher may use a variety of techniques for different parts of the story e.g.

- Silent reading
- One student reading aloud to the whole class
- Students reading in small groups
- Dramatised reading in small groups

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

1. As we drove through the foothills of the Alps two small boys stopped us on the outskirts of **Verona**[1].

---

1 **Verona:** a city in Italy. Romeo and Juliet are believed to have lived there

2. They were selling wild strawberries. “Don't buy," warned Luigi, our cautious driver. "You will get fruit much better in Verona. Besides, these boys....."

3. He shrugged his shoulders to convey his disapproval of their shabby appearance.

4. One boy was wearing a **worn**[2] jersey and cut-off khaki pants; the other a shortened army **tunic**[3] gathered in loose folds about his skinny frame. Yet, gazing at the two little figures, with their brown skins, tangled hair and dark earnest eyes, we felt ourselves strangely attracted. My companion spoke to the boys, discovered that they were brothers. Nicola, the elder, was 13; Jacopo, who barely came up to the door handle of the car, was nearly 12. We bought their biggest basket, then set off towards the town.

5. Next morning, coming out of our hotel, we saw our friends bent over shoeshine boxes beside the fountain in the public square, doing a brisk business.

6. We watched for a few moments; then as trade slackened we went over. They greeted us with friendly faces.

7. "I thought you picked fruit for a living," I said.

8. "We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully. "Often we show visitors through the town ... to **Juliet's tomb**[4] ... and other places of interest."

9. Alright, "I smiled. "You take us along."

10. As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable **demeanour**[5]**.** They were childish enough, and in many ways quite **artless**[6]. Jacopo was as lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years.

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

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

---

2 **worn**- old and damaged

3 **tunic-** a loose outer garment that does not have sleeves

4 **Juliet's tomb-** the place where Juliet, the woman Romeo loved, was buried. Romeo and Juliet is a play written by Shakespeare.

5 **demeanour-** appearance and behaviour

6 **artless-** guileless; innocent

13. One night, we came upon them in the windy and deserted square, resting on the stone pavement beneath the lights.
14. Nicola sat upright, tired. A bundle of unsold newspapers lay at his feet. Jacopo, his head resting upon his brother's shoulder was asleep. It was nearly midnight.
15. "Why are you out so late, Nicola?"
16. "Waiting for the last bus from Padua. We shall sell all our papers when it comes in."
17. "Must you work so hard? You both look rather tired."
18. "We are not complaining, sir."
19. But next morning, when I went over to the fountain to have my shoes shined, I said, "Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat little enough --- when I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you do with your money?"
20. He coloured deeply under his sunburn, then grew pale. He looked to the ground.
21. "You must be saving up to emigrate to America," I suggested. He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort.
22. "We should greatly like to go to United States. But here, at present, we have other plans."
23. "What plans?"
24. He smiled uncomfortably. "Just plans, sir," he answered in a low voice.
25. “Well," I said, "we're leaving on Monday. Is there anything I can do for you before we go?"
26. Nicola shook his head, but suddenly Jacopo said, “Sir," he burst out, "every Sunday we make a visit to the country, to Poleta, 30 kilometres from here. Usually we hire bicycles. But tomorrow, since you are so kind, you might send us in your car."
27. I had already told Luigi he might have the Sunday off. However, I answered, “I'll drive you out myself."
28. There was a pause. Nicola was glaring at his young brother in **vexation**[6]. "We could not think of troubling you, sir."
29. "It won't be any trouble."
30. He bit his lip, then, in a rather **put out**[7] tone, he said, "Very well."
31. The following afternoon we drove to the tiny village set high upon the hillside. I imagined that our destinations would be some humble dwellings. But, directed by Jacopo, we drew up at a large red-roofed villa, surrounded by a high stone wall. I could scarcely believe my eyes and before I could recover my breath my two passengers had leaped from the car.

---

6 **vexation :** annoyance; agitation; hassle

7 **put out :** offended; annoyed

32. "We shall not be long, sir. Perhaps only an hour. May be you would like to go to the cafe in the village for a drink?" They disappeared beyond the corner of the wall.

33. After a few minutes I followed. I found a grilled side-entrance and, determinedly, rang the bell.

34. A pleasant-looking woman with steel-rimmed spectacles appeared. I blinked as I saw that she was dressed in the white uniform of a trained nurse.

35. "I-brought two small boys here."

36. "Ah, yes." Her face lit up; she opened the door to admit me. "Nicola and Jacopo. I will take you up."

37. She led me through a cool, tiled **vestibule**[8] into the hospital --- for hospital the villa had become. At the door of a little cubicle the nurse paused, put her finger to her lips, and with a smile bade me to look through the glass partition.

38. The two boys were seated at the bedside of a girl of about twenty who, propped up on pillows, wearing a pretty lace jacket, was listening to their chatter, her eyes soft and tender. One could see at a glance her resemblance to her brothers. A vase of wild flowers stood on her table, beside a dish of fruit and several books.

39. “Won't you go in?" the nurse murmured. "Lucia will be pleased to see you."

40. I shook my head and turned away. I felt I could not bear to intrude upon this happy family party. But at the foot of the staircase I drew up and begged her to tell me all she knew about these boys.

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

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8 **vestibule :** lobby

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

43. She paused, took a quick breath.

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

45. "Of course, everything is so difficult now, food so **scarce**[9] and dear, we could not keep going unless we charged a fee. But every week, Lucia's brothers have made their payment." She added simply, "I don't know what they do, I do not ask. Work is scarce in Verona. But whatever it is, I know they do it well."

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

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

About the author

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

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9 **scarce :** not enough

4. Based on your reading of the story answer the following questions by ticking the correct options.

(i) What was the reason for the driver's disapproval of the narrator buying fruit from the two boys?

A. The boys were untidy and poorly dressed.

B. The strawberries were not fresh.

C. The boys were asking for a heavy price.

D. The driver did not approve of small boys who worked.

(ii) What impressed the narrator the most about the boys?

Their_____.

A. desire to earn money

B. willingness to work

C. ability to perform many tasks

D. sense of fun

(iii) Jacopo asked the narrator to drive them to Poleta Why was Nicola uncomfortable with it?

A. Did not want a stranger to become involved with their plans.

B. Preferred going to Poleta by train so that he could enjoy the scenery.

C. Did not want to ask anyone for favours.

D. Preferred avoiding help from someone he did not know well.

(iv) The narrator decided against going inside Lucia's room as_____.

A. he did not want to intrude into the privacy of those inside

B. he thought that the boys would object

C. he felt that Lucia would not welcome a stranger

D. he did not want the boys to feel he was spying on them

(v) The author chose to remain silent on their return journey because he thought the boys_____.

A. would prefer to keep their secret

B. were ashamed of their sister's condition

C. would avoid telling him the truth

D. might ask him for money for their sister

5. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow.

(I) As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable demeanour. They were childish enough, and in many ways quite artless. Jacopo was as lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both their boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years. In the week which followed we saw them frequently, for they proved extremely useful to us.

(I) We can say that the demeanour of the two boys was remarkable because they were_____.

Select the correct option.

A. innocent but clever

B. lively but serious

C. young but mature

D. childish but engaging

(ii) What does the writer wish to imply via the comparison of Jacopo to a squirrel?

(iii) How did the boys prove useful for the narrator and his companion? Select the most appropriate option.

1. Brought them newspapers.
2. Guided them to good restaurants.
3. Found American cigarettes for them.
4. Sold fruits to them.

A. (1), (3) and (5)

B. (2), (3) and (4)

C. (1), (2) and (5)

D. (1), (2) and (4)

(iv) Select the suitable word from the extract, to complete the following.

happy : sad:: pacify :_____

A. provoke

B. remarkable

C. steady

D. engage

(v) Select a phrase from the extract that means the same as, 'to circulate'

(II) I said, "Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat little enough... when I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you with your money?"

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

"You must be saving up to emigrate to America," I suggested. He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort.

(i) What does the narrator's remark '*... the way you and Jacopo work...*' refer to?

A. Sale of certain products.

B. Manner of working.

C. Readiness to lend aid.

D. Open to doing add jobs.

(ii) How did the narrator's question impact Nicola?

It made him feel_____.

A. surprised

B. embarrassed

C. confused

D. scared

(iii) State one aspect that might have led the narrator to think that the boys must be saving to emigrate to America.

(iv) Which of the following remarks shows that the narrator observed things keenly?

A. 'The way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit.'

B. 'When I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs.'

C. 'What do you do with your money?'

D. 'You must be saving up to emigrate to America.'

(v) What does the sunburn help you deduce about Nicola?

6. What do you understand by the following statements?

a) "We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully.

b) He smiled uncomfortably. "Just plans, sir," he answered in a low voice.

c) Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years.

7. Answer the following questions briefly.

a) Why was the author surprised to see Nicola and Jacopo working as shoeshine boys?

b) The story is full of surprises. Briefly mention any two such instances.

c) Why were the boys in the deserted square at night? What character traits do they exhibit?

d) The narrator asks the boys, "Must you work so hard? You both look rather tired." The boys replied, "We are not complaining, sir." What do you learn about the boys from their reply?

e) Support the opinion that the narrator was kind and sensitive.

f) Do you think the boys looked after Lucia willingly? Give reasons for your answer.

8. Answer the following questions in detail.

a) Appearances are deceptive. Discuss with reference to the two boys.

b) How does the story 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' promise hope for society?

c) The story of the two boys, as revealed by the nurse, deeply impacts the narrator. He decides to write a diary entry, recording how he feels inspired by the grit, determination and selfless actions of the two gentlemen of Verona. As the narrator, write the entry.

d) When Lucia gets well she writes a letter to Nicola and Jacopo to express her feelings of gratitude and admiration for them. As Lucia, write the letter.

8. Look at the italic words in the following examples.

a. We bought their biggest basket, then ***set off*** toward town.

b. One night we ***came upon*** them in the windy and deserted square.

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

d. I shook my head and ***turned away***.

Here are a few more. Match the phrases to their meanings.

Phrases	Meanings
set up	to start on a journey
break down	to tolerate a situation or a person
set off	to lose control of your feelings and start crying
put up with	to enter
put off	to be faced with or opposed by
put on	to start/ establish a company
come in	to refuse/ reject
come across	to postpone
come up against	to try to get help/advice/ sympathy from someone
turn down	to wear
turn in	to meet or find by chance
turn to	to inform on or deliver up

Now use the phrases given above to complete the following sentences.

1. The landlord was suspicious of the two men staying in his flat so he called the police and ..... them .....
2. Early in the morning we packed our bags and ..... for a hike over the mountain.
3. Janvi ..... some photographs of her grandfather in the old trunk.
4. My father ..... his own business 10 years ago.
5. The Bank ..... Paul's request for a loan.
6. The Corporation's decision to reduce the leave of the employees ..... a lot of opposition.

9. **Two Gentlemen of Verona** is written in the **first person**. A story written in the first person is a first-hand account of events told or narrated through the eyes of a single character, typically the main character. Stories written in the first person are easily identified by the use of the pronoun 'I' rather than 'he or she'.

The reader will see phrases such as "I said, I thought," rather than "he said, she thought." Everything is experienced through the eyes of a single character, and all thoughts and observations are limited to that one person. There can be no outside

observer. If the narrator does not see or experience an event first-hand, it cannot be a part of the story. All scenes in the story are filtered through this person's unique perception.

The **third-person** is a narrative mode in which both the reader and author observe the situation either through the senses and thoughts of more than one character, or through an overarching godlike perspective that sees and knows everything that happens and everything the characters are thinking. In this mode of narration, the narrator can tell the reader things that the main character does not know, or things that none of the characters know.

Rewrite, in third person, any part of story you like.

10. The narrator realises why Nicola and Jacopo work so hard. Yet he does not go in to meet their sister nor does he speak to them about what he learns from the nurse. Working in groups, discuss the following aspects of the story and share your views with the class.

a) The love, devotion and the family values Nicola and Jacopo display.

b) Their pride in themselves and their family.

c) The trust they place in the narrator .

d) The reason the narrator does not disclose to them that he knows their secret.

WRITING TASK

11. As the narrator, write an article on the lesson of love, faith and trust that you have learnt from the two young boys of Verona.

12. After her brothers' visit, Lucia writes a page in her diary about her past life and her present situation. As Lucia, write the diary entry in about 150 words.

LISTENING TASK

13. Listen to an excerpt from the diary of a 13 year old girl Zlata Fillipovic who writes of the horrors of war in Sarajevo in her book Zlata's Diary.

As you listen, complete the following statements.

1. The first sign of approaching war was .....
2. The family went into the cellar when .....
3. The 'awful cellar' was the only place that could save their lives because .....
4. Zlata's friend, Nina died when .....
5. Zlata and her father were worried about her mother's safety because .....

Fiction

UNIT 2

F.2 Mrs Packletide's Tiger

by Saki

1. Why do people hunt? Complete the web chart giving various reasons for the same:

Was thought to be an act of bravery

2. Read these lines and guess the answers to the questions given below

It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger …. The compelling motive ….was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently …… personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing.

a) Why did Mrs. Packletide want to kill a tiger?

b) What does it tell you about her?

c) What is the tone of the storywriter?

d) Do you think she was successful in her mission?

e) What do you think the story is all about?

3. This story was written at a time when there was very little awareness about the need to protect the environment and the wildlife. Now read the story.

1. It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. Not that the lust to kill had suddenly descended on her, or that she felt that she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one fraction less of wild beast per million of inhabitants. The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of **Nimrod**[1] was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house on Curzon Street, **ostensibly**[2] in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. She had also already designed in her mind the tiger-claw brooch that she was going to give Loona Bimberton on her next birthday. In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by hunger and by love Mrs. Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.

2. Circumstances proved **propitious**[3]. Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without over-much risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of being the favoured **rendezvous**[4] of an animal of respectable antecedents, which had been driven by the increasing infirmities of age to abandon game-killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting-grounds, and the cheaper kinds of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one great anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the date appointed for the memsahib's shoot. Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

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1. **Nimrod :** Biblical character (great grandson of Noah); a mighty hunter
2. **ostensibly:** supposedly
3. **propitious :** favourable
4. **rendezvous :** meeting

3. The great night duly arrived, moonlit and cloudless. A platform had been constructed in a comfortable and conveniently placed tree, and thereon crouched Mrs. Packletide and her paid companion, Miss Mebbin. A goat, gifted with a particularly persistent bleat, such as even a partially deaf tiger might be reasonably expected to hear on a still night, was **tethered**[5] at the correct distance. With an accurately sighted rifle and a **thumb-nail pack of patience cards**[6] the sportswoman awaited the coming of the quarry.

4. "I suppose we are in some danger?" said Miss Mebbin.

5. She was not actually nervous about the wild beast, but she had a morbid dread of performing an atom more service than she had been paid for.

6. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Packletide; "it's a very old tiger. It couldn't spring up here even if it wanted to."

7. "If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."

8. Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination. Her energetic intervention had saved many a rouble from depleting itself in tips in some Moscow hotel, and francs and centimes clung to her instinctively under circumstances which would have driven them headlong from less sympathetic hands. Her speculations as to the market depreciation of tiger remnants were cut short by the appearance on the scene of the animal itself. As soon as it caught sight of the tethered goat it lay flat on the earth, seemingly less from a desire to take advantage of all available cover than for the purpose of snatching a short rest before commencing the grand attack.

9. "I believe it's ill," said Louisa Mebbin, loudly in Hindustani, for the benefit of the village headman, who was in ambush in a neighbouring tree.

10. "Hush!" said Mrs. Packletide, and at that moment the tiger commenced ambling towards his victim.

11. "Now, now!" urged Miss Mebbin with some excitement; "if he doesn't touch the goat we needn't pay for it." (The bait was an extra.)

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5. **tethered -** fastened
6. **thumb - nail pack of patience cards -** small sized playing cards to play solitaire

12. The rifle flashed out with a loud report, and the great tawny beast sprang to one side and then rolled over in the stillness of death. In a moment a crowd of excited natives had swarmed on to the scene, and their shouting speedily carried the glad news to the village, where a thumping of tom-toms took up the chorus of triumph. And their triumph and rejoicing found a ready echo in the heart of Mrs. Packletide; already that luncheon-party in Curzon Street seemed immeasurably nearer.

13. It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by **senile**[7] decay. Mrs. Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers, anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion. Therefore, Mrs. Packletide faced the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame reached from the pages of the *Texas Weekly Snapshot* to the illustrated Monday supplement of the *Novoe Vremya*. As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions. The luncheon-party she declined. There are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous.

14. "How amused every one would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.

15. "What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Packletide quickly.

16. "How you shot the goat and frightened the tiger to death," said Miss Mebbin, with her disagreeably pleasant laugh.

17. "No one would believe it," said Mrs. Packletide, her face changing colour as rapidly as though it were going through a **book of patterns**[8] before **post-time**[9].

18. "Loona Bimberton would," said Miss Mebbin. Mrs. Packletide's face settled on an unbecoming shade of greenish white.

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7. **senile -** characteristic of old age
8. **book of patterns -** Book showing the colour patterns of racing. stables, with colours worn by jockeys.
9. **post-time-** the start of horse race and deadline for placing a bet

19. "You surely wouldn't give me away?" she asked.

20. “I've seen a week-end cottage near Darking that I should rather like to buy," said Miss Mebbin with seeming irrelevance. "Six hundred and eighty, freehold. Quite a bargain, only I don't happen to have the money."

* * *

21. Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, christened by her **"Les Fauves**[10] ," and gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends.

22. "It is a marvel how Louisa manages to do it," is the general verdict.

23. Mrs. Packletide indulges in no more big-game shooting.

24. "The **incidental**[11] expenses are so heavy," she confides to inquiring friends.

About the Author

Saki, (1870-1916), whose real name was Hector Hugh Munro, was a British writer, whose witty stories satirized the society and culture of his day. He was considered a master of the short story.

4. Read the extract and answer the questions that follow.

II. *“It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle’s deadly work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay. Mrs Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion.”*

i) Which line from the extract supports the idea that people had no doubts about Mrs Packletide missing her mark?

ii) Select the option that correctly reveals the character traits of Mrs. Packletide.

1. Miserly
2. Opportunistic
3. Blunt
4. Greedy

10. Les Fauves - French for ' The Wild Animals'

11. incidental - secondary.

5. Pretentious

A. 1, 3 and 4

B. 2, 3, 4 and 5

C. 1, 3, 4 and 5

D. 2, 4 and 5

iii) Select the idiom that captures the central idea of the extract.

A. Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.

B. Sometimes a man wants to be stupid if it lets him do a thing his cleverness forbids.

C. Humans are the most unreliable species.

D. The greatest obstacle to discovery is not ignorance- it is the illusion of knowledge.

iv) Identify the writer's tone in this extract.

v) Select the option that displays the reason for Mrs. Packletide's brief annoyance.

A. The covering up of her blunder.

B. The death of the goat.

C. The sudden report of the rifle.

D. The participation of the villagers.

4. Answer the following questions in your own words:

(a) What made Mrs. Packletide decide to give a party in Loona Bimberton's honour? What did she intend to give Loona on her birthday?

(b) Who was Miss Mebbin? Was she really devoted to Mrs. Packletide? How did she behave during the tiger shooting?

(c) Mrs. Packletide was a good shot. Discuss.

(d) What comment did Miss Mebbin make after Mrs Packletide fired the shot? Why did Miss Mebbin make this comment? How did Mrs Packletide react to this comment?

(e) Briefly comment on the behaviour of the villagers throughout the story.

(f) Did Mrs. Packletide achieve her heart's desire? Give reasons for your answer.

(g) How did Miss Mebbin manage to get her week-end cottage? Why did she plant so many tiger lilies in her garden?

(h) "The incidental expenses are so heavy," she confides to inquiring friends. Who is the speaker? What is she referring to here?

(i) Do you think the silent figure of Loona Bimberton in the background, plays a crucial role in the story? Explain.

6. Discuss the following questions in detail and write the answers in your notebooks:

(a) Do you think the tiger shooting organized by the villagers was a serious affair? Give reasons for your answer.

(b) Do you think the writer is trying to make fun of the main characters in the story i.e. Mrs. Packletide, Miss Mebbin and Loona Bimberton? Pick out instances from the story that point to this fact.

(c) A person who is vain is full of self importance and can only think of himself/herself and can go to great lengths to prove his/her superiority. Do you think Mrs Packletide is vain? Give reasons in support of your answer.

(d) Sometimes writers highlight certain negative aspects in society or human beings by making fun of them. This is called a **Satire**. In your groups, discuss whether you would classify this story as a satire. Give reasons to support your answer

(e) How does the writer create humour in this story?

7. Choose extracts from the story that illustrate the character of the people listed in the table given below. There are some words given to help you. You may add words of your own. One has been done as an example:

vain jealous competitive shrewd manipulative stingy materialistic spiteful

Character	Extract from the story	What this tells us about the character
Mrs. Packletide	(i) The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of Nimrod was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing	Competitive

	(ii) Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without over-much risk or exertion,	.....
	(iii) Mrs. Packletide faced the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame reached from the pages of the Texas Weekly Snapshot to the illustrated Monday supplement of the Novoe Vremya.	.....
Louisa Mebbin	(i) "If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."	.....
	(ii) Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination	.....
	(iii) "How amused every one would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.	.....
	(iv) Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, christened by her "Les Fauves," and gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends	
Loona Bimberton	(i) As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions	.....
	(ii) There are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous.	.....

8. There are many amusing lines in the story. Here are a few of them. Rewrite each one in ordinary prose so that the meaning is retained. One has been done for you as an example:

a) It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger.

Mrs. Packletide wanted to shoot a tiger

b) Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house on Curzon Street, ostensibly in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation.

.....

.....

c) Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

.....

.....

d) Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination.

.....

.....

(e) Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay.

.....

.....

(f) As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions.

.....

.....

9. An *oxymoron* is a figure of speech that combines normally-contradictory terms. The most common form of oxymoron involves an adjective-noun combination of two words like- failed success

Writers often use an oxymoron to call attention to an apparent contradiction. For example, Wilfred Owen's poem *The Send-off* refers to soldiers leaving for the front line, who "lined the train with faces grimly gay." The oxymoron 'grimly gay' highlights the

contradiction between how the soldiers feel and how they act: though they put on a brave face and act cheerful, they feel grim. Some examples of oxymorons are- dark sunshine, cold sun, living dead, dark light, almost exactly etc.

The story Mrs. Packletide's Tiger has a number of oxymorons. Can you identify them and write them down in your notebooks?

WRITING TASK

10. (a) Years later Mrs. Packletide writes her autobiography. As Mrs. Packletide, write about the tiger episode with the help of the clues given below.

jealous of the applause Loona was getting-thought of tiger hunt--all arranged-- Louisa Mebbin accompanied; turned out to be a blackmailer-huge price to pay to outdo a rival

(b) Mrs. Packletide's Tiger by Saki is seeped in rich wit and humour. Choose and describe the most Laugh-Out-Loud (LOL) moment in the story. Give at least three reasons as to why you think this the most LOL moment.

(c) In groups of four, construct the dialogues and enact the following situations from the story:

1. Mrs. Packletide and the headman of the village/other villagers discussing the details of the tiger shooting
2. Miss Mebbin blackmailing Mrs Packletide into gifting her a cottage
3. Loona Bimberton and a lady-friend discussing Mrs Packletide's hunting success

LISTENING TASK

11. Listen to the reading of a passage on lion hunting and answer the questions given below:

1. The Maasai tribe in Africa hunt lions because
   - i. they live near the forests of Africa
   - ii. they view it as a sign of bravery and personal achievement
   - iii. they are a hunting tribe
   - iv. they adorn their bodies with body parts of the lion
2. Solo hunting has been banned because
   - i. it is dangerous
   - ii. of the declining lion population
   - iii. too many hunters have been killed

iv. it creates pride in the minds of the successful hunters

3. The hunting of lionesses is discouraged because

   i. they bear the cubs

   ii. they run much faster

   iii. they are more fierce

   iv. they cannot be spotted easily

4. The Maasai warriors chase a lion with rattle bells to

   i. awaken it

   ii. make it run faster

   iii. make it angry

   iv. frighten it

5. The Maasai use three parts of the lion. They are

   i. the mane, tail and claws

   ii. the mane, nails and claws

   iii. the mane, tail and nails

   iv. the whiskers, tail and claws

6. The tail is given to

   i. the strongest warrior

   ii. the fastest warrior

   iii. the youngest warrior

   iv. the bravest warrior

Fiction 3 UNIT

F.3 The Letter

By Dhumaketu

1. Look at the picture of the old man given below:

Working with your partner note down the feelings of the old man in the picture.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

2. Can you think of reasons for these feelings? Discuss with your partner and note down possible reasons.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

3. **Now read the story given below. Your teacher will use a variety of techniques for different parts of the story e.g.**

   - Silent reading
   - One student reading aloud to the whole class
   - Students reading in small groups
   - Dramatised reading in small groups

1. In the grey sky of early dawn, stars still glowed, as happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close. An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. From some houses came the sound of grinding mills, and the sweet voices of women singing at their work, and the sounds helped him along his lonely way. Except for an occasional bark of a dog, the distant steps of a workman going early to work, or the screech of a bird disturbed before its time, the whole town was wrapped in deathly silence. Most of its inhabitants were still in the arms of sleep, the sleep which grew more and more profound on account of the intense winter cold; for the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles. The old man, shivering at times but fixed of purpose, plodded on till he came out of the town-gate on to a straight road. Along this he now went at a somewhat slower pace, supporting himself on his old staff.

2. On one side of the road was a row of trees, on the other side the town's public garden. The sky was darker now and the cold more intense, for the biting wind was blowing straight along the road. At the end of the garden stood a handsome building of the newest style. Light gleamed through the crevices of its closed doors and windows.

3. **Beholding**[1] the wooden arch of this building, the old man was filled with the joy that a pilgrim feels when he first sees the goal of his journey. On the arch hung an old board with the newly painted letters "Post Office." The old man went in quietly and squatted on

1 **Beholding :** taking a look at; seeing

the verandah. The voices of two or three people busy and their routine work could be faintly heard through the wall.

4. "Police Superintendent," a voice called sharply. The old man started at the sound, but composed himself again to wait. But for the faith and love, that warmed him, he could not have borne the bitter cold.

5. Name after name rang out from within as the clerk read out the English addresses on the letters and flung them to the waiting postmen. From long practise he had acquired great speed at reading out the titles - Commissioner, Superintendent, **Diwan Sahib**[2]**,** Librarian - and in flinging the letters out.

6. In the midst of this procedure a jesting voice from inside called, "Coachman Ali!" The old man got up, raised his eyes to heaven in gratitude and stepping forward put his hands to the door.

7. "Gokul Bhai!"

8. "Yes who is there?"

9. "You called out coachman Ali's name didn't you. Here I am. I have come for my letter."

10. "It's a mad man, sir, who worries us by calling everyday for letters that never come," said the clerk to the postmaster.

11. The old man went back slowly to the bench on which he had been accustomed to sit for five long years.

12. Ali had been a clever shikari. As his skill increased so did his love for the hunt, till at last it was as impossible for him to pass a day without hunting. When Ali sighted the earth-brown partridge, almost invisible to other eyes, the poor bird, they said, was as good as in his bag. His sharp eyes saw the hare crouching. Even when the dogs failed to see the creature cunningly hidden in the yellow brown scrub, Ali's eyes would catch the sight of his ears; and in another moment it was dead. Besides this, he would often go out with his friends, the fishermen.

13. But when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and his life suddenly took a new turn. His only child, Miriam married and left him. She went off with a soldier into his regiment in the Punjab, and for the last five years he had no news of this daughter for whose sake alone he dragged along a cheerless existence. Now he understood the meaning of love and separation. He could no longer enjoy the sportsman's pleasure and laughter at the bewildered terror of the young partridges bereft of their parents.

14. Although the hunter's instinct was in his very blood and bones, such loneliness had come into his life since the day Miriam had gone away, that now, forgetting his sport, he would become lost in the admiration of the green cornfield. He reflected deeply, and

2 **Diwan Sahib :** a senior government official

came to the conclusion that the whole universe was built up through love and that the grief of separation was inescapable. And understanding this, he sat down under a tree and wept bitterly. From that day he had risen each morning at 4 o' clock to walk to the post -office. In his whole life, he had never received a letter, but with a devout serenity born of hope and faith, he persevered and was always the first to arrive.

15. The post office, one of the most uninteresting buildings in the world, became his place of pilgrimage. He always occupied a particular seat in a particular corner of the building, and when the people got to know his habit they laughed at him. The postmen began to make a game of him. Even though there was no letter for him they would call out his name for the fun of seeing him jump up and come to the door. Still with boundless faith and infinite patience, he came everyday, and went away empty-handed.

16. While Ali waited, peons would come for their firms' letters and he would hear them discussing their masters' scandals. These smart young peons in their spotless turbans and creaking shoes were always eager to express themselves. Meanwhile, the door would be thrown open and the post-master, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside. There was no glimmer of animation in his features; such men usually proved to be village schoolmasters, office clerks or postmasters.

17. One day, he was there as usual and did not move from his seat when the door was opened.

18. "Police Commissioner!" the clerk called out, and a young fellow stepped forward briskly for the letters.

19. "Superintendent!" Another voice called. Another peon came. And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Lord Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names.

20. At last they had all gone. Ali got up too and saluting the post-office as though it housed some precious relic, went off. A pitiable figure a century behind his time.

21. "That fellow," asked the post-master "Is he mad?"

22. "Who, Sir? Oh, yes," answered the clerk "no matter what the weather is he has been here everyday for the last five years. But he doesn't get many letters."

23. "I can well understand that! Who does he think will have time to write a letter everyday?"

24. "But he is a bit touched sir. In the old days he committed many sins; and maybe he shed some blood within sacred precincts and is paying for it now," the postman added in support of his statement.

25. "Mad-men are strange people," the postmaster said.

26. "Yes. Once I saw a postman in Ahmedabad who did absolutely nothing but make little heaps of dust. And another had a habit of going to the river bed in order to pour water on a certain stone everyday!"

27. "Oh! That's nothing" chimed in another. "I knew one madman who paced up and down all day long, another who never ceased declaiming poetry and a third who would slap himself on the cheek and then begin to cry because he was being beaten."

28. And everyone in the post office began to talk of lunacy. All working class people have the habit of taking periodic rests by joining in general discussion for a few minutes. After listening a while, the postmaster got up and said, "It seems as though the mad live in a world of their own making. To them perhaps we too appear mad. The mad-man's world is rather like the poet's, I should think!"

29. He laughed as he spoke the last words, looking at one of the clerks who wrote indifferent verse. Then he went out and the office became still again.

30. For several days Ali had not come to the post-office. There was no one with enough sympathy or understanding to guess the reason, but all were curious to know what had stopped the old man. At last he came again; but it was a struggle for him to breathe and on his face were clear signs of approaching end. That day he could not contain his impatience.

31. "Master Sahib", he begged the post-master, "Do you have a letter from my Miriam?"

32. The postmaster wanted to get out to the country, and was in a hurry.

33. "What a pest you are, brother!" he exclaimed.

34. "My name is Ali," answered Ali absent-mindedly.

35. "I know! I know! But do you think we've got your Miriam's name registered?"

36. "Then please note it down, brother. It will be useful if a letter should come when I am not here." For how should the villager who had spent three-quarters of his life hunting know that Miriam's name was not worth a pice to anyone but her father?

37. The postmaster was beginning to lose his temper. "Have you no sense?" he cried.

38. "Get away! Do you think we're going to eat your letter when it comes?" and he walked off hastily. Ali came out very slowly, turning after every few steps to gaze at the post office. His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness, for his patience was exhausted, even though he still had faith. Yet how could he still hope to hear from Miriam?

39. Ali heard one of the clerks coming up behind him, and turned to him.

40. "Brother!" he said.

41. The clerk was surprised, but being a decent fellow he said, “Well!"

42. "Here, look at this!" and Ali produced an old tin box and emptied five golden guineas into the surprised clerk's hands. "Do not look so startled," he continued.

43. "They will be useful to you, as they can never be to me. But will you do one thing?"

44. “What?"

45. "What do you see up there?" said Ali, pointing to the sky.

46. “Heaven."

47. "Allah is there, and in His presence I am giving you this money. When it comes, you must forward my Miriam's letter to me."

48. "But where---where am I supposed to send it?" asked the utterly bewildered clerk.

49. "To my grave."

50. “What?"

51. "Yes. It is true. Today is my last day: my very last, alas! And I have not seen Miriam, I have had no letter from her." There were tears in Ali's eyes as the clerk slowly left him and went on his way with the five golden guineas in his pocket.

52. Ali was never seen again, and no one troubled to inquire after him.

53. One day, however, trouble came to the postmaster. His daughter lay ill in another town, and he was anxiously waiting for news of her. The post was brought in, and the letters piled on the table. Seeing an envelope of the colour and shape he expected, the postmaster eagerly snatched it up. It was addressed to Coachman Ali, and he dropped it as though it had given him an electric shock. The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart. He knew at once that this was the letter the old man had been waiting for; it must be from his daughter Miriam.

54. "Lakshmi Das!" called the postmaster, for such was the name of the clerk to whom Ali had given his money.

55. "Yes, sir?"

56. "This is for your old coachman Ali. Where is he now?"

57. "I will find out, sir."

58. The postmaster did not receive his own letter all that day. He worried all night, and getting up at three, went to sit in the office. "When Ali comes at four o' clock," he mused, "I will give him the letter myself."

59. For now the postmaster understood Ali's heart and his very soul. After spending but a single night in suspense, anxiously waiting for news of his daughter, his heart was brimming with sympathy for the poor old man who had spent his nights in the same suspense for the last five years. At the stroke of five he heard a soft knock on the door: he felt sure it was Ali. He rose quickly from his chair, his suffering father's heart recognizing another, and flung the door wide open.

60. "Come in, brother Ali," he cried, handing the letter to the meek old man, bent double with age, who was standing outside. Ali was leaning on a stick, and the tears were wet on his face as they had been when the clerk left him. But his features had been hard then, and now they were softened by lines of kindliness. He lifted his eyes and in them was a light so unearthly that the postmaster shrank back in fear and astonishment.

61. Lakshmi Das had heard the postmaster's words as he came towards the office from another quarter. "Who was that, sir? Old Ali?" he asked. But the postmaster took no notice of him. He was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway from which Ali had disappeared. Where could he have gone? At last he turned to Lakshmi Das. "Yes, I was speaking to Ali," he said.

62. "Old Ali is dead, sir. But give me his letter."

63. "What! But when? Are you sure, Lakshmi Das?"

64. "Yes, that is so," broke in a postman who had just arrived. "Ali died three months ago."

65. The postmaster was bewildered. Miriam's letter was still lying near the door, Ali's image was still before his eyes. He listened to Lakshmi Das's recital of the last interview, but he could still not doubt the reality of the knock on the door and the tears in Ali's eyes. He was perplexed. Had he really seen Ali? Had his imagination deceived him? Or had it perhaps been Lakshmi Das?

66. The daily routine began. The clerk read out the addresses- Police Commissioner, Superintendent, Librarian - and flung the letters deftly.

67. But the postmaster now watched them as eagerly as though each contained a warm, beating heart. He no longer thought of them in terms of envelopes and postcards. He saw the essential human worth of a letter.

68. That evening you could have seen Lakshmi Das and the postmaster walking with slow steps to Ali's grave. They laid the letter on it and turned back.

69. "Lakshmi Das, were you indeed the first to come to the office this morning?"

70. "Yes, sir, I was the first."

71. "Then how…. No. I don't understand…."

72. "What, sir?"

73. "Oh, never mind," the postmaster said shortly. At the office, he parted from Lakshmi Das and went in. The newly-wakened father's heart in him was reproaching him for having failed to understand Ali's anxiety, for now he himself had to spend another night of restless anxiety. Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal sigri to wait.

About the Author

Dhumaketu (1892-1965) was the pen name of Gaurishankar Govardhandas Joshi, a prolific writer, who is considered one of the pioneers of the Gujarati short story. He published twenty-four collections of short stories, as well as thirty-two novels on historical and social subjects, plays and travelogues. His writing is characterized by a poetic style, romanticism and powerful depiction of human emotions.

4. Answer the following questions by selecting the correct options:

(a) Ali's walking to the Post Office daily even in biting cold weather shows his _____.

(I) courage

(ii) optimism

(iii) foolishness

(iv) strength of will

(b) Why is the post office referred to as Ali's 'place of pilgrimage'?

(I) He visited it daily.

(ii) He came there to pray for a letter from his daughter.

(iii) He went there with faith and hope.

(iv) He believed God would bless him if he went there.

© What does the post master's rudeness to Ali, reveal about him?

(i) lack of empathy

(ii) preoccupation with his work

(iii) preconceived notions

(iv) sensitivity

5. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow.

The post office, one of the most uninteresting buildings in the world, became his place of pilgrimage. He always occupied a particular seat in a particular corner of the building, and when the people got to know his habit, they laughed at him. The postmen began to make a game of him. Even though there was no letter for him they would call out his name for the fun of seeing him jump up and come to the door. Still with boundless faith and infinite patience, he came every day, and went away empty-handed.

(i) Select the option which displays an example of 'make a game of'.

Situation 1	Situation 2	Situation 3	Situation 4
Nikhil and Harish are interested in developing an app for a new video game they have invented. They are working hard for it.	The football team of a school plans to conduct an inter-school tournament. The Sports Secretary plans to conduct a meeting	Raju has recently joined a school. One of his classmates hides his lunch box and tells his friends to watch the fun when he searches for it.	It is recess time. Laya trips and falls while running in the field. Shruthi helps her back to her feet and takes her to the first-aid room.

A. Situation 1

B. Situation 2

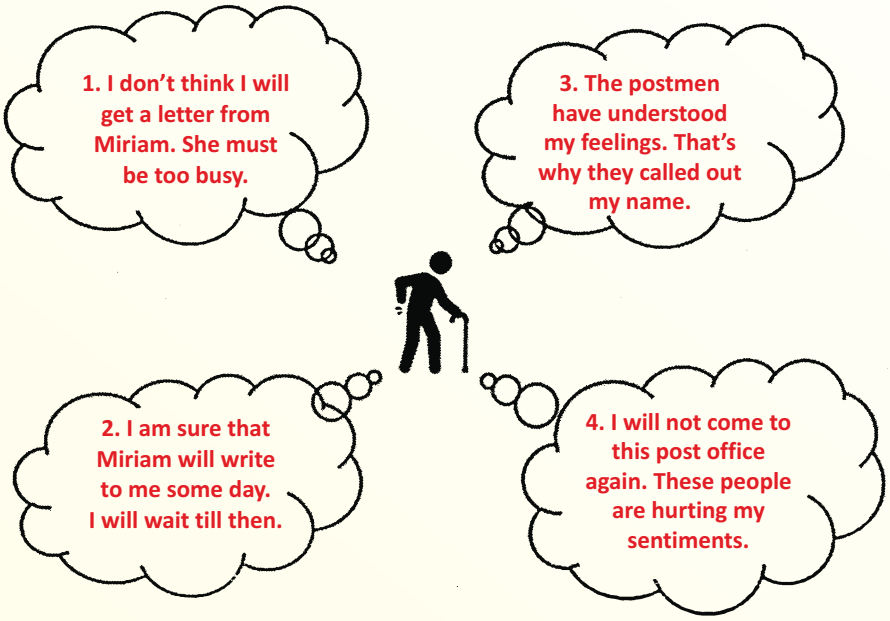
C. Situation 3

D. Situation 4

(ii) Identify any two characteristics of the postmen that are revealed via their behaviour towards Ali.

(iii) Give one reason why the writer refers to the post office as "One of the most uninteresting buildings in the world."

(iv) Choose the option that displays the thoughts of Ali as he walks out of the post office.



A. Option 1

B. Option 2

C. Option 3

D. Option 4

(v) Identify two words from the extract that imply 'without limits'.

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

(a) "Ali displays qualities of love and patience". Give evidence from the story to support the statement.

(b) How do you know Ali was a familiar figure at the post office?

(c) Why did Ali give up hunting?

(d) What impression do you form of the postmaster after reading the story 'The Letter'?

(e) The postmaster says to Ali, "What a pest you are, brother!" Do you agree with the statement? Give reasons for your answer.

(f) "Ali came out very slowly, turning after every few steps to gaze at the post office. His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness, for his patience was exhausted, even though he still had faith." Why were Ali's eyes filled with tears of helplessness? What had exhausted his patience but not his faith?

(g) "Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal sigri to wait." Who is tortured by doubt and remorse? Why? What is he waiting for?

7. The writer carefully builds up an atmosphere of loneliness and grief in the story. Working in groups, pick out words/ phrases from the story that build up the atmosphere. Copy the following table in your notebook and complete it.

Loneliness	Grief
• An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind • his lonely way	• the whole town was wrapped in deathly silence

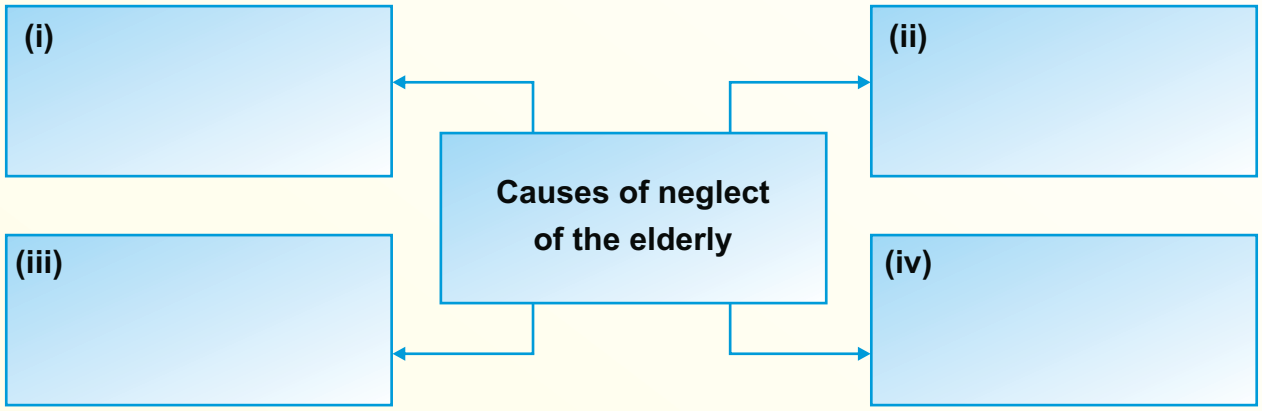
8. Complete the table by explaining the following phrases/ sentences in your own words:

Phrases	Meanings
happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close	
the sounds helped him along his lonely way	
the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles	
when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and suddenly took a new turn	
the whole universe is built up through love and that the grief of separation is inescapable	
the post-master, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside	
And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Lord Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names	
The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart	

9. LISTENING TASK

You will listen to views about the Joint Family system in India.

As you listen, complete the graphic given below.



10. WRITING TASK

Tortured by doubt and remorse, the postmaster sits in the glow of a charcoal sigri that night, waiting for news of his daughter. As he sits, he writes his diary.

As the postmaster, write a diary entry in about 150 words outlining your feelings about the day's events.

11. SPEAKING TASK

(a) The postmaster believes that he had seen Ali. What do you think? Discuss with your partner and present your views in front of the class.

(b) The postmaster was anxiously waiting for his ailing daughter's news. On not getting any news, he visits his daughter's town. Now create a dialogue between the postmaster and his daughter and enact it.

Fiction

UNIT 4

F.4 A Shady Plot

By Elsie Brown

1. Given below is a list of words related to ghosts and ghost stories with their jumbled up meanings against them. Match the words/expressions with their correct meanings:

Apparition	a feeling of anticipation or anxiety over a future event
Poltergeist	a reanimated corpse that is believed to rise from the grave at night to suck the blood of sleeping people
Clairvoyance	a conjurer who expels evil spirits by conjuration
Crystal Ball	a spelling board device intended to communicate with and through the spirit world, obtaining answers to questions
Eerie	beyond the range of normal experience or scientific explanation
Medium	any of a set of 22 playing cards bearing allegorical representations, used for fortune telling
Transmigration	a supernatural appearance of a person or thing, a ghost, spectre or phantom
Psychic	so mysterious, strange or unexpected as to send a chill up the spine
Ouija Board	the supposed power to see objects or events that cannot be perceived by the senses
Exorcist	a person through whom the spirits of the dead are alleged to be able to contact the living
Premonition	a globe of quartz crystal in which images, believed to portend the future, are supposedly visible to fortune tellers

Paranormal	to pass into another body after death: going from one state of existence or place to another
Tarot Card	capable of extraordinary mental processes, such as extrasensory perception and mental telepathy
Vampire	German word, meaning "noisy ghost"-a troublesome spirit that announces its presence with unexplainable sounds and the creation of disorder

2. The title of the story is A Shady Plot. The dictionary defines the words as:

shady *adjective*

a. Full of shade; shaded.

b. Casting shade: a shady grove.

c. Quiet, dark, or concealed; hidden.

d. Of dubious character or of questionable honesty.

plot *noun*

a. i) a small piece of ground, generally used for a specific purpose: a garden plot.

ii) a measured area of land

b. a ground plan, as for a building; a diagram.

c. storyline- the plan, scheme, or main story of a literary or dramatic work, as a play, novel, or short story

d. a secret plan to accomplish a hostile or illegal purpose; a scheme.

Based on the definitions above, can you predict what the story is about? Make a brief note of your prediction in your notebook.

3. Read the story given below. Your teacher will may a variety of techniques for different parts of the story. For example:

- Silent reading
- One student reading aloud to the whole class
- Students reading in small groups
- Dramatised reading in small groups

A SHADY PLOT

1. So I sat down to write a ghost story.

2. Jenkins was responsible.

3. “Hallock," he had said to me, "give us another on the supernatural this time. Something to give 'them the horrors; that's what the public wants, and your ghosts are live propositions."

4. Well, I was in no position to contradict Jenkins, for, as yet, his magazine had been the only one to print my stuff. So I had said, "Precisely!" in the deepest voice I was capable of, and had gone out.

5. I had no idea, but at that time it did not worry me at all. You see, I had often been like that before and in the end things had always come my way--I didn't in the least know how or why. It had all been rather mysterious. You understand I didn't specialize in ghost stories, but more or less they seemed to specialize in me. A ghost story had been the first fiction I had written. Curious how that idea for a plot had come to me out of nowhere after I had chased inspiration in vain for months! Even now whenever Jenkins wanted a ghost, he called on me. And I had never found it healthy to contradict Jenkins. Jenkins always seemed to have an uncanny knowledge as to when the landlord or the grocer was pestering me, and he **dunned**[1] me for a ghost. And somehow I had always been able to dig one up for him, so I had begun to get a bit **cocky**[2] as to my ability.

6. So I went home and sat down before my desk and sucked at the end of my pencil and waited, but nothing happened. Pretty soon my mind began to wander off on other things, decidedly unghostly and material things, such as my wife's shopping and how on earth I was going to cure her of her alarming tendency to take every new fad that came along and work it to death. But I realized that would never get me any place, so I went back to staring at the ceiling.

7. "This writing business is delightful, isn't it?" I said sarcastically at last, out loud, too. You see, I had reached the stage of imbecility when I was talking to myself.

8. “Yes," said a voice at the other end of the room, "I should say it is!"

---

1. **dunned :** persistently ask for something that is overdue
2. **cocky :** overconfident

9. I admit I jumped. Then I looked around.

10. It was twilight by this time and I had forgotten to turn on the lamp. The other end of the room was full of shadows and furniture. I sat staring at it and presently noticed something just taking shape. It was exactly like watching one of these moving picture cartoons being put together. First an arm came out, then a bit of sleeve of a stiff white **shirtwaist**[3] , then a leg and a plaid skirt, until at last there she was complete,--whoever she was.

11. She was long and angular, with enormous fishy eyes behind big bone-rimmed spectacles, and her hair in a tight wad at the back of her head (yes, I seemed able to see right through her head) and a jaw--well, it looked so solid that for the moment I began to doubt my very own senses and believe she was real after all.

12. She came over and stood in front of me and glared--yes, positively glared down at me, although (to my knowledge) I had never laid eyes on the woman before, to say nothing of giving her cause to look at me like that.

13. I sat still, feeling pretty helpless I can tell you, and at last she barked: "What are you gaping at?"

14. I swallowed, though I hadn't been chewing anything.

15. “Nothing," I said. "Absolutely nothing. My dear lady, I was merely waiting for you to tell me why you had come. And excuse me, but do you always come in sections like this? I should think your parts might get mixed up sometimes."

16. "Didn't you send for me?" she crisped.

17. Imagine how I felt at that!

18. "Why, no. I--I don't seem to remember----"

19. "Look here. Haven't you been calling on heaven and earth all afternoon to help you write a story?"

20. I nodded, and then a possible explanation occurred to me and my spine got cold. Suppose this was the ghost of a stenographer applying for a job! I had had an advertisement in the paper recently. I opened my mouth to explain that the position was filled, and permanently so, but she stopped me.

21. "And when I got back to the office from my last case and was ready for you, didn't you switch off to something else and sit there **drivelling**[4] so I couldn't attract your attention until just now?"

22. “I--I'm very sorry, really."

---

3. **shirtwaist :** a woman's blouse shaped like a man's shirt
4. **drivelling :** speak nonsense

23. "Well, you needn't be, because I just came to tell you to stop bothering us for assistance; you are not going to get it. We're going on strike!"

24. “What!"

25. "You don't have to yell at me."

26. "I--I didn't mean to yell," I said humbly. "But I'm afraid I didn't quite understand you. You said you were----"

27. "Going on strike. Don't you know what a strike is? Not another plot do you get from us!"

28. I stared at her and wet my lips.

29. "Is--is that where they've been coming from?"

30. "Of course. Where else?"

31. "But my ghosts aren't a bit like you----"

32. "If they were, people wouldn't believe in them." She **draped**[5] herself on the top of my desk among the pens and ink bottles and leaned towards me.

33. "In the other life I used to write."

34. "You did!"

35. She nodded.

36. "But that has nothing to do with my present form. It might have, but I gave it up at last for that very reason, and went to work as a reader on a magazine." She sighed, and rubbed the end of her long eagle nose with a **reminiscent**[6] finger. "Those were terrible days; the memory of them made me mistake purgatory for paradise, and at last when I attained my present state of being, I made up my mind that something should be done.

37. I found others who had suffered similarly, and between us we organized 'The Writer's Inspiration Bureau.' We scout around until we find a writer without ideas and with a mind soft enough to accept impression. The case is brought to the attention of the main office, and one of us assigned to it. When that case is finished we bring in a report."

38. "But I never saw you before----”

39. "And you wouldn't have this time if I hadn't come to announce the strike. Many a time I've leaned on your shoulder when you've thought you were thinking hard--" I groaned, and clutched my hair. The very idea of that horrible scarecrow so much as touching me! And wouldn't my wife be shocked! I shivered. "But," she continued, "that's at an end. We've been called out of our beds a little too often in recent years, and now we're through."

---

5. **draped :** sat in an indolent manner; lolled
6. **reminiscent :** with one's mind full of memories

40. "But my dear madam, I assure you I have had nothing to do with that. I hope I'm properly grateful and all that, you see."

41. "Oh, it isn't you," she explained patronizingly. "It's those **Ouija board**[7] fanatics. There was a time when we had nothing much to occupy us and used to haunt a little on the side, purely for amusement, but not any more. We've had to give up haunting almost entirely. We sit at a desk and answer questions now. And such questions!" She shook her head hopelessly, and taking off her glasses wiped them, and put them back on her nose again.

42. "But what have I got to do with this?"

43. She gave me a pitying look and rose.

44. “You're to exert your influence. Get all your friends and acquaintances to stop using the Ouija board, and then we'll start helping you to write."

45. "But----”

46. There was a footstep outside my door.

47. "John! Oh, John!" called the voice of my wife.

48. I waved my arms at the ghost with something of the motion of a beginner when learning to swim.

49. "Madam, I must ask you to leave, and at once. Consider the impression if you were seen here----”

50. The ghost nodded, and began, very sensibly, I thought, to demobilize and evaporate. First the **brogans**[8] on her feet grew misty until I could see the floor through them, then the **affection**[9] spread to her knees and gradually extended upward. By this time my wife was opening the door.

51. "Don't forget the strike," she repeated, while her lower jaw began to disintegrate, and as my Lavinia crossed the room to me the last vestige of her ear faded into space.

52. "John, why in the world are you sitting in the dark?"

---

7. **Ouija board:** a board on which are marked the letters of the alphabet. Answers to questions are spelt out by a pointer or glass held by the fingertips of the participants, and are supposedly formed by spiritual forces
8. **brogans :** a heavy ankle-high work boot with laces
9. **affection :** (here) condition; state of being affected

53. "Just--thinking, my dear."

54. "Thinking, rubbish! You were talking out loud."

55. I remained silent while she lit the lamps, thankful that her back was turned to me. When I am nervous or excited there is a muscle in my face that starts to twitch, and this pulls up one corner of my mouth and gives the appearance of an idiotic grin. So far I had managed to conceal this affliction from Lavinia.

56. "You know I bought the loveliest thing this afternoon. Everybody's wild over them!"

57. I remembered her craze for taking up new fads and a **premonitory**[10] chill crept up the back of my neck.

58. "It--it isn't----" I began and stopped. I simply couldn't ask; the possibility was too horrible.

59. “You'd never guess in the world. It's the duckiest, darlingest Ouija board, and so cheap! I got it at a bargain sale. Why, what's the matter, John?"

60. I felt things slipping.

61. "Nothing," I said, and looked around for the ghost. Suppose she had lingered, and upon hearing what my wife had said should suddenly appear----Like all sensitive women, Lavinia was subject to hysterics.

62. "But you looked so funny----”

63. "I--I always do when I'm interested," I gulped. "But don't you think that was a foolish thing to buy?"

64. "Foolish! Oh, John! Foolish! And after me getting it for you!"

65. "For me! What do you mean?"

66. "To help you write your stories. Why, for instance, suppose you wanted to write an historical novel. You wouldn't have to wear your eyes out over those musty old books in the public library. All you'd have to do would be to get out your Ouija and talk to Napoleon, or William the Conqueror, or Helen of Troy--well, maybe not Helen--anyhow you'd have all the local colour you'd need, and without a speck of trouble. And think how easy writing your short stories will be now."

67. "But Lavinia, you surely don't believe in Ouija boards."

68. "I don't know, John--they are awfully thrilling."

69. She had seated herself on the arm of my chair and was looking dreamily across the room. I started and turned around. There was nothing there, and I sank back with relief. So far so good.

---

10. premonitory : a foreboding.

70. "Oh, certainly, they're thrilling all right. That's just it; they're a darn sight too thrilling. They're positively devilish. Now, Lavinia, you have plenty of sense, and I want you to get rid of that thing just as soon as you can. Take it back and get something else."

71. My wife crossed her knees and stared at me through narrowed lids.

72. "John Hallock," she said distinctly. "I don't propose to do anything of the kind. In the first place they won't exchange things bought at a bargain sale, and in the second, if you aren't interested in the other world I am. So there!" and she slid down and walked from the room before I could think of a single thing to say. She walked very huffily.

73. Well, it was like that all the rest of the evening. Just as soon as I mentioned Ouija boards I felt things begin to cloud up; so I decided to let it go for the present, in the hope that she might be more reasonable later.

74. After supper I had another try at the writing, but as my mind continued to be a perfect blank, I gave it up and went off to bed.

75. The next day was Saturday, and it being near the end of the month and a particularly busy day, I left home early without seeing Lavinia. Understand, I haven't quite reached the point where I can give my whole time to writing, and being **bookkeeper**[11] for a lumber company does help with the grocery bills and pay for Lavinia's fancy shopping. Friday had been a half holiday, and of course when I got back the work was piled up pretty high; so high, in fact, that ghosts and stories and everything else vanished in a perfect tangle of figures.

76. When I got off the street car that evening my mind was still churning. I remember now that I noticed, even from the corner, how brightly the house was illuminated, but at the time that didn't mean anything to me. I recall as I went up the steps and opened the door I murmured: "Nine times nine is eighty-one!"

77. And then Gladolia met me in the hall.

78. "Misto Hallock, de Missus sho t'inks you's lost! She say she done 'phone you dis mawnin' to be home early, but fo' de lawd's sake not to stop to **argify**[12] now, but get ready fo' de company an' come on down."

79. Some memory of a message given to me by one of the clerks filtered back through my brain, but I had been hunting three lost receipts at the time, and had completely forgotten it.

80. “Company?" I said stupidly. "What company?"

81. "De Missus's Ouija boahrd pahrty," said Gladolia, and rolling her eyes she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

---

11. bookkeeper : accountant

12. argify : (here) argue

82. I must have gone upstairs and dressed and come down again, for I presently found myself standing in the dimly lighted lower hall wearing my second best suit and a fresh shirt and collar. But I have no recollections of the process.

83. There was a great chattering coming from our little parlour and I went over to the half-opened door and peered through.

84. The room was full of women--most of them elderly--whom I recognized as belonging to my wife's Book Club. They were sitting in couples, and between each couple was a Ouija board! The mournful squeak of the legs of the moving triangular things on which they rested their fingers filled the air and mixed in with the conversation. I looked around for the ghost with my heart sunk down to zero. What if Lavinia should see her and go mad before my eyes! And then my wife came and tapped me on the shoulder.

85. “John," she said in her sweetest voice, and I noticed that her cheeks were very pink and her eyes very bright. My wife is never so pretty as when she's doing something she knows I disapprove of, "John, dear I know you'll help us out. Mrs. William Augustus Wainright 'phoned at the last moment to say that she couldn't possibly come, and that leaves poor Laura Hinkle without a partner. Now, John, I know some people can work a Ouija by themselves, but Laura can't, and she'll just have a horrible time unless you----"

86. "Me!" I gasped. "Me! I won't----" but even as I spoke she had taken my arm, and the next thing I knew I was sitting with the thing on my knees and Miss Laura Hinkle opposite, grinning in my face like a flirtatious crocodile.

87. "I--I won't----" I began.

88. "Now, Mr. Hallock, don't you be shy." Miss Laura Hinkle leaned forward and shook a bony finger almost under my chin.

89. “I--I'm not! Only I say I won't----!"

90. "No, it's very easy, really. You just put the tips of your fingers right here beside the tips of my fingers----"

91. And the first thing I knew she had taken my hands and was **coyly**[13] holding them in the position desired. She released them presently, and the little board began to slide around in an aimless sort of way. There seemed to be some force tugging it about. I looked at my partner, first with suspicion, and then with a vast relief. If she was doing

13 **coyly :** flirtatious but pretending to be shy or modest

it, then all that talk about spirits----Oh, I did hope Miss Laura Hinkle was cheating with that board!

92. "Ouija, dear, won't you tell us something?" she cooed, and on the instant the thing seemed to take life.

93. It rushed to the upper left hand corner of the board and hovered with its front leg on the word “Yes." Then it began to fly around so fast that I gave up any attempt to follow it. My companion was bending forward and had started to spell out loud: "'T-r-a-i-t-o-r.' Traitor! Why, what does she mean?"

94. "I don't know," I said desperately. My collar felt very tight.

95. "But she must mean something. Ouija, dear, won't you explain yourself more fully?"

96. “'A-s-k-h-i-m!' Ask him. Ask who, Ouija?"

97. "I--I'm going." I choked and tried to get up but my fingers seemed stuck to that dreadful board and I dropped back again.

98. Apparently Miss Hinkle had not heard my protest. The thing was going around faster than ever and she was reading the message silently, with her brow corrugated, and the light of the huntress in her pale blue eyes.

99. "Why, she says it's you, Mr. Hallock. What does she mean? Ouija, won't you tell us who is talking?"

100. I groaned, but that **inexorable**[14] board continued to spell. I always did hate a spelling match! Miss Hinkle was again following it aloud: “'H-e-l-e-n.' Helen!" She raised her voice until it could be heard at the other end of the room. "Lavinia, dear, do you know anyone by the name of Helen?"

101. "By the name of----? I can't hear you." And my wife made her way over to us between the Book Club's chairs.

102. "You know the funniest thing has happened," she whispered excitedly. "Someone had been trying to communicate with John through Mrs. Hunt's and Mrs. Sprinkle's Ouija! Someone by the name of Helen----"

103. "Why, isn't that curious!"

104. "What is?"

105. Miss Hinkle **simpered**[15]**.**

106. "Someone giving the name of Helen has just been calling for your husband here."

14 **inexorable :** unstoppable

15 **simpered :** smile in a silly, often coy manner

107. "But we don't know anyone by the name of Helen----"

108. Lavinia stopped and began to look at me through narrowed lids much as she had done in the library the evening before.

109. And then from different parts of the room other manipulators began to report. Every plagued one of those five Ouija boards was calling me by name! I felt my ears grow crimson, purple, maroon. My wife was looking at me as though I were some peculiar insect. The squeak of Ouija boards and the murmur of conversation rose louder and louder, and then I felt my face twitch in the spasm of that idiotic grin. I tried to straighten my wretched features into their usual semblance of humanity, I tried and----

110. "Doesn't he look sly!" said Miss Hinkle. And then I got up and fled from the room.

111. I do not know how that party ended. I do not want to know. I went straight upstairs, and undressed and crawled into bed, and lay there in the burning dark while the last guest gurgled in the hall below about the wonderful evening she had spent. I lay there while the front door shut after her, and Lavinia's steps came up the stairs and--passed the door to the guest room beyond. And then after a couple of centuries elapsed the clock struck three and I dozed off to sleep.

112. At the breakfast table the next morning there was no sign of my wife. I concluded she was sleeping late, but Gladolia, upon being questioned, only shook her head, muttered something, and turned the whites of her eyes up to the ceiling. I was glad when the meal was over and hurried to the library for another try at that story.

113. I had hardly seated myself at the desk when there came a tap at the door and a white slip of paper slid under it. I unfolded it and read:

114. "DEAR JOHN,

115. "I am going back to my grandmother. My lawyer will communicate with you later."

116. “Oh," I cried. "Oh, I wish I was dead!"

117. And:

118. "That's exactly what you ought to be!" said that horrible voice from the other end of the room.

119. I sat up abruptly--I had sunk into a chair under the blow of the letter--then I dropped back again and my hair rose in a thick prickle on the top of my head. Coming majestically across the floor towards me was a highly polished pair of thick laced shoes. I stared at them in a sort of dreadful fascination, and then something about their gait attracted my attention and I recognized them.

120. "See here," I said sternly. "What do you mean by appearing here like this?"

121. "I can't help it," said the voice, which seemed to come from a point about five and a half feet above the shoes. I raised my eyes and presently distinguished her round protruding mouth.

122. "Why can't you? A nice way to act, to walk in sections----"

123. "If you'll give me time," said the mouth in an exasperated voice, "I assure you the rest of me will presently arrive."

124. "But what's the matter with you? You never acted this way before."

125. She seemed stung to make a violent effort, for a portion of a fishy eye and the end of her nose popped into view with a suddenness that made me jump.

126. "It's all your fault." She glared at me, while part of her hair and her plaid skirt began slowly to take form.

127. "My fault!"

128. "Of course. How can you keep a lady up working all night and then expect her to retain all her faculties the next day? I'm just too tired to materialize."

129. "Then why did you bother?"

130. "Because I was sent to ask when your wife is going to get rid of that Ouija board."

131. "How should I know! I wish to heaven I'd never seen you!" I cried. "Look what you've done! You've lost me my wife, you've lost me my home and happiness, you've----you've----"

132. "Misto Hallock," came from the hall outside, "Misto Hallock, I's gwine t' quit. I don't like no **hoodoos**[16]." And the steps retreated.

133. “You've----you've lost me my cook----"

134. "I didn't come here to be abused," said the ghost coldly. "I--I----"

135. And then the door opened and Lavinia entered. She wore the brown hat and coat she usually travels in and carried a suitcase which she set down on the floor.

136. That suitcase had an air of solid finality about it, and its lock leered at me **brassily**[17].

137. I leaped from my chair with unaccustomed agility and sprang in front of my wife. I must conceal that awful phantom from her, at any risk!

138. She did not look at me, or--thank heaven!--behind me, but fixed her injured gaze upon the waste-basket, as if to wrest dark secrets from it.

139. "I have come to tell you that I am leaving," she **staccatoed**[18].

---

16 **hoodoos :** placing curses and charms to bring bad luck on some one

17 **brassily :** rudely; insolently

18 **staccatoed :** spoke in an abrupt, detached manner

140. "Oh, yes, yes!" I agreed, flapping my arms about to attract attention from the corner. "That's fine--great!"

141. "So you want me to go, do you?" she demanded.

142. "Sure, yes--right away! Change of air will do you good. I'll join you presently!" If only she would go till Helen could depart! I'd have the devil of a time explaining afterwards, of course, but anything would be better than to have Lavinia see a ghost. Why, that sensitive little woman couldn't bear to have a mouse say boo at her--and what would she say to a ghost in her own living-room?

143. Lavinia cast a cold eye upon me. "You are acting very queerly," she sniffed. "You are concealing something from me."

144. Just then the door opened and Gladolia called, "Mis' Hallock! Mis' Hallock! I've come to tell you I'se done lef' dis place."

145. My wife turned her head a moment. "But why, Gladolia?"

146. "I ain't stayin' round no place 'long wid dem Ouija board contraptions. I'se **skeered**[19] of hoodoos. I's done gone, I is."

147. "Is that all you've got to complain about?" Lavinia inquired.

148. "Yes, ma'am."

149. "All right, then. Go back to the kitchen. You can use the board for kindling wood."

150. "Who? Me touch dat t'ing? No, ma'am, neva!"

151. “I'll be the **coon**[20] to burn it," I shouted. "I'll be glad to burn it."

152. Gladolia's heavy steps moved off kitchenward.

153. Then my Lavinia turned **waspishly**[21] to me again. "John, there's not a bit of use trying to deceive me. What is it you are trying to conceal from me?"

154. "Who? Me? Oh, no," I lied elaborately, looking around to see if that dratted ghost was concealed enough. She was so big, and I'm rather a smallish man. But that was a bad move on my part.

155. “John," Lavinia demanded like a ward boss, "you are hiding somebody in here! Who is it?"

156. I only waved denial and gurgled in my throat. She went on, “It's bad enough to have you flirt over the Ouija board with that hussy----"

157. "Oh, the affair was quite above-board, I assure you, my love!" I cried, leaping lithely about to keep her from focusing her gaze behind me.

---

19 **skeered :** scared

20 **coon :** (here) the one doing a menial job

21 **waspishly :** in an irritated manner

158. She thrust me back with sudden muscle. "I will see who's behind you! Where is that Helen?"

159. "Me? I'm Helen," came from the ghost.

160. Lavinia looked at that apparition, that owl-eyed phantom, in plaid skirt and stiff shirtwaist, with hair skewed back and no powder on her nose. I threw a protecting husbandly arm about her to catch her when she should faint. But she didn't swoon. A broad, satisfied smile spread over her face.

161. "I thought you were Helen of Troy," she murmured.

162. "I used to be Helen of Troy, New York," said the ghost. "And now I'll be moving along, if you'll excuse me. See you later."

163. With that she telescoped briskly, till we saw only a hand waving farewell.

164. My Lavinia fell forgivingly into my arms. I kissed her once or twice fervently, and then I shoved her aside, for I felt a sudden strong desire to write. The sheets of paper on my desk spread invitingly before me.

165. "I've got the **bulliest**[22] plot for a ghost story!" I cried.

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

1. What made the writer overconfident about his ability to write ghost stories ?

   a) He was contacted whenever magazines wanted a ghost story

   b) He was always able to write a ghost story whenever he had to write one

   c) He had an Ouija board

   d) He knew the ghost lady would help him write a good ghost story

2. The sight of the ghost materialising in his room filled the narrator with ……

   a) fear

   b) excitement

   c) joy

   d) anticipation

•3. John wants the ghost to disappear before his wife enters the room and waves his arms at the ghost with something of the motion of a beginner when learning to swim. What does it reveal about John?

22 **bulliest :** best; excellent

His_____.

a) fear

b) amusement

c) desperation

d) anxiety

4. When the narrator says his wife is never so pretty as when she's doing something she knows he disapproves of, his tone is _____.

a) amused

b) ironic

c) angry

d) irritated

5. The ghost says "It's all your fault.'It' here refers to the _____.

a) narrator's wife's anger

b) ghost's anger

c) narrator's wife leaving him

d) ghost materialising in sections.

5. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow.

1. We scout around until we find a writer without ideas and with a mind soft enough to accept the impression. The case is brought to the attention of the main office, and one of us is assigned to it. When that case is finished we bring in a report.

(i) What does 'we' refer to in the above lines?

(ii) Select the most appropriate option based on (1) and (2).

(1) 'The case is brought to the attention of the main office, and one of us assigned to it.'

(2) Helen says that she helped Johan many times when the was thinking hard.

A. (1) is the reason for (2)

B. (1) is the result of (2)

C. (1) is independent of (2)

D. (2) is the reason for (1)

(iii) Choose the most appropriate option which shows the speaker's character with reference to the extract.

A. Creative

B. Gullible

C. Jealous

D. Sceptical

(iv) 'We scout around...' What purpose does the scouting serve?

(v) Select the option that displays the appropriate features that can be associated with task completion, as mentioned in the extract.

(1) organisation

(2) autocracy

(3) delegation of duty

(4) competitiveness

(5) need for recognition

A. Only (4)

B. (2), (3) and (5)

C. (1) and (3)

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

a) Which genre of stories does Jenkins want the narrator to write? Why?

b) Does the narrator like writing ghost stories? Support your answer with evidence from the story.

c) What makes Helen, the ghost and her other co-ghosts organize The Writer's Inspiration Bureau?

d) Why had Helen, the ghost, been helping the narrator write ghost stories? Why was she going on strike? What condition did she place for providing continued help?

e) How does the ghost undermine the narrator's faith in his ability to write ghost stories?

f) Why does John want the ghost to disappear before his wife appears on the scene? What impression of his wife's character do you form from his words?

g) Why does the narrator hesitate to be a partner to Laura Hinkle during the Ouija Board Party?

h) What message does the ghost convey to the group assembled in the narrator's house? What is their reaction to the message?

i) Do you agree with the narrator calling the assembly of women "manipulators?" Give reasons.

j) Why does John wish himself to be dead? Also, explain Helen's role in resolving that phase in his life.

k) When confronted by Lavinia about his flirtations over the Ouija Board, John insists that 'the affair was quite above-board, I assure you, my love'. Bring out the pun in John's statement.

l) John's apprehensions about his wife's reaction to her encounter with the ghost are unfounded. Justify.

7. Answer the following questions in detail:

a) After her reconciliation with her husband, John Hallock, Lavinia writes a letter to her friend expressing how her relationship with him has almost been on the verge of breaking and what has saved it. Write her a letter.

b) John Hallock reflects upon his experience with Helen's ghost and in retrospect he finds it quite amusing. All the same he is relieved that he is no longer plagued by it. Ironically, the same ghost inspires his creativity and he writes a diary entry reflecting upon the comical aspect of his experience. Write his diary entry.

8. The narrator and his wife reveal something about their character through their words and actions. We also learn about them from what other people say. Can you pick out the words that describe them from the box given below? Also, pick outlines and instances from the story to illustrate your choice.

shy arrogant loyal clever overconfident manipulative
protective self- disparaging suspicious sceptical jealous fearless
firm shrewd strong gullible sly creative
loves novelty and thrills

Person	Extract from story	What it tells us about the character
John Hallock	1. …in the end things had always come my way….. somehow I'd always been able to dig one (plot) up for him, so I'd begun to get a bit cocky as to my ability (to write stories).	1. _____
	2. "But my ghosts aren't a bit like you----".	2. sceptical
	3. We scout around until we find a writer without ideas and with a mind soft enough to accept impression.	3. gullible
	4. _____	4. creative
	5. _____	5. protective
Lavinia Hallock	1. _____	1. loves novelty and thrills
	2. _____	2. spendthrift
	3. _____	3. suspicious
	4. _____	4. jealous
	5. Buys the Ouija board but says it is for John's research	5. manipulative
	6. Does not flinch when she meets the ghost but talks to her casually.	6. strong

9. Gladolia, the narrator's cook, is an African. The language she speaks is different from that of the others. This is known as Dialect. A dialect consists of words or phrases that reflect the regional variety of a language. An author often uses a dialect to make the dialogue more authentic. Initially, a dialogue may seem a little

difficult to understand. However, as you continue reading, the language becomes more comprehensible.

Working in groups, write what Gladolia's words mean as shown.

Column A	Column B
• Misto Hallock • de Missus • sho t'inks you's lost! • she done 'phone you dis mawnin' • fo' de lawd's sake • not to stop to argify now • I's gwine t' quit. • I don't like no hoodoos. • I'se done lef' dis place • I is	• Mister Hallock

10. Read and understand the following ghost phrases and expressions:

a) To give up the ghost-- *to die or to stop trying*

b) A ghost of a chance-- *a poor chance, not likely to happen*

c) The ghost at the feast-- *something or someone that spoils your enjoyment by reminding you of something unpleasant*

d) Ghost town-- *a town which most people have left, abandoned and deserted*

e) Ghost-write- *to write for someone else*

f) Lay the ghost of something/somebody (to rest)-- *to finally stop being worried or upset by something or someone that has worried or upset you for a long time*

g) Ghost image -- *secondary image, especially, one appearing on a television screen as a white shadow, caused by poor or double reception or by a defect in the receiver*

h) the ghost of a smile - *faint trace of a smile*

i) As white as a ghost- *very pale or white in the face*

Now complete the following story by using the appropriate phrases in the blanks given below:

I was alone in a place that bore a deserted look like that of a _____. I increased the pace of my footsteps as I walked through the dark forest. I felt someone walking behind me. I turned immediately and spotted the contour of a figure in the form of a _____ .It smiled at me wickedly .I started shaking with fear and perspiring profusely when I felt its skeletal hand upon my neck. I woke up with a start, relieved that it was only a nightmare.

This was not the first time I had had one. It had all started when I had watched the horrendous horror film with a eerie ghost character that had a scary ghost of a smile on its face.It had been almost a month. The strange thing was that I saw a similar face at the station the next morning. That was uncanny.

I was to attend a dinner at my friend's at Northanger Abbey that night. I had decided to narrate my experience to the group that would assemble there. Although I knew, there was _____ that they would be convinced.

After everyone had finished pouring their drinks to themselves, I cleared my throat and started narrating my spooky experience. However, every one of the group started accusing me of being _____ and held me responsible for spoiling the spirit of revelry. I gave up the ghost and sat quietly waiting for the party to be over. Back at home, the fears returned .I knew I had to talk about my experience to somebody to feel better. I have now decided to _____ and publish my experience under a pseudonym. Only then can I _____.

11. SPEAKING

Ghosts and haunting have fascinated the public for centuries. Although many doubt the existence of ghosts or other paranormal entities, many people dedicate their lives to searching and recording paranormal activity. Ghost tours, support groups and research societies, to name just a few, permeate our society and seek to answer questions about paranormal activity.

Interview your friends, relatives and people in your neighbourhood about whether they believe in the existence of ghosts. Ask them to tell you of any specific experiences they might have had in this context. In your groups, identify the most fascinating anecdote you have gathered on the basis of your interactions. Narrate it to the class.

12. WRITING

Do you think a story has an atmosphere? Complete the following blanks to make up your ghost story by choosing the correct options.

A Ghost Story

She opened the _____ (secret door/ spaceship's hatch/ door of the cottage/ cemetery gate/ door of the castle/ cockpit) _____ (brashly/ loudly/ silently/ stupidly/ fearfully/ joyously). Standing in front of her was a _____ (terrifying/ handsome/ smelly/ anonymous/ tiny/ huge/ bossy) _____ (policeman/ spy/ apparition/ witch/ prince/ wizard) with a _____ (wand/ rose/ rod/ knife/ scythe/ coded message) in his/ her (its) _____ (ghoulish/ bony/ beautiful/ fair/ manly/ gloved/ magical) hand.

Now that you have shared a ghost story/anecdote as well as completed a guided story in the class, create your own ghost story on the basis of the starters given below:

a) Stephen knew he would never sleep. The noises, those horrid sounds, would keep him awake...

b) Tap, tap, tap. Was it the branches of the nearby tree, or fingernails against the window?

c) People often say, 'There's no such thing as ghosts....

You are familiar with the key elements of a short story viz setting, plot, conflict, character and point of view. Given below are specifics to be kept in mind while writing a ghost story. Also make use of the vocabulary that you have learnt from the story 'A Shady Plot'.

- Colours, sounds, feeling words
- Strong definite characters
- Creating suspense
- Setting the scene and the atmosphere
- Describing the weather
- Clear opening line
- Personal feelings
- Clear ending
- Describing the sounds
- Adding a dramatic element
- Mystery

Useful words and phrases to consider

when writing a ghost story

Chill ,Spooky, Gloom , Flooding, Scary , Hair-raising, Cobwebs, Eerie , Frightened , Spine-chilling , Spirit, Grotesque ,Old and cold , Shivers of fear, Uncanny atmosphere, Paranormal, Abandoned , Spectre , Dare , Chain-rattling , Shriek, Phantom, deathly , Creepy, Whispering, Cries, Howling , Frostiness , Blood-curdling Sensation , Indistinct, Supernatural , Weird, Wicked laughter, Horror, Aura , Lifeless , Scream, Shrill , Darkness, Abnormal, Mist , Fog , Vision, Headless, Footsteps , Graveyard, Apprehension , Corpse , Ghoul , Phantasm , Horse and Carriage, Hooves

SPEAKING

13. While conventional Ghost stories are scary and gruesome, several modern versions are humorous. The Canterville Ghost, by Oscar Wilde, is one of the best ghost stories written in the vein of comic satire. The story that you just read is another example in case. Humour arises out of the narrator's ability to laugh at himself, clever use of language as well as comic situations. Discuss within your groups what makes the story, A Shady Plot humorous. Share your views during a class discussion.

LISTENING TASK

14. Listen to the extract from The Canterville Ghost by Oscar Wilde and complete the following tasks as directed.

1. Answer the following questions:

1. The Ghost loved the stormy weather because ….(Complete the statement by ticking the correct option)

   a) he liked the rain

   b) he liked the strong wind that shook and rattled all the windows and doors in the old house

   c) his plan would fail otherwise

   d) such weather was ideal for frightening the people in the house

2. The Ghost was particularly angry with Washington and wished to frighten him because…. .....(Complete the statement)

3. The Ghost did not wish to frighten Virginia because ….(Complete the statement)

4. The Ghost was most angry with ….(Complete the statement by ticking the correct option)

   a) Mr and Mrs Otis

   b) Virginia

   c) Washington

   d) The Twins

5. Write two striking qualities of the Ghost as revealed in this extract.

   a) _____

   b) _____

Fiction 5 UNIT

F. 5 Patol Babu, Film Star

Satyajit Ray

1. Discuss with your partner and answer the following questions:

What are your strengths?

Strengths	Why do you feel so?

What is your dream career?

I want to become a……

- Is there any correlation between your strengths and aspirations?
- Do you think you can achieve your dreams? Give reasons.

2. Read this story which tells the reader about a chance opportunity that a man called Patol Babu comes across and how he is able to fulfil a lifelong dream.

1 Patol Babu had just hung his shopping-bag on his shoulder when Nishikanto Babu called from outside the main door, 'Patol, are you in?'

2 'Oh, yes.' Said Patol Babu. 'Just a minute.'

3 Nishikanto Ghosh lived three houses away from Patol Babu in Nepal Bhattacharji Lane. He was a genial person.

4 Patol Babu came out with the bag. 'What brings you here so early in the morning?'

5 'Listen, what time will you be back?'

6 'In an hour or so. Why?'

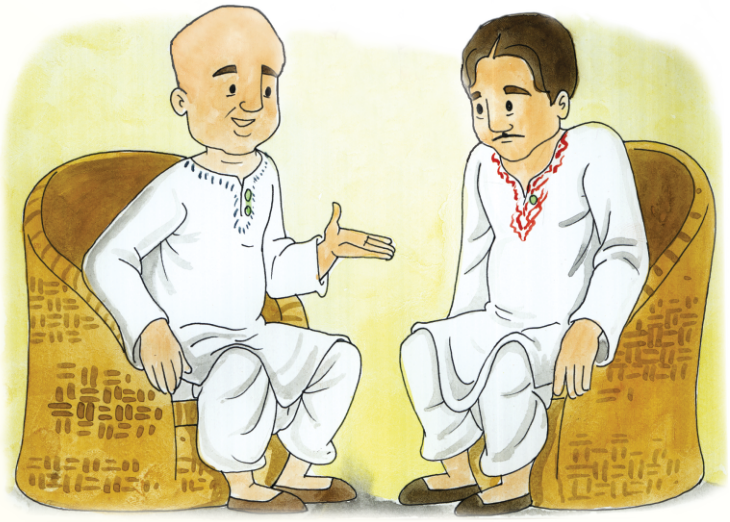
7 'I hope you'll stay in after that - today being Tagore's birthday. I met my youngest brother-in-law in Netaji Pharmacy yesterday. He is in the film business, in the production department. He said he was looking for an actor for a scene in a film they're now shooting. The way he described the character - fiftyish, short, bald-headed - it reminded me of you. So I gave him your address and asked him to get in touch with you directly. I hope you won't turn him away. They'll pay you, of course.'

8 Patol Babu had not expected such a news at the start of the day. That an offer to act in a film could come to a 52-year-old nonentity like him was **beyond his wildest dreams**[1].

9 'Well, yes or no?' asked Nishikanto Babu. 'I believe you did some acting on the stage at one time?'

10 'That's true,' said Patol Babu. 'I really don't see why I should say no. But let's talk to your brother-in-law first and find out some details. What's his name?'

11 'Naresh. Naresh Dutt. He's about thirty. A strapping young fellow. He said he would be here around ten-thirty.'



12 Buying provisions in the market, Patol Babu mixed up his wife's orders and bought red chillies instead of onion seeds. And he quite forgot about the aubergines. This was not surprising. At one time Patol Babu had a real passion for the stage; in fact, it **verged on obsession**[2]. In *Jatras*, in amateur theatricals, in plays put up by the club in his neighbourhood, Patol Babu was always in demand. His name had appeared in handbills on countless occasions. Once it appeared in bold type near the top: 'Sitalakanto Ray (Patol Babu) in the role of Parasar'. Indeed, there was a time when people bought tickets especially to see him.

13 That was when he used to live in Kanchrapara. He had a job in the railway factory there. In 1934, he was offered higher pay in a clerical post with Hudson and Kimberley, in Calcutta, and was also lucky to find a flat in Nepal Bhattacharji Lane. He gave up his factory job and came to Calcutta with his wife. It was quite **smooth sailing**[3] for some years, and Patol Babu was in his boss's good books. In 1943, when he was just **toying**

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1 **beyond his wildest dream-** in a way he had not imagined
2 **verged on obsession-** could not think of anything else
3 **smooth sailing-** having no problems

with the idea[4] of starting a club in his neighbourhood, sudden retrenchment in his office due to the war cost him his nine-year-old job.

14 Ever since then Patol Babu had struggled to make a living. At first he opened a variety store which he had to wind up after five years. Then he took up a job in a Bengali firm which he gave up in disgust when his boss began to treat him in too high-handed a fashion. Then, for ten long years, starting as an insurance salesman, Patol Babu tried every means of earning a livelihood without ever succeeding in improving his lot. Of late he has been paying regular visits to a small establishment dealing in scrap iron where a cousin of his has promised him a job.

15 And acting? That has become a thing of the remote past; something which he **recalls at times with a sigh**[5]. Having a good memory, Patol Babu still remembers lines from some of his better parts, 'Listen, O listen to the thunderous twang of the mighty bow Gandiva engaged in gory conflict, and to the angry roar of the mountainous club whizzing through the air in the hands of the great Brikodara!' It sent a shiver down his spine just to think of such lines.

16 Naresh Dutt turned up at half past twelve. Patol Babu had given up hope and was about to go for his bath when there was a knock on the front door.

17 'Come in, come in, sir!' Patol Babu almost dragged the young man in and pushed the broken-armed chair towards him. 'Do sit down.'

18 'No, thanks. I ----

19 'Oh yes. I must say I was quite taken aback. After so many years.'

20 'I hope you have no objection?'

21 'You think I'll be all right for the part?' Patol Babu asked with great diffidence.

22 Naresh Dutt **cast an appraising look**[6] at Patol Babu and gave a nod. 'Oh yes,' he said. 'There is no doubt about that. By the way, the shooting takes place tomorrow morning.'

23 'Tomorrow? Sunday?'

24 'Yes, and not in the studio. I'll tell you where you have to go. You know Faraday House near the crossing of Bentinck Street and Mission Row? It's a seven-storey office building. The shooting takes place outside the office in front of the entrance. We'll expect you there at eight-thirty sharp. You'll be through by midday.'

25 Naresh Dutt prepared to leave. 'But you haven't told me about the part,' said Patol Babu anxiously.

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4 **toying with the idea-** considering an idea
5 **recalls at times with a sigh-** sometimes remembers past events and experiences fondly
6 **cast an appraising look-** to consider or examine somebody or something and form an opinion about that person or thing.

26 'Oh yes, sorry. The part is that of a pedestrian. An absent -minded, short-tempered pedestrian. By the way, do you have a jacket which buttons up to the neck?'

27 'I think I do. You mean the old-fashioned kind?'

28 'Yes. That's what you'll wear. What colour is it?'

29 'Sort of nut-brown. But woollen.'

30 'That's okay. The story is supposed to take place in winter, so that would be just right.

31 Tomorrow at eight-thirty sharp. Faraday House.'

32 Patol Babu suddenly thought of a crucial question.

33 'I hope the part calls for some dialogue?'

34 'Certainly. It's a speaking part. You have acted before, haven't you?'

35 'Well, as a matter of fact, yes.'

36 'Fine. I wouldn't have come to you for just a walk-on part. For that we pick people from the street. Of course there's dialogue and you'll be given your lines as soon as you show up tomorrow.'

37 After Naresh Dutt left Patol Babu broke the news to his wife.

38 'As far as I can see, the part isn't a big one. I'll be paid, of course, but that's not the main thing. The thing is - remember how I started on the stage? Remember my first part? I played a dead soldier! All I had to do was lie still on the stage with my arms and legs spread. And remember how I rose from that position? Remember Mr. Watts shaking me by the hand? And the silver medal which the chairman of our municipality gave me? Remember? This is only the first step on the ladder, my dear better-half! Yes --the first step that would--God willing-mark the **rise to fame and fortune**[7] of your beloved husband!'

39 'Counting your chickens again before they're hatched, are you? No wonder you could never **make a go of it**[8]**.'**

40 'But it's the real thing this time! Go and make me a cup of tea, will you? And remind me to take some ginger juice tonight. It's very good for the throat.'

41 The clock in the Metropolitan building showed seven minutes past eight when Patol Babu reached Esplanade. It took him another then minutes to walk to Faraday House.

42 There was a big crowd outside the building. Three or four cars stood on the road. There was also a bus which carried equipment on its roof. On the edge of the pavement there was an instrument on three legs around which there was a group of busy people. Near the entrance--also on three legs--a pole which had a long arm extending from its top at

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7 **rise to fame and fortune-** becoming famous and wealthy

8 **make a go of it-** become successful

the end of which was suspended what looked like a small oblong beehive. Surrounding these instruments was a crowd of people among whom Patol Babu noticed some non-Begalis. What were they supposed to do, he could not really tell.

43 But where was Naresh Dutt? He was the only one who knew him.

44 With a slight tremor in his heart, Patol Babu advanced towards the entrance. It was the middle of summer, and the warm jacket buttoned up to his neck felt heavy. Patol Babu could feel beads of perspiration forming around the high collar.

45 'This way, Atul Babu!'

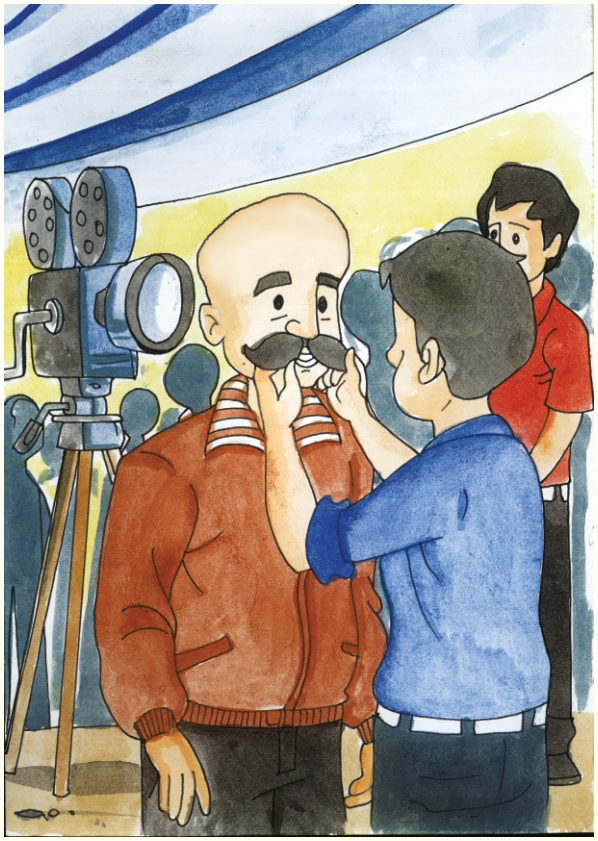
46 Atul Babu? Patol Babu spotted Naresh Dutt standing at the entrance and gesturing towards him. He had got his name wrong. No wonder, since they had only had a brief meeting. Patol Babu walked up, put his palms together in a namaskar and said, 'I supposed you haven't yet noted down my name. Sitalakanto Ray --- although people know me better by my nickname Patol. I used it on the stage too.'

47 'Good, good. I must say you're quite punctual.'

48 Patol Babu rose to his full height.

49 'I was with Hudson and Kimberley for nine years and wasn't late for a single day.'

50 'Is that so? Well, I suggest you go and wait in the shade there. We have a few things to attend to before we get going.'



51 'Naresh!'

52 Somebody standing by the three-legged instrument called out.

53 ‘Ready?’

54 'Yes, Sir.’

55 'Okay. Now, clear the entrance, will you? We're about to start.'

56 Patol Babu withdrew and stood in the shade of a paan shop. He had never watched a film shooting before. How hard these people worked! A youngster of twenty or so was carrying that three-legged instrument on his shoulder. Must weigh at least sixty pounds.

57 But what about his dialogue? There wasn't much time left, and he still didn't know what he was supposed to do or say.

58 Patol Babu suddenly felt a little nervous. Should he ask somebody? There was Naresh Dutt there; should he go and remind him? It didn't matter if the part was small, but, if he had to make the most of it, he had to learn his lines beforehand. How small he would feel if he muffed in the presence of so many people! The last time he acted on stage was twenty years ago.

59 Patol Babu was about to step forward when he was pulled up short by a voice shouting 'Silence!'

60 This was followed by Naresh Dutt loudly announcing with hands cupped over his mouth: 'We're about to start shooting. Everybody please stop talking. Don't move from your positions and don't crowd round the camera, please!'

61 Once again the voice was heard shouting 'Silence! Taking!' Now Patol Babu could see the owner of the voice. He was a stout man of medium height, and he stood by the camera. Around his neck hung something which looked like a small telescope. Was he the director? How strange!--he hadn't even bothered to find out the name of the director!

62 Now a series of shouts followed in quick succession"--'Start sound!' 'Running!' 'Camera!' 'Rolling!' 'Action!'

63 Patol Babu noticed that as soon as the word 'Action' was said, a car came up from the crossing and pulled up in front of the office entrance. Then a young man in a grey suit and pink make-up shot out of the back of the car, took a few hurried steps towards the entrance and stopped abruptly. The next moment Patol Babu heard the shout 'Cut!' and immediately the hubbub from the crowd resumed.

64 A man standing next to Patol Babu now turned to him. 'I hope you recognised the young fellow?' he asked.

65 'Why, no,' said Patol Babu.

66 'Chanchal Kumar,' said the man. 'He's coming up fast. Playing the lead in four films at the moment.'

67 Patol Babu saw very few films, but he seemed to have heard the name Chanchal Kumar. It was probably the same boy Koti Babu was praising the other day. Nice make-up the fellow had on. If he had been wearing a Bengali dhoti and panjabi instead of a suit, and given a peacock to ride on, he would make a perfect God Kartik. Monotosh of Kanchrapara--who was better known by his nickname Chinu--had the same kind of looks. He was very good at playing female parts, recalled Patol Babu.

68 Patol Babu now turned to his neighbour and asked in a whisper, 'Who is the director?'

69 The main raised his eyebrows and said, 'Why, don't you know? He's Baren Mullick. He's had three smash hits in a row.'

70 Well, at least he had gathered some useful information. It wouldn't have done for him to say he didn't know if his wife had asked in whose film he had acted and with which actor.

71 Naresh Dutt now came up to him with tea in a small clay cup.

72 'Here you are, sir"--the hot tea will help your throat. Your turn will come shortly.'

73 Patol Babu now had to come out with it.

74 'If you let me have my lines now.'

75 'Your lines? Come with me.'

76 Naresh Dutt went towards the three-legged instrument with Patol Babu at his heels.

77 'I say, Sosanko.'

78 A young fellow in a short-sleeved shirt turned towards Naresh Dutt. 'This gentleman wants his lines. Why don't you write them down on a piece of paper and give it to him? He's the one who--'

79 'I know, I know.'

80 Sosanko now turned to Patol Babu.

81 'Come along, Grandpa. I say, Jyoti, can I borrow your pen for a second? Grandpa wants his lines written down.'

82 The youngster Jyoti produced a red-dot pen from his pocket and gave it to Sosanko. Sosanko tore off a page from the notebook he was carrying, scribbled something on it and handed it to Patol Babu.

83 Patol Babu glanced at the paper and found that only a single word had been scrawled on it--'Oh!'

84 Patol Babu felt a sudden throbbing in his head. He wished he could take off his jacket. The heat was unbearable.

85 Sosanko said, 'What's the matter, Grandpa? You don't seem too pleased.'

86 Were these people pulling his leg? Was the whole thing a gigantic hoax? A meek, harmless man like him, and they had to drag him into the middle of the city to make a laughing stock out of him. How could anyone be so cruel?

87 Patol Babu said in a hardly audible voice, 'I find it rather strange.'

88 'Why, Grandpa?'

89 'Just "Oh"? Is that all I have to say?'

90 Sosanko's eyebrows shot up.

91 'What are you saying, Grandpa? You think that's nothing? Why, this is a regular speaking part! A speaking part in a Baren Mullick film--do you realise what that means? Why, you're the luckiest of actors. Do you know that till now more than a hundred persons have appeared in this film who have had nothing to say? They just walked past the camera. Some didn't even walk; they just stood in one spot. There were others whose faces didn't register at all. Even today--look at all those people standing by the lamp-post; they all appear in today's scene but have nothing to say. Even our hero Chanchal Kumar has no lines to speak today. You are the only one who has--see?'

92 Now the young man called Jyoti came up, put his hand on Patol Babu's shoulder and said, 'Listen, Grandpa. I'll tell you what you have to do. Chanchal Kumar is a rising young executive. He is informed that an embezzlement has taken place in his office, and he comes to find out what has happened. He gets out of his car and charges across the pavement towards the entrance. Just then he collides with an absent-minded pedestrian. That's you. You're hurt in the head and say "Oh!", but Chanchal Kumar pays no attention to you and goes into the office. The fact that he ignores you reflects his extreme preoccupation--see? Just think how crucial the shot is.'

93 'I hope everything is clear now,' said Sosanko. 'Now, if you just move over to where you were standing. The fewer people crowd around here the better. There's one more shot left before your turn comes.'

94 Patol Babu went slowly back to the paan shop. Standing in the shade, he glanced down at the paper in his hand, cast a quick look around to see if anyone was watching, crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it into the roadside drain.

95 Oh.

96 A sigh came out of the depths of his heart.

97 Just one word--no, not even a word; a sound--oh!'

98 The heat was stifling. The jacket seemed to weigh a ton. Patol Babu couldn't keep standing in one spot any more; his legs felt heavy.

99 He moved up to the office beyond the paan shop and sat down on the steps. It was nearly half past nine. On Sunday mornings, songs in praise of the Goddess Kali were sung in Karali Babu's house. Patol Babu went there every week and enjoyed it. What if he were to go there now? What harm would there be? Why waste a Sunday morning in the company of these useless people, and be made to look foolish on top of that?

100 'Silence!'

101 Stuff and nonsense! To hell with your 'silence'! They had to put up this pompous show for something so trivial! Things were much better on the stage.

102 The stage……the stage……

103 A faint memory stirred up in Patol Babu's mind. Some priceless words of advice given in a deep, mellow voice: 'Remember one thing, Patol; however small a part you're offered, never consider it beneath your dignity to accept it. As an artist your aim should be to make the most of your opportunity, and squeeze the last drop of meaning out of your lines. A play involves the work of many and it is the combined effort of many that makes a success of the play.'

104 It was Mr Pakrashi who gave the advice. Gogon Pakrashi, Patol Babu's mentor. A wonderful actor, without a tract of vanity in him; a saintly person, and an actor in a million.

105 There was something else which Mr Pakrashi used to say. 'Each word spoken in a play is like a fruit in a tree. Not everyone in the audience has access to it. But you, the actor, must know how to pluck it, get at its essence, and serve it up to the audience for their edification.'

106 The memory of his guru made Patol Babu bow his head in obeisance.

107 Was it really true that there was nothing in the part he had been given today? He had only one word to say--'Oh!' but was that word so devoid of meaning as to be dismissed summarily?

108 "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh"--Patol Babu began giving the exclamation a different inflection each time he uttered it. After doing if for a number of times he made an astonishing discovery. The same exclamation, when spoken in different ways, carried different shades of meaning. A man when hurt said 'Oh' in quite a different way. Despair brought forth another kind of 'Oh'; sorrow provoked yet another kind. In fact, there were so many kinds of "Oh's"--the short "Oh", the long-drawn "Oh", "Oh" shouted and "Oh" whispered, the high-pitched "Oh" and the low-pitched "Oh", and the "Oh" starting low and ending high, and the "Oh" starting high and ending low. Strange! Patol Babu suddenly felt that he could write a whole thesis on that one monosyllabic exclamation. Why had he felt so disheartened when this single word contained a gold-mine of meaning? The true actor could make a mark with this one single syllable.

109 'Silence!'

110 The director had raised his voice again. Patol Babu could see young Jyoti clearing the crowd. There was something he had to ask him. He went quickly over to him.

111 'How long will it be before my turn comes, brother?'

112 'Why are you so impatient, Grandpa? You have to learn to be patient in this line of business. It'll be another half an hour before you're called.'

113 'That's alright. I'll certainly wait. I'll be in that side street across the road.'

114 'Okay--so long as you don't sneak off.'

115 'Start sound!'

116 Patol Babu crossed the road on tiptoe and went into the quiet little side street. It was good that he had a little time on his hands. While these people didn't seem to believe in rehearsals, he himself would rehearse his own bit. There was no one about. There were office buildings, so very few people lived here. Those who did--such as shopkeepers--had all gone to watch the shooting.

117 Patol Babu cleared his throat and started enunciating the syllable in various ways. Along with that, he worked out how he would react physically when the collision took place--how his features would be twisted in pain, how he would fling out his arms, how his body would crouch to express both pain and surprise--all these he performed in various ways in front of a large glass window.

118 Patol Babu was called in exactly half an hour. Now he had completely got over his apathy. All he felt now was a keen anticipation and suppressed excitement. It was the feeling he used to feel almost twenty years ago, just before he stepped on to the stage.

119 The director Baren Mullick called Patol Babu to him. 'I hope you know what you're supposed to do?' he asked.

120 'Yes, sir.'

121 'Very good. I'll first say, "Start sound". The recordists will reply by saying "Running". That will be your cue to start walking from that pillar, and for the hero to come out of the car and make a dash for the office. You work out your steps so that the collision takes place at this spot, here. The hero ignores you and strides into the office, while you register pain by saying "Oh!", stop for a couple of seconds, then resume walking--okay?'

122 Patol Babu suggested a rehearsal, but Baren Mullick shook his head impatiently. 'There's a large patch of cloud approaching the sun,' he said. 'This scene must be shot in sunlight.'

123 'One question please.'

124 'Yes?'

125 An idea had occurred to Patol Babu while rehearsing; he now came out with it.

126 'Er--I was thinking--if I had a newspaper open in my hand, and if the collision took place while I had my eyes on the paper, then perhaps--'

127 Baren Mullick cut him short by addressing a bystander who was carrying a Bengali newspaper. 'D'you mind handing your paper to this gentleman, just for this one shot? Thanks.Now you take your position beside the pillar. Chanchal, are you ready?'

128 'Yes, sir.'

129 'Good. Silence!'

130 Baren Mullick raised his hand, then brought it down again, saying, 'Just a minute. Kesto, I think if we gave the pedestrian a moustache, it would be more interesting.'

131 'What kind, sir? Walrus, Ronald Colman or Butterfly? I have them all ready.'

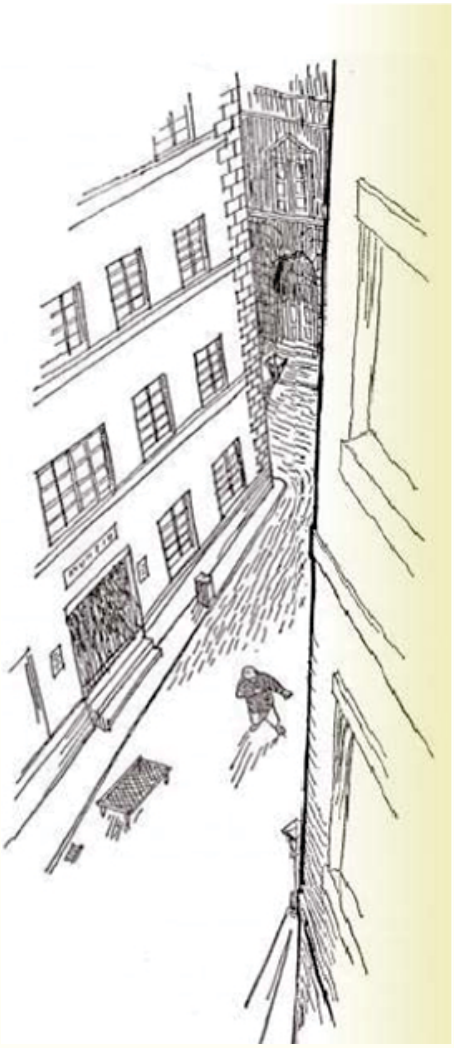
132 'Butterfly, butterfly"--and make it snappy!'

133 The elderly make-up man went up to Patol Babu, took out a small grey moustache from a box, and stuck it on with spirit-gum below Patol Babu's nose.

134 Patol Babu said, 'I hope it won't come off at the time of the collision?'

135 The make-up man smiled. 'Collision?' he said. 'Even if you were to wrestle with Dara Singh, the moustache would stay in place.'

136 Patol Babu had a quick glance in a mirror which the man was holding. True enough, the moustache suited him very well. Patol Babu inwardly commended the director's **perspicacity**[9].



137 'Silence! Silence!'

138 The business with the moustache had provoked a wave of comments from the spectators. which Baren Mullick's shout now silenced.

139 Patol Babu noticed that most of the bystanders' eyes were turned towards him.

140 'Start sound!'

141 Patol Babu cleared this throat. One, two, three, four, five--five steps would take him to the spot where the collision was to take place. And Chanchal Kumar would have to walk four steps. So if both were to start together, Patol Babu would have to walk a little faster than the hero, or else–

142 'Running!'

143 Patol Babu held the newspaper open in his hand. What he had to do when saying 'Oh!' was to mix sixty parts of irritation with forty parts of surprise.

9 **perspicacity -** ability to understand somebody or something quickly and accurately.

144 'Action!'

145 Clop, clop, clop, clop, clop--Wham!

146 Patol Babu saw stars before his eyes. The hero's head had banged against his forehead, and an excruciating pain had robbed him of his senses for a few seconds.

147 But the next moment, by a supreme effort of will, Patol Babu pulled himself together, and mixing fifty parts of anguish with twenty-five of surprise and twenty-five of irritation, cried 'Oh!' and, after a brief pause, resumed his walk.

148 'Cut!'

149 'Was that right?' asked Patol Babu anxiously, stepping towards Baren Mullick.

150 'Jolly good! Why, you're quite an actor. Sosanko, just take a look at the sky through the dark glass, will you.'

151 Jyoti now came up to Patol Babu and said, I hope Grandpa wasn't hurt too badly?'

152 'My God!' said Chanchal Kumar, massaging his head, 'You timed it so well that I nearly passed out!'

153 Naresh Dutt elbowed his way through the crowd, came up to Patol Babu and said, 'Please go back where you were standing. I'll come to you in a short while and do the necessary.'

154 Patol Babu took his place once again by the paan shop. The cloud had just covered the sun and brought down the temperature. Nevertheless, Patol Babu took off his woollen jacket, and then heaved a sigh of relief. A feeling of total satisfaction swept over him.

155 He had done his job really well. All these years of struggle hadn't **blunted his sensibility**[10]**.** Gogon Pakrashi would have been pleased with his performance. But all the labour and imagination he had put into this one shot--were these people able to appreciate that? He doubted it. They just got hold of some people, got them to go through certain motions, paid them for their labours and forgot all about it. Paid them, yes, but how much? Ten, fifteen, twenty rupees? True, that he needed money very badly, but what was twenty rupees when measured against the intense satisfaction of a small job done with perfection and dedication?

156 Ten minutes or so later Naresh Dutt went looking for Patol Babu near the paan shop and found that he was not there. 'That's odd--the man hadn't been paid yet. What a strange fellow!'

157 'The sun has come out,' Baren Mullick was heard shouting. 'Silence! Silence! --- Naresh, hurry up and get these people out of the way!'

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10 **blunted his sensibility -** reduced his acting talent

About the Author

Satyajit Ray (1921-1992), an Indian filmmaker and among the dozen or so great masters of world cinema, is known for his humanistic approach to cinema. He made his films in Bengali. Satyajit Ray received the honorary Academy Award for Lifetime Achievement.

Ray wrote numerous short stories, articles and novels in Bengali. He made a significant contribution to children's literature in Bengali. Most of his fiction was written for teenage children. His detective stories and novels were particularly popular with them - stories being unpretentious and entertaining. The subjects included: adventure, detective stories, fantasy, science fiction and even horror.

3. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow.

I. He moved up to the office beyond the pan shop and sat down on the steps. It was nearly half-past nine. On Sunday mornings, songs in praise of goddess Kali were sung in Karali Babu's house. Patol Babu went there every week and enjoyed it. What if he were to go these useless people, and be made to look foolish on top of that? 'Silence'! Stuff and nonsense! to hell with your 'silence'! They had put up this pompus show for something so triviali! Things sere much better on the stage.

i) Choose the option that describes the main reason which was the trigger for Patol Babu's chain of thought that made him question his presence at the film shoot.

It was the fact that_____.

A. he was missing his duty towards God to fulfill a personal desire

B. he was with strangers instead of spending time with loved ones

C. he was wasting time on free volunteer work instead of earning money

D. he was wasting a great Sunday on doing something so small and insignificant

ii) Choose the correct option.

Assertion: Patol Babu felt silly for getting his hopes high.

Reason: He was convinced that he could never be a successful actor.

A. Assertion is true but the reason is false.

B. Both Assertion and Reason are false

C. Both Assertion and Reason are true but Reason is not the correct explanation of Assertion.

D. Both Assertion and Reason are true and Reason is the correct explanation of Assertion.

iii) Patol Babu thought that Things were much better on the stage, because_____.

A. theater had better monetary rewards.

B. the actors could see the response of the audience instantly.

C. he delivered long dialogues and got important roles.

D. theater was more suited to his talents as an actor.

iv) Infer Patol Babu's tone as reflected in the extract.

A. sarcastic and worried

B. angry and regretful

C. serious and threatening

D. ironic and solemn

v) The writer uses questions in his writing. Comment on the purpose of this style.

4. Answer the following questions briefly

(a) Nishikanto's offer stirred Patol Babu to the core. Comment.

(b) How did Patol Babu react? Why?

(c) Why did Patol Babu lose his first job in Calcutta*?

(d) How does Patol Babu reconcile to the dialogue given to him?

(e) Who was Mr. Pakrashi? How do his words help Patol Babu in enacting his role?

(f) 'Patol Babu was a meticulous man' Elucidate.

(g) Money and satisfaction are like parallel banks of a stream. How does this statement correspond to Patol Babu's emotion, after the shot was over?

(h) Why did Mr. Mullick turn down Patol Babu's request for a rehearsal?

(i) What were the special touches that Patol Babu gave to his role to make it more authentic?

5. Discuss the following questions in detail and write the answers in your notebooks:

(a) 'I hope the part calls for some dialogue?' Who says this? Why does he /she ask this question?

(b) 'Were these people pulling his leg? Was the whole thing a gigantic hoax? A meek, harmless man like him, and they had to drag him into the middle of the city to make a laughing stock out of him. How could anyone be so cruel?' Why does Patol Babu have these thoughts?

(c) Patol Babu is an amateur actor for whom walk-on part in a movie turns into an ultimate challenge. Discuss.

*Calcutta is now Kolkata

(d) Do you agree with the statement that Patol Babu is a practical man who comes to terms with whatever life has to offer? Give reasons for your answer.

(e) Why does Patol Babu walk away before he can be paid for his role? What does this reveal about his character?

(f) Do you think making a movie is an easy job? Discuss with reference to the story.

6. Here are some lines from the lesson. What do they tell us about Patol Babu's character? You may take help from the words given in the table below or find some of your own from the dictionary. The first one has been done for you:

passionate actor	diligent	unassuming	talented
genial	mercenary	short-tempered	introvert
meticulous	modest	humble	arrogant

(a) That an offer to act in a film could come to a 52-year-old nonentity like him was beyond his wildest dreams unassuming; modest

(b) Indeed, there was a time when people bought tickets especially to see him…….

(c) 'I was with Hudson and Kimberley for nine years and wasn't late for a single day.' ……

(d) It didn't matter if the part was small, but, if he had to make the most of it, he had to learn his lines beforehand. How small he would feel if he muffed in the presence of so many people…….

(e) Patol Babu cleared his throat and started enunciating the syllable in various ways. Along with that he worked out how he would react physically when the collision took place--how his features would be twisted in pain, how he would fling out his arms, how his body would crouch to express both pain and surprise--all these he performed in various ways in front of a large glass window. …….

(f) It is true that he needed money very badly, but what was twenty rupees when measured against the intense satisfaction of a small job done with perfection and dedication?.....

7. Here are some lines from the lesson. Match the meanings of the underlined words with their meanings listed below

(a) Then he had a job in a Bengali firm which he **gave up** in disgust when his boss began to treat him in too high-handed a fashion stimulate the imagination

(b)	A faint memory was **stirred up** in Patol Babu's mind.	to surrender or relinquish
(c)	At first he opened a variety store which he had to **wind up** after five years.	staged
(d)	In *Jatras,* in amateur theatricals, in plays **put up** by the club in his neighbourhood, Patol Babu was always in demand	to gain control over one's actions
(e)	Patol Babu was about to step forward when he was **pulled up** short by a voice shouting 'Silence!'	shut down
(f)	Patol Babu **pulled himself together**	stopped

8. After Patol Babu returns home he recounts his experience in front of the camera to his wife. In pairs write out the exchange in the form of a dialogue and enact it before the class. You may start like this….

Patol Babu's wife: So what happened at the shooting today? Did you get to do your role?

Patol Babu: Oh, yes, I had the time of my life……..

9. Patol Babu impresses everyone at the shoot with his acting talent in spite of having a one word dialogue. In groups of four enact the word 'Oh' in different ways to show the following emotions:

- happiness
- excitement
- sarcasm
- disappointment
- sorrow
- fear
- pain
- surprise

Each group will then enact one of these emotions to the rest of the class using the word 'Oh'. The other groups will try to guess which emotion is being expressed.

WRITING TASK

10. Patol Babu writes a letter to Nishikanto Ghosh to thank him for being instrumental in his getting a role in a film. He also shares his experience at the film shoot including the excitement and deep satisfaction that he derived from the same. Write the letter in about 200 words.

LISTENING TASK

11. Listen to the talk on character actors and as you listen, complete the exercise, as directed.

1. Supporting roles are those roles that do not affect the plot or the subject of the film (True/ False)

2. People become character actors chiefly because (Tick the right choices)

   (a) they like doing supporting roles

   (b) there are limited leading roles

   (c) it is easier to act in a supporting role

   (d) they can't find any other work

3. 'star quality' refers to things like……..(Tick the right choice)

   (a) good looks and acting talent

   (b) good looks and the right weight

   (c) good looks and the right height

   (d) good looks, height and right weight

4. After the age of forty, the actors most likely to get less work are (Tick the right choice)

   (a) character actors

   (b) the male lead

   (c) the female actors

   (d) the female lead

5. The chief advantages of being a character actor is that ……(Tick the right choice)

   (a) they are never blamed if a film fails

   (b) they can act for as long as they like

   (c) they do not have to take care of their looks

   (d) they do not need to be skilled at horsemanship or swimming

Fiction UNIT 6

F. 6 Virtually True

by Paul Stewart

1. Before reading the story, attempt the following working in groups of four or five.

a. Do you play computer games? How many hours do you spend playing games on the computer as compared to outdoor games?

b. Make a list of your favourite games. Have a class discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of computer games.

c. Look in your dictionaries / computer to find synonyms of the word 'virtual'

d. Look at the K.W.L. chart given below. Based on the infomation you have gathered till now, complete the K and W columns. You may work with your partner. After reading the story complete the third column.

	K-What I Know	W--What I want to know	L-What I learnt
Virtual Reality			
Virtual Environment			
3-D/ three-dimensional			
Simulation games			
Computer simulations			
Interactive psycho- drive games			
Teleporting			

Now read the story.

1 Sebastian Shultz. It isn't a name you come across every day. But there it was, large and clear, at the top of the newspaper article in front of me.

2 The reader of the newspaper was a big woman. I couldn't see her face, but I could hear her **wheezy**[1] breath.

3 *MIRACLE RECOVERY, the headline said. Sebastian Shultz, a 14 year-old schoolboy from South London, awoke yesterday from a* ***coma***[2] *that doctors feared might last forever.*

4 It couldn't be the Sebastian Shultz I'd met. I leant forward to read the rest of the article.

5 Six weeks ago, Sebastian Shultz was badly injured in a motorway accident. His condition, on arrival at the General Hospital, was described as critical but stable. Despite doctors' hopes, the boy did not regain consciousness. His parents were informed that their son was in a coma.

6 At a press conference, Mrs Shultz said, "The doctors were doing all they could, but in our hearts we knew we needed a miracle."

7 Now that miracle has happened ...

8 At that moment, the woman's hand moved. I suddenly saw the photograph that went with the story, and gasped. The boy in the picture was Sebastian. There was no doubt. "But how?" I muttered.

9 Sebastian Shultz, the boy I'd got to know so well recently, had apparently been in a coma for all that time. I felt nervous and shivery. It didn't make any sense at all.

10 I stared out of the train window, and ran through the events in my head.

11 It had all started a month ago. Dad and I had spent the entire Saturday afternoon at the Computer Fair.

12 Dad's **nutty**[3] about computers. He's got a Pentium **150 Mhz**[4] processor, with 256 of RAM, a 1.2 Gb hard disk drive and 16 speed **CD ROM**[5] , complete with speakers, a printer, a modem and a scanner. It can do anything. Paint, play music, create displays; even when my homework's rubbish, it looks fantastic.

13 Best of all are the games. Tornado, MeBabash, Black Belt, Kyrene's Kastle -I've played them all. With the screen so big, and the volume up loud, it almost feels as if you're inside the games, battling it out with the Z or Bs, Twisters, or whatever.

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1 **wheezy -** to breathe with an audible whistling sound, with difficulty
2 **coma -** a prolonged state of deep unconsciousness
3 **nutty -** crazy about; has a passion for
4 **Mhz -** megahertz - one million hertz (the unit of frequency equal to one cycle per second)
5 **CD ROM -** Random-Access Memory compact disk with Read-Only Memory

14 Technology was advancing every day, and Dad couldn't resist any of the new gadgets or **gizmos**[6] that came on the market. That was why we went to the Computer Fair. We came away with a virtual reality visor and glove, and a handful of the latest interactive **psycho-drive**[7] games. They're terrific. Not only do the visor and glove change what you see, but better than that, you can control the action by what you are thinking. Well, cool!

15 When we got them, I remember some of them were not new.

16 Anyway, back at home, I launched myself off into the first of the games. It was called Wildwest.

18 That's what I like about computers. The more futuristic they get, the better you can understand the past. I wasn't standing in the converted loft-the Powerbase as Dad calls it-anymore. I was really there, striding down the dusty track through the centre of town. There was a sheriff's badge pinned to my shirt.

20 As I burst in through the swing doors of the saloon, everyone went silent and glared at me. I strode over to the bar. **'Sarsaparilla!'**[8] I said and a glass of fizzy red stuff came sliding along the bar towards me. As I took a sip, I heard a loud crash. I spun round. There, silhouetted in the doorway, was Black-Eyed Jed, the fastest gun in the west. 'This town ain't big enough for the both of us, Sheriff Dawson,' he drawled, and fingered his guns lightly. 'Outside. Just you and me.'

19 I can remember grinning. This was really cool!

20 I finished my drink and slammed the glass down on the bar. Jed had already left the saloon. All eyes were on me again. I wondered what sort of score I was notching up.

21 All at once, something strange happened. Up to that point the game had been pretty much as I expected. But when the second sheriff appeared through the back door, shouting and waving his arms about, I realized that the game was more complicated.

22 'Don't go out!' the second sheriff shouted.

23 'And who are you?' I asked.

24 He wasn't like the other characters in the saloon. For a start, he was about my age, and though he looked like a computer image, he somehow didn't move like one.

---

6 **gizmos -** gadgets, especially mechanical or electrical devices

7 **psycho-drive -** driven by mental power

8 **sarsaparilla -** a carbonated drink flavoured with sarsaparilla root.

25 'There's no time to explain,' he shouted. 'Just follow me.'

26 I did what I was told. We raced down a corridor, and then through a door. We ran past some men and came out through another door.

27 'Come ON!' shouted the other sheriff.

28 We went on through another door, and another,-and ended up back in the saloon.

29 'NO!' screamed the second Sheriff. Then he ran to the back of the saloon and dived through the window. By the time I climbed out after him, he was already sitting on a horse. 'Jump up!' he cried.

30 He kicked the horse, and we sped off in a cloud of dust.

31 'Who are you?' I asked again.

32 But the second sheriff didn't answer. He'd seen the posse of men on horseback speeding after us. 'Keep your head down,' he said.

33 At that moment, the sound of a gunshot echoed round the air. The second sheriff groaned, and slumped back against me. Ahead of me, in bright neon lights came a message.

GAME OVER.

34 As I slipped off the visor, the empty desert disappeared and I found myself back in the Powerbase. I took off the glove and headphones. I glanced at the score on the screen. 21,095. Then I noticed the printer had come on. I picked up the piece of paper from the tray.

35 On top was a picture of the second Sheriff. This time though, he was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt. Printed across the bottom was a message. ***I'M STUCK. PLEASE HELP TO RETRIEVE ME. TRY 'DRAGONQUEST'.*** Sebastian Shultz.

36 I wanted to go straight into the game he'd suggested, but it was already half an hour after lights out.

37 Next morning I was up and back on the computer, and was soon walking through the massive studded doors of the dragon's castle lair.

38 The aim of the game was simple. I had to rescue the fair princess Aurora from the wicked dragon, and collect the wicked creature's treasure along the way. I'd already got loads by the time I reached the Princess, who'd been imprisoned at the top of a tall tower. She was a young woman with long golden plaits.

39 'My hero!' she squealed. 'Take me away from all this.' Behind me I could hear the dragon roaring. 'Rescue me now,' the princess said urgently.

40 'Never mind her,' came a voice, and a second knight appeared from the wardrobe. 'It's me who needs rescuing!'

41 'Sebastian?' I said.

42 The second knight nodded. 'Quick,' he said, 'while there's still time.' And with a pair of scissors he chopped off the two long plaits of the Princess. Then he tied them together, fixed one end round the bedpost and threw the other end out of the window.

43 'NOW!' he screamed, as he leapt from the window and down the hair rope.

4 4

At that moment the dragon appeared. I gasped, and leapt too.

45 As I lowered myself down I felt the dragon's fiery breath.

46 Across the moonlit battlements, we ran down a spiral staircase and through a secret passage on the other side of a tapestry. And the whole time I could hear and feel and even smell the evil dragon following in close pursuit.

47 'The dungeons,' Sir Sebastian cried out. 'They're our only hope.'

48 We went down the cold stone steps, swords drawn. Suddenly, the dragon appeared at the end of the corridor. Before we even had time to turn around, the dragon was upon us.

49 I swung my sword. But it was no good. The dragon was only interested in Sebastian, and there was nothing I could do to prevent it getting him.

GAME OVER

50 This time, the message in the printer said: BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. PLEASE DON'T GIVE UP, MICHAEL. OTHERWISE I'LL HAVE TO STAY IN HERE FOR EVER. TRY 'JAILBREAK'. I THINK IT MIGHT JUST WORK! CHEERS, SEB.

51 I didn't even bother to read the rules of Jailbreak before going in. I knew that my task would be to rescue the boy. And sure enough, my cell mate was prisoner 02478: Shultz.

52 'I've got to get out of here,' Sebastian sighed. 'Are you going to help?'

53 'Of course,' I said. 'Have you got a plan?'

54 Stupid question. With the help of a **skeleton swipe-card**[9], we were soon out of the cell and racing down the corridors. Sirens wailed, guard dogs howled, heavy boots came tramping. Behind us, steel-barred doors slammed shut. We dodged the guards, we fled the dogs, we made it to a staircase and pounded upwards.

9 **Skeleton swipe-card -** a plastic card on which data has been stored magnetically and that can be read by an electronic reading device.

55 On the roof, Sebastian looked round, and glanced at his watch nervously. 'It should be here by now.'

56 'What?' I said.

57 'That!' said Sebastian and pointed.

58 'A helicopter!' I exclaimed.

59 'That was my idea!' said Sebastian excitedly. 'If only it would go a bit faster ... '

60 At that moment, the door behind us burst open. Twelve guards with vicious dogs were standing there. The next instant the dogs were hurtling towards us, all bared teeth and dripping jowls. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Sebastian take a step backwards.

61 'NOOOOOO!' I screamed.

62 But it was too late. The boy had slipped and was tumbling back through the air, down to the concrete below.

GAME OVER.

63 As I removed my visor I looked in the printer tray. This time it was empty. I felt really bad. I'd failed Sebastian; I'd failed the game. It was only later, when the scenes began to fade in my memory, that it occurred to me that Sebastian Shultz was the game.

64 Strangely, although I went back to Wildwest, Dragonquest and Jailbreak after that, I never met up with Sebastian again.

65 Then, yesterday, I heard from Sebastian. In the printer tray, was a sheet of paper.

66 CAN WE HAVE ONE LAST TRY? it said. I THINK THE HELICOPTER WAS THE RIGHT IDEA. THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF AN ACCIDENT ... GO INTO 'WARZONE'. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN. CHEERS, SEB.

67 I couldn't tell which war zone we were in. It was a city somewhere. The tall buildings were windowless and **riddled**[10] with holes. Machine gun fire raked the sky. Walls tumbled. Bombs exploded. All I knew was that Sebastian and I had to make it to that helicopter in one piece.

68 We ran across a no-man's-land of rubble and smoke, dodging **sniper fire**[11]. At the far end we went through a door in a wall. The helicopter was on the ground, waiting for our arrival.

69 We started to run, but the tank fire sent us scuttling back to the wall.

70 'A jeep,' Sebastian shouted to me, and nodded at a vehicle parked by the road.

71 He jumped in, turned the ignition key and revved up the engine. 'Jump in!'

10 **riddled -** making a large number of small holes in something.

11 **sniper fire -** gunshots fired by somebody in a concealed position.

72 I climbed into the passenger seat and we were off.

73 A tank was hurtling after us. Suddenly, Sebastian slammed on the brakes and sent the jeep skidding into a spin. I leapt clear, and jumped into the helicopter.

74 The helicopter started to go upwards. I looked around. Sebastian wasn't there.

75 'Wait!' I shouted at the pilot.

76 I looked back. The jeep had stopped, but Sebastian hadn't got out.

77 'COME ON!' I yelled. But Sebastian was sitting as if his body had been turned to stone.

78 The tank crashed into the jeep. Sebastian was thrown into the air.

79 Round and round he tumbled, closer to the helicopter. He landed with a thud, just below the hatch. I pulled him up. As he sat down beside me, the helicopter soared into the sky.

80 I'd done it! I'd rescued Sebastian at last! Before I had a chance to say anything to him though, the helicopter flew into the thick cloud. It turned everything blinding white. I couldn't see a thing-until 'GAME OVER' flashed up.

81 When I removed the visor, the screen was flashing a score of 40,000,000.

82 I'd hit the jackpot. I'd finally cracked the game.

83 At least, that was what I thought then. Now I knew that Sebastian Shultz, the boy from the game, really did exist. I'd seen the proof in the newspaper.

84 But how? I wondered as I got off the train.

85 At home I checked the Net. I wanted to learn more about the MIRACLE RECOVERY story.

86 I found what I was looking for quickly enough. Apparently, at the time of the accident, Sebastian was using his laptop to play one of the same psycho-drive games that I've got.

87 My heart pounded furiously. What if, because Sebastian had been plugged into the computer when he banged his head in the accident, the computer had saved his memory in its own. And then what if the weird versions of the games I'd been drawn into had all been attempts to retrieve that memory?

88 After all, Dad always says about the memory of the computer. 'It can never forget, Michael. Nothing ever gets lost.'

89 But, even if it was possible that Sebastian's memory had been stored on disk, how had it ended up on my computer? Scrolling down the article I found a possible explanation.

90 Answering a reporter's question as to what the family was going to do next, Mr Shultz said that they were off to stock up on some games. 'It was while we were in the hospital, someone stole the lot. I don't know what happened to them.'

91 I said quietly. 'They ended up at the Computer Fair. And we bought them.'

92 I left the Net and checked my e-mail. There was one from Sebastian.

93 With trembling fingers I clicked in, and read the message.

94 DEAR MICHAEL, it said. THANK YOU! I'M NOT SURE HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT THANKS. YOU SAVED MY LIFE. LET'S MEET UP SOON. CHEERS, SEB. P.S. KEEP THE GAMES. YOU'VE EARNED THEM.

95 I shook my head. A real message from the real Sebastian Shultz. We both knew that by reliving the accident, something wonderful had happened. But then again, now that there are two advanced intelligences on earth, who can say what is and what isn't possible.

96 What I know is this. Everything that I've described is true - Virtually!

Paul Stewart (born June, 1955) is a writer of children's books, best known for the best selling 'The Edge Chronicles, The Free Lance novels' and 'The Far Flung Adventure Series' which are written in collaboration with the illustrator Chris Riddel. Paul Stewart lives in the British seaside city of Brighton with his wife and children.

A. Answer the following questions.

1. According to the newspaper, what had happened to Sebastian Shultz?
2. 'Dad's nutty about computers.' What evidence is there to support this statement?
3. In what way did the second game seem very real?
4. The last game has tanks, jeeps, helicopters and guns. Which headings would you put this and the other games under?
5. What was Michael's theory about how Sebastian had entered the games?

B. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow:

I didn't even bother to read the rules of Jailbreak before going in. I knew that my task would be to rescue the boy. And sure enough, my cell mate was prisoner 02478: Shultz.

'I've got to get out of here,' Sebastian sighed. 'Are you going to help?'

'Of course,' I said. 'Have you got a plan?'

Stupid question. With the help of a skeleton swipe-card, we were soon out of the cell and racing down the corridors. Sirens wailed, guard dogs howled, boots came tramping. Behind us, steel-barred doors slammed shut. We doged the guards, we fled the dogs, we made it to a staircase and pounded upwards.

i. What can be inferred about Michael from his words, 'I knew my task'?

A. confidence

B. negligence

C. resolution

D. superiority

ii. What is the given extract about?

A. planning an escape

B. concluding an escape plan

C. success of an escape

D. the progression of an escape

iii. Pick the option that DOES NOT use the word 'dodging' as utilised in the extract.

A. He is filling a worksheet of dodging tables.

B. The senator was dodging questions about the crime.

C. He ran across the road, dodging the traffic.

D. The toddler laughed as his mother was dodging the pillows flung at her.

iv. Select the option that is true for the two statements given below.

(1) The boys raced down the corridors.

(2) Michael got a clear plan for the escape.

A. (2) is the reason for (1)

B. (1) is the cause of (2)

C. (1) and (2) are not connected

D. (2) is possible only because of (1)

v. Cite an example of personification from the extract.

3. Answer the following questions briefly.

(a) Why did the news of the 'miracle recovery' shock Michael?

(b) Michael's meeting with Sebastian Shultz had been a chance meeting. Where had it taken place and how?

(c) What kind of computers fascinated Michael and his dad? Why?

(d) Describe the first place where Michael was virtually transported.

(e) What help did Sebastian Shultz ask Michael for? How did he convey this message?

(f) Why did Michael fail in rescuing Sebastian Shultz the first time?

(g) The second attempt to rescue Sebastian Shultz too was disastrous. Give reasons.

(h) Narrate the accident that injured Sebastian Shultz.

(i) How had Sebastian Shultz entered the games?

(j) How was Sebastian Shultz's memory stored on Michael's disk? How did Michael discover that?

4. Sebastian Shultz had a close brush with death. After he recovers, he returns to school and narrates his experience to his classmates. As Sebastian Shultz, narrate your experience.

5. Continue the story.

Will Michael and Sebastian Shultz meet in real life? Will they be friends? Will they try to re-enter the virtual world together? You may use the following hints:

- How the accident occurred
- Transfer of memory
- Meeting with Michael
- Appeals for help
- Rescue and recovery

6. Put the following sentences in a sequential order to complete the story.

(a) Sebastian Shultz was badly injured in a motorway accident and went into a coma.

(b) Sebastian's memory was saved in the computer when he banged his head on it during the accident.

(c) When Michael played the game, he entered Sebastian's memory.

(d) Michael bought the latest psycho-drive games from the computer fair.

(e) Sebastian Shultz was the second Sheriff in the 'Dragonquest'.

(f) Michael pulled Sebastian into the helicopter and the screen flashed a score of 40,000,000.

(g) Sebastian requested Michael to try 'Jailbreak'.

(h) Sebastian failed to save the boy who fell through the air.

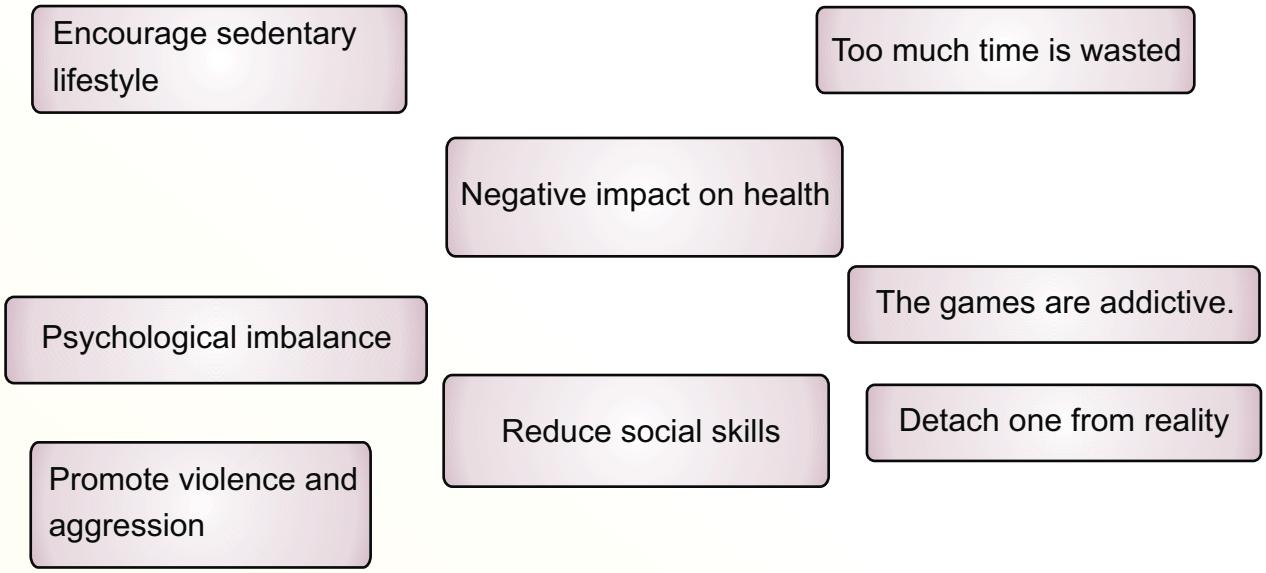
(i) Sebastian thought the helicopter was the right idea and they should go into the 'Warzone'.

(j) The games were stolen from Shultz's house.

(k) Sebastian thanks Michael for saving his life and asks him to keep the games.

Writing

7. Do you think it is a true story? Could it happen to you one day? Here are some opinions about computer games in general.



8. Do you think these opinions are biased? Write an article entitled *'Virtual games are a reality' in about 150-200 words.*

9. In groups of four, design a new computer game.

Decide on the

- Setting
- Plot
- Characters
- Objectives

Listening

10. Listen carefully to a text on 'Tour of Body' and answer the questions that are given below.

On the basis of your listening to the passage complete the following statements by choosing the answers from the given options:

(1) The Cave Automatic Virtual Environment' is

(a) a modern surgical procedure

(b) a three - dimensional virtual reality room

(c) an accurate projection of the eye and the brain

(d) a technique for developing anatomical pictures

(2) Projected image on the four walls of a room enables researchers to

(a) carry out micro surgery

(b) understand the functioning of the brain

(c) virtually get inside the molecular structure of cells and parts of human body

(d) reconstruct damaged parts of human body

(3) The 'CAVE' is a boon to surgeons because

(a) they can treat diseases located in unreachable parts of the human body

(b) it has made X-Ray and MRI unnecessary

(c) it helps them avoid surgical procedures in most cases

(d) it enables surgeons to use very small surgical instruments

(4) For the CAVE to develop, a virtual environment it is essential

(a) to apply mathematical formulae

(b) to project three - dimensional images on the walls

(c) to obtain two - dimensional MRI data first

(d) to understand the nature of the diseased cells and parts

(5) Once inside a three - dimensional representation of an anatomical structure, surgeons can

(a) 'move' through and 'peel away' its layers

(b) shrink themselves and travel inside the body parts

(c) convert the data into a flat picture for detailed study

(d) locate the diseased parts of the body quickly

(6) Dr. Szilard Kiss used CAVE to

(a) travel inside the eye of his patient

(b) identify the scar tissue growing over the retina

(c) go inside the layers of the retina

(d) isolate the ridge of the scar tissue

POETRY

Poetry

UNIT 7

P.1 The Frog And The Nightingale

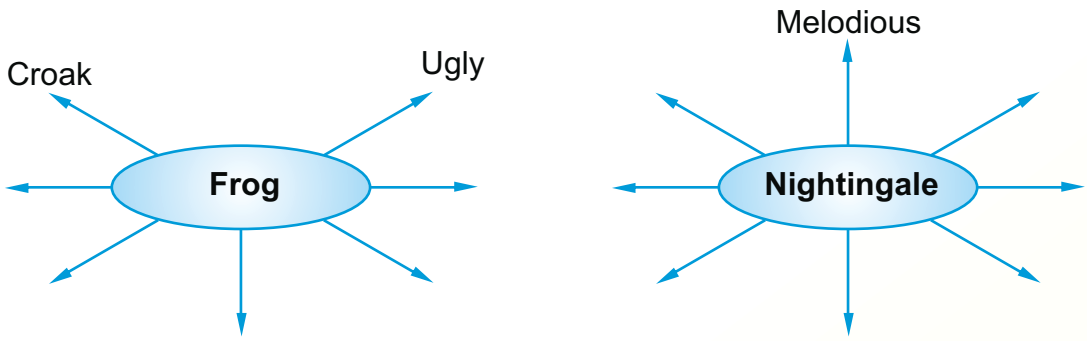
by Vikram Seth

1. Listed below are some character traits of people. A few of these are positive qualities, while others are not. Tick mark the ones you feel are desirable qualities in a person.

Characteristic	Tick Mark	Characteristic	Tick Mark	Characteristic	Tick Mark
Insensitive		High - headed		Manipulative	
Humorous		Egoistic		Patronizing	
Naïve		Humble		Submissive	
Opportunistic		Foolish		Arrogant	
Creative		Original		Conniving	
Disapproving		Helpful		Innocent	
Commanding		Calculative		Condescending	
Benevolent		Crafty		Scheming	
Simple		Wise		Rude	
Overbearing		Generous		Boastful	
Sly		Gentle		Proud	
Territorial		Aggressive		Servile	

2. Have you come across people who are not what they seem to be - like someone who is extremely friendly and helpful yet you are not very comfortable with him / her as you feel it is a put-on? Have a class discussion about such people and why you feel as you do.

3. Before you read the poem complete the word - web with the words that we associate with a Frog and a Nightingale.



4. Read Vikram Seth's poem : The Frog and the Nightingale.

Once upon a time a frog
Croaked away in Bingle **Bog**[1]
Every night from dusk to dawn
He croaked **awn**[2] and awn and awn.

Other creatures **loathed**[3] his voice,
But, alas, they had no choice.
And the crass **cacophony**[4]
Blared out from the sumac tree
At whose foot the frog each night
Minstrelled[5] on till morning night.

Neither stones nor prayers nor sticks,
Insults or complaints or bricks
Stilled the frog's determination
To display his heart's **elation**[6].
But one night a nightingale
In the moonlight cold and pale
Perched upon the sumac tree
Casting forth her melody.
Dumbstruck sat the gaping frog.

1 **bog :** an area of land that is very wet and muddy
2 **awn :** *on* misspelt and mispronounced so that it rhymes with *dawn*
3 **loathed :** hated
4 **cacophony :** a very loud and unpleasant noise
5 **minstrelled :** sang
6 **elation :** great pride and joy

And the whole admiring bog
Stared towards the sumac, **rapt**[7]**,**
And, when she had ended, clapped,
Ducks had swum and herons waded
To her as she **serenaded**[8]
And a solitary **loon**[9]
Wept, beneath the summer moon.
Toads and **teals**[10] and tiddlers, captured
By her voice, cheered on, **enraptured:**[11]
"Bravo!" "Too divine!" **"Encore!"**[12]
So the nightingale once more,
Quite unused to such applause,
Sang till dawn without a pause.

Next night when the Nightingale
Shook her head and twitched her tail,
Closed an eye and fluffed a wing
And had cleared her throat to sing
She was startled by a croak.
"Sorry - was that you who spoke?"
She enquired when the frog
Hopped towards her from the bog.
"Yes," the frog replied. "You see,
I'm the frog who owns this tree.
In this bog I've long been known
For my splendid **baritone**[13]
And, of course, I wield my pen
For Bog Trumpet now and then".
"Did you… did you like my song?"

---

7 **rapt :** totally interested, so that you cannot think of anything else
8 **serenaded :** sang beautifully
9 **loon :** a large water bird
10 **teal :** a small duck
11 **enraptured :** filled with fascination and delight
12 **encore :** 'sing some more' repeated request
13 **baritone :** a male singing voice, fairly deep

"Not too bad - but far too long.
The **technique**[14] was fine of course,
But it lacked a certain force".
"Oh!" the nightingale confessed.
Greatly flattered and impressed
That a critic of such note
Had discussed her art and throat:
"I don't think the song's divine.
But - oh, well - at least it's mine".

"That's not much to boast about".
Said the heartless frog. "Without
Proper training such as I
- And few others - can supply.
You'll remain a mere beginner.
But with me you'll be a winner".
"Dearest frog", the nightingale
Breathed: "This is a fairy tale -
And you're Mozart in disguise
Come to earth before my eyes".
"Well I charge a modest fee.
Oh!... But it won't hurt, you'll see"

Now the nightingale inspired,
Flushed[15] with confidence, and fired
With both art and adoration,
Sang - and was a huge sensation.
Animals for miles around
Flocked towards the magic sound,
And the frog with great precision
Counted heads and charged admission.

14 technique : a method of doing something
15 flushed : very excited and pleased

Though next morning it was raining,
He began her vocal training.
"But I can't sing in this weather".
"Come my dear - we'll sing together.
Just put on your scarf and **sash**[16],
Koo-oh-ah! ko-ash! ko-ash!"
So the frog and nightingale
Journeyed up and down the **scale**[17]
For six hours, till she was shivering
and her voice was **hoarse**[18] and **quivering**[19].
Though **subdued**[20] and sleep deprived,
In the night her throat revived,
And the sumac tree was bowed,
With a breathless, titled crowd:
Owl of Sandwich, Duck of Kent,
Mallard and Milady Trent,
Martin Cardinal Mephisto,
And the Coot of Monte Cristo,
Ladies with **tiaras**[21] glittering
In the interval sat twittering -
And the frog observed them glitter
With a joy both sweet and bitter.

Every day the frog who'd sold her
Songs for silver tried to scold her:
"You must practice even longer
Till your voice, like mine grows stronger.
In the second song last night
You got nervous in mid-flight.

---

16 **sash :** a long piece of cloth that you wear round the waist or over the shoulder, usually as a badge of honour
17 **scale :** a sequence of musical notes that go up and down, one after the other
18 **hoarse :** rough and unclear
19 **quivering :** shaking, trembling
20 **subdued :** quiet, with little energy
21 **tiara :** a semicircular metal band decorated with jewels and worn by wealthy women on formal social occasions

And, my dear, lay on more **trills**[22]**:**
Audiences enjoy such frills.
You must make your public happier:
Give them something sharper, snappier.
We must aim for better **billings**[23].
You still owe me sixty shillings."

Day by day the nightingale
Grew more sorrowful and pale.
Night on night her tired song
Zipped[24] and trilled and bounced along,
Till the birds and beasts grew tired
At a voice so uninspired
And the ticket office gross
Crashed, and she grew more **morose**[25] -
For her ears were now addicted
To applause quite unrestricted,
And to sing into the night
All alone gave no delight.

Now the frog puffed up with rage.
"Brainless bird - you're on the stage -
Use your wits and follow fashion.
Puff your lungs out with your passion."
Trembling, terrified to fail,
Blind with tears, the nightingale
Heard him out in silence, tried,
Puffed up, burst a vein, and died.
Said the frog: "I tried to teach her,
But she was a stupid creature -
Far too nervous, far too tense.
Far too prone to influence.

---

22 trills : singing two musical notes one after the other, repeatedly and very quickly
23 billings : publicity for a concert, show etc.
24 zipped : sang quickly
25 morose : miserable, bad-lempered

Well, poor bird - she should have known
That your song must be your own.
That's why I sing with **panache**[26]:
"Koo-oh-ah! ko-ash! ko-ash!"
And the **foghorn**[27] of the frog
Blared unrivalled through the bog.

About the Author

Vikram Seth (Born 20 June, 1952) in Kolkata, West Bengal. He is a prolific novelist and poet, famous prominently for his long novel ***'A Suitable Boy'****. As poet, he favours the traditional stanzaic and metrical forms. He believes in making poetry accessible to common man. He has been the recipient of several awards and honours.*

5. The following is a summary of the poem but it is jumbled up. Write out the events in their correct order to form a continuous paragraph.

a) As a result, her voice lost its beauty and the other creatures stopped coming to hear her sing.

b) Soon the nightingale became famous and creatures from miles around came to hear her sing.

c) All the creatures in the bog cheered and clapped at her beautiful song.

d) He offered to train the nightingale, so that she could sing even more beautifully.

e) So the frog could sing unrivalled in the bog once more.

f) The next night the frog introduced himself.

g) The frog charged an admission fee, and earned a lot of money from these concerts.

h) A frog croaked all night in a bog, in an unpleasant voice.

i) But the frog made the nightingale rehearse continuously in the rain.

j) One night a nightingale began to sing in a melodious voice.

k) Finally the nightingale burst a vein and died.

6. Now that you have read the poem, add more personality traits to the word-web of the frog and the nightingale as depicted in the poem. Then complete the given table. (Some of the words in the box below may help you. You may also use the words given in Q. 1.)

---

26 panache : a very confident, elegant style
27 foghorn : a very loud, unpleasant noise

Character	Extract	Personality traits
Nightingale	Sorry - was that you who spoke?	Polite, Timorous
Frog	Yes,… you see, I'm the frog who owns this tree In this bog I've long been known For my splendid baritone.	
Nightingale	Did you…did you like my song?	
Frog	Not too bad - but far too long The technique was fine, of course, But it lacked a certain force.	
Frog	Without proper training such as I And a few others can supply You'll remain a mere beginner, But with me you'll be a winner.	
Nightingale	But I can't sing in this weather.	
Nightingale	…This is a fairy tale - And you're Mozart in disguise Come to earth before my eyes.	
Frog	Come, my dear - we'll sing together.	
Frog	We must aim for better billing You still owe me sixty shillings.	
Frog	Brainless bird - you're on the stage Use your wits and follow fashion. Puff your lungs out with your passion.	
Frog	…I tried to teach her, But she was a stupid creature.	

Dismissive	Nervous	Timid	Presumptuous
Superior	Fawning	Shy	Polite
Meek	Possessive	Dominating	Mercenery

7. Divide yourselves into groups of four or five and brainstorm on any one of the given situations in order to create an imaginary dialogue or a comic strip. Keep in mind the characters and situations while doing so. Representatives from each group could then present the dialogues / read them to the class.

Situations

a. The efforts made by the other creatures of the bog to still the frog's determination 'to display his heart's elation'.

b. The first time the nightingale sings.

c. The nightingale is awestruck when the frog introduces himself.

d. The practice session when it is raining.

e. The nightingale is reprimanded by the frog when the box office crashes.

8. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, complete the sentences given below by choosing the appropriate option.

1. The frog's ultimate aim was to_____.

   a. make the nightingale a sensation

   b. make the nightingale as good a singer as him

   c. maintain his supremacy in the bog

   d. make a lot of money

2. The animals 'reaction to the nightingale's song caused the frog to_____.

   a. turn a blind eye

   b. be green with envy

   c. drive himself up the wall

   d. turn blue in the face

3. Identify the reason why the nightingale accepted the frog's tutelage.

   a. She was not confident of herself.

   b. She wanted to become as good a singer as the frog.

   c. She wanted to become a professional singer.

   d. She was not a resident of Bingle Bog.

9. Read the stanza given below and complete the sentences by selecting the appropriate option.

Day by day the nightingale
Grew more sorrowful and pale.
Night on night her tired song
Zipped and trilled and bounced along,
Till the birds and beasts grew tired
At a voice so uninspired
And the ticket office gross
Crashed, and she grew more morose -
For her ears were now addicted
To applause quite unrestricted,
And to sing into the night
All alone gave no delight.

i. The nightingale was sorrowful and pale because she_____.

a. had been practicing in the rain

b. had been performing all night

c. was losing confidence in herself

d. was falling ill

ii. Why was the audience tired of the song nightingale's song?

a. They had heard it many times

b. It had become mechanical

c. She looked tired

d. She had added trill to her song

iii. She no longer enjoyed singing alone as she_____.

a. wanted to sing only for titled crowd

b. was now used to the appreciation she got

c. was by herself, without the frog

d. had become proud of herself

10. Answer the following questions briefly.

a. Support the view that the creatures of Bingle bog liked the nightingale's singing.

b. Which are the different ways in which the frog asserts his importance?

c. Why is the frog's joy both sweet and bitter?

d. What was the frog's ulterior motive in making the nightingale add fills and trills to her songs?

e. Contradict the fact that the nightingale did not deserve the frog's wrath.

11. Discuss the following questions and write the answers in your note-books.

a. Bring out the irony in the frog's statement - 'Your song must be your own'.

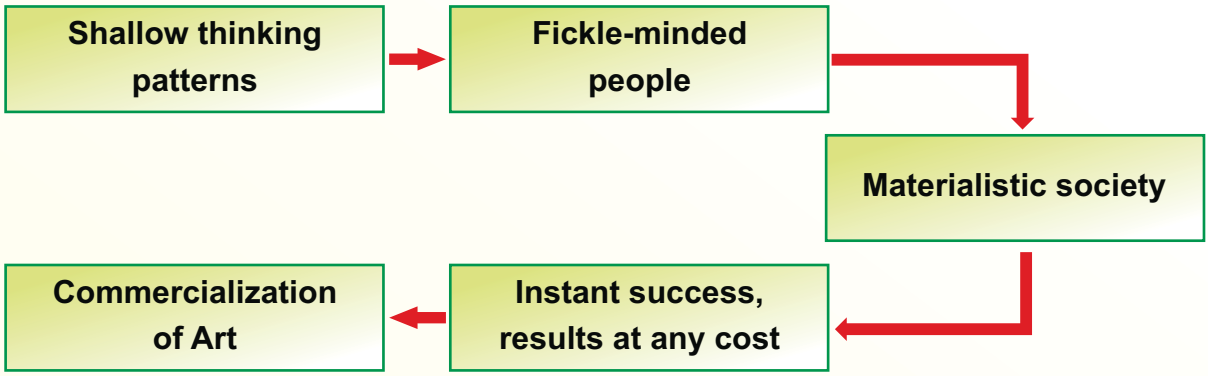
b. What was the purpose of the poet to end the poem in this manner? Can you suggest a different ending?

c. Do you think the nightingale is 'brainless'? Give reasons for your answer.

d. Inspite of having a melodious voice and being a crowd puller, the nightingale turns out to be a loser and dies. How far is she responsible for her own downfall?

e. Do you agree with the Frog's inference of the Nightingale's character? Give reasons for your answer.

12. The Frog and the Nightingale is a spoof on the present society. Study the mind map given below. Divide yourselves into groups, select a box and discuss the statement given. Then present your views to the class.



Topics for CLASS DISCUSSION

a. How a person tries to put down another when that person is succeeding in his or her life.

b. Our self-image is often based on what others make us believe we are. A poor self-image can do irreparable damage to us. Do you agree with this statement? Elaborate with suitable reasons and examples.

WRITING TASK

13. The nightingale has scaled the heights of success. But now the audience is dwindling, the frog is unhappy and reprimands her all the time. She is mentally and physically exhausted and fears failure. As the nightingale, write a diary entry highlighting her fears and analyzing the reasons for her failure.

14. Write an obituary for the nightingale. You may begin like this: May the kind soul…… (or you may make use of your own beginning)

LISTENING TASK

15. **Listen to the poem The Spider and the Fly theme by Mary Howitt and compare the Fly to Vikram Seth's Nightingale.**

NIGHTINGALE

FLY

Poetry & UNIT

P.2 Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments (Sonnet 55)

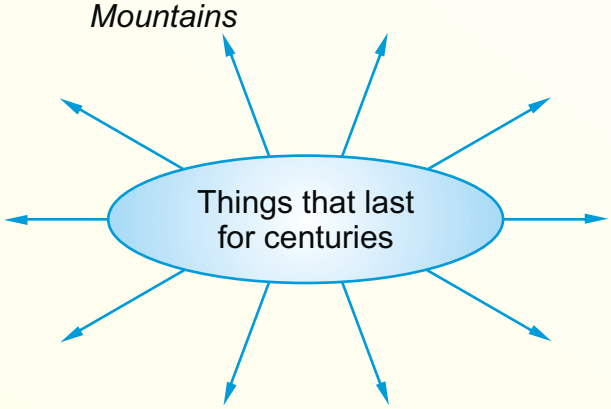
by William Shakespeare

1. Look at the following picture carefully.

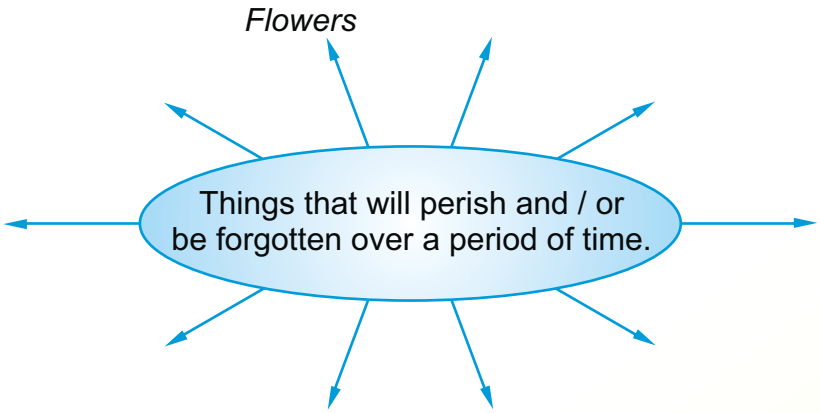
a) What has Time been portrayed as? Why?

b) What are the other symbols associated with Time?

2. a) What are the things that last for centuries? List a few things around you that will survive four to five hundred years into the future.



b) Think of things that will perish and/or be forgotten with the passage of time.



3. The word "sonnet" is derived from the Italian word sonetto, meaning "a little sound" or "a little song." A Sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines with a structured rhyme scheme in which a thought about a subject is developed thoroughly.

You will read two sonnets on the powerful effects of Time.

4. Listen to a recording of the sonnet 'Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments' by William Shakespeare played by your teacher. You could also listen to it on youtube at http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S0qCa1jBhtM&feature=related

5. Now read the sonnet.

Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments (Sonnet 55)

By William Shakespeare

Not marble, nor the **gilded**[1] monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than **unswept stone**[2], **besmear'd**[3] with **sluttish**[4] time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And **broils**[5] root out the work of masonry,
Nor **Mars**[6] his sword nor war's **quick**[7] fire shall burn
The **living record**[8] of your memory.
'Gainst[9] death and all **oblivious enmity**[10]

1 **gilded:** covered with gold; gold-plated
2 **unswept stone:** a stone monument left uncared for
3 **besmear'd :** tarnished
4 **sluttish:** of unclean habits and behaviour
5 **broils:** tumult, fighting, disturbances, esp. in war
6 **Mars:** the god of war
7 **quick:** lively, fast moving, searching out
8 **living record :** this written memory of your life which continues after you are dead

10 Shall you **pace forth**[11]; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all **posterity**[12]
That wear this world out to the ending **doom**[13].

So, till the **judgment**[14] that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

About the Poet

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon. He is considered by many to be the greatest dramatist and poet. 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.

6. On the basis of your understanding of Shakespeare's sonnet, answer the following questions by ticking the correct options.

(a) The couplet in the sonnet reinforces the poet's claim that his friend will_____.

A. rise out of his grave

B. be judged on the Judgment Day

C. be praised by all

D. live through this poem

(b) Choose the most appropriate collocation for the word doom, from the following:

A. imminent

B. unlikely

C. conscious of

D. avoidable

(d) The poet's tone in the poem is _____.

(i) despairing

(ii) optimistic

(iii) loving

(iv) admiring

---

9 **Gainst:** against
10 **oblivious enmity:** enmity which is forgetful of everything and so seeks to destroy everything
11 **pace forth:** stride forwards
12 **posterity:** future generations
13 **doom:** doomsday; the day on which the Last judgement will occur
14 **judgement :** the day of the last judgement

(e) The poem is set in _____.

(i) the place where the poet meets his friend

(ii) a battlefield where Mars is fighting a battle

(iii) a city ravaged by war

(iv) the poet's study where he is writing

7. Answer the following questions briefly.

(a) Describe how the monuments and statues brave the ravages of time.

(b) Validate the poet's reference to Time, as being sluttish.

(c) Elaborate on the reason why wars have been described as 'was tefil'?

(d) The poet says that neither forces of nature nor wars can destroy his poetry. In fact, even godly powers of Mars are not going to have a devastating effect on his rhyme. What quality of the poet is revealed through these lines?

8. Shakespeare's sonnet has been divided into three quatrains of four lines, each followed by a rhyming couplet. Each quatrain is a unit of meaning. Read the poem carefully and complete the following table on the structure of the poem.

	Rhyme scheme	Theme
Quatrain 1		Comparison between poetry and monuments.
Quatrain 2		Ravages of time on monuments contrasted with _____
Quatrain 3		The recorded memory of _____ _____posterity
Couplet		Poetry immortalises friend

9. a) The poet uses alliteration to heighten the musical quality of the sonnet. Working in pairs, underline the examples of alliteration in the poem.

b) Identify Shakespeare's use of personification in the poem.

Poetry
UNIT 9

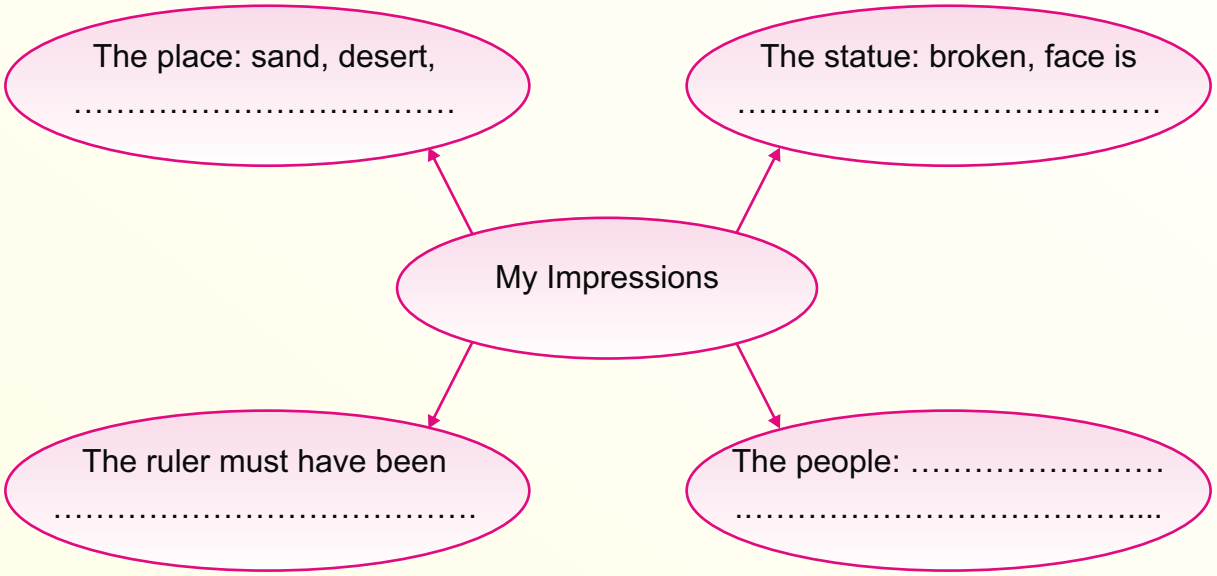
P.3 Ozymandias

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

1. Look at the picture given below.

While on a sight-seeing tour to an old and mysterious country far away from home, you have had seen this statue. Discuss with your partner what this picture tells you about the people, the place and the ruler.

Note down your ideas in the web-chart.



2. Write a letter to your friend about the sight you saw and your impression of it. You may create necessary details.

3. Now read the poem 'Ozymandias' by Percy Bysshe Shelley

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and **trunkless**[1] legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered **visage**[2] lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and **sneer**[3] of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions **read**[4]
Which yet survive, **stamped**[5] on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing **beside**[6] remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

About the Poet

The son of a Rich Tory Squire, Percy Bysshe Shelley was educated at Eton and Oxford. Shelley came under the influence of the revolutionary ideas of the English philosopher, William Godwin, whose daughter, Mary Godwin, he ultimately married. In 1818, Shelley left for Italy. He drowned in the Bay of Spezia in 1822.

4. Answer the following questions by selecting the correct options.

(a) The poem is set in _____ .

(i) the wilderness

(ii) an ancient land

(iii) a palace

(iv) a desert

---

1 **trunkless:** without the upper body (the main part of the body of a human being or an animal, excluding the head, neck, and limbs)
2 **visage:** face
3 **sneer:** facial expression of scorn or hostility in which the upper lip may be raised
4 **read:** interpreted
5 **stamped:** sculpted
6 **beside:** else

(b) Select the option that includes the set of qualities that the poet attributes to Ozymandias, in the given extract.

(I) boastful, furious, manipulative

(ii) ruthless, arrogant, desperate

(iii) haughty, self-serving, contemptuous

(iv) ambitious, aggressive, cruel

(c) In the line, "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings", the poet makes an indirect reference to an ancient empire to remind readers that_____.

(i) Time can be conquered

(ii) humility is a great virtue

(iii) the glory of the king is everlasting

(iv) a monarch's power is ephemeral

(d) The words 'bare' and 'decay' indicate that the mighty ruler has become_____.

(i) obscure

(ii) defenceless

(iii) dejected

(iv) indestructible

(e) The tone of the poem is _____.

(i) mocking

(ii) nostalgic

(iii) gloomy

(iv) gloating

5. Answer the following questions briefly.

(a) *"Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"* Who is Ozymandias referring to when he speaks of 'ye Mighty'? Why should they despair ?

(b) Bring out the irony in the poem.

(c) The poem re-emphasizes the idea that political power is transient but art is eternal and it survives. Do you agree? Why/ Why not?

(d) Overarching ambition can lead to great leaders and their downfall. Substantiate your position in favour or in opposition to this statement, with two points each.

(e) *'Nothing beside remains.'* What does the narrator mean when he says these words?

(f) What message is conveyed through this poem?

6. Identify and rewrite the lines from the poem spoken by the narrator, the traveller and Ozymandias. What impact do your think these three voices have on the reader?

The Narrator: _____

_____

_____

The Traveller: _____

_____

_____

Ozymandias: _____

_____

_____

7. Shelley's sonnet follows the traditional structure of the fourteen-line Italian sonnet, featuring an opening octave, or a set of eight lines, that presents a conflict or dilemma, followed by a sestet, or a set of six lines, that offers some resolution or commentary upon the proposition introduced in the octave. Read the poem carefully and complete the following table on the structure of the poem.

	Rhyme Scheme	Theme
Octave		
Sestet		

8. **Complete the table listing the poetic devices used by Shelley in Ozymandias.**

Poetic Device	Lines from the poem
Alliteration	*...and sneer of cold command*
Synecdoche (substitution of a part to stand for the whole, or the whole to stand for a part)	*the hand that mock'd them*

9. **Imagine that Ozymandias comes back to life and as he sees the condition of his statue, realisation dawns on him and he pens down his thoughts in a diary. As Ozymandias, make this diary entry in about 150 words. You could begin like this: I thought I was the mightiest of all but...**

10. **'Ozymandias' and 'Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments' are based on the theme of Time. Compare the two sonnets in terms of the manner in which Time is treated by the poets. Write your answer in about 150 words.**

11. ***'None are so empty as those who are full of themselves.'* Compare and contrast the characters of Mrs. Packletide and Ozymandias in light of this statement.**

12. **Imagine the traveller of the poem writes a diary entry, narrating his personal impressions about the trunkless statue and feelings about being in the antique land.**

    You may begin like this...

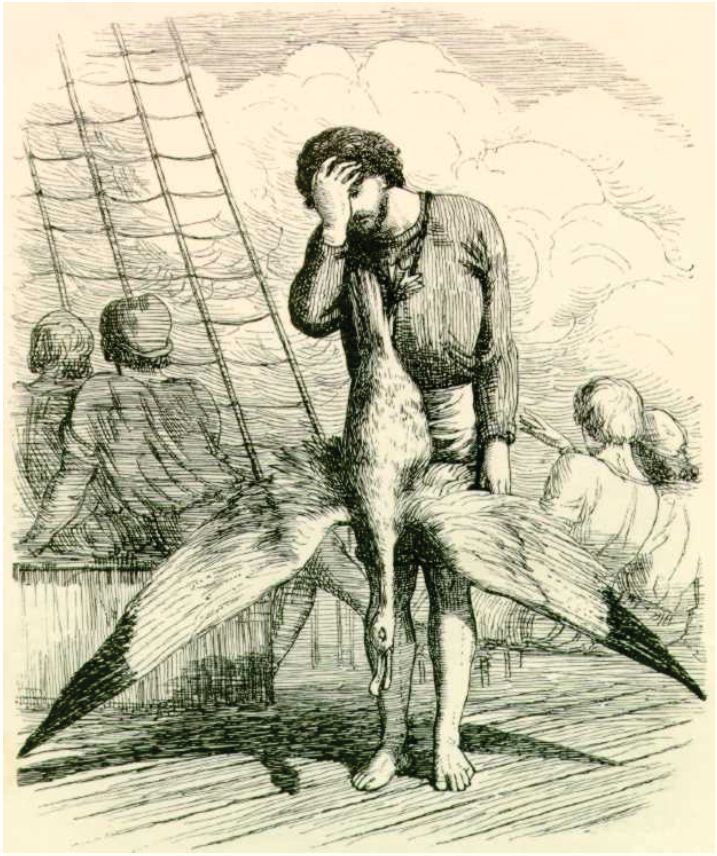
    The moment I saw the vast stretches of sand I couldn't contain my excitement. In the midst of this sandy desert, I saw...

Poetry UNIT 10

P.4 The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1. Look at the picture carefully and answer the questions given below:



1. What can you see in the picture? Does the man look happy? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Why does he have the bird hanging around his neck?
3. Have you heard of the expression-'having an albatross around your neck'? What do you think it means? Does it mean:
   a. something that you can always be proud of
   b. something that you have to do because you have no choice
   c. something that is with you all the time as a reminder that you have done something wrong?
4. What is an albatross?

'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' is one of the best known classical poems, written in English, containing some very beautiful and memorable lines. You may find that it needs some work and attention from you to understand it, before you are in a position to appreciate and respond to the beauty of the language that it contains.

'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' is a ballad, i.e. it tells a story. Ballad poetry usually includes archaic words and spellings.

Since it is a long poem, only the first two parts have been included in this Unit. Your teacher will help you read the other five parts after you complete this Unit.

2. Listen carefully as the teacher reads out the first part of the poem to you or makes you listen to a recording of the poem.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Part I

It is an ancient **Mariner**[1],
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and **glittering**[2] eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of **kin**[3];
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," **quoth**[4] he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard **loon**[5]!'
Eftsoons[6] his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye-
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the **kirk**[7], below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

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1 **Mariner -** sailor
2 **glittering -** shining brightly, with flashing points of light
3 **kin -** members of your family
4 **quoth -** said
5 **loon -** a mad person
6 **Eftsoons -** at once
7 **kirk -** church

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon-
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud **bassoon**[8].

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry **minstrelsy**[9].

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was **tyrannous**[10] and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping **prow**[11],
As who **pursued**[12] with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his **foe**[13],
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as **emerald**[14].

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8 **bassoon -** a musical instrument
9 **minstrelsy -** singers and musicians
10 **tyrannous** - cruel, severe, harsh
11 **prow** - the front part of a ship
12 **pursued** - chased
13 **foe -** enemy
14 **emerald -** a precious stone, which is clear and bright green

And through the **drifts**[15] the snowy **clifts**[16]
Did send a dismal **sheen**[17]:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we **ken**[18] -
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a **swound**[19]!

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The **helmsman**[20] steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's **hollo**[21] !

In mist or cloud, on mast or **shroud**[22],
It **perched**[23] for **vespers nine**[24],
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that **plague**[25] thee thus!-
Why look'st thou so?'-"With my **crossbow**[26]
I shot the Albatross."

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15 **drifts -** floating ice
16 **clifts -** steep sides of the ice-bergs
17 **sheen -** a smooth and gentle brightness on the surface of something
18 **ken -** see
19 **swound -** a fainting fit
20 **helmsman -** the person steering the ship
21 **hollo -** shout, call
22 **shroud -** sail
23 **perched -** sat on the edge of something
24 **vespers nine -** a fixed time every day (the evening church service)
25 **plague -** to bother, trouble
26 **crossbow -** a very powerful bow and arrow, with a trigger

3. **The teacher will now assign roles and ask you to read the poem aloud to show the poem written in the first person (the parts in quotation marks spoken by the Mariner) and in the third person (where the narrator comments about the events taking place).**

4. **Here are some of the archaic words used in the poem; can you match them with the words used in modern English language that mean the same? The first one has been done for you as an example:**

stoppeth	why
thy	entered
wherefore	stopped
stopp'st	you
thou	lunatic
may'st	at once
quoth	fainting fit
loon	has
eftsoons	can't you
dropt	stopping
hath	church
spake	enemy
kirk	yes
paced	see
foe	call
aye	trouble
ken	looking
swound	your
hollo	said
plague	dropped
look'st	spoke

5. Using the words given above rewrite PART I of the poem in your own words. The first stanza has been done as an example:

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An old sailor stopped one of the three people passing by, who asked: "Old man, with your long grey beard and glittering eye, why are you stopping me?"

6. Answer the following by choosing the right option from those given below:

a. The Ancient Mariner stopped one of the three wedding guests because……

i. he wanted to attend the wedding with him

ii. he wanted him to sit with him

iii. he wanted him to listen to his story

iv. he wanted to stop him from going to the wedding

b. The wedding guest remarked that he was 'next of kin' It meant that ……..

i. he was a close relation of the bridegroom

ii. he was a close relation of the bride

iii. he was next in line to get married

iv. he had to stand next to the bridegroom during the wedding

c. 'He cannot choose but hear' means……

i. ‘the mariner was forced to hear the story of the wedding guest.’

ii. ‘the wedding guest was forced to hear the story of the mariner.’

iii. ‘the mariner had the choice of not listening to the story of the wedding guest.’

iv. ‘the wedding guest had the choice of not listening to the story of the mariner.’

d. 'The sun came up upon the left, /Out of the sea came he;'This line tells us that the ship…….

i. was moving in the northern direction

ii. was moving eastwards

iii. was moving in the western direction

iv. was moving towards the south

e. The Wedding-Guest beat his breast because……

i. he could hear the sound of the bassoon

ii. he was forced to listen to the Mariner's tale when he wanted to attend the wedding

iii. the sound of the bassoon meant that the bride had arrived and the wedding ceremony was about to begin and he could not attend it.

iv. the sound of the bassoon announced the arrival of the bride and the start of the wedding ceremony

f. The storm blast had been described as being tyrannous because…….

i. it was so fierce that it frightened the sailors

ii. it took complete control of the ship

iii. the storm was very powerful

iv. the sailors were at its mercy

g. The sailors felt depressed on reaching the land of mist and snow because……

i. there was no sign of any living creature

ii. they felt they would die in that cold weather

iii. they were surrounded by icebergs and there seemed to be no sign of life

iv. everything was grey in colour and they felt very cold

h. The sailors were happy to see the albatross because……..

i. it was the first sign of life and therefore gave them hope that they might survive

ii. it split the icebergs around the ship and helped the ship move forward.

iii. it was a messenger from God and it lifted the fog and mist.

iv. it gave them hope of survival by splitting the icebergs.

i. The two things that happened after the arrival of the albatross were ……

i. the icebergs split and the albatross became friendly with the sailors

ii. the icebergs split and a strong breeze started blowing

iii. the ship was pushed out of the land of mist and the ice melted.

iv. the albatross started playing with the mariners and ate the food they offered.

j. 'It perched for vespers nine' means……

i. the ship stopped sailing at nine o'clock every day

ii. the albatross would appear at a fixed time everyday.

iii. the albatross would sit on the sail or the mast everyday

iv. the albatross was a holy creature

k. 'God save thee, ancient Mariner, /From the fiends that plague thee thus!- Why look'st thou so?' means…….

i. the mariner wanted to know why the wedding guest was looking so tormented

ii. the wedding guest wanted to know why the mariner was looking so tormented

iii. the wedding guest wanted to know whether some creatures were troubling the ancient mariner

iv. the ancient mariner wanted to know whether something was troubling the wedding guest

7. Answer the following questions briefly

a. How did the ancient mariner stop the wedding guest?

b. Was the wedding guest happy to be stopped? Give reasons for your answer.

c. Describe the ancient mariner.

d. How does the mariner describe the movement of the ship as it sails away from the land?

e. What kind of weather did the sailors enjoy at the beginning of their journey? How has it been depicted in the poem?

f. How did the sailors reach the land of mist and snow?

g. How does the mariner express the fact that the ship was completely surrounded by icebergs?

h. How do we know that the albatross was not afraid of the humans? Why did the sailors hail it in God's name?

i. What was the terrible deed done by the Mariner? Why do you think he did it ?

8. There are a number of literary devices used in the poem. Some of them have been listed below. Choose the right ones and write them down in the table as shown in the example. In each of the cases, explain what they mean.

simile, metaphor, alliteration, personification. hyperbole, repetition,

1. The Wedding-Guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child:	Simile; the wedding guest was completely under the control of the mariner
2. Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top	
3. The sun came up upon the left, Out of the sea came he	
4. The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she	
5. And now the storm-blast came, and he was tyrannous and strong:	
6. With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe	
7. The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around	

9. In groups of four, discuss what you think happens next in the poem. Share your views with the rest of the class.

10. The teacher will now read out the second part of the poem or assign parts to you and ask you to read the poem to the class.

Part II

83 "The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

87 And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

91 And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work' **em**[27] **woe**[28] :

27 em - them
28 woe - great unhappiness and sorrow

For all **averred**[29], I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun **uprist**[30]:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to **slay**[31],
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very **deep**[32] did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

29 **averred** said firmly
30 **uprist** rose up
31 **slay** to kill
32 **deep** ocean

137 About, about, in **reel and rout**[33]
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

141 And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
Nine **fathom**[34] deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

145 And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

149 Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

11. Answer the following questions briefly

a. In which direction did the ship start moving? How can you say?

b. Why does the mariner say that 'no sweet bird did follow'?

c. How did the other mariners behave towards the Ancient Mariner at first? How many times did they change their mind about the Ancient Mariner? What does this tell us about their character?

d. How did the sailing conditions change after the ship had moved out of the land of mist and snow? What or who did the mariners blame for this change?

e. What is indicated by the line 'The bloody sun, at noon,/Right up above the mast did stand,/No bigger than the moon'?

f. How does the mariner describe the fact that they were completely motionless in the middle of the sea?

g. What is the irony in the ninth stanza? Explain it in your own words.

h. What is the narrator trying to convey through the description of the situation in the tenth and eleventh stanza?

i. What or who did the mariners feel was responsible for their suffering?

33 **reel and rout -** types of dance
34 **fathom -** a measurement of depth

j. Describe the condition of the mariners as expressed in the thirteenth stanza.

k. Why did the mariners hang the albatross around the neck of the Ancient Mariner?

l. Consider you are an animal rights' activist. Briefly mention how you could cite this poem to propose your points in defence of animal rights.

12. Like part one, the second part also has a number of literary devices. List them out in the same way as you had done in question number seven and explain them.

13. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?

14. Find examples of the use of interesting sounds (Onomatopoeia) from the poem and explain their effect on the reader.

1. The ice 'cracked and growled, and roared and howled'	Coleridge uses onomatopoeic words which use harsh 'ck' sounds to make the ice sound brutal. He also gives the ice animal sounds to give the impression it has come alive and is attacking the ship

15. The poem is full of strange, uncanny or supernatural elements. Discuss how these elements appear in the poem. You should consider:

- the strange weather;
- the albatross as a bird of "good omen"
- the spirit from "the land of mist and snow"
- the strange slimy creatures seen in the sea
- the ocean appearing to rot
- the death fires and sea water being referred to as witch's oil

Now write a paragraph about the supernatural elements in the poem and how they add to the events that take place in the poem.

16. Every ship is supposed to have a *log book*, which is filled in every day by the captain. If he dies, the next senior officer fills it in (usually the First Mate).. Decide on appropriate dates (the mariner's tale was supposed to be thought of as already very old when the poem was published: it should be no later than about 1700 AD; other clues to the date are the light-house and the mariner's crossbow). If you wish you can make the log look old by staining the pages, by your handwriting and spelling. Write a series of entries for the log of the important

events that take place in the ship as recorded in the poem.The first one has been done as an example

1701 AD

Today we left the shore at 3.30 p.m. under glorious sailing conditions. We have 230 men on board. We are sailing with cargo towards Portugal. The journey is expected to take 90 days. We are well stocked with food and water to last us 250 days in case of any emergency. Hopefully we will not face any untoward happenings. God be with us!

You could also do this as an oral activity, recording the entries on audio tape and using voice effects and other sound effects if you can.

17. Performing the poem

This is a very dramatic poem, excellent for reading aloud or even dramatising. The class should be divided into groups and given the different dramatic moments from the poem to be performed as follows. Some of them are given below:

- the first storm that they encounter
- the time spent in the land of mist and snow
- the coming of the albatross and the subsequent events till they move out
- the killing of the albatross till they reach the silent seas
- the suffering of the sailors in the hot region till they hang the albatross around the Ancient Mariner's neck

18. The poem has seven parts to it. The class could be divided into five groups and each group be asked to read one part of the remaining poem. Each group would then have to report their findings. The report can be made interesting with illustrations/power point presentations. Help could be taken from the following websites:

www.online-literature.com/coleridge/646/

www.gradesaver.com/the-rime-of-the-ancient-mariner/

text.virginia.edu/toc/modeng/public/Col2Mar.html

www.enotes.com/rime-ancient-mariner-text

19. After you have read the poem, discuss the following questions in your groups:

i. Why did the Ancient Mariner stop the particular wedding guest to listen to his tale?

ii. Why did he have to tell his tale to someone?

iii. What is the poet trying to convey through this poem?

P.5 Snake

D. H. Lawrence

1. **Snakes generate both horror and fascination. Do you agree? Why/Why not?**

2. **Read what W.W.E. Ross feels when he sees a snake and fill in the table given below:**

The Snake Trying

The snake trying
to escape the pursuing stick,
with sudden curvings of thin
long body. How beautiful
and graceful are his shapes!
He glides through the water away
from the stroke. O let him go
over the water
into the reeds to hide
without hurt. Small and green
he is harmless even to children.
Along the sand
he lay until observed
and chased away, and now
he vanishes in the ripples
among the green slim reeds.

What is the snake doing?	Words to describe the snake	The Poet's plea

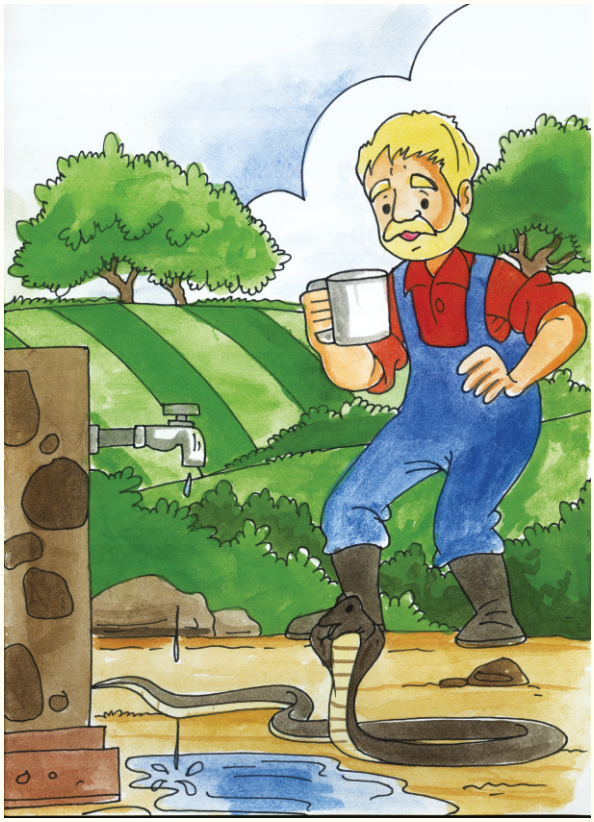
3. Read the poem by D.H. Lawrence about his encounter with a snake.

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.
In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark **carob-tree**[1]
I came down the steps with my **pitcher**[2]
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough before me.

He reached down from a **fissure**[3] in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.
Someone was before me at my water-trough,

And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And **flickered**[4] his two-forked tongue from his lips, and **mused**[5] a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning **bowels**[6] of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.



The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.

1 **carob-tree -** a red flowered tree originally in the Mediterranean area.
2 **pitcher -** tall, round container with an open top and large handle
3 **fissure -** crack
4 **flickered -** moved
5 **mused -** think about
6 **bowels -** bottom of earth

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him? Was it **perversity**[7], that I longed to talk to him? Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid, But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

7 **perversity -** The quality of being unreasonable, illogical

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind **convulsed**[8] in undignified haste.
Writhed[9] like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how **paltry**[10], how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the **albatross**[11]
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to **expiate**[12]
A pettiness.

About the author

D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930), English novelist, storywriter, critic, poet and painter, is one of the greatest figures in the twentieth-century English literature. The poem **'Snake'**, composed in 1923, forms part of the Reptiles section of D.H. Lawrence's book **'Birds, Beasts, and Flowers**.' It details a powerful few moments when Lawrence is confronted by a snake at Lawrence's water trough, in Taormina, Sicily. The poem is unrhymed, written in free verse, and is representative of modernist literature.

4. Given below is the summary of the poem Snake in short paragraphs. However they are jumbled. Work in pairs and put the summary into a logical sequence.

a) After drinking water to his satisfaction, the snake raised his head dreamily and flickered his forked tongue and licked his lips. The snake looked around like a God and then slowly proceeded to curve round and move away from the water trough.

b) The poet felt much like the ancient mariner who had killed the albatross for no reason. He wished that the snake would come back. He thought of the snake as a king in exile

8 **convulsed -** violent movement
9 **Writhed -** to twist and turn
10 **paltry -** worthless
11 **albatross -** an allusion to Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner". He wishes for it to return.
12 **expiate -** make amends

who had to be crowned again. He also regretted having missed his opportunity of knowing and understanding one of the lords of life.

c) As the snake put his head into the hole to retreat into the earth, the poet was filled with a protest against the idea of the snake withdrawing into his hole. The poet put down his pitcher, picked up a log and hurled it at the snake. The snake twisted violently and with great alacrity vanished into the hole in the wall.

d) A snake visited the poet's water trough on a hot afternoon to quench his thirst. The poet who had also gone to the trough to fill water in a pitcher waited for the snake to depart since he had come at the trough prior to the poet.

e) The voice of education inside the poet which tells him that it was the fear for the snake that made him refrain from killing him. However, the poet felt that though he was quite afraid of the snake, he did actually feel honoured that a snake had come to seek his hospitality from the deep recesses of the earth.

f) He is guilt-ridden and feels that he has to atone for the meanness of his action of throwing a log at the snake.

g) The snake rested his throat upon the stone bottom and sipped the water into his slack long body. After drinking water, he raised his head just like cattle do and flashed his forked tongue, thought for a moment and then bent down to drink some more water.

h) Education and social conventions make the poet think that the golden brown poisonous snake must be killed and that as a brave man he must undertake the task of killing the snake.

i) The poet instantly felt sorry for his unrefined and contemptible act and cursed the voices of education and civilization that had shaped his thought process and urged him to kill the snake.

j) However, the poet instinctively likes the snake, treats him like a guest and feels honoured that it has come to drink at his water trough. The poet questions himself and wonders whether his not daring to kill the snake proves that he is a coward and whether his desire to talk to the snake reflects his perversity.

5. Based on your reading of the poem, answer the following questions by selecting the correct options:

1. *'he lifted his head from his drinking as cattle do'* - The poet wants to convey that the snake is_____.

   a) domesticated

   b) innocent

   c) as harmless as cattle

d) drinking water just like cattle

2. *'Sicilian July'*, *'Etna smoking'* and *'burning bowels of the earth'* are images that convey that_____.

   a) there are snakes in volcanic areas

   b) the poet lives in a hot area

   c) it is a really hot day when the snake comes

   d) Sicilian snakes are dangerous

3. *'A sort of horror , a sort of protest overcame me'* - The poet is filled with protest because_____.

   a) he doesn't want to let the snake remain alive

   b) he fears the snake

   c) he doesn't want the snake to recede into darkness

   d) he wants to kill it so that it doesn't return

4. In the line *'And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther'* the phrase *snake easing'* his shoulders means_____.

   a) loosening its shoulders

   b) slipping in with majestic grace

   c) moving slowly

   d) moving fast

5. *'He seemed to me like a king in exile…'* The poet refers to the snake as such to emphasize that the snake_____.

   a) is like a king enduring banishment

   b) is like a king due to be crowned

   c) is a majestic king who came for a while on earth

   d) is a majestic creature forced to go into exile by man

6. *'I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act'* -The poet is referring to_____.

   a) the snake going into the dreadful hole

   b) the accursed modern education

   c) the act of throwing a log of wood at the snake

   d) the act of killing the snake

6. Answer the following questions briefly:

a) Why does the poet decide to stand and wait till the snake has finished drinking? What does this tell you about the poet? (Notice that he uses 'someone' instead of 'something' for the snake.)

b) In stanza 2 and 3, the poet gives a vivid description of the snake by using suggestive expressions. What picture of the snake do you form on the basis of this description?

c) How does the poet describe the day and the atmosphere when he had seen the snake?

d) What does the poet want to convey by saying that the snake emerges from the 'burning bowels of the earth'?

e) Do you think the snake was conscious of the poet's presence? How do you know?

f) How do we know that the snake's thirst had been satiated? Pick out the expressions that convey this.

g) The poet has a dual attitude towards the snake. Why does he experience conflicting emotions on seeing the snake?

h) The poet is filled with horror and protest when the snake prepares to retreat and bury itself in the 'horrid black', 'dreadful' hole. In the light of this statement, bring out the irony of his act of throwing a log at the snake.

i) The poet seems to be full of admiration and respect for the snake. He almost regards him like a majestic God. Pick out at least four expressions from the poem that reflect these emotions.

j) What is the difference between the snake's movement at the beginning of the poem and later when the poet strikes it with a log of wood? You may use relevant vocabulary from the poem to highlight the difference.

k) The poet experiences feelings of self-derision, guilt and regret after hitting the snake. Pick out expressions that suggest this. Why does he feel like this?

l) You have already read Coleridge's poem The Ancient Mariner in which an albatross is killed by the mariner. Why does the poet make an allusion to the albatross?

m) 'I have something to expiate'-Explain.

7. The encounter with the snake and the dual response of the poet to his presence at the water trough reflect a conflict between civilized social education and natural human instincts. The poet writes a diary entry highlighting how he was torn between the two voices. Write his diary.

8. Alliteration is the repetition of sounds in words, usually the first sound. **Sibilance** is a special form of alliteration using the softer consonants that create hissing sounds, or sibilant sounds. These consonants and digraphs include s, sh, th, ch, z, f, x, and soft c.

Onomatopoeia is a word that imitates the sound it represents for a rhetorical or artistic effect of bringing out the full flavor of words. The sounds literally make the meaning in such words as "buzz," "crash," "whirr," "clang" "hiss," "purr," "squeak," etc.It is also used by poets to convey their subject to the reader. For example, in the last lines of Lord Alfred Tennyson's poem 'Come Down, O Maid', /m/ and /n/ sounds produce an atmosphere of murmuring insects:

... the moan of doves in immemorial elms,

And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Notice how D H Lawrence uses both these devices effectively in the following stanza.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom

*And trailed his yellow-brown **s**lackness **s**oft-bellied down, over the edge of*

*the **s**tone trough*

*And rested his throat upon the **s**tone bottom,*

*And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a **s**mall clearness,*

*He **s**ipped with his **s**traight mouth,*

***S**oftly drank through his **s**traight gums, into his **s**lack long body,*

***S**ilently.*

To what effect has the poet used these devices? How has it added to your understanding of the subject of the poem? You may record your understanding of the characteristics of a snake under the following headings:

a) Sound

b) Movement

c) Shape

9. The poet has also used both repetition and similes in the poem. For example--'must wait, must stand and wait' (repetition) and 'looked at me vaguely as cattle do' (simile).Pick out examples of both and make a list of them in your notebooks. Give reasons why the poet uses these literary devices.

10. A Calligram is a poem, phrase or word in which the handwriting is arranged in a way that creates a visual image. The image created by the words expresses visually what the word or words, say. In a poem, it manifests visually the theme presented by the text of the poem. Read the poem given below. Try to compose a calligram. You could pick a subject of your choice.

Snake

Snake glides
through grass
over
Pebbles
forked tongue
working
never
speaking
but its
body
whispers
listen.

Keith Bosley

DRAMA

Drama

UNIT 12

D.1 The Dear Departed

by Stanley Houghton

1. Read an excerpt from the diary of a 72 year old man :

As I sit here alone and waiting
I gaze at people passing me by.
I try to smile and reach out to them
But no one notices; no one waits.
They look to me like I am nothing-
Are they afraid to be seen saying "Hi" to an old man like me?

Once my life, it's like a flower,
I had bloomed into a child.
Now, like the dying flower
Waiting for my one day to come-
It will be then that I am gone,
And yet, I still would not have heard that simple word, "Hi"
That for so long my heart had desired.

- What do you think is he feeling?
- What situation do you think leads people to feel so?
- Can such people be helped? How?

2. Read the news story given below.

India's elderly face growing neglect

By Tinku Ray
BBC News, Delhi

There has been a steady rise recently in reports of cases of elderly being abused, harassed and abandoned in India.

Traditionally older people have been revered in India, signified by the touching of their feet by the younger generation.

Prime ministers and Presidents have almost always been senior citizens.

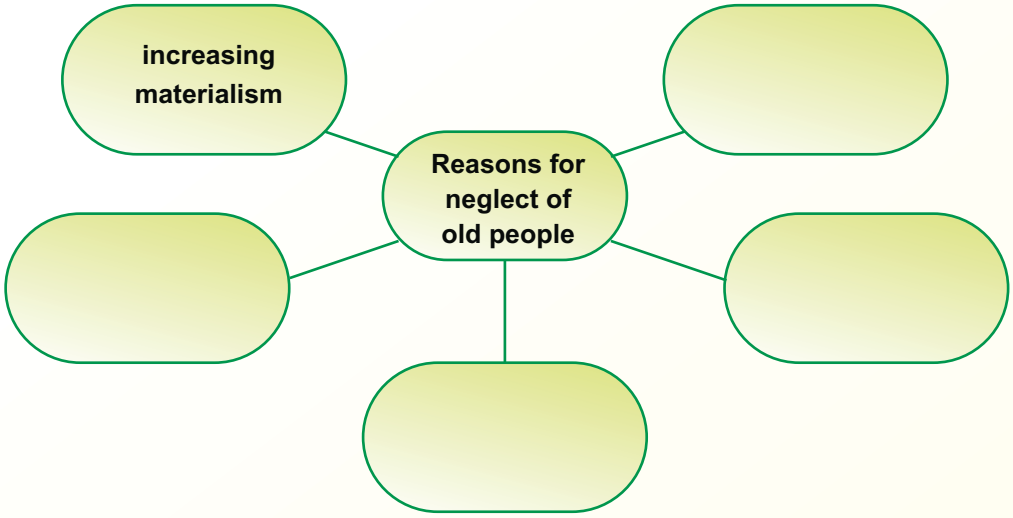
Joint family systems - where three or more generations lived under one roof - were a strong support - network for the elderly.

But more children are now leaving their parental homes to set up their own.

Discuss in groups:

a) **What are the reasons for the old people being "abused, harassed and abandoned" in India?**

b) **What are the problems faced by the old people as a result?**



3. **The play 'The Dear Departed' can be performed on the stage. The first step would be a dramatized reading of the play as a whole class activity. Later, your teacher will assign you roles which you will play after an audition. Later the play can be put up on stage.**

Characters

Sisters	MRS. SLATER
	MRS. JORDAN
Their Husbands	HENRY SLATER
	BEN JORDAN

VICTORTIA SLATER : Daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Slater

ABEL MERRYWEATHER Father of Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan

(The scene is the sitting room of a small house in a lower middle-class district of a provincial town. On the spectator's left is the window, with the blinds down. A sofa is in front of it. On his right is a fireplace with an armchair by it. In the middle of the wall facing the spectator is the door into the passage. To the left of the door a cheap, shabby chest of drawers, to the right a sideboard. In the middle of the room is a table, with chairs round it. Ornaments and a cheap American clock are on the mantelpiece, in the hearth a kettle. By the sideboard a pair of gaudy new carpet slippers. The table is partly laid for tea, and the necessaries for the meal are on the sideboard, as also are copies of an evening paper and of **TIT-BITS**[1] *and* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**[2]*. Turning to the left through the door takes you to the front door; to the right, up-stairs. In the passage a hat-stand is visible. When the curtain rises Mrs. Slater is seen laying the table. She is a vigorous, plump, red-faced,vulgar woman, prepared to do any amount of straight talking to get her own way. She is in black, but not in complete mourning. She listens for a moment and then goes to the window, opens it and calls out into the street).*

MRS. SLATER *(sharply)* Victoria, Victoria! D'ye hear? Come in, will you?

(MRS. SLATER *closes window and puts the blind straight and then returns to her work at the table.* VICTORIA, *a* ***precocious***[3] *girl often, dressed in colours, enters.)*

MRS. SLATER : I'm amazed at you, Victoria; I really am. How you can **gallivanting** [4] about in the street with your grandfather lying dead and cold upstairs, I don't know. Be off now, and change your dress before your Aunt Elizabeth and your Uncle Ben come. It would never do for them to find you **in colours**[5].

VICTORIA : What are they coming for? They haven't been here for ages.

MRS. SLATER : They're coming to talk over poor grandpa's affairs. Your father sent them a telegram as soon as we found he was dead. *(A noise is heard.)*

Good gracious, that's never them. (MRS. SLATER: *hurries to the door and opens it.*) No, thank goodness! It's only your father.

(HENRY SLATER, *a stooping, heavy man with a drooping moustache, enters. He is wearing a black* ***tailcoat***[6]*, grey trousers, a black lie and a bowler hat. He carriers a little paper parcel.*)

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1 **TIT-BITS-** A British weekly magazine founded by George Newnes in 1881, which was in mass circulation in England.
2 **PEARSON'S WEEKLY -** A British weekly magazine founded by Sir Cyril Pearson (1866-1921) in 1890.
3 **precocious -** a person whose mental attitude is developed beyond his/ her age
4 **gallivanting -** go about seeking pleasure
5 **colours -** wearing gay dress
6 **tailcoat -** a man's black coat worn for formal daytime occasions and having a long rounded and split tail

HENRY : Not come yet, eh?

MRS. SLATER : You can see they haven't, can't you? Now, Victoria, be off upstairs and that quick. Put your white frock on with a black sash.

(VICTORIA *goes out.*)

MRS. SLATER : (*to* HENRY): I'm not satisfied, but it's the best we can do **till our new black's ready**[7], and Ben and Elizabeth will never have thought about mourning yet, so we'll outshine them there-

(HENRY *sits in the armchair by the fire.*)

Get your boots off, HENRY; Elizabeth's that prying she notices the least speck of dirt.

HENRY : I'm wondering if they'll come at all. When you an Elizabeth quarreled she said she'd never set foot in your house again.

MRS. SLATER : She'll come fast enough after her share of what grandfather's left. You know how hard she can be when she likes. Where she gets it from I can't tell. (MRS. SLATER *unwraps the parcel HENRY has brought. It contains an apple pie, which she puts on a dish on the table.)*

HENRY : I suppose it's in the family.

MRS. SLATER : What do you mean by that, Henry Slater?

HENRY : I was referring to your father, not to you. Where are my slippers?

MRS. SLATER : In the kitchen; but you want a new pair, those old ones are nearly worn out. *(Nearly breaking down.)*You don't seem to realize what it's costing me to bear up like I am doing. My heart's fit to break when I see the little trifles that belonged to grandfather lying around, and think he'll never use them again. *(Briskly)*

Here! You'd better wear these slippers of grandfather's now. It's lucky he'd just got a new pair-

HENRY : They'll be very small for me, my dear.

MRS. SLATER : They'll stretch, won't they? I'm not going to have them wasted. *(She has finished laying the table.)*

Henry, I've been thinking about that **bureau**[8] of grandfather's that's in his bedroom. You know I always wanted to have it after he died.

7 **till our new black's ready -** till a new dress of mourning is ready
8 **bureau -** a writing desk with drawers

HENRY : You must arrange with Elizabeth when you're dividing things up.

MRS. SLATER : Elizabeth's that sharp she'll see I'm after it, and she'll **drive a hard bargain**[9] over it. Eh, what it is to have a low money grubbing spirit!

HENRY : Perhaps she's got her eye on the bureau as well.

MRS. SLATER : She's never been here since grandfather bought it. If it was only down here instead of in his room, she'd never guess it wasn't our own.

HENRY : *(startled)* Amelia! *(He rises.)*

MRS. SLATER : Henry, why shouldn't we bring that bureau down here now? We could do it before they come.

HENRY *(stupefied)* : I wouldn't care to.

MRS. SLATER : Don't look so daft. Why not?

HENRY : It doesn't seem delicate, somehow.

MRS. SLATER : We could put that shabby old chest of drawers upstairs where the bureau is now. Elizabeth could have that and welcome.I've always wanted to get rid of it. *(She points to the drawers.)*

HENRY : Suppose they come when we're doing it.

MRS. SLATER : I'll fasten the front door. Get your coat off. Henry; we'll change it. (MRS. SLATER *goes out to fasten the front door.* HENRY *takes his coat off .* MRS. SLATER *reappears.*)

MRS. SLATER : I'll run up and move the chairs out of the way.

(VICTORIA *appears, dressed according to her mother's instructions.)*

VICTORIA : Will you fasten my frock up the back, mother?

MP.S.SLATER : I'm busy; get your father to do it.

(MRS. SLATER *hurries upstairs, and* HENRY *fastens the frock.*)

VICTORIA : What have you got your coat off for, Father?

HENRY : Mother and me is going to bring grandfather's bureau down here.

VICTORIA : *(after a moment's thought.)*: Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?

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9 **drive a hard bargain -** to argue in an aggressive manner and force somebody to agree on the best possible arrangement.

HENRY : *(shocked)* No, my child. Grandpa gave it to your mother before he died.

VICTORIA : This morning?

HENRY : Yes.

VICTORIA : Ah! He was drunk this morning.

HENRY : Hush; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now. (HENRY *has fastened the frock, and* MRS. SLATER *appears carrying a handsome clock under her arm.*)

MRS. SLATER : I thought I'd fetch this down as well. *(She puts it on the mantelpiece.)* Our clock's worth nothing and this always appealed to me.

VICTORIA : That's grandpa's clock.

MRS. SLATER : Be quiet! It's ours now. Come Henry, lift your end. Victoria, don't breathe a word to your aunt about the clock and the bureau.

(They carry the chest of drawers through the doorway.)

VICTORIA : *(to herself)* I thought we'd pinched them.

(After a short pause there is a sharp knock at the front door.)

MRS. SLATER : *(from upstairs)* Victoria, if that's your aunt and uncle you're not to open the door.

(VICTORIA *peeps through the window.*)

VICTORIA : Mother, It's them.

MRS. SLATER : You're not to open the door till I come down. *(Knocking repeated.)*

Let them knock away. *(There is a heavy bumping noise.)*

Mind the wall. Henry. (HENRY *and* MRS. SLATER, *very hot and flushed, stagger in with a pretty old- fashioned bureau containing a locked desk. They put it where the chest of drawers was, and straighten the ornaments, etc. The knocking is repeated.)*

MRS. SLATER : That was a near thing. Open the door, Victoria. Now, Henry, get your coat on. *(She helps him.)*

HENRY : Did we knock much plaster off the wall?

MRS. SLATER : Never mind the plaster. Do I look all right? *(Straightening her hair in the glass.)* Just watch Elizabeth's face when she sees we're all in half-mourning. *(Throwing him Tit-Bits.)* Take this and sit down. Try

and look as if we'd been waiting for them. (HENRY *sits in the armchair and* MRS. SLATER on the *left of table. They read* ***ostentatiously***[10]. VICTORIA *ushers in* BEN *and* MRS. JORDAN. *The latter is a stout, complacent woman with an impassive face and an irritating air of always being right. She is wearing a complete and deadly outfit of new mourning crowned by a great black hat with plumes.* BEN *is also in complete new mourning, with black gloves and a band round his hat. He is rather a jolly little man, accustomed to be humorous, but at present trying to adapt himself to the regrettable occasion. He has a bright, chirpy little voice.* BEN *sails into the room and solemnly goes straight to* MRS. SLATER *and kisses her. The men shake hands. Not a word is spoken.* MRS. SLATER *furtively inspects the new mourning.)*

MRS. JORDAN : Well,Amelia, and he's gone at last.

MRS. SLATER : Yes, he's gone. He was seventy-two a fortnight last Sunday. *(She sniffs back a tear.* MRS. JORDAN *sits on the left of the table.* MRS. SLATER *on the right.* HENRY *in the armchair.* BEN *on the sofa with* VICTORIA *near him.)*

BEN : *(chirpily)* Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse.

MRS. SLATER : I don't see how.

BEN : It might have been one of us.

HENRY : It's taken you a long time to get here, Elizabeth.

MRS. JORDAN : Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't do it.

MRS. SLATER : *(suspiciously)* Couldn't do what?

MRS. JORDAN : I couldn't start without getting the mourning. *(Glancing at her sister.)*

MRS. SLATER : We've ordered ours, you may be sure. *(Acidly)* I never could fancy buying ready-made things.

MRS. JORDAN : No? For myself it's such a relief to get into the black. And now perhaps you'll tell us all about it. What did the doctor say?

MRS. SLATER : Oh, he's not been near yet.

MRS. JORDAN : Not been near?

10 **ostentatiously -** showily

BEN : *(in the same breath)* Didn't you send for him at once?

MRS. SLATER : Of course I did. Do you take me for a fool? I sent Henry at once for Dr. Pringle but he was out.

BEN : You should have gone for another. Eh, Eliza?

MRS. JORDAN : Oh, yes. It's a fatal mistake.

MRS. SLATER : Pringle attended him when he was alive and Pringle shall attend him when he's dead. That's professional etiquette.

BEN : Well, you know your own business best, but-

MRS. JORDAN : Yes-it's a fatal mistake.

MRS. SLATER : Don't talk so silly, Elizabeth. What good could a doctor have done?

MRS. JORDAN : Look at the many cases of persons being restored to life hours after they were thought to be 'gone'.

HENRY : That's when they've been drowned. Your father wasn't drowned, Elizabeth.

BEN : *(humorously)* There wasn't much fear of that. If there was one thing he couldn't bear, it was water. *(He laughs, but no else does.)*

MRS. JORDAN *(pained)* : BEN!

(BEN *is crushed at once.*)

MRS. SLATER ***(piqued)***[11] **:** I'm sure he washed regular enough.

MRS. JORDAN : If he did take a drop too much at times, we'll not dwell on that, now.

MRS. SLATER : Father had been 'merry' this morning. He went out soon after breakfast to pay his insurance.

BEN : My word, it's a good thing he did.

MRS. JORDAN : He always was thoughtful in that way. He was too honourable to have 'gone' without paying his premium.

MRS. SLATER : Well, he must have gone round to the 'Ring-o'-Bells' afterwards, for he came in **as merry as a sandboy**[12]. I says, 'We're only waiting for Henry to start dinner'. 'Dinner', he says 'I don't want no dinner. I'm going to bed!'

BEN : *(shaking his head)* Ah! dear, dear.

11 **piqued -** experienced indignation
12 **as merry as a sandboy -** extremely happy and care free

HENRY : And when I came in I found him undressed sure enough and snug in bed. *(He rises and stands on the hearthrug.)*

MRS. JORDAN : *(definitely)*

Yes, he'd had a 'warning'. I'm sure of that. Did he know you?

HENRY : Yes. He spoke to me.

MRS. JORDAN : Did he say he'd had a 'warning'?

HENRY : No. He said, 'Henry, would you mind taking my boots off? I forgot before I got into bed'.

MRS. JORDAN : He must have been wandering.

HENRY : No, he'd got' em on all right.

MRS. SLATER : And when we'd finished dinner I thought I'd take up a bit of something on a tray. He was lying there for all the world as if he was asleep, so I put the tray down on the bureau -(correcting herself)on the chest of drawers - and went to waken him. *(A pause.)* He was quite cold.

HENRY : Then I heard Amelia calling for me, and I ran upstairs.

MRS. SLATER : Of course we could do nothing.

MRS. JORDAN : He was 'gone'?

HENRY : There wasn't any doubt.

MRS. JORDAN : I always knew he'd go sudden in the end.

(A pause. They wipe their eyes and sniff back tears.)

MRS. SLATER : *(rising briskly at length: in a business-like tone)*

Well, will you go up and look at him now, or shall we have tea?

MRS. JORDAN : What do you say, Ben?

BEN : I'm not particular.

MRS. JORDAN : *(surveying, the table)* Well, then, if the kettle's ready we may as well have tea first.

(MRS. SLATER *puts the kettle on the fire and gets tea ready.*)

HENRY : One thing we may as well decide now; the announcement in the papers.

MRS. JORDAN : I was thinking of that. What would you put?

MRS. SLATER : At the residence of his daughter, 235 Upper Cornbank Street, etc.

HENRY : You wouldn't care for a bit of poetry?

MRS. JORDAN : I like 'Never Forgotten'. It's refined.

HENRY : Yes, but it's rather soon for that.

BEN : You couldn't very well have forgotten him the day after.

MRS. SLATER : I always fancy, 'A loving husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend'.

BEN : *(doubtfully)* Do you think that's right?

HENRY : I don't think it matters whether it's right or not.

MRS. JORDAN : No, it's more for the look of the thing.

HENRY : I saw a verse in the Evening News yesterday. Proper poetry it was- it rhymed. *(He gets the paper and reads.)*

'Despised and forgotten by some you may be, But the spot that contains you is sacred to we.'

MRS. JORDAN : That'll never do. You don't say 'scared to we'.

HENRY : It's in the paper.

MRS. SLATER : You wouldn't say it if you were speaking properly, but it's different in poetry.

HENRY : **Poetic license**[13], you know.

MRS. JORDAN : No, that'll never do. We want a verse that says how much we loved him and refers to all his good qualities and says what a heavy loss we've had.

MRS. SLATER : You want a whole poem. That'll cost a good lot.

MRS. JORDAN : Well, we'll think about it after tea, and then we'll look through his bits of things and make a list of them. There's all the furniture in his room.

HENRY : There's no jewellery or valuables of that sort.

MRS. JORDAN : Except his gold watch. He promised that to our Jimmy.

MRS. SLATER : Promised to your Jimmy! I never heard of that.

MRS. JORDAN : Oh, but he did, Amelia, when he was living with us. He was very fond of Jimmy.

13 **Poetic license -** freedom to change facts or normal rules of language

MRS. SLATER : Well. *(Amazed.)* I don't know!

BEN : Anyhow, there's his insurance money. Have you got the receipt for the premium he paid this morning?

MRS. SLATER : I've not seen it.

(VICTORIA, *jumps up fromthe sofa and comes behind the table.*)

VICTORIA : Mother, I don't think Grandpa went to pay his insurance this morning.

MRS. SLATER : He went out.

VICTORIA : Yes, but he didn't go into the town. He met old Mr. Tattersall down the street, and they went off past St. Philip's Church.

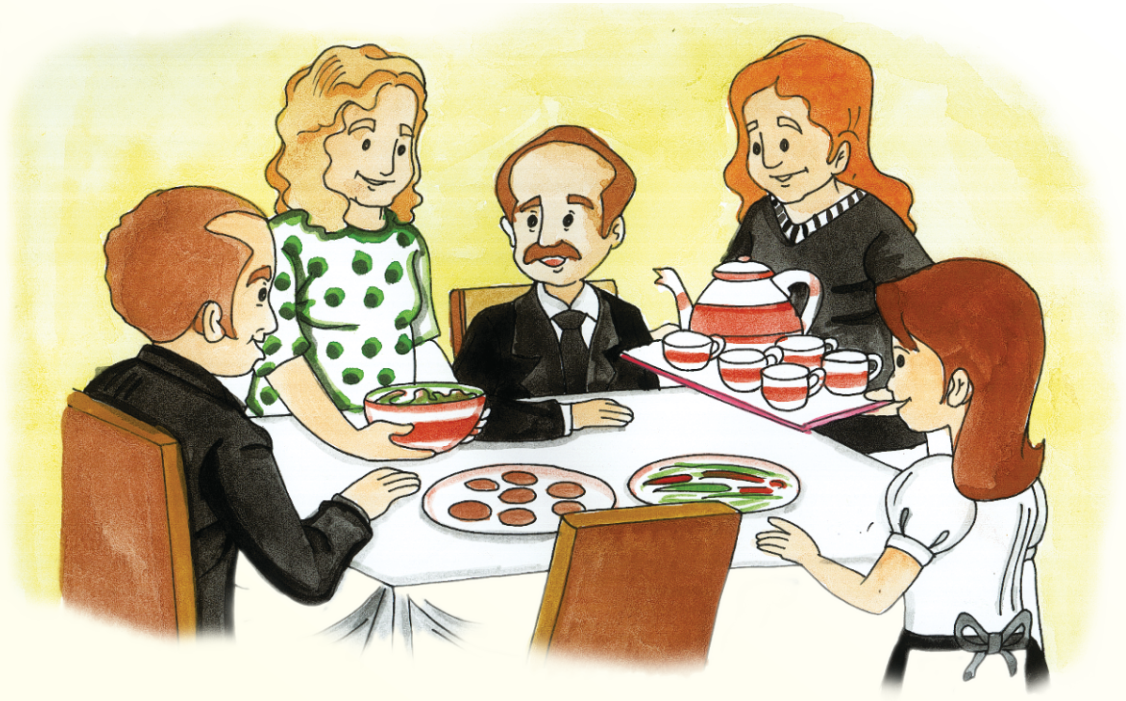
MRS. SLATER : To the **'Ring-o'-Bells'**[14], I'll be bound.

BEN : The -Ring-o'-Bells'?

MRS. SLATER : That **public-house**[15] that John Shorrock's widow keeps. He is always hanging about there. Oh, if he hasn't paid it -

BEN : Do you think he hasn't paid it? Was it overdue?

MRS. SLATER : I should think it was overdue.



MRS. JORDAN : Something tells me he's not paid it. I've a 'warning', I know it; he's not paid it.

14 **'Ring-o'-Bells'-** the name of a retaurant
15 **public-house -** a pub, a place that is licensed to sell alcoholic beverages

BEN : The drunken old beggar.

MRS. JORDAN : He's done it on purpose, Just to annoy us.

MRS. SLATER : After all I've done for him, having to put up with him in the house these three years. It's nothing short of swindling.

MRS. JORDAN : I had to put up with him for five years.

MRS. SLATER : And you were trying to turn him over to us all the time.

HENRY : But we don't know for certain that he's not paid the premium.

MRS. JORDAN : I do. It's come over me all at once that he hasn't. ,

MRS. SLATER : Victoria, run upstairs and fetch that bunch of keys that's on your grandpa's dressing table.

VICTORIA : *(timidly)* In Grandpa's room?

MRS. SLATER : Yes.

VICTORIA : I-I don't like to.

MRS. SLATER : Don't talk so silly. There's no one who can hurt you. (VICTORIA *goes out reluctantly.*) We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in the bureau,

BEN : In where? In this thing? *(He rises and examines it.)*

MRS. JORDAN : *(also rising)*

Where did you pick that up, Amelia? It's new since last I was here. *(They examine it closely.)*

MRS. SLATER : Oh-Henry picked it up one day.

MRS. JORDAN : I like it. It's artistic. Did you buy it at an auction?

HENRY : Eh! Where did I buy it, Amelia?

MRS. SLATER : Yes, at an auction.

BEN : *(disparagingly)* Oh, second-hand.

MRS. JORDAN : Don't show your ignorance, Ben. All artistic things are secondhand. Look at those old masters.

(VICTORIA *returns, very scared. She closes the door after her.*)

VICTORIA : Mother! Mother!

MRS. SLATER : What is it, child?

VICTORIA : Grandpa's getting up.

BEN : What?

MRS. SLATER : What do you say?

VICTORIA : Grandpa's getting up.

MRS. JORDAN : The child's crazy.

MRS. SLATER : Don't talk so silly. Don't you know your grandpa's dead?

VICTORIA : No, no; he's getting up. I saw him.

(*They are transfixed with amazement.* BEN *and* MRS. JORDAN *left of table.* VICTORIA *clings to* MRS. SLATER, *right of table* HENRY *near fireplace.*)

MRS. JORDAN : You'd better go up and see for yourself, Amelia.

MRS. SLATER : Here-come with me, Henry. (HENRY *draws back terrified*)

BEN : *(suddenly)*

Hist! Listen.

(They look at the door. A slight chuckling is heard outside. The door opens, revealing an old man clad in a faded but gay dressing-gown. He is in his stockinged feet. Although over seventy, he is vigorous and well coloured; his bright, malicious eyes twinkle under his heavy, reddish-grey eyebrows. He is obviously either Grandfather ABEL MERRYWEATHER or else his ghost.)

ABEL : What's the matter with little Vicky? (He sees BEN and MRS. JORDAN); Hello! What brings you here? How's yourself, Ben?

(ABEL *thrusts his hand at* BEN, *who skips back smartly and retreats to a safe distance behind the sofa.*)

MRS. SLATER (*approaching* ABEL *gingerly) Grandfather, is that you? (She pokes him with her hand to see if he is solid.)*

ABEL : *(irritated by the whispering)*

Of course it's me. Don't do that, 'Melia. What the devil do you mean by this **tomfoolery**[16]?

MRS. SLATER : *(to the others)* He's not dead.

BEN : Doesn't seem like it.

ABEL : You've kept away long enough, Lizzie; and now you've come, you don't seem over-pleased to see me.

MRS. JORDAN : You took us by surprise, father. Are you keeping quite well?

ABEL : *(trying to catch the words.)* Eh? What?

MRS. JORDAN : Are you quite well?

ABEL : Aye, I'm right enough but for a bit of a headache. I wouldn't mind betting that I'm not the first in this house to be carried to the cemetery. I always think Henry there looks none too healthy.

MRS. JORDAN : Well, I never!

(ABEL *crosses to the armchair,* HENRY *gets out of his way to the front of the table.*)

ABEL : 'Melia, what the **dickens**[17] did I do with my new slippers?

MRS. SLATER : *(confused)*

Aren't they by the hearth, grandfather?

ABEL : I don't see them. *(Observing* HENRY *trying to remove the slippers.)* Why, you've got 'em on. Henry.

MRS. SLATER : (promptly) I told him to put them on to stretch them; they were that new and hard. Now, Henry.(MRS. SLATER snatches the slippers from HENRY and gives them to ABEL, who puts them on and sits in armchair)

MRS. JORDAN : (*to* BEN) Well, I don't call that delicate. Stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste.

(HENRY *goes up to the window and pulls up the blind.* VICTORIA *runs across to* ABEL *and sits on the floor at his feet.*)

VICTORIA : Oh, Grandpa, I'm so glad you're not dead.

MRS. SLATER : *(in a vindictive whisper)* Hold your tongue, Victoria.

ABEL : Eh? What's that? Who's gone dead?

16 **tomfoolery -** foolish behaviour
17 **dickens -** informal way of saying that you are annoyed or surprised

MRS. SLATER : *(Loudly)* Victoria says she's sorry about your head.

ABEL : Ah, thank you, Vicky, but I'm feeling better.

MRS. SLATER (to MRS. JORDAN) : He's so fond of Victoria.

MRS. JORDAN (to MRS. SLATER):Yes, he's fond of our Jimmy, too.

MRS. SLATER : You'd better ask him if he promised your Jimmy his gold watch.

MRS. JORDAN : *(disconcerted)* I couldn't just now. I don't feel equal to it.

ABEL : Why, Ben, you're in mourning! And Lizzie too. And 'Melia, and Henry and little Vicky! Who's gone dead? It's someone in the family. *(He chuckles.)*

MRS. SLATER : No one you know, father. A relation of Ben's.

ABEL : And what relation of Ben's?

MRS. SLATER : His brother.

BEN (to MRS. SLATER) : Hang it, I never had one.

ABEL : Dear, dear.And what was his name, Ben?

BEN : *(at a loss)* Er - er. *(He crosses to front of table.)*

MRS. SLATER. *(R of table, prompting)* : Frederick.

MRS. JORDAN *(L of table, prompting).* :Albert.

BEN : Er-FedAlb-Issac.

ABEL : Issac? And where did your brother Isaac die?

BEN : In-er-in Australia.

ABEL : Dear, dear. He'd be older than you, eh?

BEN : Yes, five years.

ABEL : Aye, aye. Are you going to the funeral?

BEN : Oh, yes.

MRS. SLATER and MRS. JORDAN : No, no.

BEN : No, of course not.

(He retires to L.)

ABEL : *(rising)*

Well, I suppose you've only been waiting for me to begin tea. I'm feeling hungry.

MRS. SLATER : *(taking up the kettle)* I'll make tea.

ABEL : Come along, now; sit down and let's be jolly.

(ABEL *sits at the head of the table, facing spectators.* BEN *and* MRS. JORDAN *on the left.* VICTORIA *brings a chair and sits by* ABEL. MRS. SLATER *and* HENRY *sit on the right. Both the women are next to* ABEL.)

MRS. SLATER : Henry, give grandpa some pie.

ABEL : Thank you. I'll make a start. *(He helps himself to bread and butter.)*

(HENRY *serves the pie and* MRS. SLATER *pours out the tea. Only* ABEL *eats with any heartiness.)*

BEN : Glad to see you've got an appetite, Mr. Merry Weather, although you've not been so well.

ABEL : Nothing serious. I've been lying down for a bit.

MRS. SLATER : Been to sleep, grandfather?

ABEL : No, I've not been to sleep.

MRS. SLATER and HENRY: Oh!

ABEL : *(eating and drinking)* I can't exactly call everything to mind, but I remember I was a bit dazed, like- I couldn't move an inch, hand or foot.

BEN : And could you see and hear, Mr. Merryweather?

ABEL : Yes, but I don't remember seeing anything particular. Mustard, Ben.

(BEN *passes the mustard.*)

MRS. SLATER : Of course not, grandfather. It was all your fancy. You must have been asleep.

ABEL : *(snappishly)* I tell you I wasn't asleep, 'Melia, I ought to know,

MRS. JORDAN : Didn't you see Henry or Amelia come into the room?

ABEL : *(scratching-his head)* Now let me think-

MRS. SLATER : I wouldn't press him Elizabeth. Don't press him.

HENRY : I wouldn't worry him.

ABEL : *(suddenly recollecting)* Ay, begad! 'Melia and Henry, what the devil did you mean by shifting my bureau out of my bedroom? (HENRY *and* MRS. SLATER *are speechless*). D' you hear me? Henry! 'Melia!

MRS. JORDAN : What bureau was that, Father?

ABEL : Why, my bureau the one I bought-

MRS. JORDAN : *(pointing to the bureau)* Was it that one. Father?

ABEL : Ah, that's it. What's it doing here? Eh? *(A pause. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes six. Everyone looks at it.)*

Drat me if that isn't my clock too! What the devil's been going on in this house? *(A slight pause.)*

BEN : Well, I'll be hanged.

MRS. JORDAN : I'll tell you what's been going on in this house. Father. Nothing short of robbery.

MRS. SLATER : Be quiet, Elizabeth.

MRS. JORDAN : *(rising)* I'll not be quiet. Oh, I call it double-faced.

HENRY : Now now, Elizabeth.

MRS. JORDAN : And you, too. Are you such a poor creature that you must do every dirty thing she tells you?

MRS. SLATER : *(rising)* Remember where you are, Elizabeth.

HENRY : *(rising)* Come, come. No quarrelling.

BEN : *(rising)* My wife's every right to speak her own mind.

MRS. SLATER : Then she can speak it outside, not here.

ABEL : *(rising: thumping the table)* Damn it all, will some one tell me what's been going on?

MRS. JORDAN : Yes, I will. I'll not see you robbed.

ABEL : Who's been robbing me?

MRS. JORDAN : Amelia and Henry. They've stolen your clock and bureau. *(Working herself up.)* They sneaked into your room like thieves in the night and stole them after you were dead.

HENRY and MRS. SLATER: Hush! Quiet, Elizabeth!

MRS. JORDAN : I'll not be stopped. After you were dead, I say.

ABEL : After who was dead?

MRS. JORDAN : You.

ABEL : But I'm not dead.

MRS. JORDAN : No, but they thought you were. (*A pause.* ABEL *gazes round at them.*)

ABEL : Oho! So that's why you're all in black today. You thought I was dead. *(He chuckles.)* That was a big mistake. *(He sits and resumes his tea.)*

MRS. SLATER : *(sobbing)* Grandfather.

ABEL : It didn't take you long to start dividing my things between you.

MRS. JORDAN : No, father; you mustn't think that. Amelia was simply getting hold of them on her own account.

ABEL : You always were a keen one, Amelia. I suppose you thought the will wasn't fair.

HENRY : Did you make a will?

ABEL : Yes, it was locked up in the bureau.

MRS. JORDAN : And what was in it, father?

ABEL : That doesn't matter now. I'm thinking of destroying it and making another.

MRS. SLATER : *(sobbing)* Grandfather, you'll not be hard on me.

ABEL : I'll trouble you for another cup of tea, 'Melia; two lumps and plenty of milk.

MRS. SLATER : With pleasure. Grandfather. *(She pours out the tea.)*

ABEL : I don't want to be hard on anyone. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Since your mother died, I've lived part of the time with you, 'Melia, and part with you, Lizzie. Well, I shall make a new will, leaving all my bits of things to whomever I'm living with when I die. How does that strike you?

HENRY : It's a bit of a lottery-like.

MRS. JORDAN : And who do you intend to live with from now?

ABEL : *(drinking his tea)* I'm just coming to that.

MRS. JORDAN : You know, father, it's quite some time that you came to live with us again. We'd make you very comfortable.

MRS. SLATER : No, he's not been with us as long as he was with you.

MRS. JORDAN : I may be wrong, but I don't think father will fancy living on with you after what's happened today.

ABEL : So you'd like to have me again, Lizzie?

MRS. JORDAN : You know we're ready for you to make your home with us for as long you please.

ABEL : What do you say to that, 'Melia?

MRS. SLATER : All I can say is that Elizabeth's changed her mind in the last two years. *(Rising).* Grandfather, do you know what the quarrel between us was about?

MRS. JORDAN : Amelia, don't be a fool; sit down.

MRS. SLATER : No, if I'm not to have him, you shan't either. We quarrelled because Elizabeth said she wouldn't take you off our hands at any price. She said she'd enough of you to last a lifetime, and we'd got to keep you.

ABEL : It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me.

MRS. SLATER : If I've done anything wrong. I'm sure I'm sorry for it.

MRS. JORDAN : And I can't say more than that, too.

ABEL : It's a bit late to say it, now. You neither of you cared to put up with me.

MRS. SLATERand MRS. JORDAN: No, no grandfather.

ABEL : Aye, you both say that because of what I've told you about leaving my money. Well, since you don't want me, I'll go to someone who does.

BEN : Come Mr. Merryweather, you've got to live with one of your daughters.

ABEL : I'll tell you what I've got to do. On Monday next I've got to do three things. I've got to go to the lawyer's and alter my will; and I've got to go to the insurance office and pay my premium; and I've got to go to St. Philip's Church and get married.

BEN and HENRY : What!

MRS. JORDAN : Get married!

MRS. SLATER : He's out of his senses. *(General consternation.)*

ABEL : I say I'm going to get married.

MRS. SLATER : Who to?

ABEL : To Mrs. John Shorrocks who keeps the 'Ring-o' -Bells. We've had it fixed up a good while now, but I was keeping it as a pleasant

surprise. (He rises.)I felt I was a bit of a burden to you, so I found someone who'd think it a pleasure to look after me. We shall be very glad to see you at the ceremony. *(He walks to the door.)* Till Monday, then. Twelve o' clock at St. Philip's Church. *(Opening the door.)* It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, 'Melia. It'll be handier to carry across to the 'Ring-o' -Bells on Monday. *(He goes out.)*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William Stanley Houghton(1881-1913), was a famous English dramatist. He was one of the best of a group of realistic playwrights often called the Manchester School. In every play he sought to present an idea. He had a remarkable gift for dialogue that is evident in The Dear Departed. The Dear Departed was first produced in Manchester in 1908. Here Houghton satirizes the degradation of moral values in the British middle-class.

4. Given below are the main incidents in the play. They are in a jumbled order. Arrange them in the sequence in which they occur in the play.

1. Victoria is asked to fetch the bunch of keys to the bureau to look for the insurance receipt.
2. Mrs. Slater instructs Victoria to put her white frock on with a black sash.
3. Mrs Slater discovers that grandfather is 'dead'.
4. The Slaters fetch the bureau and the clock from upstairs.
5. The family sits down to have tea.
6. Henry wears grandfather’s the new slippers.
7. Grandfather comes to know how his daughters have been in a hurry to divide his things between them.
8. Grandfather announces his intention to change his will and to marry Mrs. Shorrocks.
9. Grandfather comes down and is surprised to find the Jordans.
10. They discuss the obituary announcement in the papers and the insurance premium payment.
11. The Jordans arrive and learn the details of grandfather's 'demise'from the Slaters.

5. Read the given extract and answer the questions that follow.

(1) ABEL : I don't see them. (Observing HENRY trying to remove the slippers.) Why, you've got 'em on, Henry.

MRS. SLATER : (promptly) I told him to put them on to stretch them; they were that new and hard. Now, Henry. (MRS. SLATER snatches the slippers from HENRY and gives them to ABEL, who puts them on and sits in armchair).

MRS. JORDAN : (to BEN) Well, I don't call that delicate. Stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste.

i) Choose the option that gives the correct meaning of the word 'delicate', as used in the above lines.

A. Very fine in structure

B. Easily broken or damaged

C. Tactful and considerate

D. Skillful and finely judged

ii) Complete the following analogy correctly, by using a word from the extract.

new : antique ::_____: delay

iii) Select the TRUE statement, according to the extract.

A. Henry was browbeaten into wearing Grandpa's slippers.

B. Mrs. Slater wanted to buy the same slippers for Henry.

C. Mrs. Jordan wanted Jimmy to wear Grandpa's slippers.

D. Grandpa Able wanted Ben to have the slippers.

iv) Choose the option that correctly classifies the genre of the drama from the given extract.

A. Tragedy

B. Tragicomedy

C. Comedy

D. Melodrama

v) Infer the playwright's purpose of including some writing in brackets.

(2) "Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?"

a) What does 'it' refer to here?

b) How does Vicky conclude that her parents are 'pinching it'?

c) Mention the two reasons that Mrs. Slater gives for her action.

d) What does it reveal about the difference between the attitude of the elders and that of Vicky?

(3) "Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse."

a) Explain the phrase, 'give' way.

b) What prompts the speaker to say these words?

c) What does he mean when he says 'It might have been worse'?

d) What does it reveal about the speaker's character?

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

1. How does Mrs. Slater plan to outshine the Jordans? What does it reveal about her character?
2. Why does Mrs. Slater decide to shift the bureau from grandfather's room before the arrival of the Jordans? How does Henry react to the suggestion?
3. What is the reason for the Jordans taking a long time to get to the house of the Slaters? What does it show about the two sisters' attitude towards each other?
4. What does Mrs. Jordan describe as 'a fatal mistake'? What is the irony in the comment she makes on Mrs. Slater's defense?
5. Ben appreciates grandfather saying 'it's' a good thing he did'. Later he calls him a 'drunken old beggar'. Why does he change his opinion about grandfather?
6. What change does grandfather make in his new will? What effect does it have on his daughters?
7. Bring out the significance of 'Grandfather's bureau', in the play.
8. The character of Victoria is a stark contrast to that of her parents Justify.

7. Answer the following in detail:

1. Bring out the irony in the title of the play.
2. How does the spat between his daughters lead to grandfather discovering the truth?
3. Compare and contrast Henry's character with that of his wife. Support your answer with evidence from the play.

8. Bring out the traits in Mrs. Slater's personality quoting evidence from the play.

Trait	Evidence from the play
Greedy	
Overpowering/ dominating	
Blunt/ straight talking	
Impolite	
Insensitive	

9. Writing

Victoria Slater is truly attached to her Grandpa. As she sees the elders in her family quarrel over the inheritance, she is bewildered and upset by their attitude. As Victoria, write a diary entry outlining the incident and your feelings. (150 words)

10. Speaking

Grandfather says, "It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me." While it is true that the daughters disregard modesty, decency and filial obligation, grandfather cannot be fully justified in practically disowning his family. Besides, Victoria loves him and he seems to have spared no thought for her feelings.

Divide yourselves into groups of four or five and discuss the statement: **Grandfather is not entirely right in moving away from his daughters.**

After the discussion, a representative from each group will present the views of her/ his group to the class in about 3 minutes.

Drama

UNIT 12

D.2 Julius Caesar

by William Shakespeare

1. Consult a dictionary and find out the difference between

a) a killing

b) an assassination

2. Many popular and powerful leaders have been assassinated in the past and in recent times. Can you name some of them?

- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....

3. Discuss in groups, the reasons why the leaders you named in (2) have been assassinated. Is assassination the end to a problem?

Have a group discussion on the topic in the context of past/ present day political assassinations.

Introduction:

JULIUS CAESAR is the story of a man's personal dilemma over moral action, set against the backdrop of strained political drama. Julius Caesar, an able general and a conqueror returns to Rome amidst immense popularity after defeating the sons of Pompey. The people celebrate his victorious return and Mark Antony offers him the crown which he refuses. Jealous of Caesar's growing power and afraid he may one day become a dictator, Cassius instigates a conspiracy to murder Caesar. He realises that to gain legitimacy in the eyes of the Romans, he must win over the noble Brutus to his side for Brutus is one of the most trusted and respected among all Romans.

Brutus, the idealist, joins the conspiracy feeling that everyone is driven by motives as honourable as his own. Ironically, Caesar is murdered at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Some Important Characters

Julius Caesar- The greatest and most powerful of the Romans. Assassinated by Brutus, Cassius and a band of conspirators who feel Caesar is very ambitious and wants the crown.

Calpurnia- Caesar's wife

Mark Antony- Caesar's most loyal friend

Marcus Brutus- Caesar's great friend who joins the conspiracy because of his great love for Rome and for the principle of democracy.

Cassius- Instigator and organizer of the conspiracy

Decius Brutus- Co-conspirator in Caesar's assassination

4. **The play Julius Caesar can be performed on the stage. The first step would be a reading of the play as a whole class. Your teacher will then have an audition and assign you roles. Later the play can be put up on the stage.**

Given below are some suggestions and sites which may be visited for instructions regarding set-design, costumes and direction.

http://www.pbs.org/empires/romans/

http://shakespeare.palomar.edu/theatre.htm

http://www.cummingsstudyguides.net/xGlobe.html

http://www.shakespearetheatre.org/plays/details.aspx?id=115

http://www.zunal.com/process.php?w=56091

Act II Scene II

Caesar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR in his night-gown

CAESAR Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter a servant

SERVANT My lord?

CAESAR Go bid the priest to present sacrifice and bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT I will, my lord

Enter ***CALPURNIA***

CALPURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CAESAR Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA Caesar, I never **stood on ceremonies**[1]**,**

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,

In ranks and squadrons and **right form of war**[2],

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle **hurtled**[3] in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Caesar! these things are **beyond all use**[4],

And I do fear them.

CAESAR What can be avoided

Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions

1 **stood on ceremonies -** paid much attention to omens and forecasts
2 **right form of war -** correct battle order
3 **hurtled** - clashed
4 **beyond all use** - most unnatural

Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a **necessary**[5] end,

Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?

SERVANT They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

Caesar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well

That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:

And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:

5 **necessary -** inevitable

And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR And you are come **in very happy time**[6],

To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell **graybeards**[7] the truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CAESAR Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many **lusty**[8] Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

6 **in very happy time-** at the right moment
7 **graybeards-** old men (contemptuously dismissing the senators)
8 **lusty-** strong; vigorous

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving **blood**[9], and that **great men shall press**

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance[10].

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change.

CAESAR How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA

CAESAR Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS [Aside] **That every like is not the same, O Caesar,**

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon[11]**!**

Exeunt

---

9 **blood-** In Decius' explanation the use of the term "blood" is metaphoric. It symbolizes Caesar's spirit or influence

10 **great men shall press… cognizance** - great men shall gather around Caesar and stain their handkerchiefs in his blood which will serve as colours added to a coat of arms, an object of reverence, mementos and a badge of service

11 **That every like is … think upon**- Brutus's heart grieves when he thinks that being like a friend is not the same as being a friend

Act III Scene I

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

CAESAR Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER Most high, most mighty, and most **puissant**[12] Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,--

Kneeling

CAESAR I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These **couchings and these lowly courtesies**[13]

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn **pre-ordinance**[14] and **first decree**[15]

Into the law of children.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS CIMBER Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

---

12 puissant- powerful
13 couchings and these lowly courtesies- bowing and bending
14 pre-ordinance- order that has existed from earlier times
15 first decree- law passed earlier

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR What, Brutus!

CASSIUS Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR I could be well moved, if I were as you:

If **I could pray to move**[16], prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and **resting**[17] quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

CASCA Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR Et tu, Brute[18] ! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, **spoils**[19],

Shrunk to this **little measure**[20]? Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

---

16 **I could pray to move -** pray to others to change their minds.
17 **resting -** permanant
18 **Et tu, Brute -** even you, Brutus
19 **spoils -** trophies of war
20 **little measure -** small piece of ground on which your body lies

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument

Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you **bear me hard**[21],

Now, whilst your purpled hands do **reek**[22] and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The choice and **master**[23] spirits of this age.

BRUTUS O Antony, beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

Yet see you but our hands

And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;

And pity to the general wrong of Rome--

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

Our arms, **in strength of malice**[24], and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS Your voice shall be as strong as any man's

In the disposing of new **dignities**[25].

ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom.

---

21 bear me hard - bear a grudge against me
22 reek - stench
23 master - powerful
24 in strength of malice - which may appear to be hostile
25 dignities - honours

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

Gentlemen all,--alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must **conceit**[26] me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy **corse**[27]?

CASSIUS Mark Antony,--

ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold **modesty**[28].

CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar so;

But what **compact**[29] mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS Our reasons are so full of **good regard**[30]

That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,

You should be satisfied.

---

26 **conceit -** consider
27 **corse -** corpse
28 **modesty -** understatement
29 **compact -** agreement
30 **good regard -** serious consideration

ANTONY That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the **order**[31] of his funeral.

BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to BRUTUS

You know not what you do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS By your pardon;

I **will**[32] myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Caesar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will **protest**[33]

He speaks by leave and by permission.

CASSIUS I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can **devise of**[34] Caesar,

And say you do it by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

ANTONY Be it so.

31 order- ceremony
32 will- will go
33 protest- announce
34 devise of- think of

I do desire no more.

BRUTUS Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

ANTONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--

A curse shall **light**[35] upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall **cumber**[36] all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so **in use**[37]

And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity choked with **custom of fell deeds**[38]**:**

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With **Ate**[39] by his side come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

---

35 light - fall
36 cumber - burden
37 in use - common
38 custom of fell deeds-terrible deeds shall become so familiar
39 Ate- Greek goddess of revenge

The Forum. Act III -Scene II

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

First Citizen

I will hear Brutus speak.

BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit*

Second Citizen

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for **my cause**[40], and be silent, that you may hear: **believe me for mine honour**[41], and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: **censure**[42] me in your wisdom, and awake your **senses**[43], that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so **rude**[44] that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall **do to Brutus**[45]. The **question**[46] of his death is **enrolled**[47] in the Capitol; his glory not

---

40 **my cause-** the cause that I represent
41 **believe me for mine honour-** believe me because you know I am honourable
42 **censure-** judge, criticize me harshly
43 **senses-** understanding
44 **rude-** uncivilised
45 **do to Brutus-** you may assassinate me if I become ambitious
46 **question-** reasons for
47 **enrolled-** recorded

extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences **enforced**[48], for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in **the commonwealth**[49] ; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,--that, as I slew my best **lover**[50] for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen Caesar's better **parts**[51]

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS My countrymen,--

Second Citizen Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen Peace, ho!

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

First Citizen Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

48 enforced- exaggerated; emphasized
49 the commonwealth - the free republic
50 lover- friend
51 parts- qualities

ANTONY For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY You gentle Romans,--

Citizens Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the **Lupercal**[52]

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to **disprove**[53] what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

---

52 **Lupercal-** the feast of the god Lupercus. Lupercus was the protector of flocks and herds, the god of fertility

53 **disprove-** contradict

Fourth Citizen Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have **stood against**[54] the world; now lies he there.

And none so **poor**[55] to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To **wrong the dead**[56], **to wrong myself**[57] and **you**[58] ,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament--

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

And dip their **napkins**[59] in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not **meet**[60] you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

---

54 **stood against -** overcome the opposition of
55 **poor-** humble
56 **wrong the dead-** be unjust to Caesar, who has been assassinated, by calling him ambitious
57 **to wrong myself-** by not speaking what I know
58 **you-** by allowing you to be deceived by Brutus
59 **napkins-** handkerchiefs
60 **meet-** fitting ,proper

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen They were traitors: honourable men!

All The will! the testament!

Second Citizen They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens Come down.

Second Citizen Descend.

Third Citizen You shall have leave.

ANTONY *comes down*

Fourth Citizen A ring; stand round.

ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this **mantle**[61]: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the **Nervii**[62]:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the **envious**[63] Casca made:

---

61 **mantle-** cloak
62 **Nervii-** the most war-like of the Gallic tribes, defeated by Caesar in 57 B.C.
63 **envious-** malicious

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,

Ingratitude[64], more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood[65], great Caesar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason **flourish'd**[66] over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen O woeful day!

Fourth Citizen O traitors, villains!

First Citizen O most bloody sight!

---

64 Ingratitude- the blow struck by Brutus' ingratitude
65 Which all the while ran blood- which was covered with Caesar's blood
66 flourish'd- triumphed

Second Citizen We will be revenged.

All Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden **flood of mutiny**[67].

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither **wit**[68], nor words, nor **worth**[69],

Action[70], nor **utterance**[71], nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak **right on**[72];

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All We'll mutiny.

First Citizen We'll burn the house of Brutus.

---

67 **flood of mutiny-** wave of violence
68 **wit-** intelligence
69 **worth-** authority
70 **Action-** gestures
71 **utterance-** eloquence
72 **right on-** directly

Third Citizen Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein[73] hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five **drachmas**[74].

Second Citizen Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen O **royal**[75] Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience.

All Peace, ho!

ANTONY Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

73 **Wherein-** in what way
74 **drachmas-** silver coins
75 **royal-** generous

And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Citizen Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Second Citizen Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

ANTONY Now let it work. Mischief, thou art **afoot**[76],

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Exeunt

After the extract:

Antony instigates the mob to revenge. He then sits with Octavius Caesar, Julius Caesar's nephew, coldly calculating how to purge any future threat. Brutus and Cassius fall apart as the idealist in Brutus is outraged by Cassius' practicality. The armies of Octavius Caesar and Antony clash with those of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi and Sardis. Brutus and Cassius are defeated and both commit suicide.

About the author

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is an English playwright and poet, recognized in much of the world as the greatest of all dramatists. Hundreds of editions of his plays have been published, including translations in all major languages. Scholars have written thousands of books and articles about his plots, characters, themes and language. He is the most widely quoted author in history and his plays have probably been performed more times than those of any other dramatist.

5. Answer the following questions by selecting the correct options.

1. How does Caesar sound when he says, "Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night"?

76 **afoot-** started

a) worried
b) angry
c) joyous
d) frightened

2. Caesar's reference to the senators as 'graybeards' shows his_____.
   a) confidence
   b) cowardice
   c) arrogance
   d) ambition

3. Decius Brutus changes Caesar's mind about going to the Senate by appealing to his_____.
   a) ambition
   b) vanity
   c) greed
   d) generosity

4. Select the option that correctly displays the offer that Cassius makes to Antony after Caesar's assassination.
   a) The conspirators would like to be friends with him
   b) He may take Caesar's body to the pulpit and speak to the crowd praising Caesar for his achievements
   c) His recommendations will be as strong as that of the conspirators while distributing the powers and benefits to friends
   d) He may join the conspiracy against Caesar

5. Why does Cassius try to stop Brutus from letting Antony speak at Caesar's funeral?

   He knows that_____.
   a) the Roman mob loves Caesar and Antony
   b) Brutus is not a good orator
   c) they should not have killed Caesar
   d) Antony is a good orator who can sway the mob

6. What prophecy does Antony make over Caesar's dead body?
   a) Romans will see Caesar's ghost roaming on the streets
   b) Rome will experience fierce civil war in which many people will die
   c) Rome will be ruled by Ate
   d) Roman women will smile at the death of Caesar

7. After listening to Brutus' speech, the Third Citizen says 'Let him be Caesar'. This clearly shows he_____.

   a) has not understood Brutus' reason for killing Caesar

   b) loved Caesar more than he loves Brutus

   c) loves Brutus more than he loved Caesar

   d) thinks Brutus killed Caesar to assume power.

8. Identify Antony's tone when he calls the conspirators, 'honourable men'.

   a) admiring

   b) flattering

   c) angry

   d) mocking

9. Antony's reference to Caesar's conquest of the Nervii is to _____.

   a) remind the mob of Caesar's greatness as a warrior

   b) make the mob feel afraid of being attacked by the war-like race

   c) make the crowd weep for Caesar who died at war

   d) stop and collect his emotions as he is feeling very upset

10. Antony remarked :

    Mischief, thou art afoot,

    Take thou what course thou wilt!.

    What does this show him to be?

   a) a ruthless manipulator

   b) an honourable man

   c) a loyal friend

   d) a tactful man

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

   a) How do the heavens 'blaze forth' the death of Julius Caesar?

   b) What does Calpurnia try to convince Caesar of?

   c) Why does Calpurnia say Caesar's 'wisdom is consumed in confidence'? What does she mean?

   d) What does Calpurnia dream about Caesar? How does Decius Brutus interpret the dream?

e) What are the arguments put forward by Decius Brutus to convince Caesar to go to the Capitol?

f) Why is Decius more successful than Calpurnia in persuading Caesar?

g) What is the petition put before Caesar by the conspirators? How does Caesar respond to it?

h) Who says "Et tu Brute"? When are these words spoken? Why?

i) In the moments following Caesar's death what do the conspirators proclaim to justify Caesar's death?

j) Seeing the body of Caesar, Antony is overcome by grief. What does he say about Caesar?

k) Whom does Antony call 'the choice and master spirits of this age"? Why?

l) How do Brutus and Cassius respond to Antony's speech?

m) Why does Cassius object to allowing Antony to speak at Caesar's funeral? How does Brutus overcome this objection?

n) What are the conditions imposed by the conspirators before allowing Antony to speak at Caesar's funeral?

o) When he is left alone with the body of Caesar, what does Antony call Brutus and the others?

p) What prediction does Antony make regarding the future events in Rome?

q) What reasons does Brutus give for murdering Caesar?

r) Who says, "Let him be Caesar"? What light does this throw on the speaker?

s) Why is Antony's speech more effective?

t) What is the fate of Brutus and Cassius, at the end of the scene?

7. Julius Caesar and Antony reveal something about their character in their words and actions. We also learn about them from what other people say. Can you pick out the words that describe them from the box given below? Also, pick out lines from the play to illustrate your choice.

superstitious	arrogant	loyal	clever
overconfident	manipulative	good orator	ambitious
brave	great conqueror	generous	fearless
loves flattery	firm	shrewd	crafty

Person	Extract from play	What it tells us about the character
Julius Caesar	1. the things that threaten'd me Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished. 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. _____ 5. _____ 6. _____	1. arrogant
Mark Antony	1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. _____ 5. _____	1. Loyal

8. In the play 'Julius Caesar', we meet the Roman mob. We find that as Brutus and Antony speak, the mob displays certain qualities and characteristics.

Given below are some characteristics of the mob. Complete the table by quoting the lines wherein these are revealed.

Words/ actions of the mob	Characteristics
1. _____ _____	Foolish
2. _____ _____	Does not understand the ideals of democracy
3. _____ _____	Emotional
4. _____ _____	Greedy
5. _____ _____	Fickle
6. _____ _____	Violent

9. Antony employs a number of devices to produce the desired effect on the mob. These devices maybe described as rhetorical devices. He first speaks in such a manner that it seems to the mob that he is in full agreement with Brutus about Caesar. Then step by step he moves away from Brutus' position, depicting Brutus as a villain and Caesar as a wronged man. Copy and complete the following table by showing how Antony builds the argument in Caesar's favour.

Antony's words	Argument
1. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.	Does not wish to eulogise Caesar
2. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.	Seemingly agrees with Brutus
3.	
4.	
5.	

10. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow:

1. **CAESAR** Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

a) Choose the option that is relevant to [A] Assertion and [R] Reason.

[A] A brave person dies only once.

[R] A brave person faces any difficult situation or challenges.

A. Both [A] and [R] are true and [R] is the correct explanation of [A].

B. Both [A] and [R] are true and [R] is not the correct explanation of [A].

C. [A] is true but [R] is faise.

D. [A] is false but [R] is true.

b) The strangest thing that Caesar ponders is why_____.

A. cowardly people die again and again

B. brave people die only once

C. men are afraid of death

D. death is inevitable

c) What fears has the listener expressed?

d) What is the basis for the fears expressed?

e) Why has death been called a 'necessary' end?

2. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament--
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

a) select the option that appropriately fills the blank.

parchment:_____: will: testament

A. dry land

B. front area

C. pulp

D. paper

b) Antony says he doesn't mean to read the will because

A. he feels it is confidential.

B. he finds the contents inappropriate.

C. the Romans will grieve for Caesar's death.

D. the Romans will kiss Caesar.

c) What are the contents of Caesar's will that he is referring to?

d) Why does the speaker read Caesar's will to the citizens?

e) Identify the option that this the technique used by Antony in the given extract.

A. reverse psychology

B. rhetoric

C. dramatic contrast

D. persuasion

f) Choose the option that lists the emotion of the citizens after listening to the 'will'.

1. aggressive

2. nervous

3. enraged

4. berserk

5. powerful

11. Questions for Further Study :

Given below are some questions based on reading of the play 'Julius Caesar'. These questions are not for testing in the Exam. These are for a deeper understanding of the play and the characters.

a) Why was the conspiracy to assassinate Julius Caesar hatched?

b) Was Caesar really ambitious? Find evidence from the play to support your answer.

c) What was Cassius' motive for murdering Julius Caesar?

d) Why was it essential for the conspirators to include Brutus in the conspiracy?

e) What were the mistakes made by Brutus that led to the failure of the conspiracy?

f) Comment on Caesar's friendship with Antony.

g) Write a brief character sketch of Antony.

h) What is the role of Julius Caesar's ghost in the play, *Julius Caesar*?

i) Why does Antony call Brutus 'the noblest Roman of them all'?

j) How do Brutus and Cassius meet their end?

12. A reporter covers the event of the assassination of Julius Caesar in the senate. Giving graphic details and a catchy headline, write the newspaper report in about 200 words.

13. Activity

Stage a press conference that takes place shortly after Caesar's death. The "reporters" should have their questions written down ahead of time to ask the students who play the roles of Brutus, Antony and Cassius.These questions should focus on the key events in the play, as well as the characters' intentions.

ANNEXURE

Texts for Listening Tasks

F. 1 Two Gentlemen Of Verona

13. Listen to the following excerpt from the diary of a 13 year old girl Zlata Fillipovic who writes about the horrors of war in Sarajevo in her book 'Zlata's Diary'.

14 April. People are leaving Sarajevo. They're crowding the airport, train and bus stations. Families and friends are separating. It's so sad. These people and children aren't guilty of anything. I don't think Mummy and Daddy know whether to stay or go. Neither way is good.

2 May. Today was the worst ever. The shooting started around noon. Mummy, Daddy and I took Cicko, my canary, and we all ran to the cellar. It's ugly, dark, smelly. We listened to the pounding shells, the thundering noise overhead. Then I realized that this awful cellar was the only place that could save our lives. We heard glass shattering in our street. I put my fingers in my ears to block out the terrible sounds. This has been the worst day in my 11-year-old life.

5 May. We've rearranged the apartment. Our bedrooms are too dangerous. They face the hills, which is where they're shooting from. We sleep on mattresses on the floor on the sitting room. It's awful, but it's safer. Although once the shooting starts, no place is safe but the cellar.

7 May. Today a shell fell in front of our house in the park where I used to play with my girl-friends. A lot of people were hurt, and my friend Nina was killed. A piece of shrapnel lodged in her brain. She was such a nice girl -the victim of a stupid war. I cry and wonder why. She didn't do anything. Nina, I'll always remember you.

27 May. Two shells exploded in the street and one in the market. Mummy was nearby at the time, and Daddy and I were worried because she hadn't come home. We kept going to the window hoping to see her. Is she alive?

F.2 Mrs Packletide's Tiger

10. Listen to the passage on lion hunting and answer the questions given below:

The Maasai tribe in Africa look at lion hunting experience as a sign of bravery and personal achievement. Earlier, the community encouraged solo lion hunting but over the last ten years, due to the decline of the lion population, the community has adopted a new rule that encourages warriors to hunt in groups. Group hunting gives the lion population a chance to grow.

The Maasai prohibit hunting a lioness since females are the bearers of life in every species. The Maasai also understand that lions are important to the savanna's ecology and culture. For that reason, they take extra caution when it comes to a lion hunt.

The lions are abundant throughout Maasailand. Their typical hideouts are grassy plains, deep forests, behind termite mounts, under the acacia trees, and other wild cozy places. The lion search ranges from 20 minutes to 10 hours. The Maasai warriors must chase a lion with rattle bells and make him upset. This chasing method forces a lion to develop anger and face the hunter. Another successful hunting method is to force a lion to move away from the kill. Any of these methods would provoke a fight with a lion. The game between warriors and lions is similar to that of a cat and a mouse.

The Maasai use three parts of the lion: the mane, tail and claws. The mane is beautifully beaded by women of the community, and given back to the hunter. The mane is worn over the head, only during special occasions. The mane helps warriors from far communities to identify the toughest warrior.

The lion tail is the most valuable product in the practice of lion hunting. The tail goes to the strongest warrior.

F.3 The Letter

8. Listen to the following article about the break-up of the Joint Family system in India and complete the boxes in (8)

In India, incidents of the elderly being abused, harassed and abandoned are increasing by the day. Reports of such neglect have come in from every state in the country and it takes place in both rural and urban settings.

Joint families have been a strong support network for the elderly. But more children are now leaving their parental homes to set up their own. Sociologists say the pressures of modern life and the more individualistic aspirations of the young are among reasons why the elderly are being abandoned or, in some cases, abused. Poverty and search for work are the two main reasons why rural elders are being left behind. So, many of them have to rely on charities for food and medical help.

Research suggests nearly 40% of senior citizens living with their families are facing emotional or physical abuse. But only one in six cases comes to light, the study showed. This is because people feel these cases are "internal" or "domestic" matters that need to be sorted out by the concerned individuals and they should not be addressed publicly.

F.4 A Shady Plot

13. Listen to the following extract from The Canterville Ghost by Oscar Wilde and complete the following tasks as directed.

Towards evening, there was a storm and it started to rain heavily. The wind was so strong that all the windows and doors in the old house shook and rattled. In fact, it was exactly the sort of weather that the ghost loved. This is what he planned to do. He would first go quietly to Washington Otis's room, gibber at him from the foot of the bed. Then the ghost would stab himself three times in the throat to the sound of soft music. He was particularly angry with Washington, because he knew that it was Washington who kept on removing the famous Canterville blood-stain by using his Pinkerton's Paragon Detergent.

Having thoroughly terrified the reckless and foolhardy young man, the ghost planned to proceed to the room of Mr Otis and his wife. While he was there the ghost was going to put a clammy hand on Mrs. Otis's forehead. At the same time he was going to hiss into her trembling husband's ear the awful secrets of the grave. He was not sure what he was going to do about little Virginia. She had never insulted him in any way, and was pretty and gentle. A few groans from the wardrobe, he thought, would be quite enough for her, or, if that didn't wake her up, he might pull at the counterpane with palsy-twitching fingers. But the ghost was very determined to teach the twins a lesson they would never forget.

F. 5 Patol Babu, Film Star

10. Listen to the passage on character actors and complete the exercise as directed.

A character actor is one who largely plays a particular type of role rather than leading ones. Character actor roles can range from bit parts to secondary leads. However, character actors often play supporting roles for characters not subject to a major change or revelation in the course of the plot, and whose role is less prominent.

There are many reasons why people might become character actors. Actors may also simply seem better suited to character roles than to leading roles. Another fact worth noting is that while any film has a handful of leading roles, it may also require dozens of smaller supporting roles, and that there are arguably more opportunities for professional success as a character actor than as a movie star. Some actors become character actors by choice. Others may find character work because they are seen as typecast (strongly identified with, or only suitable for certain types of roles), often due to an early success with a particular role or genre. Also, some actors may become character actors because casting agents believe they lack some of the admittedly subjective physical attributes associated with movie stars: they may be regarded as too tall, too short, unattractive, overweight, or somehow lacking an ephemeral "star quality".

Actors may be deemed too old or too young for leading roles; being "too old" is more of a problem for women, who may find that their range of acting jobs drops suddenly after the age of forty.

Some character actors have distinctive voices or accents which limit their roles. Some of them have been able to turn this to their advantage, often in voice-over work. Sometimes character actors have developed careers because they have specific talents that are required in genre films, such as dancing, horsemanship or swimming ability. The stars of a movie that fails badly at the box office are often considered part of the reason it failed, and they may have trouble finding work later. Character actors are almost never blamed for these failures, and can continue to find work relatively easily.

F.6 Virtually True

Tour of Body

By Alex Crees

It revolutionized the way we watch movies, and now, it's revolutionizing the way doctors treat illnesses. Three-dimension is the new frontier of medicine, according to physicians at the Weill Cornell Medical College in New York City.The new technology called CAVE, which is short for 'Cave Automatic Virtual Environment', is essentially a three-dimensional virtual reality room. It projects images on four walls to allow researchers to voyage inside the molecular structure of cells and parts of the human body.This way, physicians can interact with the data and actually see the cells in their true, 3-D state, which was not possible before.

Physicians believe that using CAVE will help them better understand how to study and treat a variety of diseases located in places that they cannot physically penetrate, like the brain."You can see which proteins are next to each other, which proteins come together under different conditions at different times in different parts of the cell," said Dr. Harel Weinstein ."You are inside the cell."

The CAVE works by using a mathematical algorithm to rearrange normal two-dimensional MRI data segments to create a 3-D object. The result is a room where researchers can actually stand inside a representation of the anatomical structures they are studying.

Weinstein said. "We can go into cells, into organs, into the brain, and anywhere else."Once inside, physicians can 'move' through the 3-D object and peel away its layers with the use of the remote.

"It allows us to understand how certain structures interact, what might be going on in certain diseases," said Dr. Szilard Kiss.He uses the CAVE technology to better understand disease processes in the eye.

"When we look at an X-ray or an MRI, we're looking at one flat picture," Kiss said. "It doesn't really tell the whole story. It's much easier to appreciate the anatomy if we go into three-dimensionality."Kiss likens the CAVE technology to "shrinking yourself down and going inside the eye.""But it's not only going inside the eye," he added. "It's going inside the layers of the retina." In patients who had poor vision because of scar tissue growing over retina, the CAVE technology was able to help Kiss isolate where the ridge of the scar tissue was located."The ridge was not obvious from two-dimensional images," Kiss said. "When we brought it up into this three-dimensional cave is really where I had an 'a-ha!' moment."The location of the ridge was crucial because, to treat the patient's symptoms, it was necessary to go in with very small instruments, grab the ridge and peel it off the retina.

"[He] really benefitted from the three-dimensionality that's offered by this technology," Kiss said.Dr. Barry Kosofsky, Chief of the Division of Pediatric Neurology at Weill Cornell Medical College, also has high expectations for the new technology. Currently, he is studying cocaine usage during pregnancy and what effect it has on a child's brain.

"What this technology lets us do is get a better sense of how those brains are structurally different," Kosofsky said.

"It not only applies to anatomical pictures," he said, "but organs, physiology of cells and genes. So we can go inside any of those structures and begin to reconstruct something that can be applied to a laboratory setting, and then hopefully to a clinical setting for patient care."

P.1 The Frog And The Nightingale

15. Listen to the poem The Spider and the Fly by Mary Howitt and compare the 'Fly' to Vikram Seth's 'Nightingale.'

The Spider and the Fly

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.
"The prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down again."
"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high.
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh no, no!" Said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Mary Howitt

Interact in English

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By Helen Keller

With Her Letters (1887-1901) And Supplementary Account of Her Education, Including Passages from the Reports and Letters of her Teacher, Anne Mansfield Sullivan, By John Albert Macy

Special Edition

CONTAINING ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS BY HELEN KELLER

To ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Who has taught the deaf to speak
and enabled the listening ear to hear speech
from the Atlantic to the Rockies,
I dedicate this Story of My Life.

CONTENTS

Editor's Preface

I. THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER I

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER III

CHAPTER IV

CHAPTER V

CHAPTER VI

CHAPTER VII

CHAPTER VIII

CHAPTER IX

CHAPTER X

CHAPTER XI

CHAPTER XII

CHAPTER XIII

CHAPTER XIV

CHAPTER XV

CHAPTER XVI

CHAPTER XVII

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAPTER XIX

CHAPTER XX

CHAPTER XXI

CHAPTER XXII

CHAPTER XXIII

II. LETTERS(1887-1901)

INTRODUCTION

III: A SUPPLEMENTARY ACCOUNT OF HELEN KELLER'S LIFE AND EDUCATION

CHAPTER I. The Writing of the Book

CHAPTER II. PERSONALITY

CHAPTER III. EDUCATION

CHAPTER IV. SPEECH

CHAPTER V. LITERARY STYLE

Editor's Preface

This book is in three parts. The first two, Miss Keller's story and the extracts from her letters, form a complete account of her life as far as she can give it. Much of her education she cannot explain herself, and since a knowledge of that is necessary to an understanding of what she has written, it was thought best to supplement her autobiography with the reports and letters of her teacher, Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan. The addition of a further account of Miss Keller's personality and achievements may be unnecessary; yet it will help to make clear some of the traits of her character and the nature of the work which she and her teacher have done.

For the third part of the book the Editor is responsible, though all that is valid in it he owes to authentic records and to the advice of Miss Sullivan.

The Editor desires to express his gratitude and the gratitude of Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan to The Ladies' Home Journal and to its editors, Mr. Edward Bok and Mr. William V. Alexander, who have been unfailingly kind and have given for use in this book all the photographs which were taken

expressly for the Journal; and the Editor thanks Miss Keller's many friends who have lent him her letters to them and given him valuable information; especially Mrs. Laurence Hutton, who supplied him with her large collection of notes and anecdotes; Mr. John Hitz, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau for the Increase and Diffusion of Knowledge relating to the Deaf; and Mrs. Sophia C. Hopkins, to whom Miss Sullivan wrote those illuminating letters, the extracts from which give a better idea of her methods with her pupil than anything heretofore published.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have courteously permitted the reprinting of Miss Keller's letter to Dr. Holmes, which appeared in "Over the Teacups," and one of Whittier's letters to Miss Keller. Mr. S. T. Pickard, Whittier's literary executor, kindly sent the original of another letter from Miss Keller to Whittier.

John Albert Macy.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 1, 1903.

I. THE STORY OF MY LIFE

CHAPTER I

It is with a kind of fear that I begin to write the history of my life. I have, as it were, a superstitious hesitation in lifting the veil that clings about my childhood like a golden mist. The task of writing an autobiography is a difficult one. When I try to classify my earliest impressions, I find that fact and fancy look alike across the years that link the past with the present. The woman paints the child's experiences in her own fantasy. A few impressions stand out vividly from the first years of my life; but "the shadows of the prison-house are on the rest." Besides, many of the joys and sorrows of childhood have lost their poignancy; and many incidents of vital importance in my early education have been forgotten in the excitement of great discoveries. In order, therefore, not to be tedious I shall try to present in a series of sketches only the episodes that seem to me to be the most interesting and important.

I was born on June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, a little town of northern Alabama.

The family on my father's side is descended from Caspar Keller, a native of Switzerland, who settled in Maryland. One of my Swiss ancestors was the first teacher of the deaf in Zurich and wrote a book on the subject of their education—rather a singular coincidence; though it is true that there is no king who has not had a slave among his ancestors, and no slave who has not had a king among his.

My grandfather, Caspar Keller's son, "entered" large tracts of land in Alabama and finally settled

there. I have been told that once a year he went from Tuscumbia to Philadelphia on horseback to purchase supplies for the plantation, and my aunt has in her possession many of the letters to his family, which give charming and vivid accounts of these trips.

My Grandmother Keller was a daughter of one of Lafayette's aides, Alexander Moore, and granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, an early Colonial Governor of Virginia. She was also second cousin to Robert E. Lee.

My father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain in the Confederate Army, and my mother, Kate Adams, was his second wife and many years younger. Her grandfather, Benjamin Adams, married Susanna E. Goodhue, and lived in Newbury, Massachusetts, for many years. Their son, Charles Adams, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and moved to Helena, Arkansas. When the Civil War broke out, he fought on the side of the South and became a brigadier-general. He married Lucy Helen Everett, who belonged to the same family of Everetts as Edward Everett and Dr. Edward Everett Hale. After the war was over the family moved to Memphis, Tennessee.

I lived, up to the time of the illness that deprived me of my sight and hearing, in a tiny house consisting of a large square room and a small one, in which the servant slept. It is a custom in the South to build a small house near the homestead as an annex to be used on occasion. Such a house my father built after the Civil War, and when he married my mother they went to live in it. It was completely covered with vines, climbing roses and honeysuckles. From the garden it looked like an arbour. The little porch was hidden from view by a screen of yellow roses and Southern smilax. It was the favourite haunt of humming-birds and bees.

The Keller homestead, where the family lived, was a few steps from our little rose-bower. It was called "Ivy Green" because the house and the surrounding trees and fences were covered with beautiful English ivy. Its old-fashioned garden was the paradise of my childhood.

Even in the days before my teacher came, I used to feel along the square stiff boxwood hedges, and, guided by the sense of smell would find the first violets and lilies. There, too, after a fit of temper, I went to find comfort and to hide my hot face in the cool leaves and grass. What joy it was to lose myself in that garden of flowers, to wander happily from spot to spot, until, coming suddenly upon a beautiful vine, I recognized it by its leaves and blossoms, and knew it was the vine which covered the tumble-down summer-house at the farther end of the garden! Here, also, were trailing clematis, drooping jessamine, and some rare sweet flowers called butterfly lilies, because their fragile petals resemble butterflies' wings. But the roses—they were loveliest of all. Never have I found in the greenhouses of the North such heart-satisfying roses as the climbing roses of my southern home. They used to hang in long festoons from our porch, filling the whole air with their fragrance, untainted by any earthy smell; and in the early morning, washed in the dew, they felt so soft, so pure, I could not help wondering if they did not resemble the asphodels of God's garden.

The beginning of my life was simple and much like every other little life. I came, I saw, I conquered, as the first baby in the family always does. There was the usual amount of discussion as to a name for me. The first baby in the family was not to be lightly named, every one was emphatic about that. My father suggested the name of Mildred Campbell, an ancestor whom he highly esteemed, and he declined to take any further part in the discussion. My mother solved the problem by giving it as her wish that I should be called after her mother, whose maiden name was Helen Everett. But in the excitement of carrying me to church my father lost the name on the way, very naturally, since it was one in which he had declined to have a part. When the minister asked him for it, he just remembered that it had been decided to call me after my grandmother, and he gave her name as Helen Adams.

I am told that while I was still in long dresses I showed many signs of an eager, self-asserting disposition. Everything that I saw other people do I insisted upon imitating. At six months I could

pipe out "How d'ye," and one day I attracted every one's attention by saying "Tea, tea, tea" quite plainly. Even after my illness I remembered one of the words I had learned in these early months. It was the word "water," and I continued to make some sound for that word after all other speech was lost. I ceased making the sound "wah-wah" only when I learned to spell the word.

They tell me I walked the day I was a year old. My mother had just taken me out of the bath-tub and was holding me in her lap, when I was suddenly attracted by the flickering shadows of leaves that danced in the sunlight on the smooth floor. I slipped from my mother's lap and almost ran toward them. The impulse gone, I fell down and cried for her to take me up in her arms.

These happy days did not last long. One brief spring, musical with the song of robin and mocking-bird, one summer rich in fruit and roses, one autumn of gold and crimson sped by and left their gifts at the feet of an eager, delighted child. Then, in the dreary month of February, came the illness which closed my eyes and ears and plunged me into the unconsciousness of a new-born baby. They called it acute congestion of the stomach and brain. The doctor thought I could not live. Early one morning, however, the fever left me as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. There was great rejoicing in the family that morning, but no one, not even the doctor, knew that I should never see or hear again.

I fancy I still have confused recollections of that illness. I especially remember the tenderness with which my mother tried to soothe me in my waling hours of fret and pain, and the agony and bewilderment with which I awoke after a tossing half sleep, and turned my eyes, so dry and hot, to the wall away from the once-loved light, which came to me dim and yet more dim each day. But, except for these fleeting memories, if, indeed, they be memories, it all seems very unreal, like a nightmare. Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came—my teacher—who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out. If we have once seen, "the day is ours, and what the day has shown."

CHAPTER II

I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod, "Yes," a pull meant "Come" and a push, "Go." Was it bread that I wanted? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold. My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me. At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry, and I distinguished my own from the rest. I knew by the way my mother and aunt dressed when they were going out, and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company, and when the guests took their leave, I waved my hand to them, I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture. One day some gentlemen called on my mother, and I felt the shutting of the front door and

other sounds that indicated their arrival. On a sudden thought I ran upstairs before any one could stop me, to put on my idea of a company dress. Standing before the mirror, as I had seen others do, I anointed mine head with oil and covered my face thickly with powder. Then I pinned a veil over my head so that it covered my face and fell in folds down to my shoulders, and tied an enormous bustle round my small waist, so that it dangled behind, almost meeting the hem of my skirt. Thus attired I went down to help entertain the company.

I do not remember when I first realized that I was different from other people; but I knew it before my teacher came to me. I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated frantically without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted.

I think I knew when I was naughty, for I knew that it hurt Ella, my nurse, to kick her, and when my fit of temper was over I had a feeling akin to regret. But I cannot remember any instance in which this feeling prevented me from repeating the naughtiness when I failed to get what I wanted.

In those days a little coloured girl, Martha Washington, the child of our cook, and Belle, an old setter, and a great hunter in her day, were my constant companions. Martha Washington understood my signs, and I seldom had any difficulty in making her do just as I wished. It pleased me to domineer over her, and she generally submitted to my tyranny rather than risk a hand-to-hand encounter. I was strong, active, indifferent to consequences. I knew my own mind well enough and always had my own way, even if I had to fight tooth and nail for it. We spent a great deal of time in the kitchen, kneading dough balls, helping make ice-cream, grinding coffee, quarreling over the cake-bowl, and feeding the hens and turkeys that swarmed about the kitchen steps. Many of them were so tame that they would eat from my hand and let me feel them. One big gobbler snatched a tomato from me one day and ran away with it. Inspired, perhaps, by Master Gobbler's success, we carried off to the woodpile a cake which the cook had just frosted, and ate every bit of it. I was quite ill afterward, and I wonder if retribution also overtook the turkey.

The guinea-fowl likes to hide her nest in out-of-the-way places, and it was one of my greatest delights to hunt for the eggs in the long grass. I could not tell Martha Washington when I wanted to go egg-hunting, but I would double my hands and put them on the ground, which meant something round in the grass, and Martha always understood. When we were fortunate enough to find a nest I never allowed her to carry the eggs home, making her understand by emphatic signs that she might fall and break them.

The sheds where the corn was stored, the stable where the horses were kept, and the yard where the cows were milked morning and evening were unfailing sources of interest to Martha and me. The milkers would let me keep my hands on the cows while they milked, and I often got well switched by the cow for my curiosity.

The making ready for Christmas was always a delight to me. Of course I did not know what it was all about, but I enjoyed the pleasant odours that filled the house and the tidbits that were given to Martha Washington and me to keep us quiet. We were sadly in the way, but that did not interfere with our pleasure in the least. They allowed us to grind the spices, pick over the raisins and lick the stirring spoons. I hung my stocking because the others did; I cannot remember, however, that the ceremony interested me especially, nor did my curiosity cause me to wake before daylight to look for my gifts.

Martha Washington had as great a love of mischief as I. Two little children were seated on the veranda steps one hot July afternoon. One was black as ebony, with little bunches of fuzzy hair tied with shoestrings sticking out all over her head like corkscrews. The other was white, with long

golden curls. One child was six years old, the other two or three years older. The younger child was blind—that was I—and the other was Martha Washington. We were busy cutting out paper dolls; but we soon wearied of this amusement, and after cutting up our shoestrings and clipping all the leaves off the honeysuckle that were within reach, I turned my attention to Martha's corkscrews. She objected at first, but finally submitted. Thinking that turn and turn about is fair play, she seized the scissors and cut off one of my curls, and would have cut them all off but for my mother's timely interference.

Belle, our dog, my other companion, was old and lazy and liked to sleep by the open fire rather than to romp with me. I tried hard to teach her my sign language, but she was dull and inattentive. She sometimes started and quivered with excitement, then she became perfectly rigid, as dogs do when they point a bird. I did not then know why Belle acted in this way; but I knew she was not doing as I wished. This vexed me and the lesson always ended in a one-sided boxing match. Belle would get up, stretch herself lazily, give one or two contemptuous sniffs, go to the opposite side of the hearth and lie down again, and I, wearied and disappointed, went off in search of Martha.

Many incidents of those early years are fixed in my memory, isolated, but clear and distinct, making the sense of that silent, aimless, dayless life all the more intense.

One day I happened to spill water on my apron, and I spread it out to dry before the fire which was flickering on the sitting-room hearth. The apron did not dry quickly enough to suit me, so I drew nearer and threw it right over the hot ashes. The fire leaped into life; the flames encircled me so that in a moment my clothes were blazing. I made a terrified noise that brought Viny, my old nurse, to the rescue. Throwing a blanket over me, she almost suffocated me, but she put out the fire. Except for my hands and hair I was not badly burned.

About this time I found out the use of a key. One morning I locked my mother up in the pantry, where she was obliged to remain three hours, as the servants were in a detached part of the house. She kept pounding on the door, while I sat outside on the porch steps and laughed with glee as I felt the jar of the pounding. This most naughty prank of mine convinced my parents that I must be taught as soon as possible. After my teacher, Miss Sullivan, came to me, I sought an early opportunity to lock her in her room. I went upstairs with something which my mother made me understand I was to give to Miss Sullivan; but no sooner had I given it to her than I slammed the door to, locked it, and hid the key under the wardrobe in the hall. I could not be induced to tell where the key was. My father was obliged to get a ladder and take Miss Sullivan out through the window—much to my delight. Months after I produced the key.

When I was about five years old we moved from the little vine-covered house to a large new one. The family consisted of my father and mother, two older half-brothers, and, afterward, a little sister, Mildred. My earliest distinct recollection of my father is making my way through great drifts of newspapers to his side and finding him alone, holding a sheet of paper before his face. I was greatly puzzled to know what he was doing. I imitated this action, even wearing his spectacles, thinking they might help solve the mystery. But I did not find out the secret for several years. Then I learned what those papers were, and that my father edited one of them.

My father was most loving and indulgent, devoted to his home, seldom leaving us, except in the hunting season. He was a great hunter, I have been told, and a celebrated shot. Next to his family he loved his dogs and gun. His hospitality was great, almost to a fault, and he seldom came home without bringing a guest. His special pride was the big garden where, it was said, he raised the finest watermelons and strawberries in the county; and to me he brought the first ripe grapes and the choicest berries. I remember his caressing touch as he led me from tree to tree, from vine to vine, and his eager delight in whatever pleased me.

He was a famous story-teller; after I had acquired language he used to spell clumsily into my hand

his cleverest anecdotes, and nothing pleased him more than to have me repeat them at an opportune moment.

I was in the North, enjoying the last beautiful days of the summer of 1896, when I heard the news of my father's death. He had had a short illness, there had been a brief time of acute suffering, then all was over. This was my first great sorrow—my first personal experience with death.

How shall I write of my mother? She is so near to me that it almost seems indelicate to speak of her.

For a long time I regarded my little sister as an intruder. I knew that I had ceased to be my mother's only darling, and the thought filled me with jealousy. She sat in my mother's lap constantly, where I used to sit, and seemed to take up all her care and time. One day something happened which seemed to me to be adding insult to injury.

At that time I had a much-petted, much-abused doll, which I afterward named Nancy. She was, alas, the helpless victim of my outbursts of temper and of affection, so that she became much the worse for wear. I had dolls which talked, and cried, and opened and shut their eyes; yet I never loved one of them as I loved poor Nancy. She had a cradle, and I often spent an hour or more rocking her. I guarded both doll and cradle with the most jealous care; but once I discovered my little sister sleeping peacefully in the cradle. At this presumption on the part of one to whom as yet no tie of love bound me I grew angry. I rushed upon the cradle and over-turned it, and the baby might have been killed had my mother not caught her as she fell. Thus it is that when we walk in the valley of twofold solitude we know little of the tender affections that grow out of endearing words and actions and companionship. But afterward, when I was restored to my human heritage, Mildred and I grew into each other's hearts, so that we were content to go hand-in-hand wherever caprice led us, although she could not understand my finger language, nor I her childish prattle.

CHAPTER III

Meanwhile the desire to express myself grew. The few signs I used became less and less adequate, and my failures to make myself understood were invariably followed by outbursts of passion. I felt as if invisible hands were holding me, and I made frantic efforts to free myself. I struggled—not that struggling helped matters, but the spirit of resistance was strong within me; I generally broke down in tears and physical exhaustion. If my mother happened to be near I crept into her arms, too miserable even to remember the cause of the tempest. After awhile the need of some means of communication became so urgent that these outbursts occurred daily, sometimes hourly.

My parents were deeply grieved and perplexed. We lived a long way from any school for the blind or the deaf, and it seemed unlikely that any one would come to such an out-of-the-way place as Tuscumbia to teach a child who was both deaf and blind. Indeed, my friends and relatives sometimes doubted whether I could be taught. My mother's only ray of hope came from Dickens's "American Notes." She had read his account of Laura Bridgman, and remembered vaguely that she was deaf and blind, yet had been educated. But she also remembered with a hopeless pang that Dr. Howe, who had discovered the way to teach the deaf and blind, had been dead many years. His methods had probably died with him; and if they had not, how was a little girl in a far-off town in Alabama to receive the benefit of them?

When I was about six years old, my father heard of an eminent oculist in Baltimore, who had been

successful in many cases that had seemed hopeless. My parents at once determined to take me to Baltimore to see if anything could be done for my eyes.

The journey, which I remember well was very pleasant. I made friends with many people on the train. One lady gave me a box of shells. My father made holes in these so that I could string them, and for a long time they kept me happy and contented. The conductor, too, was kind. Often when he went his rounds I clung to his coat tails while he collected and punched the tickets. His punch, with which he let me play, was a delightful toy. Curled up in a corner of the seat I amused myself for hours making funny little holes in bits of cardboard.

My aunt made me a big doll out of towels. It was the most comical shapeless thing, this improvised doll, with no nose, mouth, ears or eyes—nothing that even the imagination of a child could convert into a face. Curiously enough, the absence of eyes struck me more than all the other defects put together. I pointed this out to everybody with provoking persistency, but no one seemed equal to the task of providing the doll with eyes. A bright idea, however, shot into my mind, and the problem was solved. I tumbled off the seat and searched under it until I found my aunt's cape, which was trimmed with large beads. I pulled two beads off and indicated to her that I wanted her to sew them on my doll. She raised my hand to her eyes in a questioning way, and I nodded energetically. The beads were sewed in the right place and I could not contain myself for joy; but immediately I lost all interest in the doll. During the whole trip I did not have one fit of temper, there were so many things to keep my mind and fingers busy.

When we arrived in Baltimore, Dr. Chisholm received us kindly: but he could do nothing. He said, however, that I could be educated, and advised my father to consult Dr. Alexander Graham Bell of Washington, who would be able to give him information about schools and teachers of deaf or blind children. Acting on the doctor's advice, we went immediately to Washington to see Dr. Bell, my father with a sad heart and many misgivings, I wholly unconscious of his anguish, finding pleasure in the excitement of moving from place to place. Child as I was, I at once felt the tenderness and sympathy which endeared Dr. Bell to so many hearts, as his wonderful achievements enlist their admiration. He held me on his knee while I examined his watch, and he made it strike for me. He understood my signs, and I knew it and loved him at once. But I did not dream that that interview would be the door through which I should pass from darkness into light, from isolation to friendship, companionship, knowledge, love.

Dr. Bell advised my father to write to Mr. Anagnos, director of the Perkins Institution in Boston, the scene of Dr. Howe's great labours for the blind, and ask him if he had a teacher competent to begin my education. This my father did at once, and in a few weeks there came a kind letter from Mr. Anagnos with the comforting assurance that a teacher had been found. This was in the summer of 1886. But Miss Sullivan did not arrive until the following March.

Thus I came up out of Egypt and stood before Sinai, and a power divine touched my spirit and gave it sight, so that I beheld many wonders. And from the sacred mountain I heard a voice which said, "Knowledge is love and light and vision."

CHAPTER IV

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

years old.

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

Have you ever been at sea in a dense fog, when it seemed as if a tangible white darkness shut you in, and the great ship, tense and anxious, groped her way toward the shore with plummet and sounding-line, and you waited with beating heart for something to happen? I was like that ship before my education began, only I was without compass or sounding-line, and had no way of knowing how near the harbour was. "Light! give me light!" was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour.

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

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

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

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

joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

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

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

CHAPTER V

I recall many incidents of the summer of 1887 that followed my soul's sudden awakening. I did nothing but explore with my hands and learn the name of every object that I touched; and the more I handled things and learned their names and uses, the more joyous and confident grew my sense of kinship with the rest of the world.

When the time of daisies and buttercups came Miss Sullivan took me by the hand across the fields, where men were preparing the earth for the seed, to the banks of the Tennessee River, and there, sitting on the warm grass, I had my first lessons in the beneficence of nature. I learned how the sun and the rain make to grow out of the ground every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food, how birds build their nests and live and thrive from land to land, how the squirrel, the deer, the lion and every other creature finds food and shelter. As my knowledge of things grew I felt more and more the delight of the world I was in. Long before I learned to do a sum in arithmetic or describe the shape of the earth, Miss Sullivan had taught me to find beauty in the fragrant woods, in every blade of grass, and in the curves and dimples of my baby sister's hand. She linked my earliest thoughts with nature, and made me feel that "birds and flowers and I were happy peers."

But about this time I had an experience which taught me that nature is not always kind. One day my teacher and I were returning from a long ramble. The morning had been fine, but it was growing warm and sultry when at last we turned our faces homeward. Two or three times we stopped to rest under a tree by the wayside. Our last halt was under a wild cherry tree a short distance from the house. The shade was grateful, and the tree was so easy to climb that with my teacher's assistance I was able to scramble to a seat in the branches. It was so cool up in the tree that Miss Sullivan proposed that we have our luncheon there. I promised to keep still while she went to the house to fetch it.

Suddenly a change passed over the tree. All the sun's warmth left the air. I knew the sky was black, because all the heat, which meant light to me, had died out of the atmosphere. A strange odour came up from the earth. I knew it, it was the odour that always precedes a thunderstorm, and a nameless fear clutched at my heart. I felt absolutely alone, cut off from my friends and the firm earth. The immense, the unknown, enfolded me. I remained still and expectant; a chilling terror crept over me. I longed for my teacher's return; but above all things I wanted to get down from that tree.

There was a moment of sinister silence, then a multitudinous stirring of the leaves. A shiver ran

through the tree, and the wind sent forth a blast that would have knocked me off had I not clung to the branch with might and main. The tree swayed and strained. The small twigs snapped and fell about me in showers. A wild impulse to jump seized me, but terror held me fast. I crouched down in the fork of the tree. The branches lashed about me. I felt the intermittent jarring that came now and then, as if something heavy had fallen and the shock had traveled up till it reached the limb I sat on. It worked my suspense up to the highest point, and just as I was thinking the tree and I should fall together, my teacher seized my hand and helped me down. I clung to her, trembling with joy to feel the earth under my feet once more. I had learned a new lesson—that nature "wages open war against her children, and under softest touch hides treacherous claws."

After this experience it was a long time before I climbed another tree. The mere thought filled me with terror. It was the sweet allurement of the mimosa tree in full bloom that finally overcame my fears. One beautiful spring morning when I was alone in the summer-house, reading, I became aware of a wonderful subtle fragrance in the air. I started up and instinctively stretched out my hands. It seemed as if the spirit of spring had passed through the summer-house. "What is it?" I asked, and the next minute I recognized the odour of the mimosa blossoms. I felt my way to the end of the garden, knowing that the mimosa tree was near the fence, at the turn of the path. Yes, there it was, all quivering in the warm sunshine, its blossom-laden branches almost touching the long grass. Was there ever anything so exquisitely beautiful in the world before! Its delicate blossoms shrank from the slightest earthly touch; it seemed as if a tree of paradise had been transplanted to earth. I made my way through a shower of petals to the great trunk and for one minute stood irresolute; then, putting my foot in the broad space between the forked branches, I pulled myself up into the tree. I had some difficulty in holding on, for the branches were very large and the bark hurt my hands. But I had a delicious sense that I was doing something unusual and wonderful so I kept on climbing higher and higher, until I reached a little seat which somebody had built there so long ago that it had grown part of the tree itself. I sat there for a long, long time, feeling like a fairy on a rosy cloud. After that I spent many happy hours in my tree of paradise, thinking fair thoughts and dreaming bright dreams.

CHAPTER VI

I had now the key to all language, and I was eager to learn to use it. Children who hear acquire language without any particular effort; the words that fall from others' lips they catch on the wing, as it were, delightedly, while the little deaf child must trap them by a slow and often painful process. But whatever the process, the result is wonderful. Gradually from naming an object we advance step by step until we have traversed the vast distance between our first stammered syllable and the sweep of thought in a line of Shakespeare.

At first, when my teacher told me about a new thing I asked very few questions. My ideas were vague, and my vocabulary was inadequate; but as my knowledge of things grew, and I learned more and more words, my field of inquiry broadened, and I would return again and again to the same subject, eager for further information. Sometimes a new word revived an image that some earlier experience had engraved on my brain.

I remember the morning that I first asked the meaning of the word, "love." This was before I knew many words. I had found a few early violets in the garden and brought them to my teacher. She tried to kiss me: but at that time I did not like to have any one kiss me except my mother. Miss Sullivan put her arm gently round me and spelled into my hand, "I love Helen."

"What is love?" I asked.

She drew me closer to her and said, "It is here," pointing to my heart, whose beats I was conscious of for the first time. Her words puzzled me very much because I did not then understand anything unless I touched it.

I smelt the violets in her hand and asked, half in words, half in signs, a question which meant, "Is love the sweetness of flowers?"

"No," said my teacher.

Again I thought. The warm sun was shining on us.

"Is this not love?" I asked, pointing in the direction from which the heat came. "Is this not love?"

It seemed to me that there could be nothing more beautiful than the sun, whose warmth makes all things grow. But Miss Sullivan shook her head, and I was greatly puzzled and disappointed. I thought it strange that my teacher could not show me love.

A day or two afterward I was stringing beads of different sizes in symmetrical groups—two large beads, three small ones, and so on. I had made many mistakes, and Miss Sullivan had pointed them out again and again with gentle patience. Finally I noticed a very obvious error in the sequence and for an instant I concentrated my attention on the lesson and tried to think how I should have arranged the beads. Miss Sullivan touched my forehead and spelled with decided emphasis, "Think."

In a flash I knew that the word was the name of the process that was going on in my head. This was my first conscious perception of an abstract idea.

For a long time I was still—I was not thinking of the beads in my lap, but trying to find a meaning for "love" in the light of this new idea. The sun had been under a cloud all day, and there had been brief showers; but suddenly the sun broke forth in all its southern splendour.

Again I asked my teacher, "Is this not love?"

"Love is something like the clouds that were in the sky before the sun came out," she replied. Then in simpler words than these, which at that time I could not have understood, she explained: "You cannot touch the clouds, you know; but you feel the rain and know how glad the flowers and the thirsty earth are to have it after a hot day. You cannot touch love either; but you feel the sweetness that it pours into everything. Without love you would not be happy or want to play."

The beautiful truth burst upon my mind—I felt that there were invisible lines stretched between my spirit and the spirits of others.

From the beginning of my education Miss Sullivan made it a practice to speak to me as she would speak to any hearing child; the only difference was that she spelled the sentences into my hand instead of speaking them. If I did not know the words and idioms necessary to express my thoughts she supplied them, even suggesting conversation when I was unable to keep up my end of the dialogue.

This process was continued for several years; for the deaf child does not learn in a month, or even in two or three years, the numberless idioms and expressions used in the simplest daily intercourse. The little hearing child learns these from constant repetition and imitation. The conversation he hears in his home stimulates his mind and suggests topics and calls forth the spontaneous expression of his own thoughts. This natural exchange of ideas is denied to the deaf child. My teacher, realizing this, determined to supply the kinds of stimulus I lacked. This she did by repeating to me as far as possible, verbatim, what she heard, and by showing me how I could take part in the conversation. But it was a long time before I ventured to take the initiative, and still longer before I could find something appropriate to say at the right time.

The deaf and the blind find it very difficult to acquire the amenities of conversation. How much more this difficulty must be augmented in the case of those who are both deaf and blind! They cannot

distinguish the tone of the voice or, without assistance, go up and down the gamut of tones that give significance to words; nor can they watch the expression of the speaker's face, and a look is often the very soul of what one says.

CHAPTER VII

The next important step in my education was learning to read.

As soon as I could spell a few words my teacher gave me slips of cardboard on which were printed words in raised letters. I quickly learned that each printed word stood for an object, an act, or a quality. I had a frame in which I could arrange the words in little sentences; but before I ever put sentences in the frame I used to make them in objects. I found the slips of paper which represented, for example, "doll," "is," "on," "bed" and placed each name on its object; then I put my doll on the bed with the words is, on, bed arranged beside the doll, thus making a sentence of the words, and at the same time carrying out the idea of the sentence with the things themselves.

One day, Miss Sullivan tells me, I pinned the word girl on my pinafore and stood in the wardrobe. On the shelf I arranged the words, is, in, wardrobe. Nothing delighted me so much as this game. My teacher and I played it for hours at a time. Often everything in the room was arranged in object sentences.

From the printed slip it was but a step to the printed book. I took my "Reader for Beginners" and hunted for the words I knew; when I found them my joy was like that of a game of hide-and-seek. Thus I began to read. Of the time when I began to read connected stories I shall speak later.

For a long time I had no regular lessons. Even when I studied most earnestly it seemed more like play than work. Everything Miss Sullivan taught me she illustrated by a beautiful story or a poem. Whenever anything delighted or interested me she talked it over with me just as if she were a little girl herself. What many children think of with dread, as a painful plodding through grammar, hard sums and harder definitions, is to-day one of my most precious memories.

I cannot explain the peculiar sympathy Miss Sullivan had with my pleasures and desires. Perhaps it was the result of long association with the blind. Added to this she had a wonderful faculty for description. She went quickly over uninteresting details, and never nagged me with questions to see if I remembered the day-before-yesterday's lesson. She introduced dry technicalities of science little by little, making every subject so real that I could not help remembering what she taught.

We read and studied out of doors, preferring the sunlit woods to the house. All my early lessons have in them the breath of the woods—the fine, resinous odour of pine needles, blended with the perfume of wild grapes. Seated in the gracious shade of a wild tulip tree, I learned to think that everything has a lesson and a suggestion. "The loveliness of things taught me all their use." Indeed, everything that could hum, or buzz, or sing, or bloom had a part in my education-noisy-throated frogs, katydids and crickets held in my hand until forgetting their embarrassment, they trilled their reedy note, little downy chickens and wildflowers, the dogwood blossoms, meadow-violets and budding fruit trees. I felt the bursting cotton-bolls and fingered their soft fiber and fuzzy seeds; I felt the low soughing of the wind through the cornstalks, the silky rustling of the long leaves, and the indignant snort of my pony, as we caught him in the pasture and put the bit in his mouth—ah me! how well I remember the spicy, clovery smell of his breath!

Sometimes I rose at dawn and stole into the garden while the heavy dew lay on the grass and flowers. Few know what joy it is to feel the roses pressing softly into the hand, or the beautiful motion of the lilies as they sway in the morning breeze. Sometimes I caught an insect in the flower I was plucking, and I felt the faint noise of a pair of wings rubbed together in a sudden terror, as the little creature became aware of a pressure from without.

Another favourite haunt of mine was the orchard, where the fruit ripened early in July. The large, downy peaches would reach themselves into my hand, and as the joyous breezes flew about the trees the apples tumbled at my feet. Oh, the delight with which I gathered up the fruit in my pinafore, pressed my face against the smooth cheeks of the apples, still warm from the sun, and skipped back to the house!

Our favourite walk was to Keller's Landing, an old tumbledown lumber-wharf on the Tennessee River, used during the Civil War to land soldiers. There we spent many happy hours and played at learning geography. I built dams of pebbles, made islands and lakes, and dug river-beds, all for fun, and never dreamed that I was learning a lesson. I listened with increasing wonder to Miss Sullivan's descriptions of the great round world with its burning mountains, buried cities, moving rivers of ice, and many other things as strange. She made raised maps in clay, so that I could feel the mountain ridges and valleys, and follow with my fingers the devious course of rivers. I liked this, too; but the division of the earth into zones and poles confused and teased my mind. The illustrative strings and the orange stick representing the poles seemed so real that even to this day the mere mention of temperate zone suggests a series of twine circles; and I believe that if any one should set about it he could convince me that white bears actually climb the North Pole.

Arithmetic seems to have been the only study I did not like. From the first I was not interested in the science of numbers. Miss Sullivan tried to teach me to count by stringing beads in groups, and by arranging kintergarten straws I learned to add and subtract. I never had patience to arrange more than five or six groups at a time. When I had accomplished this my conscience was at rest for the day, and I went out quickly to find my playmates.

In this same leisurely manner I studied zoology and botany.

Once a gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, sent me a collection of fossils—tiny mollusk shells beautifully marked, and bits of sandstone with the print of birds' claws, and a lovely fern in bas-relief. These were the keys which unlocked the treasures of the antediluvian world for me. With trembling fingers I listened to Miss Sullivan's descriptions of the terrible beasts, with uncouth, unpronounceable names, which once went tramping through the primeval forests, tearing down the branches of gigantic trees for food, and died in the dismal swamps of an unknown age. For a long time these strange creatures haunted my dreams, and this gloomy period formed a somber background to the joyous Now, filled with sunshine and roses and echoing with the gentle beat of my pony's hoof.

Another time a beautiful shell was given me, and with a child's surprise and delight I learned how a tiny mollusk had built the lustrous coil for his dwelling place, and how on still nights, when there is no breeze stirring the waves, the Nautilus sails on the blue waters of the Indian Ocean in his "ship of pearl." After I had learned a great many interesting things about the life and habits of the children of the sea—how in the midst of dashing waves the little polyps build the beautiful coral isles of the Pacific, and the foraminifera have made the chalk-hills of many a land—my teacher read me "The Chambered Nautilus," and showed me that the shell-building process of the mollusks is symbolical of the development of the mind. Just as the wonder-working mantle of the Nautilus changes the material it absorbs from the water and makes it a part of itself, so the bits of knowledge one gathers undergo a similar change and become pearls of thought.

Again, it was the growth of a plant that furnished the text for a lesson. We bought a lily and set it in

a sunny window. Very soon the green, pointed buds showed signs of opening. The slender, fingerlike leaves on the outside opened slowly, reluctant, I thought, to reveal the loveliness they hid; once having made a start, however, the opening process went on rapidly, but in order and systematically. There was always one bud larger and more beautiful than the rest, which pushed her outer, covering back with more pomp, as if the beauty in soft, silky robes knew that she was the lily-queen by right divine, while her more timid sisters doffed their green hoods shyly, until the whole plant was one nodding bough of loveliness and fragrance.

Once there were eleven tadpoles in a glass globe set in a window full of plants. I remember the eagerness with which I made discoveries about them. It was great fun to plunge my hand into the bowl and feel the tadpoles frisk about, and to let them slip and slide between my fingers. One day a more ambitious fellow leaped beyond the edge of the bowl and fell on the floor, where I found him to all appearance more dead than alive. The only sign of life was a slight wriggling of his tail. But no sooner had he returned to his element than he darted to the bottom, swimming round and round in joyous activity. He had made his leap, he had seen the great world, and was content to stay in his pretty glass house under the big fuchsia tree until he attained the dignity of froghood. Then he went to live in the leafy pool at the end of the garden, where he made the summer nights musical with his quaint love-song.

Thus I learned from life itself. At the beginning I was only a little mass of possibilities. It was my teacher who unfolded and developed them. When she came, everything about me breathed of love and joy and was full of meaning. She has never since let pass an opportunity to point out the beauty that is in everything, nor has she ceased trying in thought and action and example to make my life sweet and useful.

It was my teacher's genius, her quick sympathy, her loving tact which made the first years of my education so beautiful. It was because she seized the right moment to impart knowledge that made it so pleasant and acceptable to me. She realized that a child's mind is like a shallow brook which ripples and dances merrily over the stony course of its education and reflects here a flower, there a bush, yonder a fleecy cloud; and she attempted to guide my mind on its way, knowing that like a brook it should be fed by mountain streams and hidden springs, until it broadened out into a deep river, capable of reflecting in its placid surface, billowy hills, the luminous shadows of trees and the blue heavens, as well as the sweet face of a little flower.

Any teacher can take a child to the classroom, but not every teacher can make him learn. He will not work joyously unless he feels that liberty is his, whether he is busy or at rest; he must feel the flush of victory and the heart-sinking of disappointment before he takes with a will the tasks distasteful to him and resolves to dance his way bravely through a dull routine of textbooks.

My teacher is so near to me that I scarcely think of myself apart from her. How much of my delight in all beautiful things is innate, and how much is due to her influence, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best of me belongs to her—there is not a talent, or an aspiration or a joy in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch.

CHAPTER VIII

The first Christmas after Miss Sullivan came to Tuscumbia was a great event. Every one in the family prepared surprises for me, but what pleased me most, Miss Sullivan and I prepared surprises

for everybody else. The mystery that surrounded the gifts was my greatest delight and amusement. My friends did all they could to excite my curiosity by hints and half-spelled sentences which they pretended to break off in the nick of time. Miss Sullivan and I kept up a game of guessing which taught me more about the use of language than any set lessons could have done. Every evening, seated round a glowing wood fire, we played our guessing game, which grew more and more exciting as Christmas approached.

On Christmas Eve the Tuscumbia schoolchildren had their tree, to which they invited me. In the centre of the schoolroom stood a beautiful tree ablaze and shimmering in the soft light, its branches loaded with strange, wonderful fruit. It was a moment of supreme happiness. I danced and capered round the tree in an ecstasy. When I learned that there was a gift for each child, I was delighted, and the kind people who had prepared the tree permitted me to hand the presents to the children. In the pleasure of doing this, I did not stop to look at my own gifts; but when I was ready for them, my impatience for the real Christmas to begin almost got beyond control. I knew the gifts I already had were not those of which friends had thrown out such tantalizing hints, and my teacher said the presents I was to have would be even nicer than these. I was persuaded, however, to content myself with the gifts from the tree and leave the others until morning.

That night, after I had hung my stocking, I lay awake a long time, pretending to be asleep and keeping alert to see what Santa Claus would do when he came. At last I fell asleep with a new doll and a white bear in my arms. Next morning it was I who waked the whole family with my first "Merry Christmas!" I found surprises, not in the stocking only, but on the table, on all the chairs, at the door, on the very window-sill; indeed, I could hardly walk without stumbling on a bit of Christmas wrapped up in tissue paper. But when my teacher presented me with a canary, my cup of happiness overflowed.

Little Tim was so tame that he would hop on my finger and eat candied cherries out of my hand. Miss Sullivan taught me to take all the care of my new pet. Every morning after breakfast I prepared his bath, made his cage clean and sweet, filled his cups with fresh seed and water from the well-house, and hung a spray of chickweed in his swing.

One morning I left the cage on the window-seat while I went to fetch water for his bath. When I returned I felt a big cat brush past me as I opened the door. At first I did not realize what had happened; but when I put my hand in the cage and Tim's pretty wings did not meet my touch or his small pointed claws take hold of my finger, I knew that I should never see my sweet little singer again.

CHAPTER IX

The next important event in my life was my visit to Boston, in May, 1888. As if it were yesterday I remember the preparations, the departure with my teacher and my mother, the journey, and finally the arrival in Boston. How different this journey was from the one I had made to Baltimore two years before! I was no longer a restless, excitable little creature, requiring the attention of everybody on the train to keep me amused. I sat quietly beside Miss Sullivan, taking in with eager interest all that she told me about what she saw out of the car window: the beautiful Tennessee River, the great cotton-fields, the hills and woods, and the crowds of laughing negroes at the stations, who waved to the people on the train and brought delicious candy and popcorn balls through the car. On the seat opposite me sat my big rag doll, Nancy, in a new gingham dress and a beruffled sunbonnet, looking

at me out of two bead eyes. Sometimes, when I was not absorbed in Miss Sullivan's descriptions, I remembered Nancy's existence and took her up in my arms, but I generally calmed my conscience by making myself believe that she was asleep.

As I shall not have occasion to refer to Nancy again, I wish to tell here a sad experience she had soon after our arrival in Boston. She was covered with dirt—the remains of mud pies I had compelled her to eat, although she had never shown any special liking for them. The laundress at the Perkins Institution secretly carried her off to give her a bath. This was too much for poor Nancy. When I next saw her she was a formless heap of cotton, which I should not have recognized at all except for the two bead eyes which looked out at me reproachfully.

When the train at last pulled into the station at Boston it was as if a beautiful fairy tale had come true. The "once upon a time" was now; the "far-away country" was here.

We had scarcely arrived at the Perkins Institution for the Blind when I began to make friends with the little blind children. It delighted me inexpressibly to find that they knew the manual alphabet. What joy to talk with other children in my own language! Until then I had been like a foreigner speaking through an interpreter. In the school where Laura Bridgman was taught I was in my own country. It took me some time to appreciate the fact that my new friends were blind. I knew I could not see; but it did not seem possible that all the eager, loving children who gathered round me and joined heartily in my frolics were also blind. I remember the surprise and the pain I felt as I noticed that they placed their hands over mine when I talked to them and that they read books with their fingers. Although I had been told this before, and although I understood my own deprivations, yet I had thought vaguely that since they could hear, they must have a sort of "second sight," and I was not prepared to find one child and another and yet another deprived of the same precious gift. But they were so happy and contented that I lost all sense of pain in the pleasure of their companionship.

One day spent with the blind children made me feel thoroughly at home in my new environment, and I looked eagerly from one pleasant experience to another as the days flew swiftly by. I could not quite convince myself that there was much world left, for I regarded Boston as the beginning and the end of creation.

While we were in Boston we visited Bunker Hill, and there I had my first lesson in history. The story of the brave men who had fought on the spot where we stood excited me greatly. I climbed the monument, counting the steps, and wondering as I went higher and yet higher if the soldiers had climbed this great stairway and shot at the enemy on the ground below.

The next day we went to Plymouth by water. This was my first trip on the ocean and my first voyage in a steamboat. How full of life and motion it was! But the rumble of the machinery made me think it was thundering, and I began to cry, because I feared if it rained we should not be able to have our picnic out of doors. I was more interested, I think, in the great rock on which the Pilgrims landed than in anything else in Plymouth. I could touch it, and perhaps that made the coming of the Pilgrims and their toils and great deeds seem more real to me. I have often held in my hand a little model of the Plymouth Rock which a kind gentleman gave me at Pilgrim Hall, and I have fingered its curves, the split in the centre and the embossed figures "1620," and turned over in my mind all that I knew about the wonderful story of the Pilgrims.

How my childish imagination glowed with the splendour of their enterprise! I idealized them as the bravest and most generous men that ever sought a home in a strange land. I thought they desired the freedom of their fellow men as well as their own. I was keenly surprised and disappointed years later to learn of their acts of persecution that make us tingle with shame, even while we glory in the courage and energy that gave us our "Country Beautiful."

Among the many friends I made in Boston were Mr. William Endicott and his daughter. Their kindness to me was the seed from which many pleasant memories have since grown. One day we

visited their beautiful home at Beverly Farms. I remember with delight how I went through their rose-garden, how their dogs, big Leo and little curly-haired Fritz with long ears, came to meet me, and how Nimrod, the swiftest of the horses, poked his nose into my hands for a pat and a lump of sugar. I also remember the beach, where for the first time I played in the sand. It was hard, smooth sand, very different from the loose, sharp sand, mingled with kelp and shells, at Brewster. Mr. Endicott told me about the great ships that came sailing by from Boston, bound for Europe. I saw him many times after that, and he was always a good friend to me; indeed, I was thinking of him when I called Boston "the City of Kind Hearts."

CHAPTER X

Just before the Perkins Institution closed for the summer, it was arranged that my teacher and I should spend our vacation at Brewster, on Cape Cod, with our dear friend, Mrs. Hopkins. I was delighted, for my mind was full of the prospective joys and of the wonderful stories I had heard about the sea.

My most vivid recollection of that summer is the ocean. I had always lived far inland and had never had so much as a whiff of salt air; but I had read in a big book called "Our World" a description of the ocean which filled me with wonder and an intense longing to touch the mighty sea and feel it roar. So my little heart leaped high with eager excitement when I knew that my wish was at last to be realized.

No sooner had I been helped into my bathing-suit than I sprang out upon the warm sand and without thought of fear plunged into the cool water. I felt the great billows rock and sink. The buoyant motion of the water filled me with an exquisite, quivering joy. Suddenly my ecstasy gave place to terror; for my foot struck against a rock and the next instant there was a rush of water over my head. I thrust out my hands to grasp some support, I clutched at the water and at the seaweed which the waves tossed in my face. But all my frantic efforts were in vain. The waves seemed to be playing a game with me, and tossed me from one to another in their wild frolic. It was fearful! The good, firm earth had slipped from my feet, and everything seemed shut out from this strange, all-enveloping element—life, air, warmth and love. At last, however, the sea, as if weary of its new toy, threw me back on the shore, and in another instant I was clasped in my teacher's arms. Oh, the comfort of the long, tender embrace! As soon as I had recovered from my panic sufficiently to say anything, I demanded: "Who put salt in the water?"

After I had recovered from my first experience in the water, I thought it great fun to sit on a big rock in my bathing-suit and feel wave after wave dash against the rock, sending up a shower of spray which quite covered me. I felt the pebbles rattling as the waves threw their ponderous weight against the shore; the whole beach seemed racked by their terrific onset, and the air throbbed with their pulsations. The breakers would swoop back to gather themselves for a mightier leap, and I clung to the rock, tense, fascinated, as I felt the dash and roar of the rushing sea!

I could never stay long enough on the shore. The tang of the untainted, fresh and free sea air was like a cool, quieting thought, and the shells and pebbles and the seaweed with tiny living creatures attached to it never lost their fascination for me. One day Miss Sullivan attracted my attention to a strange object which she had captured basking in the shallow water. It was a great horseshoe crab —the first one I had ever seen. I felt of him and thought it very strange that he should carry his house on his back. It suddenly occurred to me that he might make a delightful pet; so I seized him by the

tail with both hands and carried him home. This feat pleased me highly, as his body was very heavy, and it took all my strength to drag him half a mile. I would not leave Miss Sullivan in peace until she had put the crab in a trough near the well where I was confident he would be secure. But next morning I went to the trough, and lo, he had disappeared! Nobody knew where he had gone, or how he had escaped. My disappointment was bitter at the time; but little by little I came to realize that it was not kind or wise to force this poor dumb creature out of his element, and after awhile I felt happy in the thought that perhaps he had returned to the sea.

CHAPTER XI

In the autumn I returned to my Southern home with a heart full of joyous memories. As I recall that visit North I am filled with wonder at the richness and variety of the experiences that cluster about it. It seems to have been the beginning of everything. The treasures of a new, beautiful world were laid at my feet, and I took in pleasure and information at every turn. I lived myself into all things. I was never still a moment; my life was as full of motion as those little insects that crowd a whole existence into one brief day. I met many people who talked with me by spelling into my hand, and thought in joyous sympathy leaped up to meet thought, and behold, a miracle had been wrought! The barren places between my mind and the minds of others blossomed like the rose.

I spent the autumn months with my family at our summer cottage, on a mountain about fourteen miles from Tuscumbia. It was called Fern Quarry, because near it there was a limestone quarry, long since abandoned. Three frolicsome little streams ran through it from springs in the rocks above, leaping here and tumbling there in laughing cascades wherever the rocks tried to bar their way. The opening was filled with ferns which completely covered the beds of limestone and in places hid the streams. The rest of the mountain was thickly wooded. Here were great oaks and splendid evergreens with trunks like mossy pillars, from the branches of which hung garlands of ivy and mistletoe, and persimmon trees, the odour of which pervaded every nook and corner of the wood—an illusive, fragrant something that made the heart glad. In places the wild muscadine and scuppernong vines stretched from tree to tree, making arbours which were always full of butterflies and buzzing insects. It was delightful to lose ourselves in the green hollows of that tangled wood in the late afternoon, and to smell the cool, delicious odours that came up from the earth at the close of day.

Our cottage was a sort of rough camp, beautifully situated on the top of the mountain among oaks and pines. The small rooms were arranged on each side of a long open hall. Round the house was a wide piazza, where the mountain winds blew, sweet with all wood-scents. We lived on the piazza most of the time—there we worked, ate and played. At the back door there was a great butternut tree, round which the steps had been built, and in front the trees stood so close that I could touch them and feel the wind shake their branches, or the leaves twirl downward in the autumn blast.

Many visitors came to Fern Quarry. In the evening, by the campfire, the men played cards and whiled away the hours in talk and sport. They told stories of their wonderful feats with fowl, fish and quadruped—how many wild ducks and turkeys they had shot, what "savage trout" they had caught, and how they had bagged the craftiest foxes, outwitted the most clever 'possums and overtaken the fleetest deer, until I thought that surely the lion, the tiger, the bear and the rest of the wild tribe would not be able to stand before these wily hunters. "To-morrow to the chase!" was their good-night shout as the circle of merry friends broke up for the night. The men slept in the hall outside our door, and I

could feel the deep breathing of the dogs and the hunters as they lay on their improvised beds.

At dawn I was awakened by the smell of coffee, the rattling of guns, and the heavy footsteps of the men as they strode about, promising themselves the greatest luck of the season. I could also feel the stamping of the horses, which they had ridden out from town and hitched under the trees, where they stood all night, neighing loudly, impatient to be off. At last the men mounted, and, as they say in the old songs, away went the steeds with bridles ringing and whips cracking and hounds racing ahead, and away went the champion hunters "with hark and whoop and wild halloo!"

Later in the morning we made preparations for a barbecue. A fire was kindled at the bottom of a deep hole in the ground, big sticks were laid crosswise at the top, and meat was hung from them and turned on spits. Around the fire squatted negroes, driving away the flies with long branches. The savoury odour of the meat made me hungry long before the tables were set.

When the bustle and excitement of preparation was at its height, the hunting party made its appearance, struggling in by twos and threes, the men hot and weary, the horses covered with foam, and the jaded hounds panting and dejected—and not a single kill! Every man declared that he had seen at least one deer, and that the animal had come very close; but however hotly the dogs might pursue the game, however well the guns might be aimed, at the snap of the trigger there was not a deer in sight. They had been as fortunate as the little boy who said he came very near seeing a rabbit —he saw his tracks. The party soon forgot its disappointment, however, and we sat down, not to venison, but to a tamer feast of veal and roast pig.

One summer I had my pony at Fern Quarry. I called him Black Beauty, as I had just read the book, and he resembled his namesake in every way, from his glossy black coat to the white star on his forehead. I spent many of my happiest hours on his back. Occasionally, when it was quite safe, my teacher would let go the leading-rein, and the pony sauntered on or stopped at his sweet will to eat grass or nibble the leaves of the trees that grew beside the narrow trail.

On mornings when I did not care for the ride, my teacher and I would start after breakfast for a ramble in the woods, and allow ourselves to get lost amid the trees and vines, with no road to follow except the paths made by cows and horses. Frequently we came upon impassable thickets which forced us to take a round about way. We always returned to the cottage with armfuls of laurel, goldenrod, ferns and gorgeous swamp-flowers such as grow only in the South.

Sometimes I would go with Mildred and my little cousins to gather persimmons. I did not eat them; but I loved their fragrance and enjoyed hunting for them in the leaves and grass. We also went nutting, and I helped them open the chestnut burrs and break the shells of hickory-nuts and walnuts —the big, sweet walnuts!

At the foot of the mountain there was a railroad, and the children watched the trains whiz by. Sometimes a terrific whistle brought us to the steps, and Mildred told me in great excitement that a cow or a horse had strayed on the track. About a mile distant there was a trestle spanning a deep gorge. It was very difficult to walk over, the ties were wide apart and so narrow that one felt as if one were walking on knives. I had never crossed it until one day Mildred, Miss Sullivan and I were lost in the woods, and wandered for hours without finding a path.

Suddenly Mildred pointed with her little hand and exclaimed, "There's the trestle!" We would have taken any way rather than this; but it was late and growing dark, and the trestle was a short cut home. I had to feel for the rails with my toe; but I was not afraid, and got on very well, until all at once there came a faint "puff, puff" from the distance.

"I see the train!" cried Mildred, and in another minute it would have been upon us had we not climbed down on the crossbraces while it rushed over our heads. I felt the hot breath from the engine on my face, and the smoke and ashes almost choked us. As the train rumbled by, the trestle shook and swayed until I thought we should be dashed to the chasm below. With the utmost difficulty we

regained the track. Long after dark we reached home and found the cottage empty; the family were all out hunting for us.

CHAPTER XII

After my first visit to Boston, I spent almost every winter in the North. Once I went on a visit to a New England village with its frozen lakes and vast snow fields. It was then that I had opportunities such as had never been mine to enter into the treasures of the snow.

I recall my surprise on discovering that a mysterious hand had stripped the trees and bushes, leaving only here and there a wrinkled leaf. The birds had flown, and their empty nests in the bare trees were filled with snow. Winter was on hill and field. The earth seemed benumbed by his icy touch, and the very spirits of the trees had withdrawn to their roots, and there, curled up in the dark, lay fast asleep. All life seemed to have ebbed away, and even when the sun shone the day was

Shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up
decrepitly For a last dim look at earth and sea.

The withered grass and the bushes were transformed into a forest of icicles.

Then came a day when the chill air portended a snowstorm. We rushed out-of-doors to feel the first few tiny flakes descending. Hour by hour the flakes dropped silently, softly from their airy height to the earth, and the country became more and more level. A snowy night closed upon the world, and in the morning one could scarcely recognize a feature of the landscape. All the roads were hidden, not a single landmark was visible, only a waste of snow with trees rising out of it.

In the evening a wind from the northeast sprang up, and the flakes rushed hither and thither in furious melee. Around the great fire we sat and told merry tales, and frolicked, and quite forgot that we were in the midst of a desolate solitude, shut in from all communication with the outside world. But during the night the fury of the wind increased to such a degree that it thrilled us with a vague terror. The rafters creaked and strained, and the branches of the trees surrounding the house rattled and beat against the windows, as the winds rioted up and down the country.

On the third day after the beginning of the storm the snow ceased. The sun broke through the clouds and shone upon a vast, undulating white plain. High mounds, pyramids heaped in fantastic shapes, and impenetrable drifts lay scattered in every direction.

Narrow paths were shoveled through the drifts. I put on my cloak and hood and went out. The air stung my cheeks like fire. Half walking in the paths, half working our way through the lesser drifts, we succeeded in reaching a pine grove just outside a broad pasture. The trees stood motionless and white like figures in a marble frieze. There was no odour of pine-needles. The rays of the sun fell upon the trees, so that the twigs sparkled like diamonds and dropped in showers when we touched them. So dazzling was the light, it penetrated even the darkness that veils my eyes.

As the days wore on, the drifts gradually shrunk, but before they were wholly gone another storm came, so that I scarcely felt the earth under my feet once all winter. At intervals the trees lost their icy covering, and the bulrushes and underbrush were bare; but the lake lay frozen and hard beneath the sun.

Our favourite amusement during that winter was tobogganing. In places the shore of the lake rises

abruptly from the water's edge. Down these steep slopes we used to coast. We would get on our toboggan, a boy would give us a shove, and off we went! Plunging through drifts, leaping hollows, swooping down upon the lake, we would shoot across its gleaming surface to the opposite bank. What joy! What exhilarating madness! For one wild, glad moment we snapped the chain that binds us to earth, and joining hands with the winds we felt ourselves divine!

CHAPTER XIII

It was in the spring of 1890 that I learned to speak. The impulse to utter audible sounds had always been strong within me. I used to make noises, keeping one hand on my throat while the other hand felt the movements of my lips. I was pleased with anything that made a noise and liked to feel the cat purr and the dog bark. I also liked to keep my hand on a singer's throat, or on a piano when it was being played. Before I lost my sight and hearing, I was fast learning to talk, but after my illness it was found that I had ceased to speak because I could not hear. I used to sit in my mother's lap all day long and keep my hands on her face because it amused me to feel the motions of her lips; and I moved my lips, too, although I had forgotten what talking was. My friends say that I laughed and cried naturally, and for awhile I made many sounds and word-elements, not because they were a means of communication, but because the need of exercising my vocal organs was imperative. There was, however, one word the meaning of which I still remembered, WATER. I pronounced it "wa-wa." Even this became less and less intelligible until the time when Miss Sullivan began to teach me. I stopped using it only after I had learned to spell the word on my fingers.

I had known for a long time that the people about me used a method of communication different from mine; and even before I knew that a deaf child could be taught to speak, I was conscious of dissatisfaction with the means of communication I already possessed. One who is entirely dependent upon the manual alphabet has always a sense of restraint, of narrowness. This feeling began to agitate me with a vexing, forward-reaching sense of a lack that should be filled. My thoughts would often rise and beat up like birds against the wind, and I persisted in using my lips and voice. Friends tried to discourage this tendency, fearing lest it would lead to disappointment. But I persisted, and an accident soon occurred which resulted in the breaking down of this great barrier—I heard the story of Ragnhild Kaata.

In 1890 Mrs. Lamson, who had been one of Laura Bridgman's teachers, and who had just returned from a visit to Norway and Sweden, came to see me, and told me of Ragnhild Kaata, a deaf and blind girl in Norway who had actually been taught to speak. Mrs. Lamson had scarcely finished telling me about this girl's success before I was on fire with eagerness. I resolved that I, too, would learn to speak. I would not rest satisfied until my teacher took me, for advice and assistance, to Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School. This lovely, sweet-natured lady offered to teach me herself, and we began the twenty-sixth of March, 1890.

Miss Fuller's method was this: she passed my hand lightly over her face, and let me feel the position of her tongue and lips when she made a sound. I was eager to imitate every motion and in an hour had learned six elements of speech: M, P, A, S, T, I. Miss Fuller gave me eleven lessons in all. I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt when I uttered my first connected sentence, "It is warm." True, they were broken and stammering syllables; but they were human speech. My soul, conscious of new strength, came out of bondage, and was reaching through those broken symbols of speech to all knowledge and all faith.

No deaf child who has earnestly tried to speak the words which he has never heard—to come out of the prison of silence, where no tone of love, no song of bird, no strain of music ever pierces the stillness—can forget the thrill of surprise, the joy of discovery which came over him when he uttered his first word. Only such a one can appreciate the eagerness with which I talked to my toys, to stones, trees, birds and dumb animals, or the delight I felt when at my call Mildred ran to me or my dogs obeyed my commands. It is an unspeakable boon to me to be able to speak in winged words that need no interpretation. As I talked, happy thoughts fluttered up out of my words that might perhaps have struggled in vain to escape my fingers.

But it must not be supposed that I could really talk in this short time. I had learned only the elements of speech. Miss Fuller and Miss Sullivan could understand me, but most people would not have understood one word in a hundred. Nor is it true that, after I had learned these elements, I did the rest of the work myself. But for Miss Sullivan's genius, untiring perseverance and devotion, I could not have progressed as far as I have toward natural speech. In the first place, I laboured night and day before I could be understood even by my most intimate friends; in the second place, I needed Miss Sullivan's assistance constantly in my efforts to articulate each sound clearly and to combine all sounds in a thousand ways. Even now she calls my attention every day to mispronounced words.

All teachers of the deaf know what this means, and only they can at all appreciate the peculiar difficulties with which I had to contend. In reading my teacher's lips I was wholly dependent on my fingers: I had to use the sense of touch in catching the vibrations of the throat, the movements of the mouth and the expression of the face; and often this sense was at fault. In such cases I was forced to repeat the words or sentences, sometimes for hours, until I felt the proper ring in my own voice. My work was practice, practice, practice. Discouragement and weariness cast me down frequently; but the next moment the thought that I should soon be at home and show my loved ones what I had accomplished, spurred me on, and I eagerly looked forward to their pleasure in my achievement.

"My little sister will understand me now," was a thought stronger than all obstacles. I used to repeat ecstatically, "I am not dumb now." I could not be despondent while I anticipated the delight of talking to my mother and reading her responses from her lips. It astonished me to find how much easier it is to talk than to spell with the fingers, and I discarded the manual alphabet as a medium of communication on my part; but Miss Sullivan and a few friends still use it in speaking to me, for it is more convenient and more rapid than lip-reading.

Just here, perhaps, I had better explain our use of the manual alphabet, which seems to puzzle people who do not know us. One who reads or talks to me spells with his hand, using the single-hand manual alphabet generally employed by the deaf. I place my hand on the hand of the speaker so lightly as not to impede its movements. The position of the hand is as easy to feel as it is to see. I do not feel each letter any more than you see each letter separately when you read. Constant practice makes the fingers very flexible, and some of my friends spell rapidly—about as fast as an expert writes on a typewriter. The mere spelling is, of course, no more a conscious act than it is in writing.

When I had made speech my own, I could not wait to go home. At last the happiest of happy moments arrived. I had made my homeward journey, talking constantly to Miss Sullivan, not for the sake of talking, but determined to improve to the last minute. Almost before I knew it, the train stopped at the Tuscumbia station, and there on the platform stood the whole family. My eyes fill with tears now as I think how my mother pressed me close to her, speechless and trembling with delight, taking in every syllable that I spoke, while little Mildred seized my free hand and kissed it and danced, and my father expressed his pride and affection in a big silence. It was as if Isaiah's prophecy had been fulfilled in me, "The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands!"

CHAPTER XIV

The winter of 1892 was darkened by the one cloud in my childhood's bright sky. Joy deserted my heart, and for a long, long time I lived in doubt, anxiety and fear. Books lost their charm for me, and even now the thought of those dreadful days chills my heart. A little story called "The Frost King," which I wrote and sent to Mr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was at the root of the trouble. In order to make the matter clear, I must set forth the facts connected with this episode, which justice to my teacher and to myself compels me to relate.

I wrote the story when I was at home, the autumn after I had learned to speak. We had stayed up at Fern Quarry later than usual. While we were there, Miss Sullivan had described to me the beauties of the late foliage, and it seems that her descriptions revived the memory of a story, which must have been read to me, and which I must have unconsciously retained. I thought then that I was "making up a story," as children say, and I eagerly sat down to write it before the ideas should slip from me. My thoughts flowed easily; I felt a sense of joy in the composition. Words and images came tripping to my finger ends, and as I thought out sentence after sentence, I wrote them on my braille slate. Now, if words and images come to me without effort, it is a pretty sure sign that they are not the offspring of my own mind, but stray waifs that I regretfully dismiss. At that time I eagerly absorbed everything I read without a thought of authorship, and even now I cannot be quite sure of the boundary line between my ideas and those I find in books. I suppose that is because so many of my impressions come to me through the medium of others' eyes and ears.

When the story was finished, I read it to my teacher, and I recall now vividly the pleasure I felt in the more beautiful passages, and my annoyance at being interrupted to have the pronunciation of a word corrected. At dinner it was read to the assembled family, who were surprised that I could write so well. Some one asked me if I had read it in a book.

This question surprised me very much; for I had not the faintest recollection of having had it read to me. I spoke up and said, "Oh, no, it is my story, and I have written it for Mr. Anagnos."

Accordingly I copied the story and sent it to him for his birthday. It was suggested that I should change the title from "Autumn Leaves" to "The Frost King," which I did. I carried the little story to the post-office myself, feeling as if I were walking on air. I little dreamed how cruelly I should pay for that birthday gift.

Mr. Anagnos was delighted with "The Frost King," and published it in one of the Perkins Institution reports. This was the pinnacle of my happiness, from which I was in a little while dashed to earth. I had been in Boston only a short time when it was discovered that a story similar to "The Frost King," called "The Frost Fairies" by Miss Margaret T. Canby, had appeared before I was born in a book called "Birdie and His Friends." The two stories were so much alike in thought and language that it was evident Miss Canby's story had been read to me, and that mine was—a plagiarism. It was difficult to make me understand this; but when I did understand I was astonished and grieved. No child ever drank deeper of the cup of bitterness than I did. I had disgraced myself; I had brought suspicion upon those I loved best. And yet how could it possibly have happened? I racked my brain until I was weary to recall anything about the frost that I had read before I wrote "The Frost King"; but I could remember nothing, except the common reference to Jack Frost, and a poem for children, "The Freaks of the Frost," and I knew I had not used that in my composition.

At first Mr. Anagnos, though deeply troubled, seemed to believe me. He was unusually tender and

kind to me, and for a brief space the shadow lifted. To please him I tried not to be unhappy, and to make myself as pretty as possible for the celebration of Washington's birthday, which took place very soon after I received the sad news.

I was to be Ceres in a kind of masque given by the blind girls. How well I remember the graceful draperies that enfolded me, the bright autumn leaves that wreathed my head, and the fruit and grain at my feet and in my hands, and beneath all the piety of the masque the oppressive sense of coming ill that made my heart heavy.

The night before the celebration, one of the teachers of the Institution had asked me a question connected with "The Frost King," and I was telling her that Miss Sullivan had talked to me about Jack Frost and his wonderful works. Something I said made her think she detected in my words a confession that I did remember Miss Canby's story of "The Frost Fairies," and she laid her conclusions before Mr. Anagnos, although I had told her most emphatically that she was mistaken.

Mr. Anagnos, who loved me tenderly, thinking that he had been deceived, turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of love and innocence. He believed, or at least suspected, that Miss Sullivan and I had deliberately stolen the bright thoughts of another and imposed them on him to win his admiration. I was brought before a court of investigation composed of the teachers and officers of the Institution, and Miss Sullivan was asked to leave me. Then I was questioned and cross-questioned with what seemed to me a determination on the part of my judges to force me to acknowledge that I remembered having had "The Frost Fairies" read to me. I felt in every question the doubt and suspicion that was in their minds, and I felt, too, that a loved friend was looking at me reproachfully, although I could not have put all this into words. The blood pressed about my thumping heart, and I could scarcely speak, except in monosyllables. Even the consciousness that it was only a dreadful mistake did not lessen my suffering, and when at last I was allowed to leave the room, I was dazed and did not notice my teacher's caresses, or the tender words of my friends, who said I was a brave little girl and they were proud of me.

As I lay in my bed that night, I wept as I hope few children have wept. I felt so cold, I imagined I should die before morning, and the thought comforted me. I think if this sorrow had come to me when I was older, it would have broken my spirit beyond repairing. But the angel of forgetfulness has gathered up and carried away much of the misery and all the bitterness of those sad days.

Miss Sullivan had never heard of "The Frost Fairies" or of the book in which it was published. With the assistance of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, she investigated the matter carefully, and at last it came out that Mrs. Sophia C. Hopkins had a copy of Miss Canby's "Birdie and His Friends" in 1888, the year that we spent the summer with her at Brewster. Mrs. Hopkins was unable to find her copy; but she has told me that at that time, while Miss Sullivan was away on a vacation, she tried to amuse me by reading from various books, and although she could not remember reading "The Frost Fairies" any more than I, yet she felt sure that "Birdie and His Friends" was one of them. She explained the disappearance of the book by the fact that she had a short time before sold her house and disposed of many juvenile books, such as old schoolbooks and fairy tales, and that "Birdie and His Friends" was probably among them.

The stories had little or no meaning for me then; but the mere spelling of the strange words was sufficient to amuse a little child who could do almost nothing to amuse herself; and although I do not recall a single circumstance connected with the reading of the stories, yet I cannot help thinking that I made a great effort to remember the words, with the intention of having my teacher explain them when she returned. One thing is certain, the language was ineffaceably stamped upon my brain, though for a long time no one knew it, least of all myself.

When Miss Sullivan came back, I did not speak to her about "The Frost Fairies," probably because she began at once to read "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which filled my mind to the exclusion of

everything else. But the fact remains that Miss Canby's story was read to me once, and that long after I had forgotten it, it came back to me so naturally that I never suspected that it was the child of another mind.

In my trouble I received many messages of love and sympathy. All the friends I loved best, except one, have remained my own to the present time.

Miss Canby herself wrote kindly, "Some day you will write a great story out of your own head, that will be a comfort and help to many." But this kind prophecy has never been fulfilled. I have never played with words again for the mere pleasure of the game. Indeed, I have ever since been tortured by the fear that what I write is not my own. For a long time, when I wrote a letter, even to my mother, I was seized with a sudden feeling of terror, and I would spell the sentences over and over, to make sure that I had not read them in a book. Had it not been for the persistent encouragement of Miss Sullivan, I think I should have given up trying to write altogether.

I have read "The Frost Fairies" since, also the letters I wrote in which I used other ideas of Miss Canby's. I find in one of them, a letter to Mr. Anagnos, dated September 29, 1891, words and sentiments exactly like those of the book. At the time I was writing "The Frost King," and this letter, like many others, contains phrases which show that my mind was saturated with the story. I represent my teacher as saying to me of the golden autumn leaves, "Yes, they are beautiful enough to comfort us for the flight of summer"—an idea direct from Miss Canby's story.

This habit of assimilating what pleased me and giving it out again as my own appears in much of my early correspondence and my first attempts at writing. In a composition which I wrote about the old cities of Greece and Italy, I borrowed my glowing descriptions, with variations, from sources I have forgotten. I knew Mr. Anagnos's great love of antiquity and his enthusiastic appreciation of all beautiful sentiments about Italy and Greece. I therefore gathered from all the books I read every bit of poetry or of history that I thought would give him pleasure. Mr. Anagnos, in speaking of my composition on the cities, has said, "These ideas are poetic in their essence." But I do not understand how he ever thought a blind and deaf child of eleven could have invented them. Yet I cannot think that because I did not originate the ideas, my little composition is therefore quite devoid of interest. It shows me that I could express my appreciation of beautiful and poetic ideas in clear and animated language.

Those early compositions were mental gymnastics. I was learning, as all young and inexperienced persons learn, by assimilation and imitation, to put ideas into words. Everything I found in books that pleased me I retained in my memory, consciously or unconsciously, and adapted it. The young writer, as Stevenson has said, instinctively tries to copy whatever seems most admirable, and he shifts his admiration with astonishing versatility. It is only after years of this sort of practice that even great men have learned to marshal the legion of words which come thronging through every byway of the mind.

I am afraid I have not yet completed this process. It is certain that I cannot always distinguish my own thoughts from those I read, because what I read becomes the very substance and texture of my mind. Consequently, in nearly all that I write, I produce something which very much resembles the crazy patchwork I used to make when I first learned to sew. This patchwork was made of all sorts of odds and ends—pretty bits of silk and velvet; but the coarse pieces that were not pleasant to touch always predominated. Likewise my compositions are made up of crude notions of my own, inlaid with the brighter thoughts and riper opinions of the authors I have read. It seems to me that the great difficulty of writing is to make the language of the educated mind express our confused ideas, half feelings, half thoughts, when we are little more than bundles of instinctive tendencies. Trying to write is very much like trying to put a Chinese puzzle together. We have a pattern in mind which we wish to work out in words; but the words will not fit the spaces, or, if they do, they will not match the

design. But we keep on trying because we know that others have succeeded, and we are not willing to acknowledge defeat.

"There is no way to become original, except to be born so," says Stevenson, and although I may not be original, I hope sometime to outgrow my artificial, periwigged compositions. Then, perhaps, my own thoughts and experiences will come to the surface. Meanwhile I trust and hope and persevere, and try not to let the bitter memory of "The Frost King" trammel my efforts.

So this sad experience may have done me good and set me thinking on some of the problems of composition. My only regret is that it resulted in the loss of one of my dearest friends, Mr. Anagnos.

Since the publication of "The Story of My Life" in the Ladies' Home Journal, Mr. Anagnos has made a statement, in a letter to Mr. Macy, that at the time of the "Frost King" matter, he believed I was innocent. He says, the court of investigation before which I was brought consisted of eight people: four blind, four seeing persons. Four of them, he says, thought I knew that Miss Canby's story had been read to me, and the others did not hold this view. Mr. Anagnos states that he cast his vote with those who were favourable to me.

But, however the case may have been, with whichever side he may have cast his vote, when I went into the room where Mr. Anagnos had so often held me on his knee and, forgetting his many cares, had shared in my frolics, and found there persons who seemed to doubt me, I felt that there was something hostile and menacing in the very atmosphere, and subsequent events have borne out this impression. For two years he seems to have held the belief that Miss Sullivan and I were innocent. Then he evidently retracted his favourable judgment, why I do not know. Nor did I know the details of the investigation. I never knew even the names of the members of the "court" who did not speak to me. I was too excited to notice anything, too frightened to ask questions. Indeed, I could scarcely think what I was saying, or what was being said to me.

I have given this account of the "Frost King" affair because it was important in my life and education; and, in order that there might be no misunderstanding, I have set forth all the facts as they appear to me, without a thought of defending myself or of laying blame on any one.

CHAPTER XV

The summer and winter following the "Frost King" incident I spent with my family in Alabama. I recall with delight that home-going. Everything had budded and blossomed. I was happy. "The Frost King" was forgotten.

When the ground was strewn with the crimson and golden leaves of autumn, and the musk-scented grapes that covered the arbour at the end of the garden were turning golden brown in the sunshine, I began to write a sketch of my life—a year after I had written "The Frost King."

I was still excessively scrupulous about everything I wrote. The thought that what I wrote might not be absolutely my own tormented me. No one knew of these fears except my teacher. A strange sensitiveness prevented me from referring to the "Frost King"; and often when an idea flashed out in the course of conversation I would spell softly to her, "I am not sure it is mine." At other times, in the midst of a paragraph I was writing, I said to myself, "Suppose it should be found that all this was written by some one long ago!" An impish fear clutched my hand, so that I could not write any more that day. And even now I sometimes feel the same uneasiness and disquietude. Miss Sullivan consoled and helped me in every way she could think of; but the terrible experience I had passed

through left a lasting impression on my mind, the significance of which I am only just beginning to understand. It was with the hope of restoring my self-confidence that she persuaded me to write for the Youth's Companion a brief account of my life. I was then twelve years old. As I look back on my struggle to write that little story, it seems to me that I must have had a prophetic vision of the good that would come of the undertaking, or I should surely have failed.

I wrote timidly, fearfully, but resolutely, urged on by my teacher, who knew that if I persevered, I should find my mental foothold again and get a grip on my faculties. Up to the time of the "Frost King" episode, I had lived the unconscious life of a little child; now my thoughts were turned inward, and I beheld things invisible. Gradually I emerged from the penumbra of that experience with a mind made clearer by trial and with a truer knowledge of life.

The chief events of the year 1893 were my trip to Washington during the inauguration of President Cleveland, and visits to Niagara and the World's Fair. Under such circumstances my studies were constantly interrupted and often put aside for many weeks, so that it is impossible for me to give a connected account of them.

We went to Niagara in March, 1893. It is difficult to describe my emotions when I stood on the point which overhangs the American Falls and felt the air vibrate and the earth tremble.

It seems strange to many people that I should be impressed by the wonders and beauties of Niagara. They are always asking: "What does this beauty or that music mean to you? You cannot see the waves rolling up the beach or hear their roar. What do they mean to you?" In the most evident sense they mean everything. I cannot fathom or define their meaning any more than I can fathom or define love or religion or goodness.

During the summer of 1893, Miss Sullivan and I visited the World's Fair with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. I recall with unmixed delight those days when a thousand childish fancies became beautiful realities. Every day in imagination I made a trip round the world, and I saw many wonders from the uttermost parts of the earth—marvels of invention, treasuries of industry and skill and all the activities of human life actually passed under my finger tips.

I liked to visit the Midway Plaisance. It seemed like the "Arabian Nights," it was crammed so full of novelty and interest. Here was the India of my books in the curious bazaar with its Shivas and elephant-gods; there was the land of the Pyramids concentrated in a model Cairo with its mosques and its long processions of camels; yonder were the lagoons of Venice, where we sailed every evening when the city and the fountains were illuminated. I also went on board a Viking ship which lay a short distance from the little craft. I had been on a man-of-war before, in Boston, and it interested me to see, on this Viking ship, how the seaman was once all in all—how he sailed and took storm and calm alike with undaunted heart, and gave chase to whosoever reechoed his cry, "We are of the sea!" and fought with brains and sinews, self-reliant, self-sufficient, instead of being thrust into the background by unintelligent machinery, as Jack is to-day. So it always is—"man only is interesting to man."

At a little distance from this ship there was a model of the Santa Maria, which I also examined. The captain showed me Columbus's cabin and the desk with an hour-glass on it. This small instrument impressed me most because it made me think how weary the heroic navigator must have felt as he saw the sand dropping grain by grain while desperate men were plotting against his life.

Mr. Higinbotham, President of the World's Fair, kindly gave me permission to touch the exhibits, and with an eagerness as insatiable as that with which Pizarro seized the treasures of Peru, I took in the glories of the Fair with my fingers. It was a sort of tangible kaleidoscope, this white city of the West. Everything fascinated me, especially the French bronzes. They were so lifelike, I thought they were angel visions which the artist had caught and bound in earthly forms.

At the Cape of Good Hope exhibit, I learned much about the processes of mining diamonds.

Whenever it was possible, I touched the machinery while it was in motion, so as to get a clearer idea how the stones were weighed, cut, and polished. I searched in the washings for a diamond and found it myself—the only true diamond, they said, that was ever found in the United States.

Dr. Bell went everywhere with us and in his own delightful way described to me the objects of greatest interest. In the electrical building we examined the telephones, autophones, phonographs, and other inventions, and he made me understand how it is possible to send a message on wires that mock space and outrun time, and, like Prometheus, to draw fire from the sky. We also visited the anthropological department, and I was much interested in the relics of ancient Mexico, in the rude stone implements that are so often the only record of an age—the simple monuments of nature's unlettered children (so I thought as I fingered them) that seem bound to last while the memorials of kings and sages crumble in dust away—and in the Egyptian mummies, which I shrank from touching. From these relics I learned more about the progress of man than I have heard or read since.

All these experiences added a great many new terms to my vocabulary, and in the three weeks I spent at the Fair I took a long leap from the little child's interest in fairy tales and toys to the appreciation of the real and the earnest in the workaday world.

CHAPTER XVI

Before October, 1893, I had studied various subjects by myself in a more or less desultory manner. I read the histories of Greece, Rome and the United States. I had a French grammar in raised print, and as I already knew some French, I often amused myself by composing in my head short exercises, using the new words as I came across them, and ignoring rules and other technicalities as much as possible. I even tried, without aid, to master the French pronunciation, as I found all the letters and sounds described in the book. Of course this was tasking slender powers for great ends; but it gave me something to do on a rainy day, and I acquired a sufficient knowledge of French to read with pleasure La Fontaine's "Fables," "Le Medecin Malgre Lui" and passages from "Athalie."

I also gave considerable time to the improvement of my speech. I read aloud to Miss Sullivan and recited passages from my favourite poets, which I had committed to memory; she corrected my pronunciation and helped me to phrase and inflect. It was not, however, until October, 1893, after I had recovered from the fatigue and excitement of my visit to the World's Fair, that I began to have lessons in special subjects at fixed hours.

Miss Sullivan and I were at that time in Hulton, Pennsylvania, visiting the family of Mr. William Wade. Mr. Irons, a neighbour of theirs, was a good Latin scholar; it was arranged that I should study under him. I remember him as a man of rare, sweet nature and of wide experience. He taught me Latin grammar principally; but he often helped me in arithmetic, which I found as troublesome as it was uninteresting. Mr. Irons also read with me Tennyson's "In Memoriam." I had read many books before, but never from a critical point of view. I learned for the first time to know an author, to recognize his style as I recognize the clasp of a friend's hand.

At first I was rather unwilling to study Latin grammar. It seemed absurd to waste time analyzing, every word I came across—noun, genitive, singular, feminine—when its meaning was quite plain. I thought I might just as well describe my pet in order to know it—order, vertebrate; division, quadruped; class, mammalia; genus, felinus; species, cat; individual, Tabby. But as I got deeper into the subject, I became more interested, and the beauty of the language delighted me. I often amused

myself by reading Latin passages, picking up words I understood and trying to make sense. I have never ceased to enjoy this pastime.

There is nothing more beautiful, I think, than the evanescent fleeting images and sentiments presented by a language one is just becoming familiar with—ideas that flit across the mental sky, shaped and tinted by capricious fancy. Miss Sullivan sat beside me at my lessons, spelling into my hand whatever Mr. Irons said, and looking up new words for me. I was just beginning to read Caesar's "Gallic War" when I went to my home in Alabama.

CHAPTER XVII

In the summer of 1894, I attended the meeting at Chautauqua of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. There it was arranged that I should go to the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf in New York City. I went there in October, 1894, accompanied by Miss Sullivan. This school was chosen especially for the purpose of obtaining the highest advantages in vocal culture and training in lip-reading. In addition to my work in these subjects, I studied, during the two years I was in the school, arithmetic, physical geography, French and German.

Miss Reamy, my German teacher, could use the manual alphabet, and after I had acquired a small vocabulary, we talked together in German whenever we had a chance, and in a few months I could understand almost everything she said. Before the end of the first year I read "Wilhelm Tell" with the greatest delight. Indeed, I think I made more progress in German than in any of my other studies. I found French much more difficult. I studied it with Madame Olivier, a French lady who did not know the manual alphabet, and who was obliged to give her instruction orally. I could not read her lips easily; so my progress was much slower than in German. I managed, however, to read "Le Medecin Malgre Lui" again. It was very amusing but I did not like it nearly so well as "Wilhelm Tell."

My progress in lip-reading and speech was not what my teachers and I had hoped and expected it would be. It was my ambition to speak like other people, and my teachers believed that this could be accomplished; but, although we worked hard and faithfully, yet we did not quite reach our goal. I suppose we aimed too high, and disappointment was therefore inevitable. I still regarded arithmetic as a system of pitfalls. I hung about the dangerous frontier of "guess," avoiding with infinite trouble to myself and others the broad valley of reason. When I was not guessing, I was jumping at conclusions, and this fault, in addition to my dullness, aggravated my difficulties more than was right or necessary.

But although these disappointments caused me great depression at times, I pursued my other studies with unflagging interest, especially physical geography. It was a joy to learn the secrets of nature: how—in the picturesque language of the Old Testament—the winds are made to blow from the four corners of the heavens, how the vapours ascend from the ends of the earth, how rivers are cut out among the rocks, and mountains overturned by the roots, and in what ways man may overcome many forces mightier than himself. The two years in New York were happy ones, and I look back to them with genuine pleasure.

I remember especially the walks we all took together every day in Central Park, the only part of the city that was congenial to me. I never lost a jot of my delight in this great park. I loved to have it described every time I entered it; for it was beautiful in all its aspects, and these aspects were so many that it was beautiful in a different way each day of the nine months I spent in New York.

In the spring we made excursions to various places of interest. We sailed on the Hudson River

and wandered about on its green banks, of which Bryant loved to sing. I liked the simple, wild grandeur of the palisades. Among the places I visited were West Point, Tarrytown, the home of Washington Irving, where I walked through "Sleepy Hollow."

The teachers at the Wright-Humason School were always planning how they might give the pupils every advantage that those who hear enjoy—how they might make much of few tendencies and passive memories in the cases of the little ones—and lead them out of the cramping circumstances in which their lives were set.

Before I left New York, these bright days were darkened by the greatest sorrow that I have ever borne, except the death of my father. Mr. John P. Spaulding, of Boston, died in February, 1896. Only those who knew and loved him best can understand what his friendship meant to me. He, who made every one happy in a beautiful, unobtrusive way, was most kind and tender to Miss Sullivan and me. So long as we felt his loving presence and knew that he took a watchful interest in our work, fraught with so many difficulties, we could not be discouraged. His going away left a vacancy in our lives that has never been filled.

CHAPTER XVIII

In October, 1896, I entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies, to be prepared for Radcliffe.

When I was a little girl, I visited Wellesley and surprised my friends by the announcement, "Some day I shall go to college—but I shall go to Harvard!" When asked why I would not go to Wellesley, I replied that there were only girls there. The thought of going to college took root in my heart and became an earnest desire, which impelled me to enter into competition for a degree with seeing and hearing girls, in the face of the strong opposition of many true and wise friends. When I left New York the idea had become a fixed purpose; and it was decided that I should go to Cambridge. This was the nearest approach I could get to Harvard and to the fulfillment of my childish declaration.

At the Cambridge School the plan was to have Miss Sullivan attend the classes with me and interpret to me the instruction given.

Of course my instructors had had no experience in teaching any but normal pupils, and my only means of conversing with them was reading their lips. My studies for the first year were English history, English literature, German, Latin, arithmetic, Latin composition and occasional themes. Until then I had never taken a course of study with the idea of preparing for college; but I had been well drilled in English by Miss Sullivan, and it soon became evident to my teachers that I needed no special instruction in this subject beyond a critical study of the books prescribed by the college. I had had, moreover, a good start in French, and received six months' instruction in Latin; but German was the subject with which I was most familiar.

In spite, however, of these advantages, there were serious drawbacks to my progress. Miss Sullivan could not spell out in my hand all that the books required, and it was very difficult to have textbooks embossed in time to be of use to me, although my friends in London and Philadelphia were willing to hasten the work. For a while, indeed, I had to copy my Latin in braille, so that I could recite with the other girls. My instructors soon became sufficiently familiar with my imperfect speech to answer my questions readily and correct mistakes. I could not make notes in class or write exercises; but I wrote all my compositions and translations at home on my typewriter.

Each day Miss Sullivan went to the classes with me and spelled into my hand with infinite patience all that the teachers said. In study hours she had to look up new words for me and read and reread notes and books I did not have in raised print. The tedium of that work is hard to conceive. Frau Grote, my German teacher, and Mr. Gilman, the principal, were the only teachers in the school who learned the finger alphabet to give me instruction. No one realized more fully than dear Frau Grote how slow and inadequate her spelling was. Nevertheless, in the goodness of her heart she laboriously spelled out her instructions to me in special lessons twice a week, to give Miss Sullivan a little rest. But, though everybody was kind and ready to help us, there was only one hand that could turn drudgery into pleasure.

That year I finished arithmetic, reviewed my Latin grammar, and read three chapters of Caesar's "Gallic War." In German I read, partly with my fingers and partly with Miss Sullivan's assistance, Schiller's "Lied von der Glocke" and "Taucher," Heine's "Harzreise," Freytag's "Aus dem Staat Friedrichs des Grossen," Riehl's "Fluch Der Schonheit," Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," and Goethe's "Aus meinem Leben." I took the greatest delight in these German books, especially Schiller's wonderful lyrics, the history of Frederick the Great's magnificent achievements and the account of Goethe's life. I was sorry to finish "Die Harzreise," so full of happy witticisms and charming descriptions of vine-clad hills, streams that sing and ripple in the sunshine, and wild regions, sacred to tradition and legend, the gray sisters of a long-vanished, imaginative age—descriptions such as can be given only by those to whom nature is "a feeling, a love and an appetite."

Mr. Gilman instructed me part of the year in English literature. We read together, "As You Like It," Burke's "Speech on Conciliation with America," and Macaulay's "Life of Samuel Johnson." Mr. Gilman's broad views of history and literature and his clever explanations made my work easier and pleasanter than it could have been had I only read notes mechanically with the necessarily brief explanations given in the classes.

Burke's speech was more instructive than any other book on a political subject that I had ever read. My mind stirred with the stirring times, and the characters round which the life of two contending nations centred seemed to move right before me. I wondered more and more, while Burke's masterly speech rolled on in mighty surges of eloquence, how it was that King George and his ministers could have turned a deaf ear to his warning prophecy of our victory and their humiliation. Then I entered into the melancholy details of the relation in which the great statesman stood to his party and to the representatives of the people. I thought how strange it was that such precious seeds of truth and wisdom should have fallen among the tares of ignorance and corruption.

In a different way Macaulay's "Life of Samuel Johnson" was interesting. My heart went out to the lonely man who ate the bread of affliction in Grub Street, and yet, in the midst of toil and cruel suffering of body and soul, always had a kind word, and lent a helping hand to the poor and despised. I rejoiced over all his successes, I shut my eyes to his faults, and wondered, not that he had them, but that they had not crushed or dwarfed his soul. But in spite of Macaulay's brilliancy and his admirable faculty of making the commonplace seem fresh and picturesque, his positiveness wearied me at times, and his frequent sacrifices of truth to effect kept me in a questioning attitude very unlike the attitude of reverence in which I had listened to the Demosthenes of Great Britain.

At the Cambridge school, for the first time in my life, I enjoyed the companionship of seeing and hearing girls of my own age. I lived with several others in one of the pleasant houses connected with the school, the house where Mr. Howells used to live, and we all had the advantage of home life. I joined them in many of their games, even blind man's buff and frolics in the snow; I took long walks with them; we discussed our studies and read aloud the things that interested us. Some of the girls learned to speak to me, so that Miss Sullivan did not have to repeat their conversation.

At Christmas, my mother and little sister spent the holidays with me, and Mr. Gilman kindly

offered to let Mildred study in his school. So Mildred stayed with me in Cambridge, and for six happy months we were hardly ever apart. It makes me most happy to remember the hours we spent helping each other in study and sharing our recreation together.

I took my preliminary examinations for Radcliffe from the 29th of June to the 3rd of July in 1897. The subjects I offered were Elementary and Advanced German, French, Latin, English, and Greek and Roman history, making nine hours in all. I passed in everything, and received "honours" in German and English.

Perhaps an explanation of the method that was in use when I took my examinations will not be amiss here. The student was required to pass in sixteen hours—twelve hours being called elementary and four advanced. He had to pass five hours at a time to have them counted. The examination papers were given out at nine o'clock at Harvard and brought to Radcliffe by a special messenger. Each candidate was known, not by his name, but by a number. I was No. 233, but, as I had to use a typewriter, my identity could not be concealed.

It was thought advisable for me to have my examinations in a room by myself, because the noise of the typewriter might disturb the other girls. Mr. Gilman read all the papers to me by means of the manual alphabet. A man was placed on guard at the door to prevent interruption.

The first day I had German. Mr. Gilman sat beside me and read the paper through first, then sentence by sentence, while I repeated the words aloud, to make sure that I understood him perfectly. The papers were difficult, and I felt very anxious as I wrote out my answers on the typewriter. Mr. Gilman spelled to me what I had written, and I made such changes as I thought necessary, and he inserted them. I wish to say here that I have not had this advantage since in any of my examinations. At Radcliffe no one reads the papers to me after they are written, and I have no opportunity to correct errors unless I finish before the time is up. In that case I correct only such mistakes as I can recall in the few minutes allowed, and make notes of these corrections at the end of my paper. If I passed with higher credit in the preliminaries than in the finals, there are two reasons. In the finals, no one read my work over to me, and in the preliminaries I offered subjects with some of which I was in a measure familiar before my work in the Cambridge school; for at the beginning of the year I had passed examinations in English, History, French and German, which Mr. Gilman gave me from previous Harvard papers.

Mr. Gilman sent my written work to the examiners with a certificate that I, candidate No. 233, had written the papers.

All the other preliminary examinations were conducted in the same manner. None of them was so difficult as the first. I remember that the day the Latin paper was brought to us, Professor Schilling came in and informed me I had passed satisfactorily in German. This encouraged me greatly, and I sped on to the end of the ordeal with a light heart and a steady hand.

CHAPTER XIX

When I began my second year at the Gilman school, I was full of hope and determination to succeed. But during the first few weeks I was confronted with unforeseen difficulties. Mr. Gilman had agreed that that year I should study mathematics principally. I had physics, algebra, geometry, astronomy, Greek and Latin. Unfortunately, many of the books I needed had not been embossed in time for me to begin with the classes, and I lacked important apparatus for some of my studies. The classes I was in were very large, and it was impossible for the teachers to give me special instruction.

Miss Sullivan was obliged to read all the books to me, and interpret for the instructors, and for the first time in eleven years it seemed as if her dear hand would not be equal to the task.

It was necessary for me to write algebra and geometry in class and solve problems in physics, and this I could not do until we bought a braille writer, by means of which I could put down the steps and processes of my work. I could not follow with my eyes the geometrical figures drawn on the blackboard, and my only means of getting a clear idea of them was to make them on a cushion with straight and curved wires, which had bent and pointed ends. I had to carry in my mind, as Mr. Keith says in his report, the lettering of the figures, the hypothesis and conclusion, the construction and the process of the proof. In a word, every study had its obstacles. Sometimes I lost all courage and betrayed my feelings in a way I am ashamed to remember, especially as the signs of my trouble were afterward used against Miss Sullivan, the only person of all the kind friends I had there, who could make the crooked straight and the rough places smooth.

Little by little, however, my difficulties began to disappear. The embossed books and other apparatus arrived, and I threw myself into the work with renewed confidence. Algebra and geometry were the only studies that continued to defy my efforts to comprehend them. As I have said before, I had no aptitude for mathematics; the different points were not explained to me as fully as I wished. The geometrical diagrams were particularly vexing because I could not see the relation of the different parts to one another, even on the cushion. It was not until Mr. Keith taught me that I had a clear idea of mathematics.

I was beginning to overcome these difficulties when an event occurred which changed everything.

Just before the books came, Mr. Gilman had begun to remonstrate with Miss Sullivan on the ground that I was working too hard, and in spite of my earnest protestations, he reduced the number of my recitations. At the beginning we had agreed that I should, if necessary, take five years to prepare for college, but at the end of the first year the success of my examinations showed Miss Sullivan, Miss Harbaugh (Mr. Gilman's head teacher), and one other, that I could without too much effort complete my preparation in two years more. Mr. Gilman at first agreed to this; but when my tasks had become somewhat perplexing, he insisted that I was overworked, and that I should remain at his school three years longer. I did not like his plan, for I wished to enter college with my class.

On the seventeenth of November I was not very well, and did not go to school. Although Miss Sullivan knew that my indisposition was not serious, yet Mr. Gilman, on hearing of it, declared that I was breaking down and made changes in my studies which would have rendered it impossible for me to take my final examinations with my class. In the end the difference of opinion between Mr. Gilman and Miss Sullivan resulted in my mother's withdrawing my sister Mildred and me from the Cambridge school.

After some delay it was arranged that I should continue my studies under a tutor, Mr. Merton S. Keith, of Cambridge. Miss Sullivan and I spent the rest of the winter with our friends, the Chamberlins in Wrentham, twenty-five miles from Boston.

From February to July, 1898, Mr. Keith came out to Wrentham twice a week, and taught me algebra, geometry, Greek and Latin. Miss Sullivan interpreted his instruction.

In October, 1898, we returned to Boston. For eight months Mr. Keith gave me lessons five times a week, in periods of about an hour. He explained each time what I did not understand in the previous lesson, assigned new work, and took home with him the Greek exercises which I had written during the week on my typewriter, corrected them fully, and returned them to me.

In this way my preparation for college went on without interruption. I found it much easier and pleasanter to be taught by myself than to receive instruction in class. There was no hurry, no confusion. My tutor had plenty of time to explain what I did not understand, so I got on faster and did better work than I ever did in school. I still found more difficulty in mastering problems in

mathematics than I did in any other of my studies. I wish algebra and geometry had been half as easy as the languages and literature. But even mathematics Mr. Keith made interesting; he succeeded in whittling problems small enough to get through my brain. He kept my mind alert and eager, and trained it to reason clearly, and to seek conclusions calmly and logically, instead of jumping wildly into space and arriving nowhere. He was always gentle and forbearing, no matter how dull I might be, and believe me, my stupidity would often have exhausted the patience of Job.

On the 29th and 30th of June, 1899, I took my final examinations for Radcliffe College. The first day I had Elementary Greek and Advanced Latin, and the second day Geometry, Algebra and Advanced Greek.

The college authorities did not allow Miss Sullivan to read the examination papers to me; so Mr. Eugene C. Vining, one of the instructors at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was employed to copy the papers for me in American braille. Mr. Vining was a stranger to me, and could not communicate with me, except by writing braille. The proctor was also a stranger, and did not attempt to communicate with me in any way.

The braille worked well enough in the languages, but when it came to geometry and algebra, difficulties arose. I was sorely perplexed, and felt discouraged wasting much precious time, especially in algebra. It is true that I was familiar with all literary braille in common use in this country—English, American, and New York Point; but the various signs and symbols in geometry and algebra in the three systems are very different, and I had used only the English braille in my algebra.

Two days before the examinations, Mr. Vining sent me a braille copy of one of the old Harvard papers in algebra. To my dismay I found that it was in the American notation. I sat down immediately and wrote to Mr. Vining, asking him to explain the signs. I received another paper and a table of signs by return mail, and I set to work to learn the notation. But on the night before the algebra examination, while I was struggling over some very complicated examples, I could not tell the combinations of bracket, brace and radical. Both Mr. Keith and I were distressed and full of forebodings for the morrow; but we went over to the college a little before the examination began, and had Mr. Vining explain more fully the American symbols.

In geometry my chief difficulty was that I had always been accustomed to read the propositions in line print, or to have them spelled into my hand; and somehow, although the propositions were right before me, I found the braille confusing, and could not fix clearly in my mind what I was reading. But when I took up algebra I had a harder time still. The signs, which I had so lately learned, and which I thought I knew, perplexed me. Besides, I could not see what I wrote on my typewriter. I had always done my work in braille or in my head. Mr. Keith had relied too much on my ability to solve problems mentally, and had not trained me to write examination papers. Consequently my work was painfully slow, and I had to read the examples over and over before I could form any idea of what I was required to do. Indeed, I am not sure now that I read all the signs correctly. I found it very hard to keep my wits about me.

But I do not blame any one. The administrative board of Radcliffe did not realize how difficult they were making my examinations, nor did they understand the peculiar difficulties I had to surmount. But if they unintentionally placed obstacles in my way, I have the consolation of knowing that I overcame them all.

CHAPTER XX

The struggle for admission to college was ended, and I could now enter Radcliffe whenever I pleased. Before I entered college, however, it was thought best that I should study another year under Mr. Keith. It was not, therefore, until the fall of 1900 that my dream of going to college was realized.

I remember my first day at Radcliffe. It was a day full of interest for me. I had looked forward to it for years. A potent force within me, stronger than the persuasion of my friends, stronger even than the pleadings of my heart, had impelled me to try my strength by the standards of those who see and hear. I knew that there were obstacles in the way; but I was eager to overcome them. I had taken to heart the words of the wise Roman who said, "To be banished from Rome is but to live outside of Rome." Debarred from the great highways of knowledge, I was compelled to make the journey across country by unfrequented roads—that was all; and I knew that in college there were many bypaths where I could touch hands with girls who were thinking, loving and struggling like me.

I began my studies with eagerness. Before me I saw a new world opening in beauty and light, and I felt within me the capacity to know all things. In the wonderland of Mind I should be as free as another. Its people, scenery, manners, joys, tragedies should be living, tangible interpreters of the real world. The lecture-halls seemed filled with the spirit of the great and the wise, and I thought the professors were the embodiment of wisdom. If I have since learned differently, I am not going to tell anybody.

But I soon discovered that college was not quite the romantic lyceum I had imagined. Many of the dreams that had delighted my young inexperience became beautifully less and "faded into the light of common day." Gradually I began to find that there were disadvantages in going to college.

The one I felt and still feel most is lack of time. I used to have time to think, to reflect, my mind and I. We would sit together of an evening and listen to the inner melodies of the spirit, which one hears only in leisure moments when the words of some loved poet touch a deep, sweet chord in the soul that until then had been silent. But in college there is no time to commune with one's thoughts. One goes to college to learn, it seems, not to think. When one enters the portals of learning, one leaves the dearest pleasures—solitude, books and imagination—outside with the whispering pines. I suppose I ought to find some comfort in the thought that I am laying up treasures for future enjoyment, but I am improvident enough to prefer present joy to hoarding riches against a rainy day.

My studies the first year were French, German, history, English composition and English literature. In the French course I read some of the works of Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Alfred de Musset and Sainte-Beuve, and in the German those of Goethe and Schiller. I reviewed rapidly the whole period of history from the fall of the Roman Empire to the eighteenth century, and in English literature studied critically Milton's poems and "Areopagitica."

I am frequently asked how I overcome the peculiar conditions under which I work in college. In the classroom I am of course practically alone. The professor is as remote as if he were speaking through a telephone. The lectures are spelled into my hand as rapidly as possible, and much of the individuality of the lecturer is lost to me in the effort to keep in the race. The words rush through my hand like hounds in pursuit of a hare which they often miss. But in this respect I do not think I am much worse off than the girls who take notes. If the mind is occupied with the mechanical process of hearing and putting words on paper at pell-mell speed, I should not think one could pay much attention to the subject under consideration or the manner in which it is presented. I cannot make notes during the lectures, because my hands are busy listening. Usually I jot down what I can remember of them when I get home. I write the exercises, daily themes, criticisms and hour-tests, the mid-year and final examinations, on my typewriter, so that the professors have no difficulty in finding out how little I know. When I began the study of Latin prosody, I devised and explained to my professor a system of signs indicating the different meters and quantities.

I use the Hammond typewriter. I have tried many machines, and I find the Hammond is the best adapted to the peculiar needs of my work. With this machine movable type shuttles can be used, and one can have several shuttles, each with a different set of characters—Greek, French, or mathematical, according to the kind of writing one wishes to do on the typewriter. Without it, I doubt if I could go to college.

Very few of the books required in the various courses are printed for the blind, and I am obliged to have them spelled into my hand. Consequently I need more time to prepare my lessons than other girls. The manual part takes longer, and I have perplexities which they have not. There are days when the close attention I must give to details chafes my spirit, and the thought that I must spend hours reading a few chapters, while in the world without other girls are laughing and singing and dancing, makes me rebellious; but I soon recover my buoyancy and laugh the discontent out of my heart. For, after all, every one who wishes to gain true knowledge must climb the Hill Difficulty alone, and since there is no royal road to the summit, I must zigzag it in my own way. I slip back many times, I fall, I stand still, I run against the edge of hidden obstacles, I lose my temper and find it again and keep it better, I trudge on, I gain a little, I feel encouraged, I get more eager and climb higher and begin to see the widening horizon. Every struggle is a victory. One more effort and I reach the luminous cloud, the blue depths of the sky, the uplands of my desire. I am not always alone, however, in these struggles. Mr. William Wade and Mr. E. E. Allen, Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, get for me many of the books I need in raised print. Their thoughtfulness has been more of a help and encouragement to me than they can ever know.

Last year, my second year at Radcliffe, I studied English composition, the Bible as English composition, the governments of America and Europe, the Odes of Horace, and Latin comedy. The class in composition was the pleasantest. It was very lively. The lectures were always interesting, vivacious, witty; for the instructor, Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, more than any one else I have had until this year, brings before you literature in all its original freshness and power. For one short hour you are permitted to drink in the eternal beauty of the old masters without needless interpretation or exposition. You revel in their fine thoughts. You enjoy with all your soul the sweet thunder of the Old Testament, forgetting the existence of Jahweh and Elohim; and you go home feeling that you have had "a glimpse of that perfection in which spirit and form dwell in immortal harmony; truth and beauty bearing a new growth on the ancient stem of time."

This year is the happiest because I am studying subjects that especially interest me, economics, Elizabethan literature, Shakespeare under Professor George L. Kittredge, and the History of Philosophy under Professor Josiah Royce. Through philosophy one enters with sympathy of comprehension into the traditions of remote ages and other modes of thought, which erewhile seemed alien and without reason.

But college is not the universal Athens I thought it was. There one does not meet the great and the wise face to face; one does not even feel their living touch. They are there, it is true; but they seem mummified. We must extract them from the crannied wall of learning and dissect and analyze them before we can be sure that we have a Milton or an Isaiah, and not merely a clever imitation. Many scholars forget, it seems to me, that our enjoyment of the great works of literature depends more upon the depth of our sympathy than upon our understanding. The trouble is that very few of their laborious explanations stick in the memory. The mind drops them as a branch drops its overripe fruit. It is possible to know a flower, root and stem and all, and all the processes of growth, and yet to have no appreciation of the flower fresh bathed in heaven's dew. Again and again I ask impatiently, "Why concern myself with these explanations and hypotheses?" They fly hither and thither in my thought like blind birds beating the air with ineffectual wings. I do not mean to object to a thorough knowledge of the famous works we read. I object only to the interminable comments and bewildering criticisms that teach but one thing: there are as many opinions as there are men. But

when a great scholar like Professor Kittredge interprets what the master said, it is "as if new sight were given the blind." He brings back Shakespeare, the poet.

There are, however, times when I long to sweep away half the things I am expected to learn; for the overtaxed mind cannot enjoy the treasure it has secured at the greatest cost. It is impossible, I think, to read in one day four or five different books in different languages and treating of widely different subjects, and not lose sight of the very ends for which one reads. When one reads hurriedly and nervously, having in mind written tests and examinations, one's brain becomes encumbered with a lot of choice bric-a-brac for which there seems to be little use. At the present time my mind is so full of heterogeneous matter that I almost despair of ever being able to put it in order. Whenever I enter the region that was the kingdom of my mind I feel like the proverbial bull in the china shop. A thousand odds and ends of knowledge come crashing about my head like hailstones, and when I try to escape them, theme-goblins and college nixies of all sorts pursue me, until I wish—oh, may I be forgiven the wicked wish!—that I might smash the idols I came to worship.

But the examinations are the chief bugbears of my college life. Although I have faced them many times and cast them down and made them bite the dust, yet they rise again and menace me with pale looks, until like Bob Acres I feel my courage oozing out at my finger ends. The days before these ordeals take place are spent in cramming your mind with mystic formula and indigestible dates—unpalatable diets, until you wish that books and science and you were buried in the depths of the sea.

At last the dreaded hour arrives, and you are a favoured being indeed if you feel prepared, and are able at the right time to call to your standard thoughts that will aid you in that supreme effort. It happens too often that your trumpet call is unheeded. It is most perplexing and exasperating that just at the moment when you need your memory and a nice sense of discrimination, these faculties take to themselves wings and fly away. The facts you have garnered with such infinite trouble invariably fail you at a pinch.

"Give a brief account of Huss and his work." Huss? Who was he and what did he do? The name looks strangely familiar. You ransack your budget of historic facts much as you would hunt for a bit of silk in a rag-bag. You are sure it is somewhere in your mind near the top—you saw it there the other day when you were looking up the beginnings of the Reformation. But where is it now? You fish out all manner of odds and ends of knowledge—revolutions, schisms, massacres, systems of government; but Huss—where is he? You are amazed at all the things you know which are not on the examination paper. In desperation you seize the budget and dump everything out, and there in a corner is your man, serenely brooding on his own private thought, unconscious of the catastrophe which he has brought upon you.

Just then the proctor informs you that the time is up. With a feeling of intense disgust you kick the mass of rubbish into a corner and go home, your head full of revolutionary schemes to abolish the divine right of professors to ask questions without the consent of the questioned.

It comes over me that in the last two or three pages of this chapter I have used figures which will turn the laugh against me. Ah, here they are—the mixed metaphors mocking and strutting about before me, pointing to the bull in the china shop assailed by hailstones and the bugbears with pale looks, an unanalyzed species! Let them mock on. The words describe so exactly the atmosphere of jostling, tumbling ideas I live in that I will wink at them for once, and put on a deliberate air to say that my ideas of college have changed.

While my days at Radcliffe were still in the future, they were encircled with a halo of romance, which they have lost; but in the transition from romantic to actual I have learned many things I should never have known had I not tried the experiment. One of them is the precious science of patience, which teaches us that we should take our education as we would take a walk in the country, leisurely, our minds hospitably open to impressions of every sort. Such knowledge floods the soul

unseen with a soundless tidal wave of deepening thought. "Knowledge is power." Rather, knowledge is happiness, because to have knowledge—broad, deep knowledge—is to know true ends from false, and lofty things from low. To know the thoughts and deeds that have marked man's progress is to feel the great heart-throbs of humanity through the centuries; and if one does not feel in these pulsations a heavenward striving, one must indeed be deaf to the harmonies of life.

CHAPTER XXI

I have thus far sketched the events of my life, but I have not shown how much I have depended on books not only for pleasure and for the wisdom they bring to all who read, but also for that knowledge which comes to others through their eyes and their ears. Indeed, books have meant so much more in my education than in that of others, that I shall go back to the time when I began to read.

I read my first connected story in May, 1887, when I was seven years old, and from that day to this I have devoured everything in the shape of a printed page that has come within the reach of my hungry finger tips. As I have said, I did not study regularly during the early years of my education; nor did I read according to rule.

At first I had only a few books in raised print—"readers" for beginners, a collection of stories for children, and a book about the earth called "Our World." I think that was all; but I read them over and over, until the words were so worn and pressed I could scarcely make them out. Sometimes Miss Sullivan read to me, spelling into my hand little stories and poems that she knew I should understand; but I preferred reading myself to being read to, because I liked to read again and again the things that pleased me.

It was during my first visit to Boston that I really began to read in good earnest. I was permitted to spend a part of each day in the Institution library, and to wander from bookcase to bookcase, and take down whatever book my fingers lighted upon. And read I did, whether I understood one word in ten or two words on a page. The words themselves fascinated me; but I took no conscious account of what I read. My mind must, however, have been very impressionable at that period, for it retained many words and whole sentences, to the meaning of which I had not the faintest clue; and afterward, when I began to talk and write, these words and sentences would flash out quite naturally, so that my friends wondered at the richness of my vocabulary. I must have read parts of many books (in those early days I think I never read any one book through) and a great deal of poetry in this uncomprehending way, until I discovered "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which was the first book of any consequence I read understandingly.

One day my teacher found me in a corner of the library poring over the pages of "The Scarlet Letter." I was then about eight years old. I remember she asked me if I liked little Pearl, and explained some of the words that had puzzled me. Then she told me that she had a beautiful story about a little boy which she was sure I should like better than "The Scarlet Letter." The name of the story was "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and she promised to read it to me the following summer. But we did not begin the story until August; the first few weeks of my stay at the seashore were so full of discoveries and excitement that I forgot the very existence of books. Then my teacher went to visit some friends in Boston, leaving me for a short time.

When she returned almost the first thing we did was to begin the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I recall distinctly the time and place when we read the first chapters of the fascinating child's story. It

was a warm afternoon in August. We were sitting together in a hammock which swung from two solemn pines at a short distance from the house. We had hurried through the dish-washing after luncheon, in order that we might have as long an afternoon as possible for the story. As we hastened through the long grass toward the hammock, the grasshoppers swarmed about us and fastened themselves on our clothes, and I remember that my teacher insisted upon picking them all off before we sat down, which seemed to me an unnecessary waste of time. The hammock was covered with pine needles, for it had not been used while my teacher was away. The warm sun shone on the pine trees and drew out all their fragrance. The air was balmy, with a tang of the sea in it. Before we began the story Miss Sullivan explained to me the things that she knew I should not understand, and as we read on she explained the unfamiliar words. At first there were many words I did not know, and the reading was constantly interrupted; but as soon as I thoroughly comprehended the situation, I became too eagerly absorbed in the story to notice mere words, and I am afraid I listened impatiently to the explanations that Miss Sullivan felt to be necessary. When her fingers were too tired to spell another word, I had for the first time a keen sense of my deprivations. I took the book in my hands and tried to feel the letters with an intensity of longing that I can never forget.

Afterward, at my eager request, Mr. Anagnos had this story embossed, and I read it again and again, until I almost knew it by heart; and all through my childhood "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was my sweet and gentle companion. I have given these details at the risk of being tedious, because they are in such vivid contrast with my vague, mutable and confused memories of earlier reading.

From "Little Lord Fauntleroy" I date the beginning of my true interest in books. During the next two years I read many books at my home and on my visits to Boston. I cannot remember what they all were, or in what order I read them; but I know that among them were "Greek Heroes," La Fontaine's "Fables," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book," "Bible Stories," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," "A Child's History of England" by Dickens, "The Arabian Nights," "The Swiss Family Robinson," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "Little Women," and "Heidi," a beautiful little story which I afterward read in German. I read them in the intervals between study and play with an ever-deepening sense of pleasure. I did not study nor analyze them—I did not know whether they were well written or not; I never thought about style or authorship. They laid their treasures at my feet, and I accepted them as we accept the sunshine and the love of our friends. I loved "Little Women" because it gave me a sense of kinship with girls and boys who could see and hear. Circumscribed as my life was in so many ways, I had to look between the covers of books for news of the world that lay outside my own.

I did not care especially for "The Pilgrim's Progress," which I think I did not finish, or for the "Fables." I read La Fontaine's "Fables" first in an English translation, and enjoyed them only after a half-hearted fashion. Later I read the book again in French, and I found that, in spite of the vivid word-pictures, and the wonderful mastery of language, I liked it no better. I do not know why it is, but stories in which animals are made to talk and act like human beings have never appealed to me very strongly. The ludicrous caricatures of the animals occupy my mind to the exclusion of the moral.

Then, again, La Fontaine seldom, if ever, appeals to our highest moral sense. The highest chords he strikes are those of reason and self-love. Through all the fables runs the thought that man's morality springs wholly from self-love, and that if that self-love is directed and restrained by reason, happiness must follow. Now, so far as I can judge, self-love is the root of all evil; but, of course, I may be wrong, for La Fontaine had greater opportunities of observing men than I am likely ever to have. I do not object so much to the cynical and satirical fables as to those in which momentous truths are taught by monkeys and foxes.

But I love "The Jungle Book" and "Wild Animals I Have Known." I feel a genuine interest in the animals themselves, because they are real animals and not caricatures of men. One sympathizes with their loves and hatreds, laughs over their comedies, and weeps over their tragedies. And if they point

a moral, it is so subtle that we are not conscious of it.

My mind opened naturally and joyously to a conception of antiquity. Greece, ancient Greece, exercised a mysterious fascination over me. In my fancy the pagan gods and goddesses still walked on earth and talked face to face with men, and in my heart I secretly built shrines to those I loved best. I knew and loved the whole tribe of nymphs and heroes and demigods—no, not quite all, for the cruelty and greed of Medea and Jason were too monstrous to be forgiven, and I used to wonder why the gods permitted them to do wrong and then punished them for their wickedness. And the mystery is still unsolved. I often wonder how

God can dumbness keep While Sin creeps grinning through His house of Time.

It was the Iliad that made Greece my paradise. I was familiar with the story of Troy before I read it in the original, and consequently I had little difficulty in making the Greek words surrender their treasures after I had passed the borderland of grammar. Great poetry, whether written in Greek or in English, needs no other interpreter than a responsive heart. Would that the host of those who make the great works of the poets odious by their analysis, impositions and laborious comments might learn this simple truth! It is not necessary that one should be able to define every word and give it its principal parts and its grammatical position in the sentence in order to understand and appreciate a fine poem. I know my learned professors have found greater riches in the Iliad than I shall ever find; but I am not avaricious. I am content that others should be wiser than I. But with all their wide and comprehensive knowledge, they cannot measure their enjoyment of that splendid epic, nor can I. When I read the finest passages of the Iliad, I am conscious of a soul-sense that lifts me above the narrow, cramping circumstances of my life. My physical limitations are forgotten—my world lies upward, the length and the breadth and the sweep of the heavens are mine!

My admiration for the Aeneid is not so great, but it is none the less real. I read it as much as possible without the help of notes or dictionary, and I always like to translate the episodes that please me especially. The word-painting of Virgil is wonderful sometimes; but his gods and men move through the scenes of passion and strife and pity and love like the graceful figures in an Elizabethan mask, whereas in the Iliad they give three leaps and go on singing. Virgil is serene and lovely like a marble Apollo in the moonlight; Homer is a beautiful, animated youth in the full sunlight with the wind in his hair.

How easy it is to fly on paper wings! From "Greek Heroes" to the Iliad was no day's journey, nor was it altogether pleasant. One could have traveled round the word many times while I trudged my weary way through the labyrinthine mazes of grammars and dictionaries, or fell into those dreadful pitfalls called examinations, set by schools and colleges for the confusion of those who seek after knowledge. I suppose this sort of Pilgrim's Progress was justified by the end; but it seemed interminable to me, in spite of the pleasant surprises that met me now and then at a turn in the road.

I began to read the Bible long before I could understand it. Now it seems strange to me that there should have been a time when my spirit was deaf to its wondrous harmonies; but I remember well a rainy Sunday morning when, having nothing else to do, I begged my cousin to read me a story out of the Bible. Although she did not think I should understand, she began to spell into my hand the story of Joseph and his brothers. Somehow it failed to interest me. The unusual language and repetition made the story seem unreal and far away in the land of Canaan, and I fell asleep and wandered off to the land of Nod, before the brothers came with the coat of many colours unto the tent of Jacob and told their wicked lie! I cannot understand why the stories of the Greeks should have been so full of charm for me, and those of the Bible so devoid of interest, unless it was that I had made the acquaintance of several Greeks in Boston and been inspired by their enthusiasm for the stories of their country; whereas I had not met a single Hebrew or Egyptian, and therefore concluded that they were nothing more than barbarians, and the stories about them were probably all made up, which

hypothesis explained the repetitions and the queer names. Curiously enough, it never occurred to me to call Greek patronymics "queer."

But how shall I speak of the glories I have since discovered in the Bible? For years I have read it with an ever-broadening sense of joy and inspiration; and I love it as I love no other book. Still there is much in the Bible against which every instinct of my being rebels, so much that I regret the necessity which has compelled me to read it through from beginning to end. I do not think that the knowledge which I have gained of its history and sources compensates me for the unpleasant details it has forced upon my attention. For my part, I wish, with Mr. Howells, that the literature of the past might be purged of all that is ugly and barbarous in it, although I should object as much as any one to having these great works weakened or falsified.

There is something impressive, awful, in the simplicity and terrible directness of the book of Esther. Could there be anything more dramatic than the scene in which Esther stands before her wicked lord? She knows her life is in his hands; there is no one to protect her from his wrath. Yet, conquering her woman's fear, she approaches him, animated by the noblest patriotism, having but one thought: "If I perish, I perish; but if I live, my people shall live."

The story of Ruth, too—how Oriental it is! Yet how different is the life of these simple country folks from that of the Persian capital! Ruth is so loyal and gentle-hearted, we cannot help loving her, as she stands with the reapers amid the waving corn. Her beautiful, unselfish spirit shines out like a bright star in the night of a dark and cruel age. Love like Ruth's, love which can rise above conflicting creeds and deep-seated racial prejudices, is hard to find in all the world.

The Bible gives me a deep, comforting sense that "things seen are temporal, and things unseen are eternal."

I do not remember a time since I have been capable of loving books that I have not loved Shakespeare. I cannot tell exactly when I began Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"; but I know that I read them at first with a child's understanding and a child's wonder. "Macbeth" seems to have impressed me most. One reading was sufficient to stamp every detail of the story upon my memory forever. For a long time the ghosts and witches pursued me even into Dreamland. I could see, absolutely see, the dagger and Lady Macbeth's little white hand—the dreadful stain was as real to me as to the grief-stricken queen.

I read "King Lear" soon after "Macbeth," and I shall never forget the feeling of horror when I came to the scene in which Gloster's eyes are put out. Anger seized me, my fingers refused to move, I sat rigid for one long moment, the blood throbbing in my temples, and all the hatred that a child can feel concentrated in my heart.

I must have made the acquaintance of Shylock and Satan about the same time, for the two characters were long associated in my mind. I remember that I was sorry for them. I felt vaguely that they could not be good even if they wished to, because no one seemed willing to help them or to give them a fair chance. Even now I cannot find it in my heart to condemn them utterly. There are moments when I feel that the Shylocks, the Judases, and even the Devil, are broken spokes in the great wheel of good which shall in due time be made whole.

It seems strange that my first reading of Shakespeare should have left me so many unpleasant memories. The bright, gentle, fanciful plays—the ones I like best now—appear not to have impressed me at first, perhaps because they reflected the habitual sunshine and gaiety of a child's life. But "there is nothing more capricious than the memory of a child: what it will hold, and what it will lose."

I have since read Shakespeare's plays many times and know parts of them by heart, but I cannot tell which of them I like best. My delight in them is as varied as my moods. The little songs and the sonnets have a meaning for me as fresh and wonderful as the dramas. But, with all my love for

Shakespeare, it is often weary work to read all the meanings into his lines which critics and commentators have given them. I used to try to remember their interpretations, but they discouraged and vexed me; so I made a secret compact with myself not to try any more. This compact I have only just broken in my study of Shakespeare under Professor Kittredge. I know there are many things in Shakespeare, and in the world, that I do not understand; and I am glad to see veil after veil lift gradually, revealing new realms of thought and beauty.

Next to poetry I love history. I have read every historical work that I have been able to lay my hands on, from a catalogue of dry facts and dryer dates to Green's impartial, picturesque "History of the English People"; from Freeman's "History of Europe" to Emerton's "Middle Ages." The first book that gave me any real sense of the value of history was Swinton's "World History," which I received on my thirteenth birthday. Though I believe it is no longer considered valid, yet I have kept it ever since as one of my treasures. From it I learned how the races of men spread from land to land and built great cities, how a few great rulers, earthly Titans, put everything under their feet, and with a decisive word opened the gates of happiness for millions and closed them upon millions more: how different nations pioneered in art and knowledge and broke ground for the mightier growths of coming ages; how civilization underwent as it were, the holocaust of a degenerate age, and rose again, like the Phoenix, among the nobler sons of the North; and how by liberty, tolerance and education the great and the wise have opened the way for the salvation of the whole world.

In my college reading I have become somewhat familiar with French and German literature. The German puts strength before beauty, and truth before convention, both in life and in literature. There is a vehement, sledge-hammer vigour about everything that he does. When he speaks, it is not to impress others, but because his heart would burst if he did not find an outlet for the thoughts that burn in his soul.

Then, too, there is in German literature a fine reserve which I like; but its chief glory is the recognition I find in it of the redeeming potency of woman's self-sacrificing love. This thought pervades all German literature and is mystically expressed in Goethe's "Faust":

All things transitory But as symbols are sent. Earth's insufficiency Here grows to event. The indescribable Here it is done. The Woman Soul leads us upward and on!

Of all the French writers that I have read, I like Moliere and Racine best. There are fine things in Balzac and passages in Merimee which strike one like a keen blast of sea air. Alfred de Musset is impossible! I admire Victor Hugo—I appreciate his genius, his brilliancy, his romanticism; though he is not one of my literary passions. But Hugo and Goethe and Schiller and all great poets of all great nations are interpreters of eternal things, and my spirit reverently follows them into the regions where Beauty and Truth and Goodness are one.

I am afraid I have written too much about my book-friends, and yet I have mentioned only the authors I love most; and from this fact one might easily suppose that my circle of friends was very limited and undemocratic, which would be a very wrong impression. I like many writers for many reasons—Carlyle for his ruggedness and scorn of shams; Wordsworth, who teaches the oneness of man and nature; I find an exquisite pleasure in the oddities and surprises of Hood, in Herrick's quaintness and the palpable scent of lily and rose in his verses; I like Whittier for his enthusiasms and moral rectitude. I knew him, and the gentle remembrance of our friendship doubles the pleasure I have in reading his poems. I love Mark Twain—who does not? The gods, too, loved him and put into his heart all manner of wisdom; then, fearing lest he should become a pessimist, they spanned his mind with a rainbow of love and faith. I like Scott for his freshness, dash and large honesty. I love all writers whose minds, like Lowell's, bubble up in the sunshine of optimism—fountains of joy and good will, with occasionally a splash of anger and here and there a healing spray of sympathy and pity.

In a word, literature is my Utopia. Here I am not disfranchised. No barrier of the senses shuts me out from the sweet, gracious discourse of my book-friends. They talk to me without embarrassment or awkwardness. The things I have learned and the things I have been taught seem of ridiculously little importance compared with their "large loves and heavenly charities."

CHAPTER XXII

I trust that my readers have not concluded from the preceding chapter on books that reading is my only pleasure; my pleasures and amusements are many and varied.

More than once in the course of my story I have referred to my love of the country and out-of-door sports. When I was quite a little girl, I learned to row and swim, and during the summer, when I am at Wrentham, Massachusetts, I almost live in my boat. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to take my friends out rowing when they visit me. Of course, I cannot guide the boat very well. Some one usually sits in the stern and manages the rudder while I row. Sometimes, however, I go rowing without the rudder. It is fun to try to steer by the scent of watergrasses and lilies, and of bushes that grow on the shore. I use oars with leather bands, which keep them in position in the oarlocks, and I know by the resistance of the water when the oars are evenly poised. In the same manner I can also tell when I am pulling against the current. I like to contend with wind and wave. What is more exhilarating than to make your staunch little boat, obedient to your will and muscle, go skimming lightly over glistening, tilting waves, and to feel the steady, imperious surge of the water!

I also enjoy canoeing, and I suppose you will smile when I say that I especially like it on moonlight nights. I cannot, it is true, see the moon climb up the sky behind the pines and steal softly across the heavens, making a shining path for us to follow; but I know she is there, and as I lie back among the pillows and put my hand in the water, I fancy that I feel the shimmer of her garments as she passes. Sometimes a daring little fish slips between my fingers, and often a pond-lily presses shyly against my hand. Frequently, as we emerge from the shelter of a cove or inlet, I am suddenly conscious of the spaciousness of the air about me. A luminous warmth seems to enfold me. Whether it comes from the trees which have been heated by the sun, or from the water, I can never discover. I have had the same strange sensation even in the heart of the city. I have felt it on cold, stormy days and at night. It is like the kiss of warm lips on my face.

My favourite amusement is sailing. In the summer of 1901 I visited Nova Scotia, and had opportunities such as I had not enjoyed before to make the acquaintance of the ocean. After spending a few days in Evangeline's country, about which Longfellow's beautiful poem has woven a spell of enchantment, Miss Sullivan and I went to Halifax, where we remained the greater part of the summer. The harbour was our joy, our paradise. What glorious sails we had to Bedford Basin, to McNabb's Island, to York Redoubt, and to the Northwest Arm! And at night what soothing, wondrous hours we spent in the shadow of the great, silent men-of-war. Oh, it was all so interesting, so beautiful! The memory of it is a joy forever.

One day we had a thrilling experience. There was a regatta in the Northwest Arm, in which the boats from the different warships were engaged. We went in a sail-boat along with many others to watch the races. Hundreds of little sail-boats swung to and fro close by, and the sea was calm. When the races were over, and we turned our faces homeward, one of the party noticed a black cloud drifting in from the sea, which grew and spread and thickened until it covered the whole sky. The wind rose, and the waves chopped angrily at unseen barriers. Our little boat confronted the gale

fearlessly; with sails spread and ropes taut, she seemed to sit upon the wind. Now she swirled in the billows, now she spring upward on a gigantic wave, only to be driven down with angry howl and hiss. Down came the mainsail. Tacking and jibbing, we wrestled with opposing winds that drove us from side to side with impetuous fury. Our hearts beat fast, and our hands trembled with excitement, not fear, for we had the hearts of vikings, and we knew that our skipper was master of the situation. He had steered through many a storm with firm hand and sea-wise eye. As they passed us, the large craft and the gunboats in the harbour saluted and the seamen shouted applause for the master of the only little sail-boat that ventured out into the storm. At last, cold, hungry and weary, we reached our pier.

Last summer I spent in one of the loveliest nooks of one of the most charming villages in New England. Wrentham, Massachusetts, is associated with nearly all of my joys and sorrows. For many years Red Farm, by King Philip's Pond, the home of Mr. J. E. Chamberlin and his family, was my home. I remember with deepest gratitude the kindness of these dear friends and the happy days I spent with them. The sweet companionship of their children meant much to me. I joined in all their sports and rambles through the woods and frolics in the water. The prattle of the little ones and their pleasure in the stories I told them of elf and gnome, of hero and wily bear, are pleasant things to remember. Mr. Chamberlin initiated me into the mysteries of tree and wild-flower, until with the little ear of love I heard the flow of sap in the oak, and saw the sun glint from leaf to leaf.

Thus it is that
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
Of sunshine and wide air and winged things,
By sympathy of nature, so do
I gave evidence of things unseen.

It seems to me that there is in each of us a capacity to comprehend the impressions and emotions which have been experienced by mankind from the beginning. Each individual has a subconscious memory of the green earth and murmuring waters, and blindness and deafness cannot rob him of this gift from past generations. This inherited capacity is a sort of sixth sense—a soul-sense which sees, hears, feels, all in one.

I have many tree friends in Wrentham. One of them, a splendid oak, is the special pride of my heart. I take all my other friends to see this king-tree. It stands on a bluff overlooking King Philip's Pond, and those who are wise in tree lore say it must have stood there eight hundred or a thousand years. There is a tradition that under this tree King Philip, the heroic Indian chief, gazed his last on earth and sky.

I had another tree friend, gentle and more approachable than the great oak—a linden that grew in the dooryard at Red Farm. One afternoon, during a terrible thunderstorm, I felt a tremendous crash against the side of the house and knew, even before they told me, that the linden had fallen. We went out to see the hero that had withstood so many tempests, and it wrung my heart to see him prostrate who had mightily striven and was now mightily fallen.

But I must not forget that I was going to write about last summer in particular. As soon as my examinations were over, Miss Sullivan and I hastened to this green nook, where we have a little cottage on one of the three lakes for which Wrentham is famous. Here the long, sunny days were mine, and all thoughts of work and college and the noisy city were thrust into the background. In Wrentham we caught echoes of what was happening in the world—war, alliance, social conflict. We heard of the cruel, unnecessary fighting in the far-away Pacific, and learned of the struggles going on between capital and labour. We knew that beyond the border of our Eden men were making history by the sweat of their brows when they might better make a holiday. But we little heeded these things. These things would pass away; here were lakes and woods and broad daisy-starred fields and

sweet-breathed meadows, and they shall endure forever.

People who think that all sensations reach us through the eye and the ear have expressed surprise that I should notice any difference, except possibly the absence of pavements, between walking in city streets and in country roads. They forget that my whole body is alive to the conditions about me. The rumble and roar of the city smite the nerves of my face, and I feel the ceaseless tramp of an unseen multitude, and the dissonant tumult frets my spirit. The grinding of heavy wagons on hard pavements and the monotonous clangour of machinery are all the more torturing to the nerves if one's attention is not diverted by the panorama that is always present in the noisy streets to people who can see.

In the country one sees only Nature's fair works, and one's soul is not saddened by the cruel struggle for mere existence that goes on in the crowded city. Several times I have visited the narrow, dirty streets where the poor live, and I grow hot and indignant to think that good people should be content to live in fine houses and become strong and beautiful, while others are condemned to live in hideous, sunless tenements and grow ugly, withered and cringing. The children who crowd these grimy alleys, half-clad and underfed, shrink away from your outstretched hand as if from a blow. Dear little creatures, they crouch in my heart and haunt me with a constant sense of pain. There are men and women, too, all gnarled and bent out of shape. I have felt their hard, rough hands and realized what an endless struggle their existence must be—no more than a series of scrimmages, thwarted attempts to do something. Their life seems an immense disparity between effort and opportunity. The sun and the air are God's free gifts to all we say, but are they so? In yonder city's dingy alleys the sun shines not, and the air is foul. Oh, man, how dost thou forget and obstruct thy brother man, and say, "Give us this day our daily bread," when he has none! Oh, would that men would leave the city, its splendour and its tumult and its gold, and return to wood and field and simple, honest living! Then would their children grow stately as noble trees, and their thoughts sweet and pure as wayside flowers. It is impossible not to think of all this when I return to the country after a year of work in town.

What a joy it is to feel the soft, springy earth under my feet once more, to follow grassy roads that lead to ferny brooks where I can bathe my fingers in a cataract of rippling notes, or to clamber over a stone wall into green fields that tumble and roll and climb in riotous gladness!

Next to a leisurely walk I enjoy a "spin" on my tandem bicycle. It is splendid to feel the wind blowing in my face and the springy motion of my iron steed. The rapid rush through the air gives me a delicious sense of strength and buoyancy, and the exercise makes my pulses dance and my heart sing.

Whenever it is possible, my dog accompanies me on a walk or ride or sail. I have had many dog friends—huge mastiffs, soft-eyed spaniels, wood-wise setters and honest, homely bull terriers. At present the lord of my affections is one of these bull terriers. He has a long pedigree, a crooked tail and the drollest "phiz" in dogdom. My dog friends seem to understand my limitations, and always keep close beside me when I am alone. I love their affectionate ways and the eloquent wag of their tails.

When a rainy day keeps me indoors, I amuse myself after the manner of other girls. I like to knit and crochet; I read in the happy-go-lucky way I love, here and there a line; or perhaps I play a game or two of checkers or chess with a friend. I have a special board on which I play these games. The squares are cut out, so that the men stand in them firmly. The black checkers are flat and the white ones curved on top. Each checker has a hole in the middle in which a brass knob can be placed to distinguish the king from the commons. The chessmen are of two sizes, the white larger than the black, so that I have no trouble in following my opponent's maneuvers by moving my hands lightly over the board after a play. The jar made by shifting the men from one hole to another tells me when

it is my turn.

If I happen to be all alone and in an idle mood, I play a game of solitaire, of which I am very fond. I use playing cards marked in the upper right-hand corner with braille symbols which indicate the value of the card.

If there are children around, nothing pleases me so much as to frolic with them. I find even the smallest child excellent company, and I am glad to say that children usually like me. They lead me about and show me the things they are interested in. Of course the little ones cannot spell on their fingers; but I manage to read their lips. If I do not succeed they resort to dumb show. Sometimes I make a mistake and do the wrong thing. A burst of childish laughter greets my blunder, and the pantomime begins all over again. I often tell them stories or teach them a game, and the winged hours depart and leave us good and happy.

Museums and art stores are also sources of pleasure and inspiration. Doubtless it will seem strange to many that the hand unaided by sight can feel action, sentiment, beauty in the cold marble; and yet it is true that I derive genuine pleasure from touching great works of art. As my finger tips trace line and curve, they discover the thought and emotion which the artist has portrayed. I can feel in the faces of gods and heroes hate, courage and love, just as I can detect them in living faces I am permitted to touch. I feel in Diana's posture the grace and freedom of the forest and the spirit that tames the mountain lion and subdues the fiercest passions. My soul delights in the repose and gracious curves of the Venus; and in Barre's bronzes the secrets of the jungle are revealed to me.

A medallion of Homer hangs on the wall of my study, conveniently low, so that I can easily reach it and touch the beautiful, sad face with loving reverence. How well I know each line in that majestic brow—tracks of life and bitter evidences of struggle and sorrow; those sightless eyes seeking, even in the cold plaster, for the light and the blue skies of his beloved Hellas, but seeking in vain; that beautiful mouth, firm and true and tender. It is the face of a poet, and of a man acquainted with sorrow. Ah, how well I understand his deprivation—the perpetual night in which he dwelt—

O dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse Without all hope of day!

In imagination I can hear Homer singing, as with unsteady, hesitating steps he gropes his way from camp to camp—singing of life, of love, of war, of the splendid achievements of a noble race. It was a wonderful, glorious song, and it won the blind poet an immortal crown, the admiration of all ages.

I sometimes wonder if the hand is not more sensitive to the beauties of sculpture than the eye. I should think the wonderful rhythmical flow of lines and curves could be more subtly felt than seen. Be this as it may, I know that I can feel the heart-throbs of the ancient Greeks in their marble gods and goddesses.

Another pleasure, which comes more rarely than the others, is going to the theatre. I enjoy having a play described to me while it is being acted on the stage far more than reading it, because then it seems as if I were living in the midst of stirring events. It has been my privilege to meet a few great actors and actresses who have the power of so bewitching you that you forget time and place and live again in the romantic past. I have been permitted to touch the face and costume of Miss Ellen Terry as she impersonated our ideal of a queen; and there was about her that divinity that hedges sublimest woe. Beside her stood Sir Henry Irving, wearing the symbols of kingship; and there was majesty of intellect in his every gesture and attitude and the royalty that subdues and overcomes in every line of his sensitive face. In the king's face, which he wore as a mask, there was a remoteness and inaccessibility of grief which I shall never forget.

I also know Mr. Jefferson. I am proud to count him among my friends. I go to see him whenever I happen to be where he is acting. The first time I saw him act was while at school in New York. He played "Rip Van Winkle." I had often read the story, but I had never felt the charm of Rip's slow, quaint, kind ways as I did in the play. Mr. Jefferson's, beautiful, pathetic representation quite carried

me away with delight. I have a picture of old Rip in my fingers which they will never lose. After the play Miss Sullivan took me to see him behind the scenes, and I felt of his curious garb and his flowing hair and beard. Mr. Jefferson let me touch his face so that I could imagine how he looked on waking from that strange sleep of twenty years, and he showed me how poor old Rip staggered to his feet.

I have also seen him in "The Rivals." Once while I was calling on him in Boston he acted the most striking parts of "The Rivals" for me. The reception-room where we sat served for a stage. He and his son seated themselves at the big table, and Bob Acres wrote his challenge. I followed all his movements with my hands, and caught the drollery of his blunders and gestures in a way that would have been impossible had it all been spelled to me. Then they rose to fight the duel, and I followed the swift thrusts and parries of the swords and the waverings of poor Bob as his courage oozed out at his finger ends. Then the great actor gave his coat a hitch and his mouth a twitch, and in an instant I was in the village of Falling Water and felt Schneider's shaggy head against my knee. Mr. Jefferson recited the best dialogues of "Rip Van Winkle," in which the tear came close upon the smile. He asked me to indicate as far as I could the gestures and action that should go with the lines. Of course, I have no sense whatever of dramatic action, and could make only random guesses; but with masterful art he suited the action to the word. The sigh of Rip as he murmurs, "Is a man so soon forgotten when he is gone?" the dismay with which he searches for dog and gun after his long sleep, and his comical irresolution over signing the contract with Derrick—all these seem to be right out of life itself; that is, the ideal life, where things happen as we think they should.

I remember well the first time I went to the theatre. It was twelve years ago. Elsie Leslie, the little actress, was in Boston, and Miss Sullivan took me to see her in "The Prince and the Pauper." I shall never forget the ripple of alternating joy and woe that ran through that beautiful little play, or the wonderful child who acted it. After the play I was permitted to go behind the scenes and meet her in her royal costume. It would have been hard to find a lovelier or more lovable child than Elsie, as she stood with a cloud of golden hair floating over her shoulders, smiling brightly, showing no signs of shyness or fatigue, though she had been playing to an immense audience. I was only just learning to speak, and had previously repeated her name until I could say it perfectly. Imagine my delight when she understood the few words I spoke to her and without hesitation stretched her hand to greet me.

Is it not true, then, that my life with all its limitations touches at many points the life of the World Beautiful? Everything has its wonders, even darkness and silence, and I learn, whatever state I may be in, therein to be content.

Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation enfolds me like a cold mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light, and music, and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, bars the way. Fain would I question his imperious decree, for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter, futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes hope with a smile and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII

Would that I could enrich this sketch with the names of all those who have ministered to my happiness! Some of them would be found written in our literature and dear to the hearts of many, while others would be wholly unknown to most of my readers. But their influence, though it escapes

fame, shall live immortal in the lives that have been sweetened and ennobled by it. Those are red-letter days in our lives when we meet people who thrill us like a fine poem, people whose handshake is brimful of unspoken sympathy, and whose sweet, rich natures impart to our eager, impatient spirits a wonderful restfulness which, in its essence, is divine. The perplexities, irritations and worries that have absorbed us pass like unpleasant dreams, and we wake to see with new eyes and hear with new ears the beauty and harmony of God's real world. The solemn nothings that fill our everyday life blossom suddenly into bright possibilities. In a word, while such friends are near us we feel that all is well. Perhaps we never saw them before, and they may never cross our life's path again; but the influence of their calm, mellow natures is a libation poured upon our discontent, and we feel its healing touch, as the ocean feels the mountain stream freshening its brine.

I have often been asked, "Do not people bore you?" I do not understand quite what that means. I suppose the calls of the stupid and curious, especially of newspaper reporters, are always inopportune. I also dislike people who try to talk down to my understanding. They are like people who when walking with you try to shorten their steps to suit yours; the hypocrisy in both cases is equally exasperating.

The hands of those I meet are dumbly eloquent to me. The touch of some hands is an impertinence. I have met people so empty of joy, that when I clasped their frosty finger tips, it seemed as if I were shaking hands with a northeast storm. Others there are whose hands have sunbeams in them, so that their grasp warms my heart. It may be only the clinging touch of a child's hand; but there is as much potential sunshine in it for me as there is in a loving glance for others. A hearty handshake or a friendly letter gives me genuine pleasure.

I have many far-off friends whom I have never seen. Indeed they are so many that I have often been unable to reply to their letters; but I wish to say here that I am always grateful for their kind words, however insufficiently I acknowledge them.

I count it one of the sweetest privileges of my life to have known and conversed with many men of genius. Only those who knew Bishop Brooks can appreciate the joy his friendship was to those who possessed it. As a child I loved to sit on his knee and clasp his great hand with one of mine, while Miss Sullivan spelled into the other his beautiful words about God and the spiritual world. I heard him with a child's wonder and delight. My spirit could not reach up to his, but he gave me a real sense of joy in life, and I never left him without carrying away a fine thought that grew in beauty and depth of meaning as I grew. Once, when I was puzzled to know why there were so many religions, he said: "There is one universal religion, Helen—the religion of love. Love your Heavenly Father with your whole heart and soul, love every child of God as much as ever you can, and remember that the possibilities of good are greater than the possibilities of evil; and you have the key to Heaven." And his life was a happy illustration of this great truth. In his noble soul love and widest knowledge were blended with faith that had become insight. He saw

God in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles.

Bishop Brooks taught me no special creed or dogma; but he impressed upon my mind two great ideas—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and made me feel that these truths underlie all creeds and forms of worship. God is love, God is our Father, we are His children; therefore the darkest clouds will break and though right be worsted, wrong shall not triumph.

I am too happy in this world to think much about the future, except to remember that I have cherished friends awaiting me there in God's beautiful Somewhere. In spite of the lapse of years, they seem so close to me that I should not think it strange if at any moment they should clasp my hand and speak words of endearment as they used to before they went away.

Since Bishop Brooks died I have read the Bible through; also some philosophical works on

religion, among them Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" and Drummond's "Ascent of Man," and I have found no creed or system more soul-satisfying than Bishop Brooks's creed of love. I knew Mr. Henry Drummond, and the memory of his strong, warm hand-clasp is like a benediction. He was the most sympathetic of companions. He knew so much and was so genial that it was impossible to feel dull in his presence.

I remember well the first time I saw Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. He had invited Miss Sullivan and me to call on him one Sunday afternoon. It was early in the spring, just after I had learned to speak. We were shown at once to his library where we found him seated in a big armchair by an open fire which glowed and crackled on the hearth, thinking, he said, of other days.

"And listening to the murmur of the River Charles," I suggested.

"Yes," he replied, "the Charles has many dear associations for me." There was an odour of print and leather in the room which told me that it was full of books, and I stretched out my hand instinctively to find them. My fingers lighted upon a beautiful volume of Tennyson's poems, and when Miss Sullivan told me what it was I began to recite:

Break, break, break On thy cold gray stones, O sea!

But I stopped suddenly. I felt tears on my hand. I had made my beloved poet weep, and I was greatly distressed. He made me sit in his armchair, while he brought different interesting things for me to examine, and at his request I recited "The Chambered Nautilus," which was then my favorite poem. After that I saw Dr. Holmes many times and learned to love the man as well as the poet.

One beautiful summer day, not long after my meeting with Dr. Holmes, Miss Sullivan and I visited Whittier in his quiet home on the Merrimac. His gentle courtesy and quaint speech won my heart. He had a book of his poems in raised print from which I read "In School Days." He was delighted that I could pronounce the words so well, and said that he had no difficulty in understanding me. Then I asked many questions about the poem, and read his answers by placing my fingers on his lips. He said he was the little boy in the poem, and that the girl's name was Sally, and more which I have forgotten. I also recited "Laus Deo," and as I spoke the concluding verses, he placed in my hands a statue of a slave from whose crouching figure the fetters were falling, even as they fell from Peter's limbs when the angel led him forth out of prison. Afterward we went into his study, and he wrote his autograph for my teacher ["With great admiration of thy noble work in releasing from bondage the mind of thy dear pupil, I am truly thy friend. john J. Whittier."] and expressed his admiration of her work, saying to me, "She is thy spiritual liberator." Then he led me to the gate and kissed me tenderly on my forehead. I promised to visit him again the following summer, but he died before the promise was fulfilled.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale is one of my very oldest friends. I have known him since I was eight, and my love for him has increased with my years. His wise, tender sympathy has been the support of Miss Sullivan and me in times of trial and sorrow, and his strong hand has helped us over many rough places; and what he has done for us he has done for thousands of those who have difficult tasks to accomplish. He has filled the old skins of dogma with the new wine of love, and shown men what it is to believe, live and be free. What he has taught we have seen beautifully expressed in his own life—love of country, kindness to the least of his brethren, and a sincere desire to live upward and onward. He has been a prophet and an inspirer of men, and a mighty doer of the Word, the friend of all his race—God bless him!

I have already written of my first meeting with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Since then I have spent many happy days with him at Washington and at his beautiful home in the heart of Cape Breton Island, near Baddeck, the village made famous by Charles Dudley Warner's book. Here in Dr. Bell's laboratory, or in the fields on the shore of the great Bras d'Or, I have spent many delightful hours listening to what he had to tell me about his experiments, and helping him fly kites by means of which

he expects to discover the laws that shall govern the future air-ship. Dr. Bell is proficient in many fields of science, and has the art of making every subject he touches interesting, even the most abstruse theories. He makes you feel that if you only had a little more time, you, too, might be an inventor. He has a humorous and poetic side, too. His dominating passion is his love for children. He is never quite so happy as when he has a little deaf child in his arms. His labours in behalf of the deaf will live on and bless generations of children yet to come; and we love him alike for what he himself has achieved and for what he has evoked from others.

During the two years I spent in New York I had many opportunities to talk with distinguished people whose names I had often heard, but whom I had never expected to meet. Most of them I met first in the house of my good friend, Mr. Laurence Hutton. It was a great privilege to visit him and dear Mrs. Hutton in their lovely home, and see their library and read the beautiful sentiments and bright thoughts gifted friends had written for them. It has been truly said that Mr. Hutton has the faculty of bringing out in every one the best thoughts and kindest sentiments. One does not need to read "A Boy I Knew" to understand him—the most generous, sweet-natured boy I ever knew, a good friend in all sorts of weather, who traces the footprints of love in the life of dogs as well as in that of his fellowmen.

Mrs. Hutton is a true and tried friend. Much that I hold sweetest, much that I hold most precious, I owe to her. She has oftenest advised and helped me in my progress through college. When I find my work particularly difficult and discouraging, she writes me letters that make me feel glad and brave; for she is one of those from whom we learn that one painful duty fulfilled makes the next plainer and easier.

Mr. Hutton introduced me to many of his literary friends, greatest of whom are Mr. William Dean Howells and Mark Twain. I also met Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. I also knew Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the most delightful of story-tellers and the most beloved friend, whose sympathy was so broad that it may be truly said of him, he loved all living things and his neighbour as himself. Once Mr. Warner brought to see me the dear poet of the woodlands—Mr. John Burroughs. They were all gentle and sympathetic and I felt the charm of their manner as much as I had felt the brilliancy of their essays and poems. I could not keep pace with all these literary folk as they glanced from subject to subject and entered into deep dispute, or made conversation sparkle with epigrams and happy witticisms. I was like little Ascanius, who followed with unequal steps the heroic strides of Aeneas on his march toward mighty destinies. But they spoke many gracious words to me. Mr. Gilder told me about his moonlight journeys across the vast desert to the Pyramids, and in a letter he wrote me he made his mark under his signature deep in the paper so that I could feel it. This reminds me that Dr. Hale used to give a personal touch to his letters to me by pricking his signature in braille. I read from Mark Twain's lips one or two of his good stories. He has his own way of thinking, saying and doing everything. I feel the twinkle of his eye in his handshake. Even while he utters his cynical wisdom in an indescribably droll voice, he makes you feel that his heart is a tender Iliad of human sympathy.

There are a host of other interesting people I met in New York: Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the beloved editor of St. Nicholas, and Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin), the sweet author of "Patsy." I received from them gifts that have the gentle concurrence of the heart, books containing their own thoughts, soul-illumined letters, and photographs that I love to have described again and again. But there is not space to mention all my friends, and indeed there are things about them hidden behind the wings of cherubim, things too sacred to set forth in cold print. It is with hesitancy that I have spoken even of Mrs. Laurence Hutton.

I shall mention only two other friends. One is Mrs. William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, whom I have often visited in her home, Lyndhurst. She is always doing something to make some one happy, and her generosity and wise counsel have never failed my teacher and me in all the years we have known

her.

To the other friend I am also deeply indebted. He is well known for the powerful hand with which he guides vast enterprises, and his wonderful abilities have gained for him the respect of all. Kind to every one, he goes about doing good, silent and unseen. Again I touch upon the circle of honoured names I must not mention; but I would fain acknowledge his generosity and affectionate interest which make it possible for me to go to college.

Thus it is that my friends have made the story of my life. In a thousand ways they have turned my limitations into beautiful privileges, and enabled me to walk serene and happy in the shadow cast by my deprivation.

II. LETTERS(1887-1901)

INTRODUCTION

Helen Keller's letters are important, not only as a supplementary story of her life, but as a demonstration of her growth in thought and expression—the growth which in itself has made her distinguished.

These letters are, however, not merely remarkable as the productions of a deaf and blind girl, to be read with wonder and curiosity; they are good letters almost from the first. The best passages are those in which she talks about herself, and gives her world in terms of her experience of it. Her views on the precession of the equinoxes are not important, but most important are her accounts of what speech meant to her, of how she felt the statues, the dogs, the chickens at the poultry show, and how she stood in the aisle of St. Bartholomew's and felt the organ rumble. Those are passages of which one would ask for more. The reason they are comparatively few is that all her life she has been trying to be "like other people," and so she too often describes things not as they appear to her, but as they appear to one with eyes and ears.

One cause for the excellence of her letters is the great number of them. They are the exercises which have trained her to write. She has lived at different times in different parts of the country, and so has been separated from most of her friends and relatives. Of her friends, many have been distinguished people, to whom—not often, I think, at the sacrifice of spontaneity—she has felt it necessary to write well. To them and to a few friends with whom she is in closest sympathy she writes with intimate frankness whatever she is thinking about. Her naive retelling of a child's tale she has heard, like the story of "Little Jakey," which she rehearses for Dr. Holmes and Bishop Brooks, is charming and her grave paraphrase of the day's lesson in geography or botany, her parrot-like repetition of what she has heard, and her conscious display of new words, are delightful and instructive; for they show not only what she was learning, but how, by putting it all into letters, she made the new knowledge and the new words her own.

So these selections from Miss Keller's correspondence are made with two purposes—to show her development and to preserve the most entertaining and significant passages from several hundred letters. Many of those written before 1892 were published in the reports of the Perkins Institution for

the Blind. All letters up to that year are printed intact, for it is legitimate to be interested in the degree of skill the child showed in writing, even to details of punctuation; so it is well to preserve a literal integrity of reproduction. From the letters after the year 1892 I have culled in the spirit of one making an anthology, choosing the passages best in style and most important from the point of view of biography. Where I have been able to collate the original letters I have preserved everything as Miss Keller wrote it, punctuation, spelling, and all. I have done nothing but select and cut.

The letters are arranged in chronological order. One or two letters from Bishop Brooks, Dr. Holmes, and Whittier are put immediately after the letters to which they are replies. Except for two or three important letters of 1901, these selections cease with the year 1900. In that year Miss Keller entered college. Now that she is a grown woman, her mature letters should be judged like those of any other person, and it seems best that no more of her correspondence be published unless she should become distinguished beyond the fact that she is the only well-educated deaf and blind person in the world.

LETTERS (1887-1901)

Miss Sullivan began to teach Helen Keller on March 3rd, 1887. Three months and a half after the first word was spelled into her hand, she wrote in pencil this letter

TO HER COUSIN ANNA, MRS. GEORGE T. TURNER
[Tuscumbia, Alabama, June 17, 1887.]

helen write anna george will give helen apple simpson will shoot bird jack will give helen stick of candy doctor will give mildred medicine mother will make mildred new dress
[No signature]

Twenty-five days later, while she was on a short visit away from home, she wrote to her mother. Two words are almost illegible, and the angular print slants in every direction.

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
[Huntsville, Alabama, July 12, 1887.]

Helen will write mother letter papa did give helen medicine mildred will sit in swing mildred did kiss helen teacher did give helen peach george is sick in bed george arm is hurt anna did give helen lemonade dog did stand up.

conductor did punch ticket papa did give helen drink of water in car

carlotta did give helen flowers anna will buy helen pretty new hat helen will hug and kiss mother helen will come home grandmother does love helen

good-by
[No signature.]

By the following September Helen shows improvement in fulness of construction and more extended relations of thought.

TO THE BLIND GIRLS AT THE PERKINS INSTITUTION IN SOUTH BOSTON
[Tuscumbia, September, 1887.]

Helen will write little blind girls a letter Helen and teacher will come to see little blind girls Helen and teacher will go in

steam car to boston Helen and blind girls will have fun blind girls can talk on fingers Helen will see Mr anagnos Mr anagnos will love and kiss Helen Helen will go to school with blind girls Helen can read and count and spell and write like blind girls mildred will not go to boston Mildred does cry prince and jumbo will go to boston papa does shoot ducks with gun and ducks do fall in water and jumbo and mamie do swim in water and bring ducks out in mouth to papa Helen does play with dogs Helen does ride on horseback with teacher Helen does give handee grass in hand teacher does whip handee to go fast Helen is blind Helen will put letter in envelope for blind girls good-by
HELEN KELLER

A few weeks later her style is more nearly correct and freer in movement. She improves in idiom, although she still omits articles and uses the "did" construction for the simple past. This is an idiom common among children.

TO THE BLIND GIRLS AT THE PERKINS INSTITUTION
[Tuscumbia, October 24, 1887.]

dear little blind girls

I will write you a letter I thank you for pretty desk I did write to mother in memphis on it mother and mildred came home wednesday mother brought me a pretty new dress and hat papa did go to huntsville he brought me apples and candy I and teacher will come to boston and see you nancy is my doll she does cry I do rock nancy to sleep mildred is sick doctor will give her medicine to make her well. I and teacher did go to church sunday mr. lane did read in book and talk Lady did play organ. I did give man money in basket. I will be good girl and teacher will curl my hair lovely. I will hug and kiss little blind girls mr. anagnos will come to see me.

good-by
HELEN KELLER

TO MR. MICHAEL ANAGNOS, DIRECTOR OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTION
[Tuscumbia, November, 1887.]

dear mr. anagnos I will write you a letter. I and teacher did have pictures. teacher will send it to you. photographer does make pictures. carpenter does build new houses. gardener does dig and hoe ground and plant vegetables. my doll nancy is sleeping. she is sick. mildred is well uncle frank has gone hunting deer. we will have venison for breakfast when he comes home. I did ride in wheel barrow and teacher did push it. simpson did give me popcorn and walnuts. cousin rosa has gone to see her mother. people do go to church sunday. I did read in my book about fox and box. fox can sit in the box. I do like to read in my book. you do love me. I do love you.

good-by
HELEN KELLER.

TO DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
[Tuscumbia, November, 1887.]

Dear Mr. Bell.
I am glad to write you a letter, Father will send you picture. I and Father and aunt did go to see you in Washington. I did play

with your watch. I do love you. I saw doctor in Washington. He looked at my eyes. I can read stories in my book. I can write and spell and count. good girl. My sister can walk and run. We do have fun with Jumbo. Prince is not good dog. He can not get birds. Rat did kill baby pigeons. I am sorry. Rat does not know wrong. I and mother and teacher will go to Boston in June. I will see little blind girls. Nancy will go with me. She is a good doll. Father will buy me lovely new watch. Cousin Anna gave me a pretty doll. Her name is Allie.

Good-by,
HELEN KELLER.

By the beginning of the next year her idioms are firmer. More adjectives appear, including adjectives of colour. Although she can have no sensuous knowledge of colour, she can use the words, as we use most of our vocabulary, intellectually, with truth, not to impression, but to fact. This letter is to a school-mate at the Perkins Institution.

TO MISS SARAH TOMLINSON
Tuscumbia, Ala. Jan. 2nd 1888.

Dear Sarah
I am happy to write to you this morning. I hope Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me soon. I will go to Boston in June and I will buy father gloves, and James nice collar, and Simpson cuffs. I saw Miss Betty and her scholars. They had a pretty Christmas-tree, and there were many pretty presents on it for little children. I had a mug, and little bird and candy. I had many lovely things for Christmas. Aunt gave me a trunk for Nancy and clothes. I went to party with teacher and mother. We did dance and play and eat nuts and candy and cakes and oranges and I did have fun with little boys and girls. Mrs. Hopkins did send me lovely ring, I do love her and little blind girls.

Men and boys do make carpets in mills. Wool grows on sheep. Men do cut sheep's wool off with large shears, and send it to the mill. Men and women do make wool cloth in mills.

Cotton grows on large stalks in fields. Men and boys and girls and women do pick cotton. We do make thread and cotton dresses of cotton. Cotton has pretty white and red flowers on it. Teacher did tear her dress. Mildred does cry. I will nurse Nancy. Mother will buy me lovely new aprons and dress to take to Boston. I went to Knoxville with father and aunt. Bessie is weak and little. Mrs. Thompson's chickens killed Leila's chickens. Eva does sleep in my bed. I do love good girls.

Good-by
HELEN KELLER.

The next two letters mention her visit in January to her relatives in Memphis, Tennessee. She was taken to the cotton exchange. When she felt the maps and blackboards she asked, "Do men go to school?" She wrote on the blackboard the names of all the gentlemen present. While at Memphis she went over one of the large Mississippi steamers.

TO DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Tuscumbia, Alabama, February 15th 1888.

Dear Mr. Hale,
I am happy to write you a letter this morning. Teacher told me about kind gentleman I shall be glad to read pretty story I do read stories in my book about tigers and lions and sheep.

I am coming to Boston in June to see little blind girls and I will come to see you. I went to Memphis to see grandmother and Aunt Nannie. Teacher bought me lovely new dress and cap and aprons. Little Natalie is a very weak and small baby. Father took us to see steamboat. It was on a large river. Boat is like house. Mildred is a good baby. I do love to play with little sister. Nancy was not a good child when I went to Memphis. She did cry loud. I will not write more to-day. I am tired.

Good-by
HELEN KELLER.

TO MR. MICHAEL ANAGNOS
Tuscumbia, Ala., Feb. 24th, 1888.

My dear Mr. Anagnos,—I am glad to write you a letter in Braille. This morning Lucien Thompson sent me a beautiful bouquet of violets and crocuses and jonquils. Sunday Adeline Moses brought me a lovely doll. It came from New York. Her name is Adeline Keller. She can shut her eyes and bend her arms and sit down and stand up straight. She has on a pretty red dress. She is Nancy's sister and I am their mother. Allie is their cousin. Nancy was a bad child when I went to Memphis she cried loud, I whipped her with a stick.

Mildred does feed little chickens with crumbs. I love to play with little sister.

Teacher and I went to Memphis to see aunt Nannie and grandmother. Louise is aunt Nannie's child. Teacher bought me a lovely new dress and gloves and stockings and collars and grandmother made me warm flannels, and aunt Nannie made me aprons. Lady made me a pretty cap. I went to see Robert and Mr. Graves and Mrs. Graves and little Natalie, and Mr. Farris and Mr. Mayo and Mary and everyone. I do love Robert and teacher. She does not want me to write more today. I feel tired.

I found box of candy in Mr. Grave's pocket. Father took us to see steam boat it is like house. Boat was on very large river. Yates plowed yard today to plant grass. Mule pulled plow. Mother will make garden of vegetables. Father will plant melons and peas and beans.

Cousin Bell will come to see us Saturday. Mother will make ice-cream for dinner, we will have ice-cream and cake for dinner. Lucien Thompson is sick. I am sorry for him.

Teacher and I went to walk in the yard, and I learned about how flowers and trees grow. Sun rises in the east and sets in the west. Sheffield is north and Tuscumbia is south. We will go to Boston in June. I will have fun with little blind girls.

Good bye
HELEN KELLER.

"Uncle Morrie" of the next letter is Mr. Morrison Heady, of

Normandy, Kentucky, who lost his sight and hearing when he was a boy. He is the author of some commendable verses.

TO MR. MORRISON HEADY
Tuscumbia, Ala., March 1st 1888.

My dear uncle Morrie,—I am happy to write you a letter, I do love you, and I will hug and kiss you when I see you.

Mr. Anagnos is coming to see me Monday. I do love to run and hop and skip with Robert in bright warm sun. I do know little girl in Lexington Ky. her name is Katherine Hobson.

I am going to Boston in June with mother and teacher, I will have fun with little blind girls, and Mr. Hale will send me pretty story. I do read stories in my book about lions and tigers and bears.

Mildred will not go to Boston, she does cry. I love to play with little sister, she is weak and small baby. Eva is better.

Yates killed ants, ants stung Yates. Yates is digging in garden. Mr. Anagnos did see oranges, they look like golden apples.

Robert will come to see me Sunday when sun shines and I will have fun with him. My cousin Frank lives in Louisville. I will come to Memphis again to see Mr. Farris and Mrs. Graves and Mr. Mayo and Mr. Graves. Natalie is a good girl and does not cry, and she will be big and Mrs. Graves is making short dresses for her. Natalie has a little carriage. Mr. Mayo has been to Duck Hill and he brought sweet flowers home.

With much love and a kiss
HELEN A. KELLER.

In this account of the picnic we get an illuminating glimpse of Miss Sullivan's skill in teaching her pupil during play hours. This was a day when the child's vocabulary grew.

TO MR. MICHAEL ANAGNOS
Tuscumbia, Ala., May 3rd 1888.

Dear Mr. Anagnos.—I am glad to write to you this morning, because I love you very much. I was very happy to receive pretty book and nice candy and two letters from you. I will come to see you soon and will ask you many questions about countries and you will love good child.

Mother is making me pretty new dresses to wear in Boston and I will look lovely to see little girls and boys and you. Friday teacher and I went to a picnic with little children. We played games and ate dinner under the trees, and we found ferns and wild flowers. I walked in the woods and learned names of many trees. There are poplar and cedar and pine and oak and ash and hickory and maple trees. They make a pleasant shade and the little birds love to swing to and fro and sing sweetly up in the trees. Rabbits hop and squirrels run and ugly snakes do crawl in the woods. Geraniums and roses jasamines and japonicas are cultivated flowers. I help mother and teacher water them every night before supper.

Cousin Arthur made me a swing in the ash tree. Aunt Ev. has gone to Memphis. Uncle Frank is here. He is picking strawberries for dinner. Nancy is sick again, new teeth do make her ill. Adeline is well and she can go to Cincinnati Monday with me. Aunt Ev. will send me a boy doll, Harry will be Nancy's and Adeline's brother. Wee sister is a good girl. I am tired now and I do want to go down stairs. I send many kisses and hugs with letter.

Your darling child
HELEN KELLER.

Toward the end of May Mrs. Keller, Helen, and Miss Sullivan started for Boston. On the way they spent a few days in Washington, where they saw Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and called on President Cleveland. On May 26th they arrived in Boston and went to the Perkins Institution; here Helen met the little blind girls with whom she had corresponded the year before.

Early in July she went to Brewster, Massachusetts, and spent the rest of the summer. Here occurred her first encounter with the sea, of which she has since written.

TO MISS MARY C. MOORE
So. Boston, Mass. Sept. 1888

My dear Miss Moore
Are you very glad to receive a nice letter from your darling little friend? I love you very dearly because you are my friend. My precious little sister is quite well now. She likes to sit in my little rocking-chair and put her kitty to sleep. Would you like to see darling little Mildred? She is a very pretty baby. Her eyes are very big and blue, and her cheeks are soft and round and rosy and her hair is very bright and golden. She is very good and sweet when she does not cry loud. Next summer Mildred will go out in the garden with me and pick the big sweet strawberries and then she will be very happy. I hope she will not eat too many of the delicious fruit for they will make her very ill.

Sometime will you please come to Alabama and visit me? My uncle James is going to buy me a very gentle pony and a pretty cart and I shall be very happy to take you and Harry to ride. I hope Harry will not be afraid of my pony. I think my father will buy me a beautiful little brother some day. I shall be very gentle and patient to my new little brother. When I visit many strange countries my brother and Mildred will stay with grandmother because they will be too small to see a great many people and I think they would cry loud on the great rough ocean.

When Capt. Baker gets well he will take me in his big ship to Africa. Then I shall see lions and tigers and monkeys. I will get a baby lion and a white monkey and a mild bear to bring home. I had a very pleasant time at Brewster. I went in bathing almost every day and Carrie and Frank and little Helen and I had fun. We splashed and jumped and waded in the deep water. I am not afraid to float now. Can Harry float and swim? We came to Boston last Thursday, and Mr. Anagnos was delighted to see me, and he hugged and kissed me. The little girls are coming back to school next Wednesday.

Will you please tell Harry to write me a very long letter soon? When you come to Tuscumbia to see me I hope my father will have

many sweet apples and juicy peaches and fine pears and delicious grapes and large water melons.

I hope you think about me and love me because I am a good little child.

With much love and two kisses
From your little friend
HELEN A. KELLER.

In this account of a visit to some friends, Helen's thought is much what one would expect from an ordinary child of eight, except perhaps her naive satisfaction in the boldness of the young gentlemen.

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
So. Boston, Mass, Sept. 24th 1888.

My dear Mother,
I think you will be very glad to know all about my visit to West Newton. Teacher and I had a lovely time with many kind friends. West Newton is not far from Boston and we went there in the steam cars very quickly.

Mrs. Freeman and Carrie and Ethel and Frank and Helen came to station to meet us in a huge carriage. I was delighted to see my dear little friends and I hugged and kissed them. Then we rode for a long time to see all the beautiful things in West Newton. Many very handsome houses and large soft green lawns around them and trees and bright flowers and fountains. The horse's name was Prince and he was gentle and liked to trot very fast. When we went home we saw eight rabbits and two fat puppies, and a nice little white pony, and two wee kittens and a pretty curly dog named Don. Pony's name was Mollie and I had a nice ride on her back; I was not afraid, I hope my uncle will get me a dear little pony and a little cart very soon.

Clifton did not kiss me because he does not like to kiss little girls. He is shy. I am very glad that Frank and Clarence and Robbie and Eddie and Charles and George were not very shy. I played with many little girls and we had fun. I rode on Carrie's tricicle and picked flowers and ate fruit and hopped and skipped and danced and went to ride. Many ladies and gentlemen came to see us. Lucy and Dora and Charles were born in China. I was born in America, and Mr. Anagnos was born in Greece. Mr. Drew says little girls in China cannot talk on their fingers but I think when I go to China I will teach them. Chinese nurse came to see me, her name was Asu. She showed me a tiny atze that very rich ladies in China wear because their feet never grow large. Amah means a nurse. We came home in horse cars because it was Sunday and steam cars do not go often on Sunday. Conductors and engineers do get very tired and go home to rest. I saw little Willie Swan in the car and he gave me a juicy pear. He was six years old. What did I do when I was six years old? Will you please ask my father to come to train to meet teacher and me? I am very sorry that Eva and Bessie are sick. I hope I can have a nice party my birthday, and I do want Carrie and Ethel and Frank and Helen to come to Alabama to visit me. Will Mildred sleep with me when I come home.

With much love and thousand kisses.

From your dear little daughter.
HELEN A. KELLER.

Her visit to Plymouth was in July. This letter, written three months later, shows how well she remembered her first lesson in history.

TO MR. MORRISON HEADY
South Boston, Mass. October 1st, 1888.

My dear uncle Morrie,—I think you will be very glad to receive a letter from your dear little friend Helen. I am very happy to write to you because I think of you and love you. I read pretty stories in the book you sent me, about Charles and his boat, and Arthur and his dream, and Rosa and the sheep.

I have been in a large boat. It was like a ship. Mother and teacher and Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. Anagnos and Mr. Rodocanachi and many other friends went to Plymouth to see many old things. I will tell you a little story about Plymouth.

Many years ago there lived in England many good people, but the king and his friends were not kind and gentle and patient with good people, because the king did not like to have the people disobey him. People did not like to go to church with the king; but they did like to build very nice little churches for themselves.

The king was very angry with the people and they were sorry and they said, we will go away to a strange country to live and leave very dear home and friends and naughty king. So, they put all their things into big boxes, and said, Good-bye. I am sorry for them because they cried much. When they went to Holland they did not know anyone; and they could not know what the people were talking about because they did not know Dutch. But soon they learned some Dutch words; but they loved their own language and they did not want little boys and girls to forget it and learn to talk funny Dutch. So they said, We must go to a new country far away and build schools and houses and churches and make new cities. So they put all their things in boxes and said, Good-bye to their new friends and sailed away in a large boat to find a new country. Poor people were not happy for their hearts were full of sad thoughts because they did not know much about America. I think little children must have been afraid of a great ocean for it is very strong and it makes a large boat rock and then the little children would fall down and hurt their heads. After they had been many weeks on the deep ocean where they could not see trees or flowers or grass, but just water and the beautiful sky, for ships could not sail quickly then because men did not know about engines and steam. One day a dear little baby-boy was born. His name was Peregrine White. I am very sorry that poor little Peregrine is dead now. Every day the people went upon deck to look out for land. One day there was a great shout on the ship for the people saw the land and they were full of joy because they had reached a new country safely. Little girls and boys jumped and clapped their hands. They were all glad when they stepped upon a huge rock. I did see the rock in Plymouth and a little ship like the Mayflower and the cradle that dear little Peregrine slept in and many old things that came in the Mayflower. Would you like to visit Plymouth some time and see many old things.

Now I am very tired and I will rest.

With much love and many kisses, from your little friend.
HELEN A. KELLER.

The foreign words in these two letters, the first of which was written during a visit to the kindergarten for the blind, she had been told months before, and had stowed them away in her memory. She assimilated words and practised with them, sometimes using them intelligently, sometimes repeating them in a parrot-like fashion. Even when she did not fully understand words or ideas, she liked to set them down as though she did. It was in this way that she learned to use correctly words of sound and vision which express ideas outside of her experience. "Edith" is Edith Thomas.

TO MR. MICHAEL ANAGNOS
Roxbury, Mass. Oct. 17th, 1888.

Mon cher Monsieur Anagnos,

I am sitting by the window and the beautiful sun is shining on me Teacher and I came to the kindergarten yesterday. There are twenty seven little children here and they are all blind. I am sorry because they cannot see much. Sometime will they have very well eyes? Poor Edith is blind and deaf and dumb. Are you very sad for Edith and me? Soon I shall go home to see my mother and my father and my dear good and sweet little sister. I hope you will come to Alabama to visit me and I will take you to ride in my little cart and I think you will like to see me on my dear little pony's back. I shall wear my lovely cap and my new riding dress. If the sun shines brightly I will take you to see Leila and Eva and Bessie. When I am thirteen years old I am going to travel in many strange and beautiful countries. I shall climb very high mountains in Norway and see much ice and snow. I hope I will not fall and hurt my head I shall visit little Lord Fauntleroy in England and he will be glad to show me his grand and very ancient castle. And we will run with the deer and feed the rabbits and catch the squirrels. I shall not be afraid of Fauntleroy's great dog Dougal. I hope Fauntleroy take me to see a very kind queen. When I go to France I will take French. A little French boy will say, Parlez-vous Francais? and I will say, Oui, Monsieur, vous avez un joli chapeau. Donnez moi un baiser. I hope you will go with me to Athens to see the maid of Athens. She was very lovely lady and I will talk Greek to her. I will say, se agapo and, pos echete and I think she will say, kalos, and then I will say chaere. Will you please come to see me soon and take me to the theater? When you come I will say, Kale emera, and when you go home I will say, Kale nykta. Now I am too tired to write more. Je vous aime. Au revoir

From your darling little friend
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO MISS EVELINA H. KELLER
[So. Boston, Mass. October 29, 1888.]

My dearest Aunt,—I am coming home very soon and I think you and every one will be very glad to see my teacher and me. I am very happy because I have learned much about many things. I am studying French and German and Latin and Greek. Se agapo is Greek, and it means I love thee. J'ai une bonne petite soeur is

French, and it means I have a good little sister. Nous avons un bon pere et une bonne mere means, we have a good father and a good mother. Puer is boy in Latin, and Mutter is mother in German. I will teach Mildred many languages when I come home.
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO MRS. SOPHIA C. HOPKINS
Tuscumbia, Ala. Dec. 11th, 1888.

My dear Mrs. Hopkins:—
I have just fed my dear little pigeon. My brother Simpson gave it to me last Sunday. I named it Annie, for my teacher. My puppy has had his supper and gone to bed. My rabbits are sleeping, too; and very soon I shall go to bed. Teacher is writing letters to her friends. Mother and father and their friends have gone to see a huge furnace. The furnace is to make iron. The iron ore is found in the ground; but it cannot be used until it has been brought to the furnace and melted, and all the dirt taken out, and just the pure iron left. Then it is all ready to be manufactured into engines, stoves, kettles and many other things.

Coal is found in the ground, too. Many years ago, before people came to live on the earth, great trees and tall grasses and huge ferns and all the beautiful flowers cover the earth. When the leaves and the trees fell, the water and the soil covered them; and then more trees grew and fell also, and were buried under water and soil. After they had all been pressed together for many thousands of years, the wood grew very hard, like rock, and then it was all ready for people to burn. Can you see leaves and ferns and bark on the coal? Men go down into the ground and dig out the coal, and steam-cars take it to the large cities, and sell it to people to burn, to make them warm and happy when it is cold out of doors.

Are you very lonely and sad now? I hope you will come to see me soon, and stay a long time.

With much love from your little friend
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO MISS DELLA BENNETT
Tuscumbia, Ala., Jan. 29, 1889.

My dear Miss Bennett:—I am delighted to write to you this morning. We have just eaten our breakfast. Mildred is running about downstairs. I have been reading in my book about astronomers. Astronomer comes from the Latin word astra, which means stars; and astronomers are men who study the stars, and tell us about them. When we are sleeping quietly in our beds, they are watching the beautiful sky through the telescope. A telescope is like a very strong eye. The stars are so far away that people cannot tell much about them, without very excellent instruments. Do you like to look out of your window, and see little stars? Teacher says she can see Venus from our window, and it is a large and beautiful star. The stars are called the earth's brothers and sisters.

There are a great many instruments besides those which the astronomers use. A knife is an instrument to cut with. I think the bell is an instrument, too. I will tell you what I know about bells.

Some bells are musical and others are unmusical. Some are very tiny and some are very large. I saw a very large bell at Wellesley. It came from Japan. Bells are used for many purposes. They tell us when breakfast is ready, when to go to school, when it is time for church, and when there is a fire. They tell people when to go to work, and when to go home and rest. The engine-bell tells the passengers that they are coming to a station, and it tells the people to keep out of the way. Sometimes very terrible accidents happen, and many people are burned and drowned and injured. The other day I broke my doll's head off; but that was not a dreadful accident, because dolls do not live and feel, like people. My little pigeons are well, and so is my little bird. I would like to have some clay. Teacher says it is time for me to study now. Good-bye.
With much love, and many kisses,
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Tuscumbia, Alabama, February 21st, 1889.

My dear Mr. Hale,
I am very much afraid that you are thinking in your mind that little Helen has forgotten all about you and her dear cousins. But I think you will be delighted to receive this letter because then you will know that I of[ten] think about you and I love you dearly for you are my dear cousin. I have been at home a great many weeks now. It made me feel very sad to leave Boston and I missed all of my friends greatly, but of course I was glad to get back to my lovely home once more. My darling little sister is growing very fast. Sometimes she tries to spell very short words on her small [fingers] but she is too young to remember hard words. When she is older I will teach her many things if she is patient and obedient. My teacher says, if children learn to be patient and gentle while they are little, that when they grow to be young ladies and gentlemen they will not forget to be kind and loving and brave. I hope I shall be courageous always. A little girl in a story was not courageous. She thought she saw little elves with tall pointed [hats] peeping from between the bushes and dancing down the long alleys, and the poor little girl was terrified. Did you have a pleasant Christmas? I had many lovely presents given to me. The other day I had a fine party. All of my dear little friends came to see me. We played games, and ate ice-cream and cake and fruit. Then we had great fun. The sun is shining brightly to-day and I hope we shall go to ride if the roads are dry. In a few days the beautiful spring will be here. I am very glad because I love the warm sunshine and the fragrant flowers. I think Flowers grow to make people happy and good. I have four dolls now. Cedric is my little boy, he is named for Lord Fauntleroy. He has big brown eyes and long golden hair and pretty round cheeks. Ida is my baby. A lady brought her to me from Paris. She can drink milk like a real baby. Lucy is a fine young lady. She has on a dainty lace dress and satin slippers. Poor old Nancy is growing old and very feeble. She is almost an invalid. I have two tame pigeons and a tiny canary bird. Jumbo is very strong and faithful. He will not let anything harm us at night. I go to school every day I am studying reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and language. My Mother and teacher send you and Mrs. Hale their kind greetings and Mildred sends you a kiss.
With much love and kisses, from your

Affectionate cousin
HELEN A. KELLER.

During the winter Miss Sullivan and her pupil were working at Helen's home in Tuscumbia, and to good purpose, for by spring Helen had learned to write idiomatic English. After May, 1889, I find almost no inaccuracies, except some evident slips of the pencil. She uses words precisely and makes easy, fluent sentences.

TO MR. MICHAEL ANAGNOS
Tuscumbia, Ala., May 18, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Anagnos:—You cannot imagine how delighted I was to receive a letter from you last evening. I am very sorry that you are going so far away. We shall miss you very, very much. I would love to visit many beautiful cities with you. When I was in Huntsville I saw Dr. Bryson, and he told me that he had been to Rome and Athens and Paris and London. He had climbed the high mountains in Switzerland and visited beautiful churches in Italy and France, and he saw a great many ancient castles. I hope you will please write to me from all the cities you visit. When you go to Holland please give my love to the lovely princess Wilhelmina. She is a dear little girl, and when she is old enough she will be the queen of Holland. If you go to Roumania please ask the good queen Elizabeth about her little invalid brother, and tell her that I am very sorry that her darling little girl died. I should like to send a kiss to Vittorio, the little prince of Naples, but teacher says she is afraid you will not remember so many messages. When I am thirteen years old I shall visit them all myself.

I thank you very much for the beautiful story about Lord Fauntleroy, and so does teacher.

I am so glad that Eva is coming to stay with me this summer. We will have fine times together. Give Howard my love, and tell him to answer my letter. Thursday we had a picnic. It was very pleasant out in the shady woods, and we all enjoyed the picnic very much.

Mildred is out in the yard playing, and mother is picking the delicious strawberries. Father and Uncle Frank are down town. Simpson is coming home soon. Mildred and I had our pictures taken while we were in Huntsville. I will send you one.

The roses have been beautiful. Mother has a great many fine roses. The La France and the Lamarque are the most fragrant; but the Marechal Neil, Solfaterre, Jacqueminot, Nipheots, Etoile de Lyon, Papa Gontier, Gabrielle Drevet and the Perle des Jardines are all lovely roses.

Please give the little boys and girls my love. I think of them every day and I love them dearly in my heart. When you come home from Europe I hope you will be all well and very happy to get home again. Do not forget to give my love to Miss Calliope Kehayia and Mr. Francis Demetrios Kalopothakes.
Lovingly, your little friend,
HELEN ADAMS KELLER.

Like a good many of Helen Keller's early letters, this to her

French teacher is her re-phrasing of a story. It shows how much the gift of writing is, in the early stages of its development, the gift of mimicry.

TO MISS FANNIE S. MARRETT
Tuscumbia, Ala., May 17, 1889.

My Dear Miss Marrett—I am thinking about a dear little girl, who wept very hard. She wept because her brother teased her very much. I will tell you what he did, and I think you will feel very sorry for the little child. She had a most beautiful doll given her. Oh, it was a lovely and delicate doll! but the little girl's brother, a tall lad, had taken the doll, and set it up in a high tree in the garden, and had run away. The little girl could not reach the doll, and could not help it down, and therefore she cried. The doll cried, too, and stretched out its arms from among the green branches, and looked distressed. Soon the dismal night would come—and was the doll to sit up in the tree all night, and by herself? The little girl could not endure that thought. "I will stay with you," said she to the doll, although she was not at all courageous. Already she began to see quite plainly the little elves in their tall pointed hats, dancing down the dusky alleys, and peeping from between the bushes, and they seemed to come nearer and nearer; and she stretched her hands up towards the tree in which the doll sat and they laughed, and pointed their fingers at her. How terrified was the little girl; but if one has not done anything wrong, these strange little elves cannot harm one. "Have I done anything wrong? Ah, yes!" said the little girl. "I have laughed at the poor duck, with the red rag tied round its leg. It hobbled, and that made me laugh; but it is wrong to laugh at the poor animals!"

Is it not a pitiful story? I hope the father punished the naughty little boy. Shall you be very glad to see my teacher next Thursday? She is going home to rest, but she will come back to me next autumn.
Lovingly, your little friend,
HELEN ADAMS KELLER.

TO MISS MARY E. RILEY
Tuscumbia, Ala., May 27, 1889.

My Dear Miss Riley:—I wish you were here in the warm, sunny south today. Little sister and I would take you out into the garden, and pick the delicious raspberries and a few strawberries for you. How would you like that? The strawberries are nearly all gone. In the evening, when it is cool and pleasant, we would walk in the yard, and catch the grasshoppers and butterflies. We would talk about the birds and flowers and grass and Jumbo and Pearl. If you liked, we would run and jump and hop and dance, and be very happy. I think you would enjoy hearing the mocking-birds sing. One sits on the twig of a tree, just beneath our window, and he fills the air with his glad songs. But I am afraid you cannot come to Tuscumbia; so I will write to you, and send you a sweet kiss and my love. How is Dick? Daisy is happy, but she would be happy ever if she had a little mate. My little children are all well except Nancy, and she is quite feeble. My grandmother and aunt Corinne are here. Grandmother is going to make me two new dresses. Give my love to all the little girls, and tell them that Helen loves them very, very much. Eva sends love to all.

With much love and many kisses, from your affectionate little friend,
HELEN ADAMS KELLER.

During the summer Miss Sullivan was away from Helen for three months and a half, the first separation of teacher and pupil. Only once afterward in fifteen years was their constant companionship broken for more than a few days at a time.

TO MISS ANNE MANSFIELD SULLIVAN
Tuscumbia, Ala., August 7, 1889.

Dearest Teacher—I am very glad to write to you this evening, for I have been thinking much about you all day. I am sitting on the piazza, and my little white pigeon is perched on the back of my chair, watching me write. Her little brown mate has flown away with the other birds; but Annie is not sad, for she likes to stay with me. Fauntleroy is asleep upstairs, and Nancy is putting Lucy to bed. Perhaps the mocking bird is singing them to sleep. All the beautiful flowers are in bloom now. The air is sweet with the perfume of jasmines, heliotropes and roses. It is getting warm here now, so father is going to take us to the Quarry on the 20th of August. I think we shall have a beautiful time out in the cool, pleasant woods. I will write and tell you all the pleasant things we do. I am so glad that Lester and Henry are good little infants. Give them many sweet kisses for me.

What was the name of the little boy who fell in love with the beautiful star? Eva has been telling me a story about a lovely little girl named Heidi. Will you please send it to me? I shall be delighted to have a typewriter.

Little Arthur is growing very fast. He has on short dresses now. Cousin Leila thinks he will walk in a little while. Then I will take his soft chubby hand in mine, and go out in the bright sunshine with him. He will pull the largest roses, and chase the gayest butterflies. I will take very good care of him, and not let him fall and hurt himself. Father and some other gentlemen went hunting yesterday. Father killed thirty-eight birds. We had some of them for supper, and they were very nice. Last Monday Simpson shot a pretty crane. The crane is a large and strong bird. His wings are as long as my arm, and his bill is as long as my foot. He eats little fishes, and other small animals. Father says he can fly nearly all day without stopping.

Mildred is the dearest and sweetest little maiden in the world. She is very roguish, too. Sometimes, when mother does not know it, she goes out into the vineyard, and gets her apron full of delicious grapes. I think she would like to put her two soft arms around your neck and hug you.

Sunday I went to church. I love to go to church, because I like to see my friends.

A gentleman gave me a beautiful card. It was a picture of a mill, near a beautiful brook. There was a boat floating on the water, and the fragrant lilies were growing all around the boat. Not far from the mill there was an old house, with many trees growing close to it. There were eight pigeons on the roof of the house, and a great dog on the step. Pearl is a very proud mother-dog

now. She has eight puppies, and she thinks there never were such fine puppies as hers.

I read in my books every day. I love them very, very, very much. I do want you to come back to me soon. I miss you so very, very much. I cannot know about many things, when my dear teacher is not here. I send you five thousand kisses, and more love than I can tell. I send Mrs. H. much love and a kiss.
From your affectionate little pupil,
HELEN A. KELLER.

In the fall Helen and Miss Sullivan returned to Perkins Institution at South Boston.

TO MISS MILDRED KELLER
South Boston, Oct. 24, 1889.

My Precious Little Sister:—Good morning. I am going to send you a birthday gift with this letter. I hope it will please you very much, because it makes me happy to send it. The dress is blue like your eyes, and candy is sweet just like your dear little self. I think mother will be glad to make the dress for you, and when you wear it you will look as pretty as a rose. The picture-book will tell you all about many strange and wild animals. You must not be afraid of them. They cannot come out of the picture to harm you.

I go to school every day, and I learn many new things. At eight I study arithmetic. I like that. At nine I go to the gymnasium with the little girls and we have great fun. I wish you could be here to play three little squirrels, and two gentle doves, and to make a pretty nest for a dear little robin. The mocking bird does not live in the cold north. At ten I study about the earth on which we all live. At eleven I talk with teacher and at twelve I study zoology. I do not know what I shall do in the afternoon yet.

Now, my darling little Mildred, good bye. Give father and mother a great deal of love and many hugs and kisses for me. Teacher sends her love too.
From your loving sister,
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO MR. WILLIAM WADE
South Boston, Mass., Nov. 20, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Wade:—I have just received a letter from my mother, telling me that the beautiful mastiff puppy you sent me had arrived in Tuscumbia safely. Thank you very much for the nice gift. I am very sorry that I was not at home to welcome her; but my mother and my baby sister will be very kind to her while her mistress is away. I hope she is not lonely and unhappy. I think puppies can feel very home-sick, as well as little girls. I should like to call her Lioness, for your dog. May I? I hope she will be very faithful,—and brave, too.

I am studying in Boston, with my dear teacher. I learn a great many new and wonderful things. I study about the earth, and the animals, and I like arithmetic exceedingly. I learn many new words, too. EXCEEDINGLY is one that I learned yesterday. When I see Lioness I will tell her many things which will surprise her greatly. I think she will laugh when I tell her she is a

vertebrate, a mammal, a quadruped; and I shall be very sorry to tell her that she belongs to the order Carnivora. I study French, too. When I talk French to Lioness I will call her mon beau chien. Please tell Lion that I will take good care of Lioness. I shall be happy to have a letter from you when you like to write to me.

From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

P.S. I am studying at the Institution for the Blind.

H. A. K.

This letter is indorsed in Whittier's hand, "Helen A. Keller—deaf dumb and blind—aged nine years." "Browns" is a lapse of the pencil for "brown eyes."

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
Inst. for the Blind, So. Boston, Mass.,
Nov. 27, 1889.

Dear Poet,
I think you will be surprised to receive a letter from a little girl whom you do not know, but I thought you would be glad to hear that your beautiful poems make me very happy. Yesterday I read "In School Days" and "My Playmate," and I enjoyed them greatly. I was very sorry that the poor little girl with the browns and the "tangled golden curls" died. It is very pleasant to live here in our beautiful world. I cannot see the lovely things with my eyes, but my mind can see them all, and so I am joyful all the day long.

When I walk out in my garden I cannot see the beautiful flowers but I know that they are all around me; for is not the air sweet with their fragrance? I know too that the tiny lily-bells are whispering pretty secrets to their companions else they would not look so happy. I love you very dearly, because you have taught me so many lovely things about flowers, and birds, and people. Now I must say, good-bye. I hope [you] will enjoy the Thanksgiving very much.

From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.
To Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier.

Whittier's reply, to which there is a reference in the following letter, has been lost.

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
South Boston, Mass., Dec. 3, 1889.

My Dear Mother:—Your little daughter is very happy to write to you this beautiful morning. It is cold and rainy here to-day. Yesterday the Countess of Meath came again to see me. She gave me a beautiful bunch of violets. Her little girls are named Violet and May. The Earl said he should be delighted to visit Tuscumbia the next time he comes to America. Lady Meath said she would like to see your flowers, and hear the mocking-birds sing. When I visit England they want me to come to see them, and stay a few weeks. They will take me to see the Queen.

I had a lovely letter from the poet Whittier. He loves me. Mr. Wade wants teacher and me to come and see him next spring. May we go? He said you must feed Lioness from your hand, because she will be more gentle if she does not eat with other dogs.

Mr. Wilson came to call on us one Thursday. I was delighted to receive the flowers from home. They came while we were eating breakfast, and my friends enjoyed them with me. We had a very nice dinner on Thanksgiving day,—turkey and plum-pudding. Last week I visited a beautiful art store. I saw a great many statues, and the gentleman gave me an angel.

Sunday I went to church on board a great warship. After the services were over the soldier-sailors showed us around. There were four hundred and sixty sailors. They were very kind to me. One carried me in his arms so that my feet would not touch the water. They wore blue uniforms and queer little caps. There was a terrible fire Thursday. Many stores were burned, and four men were killed. I am very sorry for them. Tell father, please, to write to me. How is dear little sister? Give her many kisses for me. Now I must close. With much love, from your darling child, HELEN A. KELLER.

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
So. Boston, Mass., Dec. 24, 1889

My dear Mother,
Yesterday I sent you a little Christmas box. I am very sorry that I could not send it before so that you would receive it tomorrow, but I could not finish the watch-case any sooner. I made all of the gifts myself, excepting father's handkerchief. I wish I could have made father a gift too, but I did not have sufficient time. I hope you will like your watch-case, for it made me very happy to make it for you. You must keep your lovely new montre in it. If it is too warm in Tuscumbia for little sister to wear her pretty mittens, she can keep them because her sister made them for her. I imagine she will have fun with the little toy man. Tell her to shake him, and then he will blow his trumpet. I thank my dear kind father for sending me some money, to buy gifts for my friends. I love to make everybody happy. I should like to be at home on Christmas day. We would be very happy together. I think of my beautiful home every day. Please do not forget to send me some pretty presents to hang on my tree. I am going to have a Christmas tree, in the parlor and teacher will hang all of my gifts upon it. It will be a funny tree. All of the girls have gone home to spend Christmas. Teacher and I are the only babies left for Mrs. Hopkins to care for. Teacher has been sick in bed for many days. Her throat was very sore and the doctor thought she would have to go away to the hospital, but she is better now. I have not been sick at all. The little girls are well too. Friday I am going to spend the day with my little friends Carrie, Ethel, Frank and Helen Freeman. We will have great fun I am sure.

Mr. and Miss Endicott came to see me, and I went to ride in the carriage. They are going to give me a lovely present, but I cannot guess what it will be. Sammy has a dear new brother. He is very soft and delicate yet. Mr. Anagnos is in Athens now. He is delighted because I am here. Now I must say, good-bye. I hope I have written my letter nicely, but it is very difficult to write on this paper and teacher is not here to give me better. Give

many kisses to little sister and much love to all. Lovingly HELEN.

TO DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
South Boston, Jan. 8, 1890.

My dear Mr. Hale:
The beautiful shells came last night. I thank you very much for them. I shall always keep them, and it will make me very happy to think that you found them, on that far away island, from which Columbus sailed to discover our dear country. When I am eleven years old it will be four hundred years since he started with the three small ships to cross the great strange ocean. He was very brave. The little girls were delighted to see the lovely shells. I told them all I knew about them. Are you very glad that you could make so many happy? I am. I should be very happy to come and teach you the Braille sometime, if you have time to learn, but I am afraid you are too busy. A few days ago I received a little box of English violets from Lady Meath. The flowers were wilted, but the kind thought which came with them was as sweet and as fresh as newly pulled violets.

With loving greeting to the little cousins, and Mrs. Hale and a sweet kiss for yourself,
From your little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

This, the first of Helen's letters to Dr. Holmes, written soon after a visit to him, he published in "Over the Teacups." [Atlantic Monthly, May, 1890]

TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
South Boston, Mass., March 1, 1890.

Dear, Kind Poet:—I have thought of you many times since that bright Sunday when I bade you good-bye; and I am going to write you a letter, because I love you. I am sorry that you have no little children to play with you sometimes; but I think you are very happy with your books, and your many, many friends. On Washington's birthday a great many people came here to see the blind children; and I read for them from your poems, and showed them some beautiful shells, which came from a little island near Palos.

I am reading a very sad story, called "Little Jakey." Jakey was the sweetest little fellow you can imagine, but he was poor and blind. I used to think—when I was small, and before I could read—that everybody was always happy, and at first it made me very sad to know about pain and great sorrow; but now I know that we could never learn to be brave and patient, if there were only joy in the world.

I am studying about insects in zoology, and I have learned many things about butterflies. They do not make honey for us, like the bees, but many of them are as beautiful as the flowers they light upon, and they always delight the hearts of little children. They live a gay life, flitting from flower to flower, sipping the drops of honeydew, without a thought for the morrow. They are just like little boys and girls when they forget books and studies, and run away to the woods and the fields, to gather wild flowers, or wade in the ponds for fragrant lilies, happy in the

bright sunshine.

If my little sister comes to Boston next June, will you let me bring her to see you? She is a lovely baby, and I am sure you will love her.

Now I must tell my gentle poet good-bye, for I have a letter to write home before I go to bed.
From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO MISS SARAH FULLER [Miss Fuller gave Helen Keller her first lesson in articulation. See Chapter IV, Speech.]
South Boston, Mass., April 3, 1890.

My dear Miss Fuller,
My heart is full of joy this beautiful morning, because I have learned to speak many new words, and I can make a few sentences. Last evening I went out in the yard and spoke to the moon. I said, "O! moon come to me!" Do you think the lovely moon was glad that I could speak to her? How glad my mother will be. I can hardly wait for June to come I am so eager to speak to her and to my precious little sister. Mildred could not understand me when I spelled with my fingers, but now she will sit in my lap and I will tell her many things to please her, and we shall be so happy together. Are you very, very happy because you can make so many people happy? I think you are very kind and patient, and I love you very dearly. My teacher told me Tuesday that you wanted to know how I came to wish to talk with my mouth. I will tell you all about it, for I remember my thoughts perfectly. When I was a very little child I used to sit in my mother's lap all the time, because I was very timid, and did not like to be left by myself. And I would keep my little hand on her face all the while, because it amused me to feel her face and lips move when she talked with people. I did not know then what she was doing, for I was quite ignorant of all things. Then when I was older I learned to play with my nurse and the little negro children and I noticed that they kept moving their lips just like my mother, so I moved mine too, but sometimes it made me angry and I would hold my playmates' mouths very hard. I did not know then that it was very naughty to do so. After a long time my dear teacher came to me, and taught me to communicate with my fingers and I was satisfied and happy. But when I came to school in Boston I met some deaf people who talked with their mouths like all other people, and one day a lady who had been to Norway came to see me, and told me of a blind and deaf girl [Ragnhild Kaata] she had seen in that far away land who had been taught to speak and understand others when they spoke to her. This good and happy news delighted me exceedingly, for then I was sure that I should learn also. I tried to make sounds like my little playmates, but teacher told me that the voice was very delicate and sensitive and that it would injure it to make incorrect sounds, and promised to take me to see a kind and wise lady who would teach me rightly. That lady was yourself. Now I am as happy as the little birds, because I can speak and perhaps I shall sing too. All of my friends will be so surprised and glad.
Your loving little pupil,
HELEN A. KELLER.

When the Perkins Institution closed for the summer, Helen and Miss Sullivan went to Tuscumbia. This was the first home-going

after she had learned to "talk with her mouth."

TO REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS
Tuscumbia, Alabama, July 14, 1890.

My dear Mr. Brooks, I am very glad to write to you this beautiful day because you are my kind friend and I love you, and because I wish to know many things. I have been at home three weeks, and Oh, how happy I have been with dear mother and father and precious little sister. I was very, very sad to part with all of my friends in Boston, but I was so eager to see my baby sister I could hardly wait for the train to take me home. But I tried very hard to be patient for teacher's sake. Mildred has grown much taller and stronger than she was when I went to Boston, and she is the sweetest and dearest little child in the world. My parents were delighted to hear me speak, and I was overjoyed to give them such a happy surprise. I think it is so pleasant to make everybody happy. Why does the dear Father in heaven think it best for us to have very great sorrow sometimes? I am always happy and so was Little Lord Fauntleroy, but dear Little Jakey's life was full of sadness. God did not put the light in Jakey's eyes and he was blind, and his father was not gentle and loving. Do you think poor Jakey loved his Father in heaven more because his other father was unkind to him? How did God tell people that his home was in heaven? When people do very wrong and hurt animals and treat children unkindly God is grieved, but what will he do to them to teach them to be pitiful and loving? I think he will tell them how dearly He loves them and that He wants them to be good and happy, and they will not wish to grieve their father who loves them so much, and they will want to please him in everything they do, so they will love each other and do good to everyone, and be kind to animals.

Please tell me something that you know about God. It makes me happy to know much about my loving Father, who is good and wise. I hope you will write to your little friend when you have time. I should like very much to see you to-day Is the sun very hot in Boston now? this afternoon if it is cool enough I shall take Mildred for a ride on my donkey. Mr. Wade sent Neddy to me, and he is the prettiest donkey you can imagine. My great dog Lioness goes with us when we ride to protect us. Simpson, that is my brother, brought me some beautiful pond lilies yesterday—he is a very brother to me.

Teacher sends you her kind remembrances, and father and mother also send their regards.
From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

DR. BROOKS'S REPLY
London, August 3, 1890.

My Dear Helen—I was very glad indeed to get your letter. It has followed me across the ocean and found me in this magnificent great city which I should like to tell you all about if I could take time for it and make my letter long enough. Some time when you come and see me in my study in Boston I shall be glad to talk to you about it all if you care to hear.

But now I want to tell you how glad I am that you are so happy and enjoying your home so very much. I can almost think I see you

with your father and mother and little sister, with all the brightness of the beautiful country about you, and it makes me very glad to know how glad you are.

I am glad also to know, from the questions which you ask me, what you are thinking about. I do not see how we can help thinking about God when He is so good to us all the time. Let me tell you how it seems to me that we come to know about our heavenly Father. It is from the power of love which is in our own hearts. Love is at the soul of everything. Whatever has not the power of loving must have a very dreary life indeed. We like to think that the sunshine and the winds and the trees are able to love in some way of their own, for it would make us know that they were happy if we knew that they could love. And so God who is the greatest and happiest of all beings is the most loving too. All the love that is in our hearts comes from him, as all the light which is in the flowers comes from the sun. And the more we love the more near we are to God and His Love.

I told you that I was very happy because of your happiness. Indeed I am. So are your Father and your Mother and your Teacher and all your friends. But do you not think that God is happy too because you are happy? I am sure He is. And He is happier than any of us because He is greater than any of us, and also because He not merely SEES your happiness as we do, but He also MADE it. He gives it to you as the sun gives light and color to the rose. And we are always most glad of what we not merely see our friends enjoy, but of what we give them to enjoy. Are we not?

But God does not only want us to be HAPPY; He wants us to be good. He wants that most of all. He knows that we can be really happy only when we are good. A great deal of the trouble that is in the world is medicine which is very bad to take, but which it is good to take because it makes us better. We see how good people may be in great trouble when we think of Jesus who was the greatest sufferer that ever lived and yet was the best Being and so, I am sure, the happiest Being that the world has ever seen.

I love to tell you about God. But He will tell you Himself by the love which He will put into your heart if you ask Him. And Jesus, who is His Son, but is nearer to Him than all of us His other Children, came into the world on purpose to tell us all about our Father's Love. If you read His words, you will see how full His heart is of the love of God. "We KNOW that He loves us," He says. And so He loved men Himself and though they were very cruel to Him and at last killed Him, He was willing to die for them because He loved them so. And, Helen, He loves men still, and He loves us, and He tells us that we may love Him.

And so love is everything. And if anybody asks you, or if you ask yourself what God is, answer, "God is Love." That is the beautiful answer which the Bible gives.

All this is what you are to think of and to understand more and more as you grow older. Think of it now, and let it make every blessing brighter because your dear Father sends it to you.

You will come back to Boston I hope soon after I do. I shall be there by the middle of September. I shall want you to tell me all about everything, and not forget the Donkey.

I send my kind remembrance to your father and mother, and to your teacher. I wish I could see your little sister.

Good Bye, dear Helen. Do write to me soon again, directing your letter to Boston.
Your affectionate friend
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

DR. HOLMES'S REPLY
To a letter which has been lost.

Beverly Farms, Mass., August 1, 1890.
My Dear Little Friend Helen:

I received your welcome letter several days ago, but I have so much writing to do that I am apt to make my letters wait a good while before they get answered.

It gratifies me very much to find that you remember me so kindly. Your letter is charming, and I am greatly pleased with it. I rejoice to know that you are well and happy. I am very much delighted to hear of your new acquisition—that you "talk with your mouth" as well as with your fingers. What a curious thing SPEECH is! The tongue is so serviceable a member (taking all sorts of shapes, just as is wanted),—the teeth, the lips, the roof of the mouth, all ready to help, and so heap up the sound of the voice into the solid bits which we call consonants, and make room for the curiously shaped breathings which we call vowels! You have studied all this, I don't doubt, since you have practised vocal speaking.

I am surprised at the mastery of language which your letter shows. It almost makes me think the world would get along as well without seeing and hearing as with them. Perhaps people would be better in a great many ways, for they could not fight as they do now. Just think of an army of blind people, with guns and cannon! Think of the poor drummers! Of what use would they and their drumsticks be? You are spared the pain of many sights and sounds, which you are only too happy in escaping. Then think how much kindness you are sure of as long as you live. Everybody will feel an interest in dear little Helen; everybody will want to do something for her; and, if she becomes an ancient, gray-haired woman, she is still sure of being thoughtfully cared for.

Your parents and friends must take great satisfaction in your progress. It does great credit, not only to you, but to your instructors, who have so broken down the walls that seemed to shut you in that now your outlook seems more bright and cheerful than that of many seeing and hearing children.

Good-bye, dear little Helen! With every kind wish from your friend,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

This letter was written to some gentlemen in Gardiner, Maine, who named a lumber vessel after her.

TO MESSRS. BRADSTREET
Tuscumbia, Ala., July 14, 1890.

My Dear, Kind Friends:—I thank you very, very much for naming

your beautiful new ship for me. It makes me very happy to know that I have kind and loving friends in the far-away State of Maine. I did not imagine, when I studied about the forests of Maine, that a strong and beautiful ship would go sailing all over the world, carrying wood from those rich forests, to build pleasant homes and schools and churches in distant countries. I hope the great ocean will love the new Helen, and let her sail over its blue waves peacefully. Please tell the brave sailors, who have charge of the HELEN KELLER, that little Helen who stays at home will often think of them with loving thoughts. I hope I shall see you and my beautiful namesake some time.

With much love, from your little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.
To the Messrs. Bradstreet.

Helen and Miss Sullivan returned to the Perkins Institution early in November.

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
South Boston, Nov. 10, 1890.

My Dearest Mother:—My heart has been full of thoughts of you and my beautiful home ever since we parted so sadly on Wednesday night. How I wish I could see you this lovely morning, and tell you all that has happened since I left home! And my darling little sister, how I wish I could give her a hundred kisses! And my dear father, how he would like to hear about our journey! But I cannot see you and talk to you, so I will write and tell you all that I can think of.

We did not reach Boston until Saturday morning. I am sorry to say that our train was delayed in several places, which made us late in reaching New York. When we got to Jersey City at six o'clock Friday evening we were obliged to cross the Harlem River in a ferry-boat. We found the boat and the transfer carriage with much less difficulty than teacher expected. When we arrived at the station they told us that the train did not leave for Boston until eleven o'clock, but that we could take the sleeper at nine, which we did. We went to bed and slept until morning. When we awoke we were in Boston. I was delighted to get there, though I was much disappointed because we did not arrive on Mr. Anagnos' birthday. We surprised our dear friends, however, for they did not expect us Saturday; but when the bell rung Miss Marrett guessed who was at the door, and Mrs. Hopkins jumped up from the breakfast table and ran to the door to meet us; she was indeed much astonished to see us. After we had had some breakfast we went up to see Mr. Anagnos. I was overjoyed to see my dearest and kindest friend once more. He gave me a beautiful watch. I have it pinned to my dress. I tell everybody the time when they ask me. I have only seen Mr. Anagnos twice. I have many questions to ask him about the countries he has been travelling in. But I suppose he is very busy now.

The hills in Virginia were very lovely. Jack Frost had dressed them in gold and crimson. The view was most charmingly picturesque. Pennsylvania is a very beautiful State. The grass was as green as though it was springtime, and the golden ears of corn gathered together in heaps in the great fields looked very pretty. In Harrisburg we saw a donkey like Neddy. How I wish I could see my own donkey and my dear Lioness! Do they miss their

mistress very much? Tell Mildred she must be kind to them for my sake.

Our room is pleasant and comfortable.

My typewriter was much injured coming. The case was broken and the keys are nearly all out. Teacher is going to see if it can be fixed.

There are many new books in the library. What a nice time I shall have reading them! I have already read Sara Crewe. It is a very pretty story, and I will tell it to you some time. Now, sweet mother, your little girl must say good-bye.

With much love to father, Mildred, you and all the dear friends, lovingly your little daughter,
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
South Boston, Dec. 17, 1890.

Dear Kind Poet,
This is your birthday; that was the first thought which came into my mind when I awoke this morning; and it made me glad to think I could write you a letter and tell you how much your little friends love their sweet poet and his birthday. This evening they are going to entertain their friends with readings from your poems and music. I hope the swift winged messengers of love will be here to carry some of the sweet melody to you, in your little study by the Merrimac. At first I was very sorry when I found that the sun had hidden his shining face behind dull clouds, but afterwards I thought why he did it, and then I was happy. The sun knows that you like to see the world covered with beautiful white snow and so he kept back all his brightness, and let the little crystals form in the sky. When they are ready, they will softly fall and tenderly cover every object. Then the sun will appear in all his radiance and fill the world with light. If I were with you to-day I would give you eighty-three kisses, one for each year you have lived. Eighty-three years seems very long to me. Does it seem long to you? I wonder how many years there will be in eternity. I am afraid I cannot think about so much time. I received the letter which you wrote to me last summer, and I thank you for it. I am staying in Boston now at the Institution for the Blind, but I have not commenced my studies yet, because my dearest friend, Mr. Anagnos wants me to rest and play a great deal.

Teacher is well and sends her kind remembrance to you. The happy Christmas time is almost here! I can hardly wait for the fun to begin! I hope your Christmas Day will be a very happy one and that the New Year will be full of brightness and joy for you and every one.
From your little friend
HELEN A. KELLER.

WHITTIER'S REPLY

My Dear Young Friend—I was very glad to have such a pleasant letter on my birthday. I had two or three hundred others and thine was one of the most welcome of all. I must tell thee about how the day passed at Oak Knoll. Of course the sun did not shine,

but we had great open wood fires in the rooms, which were all very sweet with roses and other flowers, which were sent to me from distant friends; and fruits of all kinds from California and other places. Some relatives and dear old friends were with me through the day. I do not wonder thee thinks eighty three years a long time, but to me it seems but a very little while since I was a boy no older than thee, playing on the old farm at Haverhill. I thank thee for all thy good wishes, and wish thee as many. I am glad thee is at the Institution; it is an excellent place. Give my best regards to Miss Sullivan, and with a great deal of love I am
Thy old friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Tommy Stringer, who appears in several of the following letters, became blind and deaf when he was four years old. His mother was dead and his father was too poor to take care of him. For a while he was kept in the general hospital at Allegheny. From here he was to be sent to an almshouse, for at that time there was no other place for him in Pennsylvania. Helen heard of him through Mr. J. G. Brown of Pittsburgh, who wrote her that he had failed to secure a tutor for Tommy. She wanted him brought to Boston, and when she was told that money would be needed to get him a teacher, she answered, "We will raise it." She began to solicit contributions from her friends, and saved her pennies.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell advised Tommy's friends to send him to Boston, and the trustees of the Perkins Institution agreed to admit him to the kindergarten for the blind.

Meanwhile opportunity came to Helen to make a considerable contribution to Tommy's education. The winter before, her dog Lioness had been killed, and friends set to work to raise money to buy Helen another dog. Helen asked that the contributions, which people were sending from all over America and England, be devoted to Tommy's education. Turned to this new use, the fund grew fast, and Tommy was provided for. He was admitted to the kindergarten on the sixth of April.

Miss Keller wrote lately, "I shall never forget the pennies sent by many a poor child who could ill spare them, 'for little Tommy,' or the swift sympathy with which people from far and near, whom I had never seen, responded to the dumb cry of a little captive soul for aid."

TO MR. GEORGE R. KREHL
Institution for the Blind,
South Boston, Mass., March 20, 1891.

My Dear Friend, Mr. Krehl:—I have just heard, through Mr. Wade, of your kind offer to buy me a gentle dog, and I want to thank you for the kind thought. It makes me very happy indeed to know that I have such dear friends in other lands. It makes me think that all people are good and loving. I have read that the English and Americans are cousins; but I am sure it would be much truer to say that we are brothers and sisters. My friends have told me about your great and magnificent city, and I have read a great deal that wise Englishmen have written. I have begun to read "Enoch Arden," and I know several of the great poet's poems by heart. I am eager to cross the ocean, for I want to see my English friends and their good and wise queen. Once the Earl of

Meath came to see me, and he told me that the queen was much beloved by her people, because of her gentleness and wisdom. Some day you will be surprised to see a little strange girl coming into your office; but when you know it is the little girl who loves dogs and all other animals, you will laugh, and I hope you will give her a kiss, just as Mr. Wade does. He has another dog for me, and he thinks she will be as brave and faithful as my beautiful Lioness. And now I want to tell you what the dog lovers in America are going to do. They are going to send me some money for a poor little deaf and dumb and blind child. His name is Tommy, and he is five years old. His parents are too poor to pay to have the little fellow sent to school; so, instead of giving me a dog, the gentlemen are going to help make Tommy's life as bright and joyous as mine. Is it not a beautiful plan? Education will bring light and music into Tommy's soul, and then he cannot help being happy.
From your loving little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
[South Boston, Mass., April, 1891.]

Dear Dr. Holmes:—Your beautiful words about spring have been making music in my heart, these bright April days. I love every word of "Spring" and "Spring Has Come." I think you will be glad to hear that these poems have taught me to enjoy and love the beautiful springtime, even though I cannot see the fair, frail blossoms which proclaim its approach, or hear the joyous warbling of the home-coming birds. But when I read "Spring Has Come," lo! I am not blind any longer, for I see with your eyes and hear with your ears. Sweet Mother Nature can have no secrets from me when my poet is near. I have chosen this paper because I want the spray of violets in the corner to tell you of my grateful love. I want you to see baby Tom, the little blind and deaf and dumb child who has just come to our pretty garden. He is poor and helpless and lonely now, but before another April education will have brought light and gladness into Tommy's life. If you do come, you will want to ask the kind people of Boston to help brighten Tommy's whole life. Your loving friend,
HELEN KELLER.

TO SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS
Perkins Institution for the Blind,
South Boston, Mass., April 30, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Millais:—Your little American sister is going to write you a letter, because she wants you to know how pleased she was to hear you were interested in our poor little Tommy, and had sent some money to help educate him. It is very beautiful to think that people far away in England feel sorry for a little helpless child in America. I used to think, when I read in my books about your great city, that when I visited it the people would be strangers to me, but now I feel differently. It seems to me that all people who have loving, pitying hearts, are not strangers to each other. I can hardly wait patiently for the time to come when I shall see my dear English friends, and their beautiful island home. My favourite poet has written some lines about England which I love very much. I think you will like them too, so I will try to write them for you.

"Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,

From seaweed fringe to mountain heather,
The British oak with rooted grasp
Her slender handful holds together,
With cliffs of white and bowers of green,
And ocean narrowing to caress her,
And hills and threaded streams between,
Our little mother isle, God bless her!"

You will be glad to hear that Tommy has a kind lady to teach him, and that he is a pretty, active little fellow. He loves to climb much better than to spell, but that is because he does not know yet what a wonderful thing language is. He cannot imagine how very, very happy he will be when he can tell us his thoughts, and we can tell him how we have loved him so long.

Tomorrow April will hide her tears and blushes beneath the flowers of lovely May. I wonder if the May-days in England are as beautiful as they are here.

Now I must say good-bye. Please think of me always as your loving little sister,
HELEN KELLER.

TO REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS
So. Boston, May 1, 1891.

My Dear Mr. Brooks:
Helen sends you a loving greeting this bright May-day. My teacher has just told me that you have been made a bishop, and that your friends everywhere are rejoicing because one whom they love has been greatly honored. I do not understand very well what a bishop's work is, but I am sure it must be good and helpful, and I am glad that my dear friend is brave, and wise, and loving enough to do it. It is very beautiful to think that you can tell so many people of the heavenly Father's tender love for all His children even when they are not gentle and noble as He wishes them to be. I hope the glad news which you will tell them will make their hearts beat fast with joy and love. I hope too, that Bishop Brooks' whole life will be as rich in happiness as the month of May is full of blossoms and singing birds.
From your loving little friend,
HELEN KELLER.

Before a teacher was found for Tommy and while he was still in the care of Helen and Miss Sullivan, a reception was held for him at the kindergarten. At Helen's request Bishop Brooks made an address. Helen wrote letters to the newspapers which brought many generous replies. All of these she answered herself, and she made public acknowledgment in letters to the newspapers. This letter is to the editor of the Boston Herald, enclosing a complete list of the subscribers. The contributions amounted to more than sixteen hundred dollars.

TO MR. JOHN H. HOLMES
South Boston, May 13, 1891.
Editor of the Boston Herald:
My Dear Mr. Holmes:—Will you kindly print in the Herald, the enclosed list? I think the readers of your paper will be glad to know that so much has been done for dear little Tommy, and that they will all wish to share in the pleasure of helping him. He is very happy indeed at the kindergarten, and is learning something

every day. He has found out that doors have locks, and that little sticks and bits of paper can be got into the key-hole quite easily; but he does not seem very eager to get them out after they are in. He loves to climb the bed-posts and unscrew the steam valves much better than to spell, but that is because he does not understand that words would help him to make new and interesting discoveries. I hope that good people will continue to work for Tommy until his fund is completed, and education has brought light and music into his little life.
From your little friend,
HELEN KELLER.

TO DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
South Boston, May 27, 1891.
Dear, Gentle Poet:—I fear that you will think Helen a very troublesome little girl if she writes to you too often; but how is she to help sending you loving and grateful messages, when you do so much to make her glad? I cannot begin to tell you how delighted I was when Mr. Anagnos told me that you had sent him some money to help educate "Baby Tom." Then I knew that you had not forgotten the dear little child, for the gift brought with it the thought of tender sympathy. I am very sorry to say that Tommy has not learned any words yet. He is the same restless little creature he was when you saw him. But it is pleasant to think that he is happy and playful in his bright new home, and by and by that strange, wonderful thing teacher calls MIND, will begin to spread its beautiful wings and fly away in search of knowledge-land. Words are the mind's wings, are they not?

I have been to Andover since I saw you, and I was greatly interested in all that my friends told me about Phillips Academy, because I knew you had been there, and I felt it was a place dear to you. I tried to imagine my gentle poet when he was a school-boy, and I wondered if it was in Andover he learned the songs of the birds and the secrets of the shy little woodland children. I am sure his heart was always full of music, and in God's beautiful world he must have heard love's sweet replying. When I came home teacher read to me "The School-boy," for it is not in our print.

Did you know that the blind children are going to have their commencement exercises in Tremont Temple, next Tuesday afternoon? I enclose a ticket, hoping that you will come. We shall all be proud and happy to welcome our poet friend. I shall recite about the beautiful cities of sunny Italy. I hope our kind friend Dr. Ellis will come too, and take Tom in his arms.

With much love and a kiss, from your little friend,
HELEN A. KELLER.

TO REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS
South Boston, June 8, 1891.
My dear Mr. Brooks,
I send you my picture as I promised, and I hope when you look at it this summer your thoughts will fly southward to your happy little friend. I used to wish that I could see pictures with my hands as I do statues, but now I do not often think about it because my dear Father has filled my mind with beautiful pictures, even of things I cannot see. If the light were not in your eyes, dear Mr. Brooks, you would understand better how happy your little Helen was when her teacher explained to her that the

best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen nor even touched, but just felt in the heart. Every day I find out something which makes me glad. Yesterday I thought for the first time what a beautiful thing motion was, and it seemed to me that everything was trying to get near to God, does it seem that way to you? It is Sunday morning, and while I sit here in the library writing this letter you are teaching hundreds of people some of the grand and beautiful things about their heavenly Father. Are you not very, very happy? and when you are a Bishop you will preach to more people and more and more will be made glad. Teacher sends her kind remembrances, and I send you with my picture my dear love.
From your little friend
HELEN KELLER.

When the Perkins Institution closed in June, Helen and her teacher went south to Tuscumbia, where they remained until December. There is a hiatus of several months in the letters, caused by the depressing effect on Helen and Miss Sullivan of the "Frost King" episode. At the time this trouble seemed very grave and brought them much unhappiness. An analysis of the case has been made elsewhere, and Miss Keller has written her account of it.

TO MR. ALBERT H. MUNSELL
Brewster, Mar. 10, 1892.
My dear Mr. Munsell,
Surely I need not tell you that your letter was very welcome. I enjoyed every word of it and wished that it was longer. I laughed when you spoke of old Neptune's wild moods. He has, in truth, behaved very strangely ever since we came to Brewster. It is evident that something has displeased his Majesty but I cannot imagine what it can be. His expression has been so turbulent that I have feared to give him your kind message. Who knows! Perhaps the Old Sea God as he lay asleep upon the shore, heard the soft music of growing things—the stir of life in the earth's bosom, and his stormy heart was angry, because he knew that his and Winter's reign was almost at an end. So together the unhappy monarch[s] fought most despairingly, thinking that gentle Spring would turn and fly at the very sight of the havoc caused by their forces. But lo! the lovely maiden only smiles more sweetly, and breathes upon the icy battlements of her enemies, and in a moment they vanish, and the glad Earth gives her a royal welcome. But I must put away these idle fancies until we meet again. Please give your dear mother my love. Teacher wishes me to say that she liked the photograph very much and she will see about having some when we return. Now, dear friend, Please accept these few words because of the love that is linked with them.
Lovingly yours
HELEN KELLER.

This letter was reproduced in facsimile in St. Nicholas, June, 1892. It is undated, but must have been written two or three months before it was published.

To St. Nicholas
Dear St. Nicholas:

It gives me very great pleasure to send you my autograph because I want the boys and girls who read St. Nicholas to know how blind children write. I suppose some of them wonder how we keep the lines so straight so I will try to tell them how it is done. We

have a grooved board which we put between the pages when we wish to write. The parallel grooves correspond to lines and when we have pressed the paper into them by means of the blunt end of the pencil it is very easy to keep the words even. The small letters are all made in the grooves, while the long ones extend above and below them. We guide the pencil with the right hand, and feel carefully with the forefinger of the left hand to see that we shape and space the letters correctly. It is very difficult at first to form them plainly, but if we keep on trying it gradually becomes easier, and after a great deal of practice we can write legible letters to our friends. Then we are very, very happy. Sometime they may visit a school for the blind. If they do, I am sure they will wish to see the pupils write.
Very sincerely your little friend
HELEN KELLER.

In May, 1892, Helen gave a tea in aid of the kindergarten for the blind. It was quite her own idea, and was given in the house of Mrs. Mahlon D. Spaulding, sister of Mr. John P. Spaulding, one of Helen's kindest and most liberal friends. The tea brought more than two thousand dollars for the blind children.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
South Boston, May 9, 1892.
My dear Miss Carrie:—I was much pleased to receive your kind letter. Need I tell you that I was more than delighted to hear that you are really interested in the "tea"? Of course we must not give it up. Very soon I am going far away, to my own dear home, in the sunny south, and it would always make me happy to think that the last thing which my dear friends in Boston did for my pleasure was to help make the lives of many little sightless children good and happy. I know that kind people cannot help feeling a tender sympathy for the little ones, who cannot see the beautiful light, or any of the wonderful things which give them pleasure; and it seems to me that all loving sympathy must express itself in acts of kindness; and when the friends of little helpless blind children understand that we are working for their happiness, they will come and make our "tea" a success, and I am sure I shall be the happiest little girl in all the world. Please let Bishop Brooks know our plans, so that he may arrange to be with us. I am glad Miss Eleanor is interested. Please give her my love. I will see you to-morrow and then we can make the rest of our plans. Please give your dear aunt teacher's and my love and tell her that we enjoyed our little visit very much indeed.
Lovingly yours,
HELEN KELLER.

TO MR. JOHN P. SPAULDING
South Boston, May 11th, 1892.
My dear Mr. Spaulding:—I am afraid you will think your little friend, Helen, very troublesome when you read this letter; but I am sure you will not blame me when I tell you that I am very anxious about something. You remember teacher and I told you Sunday that I wanted to have a little tea in aid of the kindergarten. We thought everything was arranged: but we found Monday that Mrs. Elliott would not be willing to let us invite more than fifty people, because Mrs. Howe's house is quite small. I am sure that a great many people would like to come to the tea, and help me do something to brighten the lives of little blind children; but some of my friends say that I shall have to give up

the idea of having a tea unless we can find another house. Teacher said yesterday, that perhaps Mrs. Spaulding would be willing to let us have her beautiful house, and [I] thought I would ask you about it. Do you think Mrs. Spaulding would help me, if I wrote to her? I shall be so disappointed if my little plans fail, because I have wanted for a long time to do something for the poor little ones who are waiting to enter the kindergarten. Please let me know what you think about the house, and try to forgive me for troubling you so much.
Lovingly your little friend,
HELEN KELLER.

TO MR. EDWARD H. CLEMENT
South Boston, May 18th, 1892.
My dear Mr. Clement:—I am going to write to you this beautiful morning because my heart is brimful of happiness and I want you and all my dear friends in the Transcript office to rejoice with me. The preparations for my tea are nearly completed, and I am looking forward joyfully to the event. I know I shall not fail. Kind people will not disappoint me, when they know that I plead for helpless little children who live in darkness and ignorance. They will come to my tea and buy light,—the beautiful light of knowledge and love for many little ones who are blind and friendless. I remember perfectly when my dear teacher came to me. Then I was like the little blind children who are waiting to enter the kindergarten. There was no light in my soul. This wonderful world with all its sunlight and beauty was hidden from me, and I had never dreamed of its loveliness. But teacher came to me and taught my little fingers to use the beautiful key that has unlocked the door of my dark prison and set my spirit free.

It is my earnest wish to share my happiness with others, and I ask the kind people of Boston to help me make the lives of little blind children brighter and happier.
Lovingly your little friend,
HELEN KELLER.

At the end of June Miss Sullivan and Helen went home to Tuscumbia.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
Tuscumbia, Alabama, July 9th 1892.

My dear Carrie—You are to look upon it as a most positive proof of my love that I write to you to-day. For a whole week it has been "cold and dark and dreary" in Tuscumbia, and I must confess the continuous rain and dismalness of the weather fills me with gloomy thoughts and makes the writing of letters, or any pleasant employment, seem quite impossible. Nevertheless, I must tell you that we are alive,—that we reached home safely, and that we speak of you daily, and enjoy your interesting letters very much. I had a beautiful visit at Hulton. Everything was fresh and spring-like, and we stayed out of doors all day. We even ate our breakfast out on the piazza. Sometimes we sat in the hammock, and teacher read to me. I rode horseback nearly every evening and once I rode five miles at a fast gallop. O, it was great fun! Do you like to ride? I have a very pretty little cart now, and if it ever stops raining teacher and I are going to drive every evening. And I have another beautiful Mastiff—the largest one I ever saw—and he will go along to protect us. His name is Eumer. A queer name, is it not? I think it is Saxon. We expect to go to

the mountains next week. My little brother, Phillips, is not well, and we think the clear mountain air will benefit him. Mildred is a sweet little sister and I am sure you would love her. I thank you very much for your photograph. I like to have my friends' pictures even though I cannot see them. I was greatly amused at the idea of your writing the square hand. I do not write on a Braille tablet, as you suppose, but on a grooved board like the piece which I enclose. You could not read Braille; for it is written in dots, not at all like ordinary letters. Please give my love to Miss Derby and tell her that I hope she gave my sweetest love to Baby Ruth. What was the book you sent me for my birthday? I received several, and I do not know which was from you. I had one gift which especially pleased me. It was a lovely cape crocheted, for me, by an old gentleman, seventy-five years of age. And every stitch, he writes, represents a kind wish for my health and happiness. Tell your little cousins I think they had better get upon the fence with me until after the election; for there are so many parties and candidates that I doubt if such youthful politicians would make a wise selection. Please give my love to Rosy when you write, and believe me,
Your loving friend
HELEN KELLER.
P.S. How do you like this type-written letter?
H. K.

TO MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND
My dear Mrs. Cleveland,
I am going to write you a little letter this beautiful morning because I love you and dear little Ruth very much indeed, and also because I wish to thank you for the loving message which you sent me through Miss Derby. I am glad, very glad that such a kind, beautiful lady loves me. I have loved you for a long time, but I did not think you had ever heard of me until your sweet message came. Please kiss your dear little baby for me, and tell her I have a little brother nearly sixteen months old. His name is Phillips Brooks. I named him myself after my dear friend Phillips Brooks. I send you with this letter a pretty book which my teacher thinks will interest you, and my picture. Please accept them with the love and good wishes of your friend,
HELEN KELLER.
Tuscumbia, Alabama.
November fourth. [1892.]

Hitherto the letters have been given in full; from this point on passages are omitted and the omissions are indicated.

TO MR. JOHN HITZ
Tuscumbia, Alabama, Dec. 19, 1892.

My Dear Mr. Hitz,
I hardly know how to begin a letter to you, it has been such a long time since your kind letter reached me, and there is so much that I would like to write if I could. You must have wondered why your letter has not had an answer, and perhaps you have thought Teacher and me very naughty indeed. If so, you will be very sorry when I tell you something. Teacher's eyes have been hurting her so that she could not write to any one, and I have been trying to fulfil a promise which I made last summer. Before I left Boston, I was asked to write a sketch of my life for the Youth's Companion. I had intended to write the sketch during my vacation: but I was not well, and I did not feel able to write even to my

friends. But when the bright, pleasant autumn days came, and I felt strong again I began to think about the sketch. It was some time before I could plan it to suit me. You see, it is not very pleasant to write all about one's self. At last, however, I got something bit by bit that Teacher thought would do, and I set about putting the scraps together, which was not an easy task: for, although I worked some on it every day, I did not finish it until a week ago Saturday. I sent the sketch to the Companion as soon as it was finished; but I do not know that they will accept it. Since then, I have not been well, and I have been obliged to keep very quiet, and rest; but to-day I am better, and to-morrow I shall be well again, I hope.

The reports which you have read in the paper about me are not true at all. We received the Silent Worker which you sent, and I wrote right away to the editor to tell him that it was a mistake. Sometimes I am not well; but I am not a "wreck," and there is nothing "distressing" about my condition.

I enjoyed your dear letter so much! I am always delighted when anyone writes me a beautiful thought which I can treasure in my memory forever. It is because my books are full of the riches of which Mr. Ruskin speaks that I love them so dearly. I did not realize until I began to write the sketch for the Companion, what precious companions books have been to me, and how blessed even my life has been: and now I am happier than ever because I do realize the happiness that has come to me. I hope you will write to me as often as you can. Teacher and I are always delighted to hear from you. I want to write to Mr. Bell and send him my picture. I suppose he has been too busy to write to his little friend. I often think of the pleasant time we had all together in Boston last spring.

Now I am going to tell you a secret. I think we, Teacher, and my father and little sister, and myself, will visit Washington next March!!! Then I shall see you, and dear Mr. Bell, and Elsie and Daisy again! Would not it be lovely if Mrs. Pratt could meet us there? I think I will write to her and tell her the secret too....
Lovingly your little friend,

HELEN KELLER.
P.S. Teacher says you want to know what kind of a pet I would like to have. I love all living things,—I suppose everyone does; but of course I cannot have a menagerie. I have a beautiful pony, and a large dog. And I would like a little dog to hold in my lap, or a big pussy (there are no fine cats in Tuscumbia) or a parrot. I would like to feel a parrot talk, it would be so much fun! but I would be pleased with, and love any little creature you send me.
H. K.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
Tuscumbia, Alabama, February 18, 1893.
...You have often been in my thoughts during these sad days, while my heart has been grieving over the loss of my beloved friend [Phillips Brooks died January 23, 1893], and I have wished many times that I was in Boston with those who knew and loved him as I did... he was so much of a friend to me! so tender and loving always! I do try not to mourn his death too sadly. I do try to think that he is still near, very near; but sometimes the

thought that he is not here, that I shall not see him when I go to Boston,—that he is gone,—rushes over my soul like a great wave of sorrow. But at other times, when I am happier, I do feel his beautiful presence, and his loving hand leading me in pleasant ways. Do you remember the happy hour we spent with him last June when he held my hand, as he always did, and talked to us about his friend Tennyson, and our own dear poet Dr. Holmes, and I tried to teach him the manual alphabet, and he laughed so gaily over his mistakes, and afterward I told him about my tea, and he promised to come? I can hear him now, saying in his cheerful, decided way, in reply to my wish that my tea might be a success, "Of course it will, Helen. Put your whole heart in the good work, my child, and it cannot fail." I am glad the people are going to raise a monument to his memory....

In March Helen and Miss Sullivan went North, and spent the next few months traveling and visiting friends.

In reading this letter about Niagara one should remember that Miss Keller knows distance and shape, and that the size of Niagara is within her experience after she has explored it, crossed the bridge and gone down in the elevator. Especially important are such details as her feeling the rush of the water by putting her hand on the window. Dr. Bell gave her a down pillow, which she held against her to increase the vibrations.

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
South Boston, April 13, 1893.
...Teacher, Mrs. Pratt and I very unexpectedly decided to take a journey with dear Dr. Bell Mr. Westervelt, a gentleman whom father met in Washington, has a school for the deaf in Rochester. We went there first....

Mr. Westervelt gave us a reception one afternoon. A great many people came. Some of them asked odd questions. A lady seemed surprised that I loved flowers when I could not see their beautiful colors, and when I assured her I did love them, she said, "no doubt you feel the colors with your fingers." But of course, it is not alone for their bright colors that we love the flowers.... A gentleman asked me what BEAUTY meant to my mind. I must confess I was puzzled at first. But after a minute I answered that beauty was a form of goodness—and he went away.

When the reception was over we went back to the hotel and teacher slept quite unconscious of the surprise which was in store for her. Mr. Bell and I planned it together, and Mr. Bell made all the arrangements before we told teacher anything about it. This was the surprise—I was to have the pleasure of taking my dear teacher to see Niagara Falls!...

The hotel was so near the river that I could feel it rushing past by putting my hand on the window. The next morning the sun rose bright and warm, and we got up quickly for our hearts were full of pleasant expectation.... You can never imagine how I felt when I stood in the presence of Niagara until you have the same mysterious sensations yourself. I could hardly realize that it was water that I felt rushing and plunging with impetuous fury at my feet. It seemed as if it were some living thing rushing on to some terrible fate. I wish I could describe the cataract as it is, its beauty and awful grandeur, and the fearful and irresistible plunge of its waters over the brow of the precipice.

One feels helpless and overwhelmed in the presence of such a vast force. I had the same feeling once before when I first stood by the great ocean and felt its waves beating against the shore. I suppose you feel so, too, when you gaze up to the stars in the stillness of the night, do you not?... We went down a hundred and twenty feet in an elevator that we might see the violent eddies and whirlpools in the deep gorge below the Falls. Within two miles of the Falls is a wonderful suspension bridge. It is thrown across the gorge at a height of two hundred and fifty-eight feet above the water and is supported on each bank by towers of solid rock, which are eight hundred feet apart. When we crossed over to the Canadian side, I cried, "God save the Queen!" Teacher said I was a little traitor. But I do not think so. I was only doing as the Canadians do, while I was in their country, and besides I honor England's good queen.

You will be pleased, dear Mother, to hear that a kind lady whose name is Miss Hooker is endeavoring to improve my speech. Oh, I do so hope and pray that I shall speak well some day!...

Mr. Munsell spent last Sunday evening with us. How you would have enjoyed hearing him tell about Venice! His beautiful word-pictures made us feel as if we were sitting in the shadow of San Marco, dreaming, or sailing upon the moonlit canal.... I hope when I visit Venice, as I surely shall some day, that Mr. Munsell will go with me. That is my castle in the air. You see, none of my friends describe things to me so vividly and so beautifully as he does....

Her visit to the World's Fair she described in a letter to Mr. John P. Spaulding, which was published in St. Nicholas, and is much like the following letter. In a prefatory note which Miss Sullivan wrote for St. Nicholas, she says that people frequently said to her, "Helen sees more with her fingers than we do with our eyes." The President of the Exposition gave her this letter:

TO THE CHIEFS OF THE DEPARTMENTS AND OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF BUILDINGS AND EXHIBITS

GENTLEMEN—The bearer, Miss Helen Keller, accompanied by Miss Sullivan, is desirous of making a complete inspection of the Exposition in all Departments. She is blind and deaf, but is able to converse, and is introduced to me as one having a wonderful ability to understand the objects she visits, and as being possessed of a high order of intelligence and of culture beyond her years. Please favour her with every facility to examine the exhibits in the several Departments, and extend to her such other courtesies as may be possible.

Thanking you in advance for the same, I am, with respect,
Very truly yours,
(signed) H. N. HIGINBOTHAM,
President.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
Hulton, Penn., August 17, 1893.

...Every one at the Fair was very kind to me... Nearly all of the exhibitors seemed perfectly willing to let me touch the most delicate things, and they were very nice about explaining everything to me. A French gentleman, whose name I cannot

remember, showed me the great French bronzes. I believe they gave me more pleasure than anything else at the Fair: they were so lifelike and wonderful to my touch. Dr. Bell went with us himself to the electrical building, and showed us some of the historical telephones. I saw the one through which Emperor Dom Pedro listened to the words, "To be, or not to be," at the Centennial. Dr. Gillett of Illinois took us to the Liberal Arts and Woman's buildings. In the former I visited Tiffany's exhibit, and held the beautiful Tiffany diamond, which is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, and touched many other rare and costly things. I sat in King Ludwig's armchair and felt like a queen when Dr. Gillett remarked that I had many loyal subjects. At the Woman's building we met the Princess Maria Schaovskoy of Russia, and a beautiful Syrian lady. I liked them both very much. I went to the Japanese department with Prof. Morse who is a well-known lecturer. I never realized what a wonderful people the Japanese are until I saw their most interesting exhibit. Japan must indeed be a paradise for children to judge from the great number of playthings which are manufactured there. The queer-looking Japanese musical instruments, and their beautiful works of art were interesting. The Japanese books are very odd. There are forty-seven letters in their alphabets. Prof. Morse knows a great deal about Japan, and is very kind and wise. He invited me to visit his museum in Salem the next time I go to Boston. But I think I enjoyed the sails on the tranquil lagoon, and the lovely scenes, as my friends described them to me, more than anything else at the Fair. Once, while we were out on the water, the sun went down over the rim of the earth, and threw a soft, rosy light over the White City, making it look more than ever like Dreamland....

Of course, we visited the Midway Plaisance. It was a bewildering and fascinating place. I went into the streets of Cairo, and rode on the camel. That was fine fun. We also rode in the Ferris wheel, and on the ice-railway, and had a sail in the Whale-back....

In the spring of 1893 a club was started in Tuscumbia, of which Mrs. Keller was president, to establish a public library. Miss Keller says:

"I wrote to my friends about the work and enlisted their sympathy. Several hundred books, including many fine ones, were sent to me in a short time, as well as money and encouragement. This generous assistance encouraged the ladies, and they have gone on collecting and buying books ever since, until now they have a very respectable public library in the town."

TO MRS. CHARLES E. INCHES
Hulton, Penn., Oct. 21, 1893.
...We spent September at home in Tuscumbia... and were all very happy together.... Our quiet mountain home was especially attractive and restful after the excitement and fatigue of our visit to the World's Fair. We enjoyed the beauty and solitude of the hills more than ever.

And now we are in Hulton, Penn. again where I am going to study this winter with a tutor assisted by my dear teacher. I study Arithmetic, Latin and literature. I enjoy my lessons very much. It is so pleasant to learn about new things. Every day I find how little I know, but I do not feel discouraged since God has given

me an eternity in which to learn more. In literature I am studying Longfellow's poetry. I know a great deal of it by heart, for I loved it long before I knew a metaphor from a synecdoche. I used to say I did not like arithmetic very well, but now I have changed my mind. I see what a good and useful study it is, though I must confess my mind wanders from it sometimes! for, nice and useful as arithmetic is, it is not as interesting as a beautiful poem or a lovely story. But bless me, how time does fly. I have only a few moments left in which to answer your questions about the "Helen Keller" Public Library.

1. I think there are about 3,000 people in Tuscumbia, Ala., and perhaps half of them are colored people. 2. At present there is no library of any sort in the town. That is why I thought about starting one. My mother and several of my lady friends said they would help me, and they formed a club, the object of which is to work for the establishment of a free public library in Tuscumbia. They have now about 100 books and about $55 in money, and a kind gentleman has given us land on which to erect a library building. But in the meantime the club has rented a little room in a central part of the town, and the books which we already have are free to all. 3. Only a few of my kind friends in Boston know anything about the library. I did not like to trouble them while I was trying to get money for poor little Tommy, for of course it was more important that he should be educated than that my people should have books to read. 4. I do not know what books we have, but I think it is a miscellaneous (I think that is the word) collection....

P.S. My teacher thinks it would be more businesslike to say that a list of the contributors toward the building fund will be kept and published in my father's paper, the "North Alabamian."
H. K.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
Hulton, Penn., December 28, 1893.
...Please thank dear Miss Derby for me for the pretty shield which she sent me. It is a very interesting souvenir of Columbus, and of the Fair White City; but I cannot imagine what discoveries I have made,—I mean new discoveries. We are all discoverers in one sense, being born quite ignorant of all things; but I hardly think that is what she meant. Tell her she must explain why I am a discoverer....

TO DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
Hulton, Pennsylvania, January 14, 1894

My dear Cousin: I had thought to write to you long before this in answer to your kind letter which I was so glad to receive, and to thank you for the beautiful little book which you sent me; but I have been very busy since the beginning of the New Year. The publication of my little story in the Youth's Companion has brought me a large number of letters,—last week I received sixty-one!—and besides replying to some of these letters, I have many lessons to learn, among them Arithmetic and Latin; and, you know, Caesar is Caesar still, imperious and tyrannical, and if a little girl would understand so great a man, and the wars and conquests of which he tells in his beautiful Latin language, she must study much and think much, and study and thought require time.

I shall prize the little book always, not only for its own value; but because of its associations with you. It is a delight to think of you as the giver of one of your books into which, I am sure, you have wrought your own thoughts and feelings, and I thank you very much for remembering me in such a very beautiful way....

In February Helen and Miss Sullivan returned to Tuscumbia. They spent the rest of the spring reading and studying. In the summer they attended the meeting at Chautauqua of the American Association for the Promotion of the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, where Miss Sullivan read a paper on Helen Keller's education.

In the fall Helen and Miss Sullivan entered the Wright-Humason School in New York, which makes a special of lip-reading and voice-culture. The "singing lessons" were to strengthen her voice. She had taken a few piano lessons at the Perkins Institution. The experiment was interesting, but of course came to little.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
The Wright-Humason School.
42 West 76th St.
New York. Oct. 23, 1894.
...The school is very pleasant, and bless you! it is quite fashionable.... I study Arithmetic, English Literature and United States History as I did last winter. I also keep a diary. I enjoy my singing lessons with Dr. Humason more than I can say. I expect to take piano lessons sometime....

Last Saturday our kind teachers planned a delightful trip to Bedloe's Island to see Bartholdi's great statue of Liberty enlightening the world.... The ancient cannon, which look seaward, wear a very menacing expression; but I doubt if there is any unkindness in their rusty old hearts.

Liberty is a gigantic figure of a woman in Greek draperies, holding in her right hand a torch.... A spiral stairway leads from the base of this pedestal to the torch. We climbed up to the head which will hold forty persons, and viewed the scene on which Liberty gazes day and night, and O, how wonderful it was! We did not wonder that the great French artist thought the place worthy to be the home of his grand ideal. The glorious bay lay calm and beautiful in the October sunshine, and the ships came and went like idle dreams; those seaward going slowly disappeared like clouds that change from gold to gray; those homeward coming sped more quickly like birds that seek their mother's nest....

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
The Wright-Humason School.
New York, March 15, 1895.
...I think I have improved a little in lip-reading, though I still find it very difficult to read rapid speech; but I am sure I shall succeed some day if I only persevere. Dr. Humason is still trying to improve my speech. Oh, Carrie, how I should like to speak like other people! I should be willing to work night and day if it could only be accomplished. Think what a joy it would be to all of my friends to hear me speak naturally!! I wonder why it is so difficult and perplexing for a deaf child to learn to speak when it is so easy for other people; but I am sure I shall

speak perfectly some time if I am only patient....

Although I have been so busy, I have found time to read a good deal.... I have lately read "Wilhelm Tell" by Schiller, and "The Lost Vestal."... Now I am reading "Nathan the Wise" by Lessing and "King Arthur" by Miss Mulock.

...You know our kind teachers take us to see everything which they think will interest us, and we learn a great deal in that delightful way. On George Washington's birthday we all went to the Dog Show, and although there was a great crowd in the Madison Square Garden, and despite the bewilderment caused by the variety of sounds made by the dog-orchestra, which was very confusing to those who could hear them, we enjoyed the afternoon very much. Among the dogs which received the most attention were the bulldogs. They permitted themselves startling liberties when any one caressed them, crowding themselves almost into one's arms and helping themselves without ceremony to kisses, apparently unconscious of the impropriety of their conduct. Dear me, what unbeautiful little beasts they are! But they are so good natured and friendly, one cannot help liking them.

Dr. Humason, Teacher, and I left the others at the Dog Show and went to a reception given by the "Metropolitan Club."... It is sometimes called the "Millionaires' Club." The building is magnificent, being built of white marble; the rooms are large and splendidly furnished; but I must confess, so much splendor is rather oppressive to me; and I didn't envy the millionaires in the least all the happiness their gorgeous surroundings are supposed to bring them....

TO MRS. KATE ADAMS KELLER
New York, March 31, 1895.
...Teacher and I spent the afternoon at Mr. Hutton's, and had a most delightful time!... We met Mr. Clemens and Mr. Howells there! I had known about them for a long time; but I had never thought that I should see them, and talk to them; and I can scarcely realize now that this great pleasure has been mine! But, much as I wonder that I, only a little girl of fourteen, should come in contact with so many distinguished people, I do realize that I am a very happy child, and very grateful for the many beautiful privileges I have enjoyed. The two distinguished authors were very gentle and kind, and I could not tell which of them I loved best. Mr. Clemens told us many entertaining stories, and made us laugh till we cried. I only wish you could have seen and heard him! He told us that he would go to Europe in a few days to bring his wife and his daughter, Jeanne, back to America, because Jeanne, who is studying in Paris, has learned so much in three years and a half that if he did not bring her home, she would soon know more than he did. I think Mark Twain is a very appropriate nom de plume for Mr. Clemens because it has a funny and quaint sound, and goes well with his amusing writings, and its nautical significance suggests the deep and beautiful things that he has written. I think he is very handsome indeed.... Teacher said she thought he looked something like Paradeuski. (If that is the way to spell the name.) Mr. Howells told me a little about Venice, which is one of his favorite cities, and spoke very tenderly of his dear little girl, Winnifred, who is now with God. He has another daughter, named Mildred, who knows Carrie. I might have seen Mrs. Wiggin, the sweet author of "Birds' Christmas Carol," but she had a dangerous cough and could not come. I was

much disappointed not to see her, but I hope I shall have that pleasure some other time. Mr. Hutton gave me a lovely little glass, shaped like a thistle, which belonged to his dear mother, as a souvenir of my delightful visit. We also met Mr. Rogers... who kindly left his carriage to bring us home.

When the Wright-Humason School closed for the summer, Miss Sullivan and Helen went South.

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
Tuscumbia, Alabama, July 29, 1895.
...I am spending my vacation very quietly and pleasantly at my beautiful, sunny home, with my loving parents, my darling little sister and my small brother, Phillips My precious teacher is with me too, and so of course I am happy I read a little, walk a little, write a little and play with the children a great deal, and the days slip by delightfully!...

My friends are so pleased with the improvement which I made in speech and lip-reading last year, that it has been decided best for me to continue my studies in New York another year I am delighted at the prospect, of spending another year in your great city I used to think that I should never feel "at home" in New York, but since I have made the acquaintance of so many people, and can look back to such a bright and successful winter there, I find myself looking forward to next year, and anticipating still brighter and better times in the Metropolis

Please give my kindest love to Mr Hutton, and Mrs Riggs and Mr Warner too, although I have never had the pleasure of knowing him personally As I listen Venicewards, I hear Mr Hutton's pen dancing over the pages of his new book It is a pleasant sound because it is full of promise How much I shall enjoy reading it!

Please pardon me, my dear Mrs Hutton, for sending you a typewritten letter across the ocean I have tried several times to write with a pencil on my little writing machine since I came home; but I have found it very difficult to do so on account of the heat The moisture of my hand soils and blurs the paper so dreadfully, that I am compelled to use my typewriter altogether And it is not my "Remington" either, but a naughty little thing that gets out of order on the slightest provocation, and cannot be induced to make a period...

TO MRS. WILLIAM THAW
New York, October 16, 1895.
Here we are once more in the great metropolis! We left Hulton Friday night and arrived here Saturday morning. Our friends were greatly surprised to see us, as they had not expected us before the last of this month. I rested Saturday afternoon, for I was very tired, and Sunday I visited with my schoolmates, and now that I feel quite rested, I am going to write to you; for I know you will want to hear that we reached New York safely. We had to change cars at Philadelphia; but we did not mind it much. After we had had our breakfast, Teacher asked one of the train-men in the station if the New York train was made up. He said no, it would not be called for about fifteen minutes; so we sat down to wait; but in a moment the man came back and asked Teacher if we would like to go to the train at once. She said we would, and he took us way out on the track and put us on board our train. Thus we avoided the rush and had a nice quiet visit before the train

started. Was that not very kind? So it always is. Some one is ever ready to scatter little acts of kindness along our pathway, making it smooth and pleasant...

We had a quiet but very pleasant time in Hulton. Mr. Wade is just as dear and good as ever! He has lately had several books printed in England for me, "Old Mortality," "The Castle of Otranto" and "King of No-land."...

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
New York, December 29, 1895.
...Teacher and I have been very gay of late. We have seen our kind friends, Mrs. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Riggs and her husband, and met many distinguished people, among whom were Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Stockton! Weren't we very fortunate? Miss Terry was lovely. She kissed Teacher and said, "I do not know whether I am glad to see you or not; for I feel so ashamed of myself when I think of how much you have done for the little girl." We also met Mr. and Mrs. Terry, Miss Terry's brother and his wife. I thought her beauty angellic, and oh, what a clear, beautiful voice she had! We saw Miss Terry again with Sir Henry in "King Charles the First," a week ago last Friday, and after the play they kindly let me feel of them and get an idea of how they looked. How noble and kingly the King was, especially in his misfortunes! And how pretty and faithful the poor Queen was! The play seemed so real, we almost forgot where we were, and believed we were watching the genuine scenes as they were acted so long ago. The last act affected us most deeply, and we all wept, wondering how the executioner could have the heart to tear the King from his loving wife's arms.

I have just finished reading "Ivanhoe." It was very exciting; but I must say I did not enjoy it very much. Sweet Rebecca, with her strong, brave spirit, and her pure, generous nature, was the only character which thoroughly won my admiration. Now I am reading "Stories from Scottish History," and they are very thrilling and absorbing!...

The next two letters were written just after the death of Mr. John P. Spaulding.

TO MRS. GEORGE H. BRADFORD
New York, February 4, 1896.
What can I say which will make you understand how much Teacher and I appreciate your thoughtful kindness in sending us those little souvenirs of the dear room where we first met the best and kindest of friends? Indeed, you can never know all the comfort you have given us. We have put the dear picture on the mantel-piece in our room where we can see it every day, and I often go and touch it, and somehow I cannot help feeling that our beloved friend is very near to me.... It was very hard to take up our school work again, as if nothing had happened; but I am sure it is well that we have duties which must be done, and which take our minds away for a time at least from our sorrow....

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
New York, March 2nd, 1896.
...We miss dear King John sadly. It was so hard to lose him, he was the best and kindest of friends, and I do not know what we shall do without him....

We went to a poultry-show... and the man there kindly permitted

us to feel of the birds. They were so tame, they stood perfectly still when I handled them. I saw great big turkeys, geese, guineas, ducks and many others.

Almost two weeks ago we called at Mr. Hutton's and had a delightful time. We always do! We met Mr. Warner, the writer, Mr. Mabie, the editor of the Outlook and other pleasant people. I am sure you would like to know Mr. and Mrs. Hutton, they are so kind and interesting. I can never tell you how much pleasure they have given us.

Mr. Warner and Mr. Burroughs, the great lover of nature, came to see us a few days after, and we had a delightful talk with them. They were both very, very dear! Mr. Burroughs told me about his home near the Hudson, and what a happy place it must be! I hope we shall visit it some day. Teacher has read me his lively stories about his boyhood, and I enjoyed them greatly. Have you read the beautiful poem, "Waiting"? I know it, and it makes me feel so happy, it has such sweet thoughts. Mr. Warner showed me a scarf-pin with a beetle on it which was made in Egypt fifteen hundred years before Christ, and told me that the beetle meant immortality to the Egyptians because it wrapped itself up and went to sleep and came out again in a new form, thus renewing itself.

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
New York, April 25, 1896.
...My studies are the same as they were when I saw you, except that I have taken up French with a French teacher who comes three times a week. I read her lips almost exclusively, (she does not know the manual alphabet) and we get on quite well. I have read "Le Medecin Malgre Lui," a very good French comedy by Moliere, with pleasure; and they say I speak French pretty well now, and German also. Anyway, French and German people understand what I am trying to say, and that is very encouraging. In voice-training I have still the same old difficulties to contend against; and the fulfilment of my wish to speak well seems O, so far away! Sometimes I feel sure that I catch a faint glimpse of the goal I am striving for, but in another minute a bend in the road hides it from my view, and I am again left wandering in the dark! But I try hard not to be discouraged. Surely we shall all find at last the ideals we are seeking....

TO MR. JOHN HITZ
Brewster, Mass. July 15, 1896.
...As to the book, I am sure I shall enjoy it very much when I am admitted, by the magic of Teacher's dear fingers, into the companionship of the two sisters who went to the Immortal Fountain.

As I sit by the window writing to you, it is so lovely to have the soft, cool breezes fan my cheek and to feel that the hard work of last year is over! Teacher seems to feel benefitted by the change too; for she is already beginning to look like her dear old self. We only need you, dear Mr. Hitz, to complete our happiness. Teacher and Mrs. Hopkins both say you must come as soon as you can! We will try to make you comfortable.

Teacher and I spent nine days at Philadelphia. Have you ever been at Dr. Crouter's Institution? Mr. Howes has probably given you a full account of our doings. We were busy all the time; we

attended the meetings and talked with hundreds of people, among whom were dear Dr. Bell, Mr. Banerji of Calcutta, Monsieur Magnat of Paris with whom I conversed in French exclusively, and many other distinguished persons. We had looked forward to seeing you there, and so we were greatly disappointed that you did not come. We think of you so, so often! and our hearts go out to you in tenderest sympathy; and you know better than this poor letter can tell you how happy we always are to have you with us! I made a "speech" on July eighth, telling the members of the Association what an unspeakable blessing speech has been to me, and urging them to give every little deaf child an opportunity to learn to speak. Every one said I spoke very well and intelligibly. After my little "speech," we attended a reception at which over six hundred people were present. I must confess I do not like such large receptions; the people crowd so, and we have to do so much talking; and yet it is at receptions like the one in Philadelphia that we often meet friends whom we learn to love afterwards. We left the city last Thursday night, and arrived in Brewster Friday afternoon. We missed the Cape Cod train Friday morning, and so we came down to Provincetown in the steamer Longfellow. I am glad we did so; for it was lovely and cool on the water, and Boston Harbor is always interesting.

We spent about three weeks in Boston, after leaving New York, and I need not tell you we had a most delightful time. We visited our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin, at Wrentham, out in the country, where they have a lovely home. Their house stands near a charming lake where we went boating and canoeing, which was great fun. We also went in bathing several times. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin celebrated the 17th of June by giving a picnic to their literary friends. There were about forty persons present, all of whom were writers and publishers. Our friend, Mr. Alden, the editor of Harper's was there, and of course we enjoyed his society very much....

TO CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
Brewster, Mass., September 3, 1896.
...I have been meaning to write to you all summer; there were many things I wanted to tell you, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear about our vacation by the seaside, and our plans for next year; but the happy, idle days slipped away so quickly, and there were so many pleasant things to do every moment, that I never found time to clothe my thought in words, and send them to you. I wonder what becomes of lost opportunities. Perhaps our guardian angel gathers them up as we drop them, and will give them back to us in the beautiful sometime when we have grown wiser, and learned how to use them rightly. But, however this may be, I cannot now write the letter which has lain in my thought for you so long. My heart is too full of sadness to dwell upon the happiness the summer has brought me. My father is dead. He died last Saturday at my home in Tuscumbia, and I was not there. My own dear loving father! Oh, dear friend, how shall I ever bear it!...

On the first of October Miss Keller entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies, of which Mr. Arthur Gilman is Principal. The "examinations" mentioned in this letter were merely tests given in the school, but as they were old Harvard papers, it is evident that in some subjects Miss Keller was already fairly well prepared for Radcliffe.

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
37 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
October 8, 1896.
...I got up early this morning, so that I could write you a few lines. I know you want to hear how I like my school. I do wish you could come and see for yourself what a beautiful school it is! There are about a hundred girls, and they are all so bright and happy; it is a joy to be with them.

You will be glad to hear that I passed my examinations successfully. I have been examined in English, German, French, and Greek and Roman history. They were the entrance examinations for Harvard College; so I feel pleased to think I could pass them. This year is going to be a very busy one for Teacher and myself. I am studying Arithmetic, English Literature, English History, German, Latin, and advanced geography; there is a great deal of preparatory reading required, and, as few of the books are in raised print, poor Teacher has to spell them all out to me; and that means hard work.

You must tell Mr. Howells when you see him, that we are living in his house....

TO MRS. WILLIAM THAW
37 Concord Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.,
December 2, 1896.
...It takes me a long time to prepare my lessons, because I have to have every word of them spelled out in my hand. Not one of the textbooks which I am obliged to use is in raised print; so of course my work is harder than it would be if I could read my lessons over by myself. But it is harder for Teacher than it is for me because the strain on her poor eyes is so great, and I cannot help worrying about them. Sometimes it really seems as if the task which we have set ourselves were more than we can accomplish; but at other times I enjoy my work more than I can say.

It is such a delight to be with the other girls, and do everything that they do. I study Latin, German, Arithmetic and English History, all of which I enjoy except Arithmetic. I am afraid I have not a mathematical mind; for my figures always manage to get into the wrong places!...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
Cambridge, Mass., May 3, 1897.
...You know I am trying very hard to get through with the reading for the examinations in June, and this, in addition to my regular schoolwork keeps me awfully busy. But Johnson, and "The Plague" and everything else must wait a few minutes this afternoon, while I say, thank you, my dear Mrs. Hutton....

...What a splendid time we had at the "Players' Club." I always thought clubs were dull, smoky places, where men talked politics, and told endless stories, all about themselves and their wonderful exploits: but now I see, I must have been quite wrong....

TO MR. JOHN HITZ
Wrentham, Mass. July 9, 1897.
...Teacher and I are going to spend the summer at Wrentham, Mass. with our friends, the Chamberlins. I think you remember Mr. Chamberlin, the "Listener" in the Boston Transcript. They are

dear, kind people....

But I know you want to hear about my examinations. I know that you will be glad to hear that I passed all of them successfully. The subjects I offered were elementary and advanced German, French, Latin, English, and Greek and Roman History. It seems almost too good to be true, does it not? All the time I was preparing for the great ordeal, I could not suppress an inward fear and trembling lest I should fail, and now it is an unspeakable relief to know that I have passed the examinations with credit. But what I consider my crown of success is the happiness and pleasure that my victory has brought dear Teacher. Indeed, I feel that the success is hers more than mine; for she is my constant inspiration....

At the end of September Miss Sullivan and Miss Keller returned to the Cambridge School, where they remained until early in December. Then the interference of Mr. Gilman resulted in Mrs. Keller's withdrawing Miss Helen and her sister, Miss Mildred, from the school. Miss Sullivan and her pupil went to Wrentham, where they worked under Mr. Merton S. Keith, an enthusiastic and skilful teacher.

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
Wrentham, February 20, 1898.
...I resumed my studies soon after your departure, and in a very little while we were working as merrily as if the dreadful experience of a month ago had been but a dream. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy the country. It is so fresh, and peaceful and free! I do think I could work all day long without feeling tired if they would let me. There are so many pleasant things to do—not always very easy things,—much of my work in Algebra and Geometry is hard: but I love it all, especially Greek. Just think, I shall soon finish my grammar! Then comes the "Iliad." What an inexpressible joy it will be to read about Achilles, and Ulysses, and Andromache and Athene, and the rest of my old friends in their own glorious language! I think Greek is the loveliest language that I know anything about. If it is true that the violin is the most perfect of musical instruments, then Greek is the violin of human thought.

We have had some splendid toboganning this month. Every morning, before lesson-time, we all go out to the steep hill on the northern shore of the lake near the house, and coast for an hour or so. Some one balances the toboggan on the very crest of the hill, while we get on, and when we are ready, off we dash down the side of the hill in a headlong rush, and, leaping a projection, plunge into a snow-drift and go swimming far across the pond at a tremendous rate!...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
[Wrentham] April 12, 1898.
...I am glad Mr. Keith is so well pleased with my progress. It is true that Algebra and Geometry are growing easier all the time, especially algebra; and I have just received books in raised print which will greatly facilitate my work....

I find I get on faster, and do better work with Mr. Keith than I did in the classes at the Cambridge School, and I think it was well that I gave up that kind of work. At any rate, I have not been idle since I left school; I have accomplished more, and been

happier than I could have been there....

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
[Wrentham] May 29, 1898.
...My work goes on bravely. Each day is filled to the brim with hard study; for I am anxious to accomplish as much as possible before I put away my books for the summer vacation. You will be pleased to hear that I did three problems in Geometry yesterday without assistance. Mr. Keith and Teacher were quite enthusiastic over the achievement, and I must confess, I felt somewhat elated myself. Now I feel as if I should succeed in doing something in mathematics, although I cannot see why it is so very important to know that the lines drawn from the extremities of the base of an isosceles triangle to the middle points of the opposite sides are equal! The knowledge doesn't make life any sweeter or happier, does it? On the other hand, when we learn a new word, it is the key to untold treasures....

TO CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
Wrentham, Mass., June 7, 1898.
I am afraid you will conclude that I am not very anxious for a tandem after all, since I have let nearly a week pass without answering your letter in regard to the kind of wheel I should like. But really, I have been so constantly occupied with my studies since we returned from New York, that I have not had time even to think of the fun it would be to have a bicycle! You see, I am anxious to accomplish as much as possible before the long summer vacation begins. I am glad, though, that it is nearly time to put away my books; for the sunshine and flowers, and the lovely lake in front of our house are doing their best to tempt me away from my Greek and Mathematics, especially from the latter! I am sure the daisies and buttercups have as little use for the science of Geometry as I, in spite of the fact that they so beautifully illustrate its principles.

But bless me, I mustn't forget the tandem! The truth is, I know very little about bicycles. I have only ridden a "sociable," which is very different from the ordinary tandem. The "sociable" is safer, perhaps, than the tandem; but it is very heavy and awkward, and has a way of taking up the greater part of the road. Besides, I have been told that "sociables" cost more than other kinds of bicycles. My teacher and other friends think I could ride a Columbia tandem in the country with perfect safety. They also think your suggestion about a fixed handlebar a good one. I ride with a divided skirt, and so does my teacher; but it would be easier for her to mount a man's wheel than for me; so, if it could be arranged to have the ladies' seat behind, I think it would be better....

TO MISS CAROLINE DERBY
Wrentham, September 11, 1898.
...I am out of doors all the time, rowing, swimming, riding and doing a multitude of other pleasant things. This morning I rode over twelve miles on my tandem! I rode on a rough road, and fell off three or four times, and am now awfully lame! But the weather and the scenery were so beautiful, and it was such fun to go scooting over the smoother part of the road, I didn't mind the mishaps in the least.

I have really learned to swim and dive—after a fashion! I can swim a little under water, and do almost anything I like, without fear of getting drowned! Isn't that fine? It is almost no effort

for me to row around the lake, no matter how heavy the load may be. So you can well imagine how strong and brown I am....

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
12 Newbury Street, Boston,
October 23, 1898.
This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you since we came here last Monday. We have been in such a whirl ever since we decided to come to Boston; it seemed as if we should never get settled. Poor Teacher has had her hands full, attending to movers, and express-men, and all sorts of people. I wish it were not such a bother to move, especially as we have to do it so often!...

...Mr. Keith comes here at half past three every day except Saturday. He says he prefers to come here for the present. I am reading the "Iliad," and the "Aeneid" and Cicero, besides doing a lot in Geometry and Algebra. The "Iliad" is beautiful with all the truth, and grace and simplicity of a wonderfully childlike people while the "Aeneid" is more stately and reserved. It is like a beautiful maiden, who always lived in a palace, surrounded by a magnificent court; while the "Iliad" is like a splendid youth, who has had the earth for his playground.

The weather has been awfully dismal all the week; but to-day is beautiful, and our room floor is flooded with sunlight. By and by we shall take a little walk in the Public Gardens. I wish the Wrentham woods were round the corner! But alas! they are not, and I shall have to content myself with a stroll in the Gardens. Somehow, after the great fields and pastures and lofty pine-groves of the country, they seem shut-in and conventional. Even the trees seem citified and self-conscious. Indeed, I doubt if they are on speaking terms with their country cousins! Do you know, I cannot help feeling sorry for these trees with all their fashionable airs? They are like the people whom they see every day, who prefer the crowded, noisy city to the quiet and freedom of the country. They do not even suspect how circumscribed their lives are. They look down pityingly on the country-folk, who have never had an opportunity "to see the great world." Oh my! if they only realized their limitations, they would flee for their lives to the woods and fields. But what nonsense is this! You will think I'm pining away for my beloved Wrentham, which is true in one sense and not in another. I do miss Red Farm and the dear ones there dreadfully; but I am not unhappy. I have Teacher and my books, and I have the certainty that something sweet and good will come to me in this great city, where human beings struggle so bravely all their lives to wring happiness from cruel circumstances. Anyway, I am glad to have my share in life, whether it be bright or sad....

TO MRS. WILLIAM THAW
Boston, December 6th, 1898.
My teacher and I had a good laugh over the girls' frolic. How funny they must have looked in their "rough-rider" costumes, mounted upon their fiery steeds! "Slim" would describe them, if they were anything like the saw-horses I have seen. What jolly times they must have at—! I cannot help wishing sometimes that I could have some of the fun that other girls have. How quickly I should lock up all these mighty warriors, and hoary sages, and impossible heroes, who are now almost my only companions; and dance and sing and frolic like other girls! But I must not waste

my time wishing idle wishes; and after all my ancient friends are very wise and interesting, and I usually enjoy their society very much indeed. It is only once in a great while that I feel discontented, and allow myself to wish for things I cannot hope for in this life. But, as you know, my heart is usually brimful of happiness. The thought that my dear Heavenly Father is always near, giving me abundantly of all those things, which truly enrich life and make it sweet and beautiful, makes every deprivation seem of little moment compared with the countless blessings I enjoy.

TO MRS. WILLIAM THAW
12 Newbury Street, Boston,
December 19th, 1898.
...I realize now what a selfish, greedy girl I was to ask that my cup of happiness should be filled to overflowing, without stopping to think how many other people's cups were quite empty. I feel heartily ashamed of my thoughtlessness. One of the childish illusions, which it has been hardest for me to get rid of, is that we have only to make our wishes known in order to have them granted. But I am slowly learning that there is not happiness enough in the world for everyone to have all that he wants; and it grieves me to think that I should have forgotten, even for a moment, that I already have more than my share, and that like poor little Oliver Twist I should have asked for "more."...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
12 Newberry Street, Boston.
December 22, 1898

...I suppose Mr. Keith writes you the work-a-day news. If so, you know that I have finished all the geometry, and nearly all the Algebra required for the Harvard examinations, and after Christmas I shall begin a very careful review of both subjects. You will be glad to hear that I enjoy Mathematics now. Why, I can do long, complicated quadratic equations in my head quite easily, and it is great fun! I think Mr. Keith is a wonderful teacher, and I feel very grateful to him for having made me see the beauty of Mathematics. Next to my own dear teacher, he has done more than any one else to enrich and broaden my mind.

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
12 Newbury Street, Boston,
January 17, 1899.
...Have you seen Kipling's "Dreaming True," or "Kitchener's School?" It is a very strong poem and set me dreaming too. Of course you have read about the "Gordon Memorial College," which the English people are to erect at Khartoum. While I was thinking over the blessings that would come to the people of Egypt through this college, and eventually to England herself, there came into my heart the strong desire that my own dear country should in a similar way convert the terrible loss of her brave sons on the "Maine" into a like blessing to the people of Cuba. Would a college at Havana not be the noblest and most enduring monument that could be raised to the brave men of the "Maine," as well as a source of infinite good to all concerned? Imagine entering the Havana harbor, and having the pier, where the "Maine" was anchored on that dreadful night, when she was so mysteriously destroyed, pointed out to you, and being told that the great, beautiful building overlooking the spot was the "Maine Memorial College," erected by the American people, and having for its

object the education both of Cubans and Spaniards! What a glorious triumph such a monument would be of the best and highest instincts of a Christian nation! In it there would be no suggestion of hatred or revenge, nor a trace of the old-time belief that might makes right. On the other hand, it would be a pledge to the world that we intend to stand by our declaration of war, and give Cuba to the Cubans, as soon as we have fitted them to assume the duties and responsibilities of a self-governing people....

TO MR. JOHN HITZ
12 Newbury Street, Boston,
February 3, 1899.
...I had an exceedingly interesting experience last Monday. A kind friend took me over in the morning to the Boston Art Museum. She had previously obtained permission from General Loring, Supt. of the Museum, for me to touch the statues, especially those which represented my old friends in the "Iliad" and "Aeneid." Was that not lovely? While I was there, General Loring himself came in, and showed me some of the most beautiful statues, among which were the Venus of Medici, the Minerva of the Parthenon, Diana, in her hunting costume, with her hand on the quiver and a doe by her side, and the unfortunate Laocoon and his two little sons, struggling in the fearful coils of two huge serpents, and stretching their arms to the skies with heart-rending cries. I also saw Apollo Belvidere. He had just slain the Python and was standing by a great pillar of rock, extending his graceful hand in triumph over the terrible snake. Oh, he was simply beautiful! Venus entranced me. She looked as if she had just risen from the foam of the sea, and her loveliness was like a strain of heavenly music. I also saw poor Niobe with her youngest child clinging close to her while she implored the cruel goddess not to kill her last darling. I almost cried, it was all so real and tragic. General Loring kindly showed me a copy of one of the wonderful bronze doors of the Baptistry of Florence, and I felt of the graceful pillars, resting on the backs of fierce lions. So you see, I had a foretaste of the pleasure which I hope some day to have of visiting Florence. My friend said, she would sometime show me the copies of the marbles brought away by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon. But somehow, I should prefer to see the originals in the place where Genius meant them to remain, not only as a hymn of praise to the gods, but also as a monument of the glory of Greece. It really seems wrong to snatch such sacred things away from the sanctuary of the Past where they belong....

TO MR. WILLIAM WADE
Boston, February 19th, 1899.
Why, bless you, I thought I wrote to you the day after the "Eclogues" arrived, and told you how glad I was to have them! Perhaps you never got that letter. At any rate, I thank you, dear friend, for taking such a world of trouble for me. You will be glad to hear that the books from England are coming now. I already have the seventh and eighth books of the "Aeneid" and one book of the "Iliad," all of which is most fortunate, as I have come almost to the end of my embossed text-books.

It gives me great pleasure to hear how much is being done for the deaf-blind. The more I learn of them, the more kindness I find. Why, only a little while ago people thought it quite impossible to teach the deaf-blind anything; but no sooner was it proved possible than hundreds of kind, sympathetic hearts were fired

with the desire to help them, and now we see how many of those poor, unfortunate persons are being taught to see the beauty and reality of life. Love always finds its way to an imprisoned soul, and leads it out into the world of freedom and intelligence!

As to the two-handed alphabet, I think it is much easier for those who have sight than the manual alphabet; for most of the letters look like the large capitals in books; but I think when it comes to teaching a deaf-blind person to spell, the manual alphabet is much more convenient, and less conspicuous....

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
12 Newbury Street, Boston,
March 5, 1899.
...I am now sure that I shall be ready for my examinations in June. There is but one cloud in my sky at present; but that is one which casts a dark shadow over my life, and makes me very anxious at times. My teacher's eyes are no better: indeed, I think they grow more troublesome, though she is very brave and patient, and will not give up. But it is most distressing to me to feel that she is sacrificing her sight for me. I feel as if I ought to give up the idea of going to college altogether: for not all the knowledge in the world could make me happy, if obtained at such a cost. I do wish, Mrs. Hutton, you would try to persuade Teacher to take a rest, and have her eyes treated. She will not listen to me.

I have just had some pictures taken, and if they are good, I would like to send one to Mr. Rogers, if you think he would like to have it. I would like so much to show him in some way how deeply I appreciate all that he is doing for me, and I cannot think of anything better to do.

Every one here is talking about the Sargent pictures. It is a wonderful exhibition of portraits, they say. How I wish I had eyes to see them! How I should delight in their beauty and color! However, I am glad that I am not debarred from all pleasure in the pictures. I have at least the satisfaction of seeing them through the eyes of my friends, which is a real pleasure. I am so thankful that I can rejoice in the beauties, which my friends gather and put into my hands!

We are all so glad and thankful that Mr. Kipling did not die! I have his "Jungle-Book" in raised print, and what a splendid, refreshing book it is! I cannot help feeling as if I knew its gifted author. What a real, manly, lovable nature his must be!...

TO DR. DAVID H. GREER
12 Newbury Street, Boston,
May 8, 1899.
...Each day brings me all that I can possibly accomplish, and each night brings me rest, and the sweet thought that I am a little nearer to my goal than ever before. My Greek progresses finely. I have finished the ninth book of the "Iliad" and am just beginning the "Odyssey." I am also reading the "Aeneid" and the "Eclogues." Some of my friends tell me that I am very foolish to give so much time to Greek and Latin; but I am sure they would not think so, if they realized what a wonderful world of experience and thought Homer and Virgil have opened up to me. I think I shall enjoy the "Odyssey" most of all. The "Iliad" tells of almost nothing but war, and one sometimes wearies of the clash

of spears and the din of battle; but the "Odyssey" tells of nobler courage—the courage of a soul sore tried, but steadfast to the end. I often wonder, as I read these splendid poems why, at the same time that Homer's songs of war fired the Greeks with valor, his songs of manly virtue did not have a stronger influence upon the spiritual life of the people. Perhaps the reason is, that thoughts truly great are like seeds cast into the human mind, and either lie there unnoticed, or are tossed about and played with, like toys, until, grown wise through suffering and experience, a race discovers and cultivates them. Then the world has advanced one step in its heavenward march.

I am working very hard just now. I intend to take my examinations in June, and there is a great deal to be done, before I shall feel ready to meet the ordeal....

You will be glad to hear that my mother, and little sister and brother are coming north to spend this summer with me. We shall all live together in a small cottage on one of the lakes at Wrentham, while my dear teacher takes a much needed rest. She has not had a vacation for twelve years, think of it, and all that time she has been the sunshine of my life. Now her eyes are troubling her a great deal, and we all think she ought to be relieved, for a while, of every care and responsibility. But we shall not be quite separated; we shall see each other every day, I hope. And, when July comes, you can think of me as rowing my dear ones around the lovely lake in the little boat you gave me, the happiest girl in the world!...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
[Boston] May 28th 1899.

...We have had a hard day. Mr. Keith was here for three hours this afternoon, pouring a torrent of Latin and Greek into my poor bewildered brain. I really believe he knows more Latin and Greek Grammar than Cicero or Homer ever dreamed of! Cicero is splendid, but his orations are very difficult to translate. I feel ashamed sometimes, when I make that eloquent man say what sounds absurd or insipid; but how is a school-girl to interpret such genius? Why, I should have to be a Cicero to talk like a Cicero!...

Linnie Haguewood is a deaf-blind girl, one of the many whom Mr. William Wade has helped. She is being educated by Miss Dora Donald who, at the beginning of her work with her pupil, was supplied by Mr. Hitz, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau, with copies of all documents relating to Miss Sullivan's work with Miss Keller.

TO MR. WILLIAM WADE
Wrentham, Mass., June 5, 1899.
...Linnie Haguewood's letter, which you sent me some weeks ago, interested me very much. It seemed to show spontaneity and great sweetness of character. I was a good deal amused by what she said about history. I am sorry she does not enjoy it; but I too feel sometimes how dark, and mysterious and even fearful the history of old peoples, old religions and old forms of government really is.

Well, I must confess, I do not like the sign-language, and I do not think it would be of much use to the deaf-blind. I find it very difficult to follow the rapid motions made by the deaf-mutes, and besides, signs seem a great hindrance to them in

acquiring the power of using language easily and freely. Why, I find it hard to understand them sometimes when they spell on their fingers. On the whole, if they cannot be taught articulation, the manual alphabet seems the best and most convenient means of communication. At any rate, I am sure the deaf-blind cannot learn to use signs with any degree of facility.

The other day, I met a deaf Norwegian gentleman, who knows Ragnhild Kaata and her teacher very well, and we had a very interesting conversation about her. He said she was very industrious and happy. She spins, and does a great deal of fancy work, and reads, and leads a pleasant, useful life. Just think, she cannot use the manual alphabet! She reads the lips well, and if she cannot understand a phrase, her friends write it in her hand, and in this way she converses with strangers. I cannot make out anything written in my hand, so you see, Ragnhild has got ahead of me in some things. I do hope I shall see her sometime...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
Wrentham, July 29, 1899.
...I passed in all the subjects I offered, and with credit in advanced Latin.... But I must confess, I had a hard time on the second day of my examinations. They would not allow Teacher to read any of the papers to me; so the papers were copied for me in braille. This arrangement worked very well in the languages, but not nearly so well in the Mathematics. Consequently, I did not do so well as I should have done, if Teacher had been allowed to read the Algebra and Geometry to me. But you must not think I blame any one. Of course they did not realize how difficult and perplexing they were making the examinations for me. How could they—they can see and hear, and I suppose they could not understand matters from my point of view....

Thus far my summer has been sweeter than anything I can remember. My mother, and sister and little brother have been here five weeks, and our happiness knows no bounds. Not only do we enjoy being together; but we also find our little home most delightful. I do wish you could see the view of the beautiful lake from our piazza, the islands looking like little emerald peaks in the golden sunlight, and the canoes flitting here and there, like autumn leaves in the gentle breeze, and breathe in the peculiarly delicious fragrance of the woods, which comes like a murmur from an unknown clime. I cannot help wondering if it is the same fragrance that greeted the Norsemen long ago, when, according to tradition, they visited our shores—an odorous echo of many centuries of silent growth and decay in flower and tree....

TO MRS. SAMUEL RICHARD FULLER
Wrentham, October 20, 1899.
...I suppose it is time for me to tell you something about our plans for the winter. You know it has long been my ambition to go to Radcliffe, and receive a degree, as many other girls have done; but Dean Irwin of Radcliffe, has persuaded me to take a special course for the present. She said I had already shown the world that I could do the college work, by passing all my examinations successfully, in spite of many obstacles. She showed me how very foolish it would be for me to pursue a four years' course of study at Radcliffe, simply to be like other girls, when I might better be cultivating whatever ability I had for writing. She said she did not consider a degree of any real value, but thought it was much more desirable to do something original than

to waste one's energies only for a degree. Her arguments seemed so wise and practical, that I could not but yield. I found it hard, very hard, to give up the idea of going to college; it had been in my mind ever since I was a little girl; but there is no use doing a foolish thing, because one has wanted to do it a long time, is there?

But, while we were discussing plans for the winter, a suggestion which Dr. Hale had made long ago flashed across Teacher's mind—that I might take courses somewhat like those offered at Radcliffe, under the instruction of the professors in these courses. Miss Irwin seemed to have no objection to this proposal, and kindly offered to see the professors and find out if they would give me lessons. If they will be so good as to teach me and if we have money enough to do as we have planned, my studies this year will be English, English Literature of the Elizabethan period, Latin and German....

TO MR. JOHN HITZ
138 Brattle St., Cambridge,
Nov. 11, 1899.
...As to the braille question, I cannot tell how deeply it distresses me to hear that my statement with regard to the examinations has been doubted. Ignorance seems to be at the bottom of all these contradictions. Why, you yourself seem to think that I taught you American braille, when you do not know a single letter in the system! I could not help laughing when you said you had been writing to me in American braille—and there you were writing your letter in English braille!

The facts about the braille examinations are as follows:

How I passed my Entrance Examinations for Radcliffe College.

On the 29th and 30th of June, 1899, I took my examinations for Radcliffe College. The first day I had elementary Greek and advanced Latin, and the second day Geometry, Algebra and advanced Greek.

The college authorities would not permit Miss Sullivan to read the examination papers to me; so Mr. Eugene C. Vining, one of the instructors at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, was employed to copy the papers for me in braille. Mr. Vining was a perfect stranger to me, and could not communicate with me except by writing in braille. The Proctor also was a stranger, and did not attempt to communicate with me in any way; and, as they were both unfamiliar with my speech, they could not readily understand what I said to them.

However, the braille worked well enough in the languages; but when it came to Geometry and Algebra, it was different. I was sorely perplexed, and felt quite discouraged, and wasted much precious time, especially in Algebra. It is true that I am perfectly familiar with all literary braille—English, American, and New York Point; but the method of writing the various signs used in Geometry and Algebra in the three systems is very different, and two days before the examinations I knew only the English method. I had used it all through my school work, and never any other system.

In Geometry, my chief difficulty was, that I had always been

accustomed to reading the propositions in Line Print, or having them spelled into my hand; and somehow, although the propositions were right before me, yet the braille confused me, and I could not fix in my mind clearly what I was reading. But, when I took up Algebra, I had a harder time still—I was terribly handicapped by my imperfect knowledge of the notation. The signs, which I had learned the day before, and which I thought I knew perfectly, confused me. Consequently my work was painfully slow, and I was obliged to read the examples over and over before I could form a clear idea what I was required to do. Indeed, I am not sure now that I read all the signs correctly, especially as I was much distressed, and found it very hard to keep my wits about me....

Now there is one more fact, which I wish to state very plainly, in regard to what Mr. Gilman wrote to you. I never received any direct instruction in the Gilman School. Miss Sullivan always sat beside me, and told me what the teachers said. I did teach Miss Hall, my teacher in Physics, how to write the American braille, but she never gave me any instruction by means of it, unless a few problems written for practice, which made me waste much precious time deciphering them, can be called instruction. Dear Frau Grote learned the manual alphabet, and used to teach me herself; but this was in private lessons, which were paid for by my friends. In the German class Miss Sullivan interpreted to me as well as she could what the teacher said.

Perhaps, if you would send a copy of this to the head of the Cambridge School, it might enlighten his mind on a few subjects, on which he seems to be in total darkness just now....

TO MISS MILDRED KELLER
138 Brattle Street, Cambridge,
November 26, 1899.
...At last we are settled for the winter, and our work is going smoothly. Mr. Keith comes every afternoon at four o'clock, and gives me a "friendly lift" over the rough stretches of road, over which every student must go. I am studying English history, English literature, French and Latin, and by and by I shall take up German and English composition—let us groan! You know, I detest grammar as much as you do; but I suppose I must go through it if I am to write, just as we had to get ducked in the lake hundreds of times before we could swim! In French Teacher is reading "Columba" to me. It is a delightful novel, full of piquant expressions and thrilling adventures, (don't dare to blame me for using big words, since you do the same!) and, if you ever read it, I think you will enjoy it immensely. You are studying English history, aren't you. O but it's exceedingly interesting! I'm making quite a thorough study of the Elizabethan period—of the Reformation, and the Acts of Supremacy and Conformity, and the maritime discoveries, and all the big things, which the "deuce" seems to have invented to plague innocent youngsters like yourself!...

Now we have a swell winter outfit—coats, hats, gowns, flannels and all. We've just had four lovely dresses made by a French dressmaker. I have two, of which one has a black silk skirt, with a black lace net over it, and a waist of white poplin, with turquoise velvet and chiffon, and cream lace over a satin yoke. The other is woollen, and of a very pretty green. The waist is trimmed with pink and green brocaded velvet, and white lace, I think, and has double reefers on the front, tucked and trimmed

with velvet, and also a row of tiny white buttons. Teacher too has a silk dress. The skirt is black, while the waist is mostly yellow, trimmed with delicate lavender chiffon, and black velvet bows and lace. Her other dress is purple, trimmed with purple velvet, and the waist has a collar of cream lace. So you may imagine that we look quite like peacocks, only we've no trains....

A week ago yesterday there was [a] great football game between Harvard and Yale, and there was tremendous excitement here. We could hear the yells of the boys and the cheers of the lookers-on as plainly in our room as if we had been on the field. Colonel Roosevelt was there, on Harvard's side; but bless you, he wore a white sweater, and no crimson that we know of! There were about twenty-five thousand people at the game, and, when we went out, the noise was so terrific, we nearly jumped out of our skins, thinking it was the din of war, and not of a football game that we heard. But, in spite of all their wild efforts, neither side was scored, and we all laughed and said, "Oh, well now the pot can't call the kettle black!"...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
559 Madison Avenue, New York,
January 2, 1900.
...We have been here a week now, and are going to stay with Miss Rhoades until Saturday. We are enjoying every moment of our visit, every one is so good to us. We have seen many of our old friends, and made some new ones. We dined with the Rogers last Friday, and oh, they were so kind to us! The thought of their gentle courtesy and genuine kindness brings a warm glow of joy and gratitude to my heart. I have seen Dr. Greer too. He has such a kind heart! I love him more than ever. We went to St. Bartholomew's Sunday, and I have not felt so much at home in a church since dear Bishop Brooks died. Dr. Greer read so slowly, that my teacher could tell me every word. His people must have wondered at his unusual deliberation. After the service he asked Mr. Warren, the organist to play for me. I stood in the middle of the church, where the vibrations from the great organ were strongest, and I felt the mighty waves of sound beat against me, as the great billows beat against a little ship at sea.

TO MR. JOHN HITZ
138 Brattle Street, Cambridge,
Feb. 3, 1900.
...My studies are more interesting than ever. In Latin, I am reading Horace's odes. Although I find them difficult to translate, yet I think they are the loveliest pieces of Latin poetry I have read or shall ever read. In French we have finished "Colomba," and I am reading "Horace" by Corneille and La Fontaine's fables, both of which are in braille. I have not gone far in either; but I know I shall enjoy the fables, they are so delightfully written, and give such good lessons in a simple and yet attractive way. I do not think I have told you that my dear teacher is reading "The Faery Queen" to me. I am afraid I find fault with the poem as much as I enjoy it. I do not care much for the allegories, indeed I often find them tiresome, and I cannot help thinking that Spenser's world of knights, paynims, fairies, dragons and all sorts of strange creatures is a somewhat grotesque and amusing world; but the poem itself is lovely and as musical as a running brook.

I am now the proud owner of about fifteen new books, which we ordered from Louisville. Among them are "Henry Esmond," "Bacon's Essays" and extracts from "English Literature." Perhaps next week I shall have some more books, "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and possibly some selections from Green's history of England. Am I not very fortunate?

I am afraid this letter savors too much of books—but really they make up my whole life these days, and I scarcely see or hear of anything else! I do believe I sleep on books every night! You know a student's life is of necessity somewhat circumscribed and narrow and crowds out almost everything that is not in books....

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE ACADEMIC BOARD OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE
138 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass.,
May 5, 1900.
Dear Sir:
As an aid to me in determining my plans for study the coming year, I apply to you for information as to the possibility of my taking the regular courses in Radcliffe College.

Since receiving my certificate of admission to Radcliffe last July, I have been studying with a private tutor, Horace, Aeschylus, French, German, Rhetoric, English History, English Literature and Criticism, and English composition.

In college I should wish to continue most, if not all of these subjects. The conditions under which I work require the presence of Miss Sullivan, who has been my teacher and companion for thirteen years, as an interpreter of oral speech and as a reader of examination papers. In college she, or possibly in some subjects some one else, would of necessity be with me in the lecture-room and at recitations. I should do all my written work on a typewriter, and if a Professor could not understand my speech, I could write out my answers to his questions and hand them to him after the recitation.

Is it possible for the College to accommodate itself to these unprecedented conditions, so as to enable me to pursue my studies at Radcliffe? I realize that the obstacles in the way of my receiving a college education are very great—to others they may seem insurmountable; but, dear Sir, a true soldier does not acknowledge defeat before the battle.

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
38 Brattle Street, Cambridge,
June 9, 1900.
...I have not yet heard from the Academic Board in reply to my letter; but I sincerely hope they will answer favorably. My friends think it very strange that they should hesitate so long, especially when I have not asked them to simplify my work in the least, but only to modify it so as to meet the existing circumstances. Cornell has offered to make arrangements suited to the conditions under which I work, if I should decide to go to that college, and the University of Chicago has made a similar offer, but I am afraid if I went to any other college, it would be thought that I did not pass my examinations for Radcliffe satisfactorily....

In the fall Miss Keller entered Radcliffe College.

TO MR. JOHN HITZ

14 Coolidge Ave., Cambridge,
Nov. 26, 1900.
...—has already communicated with you in regard to her and my plan of establishing an institution for deaf and blind children. At first I was most enthusiastic in its support, and I never dreamed that any grave objections could be raised except indeed by those who are hostile to Teacher, but now, after thinking most SERIOUSLY and consulting my friends, I have decided that—'s plan is by no means feasible. In my eagerness to make it possible for deaf and blind children to have the same advantages that I have had, I quite forgot that there might be many obstacles in the way of my accomplishing anything like what—proposed.

My friends thought we might have one or two pupils in our own home, thereby securing to me the advantage of being helpful to others without any of the disadvantages of a large school. They were very kind; but I could not help feeling that they spoke more from a business than a humanitarian point of view. I am sure they did not quite understand how passionately I desire that all who are afflicted like myself shall receive their rightful inheritance of thought, knowledge and love. Still I could not shut my eyes to the force and weight of their arguments, and I saw plainly that I must abandon—'s scheme as impracticable. They also said that I ought to appoint an advisory committee to control my affairs while I am at Radcliffe. I considered this suggestion carefully, then I told Mr. Rhoades that I should be proud and glad to have wise friends to whom I could always turn for advice in all important matters. For this committee I chose six, my mother, Teacher, because she is like a mother to me, Mrs. Hutton, Mr. Rhoades, Dr. Greer and Mr. Rogers, because it is they who have supported me all these years and made it possible for me to enter college. Mrs. Hutton had already written to mother, asking her to telegraph if she was willing for me to have other advisers besides herself and Teacher. This morning we received word that mother had given her consent to this arrangement. Now it remains for me to write to Dr. Greer and Mr. Rogers....

We had a long talk with Dr. Bell. Finally he proposed a plan which delighted us all beyond words. He said that it was a gigantic blunder to attempt to found a school for deaf and blind children, because then they would lose the most precious opportunities of entering into the fuller, richer, freer life of seeing and hearing children. I had had misgivings on this point; but I could not see how we were to help it. However Mr. Bell suggested that—and all her friends who are interested in her scheme should organize an association for the promotion of the education of the deaf and blind, Teacher and myself being included of course. Under his plan they were to appoint Teacher to train others to instruct deaf and blind children in their own homes, just as she had taught me. Funds were to be raised for the teachers' lodgings and also for their salaries. At the same time Dr. Bell added that I could rest content and fight my way through Radcliffe in competition with seeing and hearing girls, while the great desire of my heart was being fulfilled. We clapped our hands and shouted;—went away beaming with pleasure, and Teacher and I felt more light of heart than we had for sometime. Of course we can do nothing just now; but the painful anxiety about my college work and the future welfare of the deaf and blind has been lifted from our minds. Do tell me what you think about Dr. Bell's suggestion. It seems most practical and wise to me; but I must know all that there is to be known about it before

I speak or act in the matter....

TO MR. JOHN D. WRIGHT
Cambridge, December 9, 1900.
Do you think me a villain and—I can't think of a word bad enough to express your opinion of me, unless indeed horse-thief will answer the purpose. Tell me truly, do you think me as bad as that? I hope not; for I have thought many letters to you which never got on paper, and I am delighted to get your good letter, yes, I really was, and I intended to answer it immediately, but the days slip by unnoticed when one is busy, and I have been VERY busy this fall. You must believe that. Radcliffe girls are always up to their ears in work. If you doubt it, you'd better come and see for yourself.

Yes, I am taking the regular college course for a degree. When I am a B.A., I suppose you will not dare call me a villain! I am studying English—Sophomore English, if you please, (though I can't see that it is different from just plain English) German, French and History. I'm enjoying my work even more than I expected to, which is another way of saying that I'm glad I came. It is hard, very hard at times; but it hasn't swamped me yet. No, I am not studying Mathematics, or Greek or Latin either. The courses at Radcliffe are elective, only certain courses in English are prescribed. I passed off my English and advanced French before I entered college, and I choose the courses I like best. I don't however intend to give up Latin and Greek entirely. Perhaps I shall take up these studies later; but I've said goodbye to Mathematics forever, and I assure you, I was delighted to see the last of those horrid goblins! I hope to obtain my degree in four years; but I'm not very particular about that. There's no great hurry, and I want to get as much as possible out of my studies. Many of my friends would be well pleased if I would take two or even one course a year, but I rather object to spending the rest of my life in college....

TO MR. WILLIAM WADE
14 Coolidge Avenue, Cambridge,
December 9, 1900.
...Since you are so much interested in the deaf and blind, I will begin by telling you of several cases I have come across lately. Last October I heard of an unusually bright little girl in Texas. Her name is Ruby Rice, and she is thirteen years old, I think. She has never been taught; but they say she can sew and likes to help others in this sort of work. Her sense of smell is wonderful. Why, when she enters a store, she will go straight to the showcases, and she can also distinguish her own things. Her parents are very anxious indeed to find a teacher for her. They have also written to Mr. Hitz about her.

I also know a child at the Institution for the Deaf in Mississippi. Her name is Maud Scott, and she is six years old. Miss Watkins, the lady who has charge of her wrote me a most interesting letter. She said that Maud was born deaf and lost her sight when she was only three months old, and that when she went to the Institution a few weeks ago, she was quite helpless. She could not even walk and had very little use of her hands. When they tried to teach her to string beads, her little hands fell to her side. Evidently her sense of touch has not been developed, and as yet she can walk only when she holds some one's hand; but she seems to be an exceedingly bright child. Miss Watkins adds

that she is very pretty. I have written to her that when Maud learns to read, I shall have many stories to send her. The dear, sweet little girl, it makes my heart ache to think how utterly she is cut off from all that is good and desirable in life. But Miss Watkins seems to be just the kind of teacher she needs.

I was in New York not long ago and I saw Miss Rhoades, who told me that she had seen Katie McGirr. She said the poor young girl talked and acted exactly like a little child. Katie played with Miss Rhoades's rings and took them away, saying with a merry laugh, "You shall not have them again!" She could only understand Miss Rhoades when she talked about the simplest things. The latter wished to send her some books; but she could not find anything simple enough for her! She said Katie was very sweet indeed, but sadly in need of proper instruction. I was much surprised to hear all this; for I judged from your letters that Katie was a very precocious girl....

A few days ago I met Tommy Stringer in the railroad station at Wrentham. He is a great, strong boy now, and he will soon need a man to take care of him; he is really too big for a lady to manage. He goes to the public school, I hear, and his progress is astonishing, they say; but it doesn't show as yet in his conversation, which is limited to "Yes" and "No."...

TO MR. CHARLES T. COPELAND
December 20, 1900.
My dear Mr. Copeland;
I venture to write to you because I am afraid that if I do not explain why I have stopped writing themes, you will think I have become discouraged, or perhaps that to escape criticism I have beat a cowardly retreat from your class. Please do not think either of these very unpleasant thoughts. I am not discouraged, nor am I afraid. I am confident that I could go on writing themes like those I have written, and I suppose I should get through the course with fairly good marks; but this sort of literary patch-work has lost all interest for me. I have never been satisfied with my work; but I never knew what my difficulty was until you pointed it out to me. When I came to your class last October, I was trying with all my might to be like everybody else, to forget as entirely as possible my limitations and peculiar environment. Now, however, I see the folly of attempting to hitch one's wagon to a star with harness that does not belong to it.

I have always accepted other peoples experiences and observations as a matter of course. It never occurred to me that it might be worth while to make my own observations and describe the experiences peculiarly my own. Henceforth I am resolved to be myself, to live my own life and write my own thoughts when I have any. When I have written something that seems to be fresh and spontaneous and worthy of your criticisms, I will bring it to you, if I may, and if you think it good, I shall be happy; but if your verdict is unfavorable, I shall try again and yet again until I have succeeded in pleasing you...

TO MRS. LAURENCE HUTTON
14 Coolidge Avenue, Cambridge,
December 27, 1900.
...So you read about our class luncheon in the papers? How in the world do the papers find out everything, I wonder. I am sure no

reporter was present. I had a splendid time; the toasts and speeches were great fun. I only spoke a few words, as I did not know I was expected to speak until a few minutes before I was called upon. I think I wrote you that I had been elected Vice-President of the Freshman Class of Radcliffe.

Did I tell you in my last letter that I had a new dress, a real party dress with low neck and short sleeves and quite a train? It is pale blue, trimmed with chiffon of the same color. I have worn it only once, but then I felt that Solomon in all his glory was not to be compared with me! Anyway, he certainly never had a dress like mine!...

A gentleman in Philadelphia has just written to my teacher about a deaf and blind child in Paris, whose parents are Poles. The mother is a physician and a brilliant woman, he says. This little boy could speak two or three languages before he lost his hearing through sickness, and he is now only about five years old. Poor little fellow, I wish I could do something for him; but he is so young, my teacher thinks it would be too bad to separate him from his mother. I have had a letter from Mrs. Thaw with regard to the possibility of doing something for these children. Dr. Bell thinks the present census will show that there are more than a thousand in the United States alone [The number of deaf-blind young enough to be benefited by education is not so large as this; but the education of this class of defectives has been neglected.]; and Mrs. Thaw thinks if all my friends were to unite their efforts, "it would be an easy matter to establish at the beginning of this new century a new line upon which mercy might travel," and the rescue of these unfortunate children could be accomplished....

TO MR. WILLIAM WADE
Cambridge, February 2, 1901.
...By the way, have you any specimens of English braille especially printed for those who have lost their sight late in life or have fingers hardened by long toil, so that their touch is less sensitive than that of other blind people? I read an account of such a system in one of my English magazines, and I am anxious to know more about it. If it is as efficient as they say, I see no reason why English braille should not be adopted by the blind of all countries. Why, it is the print that can be most readily adapted to many different languages. Even Greek can be embossed in it, as you know. Then, too, it will be rendered still more efficient by the "interpointing system," which will save an immense amount of space and paper. There is nothing more absurd, I think, than to have five or six different prints for the blind....

This letter was written in response to a tentative offer from the editor of The Great Round World to have the magazine published in raised type for the blind, if enough were willing to subscribe. It is evident that the blind should have a good magazine, not a special magazine for the blind, but one of our best monthlies, printed in embossed letters. The blind alone could not support it, but it would not take very much money to make up the additional expense.

To THE GREAT ROUND WORLD
Cambridge, Feb. 16, 1901.
The Great Round World,
New York City.

Gentlemen: I have only to-day found time to reply to your interesting letter. A little bird had already sung the good news in my ear; but it was doubly pleasant to have it straight from you.

It would be splendid to have The Great Round World printed in "language that can be felt." I doubt if any one who enjoys the wondrous privilege of seeing can have any conception of the boon such a publication as you contemplate would be to the sightless. To be able to read for one's self what is being willed, thought and done in the world—the world in whose joys and sorrows, failures and successes one feels the keenest interest—that would indeed be a happiness too deep for words. I trust that the effort of The Great Round World to bring light to those who sit in darkness will receive the encouragement and support it so richly deserves.

I doubt, however, if the number of subscribers to an embossed edition of The Great Round World would ever be large; for I am told that the blind as a class are poor. But why should not the friends of the blind assist The Great Round World, if necessary? Surely there are hearts and hands ever ready to make it possible for generous intentions to be wrought into noble deeds.

Wishing you godspeed in an undertaking that is very dear to my heart, I am, etc.

TO MISS NINA RHOADES
Cambridge, Sept. 25, 1901.
...We remained in Halifax until about the middle of August.... Day after day the Harbor, the warships, and the park kept us busy thinking and feeling and enjoying.... When the Indiana visited Halifax, we were invited to go on board, and she sent her own launch for us. I touched the immense cannon, read with my fingers several of the names of the Spanish ships that were captured at Santiago, and felt the places where she had been pierced with shells. The Indiana was the largest and finest ship in the Harbor, and we felt very proud of her.

After we left Halifax, we visited Dr. Bell at Cape Breton. He has a charming, romantic house on a mountain called Beinn Bhreagh, which overlooks the Bras d'Or Lake....

Dr. Bell told me many interesting things about his work. He had just constructed a boat that could be propelled by a kite with the wind in its favor, and one day he tried experiments to see if he could steer the kite against the wind. I was there and really helped him fly the kites. On one of them I noticed that the strings were of wire, and having had some experience in bead work, I said I thought they would break. Dr. Bell said "No!" with great confidence, and the kite was sent up. It began to pull and tug, and lo, the wires broke, and off went the great red dragon, and poor Dr. Bell stood looking forlornly after it. After that he asked me if the strings were all right and changed them at once when I answered in the negative. Altogether we had great fun....

TO DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE [Read by Dr. Hale at the celebration of the centenary of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, at Tremont Temple, Boston, Nov. 11, 1901.]
Cambridge, Nov. 10, 1901.
My teacher and I expect to be present at the meeting tomorrow in

commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Dr. Howe's birth; but I very much doubt if we shall have an opportunity to speak with you; so I am writing now to tell you how delighted I am that you are to speak at the meeting, because I feel that you, better than any one I know will express the heartfelt gratitude of those who owe their education, their opportunities, their happiness to him who opened the eyes of the blind and gave the dumb lip language.

Sitting here in my study, surrounded by my books, enjoying the sweet and intimate companionship of the great and the wise, I am trying to realize what my life might have been, if Dr. Howe had failed in the great task God gave him to perform. If he had not taken upon himself the responsibility of Laura Bridgman's education and led her out of the pit of Acheron back to her human inheritance, should I be a sophomore at Radcliffe College to-day—who can say? But it is idle to speculate about what might have been in connection with Dr. Howe's great achievement.

I think only those who have escaped that death-in-life existence, from which Laura Bridgman was rescued, can realize how isolated, how shrouded in darkness, how cramped by its own impotence is a soul without thought or faith or hope. Words are powerless to describe the desolation of that prison-house, or the joy of the soul that is delivered out of its captivity. When we compare the needs and helplessness of the blind before Dr. Howe began his work, with their present usefulness and independence, we realize that great things have been done in our midst. What if physical conditions have built up high walls about us? Thanks to our friend and helper, our world lies upward; the length and breadth and sweep of the heavens are ours!

It is pleasant to think that Dr. Howe's noble deeds will receive their due tribute of affection and gratitude, in the city, which was the scene of his great labors and splendid victories for humanity.

With kind greetings, in which my teacher joins me, I am
Affectionately your friend,
HELEN KELLER.

TO THE HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR
Cambridge, Mass., November 25, 1901.
My Dear Senator Hoar:—
I am glad you liked my letter about Dr. Howe. It was written out of my heart, and perhaps that is why it met a sympathetic response in other hearts. I will ask Dr. Hale to lend me the letter, so that I can make a copy of it for you.

You see, I use a typewriter—it is my right hand man, so to speak. Without it I do not see how I could go to college. I write all my themes and examinations on it, even Greek. Indeed, it has only one drawback, and that probably is regarded as an advantage by the professors; it is that one's mistakes may be detected at a glance; for there is no chance to hide them in illegible writing.

I know you will be amused when I tell you that I am deeply interested in politics. I like to have the papers read to me, and I try to understand the great questions of the day; but I am afraid my knowledge is very unstable; for I change my opinions with every new book I read. I used to think that when I studied

Civil Government and Economics, all my difficulties and perplexities would blossom into beautiful certainties; but alas, I find that there are more tares than wheat in these fertile fields of knowledge....

III: A SUPPLEMENTARY ACCOUNT OF HELEN KELLER'S LIFE AND EDUCATION

CHAPTER I. The Writing of the Book

It is fitting that Miss Keller's "Story of My Life" should appear at this time. What is remarkable in her career is already accomplished, and whatever she may do in the future will be but a relatively slight addition to the success which distinguishes her now. That success has just been assured, for it is her work at Radcliffe during the last two years which has shown that she can carry her education as far as if she were studying under normal conditions. Whatever doubts Miss Keller herself may have had are now at rest.

Several passages of her autobiography, as it appeared in serial form, have been made the subject of a grave editorial in a Boston newspaper, in which the writer regretted Miss Keller's apparent disillusionment in regard to the value of her college life. He quoted the passages in which she explains that college is not the "universal Athens" she had hoped to find, and cited the cases of other remarkable persons whose college life had proved disappointing. But it is to be remembered that Miss Keller has written many things in her autobiography for the fun of writing them, and the disillusion, which the writer of the editorial took seriously, is in great part humorous. Miss Keller does not suppose her views to be of great importance, and when she utters her opinions on important matters she takes it for granted that her reader will receive them as the opinions of a junior in college, not of one who writes with the wisdom of maturity. For instance, it surprised her that some people were annoyed at what she said about the Bible, and she was amused that they did not see, what was plain enough, that she had been obliged to read the whole Bible in a course in English literature, not as a religious duty put upon her by her teacher or her parents.

I ought to apologize to the reader and to Miss Keller for presuming to say what her subject matter is worth, but one more explanation is necessary. In her account of her early education Miss Keller is not giving a scientifically accurate record of her life, nor even of the important events. She cannot know in detail how she was taught, and her memory of her childhood is in some cases an idealized memory of what she has learned later from her teacher and others. She is less able to recall events of fifteen years ago than most of us are to recollect our childhood. That is why her teacher's records may be found to differ in some particulars from Miss Keller's account.

The way in which Miss Keller wrote her story shows, as nothing else can show, the difficulties she had to overcome. When we write, we can go back over our work, shuffle the pages, interline,

rearrange, see how the paragraphs look in proof, and so construct the whole work before the eye, as an architect constructs his plans. When Miss Keller puts her work in typewritten form, she cannot refer to it again unless some one reads it to her by means of the manual alphabet.

This difficulty is in part obviated by the use of her braille machine, which makes a manuscript that she can read; but as her work must be put ultimately in typewritten form, and as a braille machine is somewhat cumbersome, she has got into the habit of writing directly on her typewriter. She depends so little on her braille manuscript, that, when she began to write her story more than a year ago and had put in braille a hundred pages of material and notes, she made the mistake of destroying these notes before she had finished her manuscript. Thus she composed much of her story on the typewriter, and in constructing it as a whole depended on her memory to guide her in putting together the detached episodes, which Miss Sullivan read over to her.

Last July, when she had finished under great pressure of work her final chapter, she set to work to rewrite the whole story. Her good friend, Mr. William Wade, had a complete braille copy made for her from the magazine proofs. Then for the first time she had her whole manuscript under her finger at once. She saw imperfections in the arrangement of paragraphs and the repetition of phrases. She saw, too, that her story properly fell into short chapters and redivided it.

Partly from temperament, partly from the conditions of her work, she has written rather a series of brilliant passages than a unified narrative; in point of fact, several paragraphs of her story are short themes written in her English courses, and the small unit sometimes shows its original limits.

In rewriting the story, Miss Keller made corrections on separate pages on her braille machine. Long corrections she wrote out on her typewriter, with catch-words to indicate where they belonged. Then she read from her braille copy the entire story, making corrections as she read, which were taken down on the manuscript that went to the printer. During this revision she discussed questions of subject matter and phrasing. She sat running her finger over the braille manuscript, stopping now and then to refer to the braille notes on which she had indicated her corrections, all the time reading aloud to verify the manuscript.

She listened to criticism just as any author listens to his friends or his editor. Miss Sullivan, who is an excellent critic, made suggestions at many points in the course of composition and revision. One newspaper suggested that Miss Keller had been led into writing the book and had been influenced to put certain things into it by zealous friends. As a matter of fact, most of the advice she has received and heeded has led to excisions rather than to additions. The book is Miss Keller's and is final proof of her independent power.

CHAPTER II. PERSONALITY

Mark Twain has said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller. The admiration with which the world has regarded her is more than justified by what she has done. No one can tell any great truth about her which has not already been written, and all that I can do is to give a few more facts about Miss Keller's work and add a little to what is known of her personality.

Miss Keller is tall and strongly built, and has always had good health. She seems to be more nervous than she really is, because she expresses more with her hands than do most English-speaking people. One reason for this habit of gesture is that her hands have been so long her instruments of communication that they have taken to themselves the quick shiftings of the eye, and

express some of the things that we say in a glance. All deaf people naturally gesticulate. Indeed, at one time it was believed that the best way for them to communicate was through systematized gestures, the sign language invented by the Abbe de l'Epee.

When Miss Keller speaks, her face is animated and expresses all the modes of her thought—the expressions that make the features eloquent and give speech half its meaning. On the other hand she does not know another's expression. When she is talking with an intimate friend, however, her hand goes quickly to her friend's face to see, as she says, "the twist of the mouth." In this way she is able to get the meaning of those half sentences which we complete unconsciously from the tone of the voice or the twinkle of the eye.

Her memory of people is remarkable. She remembers the grasp of fingers she has held before, all the characteristic tightening of the muscles that makes one person's handshake different from that of another.

The trait most characteristic, perhaps, of Miss Keller (and also of Miss Sullivan) is humour. Skill in the use of words and her habit of playing with them make her ready with mots and epigrams.

Some one asked her if she liked to study.

"Yes," she replied, "but I like to play also, and I feel sometimes as if I were a music box with all the play shut up inside me."

When she met Dr. Furness, the Shakespearean scholar, he warned her not to let the college professors tell her too many assumed facts about the life of Shakespeare; all we know, he said, is that Shakespeare was baptized, married, and died.

"Well," she replied, "he seems to have done all the essential things."

Once a friend who was learning the manual alphabet kept making "g," which is like the hand of a sign-post, for "h," which is made with two fingers extended. Finally Miss Keller told him to "fire both barrels."

Mr. Joseph Jefferson was once explaining to Miss Keller what the bumps on her head meant.

"That," he said, "is your prize-fighting bump."

"I never fight," she replied, "except against difficulties."

Miss Keller's humour is that deeper kind of humour which is courage.

Thirteen years ago she made up her mind to learn to speak, and she gave her teacher no rest until she was allowed to take lessons, although wise people, even Miss Sullivan, the wisest of them all, regarded it as an experiment unlikely to succeed and almost sure to make her unhappy. It was this same perseverance that made her go to college. After she had passed her examinations and received her certificate of admission, she was advised by the Dean of Radcliffe and others not to go on. She accordingly delayed a year. But she was not satisfied until she had carried out her purpose and entered college.

Her life has been a series of attempts to do whatever other people do, and to do it as well. Her success has been complete, for in trying to be like other people she has come most fully to be herself. Her unwillingness to be beaten has developed her courage. Where another can go, she can go. Her respect for physical bravery is like Stevenson's—the boy's contempt for the fellow who cries, with a touch of young bravado in it. She takes tramps in the woods, plunging through the underbrush, where she is scratched and bruised; yet you could not get her to admit that she is hurt, and you certainly could not persuade her to stay at home next time.

So when people try experiments with her, she displays a sportsmanlike determination to win in any test, however unreasonable, that one may wish to put her to.

If she does not know the answer to a question, she guesses with mischievous assurance. Ask her

the colour of your coat (no blind person can tell colour), she will feel it and say "black." If it happens to be blue, and you tell her so triumphantly, she is likely to answer, "Thank you. I am glad you know. Why did you ask me?"

Her whimsical and adventuresome spirit puts her so much on her mettle that she makes rather a poor subject for the psychological experimenter. Moreover, Miss Sullivan does not see why Miss Keller should be subjected to the investigation of the scientist, and has not herself made many experiments. When a psychologist asked her if Miss Keller spelled on her fingers in her sleep, Miss Sullivan replied that she did not think it worth while to sit up and watch, such matters were of so little consequence.

Miss Keller likes to be part of the company. If any one whom she is touching laughs at a joke, she laughs, too, just as if she had heard it. If others are aglow with music, a responding glow, caught sympathetically, shines in her face. Indeed, she feels the movements of Miss Sullivan so minutely that she responds to her moods, and so she seems to know what is going on, even though the conversation has not been spelled to her for some time. In the same way her response to music is in part sympathetic, although she enjoys it for its own sake.

Music probably can mean little to her but beat and pulsation. She cannot sing and she cannot play the piano, although, as some early experiments show, she could learn mechanically to beat out a tune on the keys. Her enjoyment of music, however, is very genuine, for she has a tactile recognition of sound when the waves of air beat against her. Part of her experience of the rhythm of music comes, no doubt, from the vibration of solid objects which she is touching: the floor, or, what is more evident, the case of the piano, on which her hand rests. But she seems to feel the pulsation of the air itself. When the organ was played for her in St. Bartholomew's, the whole building shook with the great pedal notes, but that does not altogether account for what she felt and enjoyed. The vibration of the air as the organ notes swelled made her sway in answer. Sometimes she puts her hand on a singer's throat to feel the muscular thrill and contraction, and from this she gets genuine pleasure. No one knows, however, just what her sensations are. It is amusing to read in one of the magazines of 1895 that Miss Keller "has a just and intelligent appreciation of different composers from having literally felt their music, Schumann being her favourite." If she knows the difference between Schumann and Beethoven, it is because she has read it, and if she has read it, she remembers it and can tell any one who asks her.

Miss Keller's effort to reach out and meet other people on their own intellectual ground has kept her informed of daily affairs. When her education became more systematic and she was busy with books, it would have been very easy for Miss Sullivan to let her draw into herself, if she had been so inclined. But every one who has met her has given his best ideas to her and she has taken them. If, in the course of a conversation, the friend next to her has ceased for some moments to spell into her hand, the question comes inevitably, "What are you talking about?" Thus she picks up the fragments of the daily intercourse of normal people, so that her detailed information is singularly full and accurate. She is a good talker on the little occasional affairs of life.

Much of her knowledge comes to her directly. When she is out walking she often stops suddenly, attracted by the odour of a bit of shrubbery. She reaches out and touches the leaves, and the world of growing things is hers, as truly as it is ours, to enjoy while she holds the leaves in her fingers and smells the blossoms, and to remember when the walk is done.

When she is in a new place, especially an interesting place like Niagara, whoever accompanies her —usually, of course, Miss Sullivan—is kept busy giving her an idea of visible details. Miss Sullivan, who knows her pupil's mind, selects from the passing landscape essential elements, which give a certain clearness to Miss Keller's imagined view of an outer world that to our eyes is confused and overloaded with particulars. If her companion does not give her enough details, Miss Keller asks

questions until she has completed the view to her satisfaction.

She does not see with her eyes, but through the inner faculty to serve which eyes were given to us. When she returns from a walk and tells some one about it, her descriptions are accurate and vivid. A comparative experience drawn from written descriptions and from her teacher's words has kept her free from errors in her use of terms of sound and vision. True, her view of life is highly coloured and full of poetic exaggeration; the universe, as she sees it, is no doubt a little better than it really is. But her knowledge of it is not so incomplete as one might suppose. Occasionally she astonishes you by ignorance of some fact which no one happens to have told her; for instance, she did not know, until her first plunge into the sea, that it is salt. Many of the detached incidents and facts of our daily life pass around and over her unobserved; but she has enough detailed acquaintance with the world to keep her view of it from being essentially defective.

Most that she knows at first hand comes from her sense of touch. This sense is not, however, so finely developed as in some other blind people. Laura Bridgman could tell minute shades of difference in the size of thread, and made beautiful lace. Miss Keller used to knit and crochet, but she has had better things to do. With her varied powers and accomplishments, her sense of touch has not been used enough to develop it very far beyond normal acuteness. A friend tried Miss Keller one day with several coins. She was slower than he expected her to be in identifying them by their relative weight and size. But it should be said she almost never handles money—one of the many sordid and petty details of life, by the way, which she has been spared.

She recognizes the subject and general intention of a statuette six inches high. Anything shallower than a half-inch bas-relief is a blank to her, so far as it expresses an idea of beauty. Large statues, of which she can feel the sweep of line with her whole hand, she knows in their higher esthetic value. She suggests herself that she can know them better than we do, because she can get the true dimensions and appreciate more immediately the solid nature of a sculptured figure. When she was at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston she stood on a step-ladder and let both hands play over the statues. When she felt a bas-relief of dancing girls she asked, "Where are the singers?" When she found them she said, "One is silent." The lips of the singer were closed.

It is, however, in her daily life that one can best measure the delicacy of her senses and her manual skill. She seems to have very little sense of direction. She gropes her way without much certainty in rooms where she is quite familiar. Most blind people are aided by the sense of sound, so that a fair comparison is hard to make, except with other deaf-blind persons. Her dexterity is not notable either in comparison with the normal person, whose movements are guided by the eye, or, I am told, with other blind people. She has practised no single constructive craft which would call for the use of her hands. When she was twelve, her friend Mr. Albert H. Munsell, the artist, let her experiment with a wax tablet and a stylus. He says that she did pretty well and managed to make, after models, some conventional designs of the outlines of leaves and rosettes. The only thing she does which requires skill with the hands is her work on the typewriter. Although she has used the typewriter since she was eleven years old, she is rather careful than rapid. She writes with fair speed and absolute sureness. Her manuscripts seldom contain typographical errors when she hands them to Miss Sullivan to read. Her typewriter has no special attachments. She keeps the relative position of the keys by an occasional touch of the little finger on the outer edge of the board.

Miss Keller's reading of the manual alphabet by her sense of touch seems to cause some perplexity. Even people who know her fairly well have written in the magazines about Miss Sullivan's "mysterious telegraphic communications" with her pupil. The manual alphabet is that in use among all educated deaf people. Most dictionaries contain an engraving of the manual letters. The deaf person with sight looks at the fingers of his companion, but it is also possible to feel them. Miss Keller puts her fingers lightly over the hand of one who is talking to her and gets the words as rapidly as they can be spelled. As she explains, she is not conscious of the single letters or of separate words. Miss

Sullivan and others who live constantly with the deaf can spell very rapidly—fast enough to get a slow lecture, not fast enough to get every word of a rapid speaker.

Anybody can learn the manual letters in a few minutes, use them slowly in a day, and in thirty days of constant use talk to Miss Keller or any other deaf person without realizing what his fingers are doing. If more people knew this, and the friends and relatives of deaf children learned the manual alphabet at once the deaf all over the world would be happier and better educated.

Miss Keller reads by means of embossed print or the various kinds of braille. The ordinary embossed book is made with roman letters, both small letters and capitals. These letters are of simple, square, angular design. The small letters are about three-sixteenths of an inch high, and are raised from the page the thickness of the thumbnail. The books are large, about the size of a volume of an encyclopedia. Green's "Short History of the English People" is in six large volumes. The books are not heavy, because the leaves with the raised type do not lie close. The time that one of Miss Keller's friends realizes most strongly that she is blind is when he comes on her suddenly in the dark and hears the rustle of her fingers across the page.

The most convenient print for the blind is braille, which has several variations, too many, indeed—English, American, New York Point. Miss Keller reads them all. Most educated blind people know several, but it would save trouble if, as Miss Keller suggests, English braille were universally adopted. The facsimile on page xv [omitted from etext] gives an idea of how the raised dots look. Each character (either a letter or a special braille contraction) is a combination made by varying in place and number points in six possible positions. Miss Keller has a braille writer on which she keeps notes and writes letters to her blind friends. There are six keys, and by pressing different combinations at a stroke (as one plays a chord on the piano) the operator makes a character at a time in a sheet of thick paper, and can write about half as rapidly as on a typewriter. Braille is especially useful in making single manuscript copies of books.

Books for the blind are very limited in number. They cost a great deal to publish and they have not a large enough sale to make them profitable to the publisher; but there are several institutions with special funds to pay for embossed books. Miss Keller is more fortunate than most blind people in the kindness of her friends who have books made especially for her, and in the willingness of gentlemen, like Mr. E. E. Allen of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Instruction of the Blind, to print, as he has on several occasions, editions of books that she has needed.

Miss Keller does not as a rule read very fast, but she reads deliberately, not so much because she feels the words less quickly than we see then, as because it is one of her habits of mind to do things thoroughly and well. When a passage interests her, or she needs to remember it for some future use, she flutters it off swiftly on the fingers of her right hand. Sometimes this finger-play is unconscious. Miss Keller talks to herself absent-mindedly in the manual alphabet. When she is walking up or down the hall or along the veranda, her hands go flying along beside her like a confusion of birds' wings.

There is, I am told, tactile memory as well as visual and aural memory. Miss Sullivan says that both she and Miss Keller remember "in their fingers" what they have said. For Miss Keller to spell a sentence in the manual alphabet impresses it on her mind just as we learn a thing from having heard it many times and can call back the memory of its sound.

Like every deaf or blind person, Miss Keller depends on her sense of smell to an unusual degree. When she was a little girl she smelled everything and knew where she was, what neighbour's house she was passing, by the distinctive odours. As her intellect grew she became less dependent on this sense. To what extent she now identifies objects by their odour is hard to determine. The sense of smell has fallen into disrepute, and a deaf person is reluctant to speak of it. Miss Keller's acute sense of smell may account, however, in some part for that recognition of persons and things which it has

been customary to attribute to a special sense, or to an unusual development of the power that we all seem to have of telling when some one is near.

The question of a special "sixth sense," such as people have ascribed. to Miss Keller, is a delicate one. This much is certain, she cannot have any sense that other people may not have, and the existence of a special sense is not evident to her or to any one who knows her. Miss Keller is distinctly not a singular proof of occult and mysterious theories, and any attempt to explain her in that way fails to reckon with her normality. She is no more mysterious and complex than any other person. All that she is, all that she has done, can be explained directly, except such things in every human being as never can be explained. She does not, it would seem, prove the existence of spirit without matter, or of innate ideas, or of immortality, or anything else that any other human being does not prove. Philosophers have tried to find out what was her conception of abstract ideas before she learned language. If she had any conception, there is no way of discovering it now; for she cannot remember, and obviously there was no record at the time. She had no conception of God before she heard the word "God," as her comments very clearly show.

Her sense of time is excellent, but whether it would have developed as a special faculty cannot be known, for she has had a watch since she was seven years old.

Miss Keller has two watches, which have been given her. They are, I think, the only ones of their kind in America. The watch has on the back cover a flat gold indicator which can be pushed freely around from left to right until, by means of a pin inside the case, it locks with the hour hand and takes a corresponding position. The point of this gold indicator bends over the edge of the case, round which are set eleven raised points—the stem forms the twelfth. Thus the watch, an ordinary watch with a white dial for the person who sees, becomes for a blind person by this special attachment in effect one with a single raised hour hand and raised figures. Though there is less than half an inch between the points—a space which represents sixty minutes—Miss Keller tells the time almost exactly. It should be said that any double-case watch with the crystal removed serves well enough for a blind person whose touch is sufficiently delicate to feel the position of the hands and not disturb or injure them.

The finer traits of Miss Keller's character are so well known that one needs not say much about them. Good sense, good humour, and imagination keep her scheme of things sane and beautiful. No attempt is made by those around her either to preserve or to break her illusions. When she was a little girl, a good many unwise and tactless things that were said for her benefit were not repeated to her, thanks to the wise watchfulness of Miss Sullivan. Now that she has grown up, nobody thinks of being less frank with her than with any other intelligent young woman. What her good friend, Charles Dudley Warner, wrote about her in Harper's Magazine in 1896 was true then, and it remains true now:

"I believe she is the purest-minded human ever in existence.... The world to her is what her own mind is. She has not even learned that exhibition on which so many pride themselves, of 'righteous indignation.'

"Some time ago, when a policeman shot dead her dog, a dearly loved daily companion, she found in her forgiving heart no condemnation for the man; she only said, 'If he had only known what a good dog she was, he wouldn't have shot her.' It was said of old time, 'Lord forgive them, they know not what they do!'

"Of course the question will arise whether, if Helen Keller had not been guarded from the knowledge of evil, she would have been what she is to-day.... Her mind has neither been made effeminate by the weak and silly literature, nor has it been vitiated by that which is suggestive of baseness. In consequence her mind is not only vigorous, but it is pure. She is in love with noble things, with noble thoughts, and with the characters of noble men and women."

She still has a childlike aversion to tragedies. Her imagination is so vital that she falls completely under the illusion of a story, and lives in its world. Miss Sullivan writes in a letter of 1891:

"Yesterday I read to her the story of 'Macbeth,' as told by Charles and Mary Lamb. She was very greatly excited by it, and said: 'It is terrible! It makes me tremble!' After thinking a little while, she added, 'I think Shakespeare made it very terrible so that people would see how fearful it is to do wrong.'"

Of the real world she knows more of the good and less of the evil than most people seem to know. Her teacher does not harass her with the little unhappy things; but of the important difficulties they have been through, Miss Keller was fully informed, took her share of the suffering, and put her mind to the problems. She is logical and tolerant, most trustful of a world that has treated her kindly.

Once when some one asked her to define "love," she replied, "Why, bless you, that is easy; it is what everybody feels for everybody else."

"Toleration," she said once, when she was visiting her friend Mrs. Laurence Hutton, "is the greatest gift of the mind; it requires the same effort of the brain that it takes to balance oneself on a bicycle."

She has a large, generous sympathy and absolute fairness of temper. So far as she is noticeably different from other people she is less bound by convention. She has the courage of her metaphors and lets them take her skyward when we poor self-conscious folk would think them rather too bookish for ordinary conversation. She always says exactly what she thinks, without fear of the plain truth; yet no one is more tactful and adroit than she in turning an unpleasant truth so that it will do the least possible hurt to the feelings of others. Not all the attention that has been paid her since she was a child has made her take herself too seriously. Sometimes she gets started on a very solemn preachment. Then her teacher calls her an incorrigible little sermonizer, and she laughs at herself. Often, however, her sober ideas are not to be laughed at, for her earnestness carries her listeners with her. There is never the least false sententiousness in what she says. She means everything so thoroughly that her very quotations, her echoes from what she has read, are in truth original.

Her logic and her sympathy are in excellent balance. Her sympathy is of the swift and ministering sort which, fortunately, she has found so often in other people. And her sympathies go further and shape her opinions on political and national movements. She was intensely pro-Boer and wrote a strong argument in favour of Boer independence. When she was told of the surrender of the brave little people, her face clouded and she was silent a few minutes. Then she asked clear, penetrating questions about the terms of the surrender, and began to discuss them.

Both Mr. Gilman and Mr. Keith, the teachers who prepared her for college, were struck by her power of constructive reasoning; and she was excellent in pure mathematics, though she seems never to have enjoyed it much. Some of the best of her writing, apart from her fanciful and imaginative work, is her exposition in examinations and technical themes, and in some letters which she found it necessary to write to clear up misunderstandings, and which are models of close thinking enforced with sweet vehemence.

She is an optimist and an idealist.

"I hope," she writes in a letter, "that L—— isn't too practical, for if she is, I'm afraid she'll miss a great deal of pleasure."

In the diary that she kept at the Wright-Humason School in New York she wrote on October 18, 1894, "I find that I have four things to learn in my school life here, and indeed, in life—to think clearly without hurry or confusion, to love everybody sincerely, to act in everything with the highest motives, and to trust in dear God unhesitatingly."

CHAPTER III. EDUCATION

It is now sixty-five years since Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe knew that he had made his way through Laura Bridgman's fingers to her intelligence. The names of Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller will always be linked together, and it is necessary to understand what Dr. Howe did for his pupil before one comes to an account of Miss Sullivan's work. For Dr. Howe is the great pioneer on whose work that of Miss Sullivan and other teachers of the deaf-blind immediately depends.

Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe was born in Boston, November 10, 1801, and died in Boston, January 9, 1876. He was a great philanthropist, interested especially in the education of all defectives, the feeble-minded, the blind, and the deaf. Far in advance of his time he advocated many public measures for the relief of the poor and the diseased, for which he was laughed at then, but which have since been put into practice. As head of the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston, he heard of Laura Bridgman and had her brought to the Institution on October 4, 1837.

Laura Bridgman was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, December 21, 1829; so she was almost eight years old when Dr. Howe began his experiments with her. At the age of twenty-six months scarlet fever left her without sight or hearing. She also lost her sense of smell and taste. Dr. Howe was an experimental scientist and had in him the spirit of New England transcendentalism with its large faith and large charities. Science and faith together led him to try to make his way into the soul which he believed was born in Laura Bridgman as in every other human being. His plan was to teach Laura by means of raised types. He pasted raised labels on objects and made her fit the labels to the objects and the objects to the labels. When she had learned in this way to associate raised words with things, in much the same manner, he says, as a dog learns tricks, he began to resolve the words into their letter elements and to teach her to put together "k-e-y," "c-a-p." His success convinced him that language can be conveyed through type to the mind of the blind-deaf child, who, before education, is in the state of the baby who has not learned to prattle; indeed, is in a much worse state, for the brain has grown in years without natural nourishment.

After Laura's education had progressed for two months with the use only of raised letters, Dr. Howe sent one of his teachers to learn the manual alphabet from a deaf-mute. She taught it to Laura, and from that time on the manual alphabet was the means of communicating with her.

After the first year or two Dr. Howe did not teach Laura Bridgman himself, but gave her over to other teachers, who under his direction carried on the work of teaching her language.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Dr. Howe's work. As an investigator he kept always the scientist's attitude. He never forgot to keep his records of Laura Bridgman in the fashion of one who works in a laboratory. The result is, his records of her are systematic and careful. From a scientific standpoint it is unfortunate that it was impossible to keep such a complete record of Helen Keller's development. This in itself is a great comment on the difference between Laura Bridgman and Helen Keller. Laura always remained an object of curious study. Helen Keller became so rapidly a distinctive personality that she kept her teacher in a breathless race to meet the needs of her pupil, with no time or strength to make a scientific study.

In some ways this is unfortunate. Miss Sullivan knew at the beginning that Helen Keller would be more interesting and successful than Laura Bridgman, and she expresses in one of her letters the need of keeping notes. But neither temperament nor training allowed her to make her pupil the object of any experiment or observation which did not help in the child's development. As soon as a thing was done, a definite goal passed, the teacher did not always look back and describe the way she had come. The explanation of the fact was unimportant compared to the fact itself and the need of

hurrying on. There are two other reasons why Miss Sullivan's records are incomplete. It has always been a severe tax on her eyes to write, and she was early discouraged from publishing data by the inaccurate use made of what she at first supplied.

When she first wrote from Tuscumbia to Mr. Michael Anagnos, Dr. Howes son-in-law and his successor as Director of the Perkins Institution, about her work with her pupil, the Boston papers began at once to publish exaggerated accounts of Helen Keller. Miss Sullivan protested. In a letter dated April 10, 1887, only five weeks after she went to Helen Keller, she wrote to a friend:

"—sent me a Boston Herald containing a stupid article about Helen. How perfectly absurd to say that Helen is 'already talking fluently!' Why, one might just as well say that a two-year-old child converses fluently when he says 'apple give,' or 'baby walk go.' I suppose if you included his screaming, crowing, whimpering, grunting, squalling, with occasional kicks, in his conversation, it might be regarded as fluent—even eloquent. Then it is amusing to read of the elaborate preparation I underwent to fit me for the great task my friends entrusted to me. I am sorry that preparation didn't include spelling, it would have saved me such a lot of trouble."

On March 4, 1888, she writes in a letter:

"Indeed, I am heartily glad that I don't know all that is being said and written about Helen and myself. I assure you I know quite enough. Nearly every mail brings some absurd statement, printed or written. The truth is not wonderful enough to suit the newspapers; so they enlarge upon it and invent ridiculous embellishments. One paper has Helen demonstrating problems in geometry by means of her playing blocks. I expect to hear next that she has written a treatise on the origin and future of the planets!"

In December, 1887, appeared the first report of the Director of the Perkins Institution, which deals with Helen Keller. For this report Miss Sullivan prepared, in reluctant compliance with the request of Mr. Anagnos, an account of her work. This with the extracts from her letters, scattered through the report, is the first valid source of information about Helen Keller. Of this report Miss Sullivan wrote in a letter dated October 30, 1887:

"Have you seen the paper I wrote for the 'report'? Mr. Anagnos was delighted with it. He says Helen's progress has been 'a triumphal march from the beginning,' and he has many flattering things to say about her teacher. I think he is inclined to exaggerate; at all events, his language is too glowing, and simple facts are set forth in such a manner that they bewilder one. Doubtless the work of the past few months does seem like a triumphal march to him; but then people seldom see the halting and painful steps by which the most insignificant success is achieved."

As Mr. Anagnos was the head of a great institution, what he said had much more effect than the facts in Miss Sullivan's account on which he based his statements. The newspapers caught Mr. Anagnos's spirit and exaggerated a hundred-fold. In a year after she first went to Helen Keller, Miss Sullivan found herself and her pupil the centre of a stupendous fiction. Then the educators all over the world said their say and for the most part did not help matters. There grew up a mass of controversial matter which it is amusing to read now. Teachers of the deaf proved a priori that what Miss Sullivan had done could not be, and some discredit was reflected on her statements, because they were surrounded by the vague eloquence of Mr. Anagnos. Thus the story of Helen Keller, incredible when told with moderation, had the misfortune to be heralded by exaggerated announcements, and naturally met either an ignorant credulity or an incredulous hostility.

In November, 1888, another report of the Perkins Institution appeared with a second paper by Miss Sullivan, and then nothing official was published until November, 1891, when Mr. Anagnos issued the last Perkins Institution report containing anything about Helen Keller. For this report Miss Sullivan wrote the fullest and largest account she has ever written; and in this report appeared the "Frost King," which is discussed fully in a later chapter. Then the controversy waxed fiercer than

ever.

Finding that other people seemed to know so much more about Helen Keller than she did, Miss Sullivan kept silent and has been silent for ten years, except for her paper in the first volta Bureau Souvenir of Helen Keller and the paper which, at Dr. Bell's request, she prepared in 1894 for the meeting at Chautauqua of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. When Dr. Bell and others tell her, what is certainly true from an impersonal point of view, that she owes it to the cause of education to write what she knows, she answers very properly that she owes all her time and all her energies to her pupil.

Although Miss Sullivan is still rather amused than distressed when some one, even one of her friends, makes mistakes in published articles about her and Miss Keller, still she sees that Miss Keller's book should include all the information that the teacher could at present furnish. So she consented to the publication of extracts from letters which she wrote during the first year of her work with her pupil. These letters were written to Mrs. Sophia C. Hopkins, the only person to whom Miss Sullivan ever wrote freely. Mrs. Hopkins has been a matron at the Perkins Institution for twenty years, and during the time that Miss Sullivan was a pupil there she was like a mother to her. In these letters we have an almost weekly record of Miss Sullivan's work. Some of the details she had forgotten, as she grew more and more to generalize. Many people have thought that any attempt to find the principles in her method would be nothing but a later theory superimposed on Miss Sullivan's work. But it is evident that in these letters she was making a clear analysis of what she was doing. She was her own critic, and in spite of her later declaration, made with her modest carelessness, that she followed no particular method, she was very clearly learning from her task and phrasing at the time principles of education of unique value not only in the teaching of the deaf but in the teaching of all children. The extracts from her letters and reports form an important contribution to pedagogy, and more than justify the opinion of Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, who wrote in 1893, when he was President of Johns Hopkins University:

"I have just read... your most interesting account of the various steps you have taken in the education of your wonderful pupil, and I hope you will allow me to express my admiration for the wisdom that has guided your methods and the affection which has inspired your labours."

Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan was born at Springfield, Massachusetts. Very early in her life she became almost totally blind, and she entered the Perkins Institution October 7, 1880, when she was fourteen years old. Later her sight was partially restored.

Mr. Anagnos says in his report of 1887: "She was obliged to begin her education at the lowest and most elementary point; but she showed from the very start that she had in herself the force and capacity which insure success.... She has finally reached the goal for which she strove so bravely. The golden words that Dr. Howe uttered and the example that he left passed into her thoughts and heart and helped her on the road to usefulness; and now she stands by his side as his worthy successor in one of the most cherished branches of his work.... Miss Sullivan's talents are of the highest order."

In 1886 she graduated from the Perkins Institution. When Captain Keller applied to the director for a teacher, Mr. Anagnos recommended her. The only time she had to prepare herself for the work with her pupil was from August, 1886, when Captain Keller wrote, to February, 1887. During this time she read Dr. Howe's reports. She was further aided by the fact that during the six years of her school life she had lived in the house with Laura Bridgman. It was Dr. Howe who, by his work with Laura Bridgman, made Miss Sullivan's work possible: but it was Miss Sullivan who discovered the way to teach language to the deaf-blind.

It must be remembered that Miss Sullivan had to solve her problems unaided by previous experience or the assistance of any other teacher. During the first year of her work with Helen

Keller, in which she taught her pupil language, they were in Tuscumbia; and when they came North and visited the Perkins Institution, Helen Keller was never a regular student there or subject to the discipline of the Institution. The impression that Miss Sullivan educated Helen Keller "under the direction of Mr. Anagnos" is erroneous. In the three years during which at various times Miss Keller and Miss Sullivan were guests of the Perkins Institution, the teachers there did not help Miss Sullivan, and Mr. Anagnos did not even use the manual alphabet with facility as a means of communication. Mr. Anagnos wrote in the report of the Perkins Institution, dated November 27, 1888: "At my urgent request, Helen, accompanied by her mother and her teacher, came to the North in the last week of May, and spent several months with us as our guests.... We gladly allowed her to use freely our library of embossed books, our collection of stuffed animals, sea-shells, models of flowers and plants, and the rest of our apparatus for instructing the blind through the sense of touch. I do not doubt that she derived from them much pleasure and not a little profit. But whether Helen stays at home or makes visits in other parts of the country, her education is always under the immediate direction and exclusive control of her teacher. No one interferes with Miss Sullivan's plans, or shares in her tasks. She has been allowed entire freedom in the choice of means and methods for carrying on her great work; and, as we can judge by the results, she has made a most judicious and discreet use of this privilege. What the little pupil has thus far accomplished is widely known, and her wonderful attainments command general admiration; but only those who are familiar with the particulars of the grand achievement know that the credit is largely due to the intelligence, wisdom, sagacity, unremitting perseverance and unbending will of the instructress, who rescued the child from the depths of everlasting night and stillness, and watched over the different phases of her mental and moral development with maternal solicitude and enthusiastic devotion."

Here follow in order Miss Sullivan's letters and the most important passages from the reports. I have omitted from each succeeding report what has already been explained and does not need to be repeated. For the ease of the reader I have, with Miss Sullivan's consent, made the extracts run together continuously and supplied words of connection and the resulting necessary changes in syntax, and Miss Sullivan has made slight changes in the phrasing of her reports and also of her letters, which were carelessly written. I have also italicized a few important passages. Some of her opinions Miss Sullivan would like to enlarge and revise. That remains for her to do at another time. At present we have here the fullest record that has been published. The first letter is dated March 6, 1887, three days after her arrival in Tuscumbia.

...It was 6.30 when I reached Tuscumbia. I found Mrs. Keller and Mr. James Keller waiting for me. They said somebody had met every train for two days. The drive from the station to the house, a distance of one mile, was very lovely and restful. I was surprised to find Mrs. Keller a very young-looking woman, not much older than myself, I should think. Captain Keller met us in the yard and gave me a cheery welcome and a hearty handshake. My first question was, "Where is Helen?" I tried with all my might to control the eagerness that made me tremble so that I could hardly walk. As we approached the house I saw a child standing in the doorway, and Captain Keller said, "There she is. She has known all day that some one was expected, and she has been wild ever since her mother went to the station for you." I had scarcely put my foot on the steps, when she rushed toward me with such force that she would have thrown me backward if Captain Keller had not been behind me. She felt my face and dress and my bag, which she took out of my hand and tried to open. It did not open easily, and she felt carefully to see if there was a keyhole. Finding that there was, she turned to me, making the sign of turning a key and pointing to the bag. Her mother interfered at this point and showed Helen by signs that she must not touch the bag. Her face flushed, and when her mother attempted to take the bag from her, she grew very angry. I attracted her attention by showing her my watch and letting her hold it in her hand. Instantly the tempest subsided, and we went upstairs together. Here I opened the bag, and she went through it eagerly, probably expecting to find

something to eat. Friends had probably brought her candy in their bags, and she expected to find some in mine. I made her understand, by pointing to a trunk in the hall and to myself and nodding my head, that I had a trunk, and then made the sign that she had used for eating, and nodded again. She understood in a flash and ran downstairs to tell her mother, by means of emphatic signs, that there was some candy in a trunk for her. She returned in a few minutes and helped me put away my things. It was too comical to see her put on my bonnet and cock her head first on one side, then on the other, and look in the mirror, just as if she could see. Somehow I had expected to see a pale, delicate child—I suppose I got the idea from Dr. Howe's description of Laura Bridgman when she came to the Institution. But there's nothing pale or delicate about Helen. She is large, strong, and ruddy, and as unrestrained in her movements as a young colt. She has none of those nervous habits that are so noticeable and so distressing in blind children. Her body is well formed and vigorous, and Mrs. Keller says she has not been ill a day since the illness that deprived her of her sight and hearing. She has a fine head, and it is set on her shoulders just right. Her face is hard to describe. It is intelligent, but lacks mobility, or soul, or something. Her mouth is large and finely shaped. You see at a glance that she is blind. One eye is larger than the other, and protrudes noticeably. She rarely smiles; indeed, I have seen her smile only once or twice since I came. She is unresponsive and even impatient of caresses from any one except her mother. She is very quick-tempered and wilful, and nobody, except her brother James, has attempted to control her. The greatest problem I shall have to solve is how to discipline and control her without breaking her spirit. I shall go rather slowly at first and try to win her love. I shall not attempt to conquer her by force alone; but I shall insist on reasonable obedience from the start. One thing that impresses everybody is Helen's tireless activity. She is never still a moment. She is here, there, and everywhere. Her hands are in everything; but nothing holds her attention for long. Dear child, her restless spirit gropes in the dark. Her untaught, unsatisfied hands destroy whatever they touch because they do not know what else to do with things.

She helped me unpack my trunk when it came, and was delighted when she found the doll the little girls sent her. I thought it a good opportunity to teach her her first word. I spelled "d-o-l-l" slowly in her hand and pointed to the doll and nodded my head, which seems to be her sign for possession. Whenever anybody gives her anything, she points to it, then to herself, and nods her head. She looked puzzled and felt my hand, and I repeated the letters. She imitated them very well and pointed to the doll. Then I took the doll, meaning to give it back to her when she had made the letters; but she thought I meant to take it from her, and in an instant she was in a temper, and tried to seize the doll. I shook my head and tried to form the letters with her fingers; but she got more and more angry. I forced her into a chair and held her there until I was nearly exhausted. Then it occurred to me that it was useless to continue the struggle—I must do something to turn the current of her thoughts. I let her go, but refused to give up the doll. I went downstairs and got some cake (she is very fond of sweets). I showed Helen the cake and spelled "c-a-k-e" in her hand, holding the cake toward her. Of course she wanted it and tried to take it; but I spelled the word again and patted her hand. She made the letters rapidly, and I gave her the cake, which she ate in a great hurry, thinking, I suppose, that I might take it from her. Then I showed her the doll and spelled the word again, holding the doll toward her as I held the cake. She made the letters "d-o-l" and I made the other "l" and gave her the doll. She ran downstairs with it and could not be induced to return to my room all day.

Yesterday I gave her a sewing-card to do. I made the first row of vertical lines and let her feel it and notice that there were several rows of little holes. She began to work delightedly and finished the card in a few minutes, and did it very neatly indeed. I thought I would try another word; so I spelled "c-a-r-d." She made the "c-a," then stopped and thought, and making the sign for eating and pointing downward she pushed me toward the door, meaning that I must go downstairs for some cake. The two letters "c-a," you see, had reminded her of Fridays "lesson"—not that she had any idea that cake was the name of the thing, but it was simply a matter of association, I suppose. I finished the word

"c-a-k-e" and obeyed her command. She was delighted. Then I spelled "d-o-l-l" and began to hunt for it. She follows with her hands every motion you make, and she knew that I was looking for the doll. She pointed down, meaning that the doll was downstairs. I made the signs that she had used when she wished me to go for the cake, and pushed her toward the door. She started forward, then hesitated a moment, evidently debating within herself whether she would go or not. She decided to send me instead. I shook my head and spelled "d-o-l-l" more emphatically, and opened the door for her; but she obstinately refused to obey. She had not finished the cake she was eating, and I took it away, indicating that if she brought the doll I would give her back the cake. She stood perfectly still for one long moment, her face crimson; then her desire for the cake triumphed, and she ran downstairs and brought the doll, and of course I gave her the cake, but could not persuade her to enter the room again.

She was very troublesome when I began to write this morning. She kept coming up behind me and putting her hand on the paper and into the ink-bottle. These blots are her handiwork. Finally I remembered the kindergarten beads, and set her to work stringing them. First I put on two wooden beads and one glass bead, then made her feel of the string and the two boxes of beads. She nodded and began at once to fill the string with wooden beads. I shook my head and took them all off and made her feel of the two wooden beads and the one glass bead. She examined them thoughtfully and began again. This time she put on the glass bead first and the two wooden ones next. I took them off and showed her that the two wooden ones must go on first, then the glass bead. She had no further trouble and filled the string quickly, too quickly, in fact. She tied the ends together when she had finished the string, and put the beads round her neck. I did not make the knot large enough in the next string, and the beads came off as fast as she put them on; but she solved the difficulty herself by putting the string through a bead and tying it. I thought this very clever. She amused herself with the beads until dinner-time, bringing the strings to me now and then for my approval.

My eyes are very much inflamed. I know this letter is very carelessly written. I had a lot to say, and couldn't stop to think how to express things neatly. Please do not show my letter to any one. If you want to, you may read it to my friends.

Monday P.M.

I had a battle royal with Helen this morning. Although I try very hard not to force issues, I find it very difficult to avoid them.

Helen's table manners are appalling. She puts her hands in our plates and helps herself, and when the dishes are passed, she grabs them and takes out whatever she wants. This morning I would not let her put her hand in my plate. She persisted, and a contest of wills followed. Naturally the family was much disturbed, and left the room. I locked the dining-room door, and proceeded to eat my breakfast, though the food almost choked me. Helen was lying on the floor, kicking and screaming and trying to pull my chair from under me. She kept this up for half an hour, then she got up to see what I was doing. I let her see that I was eating, but did not let her put her hand in the plate. She pinched me, and I slapped her every time she did it. Then she went all round the table to see who was there, and finding no one but me, she seemed bewildered. After a few minutes she came back to her place and began to eat her breakfast with her fingers. I gave her a spoon, which she threw on the floor. I forced her out of the chair and made her pick it up. Finally I succeeded in getting her back in her chair again, and held the spoon in her hand, compelling her to take up the food with it and put it in her mouth. In a few minutes she yielded and finished her breakfast peaceably. Then we had another tussle over folding her napkin. When she had finished, she threw it on the floor and ran toward the door. Finding it locked, she began to kick and scream all over again. It was another hour before I succeeded in getting her napkin folded. Then I let her out into the warm sunshine and went up to my room and threw myself on the bed exhausted. I had a good cry and felt better. I suppose I shall have many such battles with the little woman before she learns the only two essential things I can

teach her, obedience and love.

Good-by, dear. Don't worry; I'll do my best and leave the rest to whatever power manages that which we cannot. I like Mrs. Keller very much.

Tuscumbia, Alabama, March 11, 1887.

Since I wrote you, Helen and I have gone to live all by ourselves in a little garden-house about a quarter of a mile from her home, only a short distance from Ivy Green, the Keller homestead. I very soon made up my mind that I could do nothing with Helen in the midst of the family, who have always allowed her to do exactly as she pleased. She has tyrannized over everybody, her mother, her father, the servants, the little darkies who play with her, and nobody had ever seriously disputed her will, except occasionally her brother James, until I came; and like all tyrants she holds tenaciously to her divine right to do as she pleases. If she ever failed to get what she wanted, it was because of her inability to make the vassals of her household understand what it was. Every thwarted desire was the signal for a passionate outburst, and as she grew older and stronger, these tempests became more violent. As I began to teach her, I was beset by many difficulties. She wouldn't yield a point without contesting it to the bitter end. I couldn't coax her or compromise with her. To get her to do the simplest thing, such as combing her hair or washing her hands or buttoning her boots, it was necessary to use force, and, of course, a distressing scene followed. The family naturally felt inclined to interfere, especially her father, who cannot bear to see her cry. So they were all willing to give in for the sake of peace. Besides, her past experiences and associations were all against me. I saw clearly that it was useless to try to teach her language or anything else until she learned to obey me. I have thought about it a great deal, and the more I think, the more certain I am that obedience is the gateway through which knowledge, yes, and love, too, enter the mind of the child. As I wrote you, I meant to go slowly at first. I had an idea that I could win the love and confidence of my little pupil by the same means that I should use if she could see and hear. But I soon found that I was cut off from all the usual approaches to the child's heart. She accepted everything I did for her as a matter of course, and refused to be caressed, and there was no way of appealing to her affection or sympathy or childish love of approbation. She would or she wouldn't, and there was an end of it. Thus it is, we study, plan and prepare ourselves for a task, and when the hour for action arrives, we find that the system we have followed with such labour and pride does not fit the occasion; and then there's nothing for us to do but rely on something within us, some innate capacity for knowing and doing, which we did not know we possessed until the hour of our great need brought it to light.

I had a good, frank talk with Mrs. Keller, and explained to her how difficult it was going to be to do anything with Helen under the existing circumstances. I told her that in my opinion the child ought to be separated from the family for a few weeks at least—that she must learn to depend on and obey me before I could make any headway. After a long time Mrs. Keller said that she would think the matter over and see what Captain Keller thought of sending Helen away with me. Captain Keller fell in with the scheme most readily and suggested that the little garden-house at the "old place" be got ready for us. He said that Helen might recognize the place, as she had often been there, but she would have no idea of her surroundings, and they could come every day to see that all was going well, with the understanding, of course, that she was to know nothing of their visits. I hurried the preparations for our departure as much as possible, and here we are.

The little house is a genuine bit of paradise. It consists of one large square room with a great fireplace, a spacious bay-window, and a small room where our servant, a little negro boy, sleeps. There is a piazza in front, covered with vines that grow so luxuriantly that you have to part them to see the garden beyond. Our meals are brought from the house, and we usually eat on the piazza. The little negro boy takes care of the fire when we need one, so I can give my whole attention to Helen.

She was greatly excited at first, and kicked and screamed herself into a sort of stupor, but when

supper was brought she ate heartily and seemed brighter, although she refused to let me touch her. She devoted herself to her dolls the first evening, and when it was bedtime she undressed very quietly, but when she felt me get into bed with her, she jumped out on the other side, and nothing that I could do would induce her to get in again. But I was afraid she would take cold, and I insisted that she must go to bed. We had a terrific tussle, I can tell you. The struggle lasted for nearly two hours. I never saw such strength and endurance in a child. But fortunately for us both, I am a little stronger, and quite as obstinate when I set out. I finally succeeded in getting her on the bed and covered her up, and she lay curled up as near the edge of the bed as possible.

The next morning she was very docile, but evidently homesick. She kept going to the door, as if she expected some one, and every now and then she would touch her cheek, which is her sign for her mother, and shake her head sadly. She played with her dolls more than usual, and would have nothing to do with me. It is amusing and pathetic to see Helen with her dolls. I don't think she has any special tenderness for them—I have never seen her caress them; but she dresses and undresses them many times during the day and handles them exactly as she has seen her mother and the nurse handle her baby sister.

This morning Nancy, her favourite doll, seemed to have some difficulty about swallowing the milk that was being administered to her in large spoonfuls; for Helen suddenly put down the cup and began to slap her on the back and turn her over on her knees, trotting her gently and patting her softly all the time. This lasted for several minutes; then this mood passed, and Nancy was thrown ruthlessly on the floor and pushed to one side, while a large, pink-cheeked, fuzzy-haired member of the family received the little mother's undivided attention.

Helen knows several words now, but has no idea how to use them, or that everything has a name. I think, however, she will learn quickly enough by and by. As I have said before, she is wonderfully bright and active and as quick as lightning in her movements.

March 13, 1887.

You will be glad to hear that my experiment is working out finely. I have not had any trouble at all with Helen, either yesterday or to-day. She has learned three new words, and when I give her the objects, the names of which she has learned, she spells them unhesitatingly; but she seems glad when the lesson is over.

We had a good frolic this morning out in the garden. Helen evidently knew where she was as soon as she touched the boxwood hedges, and made many signs which I did not understand. No doubt they were signs for the different members of the family at Ivy Green.

I have just heard something that surprised me very much. It seems that Mr. Anagnos had heard of Helen before he received Captain Keller's letter last summer. Mr. Wilson, a teacher at Florence, and a friend of the Kellers', studied at Harvard the summer before and went to the Perkins Institution to learn if anything could be done for his friend's child. He saw a gentleman whom he presumed to be the director, and told him about Helen. He says the gentleman was not particularly interested, but said he would see if anything could be done. Doesn't it seem strange that Mr. Anagnos never referred to this interview?

March 20, 1887.

My heart is singing for joy this morning. A miracle has happened! The light of understanding has shone upon my little pupil's mind, and behold, all things are changed!

The wild little creature of two weeks ago has been transformed into a gentle child. She is sitting by me as I write, her face serene and happy, crocheting a long red chain of Scotch wool. She learned the stitch this week, and is very proud of the achievement. When she succeeded in making a chain that would reach across the room, she patted herself on the arm and put the first work of her hands lovingly against her cheek. She lets me kiss her now, and when she is in a particularly gentle mood,

she will sit in my lap for a minute or two; but she does not return my caresses. The great step—the step that counts—has been taken. The little savage has learned her first lesson in obedience, and finds the yoke easy. It now remains my pleasant task to direct and mould the beautiful intelligence that is beginning to stir in the child-soul. Already people remark the change in Helen. Her father looks in at us morning and evening as he goes to and from his office, and sees her contentedly stringing her beads or making horizontal lines on her sewing-card, and exclaims, "How quiet she is!" When I came, her movements were so insistent that one always felt there was something unnatural and almost weird about her. I have noticed also that she eats much less, a fact which troubles her father so much that he is anxious to get her home. He says she is homesick. I don't agree with him; but I suppose we shall have to leave our little bower very soon.

Helen has learned several nouns this week. "M-u-g" and "m-i-l-k," have given her more trouble than other words. When she spells "milk," she points to the mug, and when she spells "mug," she makes the sign for pouring or drinking, which shows that she has confused the words. She has no idea yet that everything has a name.

Yesterday I had the little negro boy come in when Helen was having her lesson, and learn the letters, too. This pleased her very much and stimulated her ambition to excel Percy. She was delighted if he made a mistake, and made him form the letter over several times. When he succeeded in forming it to suit her, she patted him on his woolly head so vigorously that I thought some of his slips were intentional.

One day this week Captain Keller brought Belle, a setter of which he is very proud, to see us. He wondered if Helen would recognize her old playmate. Helen was giving Nancy a bath, and didn't notice the dog at first. She usually feels the softest step and throws out her arms to ascertain if any one is near her. Belle didn't seem very anxious to attract her attention. I imagine she has been rather roughly handled sometimes by her little mistress. The dog hadn't been in the room more than half a minute, however, before Helen began to sniff, and dumped the doll into the wash-bowl and felt about the room. She stumbled upon Belle, who was crouching near the window where Captain Keller was standing. It was evident that she recognized the dog; for she put her arms round her neck and squeezed her. Then Helen sat down by her and began to manipulate her claws. We couldn't think for a second what she was doing; but when we saw her make the letters "d-o-l-l" on her own fingers, we knew that she was trying to teach Belle to spell.

March 28, 1887.

Helen and I came home yesterday. I am sorry they wouldn't let us stay another week; but I think I have made the most I could of the opportunities that were mine the past two weeks, and I don't expect that I shall have any serious trouble with Helen in the future. The back of the greatest obstacle in the path of progress is broken. I think "no" and "yes," conveyed by a shake or a nod of my head, have become facts as apparent to her as hot and cold or as the difference between pain and pleasure. And I don't intend that the lesson she has learned at the cost of so much pain and trouble shall be unlearned. I shall stand between her and the over-indulgence of her parents. I have told Captain and Mrs. Keller that they must not interfere with me in any way. I have done my best to make them see the terrible injustice to Helen of allowing her to have her way in everything, and I have pointed out that the processes of teaching the child that everything cannot be as he wills it, are apt to be painful both to him and to his teacher. They have promised to let me have a free hand and help me as much as possible. The improvement they cannot help seeing in their child has given them more confidence in me. Of course, it is hard for them. I realize that it hurts to see their afflicted little child punished and made to do things against her will. Only a few hours after my talk with Captain and Mrs. Keller (and they had agreed to everything), Helen took a notion that she wouldn't use her napkin at table. I think she wanted to see what would happen. I attempted several times to put the napkin round her neck; but each time she tore it off and threw it on the floor and finally began to kick

the table. I took her plate away and started to take her out of the room. Her father objected and said that no child of his should be deprived of his food on any account.

Helen didn't come up to my room after supper, and I didn't see her again until breakfast-time. She was at her place when I came down. She had put the napkin under her chin, instead of pinning it at the back, as was her custom. She called my attention to the new arrangement, and when I did not object she seemed pleased and patted herself. When she left the dining-room, she took my hand and patted it. I wondered if she was trying to "make up." I thought I would try the effect of a little belated discipline. I went back to the dining-room and got a napkin. When Helen came upstairs for her lesson, I arranged the objects on the table as usual, except that the cake, which I always give her in bits as a reward when she spells a word quickly and correctly, was not there. She noticed this at once and made the sign for it. I showed her the napkin and pinned it round her neck, then tore it off and threw it on the floor and shook my head. I repeated this performance several times. I think she understood perfectly well; for she slapped her hand two or three times and shook her head. We began the lesson as usual. I gave her an object, and she spelled the name (she knows twelve now). After spelling half the words, she stopped suddenly, as if a thought had flashed into her mind, and felt for the napkin. She pinned it round her neck and made the sign for cake (it didn't occur to her to spell the word, you see). I took this for a promise that if I gave her some cake she would be a good girl. I gave her a larger piece than usual, and she chuckled and patted herself.

April 3, 1887.

We almost live in the garden, where everything is growing and blooming and glowing. After breakfast we go out and watch the men at work. Helen loves to dig and play in the dirt like any other child. This morning she planted her doll and showed me that she expected her to grow as tall as I. You must see that she is very bright, but you have no idea how cunning she is.

At ten we come in and string beads for a few minutes. She can make a great many combinations now, and often invents new ones herself. Then I let her decide whether she will sew or knit or crochet. She learned to knit very quickly, and is making a wash-cloth for her mother. Last week she made her doll an apron, and it was done as well as any child of her age could do it. But I am always glad when this work is over for the day. Sewing and crocheting are inventions of the devil, I think. I'd rather break stones on the king's highway than hem a handkerchief. At eleven we have gymnastics. She knows all the free-hand movements and the "Anvil Chorus" with the dumb-bells. Her father says he is going to fit up a gymnasium for her in the pump-house; but we both like a good romp better than set exercises. The hour from twelve to one is devoted to the learning of new words. BUT YOU MUSTN'T THINK THIS IS THE ONLY TIME I SPELL TO HELEN; FOR I SPELL IN HER HAND EVERYTHING WE DO ALL DAY LONG, ALTHOUGH SHE HAS NO IDEA AS YET WHAT THE SPELLING MEANS. After dinner I rest for an hour, and Helen plays with her dolls or frolics in the yard with the little darkies, who were her constant companions before I came. Later I join them, and we make the rounds of the outhouses. We visit the horses and mules in their stalls and hunt for eggs and feed the turkeys. Often, when the weather is fine, we drive from four to six, or go to see her aunt at Ivy Green or her cousins in the town. Helen's instincts are decidedly social; she likes to have people about her and to visit her friends, partly, I think, because they always have things she likes to eat. After supper we go to my room and do all sorts of things until eight, when I undress the little woman and put her to bed. She sleeps with me now. Mrs. Keller wanted to get a nurse for her, but I concluded I'd rather be her nurse than look after a stupid, lazy negress. Besides, I like to have Helen depend on me for everything, AND I FIND IT MUCH EASIER TO TEACH HER THINGS AT ODD MOMENTS THAN AT SET TIMES.

On March 31st I found that Helen knew eighteen nouns and three verbs. Here is a list of the words. Those with a cross after them are words she asked for herself: DOLL, MUG, PIN, KEY, DOG, HAT, CUP, BOX, WATER, MILK, CANDY, EYE (X), FINGER (X), TOE (X), HEAD

(X), CAKE, BABY, MOTHER, SIT, STAND, WALK. On April 1st she learned the nouns KNIFE, FORK, SPOON, SAUCER, TEA, PAPA, BED, and the verb RUN.

April 5, 1887.

I must write you a line this morning because something very important has happened. Helen has taken the second great step in her education. She has learned that EVERYTHING HAS A NAME, AND THAT THE MANUAL ALPHABET IS THE KEY TO EVERYTHING SHE WANTS TO KNOW.

In a previous letter I think I wrote you that "mug" and "milk" had given Helen more trouble than all the rest. She confused the nouns with the verb "drink." She didn't know the word for "drink," but went through the pantomime of drinking whenever she spelled "mug" or "milk." This morning, while she was washing, she wanted to know the name for "water." When she wants to know the name of anything, she points to it and pats my hand. I spelled "w-a-t-e-r" and thought no more about it until after breakfast. Then it occurred to me that with the help of this new word I might succeed in straightening out the "mug-milk" difficulty. We went out to the pump-house, and I made Helen hold her mug under the spout while I pumped. As the cold water gushed forth, filling the mug, I spelled "w-a-t-e-r" in Helen's free hand. The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face. She spelled "water" several times. Then she dropped on the ground and asked for its name and pointed to the pump and the trellis, and suddenly turning round she asked for my name. I spelled "Teacher." Just then the nurse brought Helen's little sister into the pump-house, and Helen spelled "baby" and pointed to the nurse. All the way back to the house she was highly excited, and learned the name of every object she touched, so that in a few hours she had adDED THIRTY NEW WORDS TO HER VOCABULARY. HERE ARE SOME OF THEM: DOOR, OPEN, SHUT, GIVE, GO, COME, and a great many more.

P.S.—I didn't finish my letter in time to get it posted last night; so I shall add a line. Helen got up this morning like a radiant fairy. She has flitted from object to object, asking the name of everything and kissing me for very gladness. Last night when I got in bed, she stole into my arms of her own accord and kissed me for the first time, and I thought my heart would burst, so full was it of joy.

April 10, 1887.

I see an improvement in Helen day to day, almost from hour to hour. Everything must have a name now. Wherever we go, she asks eagerly for the names of things she has not learned at home. She is anxious for her friends to spell, and eager to teach the letters to every one she meets. She drops the signs and pantomime she used before, as soon as she has words to supply their place, and the acquirement of a new word affords her the liveliest pleasure. And we notice that her face grows more expressive each day.

I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO TRY TO HAVE REGULAR LESSONS FOR THE PRESENT. I AM GOING TO TREAT HELEN EXACTLY LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD. IT OCCURRED TO ME THE OTHER DAY THAT IT IS ABSURD TO REQUIRE A CHILD TO COME TO A CERTAIN PLACE AT A CERTAIN TIME AND RECITE CERTAIN LESSONS, WHEN HE HAS NOT YET ACQUIRED A WORKING VOCABULARY. I sent Helen away and sat down to think. I asked myself, "How does a normal child learn language?" The answer was simple, "By imitation." The child comes into the world with the ability to learn, and he learns of himself, provided he is supplied with sufficient outward stimulus. He sees people do things, and he tries to do them. He hears others speak, and he tried to speak. BUT LONG BEFORE HE UTTERS HIS FIRST WORD, HE UNDERSTANDS WHAT IS SAID TO HIM. I have been observing Helen's little cousin lately. She is about fifteen months old, and already understands a great deal. In response to questions she points out prettily her nose, mouth, eye, chin, cheek, ear. If I say,

"Where is baby's other ear?" she points it out correctly. If I hand her a flower, and say, "Give it to mamma," she takes it to her mother. If I say, "Where is the little rogue?" she hides behind her mother's chair, or covers her face with her hands and peeps out at me with an expression of genuine roguishness. She obeys many commands like these: "Come," "Kiss," "Go to papa," "Shut the door," "Give me the biscuit." But I have not heard her try to say any of these words, although they have been repeated hundreds of times in her hearing, and it is perfectly evident that she understands them. These observations have given me a clue to the method to be followed in teaching Helen language.I SHALL TALK INTO HER HAND AS WE TALK INTO THE BABY'S EARS. I shall assume that she has the normal child's capacity of assimilation and imitation. I SHALL USE COMPLETE SENTENCES IN TALKING TO HER, and fill out the meaning with gestures and her descriptive signs when necessity requires it; but I shall not try to keep her mind fixed on any one thing. I shall do all I can to interest and stimulate it, and wait for results.

April 24, 1887.

The new scheme works splendidly. Helen knows the meaning of more than a hundred words now, and learns new ones daily without the slightest suspicion that she is performing a most difficult feat. She learns because she can't help it, just as the bird learns to fly. But don't imagine that she "talks fluently." Like her baby cousin, she expresses whole sentences by single words. "Milk," with a gesture means, "Give me more milk." "Mother," accompanied by an inquiring look, means, "Were is mother?" "Go" means, "I want to go out." But when I spell into her hand, "Give me some bread," she hands me the bread, or if I say, "Get your hat and we will go to walk," she obeys instantly. The two words, "hat" and "walk" would have the same effect; BUT THE WHOLE SENTENCE, REPEATED MANY TIMES DURING THE DAY, MUST IN TIME IMPRESS ITSELF UPON THE BRAIN, AND BY AND BY SHE WILL USE IT HERSELF.

We play a little game which I find most useful in developing the intellect, and which incidentally answers the purpose of a language lesson. It is an adaptation of hide-the-thimble. I hide something, a ball or a spool, and we hunt for it. When we first played this game two or three days ago, she showed no ingenuity at all in finding the object. She looked in places where it would have been impossible to put the ball or the spool. For instance, when I hid the ball, she looked under her writing-board. Again, when I hid the spool, she looked for it in a little box not more than an inch long; and she very soon gave up the search. Now I can keep up her interest in the game for an hour or longer, and she shows much more intelligence, and often great ingenuity in the search. This morning I hid a cracker. She looked everywhere she could think of without success, and was evidently in despair when suddenly a thought struck her, and she came running to me and made me open my mouth very wide, while she gave it a thorough investigation. Finding no trace of the cracker there, she pointed to my stomach and spelled "eat," meaning, "Did you eat it?"

Friday we went down town and met a gentleman who gave Helen some candy, which she ate, except one small piece which she put in her apron pocket. When we reached home, she found her mother, and of her own accord said, "Give baby candy." Mrs. Keller spelled, "No—baby eat—no." Helen went to the cradle and felt of Mildred's mouth and pointed to her own teeth. Mrs. Keller spelled "teeth." Helen shook her head and spelled "Baby teeth—no, baby eat—no," meaning of course, "Baby cannot eat because she has no teeth."

May 8, 1887.

No, I don't want any more kindergarten materials. I used my little stock of beads, cards and straws at first because I didn't know what else to do; but the need for them is past, for the present at any rate.

I am beginning to suspect all elaborate and special systems of education. They seem to me to be built up on the supposition that every child is a kind of idiot who must be taught to think. Whereas, if

the child is left to himself, he will think more and better, if less showily. Let him go and come freely, let him touch real things and combine his impressions for himself, instead of sitting indoors at a little round table, while a sweet-voiced teacher suggests that he build a stone wall with his wooden blocks, or make a rainbow out of strips of coloured paper, or plant straw trees in bead flower-pots. Such teaching fills the mind with artificial associations that must be got rid of, before the child can develop independent ideas out of actual experiences.

Helen is learning adjectives and adverbs as easily as she learned nouns. The idea always precedes the word. She had signs for SMALL and LARGE long before I came to her. If she wanted a small object and was given a large one, she would shake her head and take up a tiny bit of the skin of one hand between the thumb and finger of the other. If she wanted to indicate something large, she spread the fingers of both hands as wide as she could, and brought them together, as if to clasp a big ball. The other day I substituted the words SMALL and LARGE for these signs, and she at once adopted the words and discarded the signs. I can now tell her to bring me a large book or a small plate, to go upstairs slowly, to run fast and to walk quickly. This morning she used the conjunction AND for the first time. I told her to shut the door, and she added, "and lock."

She came tearing upstairs a few minutes ago in a state of great excitement. I couldn't make out at first what it was all about. She kept spelling "dog—baby" and pointing to her five fingers one after another, and sucking them. My first thought was, one of the dogs has hurt Mildred; but Helen's beaming face set my fears at rest. Nothing would do but I must go somewhere with her to see something. She led the way to the pump-house, and there in the corner was one of the setters with five dear little pups! I taught her the word "puppy" and drew her hand over them all, while they sucked, and spelled "puppies." She was much interested in the feeding process, and spelled "mother-dog" and "baby" several times. Helen noticed that the puppies' eyes were closed, and she said, "Eyes —shut. Sleep—no," meaning, "The eyes are shut, but the puppies are not asleep." She screamed with glee when the little things squealed and squirmed in their efforts to get back to their mother, and spelled, "Baby—eat large." I suppose her idea was "Baby eats much." She pointed to each puppy, one after another, and to her five fingers, and I taught her the word FIVE. Then she held up one finger and said "baby." I knew she was thinking of Mildred, and I spelled, "One baby and five puppies." After she had played with them a little while, the thought occurred to her that the puppies must have special names, like people, and she asked for the name of each pup. I told her to ask her father, and she said, "No—mother." She evidently thought mothers were more likely to know about babies of all sorts. She noticed that one of the puppies was much smaller than the others, and she spelled "small," making the sign at the same time, and I said "very small." She evidently understood that VERY was the name of the new thing that had come into her head; for all the way back to the house she used the word VERY correctly. One stone was "small," another was "very small." When she touched her little sister, she said: "Baby—small. Puppy—very small." Soon after, she began to vary her steps from large to small, and little mincing steps were "very small." She is going through the house now, applying the new words to all kinds of objects.

Since I have abandoned the idea of regular lessons, I find that Helen learns much faster. I am convinced that the time spent by the teacher in digging out of the child what she has put into him, for the sake of satisfying herself that it has taken root, is so much time thrown away. IT'S MUCH BETTER, I THINK, TO ASSUME THAT THE CHILD IS DOING HIS PART, AND THAT THE SEED YOU HAVE SOWN WILL BEAR FRUIT IN DUE TIME. It's only fair to the child, anyhow, and it saves you much unnecessary trouble.

May 16, 1887.

We have begun to take long walks every morning, immediately after breakfast. The weather is fine, and the air is full of the scent of strawberries. Our objective point is Keller's Landing, on the Tennessee, about two miles distant. We never know how we get there, or where we are at a given

moment; but that only adds to our enjoyment, especially when everything is new and strange. Indeed, I feel as if I had never seen anything until now, Helen finds so much to ask about along the way. We chase butterflies, and sometimes catch one. Then we sit down under a tree, or in the shade of a bush, and talk about it. Afterwards, if it has survived the lesson, we let it go; but usually its life and beauty are sacrificed on the altar of learning, though in another sense it lives forever; for has it not been transformed into living thoughts? It is wonderful how words generate ideas! Every new word Helen learns seems to carry with it necessity for many more. Her mind grows through its ceaseless activity.

Keller's Landing was used during the war to land troops, but has long since gone to pieces, and is overgrown with moss and weeds. The solitude of the place sets one dreaming. Near the landing there is a beautiful little spring, which Helen calls "squirrel-cup," because I told her the squirrels came there to drink. She has felt dead squirrels and rabbits and other wild animals, and is anxious to see a "walk-squirrel," which interpreted, means, I think, a "live squirrel." We go home about dinner-time usually, and Helen is eager to tell her mother everything she has seen. THIS DESIRE TO REPEAT WHAT HAS BEEN TOLD HER SHOWS A MARKED ADVANCE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF HER INTELLECT, AND IS AN INVALUABLE STIMULUS TO THE ACQUISITION OF LANGUAGE. I ASK ALL HER FRIENDS TO ENCOURAGE HER TO TELL THEM OF HER DOINGS, AND TO MANIFEST AS MUCH CURIOSITY AND PLEASURE IN HER LITTLE ADVENTURES AS THEY POSSIBLY CAN. This gratifies the child's love of approbation and keeps up her interest in things. This is the basis of real intercourse. She makes many mistakes, of course, twists words and phrases, puts the cart before the horse, and gets herself into hopeless tangles of nouns and verbs; but so does the hearing child. I am sure these difficulties will take care of themselves. The impulse to tell is the important thing. I supply a word here and there, sometimes a sentence, and suggest something which she has omitted or forgotten. Thus her vocabulary grows apace, and the new words germinate and bring forth new ideas; and they are the stuff out of which heaven and earth are made.

May 22, 1887.

My work grows more absorbing and interesting every day. Helen is a wonderful child, so spontaneous and eager to learn. She knows about 300 words now and A GREAT MANY COMMON IDIOMS, and it is not three months yet since she learned her first word. It is a rare privilege to watch the birth, growth, and first feeble struggles of a living mind; this privilege is mine; and moreover, it is given me to rouse and guide this bright intelligence.

If only I were better fitted for the great task! I feel every day more and more inadequate. My mind is full of ideas; but I cannot get them into working shape. You see, my mind is undisciplined, full of skips and jumps, and here and there a lot of things huddled together in dark corners. How I long to put it in order! Oh, if only there were some one to help me! I need a teacher quite as much as Helen. I know that the education of this child will be the distinguishing event of my life, if I have the brains and perseverance to accomplish it. I have made up my mind about one thing: Helen must learn to use books—indeed, we must both learn to use them, and that reminds me—will you please ask Mr. Anagnos to get me Perez's and Sully's Psychologies? I think I shall find them helpful.

We have reading lessons every day. Usually we take one of the little "Readers" up in a big tree near the house and spend an hour or two finding the words Helen already knows. WE MAKE A SORT OF GAME OF IT and try to see who can find the words most quickly, Helen with her fingers, or I with my eyes, and she learns as many new words as I can explain with the help of those she knows. When her fingers light upon words she knows, she fairly screams with pleasure and hugs and kisses me for joy, especially if she thinks she has me beaten. It would astonish you to see how many words she learns in an hour in this pleasant manner. Afterward I put the new words into little sentences in the frame, and sometimes it is possible to tell a little story about a bee or a cat or a little boy in this way. I can now tell her to go upstairs or down, out of doors or into the house, lock or

unlock a door, take or bring objects, sit, stand, walk, run, lie, creep, roll, or climb. She is delighted with action-words; so it is no trouble at all to teach her verbs. She is always ready for a lesson, and the eagerness with which she absorbs ideas is very delightful. She is as triumphant over the conquest of a sentence as a general who has captured the enemy's stronghold.

One of Helen's old habits, that is strongest and hardest to correct, is a tendency to break things. If she finds anything in her way, she flings it on the floor, no matter what it is: a glass, a pitcher, or even a lamp. She has a great many dolls, and every one of them has been broken in a fit of temper or ennui. The other day a friend brought her a new doll from Memphis, and I thought I would see if I could make Helen understand that she must not break it. I made her go through the motion of knocking the doll's head on the table and spelled to her: "No, no, Helen is naughty. Teacher is sad," and let her feel the grieved expression on my face. Then I made her caress the doll and kiss the hurt spot and hold it gently in her arms, and I spelled to her, "Good Helen, teacher is happy," and let her feel the smile on my face. She went through these motions several times, mimicking every movement, then she stood very still for a moment with a troubled look on her face, which suddenly cleared, and she spelled, "Good Helen," and wreathed her face in a very large, artificial smile. Then she carried the doll upstairs and put it on the top shelf of the wardrobe, and she has not touched it since.

Please give my kind regards to Mr. Anagnos and let him see my letter, if you think best. I hear there is a deaf and blind child being educated at the Baltimore Institution.

June 2, 1887.

The weather is scorching. We need rain badly. We are all troubled about Helen. She is very nervous and excitable. She is restless at night and has no appetite. It is hard to know what to do with her. The doctor says her mind is too active; but how are we to keep her from thinking? She begins to spell the minute she wakes up in the morning, and continues all day long. If I refuse to talk to her, she spells into her own hand, and apparently carries on the liveliest conversation with herself.

I gave her my braille slate to play with, thinking that the mechanical pricking of holes in the paper would amuse her and rest her mind. But what was my astonishment when I found that the little witch was writing letters! I had no idea she knew what a letter was. She has often gone with me to the post-office to mail letters, and I suppose I have repeated to her things I wrote to you. She knew, too, that I sometimes write "letters to blind girls" on the slate; but I didn't suppose that she had any clear idea what a letter was. One day she brought me a sheet that she had punched full of holes, and wanted to put it in an envelope and take it to the post-office. She said, "Frank—letter." I asked her what she had written to Frank. She replied, "Much words. Puppy motherdog—five. Baby—cry. Hot. Helen walk—no. Sunfire—bad. Frank—come. Helen—kiss Frank. Strawberries—very good."

Helen is almost as eager to read as she is to talk. I find she grasps the import of whole sentences, catching from the context the meaning of words she doesn't know; and her eager questions indicate the outward reaching of her mind and its unusual powers.

The other night when I went to bed, I found Helen sound asleep with a big book clasped tightly in her arms. She had evidently been reading, and fallen asleep. When I asked her about it in the morning, she said, "Book—cry," and completed her meaning by shaking and other signs of fear. I taught her the word AFRAID, and she said: "Helen is not afraid. Book is afraid. Book will sleep with girl." I told her that the book wasn't afraid, and must sleep in its case, and that "girl" mustn't read in bed. She looked very roguish, and apparently understood that I saw through her ruse.

I am glad Mr. Anagnos thinks so highly of me as a teacher. But "genius" and "originality" are words we should not use lightly. If, indeed, they apply to me even remotely, I do not see that I deserve any laudation on that account.

And right here I want to say something which is for your ears alone. Something within me tells me that I shall succeed beyond my dreams. Were it not for some circumstances that make such an idea

highly improbable, even absurd, I should think Helen's education would surpass in interest and wonder Dr. Howe's achievement. I know that she has remarkable powers, and I believe that I shall be able to develop and mould them. I cannot tell how I know these things. I had no idea a short time ago how to go to work; I was feeling about in the dark; but somehow I know now, and I know that I know. I cannot explain it; but when difficulties arise, I am not perplexed or doubtful. I know how to meet them; I seem to divine Helen's peculiar needs. It is wonderful.

Already people are taking a deep interest in Helen. No one can see her without being impressed. She is no ordinary child, and people's interest in her education will be no ordinary interest. Therefore let us be exceedingly careful what we say and write about her. I shall write freely to you and tell you everything, on one condition: It is this: you must promise never to show my letters to any one. My beautiful Helen shall not be transformed into a prodigy if I can help it.

June 5, 1887.

The heat makes Helen languid and quiet. Indeed, the Tophetic weather has reduced us all to a semi-liquid state. Yesterday Helen took off her clothes and sat in her skin all the afternoon. When the sun got round to the window where she was sitting with her book, she got up impatiently and shut the window. But when the sun came in just the same, she came over to me with a grieved look and spelled emphatically: "Sun is bad boy. Sun must go to bed."

She is the dearest, cutest little thing now, and so loving! One day, when I wanted her to bring me some water, she said: "Legs very tired. Legs cry much."

She is much interested in some little chickens that are pecking their way into the world this morning. I let her hold a shell in her hand, and feel the chicken "chip, chip." Her astonishment, when she felt the tiny creature inside, cannot be put in a letter. The hen was very gentle, and made no objection to our investigations. Besides the chickens, we have several other additions to the family—two calves, a colt, and a penful of funny little pigs. You would be amused to see me hold a squealing pig in my arms, while Helen feels it all over, and asks countless questions—questions not easy to answer either. After seeing the chicken come out of the egg, she asked: "Did baby pig grow in egg? Where are many shells?"

Helen's head measures twenty and one-half inches, and mine measures twenty-one and one-half inches. You see, I'm only one inch ahead!

June 12, 1887.

The weather continues hot. Helen is about the same—pale and thin; but you mustn't think she is really ill. I am sure the heat, and not the natural, beautiful activity of her mind, is responsible for her condition. Of course, I shall not overtax her brain. We are bothered a good deal by people who assume the responsibility of the world when God is neglectful. They tell us that Helen is "overdoing," that her mind is too active (these very people thought she had no mind at all a few months ago!) and suggest many absurd and impossible remedies. But so far nobody seems to have thought of chloroforming her, which is, I think, the only effective way of stopping the natural exercise of her faculties. It's queer how ready people always are with advice in any real or imaginary emergency, and no matter how many times experience has shown them to be wrong, they continue to set forth their opinions, as if they had received them from the Almighty!

I am teaching Helen the square-hand letters as a sort of diversion. It gives her something to do, and keeps her quiet, which I think is desirable while this enervating weather lasts. She has a perfect mania for counting. She has counted everything in the house, and is now busy counting the words in her primer. I hope it will not occur to her to count the hairs of her head. If she could see and hear, I suppose she would get rid of her superfluous energy in ways which would not, perhaps, tax her brain so much, although I suspect that the ordinary child takes his play pretty seriously. The little fellow who whirls his "New York Flyer" round the nursery, making "horseshoe curves" undreamed of by

less imaginative engineers, is concentrating his whole soul on his toy locomotive.

She just came to say, with a worried expression, "Girl—not count very large (many) words." I said, "No, go and play with Nancy." This suggestion didn't please her, however; for she replied, "No. Nancy is very sick." I asked what was the matter, and she said, "Much (many) teeth do make Nancy sick." (Mildred is teething.)

I happened to tell her the other day that the vine on the fence was a "creeper." She was greatly amused, and began at once to find analogies between her movements and those of the plants. They run, creep, hop, and skip, bend, fall, climb, and swing; but she tells me roguishly that she is "walk-plant."

Helen held some worsted for me last night while I wound it. Afterward she began to swing round and round, spelling to herself all the time, "Wind fast, wind slow," and apparently enjoying her conceit very much.

June 15, 1887.

We had a glorious thunder-tempest last night, and it's much cooler to-day. We all feel refreshed, as if we'd had a shower-bath. Helen's as lively as a cricket. She wanted to know if men were shooting in the sky when she felt the thunder, and if the trees and flowers drank all the rain.

June 19, 1887.

My little pupil continues to manifest the same eagerness to learn as at first. Her every waking moment is spent in the endeavour to satisfy her innate desire for knowledge, and her mind works so incessantly that we have feared for her health. But her appetite, which left her a few weeks ago, has returned, and her sleep seems more quiet and natural. She will be seven years old the twenty-seventh of this month. Her height is four feet one inch, and her head measures twenty and one-half inches in circumference, the line being drawn round the head so as to pass over the prominences of the parietal and frontal bones. Above this line the head rises one and one-fourth inches.

During our walks she keeps up a continual spelling, and delights to accompany it with actions such as skipping, hopping, jumping, running, walking fast, walking slow, and the like. When she drops stitches she says, "Helen wrong, teacher will cry." If she wants water she says, "Give Helen drink water." She knows four hundred words besides numerous proper nouns. In one lesson I taught her these words: BEDSTEAD, MATTRESS, SHEET, BLANKET, COMFORTER, SPREAD, PILLOW. The next day I found that she remembered all but spread. The same day she had learned, at different times, the words: hOUSE, WEED, DUST, SWING, MOLASSES, FAST, SLOW, MAPLE-SUGAR and COUNTER, and she had not forgotten one of these last. This will give you an idea of the retentive memory she possesses. She can count to thirty very quickly, and can write seven of the square-hand letters and the words which can be made with them. She seems to understand about writing letters, and is impatient to "write Frank letter." She enjoys punching holes in paper with the stiletto, and I supposed it was because she could examine the result of her work; but we watched her one day, and I was much surprised to find that she imagined she was writing a letter. She would spell "Eva" (a cousin of whom she is very fond) with one hand, then make believe to write it; then spell, "sick in bed," and write that. She kept this up for nearly an hour. She was (or imagined she was) putting on paper the things which had interested her. When she had finished the letter she carried it to her mother and spelled, "Frank letter," and gave it to her brother to take to the post-office. She had been with me to take letters to the post-office.

She recognizes instantly a person whom she has once met, and spells the name. Unlike Laura Bridgman, she is fond of gentlemen, and we notice that she makes friends with a gentleman sooner than with a lady.

She is always ready to share whatever she has with those about her, often keeping but very little for herself. She is very fond of dress and of all kinds of finery, and is very unhappy when she finds a

hole in anything she is wearing. She will insist on having her hair put in curl papers when she is so sleepy she can scarcely stand. She discovered a hole in her boot the other morning, and, after breakfast, she went to her father and spelled, "Helen new boot Simpson (her brother) buggy store man." One can easily see her meaning.

July 3, 1887.

There was a great rumpus downstairs this morning. I heard Helen screaming, and ran down to see what was the matter. I found her in a terrible passion. I had hoped this would never happen again. She has been so gentle and obedient the past two months, I thought love had subdued the lion; but it seems he was only sleeping. At all events, there she was, tearing and scratching and biting Viney like some wild thing. It seems Viney had attempted to take a glass, which Helen was filling with stones, fearing that she would break it. Helen resisted, and Viney tried to force it out of her hand, and I suspect that she slapped the child, or did something which caused this unusual outburst of temper. When I took her hand she was trembling violently, and began to cry. I asked what was the matter, and she spelled: "Viney—bad," and began to slap and kick her with renewed violence. I held her hands firmly until she became more calm.

Later Helen came to my room, looking very sad, and wanted to kiss me. I said, "I cannot kiss naughty girl." She spelled, "Helen is good, Viney is bad." I said: "You struck Viney and kicked her and hurt her. You were very naughty, and I cannot kiss naughty girl." She stood very still for a moment, and it was evident from her face, which was flushed and troubled, that a struggle was going on in her mind. Then she said: "Helen did (does) not love teacher. Helen do love mother. Mother will whip Viney." I told her that she had better not talk about it any more, but think. She knew that I was much troubled, and would have liked to stay near me; but I thought it best for her to sit by herself. At the dinner-table she was greatly disturbed because I didn't eat, and suggested that "Cook make tea for teacher." But I told her that my heart was sad, and I didn't feel like eating. She began to cry and sob and clung to me.

She was very much excited when we went upstairs; so I tried to interest her in a curious insect called a stick-bug. It's the queerest thing I ever saw—a little bundle of fagots fastened together in the middle. I wouldn't believe it was alive until I saw it move. Even then it looked more like a mechanical toy than a living creature. But the poor little girl couldn't fix her attention. Her heart was full of trouble, and she wanted to talk about it. She said: "Can bug know about naughty girl? Is bug very happy?" Then, putting her arms round my neck, she said: "I am (will be) good to-morrow. Helen is (will be) good all days." I said, "Will you tell Viney you are very sorry you scratched and kicked her?" She smiled and answered, "Viney (can) not spell words." "I will tell Viney you are very sorry," I said. "Will you go with me and find Viney?" She was very willing to go, and let Viney kiss her, though she didn't return the caress. She has been unusually affectionate since, and it seems to me there is a sweetness-a soul-beauty in her face which I have not seen before.

July 31, 1887.

Helen's pencil-writing is excellent, as you will see from the enclosed letter, which she wrote for her own amusement. I am teaching her the braille alphabet, and she is delighted to be able to make words herself that she can feel.

She has now reached the question stage of her development. It is "what?" "why?" "when?" especially "why?" all day long, and as her intelligence grows her inquiries become more insistent. I remember how unbearable I used to find the inquisitiveness of my friends' children; but I know now that these questions indicate the child's growing interest in the cause of things. The "why?" is the DOOR THROUGH WHICH HE ENTERS THE WORLD OF REASON AND REFLECTION. "How does carpenter know to build house?" "Who put chickens in eggs?" "Why is Viney black?" "Flies bite—why?" "Can flies know not to bite?" "Why did father kill sheep?" Of course she asks

many questions that are not as intelligent as these. Her mind isn't more logical than the minds of ordinary children. On the whole, her questions are analogous to those that a bright three-year-old child asks; but her desire for knowledge is so earnest, the questions are never tedious, though they draw heavily upon my meager store of information, and tax my ingenuity to the utmost.

I had a letter from Laura Bridgman last Sunday. Please give her my love, and tell her Helen sends her a kiss. I read the letter at the supper-table, and Mrs. Keller exclaimed: "My, Miss Annie, Helen writes almost as well as that now!" It is true.

August 21, 1887.

We had a beautiful time in Huntsville. Everybody there was delighted with Helen, and showered her with gifts and kisses. The first evening she learned the names of all the people in the hotel, about twenty, I think. The next morning we were astonished to find that she remembered all of them, and recognized every one she had met the night before. She taught the young people the alphabet, and several of them learned to talk with her. One of the girls taught her to dance the polka, and a little boy showed her his rabbits and spelled their names for her. She was delighted, and showed her pleasure by hugging and kissing the little fellow, which embarrassed him very much.

We had Helen's picture taken with a fuzzy, red-eyed little poodle, who got himself into my lady's good graces by tricks and cunning devices known only to dogs with an instinct for getting what they want.

She has talked incessantly since her return about what she did in Huntsville, and we notice a very decided improvement in her ability to use language. Curiously enough, a drive we took to the top of Monte Sano, a beautiful mountain not far from Huntsville, seems to have impressed her more than anything else, except the wonderful poodle. She remembers all that I told her about it, and in telling her mother REPEATED THE VERY WORDS AND PHRASES I HAD USED IN DESCRIBING IT TO HER. In conclusion she asked her mother if she should like to see "very high mountain and beautiful cloudcaps." I hadn't used this expression. I said, "The clouds touch the mountain softly, like beautiful flowers." You see, I had to use words and images with which she was familiar through the sense of touch. But it hardly seems possible that any mere words should convey to one who has never seen a mountain the faintest idea of its grandeur; and I don't see how any one is ever to know what impression she did receive, or the cause of her pleasure in what was told her about it. All that we do know certainly is that she has a good memory and imagination and the faculty of association.

August 28, 1887.

I do wish things would stop being born! "New puppies," "new calves" and "new babies" keep Helen's interest in the why and wherefore of things at white heat. The arrival of a new baby at Ivy Green the other day was the occasion of a fresh outburst of questions about the origin of babies and live things in general. "Where did Leila get new baby? How did doctor know where to find baby? Did Leila tell doctor to get very small new baby? Where did doctor find Guy and Prince?" (puppies) "Why is Elizabeth Evelyn's sister?" etc., etc. These questions were sometimes asked under circumstances which rendered them embarrassing, and I made up my mind that something must be done. If it was natural for Helen to ask such questions, it was my duty to answer them. It's a great mistake, I think, to put children off with falsehoods and nonsense, when their growing powers of observation and discrimination excite in them a desire to know about things. From the beginning, I HAVE MADE IT A PRACTICE TO ANSWER ALL HELEN'S QUESTIONS TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY IN A WAY INTELLIGIBLE TO HER, and at the same time truthfully. "Why should I treat these questions differently?" I asked myself. I decided that there was no reason, except my deplorable ignorance of the great facts that underlie our physical existence. It was no doubt because of this ignorance that I rushed in where more experienced angels fear to tread. There isn't a living soul in this part of the world to whom I can go for advice in this, or indeed, in any other

educational difficulty. The only thing for me to do in a perplexity is to go ahead, and learn by making mistakes. But in this case I don't think I made a mistake. I took Helen and my Botany, "How Plants Grow," up in the tree, where we often go to read and study, and I told her in simple words the story of plantlife. I reminded her of the corn, beans and watermelon-seed she had planted in the spring, and told her that the tall corn in the garden, and the beans and watermelon vines had grown from those seeds. I explained how the earth keeps the seeds warm and moist, until the little leaves are strong enough to push themselves out into the light and air where they can breathe and grow and bloom and make more seeds, from which other baby-plants shall grow. I drew an analogy between plant and animal-life, and told her that seeds are eggs as truly as hens' eggs and birds' eggs—that the mother hen keeps her eggs warm and dry until the little chicks come out. I made her understand that all life comes from an egg. The mother bird lays her eggs in a nest and keeps them warm until the birdlings are hatched. The mother fish lays her eggs where she knows they will be moist and safe, until it is time for the little fish to come out. I told her that she could call the egg the cradle of life. Then I told her that other animals like the dog and cow, and human beings, do not lay their eggs, but nourish their young in their own bodies. I had no difficulty in making it clear to her that if plants and animals didn't produce offspring after their kind, they would cease to exist, and everything in the world would soon die. But the function of sex I passed over as lightly as possible. I did, however, try to give her the idea that love is the great continuer of life. The subject was difficult, and my knowledge inadequate; but I am glad I didn't shirk my responsibility; for, stumbling, hesitating, and incomplete as my explanation was, it touched deep responsive chords in the soul of my little pupil, and the readiness with which she comprehended the great facts of physical life confirmed me in the opinion that the child has dormant within him, when he comes into the world, all the experiences of the race. These experiences are like photographic negatives, until language develops them and brings out the memory-images.

September 4, 1887.

Helen had a letter this morning from her uncle, Doctor Keller. He invited her to come to see him at Hot Springs. The name Hot Springs interested her, and she asked many questions about it. She knows about cold springs. There are several near Tuscumbia; one very large one from which the town got its name. "Tuscumbia" is the Indian for "Great Spring." But she was surprised that hot water should come out of the ground. She wanted to know who made fire under the ground, and if it was like the fire in stoves, and if it burned the roots of plants and trees.

She was much pleased with the letter, and after she had asked all the questions she could think of, she took it to her mother, who was sewing in the hall, and read it to her. It was amusing to see her hold it before her eyes and spell the sentences out on her fingers, just as I had done. Afterward she tried to read it to Belle (the dog) and Mildred. Mrs. Keller and I watched the nursery comedy from the door. Belle was sleepy, and Mildred inattentive. Helen looked very serious, and, once or twice, when Mildred tried to take the letter, she put her hand away impatiently. Finally Belle got up, shook herself, and was about to walk away, when Helen caught her by the neck and forced her to lie down again. In the meantime Mildred had got the letter and crept away with it. Helen felt on the floor for it, but not finding it there, she evidently suspected Mildred; for she made the little sound which is her "baby call." Then she got up and stood very still, as if listening with her feet for Mildred's "thump, thump." When she had located the sound, she went quickly toward the little culprit and found her chewing the precious letter! This was too much for Helen. She snatched the letter and slapped the little hands soundly. Mrs. Keller took the baby in her arms, and when we had succeeded in pacifying her, I asked Helen, "What did you do to baby?" She looked troubled, and hesitated a moment before answering. Then she said: "Wrong girl did eat letter. Helen did slap very wrong girl." I told her that Mildred was very small, and didn't know that it was wrong to put the letter in her mouth.

"I did tell baby, no, no, much (many) times," was Helen's reply.

I said, "Mildred doesn't understand your fingers, and we must be very gentle with her."

She shook her head.

"Baby—not think. Helen will give baby pretty letter," and with that she ran upstairs and brought down a neatly folded sheet of braille, on which she had written some words, and gave it to Mildred, saying, "Baby can eat all words."

September 18, 1887.

I do not wonder you were surprised to hear that I was going to write something for the report. I do not know myself how it happened, except that I got tired of saying "no," and Captain Keller urged me to do it. He agreed with Mr. Anagnos that it was my duty to give others the benefit of my experience. Besides, they said Helen's wonderful deliverance might be a boon to other afflicted children.

When I sit down to write, my thoughts freeze, and when I get them on paper they look like wooden soldiers all in a row, and if a live one happens along, I put him in a strait-jacket. It's easy enough, however, to say Helen is wonderful, because she really is. I kept a record of everything she said last week, and I found that she knows six hundred words. This does not mean, however, that she always uses them correctly. Sometimes her sentences are like Chinese puzzles; but they are the kind of puzzles children make when they try to express their half-formed ideas by means of arbitrary language. She has the true language-impulse, and shows great fertility of resource in making the words at her command convey her meaning.

Lately she has been much interested in colour. She found the word "brown" in her primer and wanted to know its meaning. I told her that her hair was brown, and she asked, "Is brown very pretty?" After we had been all over the house, and I had told her the colour of everything she touched, she suggested that we go to the hen-houses and barns; but I told her she must wait until another day because I was very tired. We sat in the hammock; but there was no rest for the weary there. Helen was eager to know "more colour." I wonder if she has any vague idea of colour—any reminiscent impression of light and sound. It seems as if a child who could see and hear until her nineteenth month must retain some of her first impressions, though ever so faintly. Helen talks a great deal about things that she cannot know of through the sense of touch. She asks many questions about the sky, day and night, the ocean and mountains. She likes to have me tell her what I see in pictures.

But I seem to have lost the thread of my discourse. "What colour is think?" was one of the restful questions she asked, as we swung to and fro in the hammock. I told her that when we are happy our thoughts are bright, and when we are naughty they are sad. Quick as a flash she said, "My think is white, Viney's think is black." You see, she had an idea that the colour of our thoughts matched that of our skin. I couldn't help laughing, for at that very moment Viney was shouting at the top of her voice:

"I long to sit on dem jasper walls And see dem sinners stumble and fall!"

October 3, 1887.

My account for the report is finished and sent off. I have two copies, and will send you one; but you mustn't show it to anybody. It's Mr. Anagnos's property until it is published.

I suppose the little girls enjoyed Helen's letter. She wrote it out of her own head, as the children say.

She talks a great deal about what she will do when she goes to Boston. She asked the other day, "Who made all things and Boston?" She says Mildred will not go there because "Baby does cry all days."

October 25, 1887.

Helen wrote another letter to the little girls yesterday, and her father sent it to Mr. Anagnos. Ask him to let you see it. She has begun to use the pronouns of her own accord. This morning I happened to say, "Helen will go upstairs." She laughed and said, "Teacher is wrong. You will go upstairs." This is another great forward step. Thus it always is. Yesterday's perplexities are strangely simple to-day, and to-day's difficulties become to-morrow's pastime.

The rapid development of Helen's mind is beautiful to watch. I doubt if any teacher ever had a work of such absorbing interest. There must have been one lucky star in the heavens at my birth, and I am just beginning to feel its beneficent influence.

I had two letters from Mr. Anagnos last week. He is more grateful for my report than the English idiom will express. Now he wants a picture "of darling Helen and her illustrious teacher, to grace the pages of the forthcoming annual report."

October, 1887.

You have probably read, ere this, Helen's second letter to the little girls. I am aware that the progress which she has made between the writing of the two letters must seem incredible. Only those who are with her daily can realize the rapid advancement which she is making in the acquisition of language. You will see from her letter that she uses many pronouns correctly. She rarely misuses or omits one in conversation. Her passion for writing letters and putting her thoughts upon paper grows more intense. She now tells stories in which the imagination plays an important part. She is also beginning to realize that she is not like other children. The other day she asked, "What do my eyes do?" I told her that I could see things with my eyes, and that she could see them with her fingers. After thinking a moment she said, "My eyes are bad!" then she changed it into "My eyes are sick!"

Miss Sullivan's first report, which was published in the official report of the Perkins Institution for the year 1887, is a short summary of what is fully recorded in the letters. Here follows the last part, beginning with the great day, April 5th, when Helen learned water.

In her reports Miss Sullivan speaks of "lessons" as if they came in regular order. This is the effect of putting it all in a summary. "Lesson" is too formal for the continuous daily work.

One day I took her to the cistern. As the water gushed from the pump I spelled "w-a-t-e-r." Instantly she tapped my hand for a repetition, and then made the word herself with a radiant face. Just then the nurse came into the cistern-house bringing her little sister. I put Helen's hand on the baby and formed the letters "b-a-b-y," which she repeated without help and with the light of a new intelligence in her face.

On our way back to the house everything she touched had to be named for her, and repetition was seldom necessary. Neither the length of the word nor the combination of letters seems to make any difference to the child. Indeed, she remembers HELIOTROPE and CHRYSANTHEMUM more readily than she does shorter names. At the end of August she knew 625 words.

This lesson was followed by one on words indicative of place-relations. Her dress was put IN a trunk, and then ON it, and these prepositions were spelled for her. Very soon she learned the difference between ON and IN, though it was some time before she could use these words in sentences of her own. Whenever it was possible she was made the actor in the lesson, and was delighted to stand ON the chair, and to be put INTO the wardrobe. In connection with this lesson she learned the names of the members of the family and the word IS. "Helen is in wardrobe," "Mildred is in crib," "Box is on table," "Papa is on bed," are specimens of sentences constructed by her during the latter part of April.

Next came a lesson on words expressive of positive quality. For the first lesson I had two balls, one made of worsted, large and soft, the other a bullet. She perceived the difference in size at once. Taking the bullet she made her habitual sign for SMALL—that is, by pinching a little bit of the skin of one hand. Then she took the other ball and made her sign for LARGE by spreading both hands over

it. I substituted the adjectives LARGE and SMALL for those signs. Then her attention was called to the hardness of the one ball and the softness of the other, and she learned SOFT and HARD. A few minutes afterward she felt of her little sister's head and said to her mother, "Mildred's head is small and hard." Next I tried to teach her the meaning of FAST and SLOW. She helped me wind some worsted one day, first rapidly and afterward slowly. I then said to her with the finger alphabet, "wind fast," or "wind slow," holding her hands and showing her how to do as I wished. The next day, while exercising, she spelled to me, "Helen wind fast," and began to walk rapidly. Then she said, "Helen wind slow," again suiting the action to the words.

I now thought it time to teach her to read printed words. A slip on which was printed, in raised letters, the word BOX was placed on the object, and the same experiment was tried with a great many articles, but she did not immediately comprehend that the label-name represented the thing. Then I took an alphabet sheet and put her finger on the letter A, at the same time making A with my fingers. She moved her finger from one printed character to another as I formed each letter on my fingers. She learned all the letters, both capital and small, in one day. Next I turned to the first page of the primer and made her touch the word CAT, spelling it on my fingers at the same time. Instantly she caught the idea, and asked me to find DOG and many other words. Indeed, she was much displeased because I could not find her name in the book. Just then I had no sentences in raised letters which she could understand; but she would sit for hours feeling each word in her book. When she touched one with which she was familiar, a peculiarly sweet expression lighted her face, and we saw her countenance growing sweeter and more earnest every day. About this time I sent a list of the words she knew to Mr. Anagnos, and he very kindly had them printed for her. Her mother and I cut up several sheets of printed words so that she could arrange them into sentences. This delighted her more than anything she had yet done; and the practice thus obtained prepared the way for the writing lessons. There was no difficulty in making her understand how to write the same sentences with pencil and paper which she made every day with the slips, and she very soon perceived that she need not confine herself to phrases already learned, but could communicate any thought that was passing through her mind. I put one of the writing boards used by the blind between the folds of the paper on the table, and allowed her to examine an alphabet of the square letters, such as she was to make. I then guided her hand to form the sentence, "Cat does drink milk." When she finished it she was overjoyed. She carried it to her mother, who spelled it to her.

Day after day she moved her pencil in the same tracks along the grooved paper, never for a moment expressing the least impatience or sense of fatigue.

As she had now learned to express her ideas on paper, I next taught her the braille system. She learned it gladly when she discovered that she could herself read what she had written; and this still affords her constant pleasure. For a whole evening she will sit at the table writing whatever comes into her busy brain; and I seldom find any difficulty in reading what she has written.

Her progress in arithmetic has been equally remarkable. She can add and subtract with great rapidity up to the sum of one hundred; and she knows the multiplication tables as far as the FIVES. She was working recently with the number forty, when I said to her, "Make twos." She replied immediately, "Twenty twos make forty." Later I said, "Make fifteen threes and count." I wished her to make the groups of threes and supposed she would then have to count them in order to know what number fifteen threes would make. But instantly she spelled the answer: "Fifteen threes make forty-five."

On being told that she was white and that one of the servants was black, she concluded that all who occupied a similar menial position were of the same hue; and whenever I asked her the colour of a servant she would say "black." When asked the colour of some one whose occupation she did not know she seemed bewildered, and finally said "blue."

She has never been told anything about death or the burial of the body, and yet on entering the cemetery for the first time in her life, with her mother and me, to look at some flowers, she laid her hand on our eyes and repeatedly spelled "cry—cry." Her eyes actually filled with tears. The flowers did not seem to give her pleasure, and she was very quiet while we stayed there.

On another occasion while walking with me she seemed conscious of the presence of her brother, although we were distant from him. She spelled his name repeatedly and started in the direction in which he was coming.

When walking or riding she often gives the names of the people we meet almost as soon as we recognize them.

The letters take up the account again.

November 13, 1887.

We took Helen to the circus, and had "the time of our lives"! The circus people were much interested in Helen, and did everything they could to make her first circus a memorable event. They let her feel the animals whenever it was safe. She fed the elephants, and was allowed to climb up on the back of the largest, and sit in the lap of the "Oriental Princess," while the elephant marched majestically around the ring. She felt some young lions. They were as gentle as kittens; but I told her they would get wild and fierce as they grew older. She said to the keeper, "I will take the baby lions home and teach them to be mild." The keeper of the bears made one big black fellow stand on his hind legs and hold out his great paw to us, which Helen shook politely. She was greatly delighted with the monkeys and kept her hand on the star performer while he went through his tricks, and laughed heartily when he took off his hat to the audience. One cute little fellow stole her hair-ribbon, and another tried to snatch the flowers out of her hat. I don't know who had the best time, the monkeys, Helen or the spectators. One of the leopards licked her hands, and the man in charge of the giraffes lifted her up in his arms so that she could feel their ears and see how tall they were. She also felt a Greek chariot, and the charioteer would have liked to take her round the ring; but she was afraid of "many swift horses." The riders and clowns and rope-walkers were all glad to let the little blind girl feel their costumes and follow their motions whenever it was possible, and she kissed them all, to show her gratitude. Some of them cried, and the wild man of Borneo shrank from her sweet little face in terror. She has talked about nothing but the circus ever since. In order to answer her questions, I have been obliged to read a great deal about animals. At present I feel like a jungle on wheels!

December 12, 1887.

I find it hard to realize that Christmas is almost here, in spite of the fact that Helen talks about nothing else. Do you remember what a happy time we had last Christmas?

Helen has learned to tell the time at last, and her father is going to give her a watch for Christmas.

Helen is as eager to have stories told her as any hearing child I ever knew. She has made me repeat the story of little Red Riding Hood so often that I believe I could say it backward. She likes stories that make her cry—I think we all do, it's so nice to feel sad when you've nothing particular to be sad about. I am teaching her little rhymes and verses, too. They fix beautiful thoughts in her memory. I think, too, that they quicken all the child's faculties, because they stimulate the imagination. Of course I don't try to explain everything. If I did, there would be no opportunity for the play of fancy. TOO MUCH EXPLANATION DIRECTS THE CHILD'S ATTENTION TO WORDS AND SENTENCES, SO THAT HE FAILS TO GET THE THOUGHT AS A WHOLE. I do not think anyone can read, or talk for that matter, until he forgets words and sentences in the technical sense.

January 1, 1888.

It is a great thing to feel that you are of some use in the world, that you are necessary to somebody. Helen's dependence on me for almost everything makes me strong and glad.

Christmas week was a very busy one here, too. Helen is invited to all the children's entertainments, and I take her to as many as I can. I want her to know children and to be with them as much as possible. Several little girls have learned to spell on their fingers and are very proud of the accomplishment. One little chap, about seven, was persuaded to learn the letters, and he spelled his name for Helen. She was delighted, and showed her joy, by hugging and kissing him, much to his embarrassment.

Saturday the school-children had their tree, and I took Helen. It was the first Christmas tree she had ever seen, and she was puzzled, and asked many questions. "Who made tree grow in house? Why? Who put many things on tree?" She objected to its miscellaneous fruits and began to remove them, evidently thinking they were all meant for her. It was not difficult, however, to make her understand that there was a present for each child, and to her great delight she was permitted to hand the gifts to the children. There were several presents for herself. She placed them in a chair, resisting all temptation to look at them until every child had received his gifts. One little girl had fewer presents than the rest, and Helen insisted on sharing her gifts with her. It was very sweet to see the children's eager interest in Helen, and their readiness to give her pleasure. The exercises began at nine, and it was one o'clock before we could leave. My fingers and head ached; but Helen was as fresh and full of spirit as when we left home.

After dinner it began to snow, and we had a good frolic and an interesting lesson about the snow. Sunday morning the ground was covered, and Helen and the cook's children and I played snowball. By noon the snow was all gone. It was the first snow I had seen here, and it made me a little homesick. The Christmas season has furnished many lessons, and added scores of new words to Helen's vocabulary.

For weeks we did nothing but talk and read and tell each other stories about Christmas. Of course I do not try to explain all the new words, nor does Helen fully understand the little stories I tell her; but constant repetition fixes the words and phrases in the mind, and little by little the meaning will come to her. I SEE NO SENSE IN "FAKING" CONVERSATION FOR THE SAKE OF TEACHING LANGUAGE. IT'S STUPID AND DEADENING TO PUPIL AND TEACHER. TALK SHOULD BE NATURAL AND HAVE FOR ITS OBJECT AN EXCHANGE OF IDEAS. If there is nothing in the child's mind to communicate, it hardly seems worth while to require him to write on the blackboard, or spell on his fingers, cut and dried sentences about "the cat," "the bird," "a dog." I HAVE TRIED FROM THE BEGINNING TO TALK NATURALLY TO HELEN AND TO TEACH HER TO TELL ME ONLY THINGS THAT INTEREST HER AND ASK QUESTIONS ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF FINDING OUT WHAT SHE WANTS TO KNOW. When I see that she is eager to tell me something, but is hampered because she does not know the words, I supply them and the necessary idioms, and we get along finely. The child's eagerness and interest carry her over many obstacles that would be our undoing if we stopped to define and explain everything. What would happen, do you think, if some one should try to measure our intelligence by our ability to define the commonest words we use? I fear me, if I were put to such a test, I should be consigned to the primary class in a school for the feeble-minded.

It was touching and beautiful to see Helen enjoy her first Christmas. Of course, she hung her stocking—two of them lest Santa Claus should forget one, and she lay awake for a long time and got up two or three times to see if anything had happened. When I told her that Santa Claus would not come until she was asleep, she shut her eyes and said, "He will think girl is asleep." She was awake the first thing in the morning, and ran to the fireplace for her stocking; and when she found that Santa Claus had filled both stockings, she danced about for a minute, then grew very quiet, and came to ask me if I thought Santa Claus had made a mistake, and thought there were two little girls, and

would come back for the gifts when he discovered his mistake. The ring you sent her was in the toe of the stocking, and when I told her you gave it to Santa Claus for her, she said, "I do love Mrs. Hopkins." She had a trunk and clothes for Nancy, and her comment was, "Now Nancy will go to party." When she saw the braille slate and paper, she said, "I will write many letters, and I will thank Santa Claus very much." It was evident that every one, especially Captain and Mrs. Keller, was deeply moved at the thought of the difference between this bright Christmas and the last, when their little girl had no conscious part in the Christmas festivities. As we came downstairs, Mrs. Keller said to me with tears in her eyes, "Miss Annie, I thank God every day of my life for sending you to us; but I never realized until this morning what a blessing you have been to us." Captain Keller took my hand, but could not speak. But his silence was more eloquent than words. My heart, too, was full of gratitude and solemn joy.

The other day Helen came across the word grandfather in a little story and asked her mother, "Where is grandfather?" meaning her grandfather. Mrs. Keller replied, "He is dead." "Did father shoot him?" Helen asked, and added, "I will eat grandfather for dinner." So far, her only knowledge of death is in connection with things to eat. She knows that her father shoots partridges and deer and other game.

This morning she asked me the meaning of "carpenter," and the question furnished the text for the day's lesson. After talking about the various things that carpenters make, she asked me, "Did carpenter make me?" and before I could answer, she spelled quickly, "No, no, photographer made me in Sheffield."

One of the greatest iron furnaces has been started in Sheffield, and we went over the other evening to see them make a "run." Helen felt the heat and asked, "Did the sun fall?"

January 9, 1888.

The report came last night. I appreciate the kind things Mr. Anagnos has said about Helen and me; but his extravagant way of saying them rubs me the wrong way. The simple facts would be so much more convincing! Why, for instance, does he take the trouble to ascribe motives to me that I never dreamed of? You know, and he knows, and I know, that my motive in coming here was not in any sense philanthropic. How ridiculous it is to say I had drunk so copiously of the noble spirit of Dr. Howe that I was fired with the desire to rescue from darkness and obscurity the little Alabamian! I came here simply because circumstances made it necessary for me to earn my living, and I seized upon the first opportunity that offered itself, although I did not suspect nor did he, that I had any special fitness for the work.

January 26, 1888.

I suppose you got Helen's letter. The little rascal has taken it into her head not to write with a pencil. I wanted her to write to her Uncle Frank this morning, but she objected. She said: "Pencil is very tired in head. I will write Uncle Frank braille letter." I said, "But Uncle Frank cannot read braille." "I will teach him," she said. I explained that Uncle Frank was old, and couldn't learn braille easily. In a flash she answered, "I think Uncle Frank is much (too) old to read very small letters." Finally I persuaded her to write a few lines; but she broke her pencil six times before she finished it. I said to her, "You are a naughty girl." "No," she replied, "pencil is very weak." I think her objection to pencil-writing is readily accounted for by the fact that she has been asked to write so many specimens for friends and strangers. You know how the children at the Institution detest it. It is irksome because the process is so slow, and they cannot read what they have written or correct their mistakes.

Helen is more and more interested in colour. When I told her that Mildred's eyes were blue, she asked, "Are they like wee skies?" A little while after I had told her that a carnation that had been given her was red, she puckered up her mouth and said, "Lips are like one pink." I told her they

were tulips; but of course she didn't understand the word-play. I can't believe that the colour-impressions she received during the year and a half she could see and hear are entirely lost. Everything we have seen and heard is in the mind somewhere. It may be too vague and confused to be recognizable, but it is there all the same, like the landscape we lose in the deepening twilight.

February 10, 1888.

We got home last night. We had a splendid time in Memphis, but I didn't rest much. It was nothing but excitement from first to last—drives, luncheons, receptions, and all that they involve when you have an eager, tireless child like Helen on your hands. She talked incessantly. I don't know what I should have done, had some of the young people not learned to talk with her. They relieved me as much as possible. But even then I can never have a quiet half hour to myself. It is always: "Oh, Miss Sullivan, please come and tell us what Helen means," or "Miss Sullivan, won't you please explain this to Helen? We can't make her understand." I believe half the white population of Memphis called on us. Helen was petted and caressed enough to spoil an angel; but I do not think it is possible to spoil her, she is too unconscious of herself, and too loving.

The stores in Memphis are very good, and I managed to spend all the money that I had with me. One day Helen said, "I must buy Nancy a very pretty hat." I said, "Very well, we will go shopping this afternoon." She had a silver dollar and a dime. When we reached the shop, I asked her how much she would pay for Nancy's hat. She answered promptly, "I will pay ten cents." "What will you do with the dollar?" I asked. "I will buy some good candy to take to Tuscumbia," was her reply.

We visited the Stock Exchange and a steamboat. Helen was greatly interested in the boat, and insisted on being shown every inch of it from the engine to the flag on the flagstaff. I was gratified to read what the Nation had to say about Helen last week.

Captain Keller has had two interesting letters since the publication of the "Report," one from Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and the other from Dr. Edward Everett Hale. Dr. Hale claims kinship with Helen, and seems very proud of his little cousin. Dr. Bell writes that Helen's progress is without a parallel in the education of the deaf, or something like that and he says many nice things about her teacher.

March 5, 1888.

I did not have a chance to finish my letter yesterday. Miss Ev. came up to help me make a list of words Helen has learned. We have got as far as P, and there are 900 words to her credit. I had Helen begin a journal March 1st.[Most of this journal was lost. Fortunately, however, Helen Keller wrote so many letters and exercises that there is no lack of records of that sort.] I don't know how long she will keep it up. It's rather stupid business, I think. Just now she finds it great fun. She seems to like to tell all she knows. This is what Helen wrote Sunday:

"I got up, washed my face and hands, combed my hair, picked three dew violets for Teacher and ate my breakfast. After breakfast I played with dolls short. Nancy was cross. Cross is cry and kick. I read in my book about large, fierce animals. Fierce is much cross and strong and very hungry. I do not love fierce animals. I wrote letter to Uncle James. He lives in Hotsprings. He is doctor. Doctor makes sick girl well. I do not like sick. Then I ate my dinner. I like much icecream very much. After dinner father went to Birmingham on train far away. I had letter from Robert. He loves me. He said Dear Helen, Robert was glad to get a letter from dear, sweet little Helen. I will come to see you when the sun shines. Mrs. Newsum is Robert's wife. Robert is her husband. Robert and I will run and jump and hop and dance and swing and talk about birds and flowers and trees and grass and Jumbo and Pearl will go with us. Teacher will say, We are silly. She is funny. Funny makes us laugh. Natalie is a good girl and does not cry. Mildred does cry. She will be a nice girl in many days and run and play with me. Mrs. Graves is making short dresses for Natalie. Mr. Mayo went to Duckhill and brought home many sweet flowers. Mr. Mayo and Mr. Farris and Mr. Graves love me and

Teacher. I am going to Memphis to see them soon, and they will hug and kiss me. Thornton goes to school and gets his face dirty. Boy must be very careful. After supper I played romp with Teacher in bed. She buried me under the pillows and then I grew very slow like tree out of ground. Now, I will go to bed. HELEN KELLER."

April 16, 1888.

We are just back from church. Captain Keller said at breakfast this morning that he wished I would take Helen to church. The Presbytery would be there in a body, and he wanted the ministers to see Helen. The Sunday-school was in session when we arrived, and I wish you could have seen the sensation Helen's entrance caused. The children were so pleased to see her at Sunday-school, they paid no attention to their teachers, but rushed out of their seats and surrounded us. She kissed them all, boys and girls, willing or unwilling. She seemed to think at first that the children all belonged to the visiting ministers; but soon she recognized some little friends among them, and I told her the ministers didn't bring their children with them. She looked disappointed and said, "I'll send them many kisses." One of the ministers wished me to ask Helen, "What do ministers do?" She said, "They read and talk loud to people to be good." He put her answer down in his note book. When it was time for the church service to begin, she was in such a state of excitement that I thought it best to take her away; but Captain Keller said, "No, she will be all right." So there was nothing to do but stay. It was impossible to keep Helen quiet. She hugged and kissed me, and the quiet-looking divine who sat on the other side of her. He gave her his watch to play with; but that didn't keep her still. She wanted to show it to the little boy in the seat behind us. When the communion service began, she smelt the wine, and sniffed so loud that every one in the church could hear. When the wine was passed to our neighbour, he was obliged to stand up to prevent her taking it away from him. I never was so glad to get out of a place as I was to leave that church! I tried to hurry Helen out-of-doors, but she kept her arm extended, and every coat-tail she touched must needs turn round and give an account of the children he left at home, and receive kisses according to their number. Everybody laughed at her antics, and you would have thought they were leaving a place of amusement rather than a church. Captain Keller invited some of the ministers to dinner. Helen was irrepressible. She described in the most animated pantomime, supplemented by spelling, what she was going to do in Brewster. Finally she got up from the table and went through the motion of picking seaweed and shells, and splashing in the water, holding up her skirts higher than was proper under the circumstances. Then she threw herself on the floor and began to swim so energetically that some of us thought we should be kicked out of our chairs! Her motions are often more expressive than any words, and she is as graceful as a nymph.

I wonder if the days seem as interminable to you as they do to me. We talk and plan and dream about nothing but Boston, Boston, Boston. I think Mrs. Keller has definitely decided to go with us, but she will not stay all summer.

May 15, 1888.

Do you realize that this is the last letter I shall write to you for a long, long time? The next word that you receive from me will be in a yellow envelope, and it will tell you when we shall reach Boston. I am too happy to write letters; but I must tell you about our visit to Cincinnati.

We spent a delightful week with the "doctors." Dr. Keller met us in Memphis. Almost every one on the train was a physician, and Dr. Keller seemed to know them all. When we reached Cincinnati, we found the place full of doctors. There were several prominent Boston physicians among them. We stayed at the Burnet House. Everybody was delighted with Helen. All the learned men marveled at her intelligence and gaiety. There is something about her that attracts people. I think it is her joyous interest in everything and everybody.

Wherever she went she was the centre of interest. She was delighted with the orchestra at the

hotel, and whenever the music began she danced round the room, hugging and kissing every one she happened to touch. Her happiness impressed all; nobody seemed to pity her. One gentleman said to Dr. Keller, "I have lived long and seen many happy faces; but I have never seen such a radiant face as this child's before to-night." Another said, "Damn me! but I'd give everything I own in the world to have that little girl always near me." But I haven't time to write all the pleasant things people said—they would make a very large book, and the kind things they did for us would fill another volume. Dr. Keller distributed the extracts from the report that Mr. Anagnos sent me, and he could have disposed of a thousand if he had had them. Do you remember Dr. Garcelon, who was Governor of Maine several years ago? He took us to drive one afternoon, and wanted to give Helen a doll; but she said: "I do not like too many children. Nancy is sick, and Adeline is cross, and Ida is very bad." We laughed until we cried, she was so serious about it. "What would you like, then?" asked the Doctor. "Some beautiful gloves to talk with," she answered. The Doctor was puzzled. He had never heard of "talking-gloves"; but I explained that she had seen a glove on which the alphabet was printed, and evidently thought they could be bought. I told him he could buy some gloves if he wished, and that I would have the alphabet stamped on them.

We lunched with Mr. Thayer (your former pastor) and his wife. He asked me how I had taught Helen adjectives and the names of abstract ideas like goodness and happiness. These same questions had been asked me a hundred times by the learned doctors. It seems strange that people should marvel at what is really so simple. Why, it is as easy to teach the name of an idea, if it is clearly formulated in the child's mind, as to teach the name of an object. It would indeed be a herculean task to teach the words if the ideas did not already exist in the child's mind. If his experiences and observations hadn't led him to the concepts, SMALL, LARGE, GOOD, BAD, SWEET, SOUR, he would have nothing to attach the word-tags to.

I, little ignorant I, found myself explaining to the wise men of the East and the West such simple things as these: If you give a child something sweet, and he wags his tongue and smacks his lips and looks pleased, he has a very definite sensation; and if, every time he has this experience, he hears the word SWEET, or has it spelled into his hand, he will quickly adopt this arbitrary sign for his sensation. Likewise, if you put a bit of lemon on his tongue, he puckers up his lips and tries to spit it out; and after he has had this experience a few times, if you offer him a lemon, he shuts his mouth and makes faces, clearly indicating that he remembers the unpleasant sensation. You label it SOUR, and he adopts your symbol. If you had called these sensations respectively BLACK and WHITE, he would have adopted them as readily; but he would mean by BLACK and WHITE the same things that he means by SWEET and SOUR. In the same way the child learns from many experiences to differentiate his feelings, and we name them for him—GOOD, BAD, GENTLE, ROUGH, HAPPY, SAD. It is not the word, but the capacity to experience the sensation that counts in his education.

This extract from one of Miss Sullivan's letters is added because it contains interesting casual opinions stimulated by observing the methods of others.

We visited a little school for the deaf. We were very kindly received, and Helen enjoyed meeting the children. Two of the teachers knew the manual alphabet, and talked to her without an interpreter. They were astonished at her command of language. Not a child in the school, they said, had anything like Helen's facility of expression, and some of them had been under instruction for two or three years. I was incredulous at first; but after I had watched the children at work for a couple of hours, I knew that what I had been told was true, and I wasn't surprised. In one room some little tots were standing before the blackboard, painfully constructing "simple sentences." A little girl had written: "I have a new dress. It is a pretty dress. My mamma made my pretty new dress. I love mamma." A curly-headed little boy was writing: "I have a large ball. I like to kick my large ball." When we entered the room, the children's attention was riveted on Helen. One of them pulled me by the sleeve and said, "Girl is blind." The teacher was writing on the blackboard: "The girl's name is Helen. She is

deaf. She cannot see. We are very sorry." I said: "Why do you write those sentences on the board? Wouldn't the children understand if you talked to them about Helen?" The teacher said something about getting the correct construction, and continued to construct an exercise out of Helen. I asked her if the little girl who had written about the new dress was particularly pleased with her dress. "No," she replied, "I think not; but children learn better if they write about things that concern them personally." It seemed all so mechanical and difficult, my heart ached for the poor little children. Nobody thinks of making a hearing child say, "I have a pretty new dress," at the beginning. These children were older in years, it is true, than the baby who lisps, "Papa kiss baby—pretty," and fills out her meaning by pointing to her new dress; but their ability to understand and use language was no greater.

There was the same difficulty throughout the school. In every classroom I saw sentences on the blackboard, which evidently had been written to illustrate some grammatical rule, or for the purpose of using words that had previously been taught in the same, or in some other connection. This sort of thing may be necessary in some stages of education; but it isn't the way to acquire language. NOTHING, I THINK, CRUSHES THE CHILD'S IMPULSE TO TALK NATURALLY MORE EFFECTUALLY THAN THESE BLACKBOARD EXERCISES. The schoolroom is not the place to teach any young child language, least of all the deaf child. He must be kept as unconscious as the hearing child of the fact that he is learning words,AND HE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO PRATTLE ON HIS FINGERS, OR WITH HIS PENCIL, IN MONOSYLLABLES IF HE CHOOSES, UNTIL SUCH TIME AS HIS GROWING INTELLIGENCE DEMANDS THE SENTENCE. Language should not be associated in his mind with endless hours in school, with puzzling questions in grammar, or with anything that is an enemy to joy. But I must not get into the habit of criticizing other people's methods too severely. I may be as far from the straight road as they.

Miss Sullivan's second report brings the account down to October 1st, 1888.

During the past year Helen has enjoyed excellent health. Her eyes and ears have been examined by specialists, and it is their opinion that she cannot have the slightest perception of either light or sound.

It is impossible to tell exactly to what extent the senses of smell and taste aid her in gaining information respecting physical qualities; but, according to eminent authority, these senses do exert a great influence on the mental and moral development. Dugald Stewart says, "Some of the most significant words relating to the human mind are borrowed from the sense of smell; and the conspicuous place which its sensations occupy in the poetical language of all nations shows how easily and naturally they ally themselves with the refined operations of the fancy and the moral emotions of the heart." Helen certainly derives great pleasure from the exercise of these senses. On entering a greenhouse her countenance becomes radiant, and she will tell the names of the flowers with which she is familiar, by the sense of smell alone. Her recollections of the sensations of smell are very vivid. She enjoys in anticipation the scent of a rose or a violet; and if she is promised a bouquet of these flowers, a peculiarly happy expression lights her face, indicating that in imagination she perceives their fragrance, and that it is pleasant to her. It frequently happens that the perfume of a flower or the flavour of a fruit recalls to her mind some happy event in home life, or a delightful birthday party.

Her sense of touch has sensibly increased during the year, and has gained in acuteness and delicacy. Indeed, her whole body is so finely organized that she seems to use it as a medium for bringing herself into closer relations with her fellow creatures. She is able not only to distinguish with great accuracy the different undulations of the air and the vibrations of the floor made by various sounds and motions, and to recognize her friends and acquaintances the instant she touches their hands or clothing, but she also perceives the state of mind of those around her. It is impossible for

any one with whom Helen is conversing to be particularly happy or sad, and withhold the knowledge of this fact from her.

She observes the slightest emphasis placed upon a word in conversation, and she discovers meaning in every change of position, and in the varied play of the muscles of the hand. She responds quickly to the gentle pressure of affection, the pat of approval, the jerk of impatience, the firm motion of command, and to the many other variations of the almost infinite language of the feelings; and she has become so expert in interpreting this unconscious language of the emotions that she is often able to divine our very thoughts.

In my account of Helen last year, I mentioned several instances where she seemed to have called into use an inexplicable mental faculty; but it now seems to me, after carefully considering the matter, that this power may be explained by her perfect familiarity with the muscular variations of those with whom she comes into contact, caused by their emotions. She has been forced to depend largely upon this muscular sense as a means of ascertaining the mental condition of those about her. She has learned to connect certain movements of the body with anger, others with joy, and others still with sorrow. One day, while she was out walking with her mother and Mr. Anagnos, a boy threw a torpedo, which startled Mrs. Keller. Helen felt the change in her mother's movements instantly, and asked, "What are we afraid of?" On one occasion, while walking on the Common with her, I saw a police officer taking a man to the station-house. The agitation which I felt evidently produced a perceptible physical change; for Helen asked, excitedly, "What do you see?"

A striking illustration of this strange power was recently shown while her ears were being examined by the aurists in Cincinnati. Several experiments were tried, to determine positively whether or not she had any perception of sound. All present were astonished when she appeared not only to hear a whistle, but also an ordinary tone of voice. She would turn her head, smile, and act as though she had heard what was said. I was then standing beside her, holding her hand. Thinking that she was receiving impressions from me, I put her hands upon the table, and withdrew to the opposite side of the room. The aurists then tried their experiments with quite different results. Helen remained motionless through them all, not once showing the least sign that she realized what was going on. At my suggestion, one of the gentlemen took her hand, and the tests were repeated. This time her countenance changed whenever she was spoken to, but there was not such a decided lighting up of the features as when I had held her hand.

In the account of Helen last year it was stated that she knew nothing about death, or the burial of the body; yet on entering a cemetery for the first time in her life, she showed signs of emotion—her eyes actually filling with tears.

A circumstance equally remarkable occurred last summer; but, before relating it, I will mention what she now knows with regard to death. Even before I knew her, she had handled a dead chicken, or bird, or some other small animal. Some time after the visit to the cemetery before referred to, Helen became interested in a horse that had met with an accident by which one of his legs had been badly injured, and she went daily with me to visit him. The wounded leg soon became so much worse that the horse was suspended from a beam. The animal groaned with pain, and Helen, perceiving his groans, was filled with pity. At last it became necessary to kill him, and, when Helen next asked to go and see him, I told her that he was DEAD. This was the first time that she had heard the word. I then explained that he had been shot to relieve him from suffering, and that he was now BURIED—put into the ground. I am inclined to believe that the idea of his having been intentionally shot did not make much impression upon her; but I think she did realize the fact that life was extinct in the horse as in the dead birds she had touched, and also that he had been put into the ground. Since this occurrence, I have used the word DEAD whenever occasion required, but with no further explanation of its meaning.

While making a visit at Brewster, Massachusetts, she one day accompanied my friend and me through the graveyard. She examined one stone after another, and seemed pleased when she could decipher a name. She smelt of the flowers, but showed no desire to pluck them; and, when I gathered a few for her, she refused to have them pinned on her dress. When her attention was drawn to a marble slab inscribed with the name FLORENCE in relief, she dropped upon the ground as though looking for something, then turned to me with a face full of trouble, and asked, "Were is poor little Florence?" I evaded the question, but she persisted. Turning to my friend, she asked, "Did you cry loud for poor little Florence?" Then she added: "I think she is very dead. Who put her in big hole?" As she continued to ask these distressing questions, we left the cemetery. Florence was the daughter of my friend, and was a young lady at the time of her death; but Helen had been told nothing about her, nor did she even know that my friend had had a daughter. Helen had been given a bed and carriage for her dolls, which she had received and used like any other gift. On her return to the house after her visit to the cemetery, she ran to the closet where these toys were kept, and carried them to my friend, saying, "They are poor little Florence's." This was true, although we were at a loss to understand how she guessed it. A letter written to her mother in the course of the following week gave an account of her impression in her own words:

"I put my little babies to sleep in Florence's little bed, and I take them to ride in her carriage. Poor little Florence is dead. She was very sick and died. Mrs. H. did cry loud for her dear little child. She got in the ground, and she is very dirty, and she is cold. Florence was very lovely like Sadie, and Mrs. H. kissed her and hugged her much. Florence is very sad in big hole. Doctor gave her medicine to make her well, but poor Florence did not get well. When she was very sick she tossed and moaned in bed. Mrs. H. will go to see her soon."

Notwithstanding the activity of Helen's mind, she is a very natural child. She is fond of fun and frolic, and loves dearly to be with other children. She is never fretful or irritable, and I have never seen her impatient with her playmates because they failed to understand her. She will play for hours together with children who cannot understand a single word she spells, and it is pathetic to watch the eager gestures and excited pantomime through which her ideas and emotions find expression. Occasionally some little boy or girl will try to learn the manual alphabet. Then it is beautiful to observe with what patience, sweetness, and perseverance Helen endeavours to bring the unruly fingers of her little friend into proper position.

One day, while Helen was wearing a little jacket of which she was very proud, her mother said: "There is a poor little girl who has no cloak to keep her warm. Will you give her yours?" Helen began to pull off the jacket, saying, "I must give it to a poor little strange girl."

She is very fond of children younger than herself, and a baby invariably calls forth all the motherly instincts of her nature. She will handle the baby as tenderly as the most careful nurse could desire. It is pleasant, too, to note her thoughtfulness for little children, and her readiness to yield to their whims.

She has a very sociable disposition, and delights in the companionship of those who can follow the rapid motions of her fingers; but if left alone she will amuse herself for hours at a time with her knitting or sewing.

She reads a great deal. She bends over her book with a look of intense interest, and as the forefinger of her left hand runs along the line, she spells out the words with the other hand; but often her motions are so rapid as to be unintelligible even to those accustomed to reading the swift and varied movements of her fingers.

Every shade of feeling finds expression through her mobile features. Her behaviour is easy and natural, and it is charming because of its frankness and evident sincerity. Her heart is too full of unselfishness and affection to allow a dream of fear or unkindness. She does not realize that one can be anything but kind-hearted and tender. She is not conscious of any reason why she should be

awkward; consequently, her movements are free and graceful.

She is very fond of all the living things at home, and she will not have them unkindly treated. When she is riding in the carriage she will not allow the driver to use the whip, because, she says, "poor horses will cry." One morning she was greatly distressed by finding that one of the dogs had a block fastened to her collar. We explained that it was done to keep Pearl from running away. Helen expressed a great deal of sympathy, and at every opportunity during the day she would find Pearl and carry the burden from place to place.

Her father wrote to her last summer that the birds and bees were eating all his grapes. At first she was very indignant, and said the little creatures were "very wrong"; but she seemed pleased when I explained to her that the birds and bees were hungry, and did not know that it was selfish to eat all the fruit. In a letter written soon afterward she says:

"I am very sorry that bumblebees and hornets and birds and large flies and worms are eating all of my father's delicious grapes. They like juicy fruit to eat as well as people, and they are hungry. They are not very wrong to eat too many grapes because they do not know much."

She continues to make rapid progress in the acquisition of language as her experiences increase. While these were few and elementary, her vocabulary was necessarily limited; but, as she learns more of the world about her, her judgment grows more accurate, her reasoning powers grow stronger, more active and subtle, and the language by which she expresses this intellectual activity gains in fluency and logic.

When traveling she drinks in thought and language. Sitting beside her in the car, I describe what I see from the window—hills and valleys and the rivers; cotton-fields and gardens in which strawberries, peaches, pears, melons, and vegetables are growing; herds of cows and horses feeding in broad meadows, and flocks of sheep on the hillside; the cities with their churches and schools, hotels and warehouses, and the occupations of the busy people. While I am communicating these things, Helen manifests intense interest; and, in default of words, she indicates by gestures and pantomime her desire to learn more of her surroundings and of the great forces which are operating everywhere. In this way, she learns countless new expressions without any apparent effort.

From the day when Helen first grasped the idea that all objects have names, and that these can be communicated by certain movements of the fingers, I have talked to her exactly as I should have done had she been able to hear, with only this exception, that I have addressed the words to her fingers instead of to her ears. Naturally, there was at first a strong tendency on her part to use only the important words in a sentence. She would say: "Helen milk." I got the milk to show her that she had used the correct word; but I did not let her drink it until she had, with my assistance, made a complete sentence, as "Give Helen some milk to drink." In these early lessons I encouraged her in the use of different forms of expression for conveying the same idea. If she was eating some candy, I said: "Will Helen please give teacher some candy?" or, "Teacher would like to eat some of Helen's candy," emphasizing the 's. She very soon perceived that the same idea could be expressed in a great many ways. In two or three months after I began to teach her she would say: "Helen wants to go to bed," or, "Helen is sleepy, and Helen will go to bed."

I am constantly asked the question, "How did you teach her the meaning of words expressive of intellectual and moral qualities?" I believe it was more through association and repetition than through any explanation of mine. This is especially true of her earlier lessons, when her knowledge of language was so slight as to make explanation impossible.

I always made it a practice to use the words descriptive of emotions, of intellectual or moral qualities and actions, in connection with the circumstance which required these words. Soon after I became her teacher Helen broke her new doll, of which she was very fond. She began to cry. I said to her, "Teacher is SORRY." After a few repetitions she came to associate the word with the feeling.

The word HAPPY she learned in the same way; ALSO, RIGHT, WRONG, GOOD, BAD, and other adjectives. The word LOVE she learned as other children do—by its association with caresses.

One day I asked her a simple question in a combination of numbers, which I was sure she knew. She answered at random. I checked her, and she stood still, the expression of her face plainly showing that she was trying to think. I touched her forehead, and spelled "t-h-i-n-k." The word, thus connected with the act, seemed to impress itself on her mind much as if I had placed her hand upon an object and then spelled its name. Since that time she has always used the word THINK.

At a later period I began to use such words as PERHAPS, SUPPOSE, EXPECT, FORGET, REMEMBER. If Helen asked, "Where is mother now?" I replied: "I do not know. PERHAPS she is with Leila."

She is always anxious to learn the names of people we meet in the horse-cars or elsewhere, and to know where they are going, and what they will do. Conversations of this kind are frequent:

HELEN. What is little boy's name?

TEACHER. I do not know, for he is a little stranger; but PERHAPS his name is Jack.

HELEN. Where is he going?

TEACHER. He MAY BE going to the Common to have fun with other boys.

HELEN. What will he play?

TEACHER. I SUPPOSE he will play ball.

HELEN. What are boys doing now?

TEACHER. PERHAPS they are expecting Jack, and are waiting for him.

After the words have become familiar to her, she uses them in composition.

September 26, 1888.

"This morning teacher and I sat by the window and we saw a little boy walking on the sidewalk. It was raining very hard and he had a very large umbrella to keep off the rain-drops.

"I do not know how old he was but THINK he MAY HAVE BEEN six years old. PERHAPS his name was Joe. I do not know where he was going because he was a little strange boy. But PERHAPS his mother sent him to a store to buy something for dinner. He had a bag in one hand. I SUPPOSE he was going to take it to his mother."

In teaching her the use of language, I have not confined myself to any particular theory or system. I have observed the spontaneous movements of my pupil's mind, and have tried to follow the suggestions thus given to me.

Owing to the nervousness of Helen's temperament, every precaution has been taken to avoid unduly exciting her already very active brain. The greater part of the year has been spent in travel and in visits to different places, and her lessons have been those suggested by the various scenes and experiences through which she has passed. She continues to manifest the same eagerness to learn as at first. It is never necessary to urge her to study. Indeed, I am often obliged to coax her to leave an example or a composition.

While not confining myself to any special system of instruction, I have tried to add to her general information and intelligence, to enlarge her acquaintance with things around her, and to bring her into easy and natural relations with people. I have encouraged her to keep a diary, from which the following selection has been made:

"March 22nd, 1888.

"Mr. Anagnos came to see me Thursday. I was glad to hug and kiss him. He takes care of sixty little blind girls and seventy little blind boys. I do love them. Little blind girls sent me a pretty work-

basket. I found scissors and thread, and needle-book with many needles in it, and crochet hook and emery, and thimble, and box, and yard measure and buttons, and pin-cushion. I will write little blind girls a letter to thank them. I will make pretty clothes for Nancy and Adeline and Allie. I will go to Cincinnati in May and buy another child. Then I will have four children. New baby's name is Harry. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Mitchell came to see us Sunday. Mr. Anagnos went to Louisville Monday to see little blind children. Mother went to Huntsville. I slept with father, and Mildred slept with teacher. I did learn about calm. It does mean quiet and happy. Uncle Morrie sent me pretty stories. I read about birds. The quail lays fifteen or twenty eggs and they are white. She makes her nest on the ground. The blue-bird makes her nest in a hollow tree and her eggs are blue. The robin's eggs are green. I learned a song about spring. March, April, May are spring.

Now melts the snow. The warm winds blow The waters flow And robin dear, Is come to show That Spring is here.

"James killed snipes for breakfast. Little chickens did get very cold and die. I am sorry. Teacher and I went to ride on Tennessee River, in a boat. I saw Mr. Wilson and James row with oars. Boat did glide swiftly and I put hand in water and felt it flowing.

"I caught fish with hook and line and pole. We climbed high hill and teacher fell and hurt her head. I ate very small fish for supper. I did read about cow and calf. The cow loves to eat grass as well as girl does bread and butter and milk. Little calf does run and leap in field. She likes to skip and play, for she is happy when the sun is bright and warm. Little boy did love his calf. And he did say, I will kiss you, little calf, and he put his arms around calf's neck and kissed her. The calf licked good boy's face with long rough tongue. Calf must not open mouth much to kiss. I am tired, and teacher does not want me to write more."

In the autumn she went to a circus. While we were standing before his cage the lion roared, and Helen felt the vibration of the air so distinctly that she was able to reproduce the noise quite accurately.

I tried to describe to her the appearance of a camel; but, as we were not allowed to touch the animal, I feared that she did not get a correct idea of its shape. A few days afterward, however, hearing a commotion in the schoolroom, I went in and found Helen on all fours with a pillow so strapped upon her back as to leave a hollow in the middle, thus making a hump on either side. Between these humps she had placed her doll, which she was giving a ride around the room. I watched her for some time as she moved about, trying to take long strides in order to carry out the idea I had given her of a camel's gait. When I asked her what she was doing, she replied, "I am a very funny camel."

During the next two years neither Mr. Anagnos, who was in Europe for a year, nor Miss Sullivan wrote anything about Helen Keller for publication. In 1892 appeared the Perkins Institution report for 1891, containing a full account of Helen Keller, including many of her letters, exercises, and compositions. As some of the letters and the story of the "Frost King" are published here, there is no need of printing any more samples of Helen Keller's writing during the third, fourth and fifth years of her education. It was the first two years that counted. From Miss Sullivan's part of this report I give her most important comments and such biographical matter as does not appear elsewhere in the present volume.

These extracts Mr. Anagnos took from Miss Sullivan's notes and memoranda.

One day, while her pony and her donkey were standing side by side, Helen went from one to the other, examining them closely. At last she paused with her hand upon Neddy's head, and addressed him thus: "Yes, dear Neddy, it is true that you are not as beautiful as Black Beauty. Your body is not so handsomely formed, and there is no proud look in your face, and your neck does not arch, Besides, your long ears make you look a little funny. Of course, you cannot help it, and I love you

just as well as if you were the most beautiful creature in the world."

Helen has been greatly interested in the story of "Black Beauty." To show how quickly she perceives and associates ideas, I will give an instance which all who have read the book will be able to appreciate. I was reading the following paragraph to her:

"The horse was an old, worn-out chestnut, with an ill-kept coat, and bones that showed plainly through it; the knees knuckled over, and the forelegs were very unsteady. I had been eating some hay, and the wind rolled a little lock of it that way, and the poor creature put out her long, thin neck and picked it up, and then turned round and looked about for more. There was a hopeless look in the dull eye that I could not help noticing, and then, as I was thinking where I had seen that horse before, she looked full at me and said, 'Black Beauty, is that you?'"

At this point Helen pressed my hand to stop me. She was sobbing convulsively. "It was poor Ginger," was all she could say at first. Later, when she was able to talk about it, she said: "Poor Ginger! The words made a distinct picture in my mind. I could see the way Ginger looked; all her beauty gone, her beautiful arched neck drooping, all the spirit gone out of her flashing eyes, all the playfulness gone out of her manner. Oh, how terrible it was! I never knew before that there could be such a change in anything. There were very few spots of sunshine in poor Ginger's life, and the sadnesses were so many!" After a moment she added, mournfully, "I fear some people's lives are just like Ginger's."

This morning Helen was reading for the first time Bryant's poem, "Oh, mother of a mighty race!" I said to her, "Tell me, when you have read the poem through, who you think the mother is." When she came to the line, "There's freedom at thy gates, and rest," she exclaimed: "It means America! The gate, I suppose, is New York City, and Freedom is the great statue of Liberty." After she had read "The Battlefield," by the same author, I asked her which verse she thought was the most beautiful. She replied, "I like this verse best:

'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among his worshipers.'"

She is at once transported into the midst of the events of a story. She rejoices when justice wins, she is sad when virtue lies low, and her face glows with admiration and reverence when heroic deeds are described. She even enters into the spirit of battle; she says, "I think it is right for men to fight against wrongs and tyrants."

Here begins Miss Sullivan's connected account in the report of 1891:

During the past three years Helen has continued to make rapid progress in the acquisition of language. She has one advantage over ordinary children, that nothing from without distracts her attention from her studies.

But this advantage involves a corresponding disadvantage, the danger of unduly severe mental application. Her mind is so constituted that she is in a state of feverish unrest while conscious that there is something that she does not comprehend. I have never known her to be willing to leave a lesson when she felt that there was anything in it which she did not understand. If I suggest her leaving a problem in arithmetic until the next day, she answers, "I think it will make my mind stronger to do it now."

A few evenings ago we were discussing the tariff. Helen wanted me to tell her about it. I said: "No. You cannot understand it yet." She was quiet for a moment, and then asked, with spirit: "How do you know that I cannot understand? I have a good mind! You must remember, dear teacher, that Greek parents were very particular with their children, and they used to let them listen to wise words, and I think they understood some of them." I have found it best not to tell her that she cannot understand, because she is almost certain to become excited.

Not long ago I tried to show her how to build a tower with her blocks. As the design was somewhat complicated, the slightest jar made the structure fall. After a time I became discouraged, and told her I was afraid she could not make it stand, but that I would build it for her; but she did not approve of this plan. She was determined to build the tower herself; and for nearly three hours she worked away, patiently gathering up the blocks whenever they fell, and beginning over again, until at last her perseverance was crowned with success. The tower stood complete in every part.

Until October, 1889, I had not deemed it best to confine Helen to any regular and systematic course of study. For the first two years of her intellectual life she was like a child in a strange country, where everything was new and perplexing; and, until she gained a knowledge of language, it was not possible to give her a definite course of instruction.

Moreover, Helen's inquisitiveness was so great during these years that it would have interfered with her progress in the acquisition of language, if a consideration of the questions which were constantly occurring to her had been deferred until the completion of a lesson. In all probability she would have forgotten the question, and a good opportunity to explain something of real interest to her would have been lost. Therefore it has always seemed best to me to teach anything whenever my pupil needed to know it, whether it had any bearing on the projected lesson or not, her inquiries have often led us far away from the subject under immediate consideration.

Since October, 1889, her work has been more regular and has included arithmetic, geography, zoology, botany and reading.

She has made considerable progress in the study of arithmetic. She readily explains the processes of multiplication, addition, subtraction, and division, and seems to understand the operations. She has nearly finished Colburn's mental arithmetic, her last work being in improper fractions. She has also done some good work in written arithmetic. Her mind works so rapidly, that it often happens, that when I give her an example she will give me the correct answer before I have time to write out the question. She pays little attention to the language used in stating a problem, and seldom stops to ask the meaning of unknown words or phrases until she is ready to explain her work. Once, when a question puzzled her very much, I suggested that we take a walk and then perhaps she would understand it. She shook her head decidedly, and said: "My enemies would think I was running away. I must stay and conquer them now," and she did.

The intellectual improvement which Helen has made in the past two years is shown more clearly in her greater command of language and in her ability to recognize nicer shades of meaning in the use of words, than in any other branch of her education.

Not a day passes that she does not learn many new words, nor are these merely the names of tangible and sensible objects. For instance, she one day wished to know the meaning of the following words: PHENOMENON, COMPRISE, ENERGY, REPRODUCTION, EXTRAORDINARY, PERPETUAL and MYSTERY. Some of these words have successive steps of meaning, beginning with what is simple and leading on to what is abstract. It would have been a hopeless task to make Helen comprehend the more abstruse meanings of the word MYSTERY, but she understood readily that it signified something hidden or concealed, and when she makes greater progress she will grasp its more abstruse meaning as easily as she now does the simpler signification. In investigating any subject there must occur at the beginning words and phrases which cannot be adequately understood until the pupil has made considerable advancement; yet I have thought it best to go on giving my pupil simple definitions, thinking that, although these may be somewhat vague and provisional, they will come to one another's assistance, and that what is obscure to-day will be plain to-morrow.

I regard my pupil as a free and active being, whose own spontaneous impulses must be my surest guide. I have always talked to Helen exactly as I would talk to a seeing and hearing child, and I have insisted that other people should do the same. Whenever any one asks me if she will understand this

or that word I always reply: "Never mind whether she understands each separate word of a sentence or not. She will guess the meanings of the new words from their connection with others which are already intelligible to her."

In selecting books for Helen to read, I have never chosen them with reference to her deafness and blindness. She always reads such books as seeing and hearing children of her age read and enjoy. Of course, in the beginning it was necessary that the things described should be familiar and interesting, and the English pure and simple. I remember distinctly when she first attempted to read a little story. She had learned the printed letters, and for some time had amused herself by making simple sentences, using slips on which the words were printed in raised letters; but these sentences had no special relation to one another. One morning we caught a mouse, and it occurred to me, with a live mouse and a live cat to stimulate her interest, that I might arrange some sentences in such a way as to form a little story, and thus give her a new conception of the use of language. So I put the following sentences in the frame, and gave it to Helen: "The cat is on the box. A mouse is in the box. The cat can see the mouse. The cat would like to eat the mouse. Do not let the cat get the mouse. The cat can have some milk, and the mouse can have some cake." The word THE she did not know, and of course she wished it explained. At that stage of her advancement it would have been impossible to explain its use, and so I did not try, but moved her finger on to the next word, which she recognized with a bright smile. Then, as I put her hand upon puss sitting on the box, she made a little exclamation of surprise, and the rest of the sentence became perfectly clear to her. When she had read the words of the second sentence, I showed her that there really was a mouse in the box. She then moved her finger to the next line with an expression of eager interest. "The cat can see the mouse." Here I made the cat look at the mouse, and let Helen feel the cat. The expression of the little girl's countenance showed that she was perplexed. I called her attention to the following line, and, although she knew only the three words, CAT, EAT and MOUSE, she caught the idea. She pulled the cat away and put her on the floor, at the same time covering the box with the frame. When she read, "Do not let the cat get the mouse!" she recognized the negation in the sentence, and seemed to know that the cat must not get the mouse. GET and LET were new words. She was familiar with the words of the last sentence, and was delighted when allowed to act them out. By signs she made me understand that she wished another story, and I gave her a book containing very short stories, written in the most elementary style. She ran her fingers along the lines, finding the words she knew and guessing at the meaning of others, in a way that would convince the most conservative of educators that a little deaf child, if given the opportunity, will learn to read as easily and naturally as ordinary children.

I am convinced that Helen's use of English is due largely to her familiarity with books. She often reads for two or three hours in succession, and then lays aside her book reluctantly. One day as we left the library I noticed that she appeared more serious than usual, and I asked the cause. "I am thinking how much wiser we always are when we leave here than we are when we come," was her reply.

When asked why she loved books so much, she once replied: "Because they tell me so much that is interesting about things I cannot see, and they are never tired or troubled like people. They tell me over and over what I want to know."

While reading from Dickens's "Child's History of England," we came to the sentence, "Still the spirit of the Britons was not broken." I asked what she thought that meant. She replied, "I think it means that the brave Britons were not discouraged because the Romans had won so many battles, and they wished all the more to drive them away." It would not have been possible for her to define the words in this sentence; and yet she had caught the author's meaning, and was able to give it in her own words. The next lines are still more idiomatic, "When Suetonius left the country, they fell upon his troops and retook the island of Anglesea." Here is her interpretation of the sentence: "It means that when the Roman general had gone away, the Britons began to fight again; and because the

Roman soldiers had no general to tell them what to do, they were overcome by the Britons and lost the island they had captured."

She prefers intellectual to manual occupations, and is not so fond of fancy work as many of the blind children are; yet she is eager to join them in whatever they are doing. She has learned to use the Caligraph typewriter, and writes very correctly, but not rapidly as yet, having had less than a month's practice.

More than two years ago a cousin taught her the telegraph alphabet by making the dots and dashes on the back of her hand with his finger. Whenever she meets any one who is familiar with this system, she is delighted to use it in conversation. I have found it a convenient medium of communicating with Helen when she is at some distance from me, for it enables me to talk with her by tapping upon the floor with my foot. She feels the vibrations and understands what is said to her.

It was hoped that one so peculiarly endowed by nature as Helen, would, if left entirely to her own resources, throw some light upon such psychological questions as were not exhaustively investigated by Dr. Howe; but their hopes were not to be realized. In the case of Helen, as in that of Laura Bridgman, disappointment was inevitable. It is impossible to isolate a child in the midst of society, so that he shall not be influenced by the beliefs of those with whom he associates. In Helen's case such an end could not have been attained without depriving her of that intercourse with others, which is essential to her nature.

It must have been evident to those who watched the rapid unfolding of Helen's faculties that it would not be possible to keep her inquisitive spirit for any length of time from reaching out toward the unfathomable mysteries of life. But great care has been taken not to lead her thoughts prematurely to the consideration of subjects which perplex and confuse all minds. Children ask profound questions, but they often receive shallow answers, or, to speak more correctly, they are quieted by such answers.

"Were did I come from?" and "Where shall I go when I die?" were questions Helen asked when she was eight years old. But the explanations which she was able to understand at that time did not satisfy, although they forced her to remain silent, until her mind should begin to put forth its higher powers, and generalize from innumerable impressions and ideas which streamed in upon it from books and from her daily experiences. Her mind sought for the cause of things.

As her observation of phenomena became more extensive and her vocabulary richer and more subtle, enabling her to express her own conceptions and ideas clearly, and also to comprehend the thoughts and experiences of others, she became acquainted with the limit of human creative power, and perceived that some power, not human, must have created the earth, the sun, and the thousand natural objects with which she was perfectly familiar.

Finally she one day demanded a name for the power, the existence of which she had already conceived in her own mind.

Through Charles Kingsley's "Greek Heroes" she had become familiar with the beautiful stories of the Greek gods and goddesses, and she must have met with the words GOD, HEAVEN, SOUL, and a great many similar expressions in books.

She never asked the meaning of such words, nor made any comment when they occurred; and until February, 1889, no one had ever spoken to her of God. At that time, a dear relative who was also an earnest Christian, tried to tell her about God but, as this lady did not use words suited to the comprehension of the child, they made little impression upon Helen's mind. When I subsequently talked with her she said: "I have something very funny to tell you. A. says God made me and every one out of sand; but it must be a joke. I am made of flesh and blood and bone, am I not?" Here she examined her arm with evident satisfaction, laughing heartily to herself. After a moment she went on: "A. says God is everywhere, and that He is all love; but I do not think a person can be made out of

love. Love is only something in our hearts. Then A. said another very comical thing. She says He (meaning God) is my dear father. It made me laugh quite hard, for I know my father is Arthur Keller."

I explained to her that she was not yet able to understand what had been told her, and so easily led her to see that it would be better not to talk about such things until she was wiser.

She had met with the expression Mother Nature in the course of her reading, and for a long time she was in the habit of ascribing to Mother Nature whatever she felt to be beyond the power of man to accomplish. She would say, when speaking of the growth of a plant, "Mother Nature sends the sunshine and the rain to make the trees and the grass and the flowers grow." The following extract from my notes will show what were her ideas at this time:

Helen seemed a little serious after supper, and Mrs. H. asked her of what she was thinking. "I am thinking how very busy dear Mother Nature is in the springtime," she replied. When asked why, she answered: "Because she has so many children to take care of. She is the mother of everything; the flowers and trees and winds."

"How does Mother Nature take care of the flowers?" I asked.

"She sends the sunshine and rain to make them grow," Helen replied; and after a moment she added, "I think the sunshine is Nature's warm smile, and the raindrops are her tears."

Later she said: "I do not know if Mother Nature made me. I think my mother got me from heaven, but I do not know where that place is. I know that daisies and pansies come from seeds which have been put in the ground; but children do not grow out of the ground, I am sure. I have never seen a plant-child! But I cannot imagine who made Mother Nature, can you? I love the beautiful spring, because the budding trees and the blossoming flowers and the tender green leaves fill my heart with joy. I must go now to see my garden. The daisies and the pansies will think I have forgotten them."

After May, 1890, it was evident to me that she had reached a point where it was impossible to keep from her the religious beliefs held by those with whom she was in daily contact. She almost overwhelmed me with inquiries which were the natural outgrowth of her quickened intelligence.

Early in May she wrote on her tablet the following list of questions:

"I wish to write about things I do not understand. Who made the earth and the seas, and everything? What makes the sun hot? Where was I before I came to mother? I know that plants grow from seeds which are in the ground, but I am sure people do not grow that way. I never saw a child-plant. Little birds and chickens come out of eggs. I have seen them. What was the egg before it was an egg? Why does not the earth fall, it is so very large and heavy? Tell me something that Father Nature does. May I read the book called the Bible? Please tell your little pupil many things when you have much time."

Can any one doubt after reading these questions that the child who was capable of asking them was also capable of understanding at least their elementary answers? She could not, of course, have grasped such abstractions as a complete answer to her questions would involve; but one's whole life is nothing more than a continual advance in the comprehension of the meaning and scope of such ideas.

Throughout Helen's education I have invariably assumed that she can understand whatever it is desirable for her to know. Unless there had been in Helen's mind some such intellectual process as the questions indicate, any explanation of them would have been unintelligible to her. Without that degree of mental development and activity which perceives the necessity of superhuman creative power, no explanation of natural phenomena is possible.

After she had succeeded in formulating the ideas which had been slowly growing in her mind, they seemed suddenly to absorb all her thoughts, and she became impatient to have everything explained.

As we were passing a large globe a short time after she had written the questions, she stopped before it and asked, "Who made the REAL world?" I replied, "No one knows how the earth, the sun, and all the worlds which we call stars came to be; but I will tell you how wise men have tried to account for their origin, and to interpret the great and mysterious forces of nature."

She knew that the Greeks had many gods to whom they ascribed various powers, because they believed that the sun, the lightning, and a hundred other natural forces, were independent and superhuman powers. But after a great deal of thought and study, I told her, men came to believe that all forces were manifestations of one power, and to that power they gave the name GOD.

She was very still for a few minutes, evidently thinking earnestly. She then asked, "Who made God?" I was compelled to evade her question, for I could not explain to her the mystery of a self-existent being. Indeed, many of her eager questions would have puzzled a far wiser person than I am. Here are some of them: "What did God make the new worlds out of?" "Where did He get the soil, and the water, and the seeds, and the first animals?" "Where is God?" "Did you ever see God?" I told her that God was everywhere, and that she must not think of Him as a person, but as the life, the mind, the soul of everything. She interrupted me: "Everything does not have life. The rocks have not life, and they cannot think." It is often necessary to remind her that there are infinitely many things that the wisest people in the world cannot explain.

No creed or dogma has been taught to Helen, nor has any effort been made to force religious beliefs upon her attention. Being fully aware of my own incompetence to give her any adequate explanations of the mysteries which underlie the names of God, soul, and immortality, I have always felt obliged, by a sense of duty to my pupil, to say as little as possible about spiritual matters. The Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks has explained to her in a beautiful way the fatherhood of God.

She has not as yet been allowed to read the Bible, because I do not see how she can do so at present without getting a very erroneous conception of the attributes of God. I have already told her in simple language of the beautiful and helpful life of Jesus, and of His cruel death. The narrative affected her greatly when first she listened to it.

When she referred to our conversation again, it was to ask, "Why did not Jesus go away, so that His enemies could not find Him?" She thought the miracles of Jesus very strange. When told that Jesus walked on the sea to meet His disciples, she said, decidedly, "It does not mean WALKED, it means SWAM." When told of the instance in which Jesus raised the dead, she was much perplexed, saying, "I did not know life could come back into the dead body!"

One day she said, sadly: "I am blind and deaf. That is why I cannot see God." I taught her the word INVISIBLE, and told her we could not see God with our eyes, because He was a spirit; but that when our hearts were full of goodness and gentleness, then we saw Him because then we were more like Him.

At another time she asked, "What is a soul?" "No one knows what the soul is like," I replied; "but we know that it is not the body, and it is that part of us which thinks and loves and hopes, and which Christian people believe will live on after the body is dead." I then asked her, "Can you think of your soul as separate from your body?" "Oh, yes!" she replied; "because last hour I was thinking very hard of Mr. Anagnos, and then my mind,"—then changing the word—"my soul was in Athens, but my body was here in the study." At this moment another thought seemed to flash through her mind, and she added, "But Mr. Anagnos did not speak to my soul." I explained to her that the soul, too, is invisible, or in other words, that it is without apparent form. "But if I write what my soul thinks," she said, "then it will be visible, and the words will be its body."

A long time ago Helen said to me, "I would like to live sixteen hundred years." When asked if she would not like to live ALWAYS in a beautiful country called heaven, her first question was, "Where is heaven?" I was obliged to confess that I did not know, but suggested that it might be on one of the

stars. A moment after she said, "Will you please go first and tell me all about it?" and then she added, "Tuscumbia is a very beautiful little town." It was more than a year before she alluded to the subject again, and when she did return to it, her questions were numerous and persistent. She asked: "Where is heaven, and what is it like? Why cannot we know as much about heaven as we do about foreign countries?" I told her in very simple language that there may be many places called heaven, but that essentially it was a condition—the fulfilment of the heart's desire, the satisfaction of its wants; and that heaven existed wherever RIGHT was acknowledged, believed in, and loved.

She shrinks from the thought of death with evident dismay. Recently, on being shown a deer which had been killed by her brother, she was greatly distressed, and asked sorrowfully, "Why must everything die, even the fleet-footed deer?" At another time she asked, "Do you not think we would be very much happier always, if we did not have to die?" I said, "No; because, if there were no death, our world would soon be so crowded with living creatures that it would be impossible for any of them to live comfortably." "But," said Helen, quickly, "I think God could make some more worlds as well as He made this one."

When friends have told her of the great happiness which awaits her in another life, she instantly asked: "How do you know, if you have not been dead?"

The literal sense in which she sometimes takes common words and idioms shows how necessary it is that we should make sure that she receives their correct meaning. When told recently that Hungarians were born musicians, she asked in surprise, "Do they sing when they are born?" When her friend added that some of the pupils he had seen in Budapest had more than one hundred tunes in their heads, she said, laughing, "I think their heads must be very noisy." She sees the ridiculous quickly, and, instead of being seriously troubled by metaphorical language, she is often amused at her own too literal conception of its meaning.

Having been told that the soul was without form, she was much perplexed at David's words, "He leadeth my soul." "Has it feet? Can it walk? Is it blind?" she asked; for in her mind the idea of being led was associated with blindness.

Of all the subjects which perplex and trouble Helen, none distresses her so much as the knowledge of the existence of evil, and of the suffering which results from it. For a long time it was possible to keep this knowledge from her; and it will always be comparatively easy to prevent her from coming in personal contact with vice and wickedness. The fact that sin exists, and that great misery results from it, dawned gradually upon her mind as she understood more and more clearly the lives and experiences of those around her. The necessity of laws and penalties had to be explained to her. She found it very hard to reconcile the presence of evil in the world with the idea of God which had been presented to her mind.

One day she asked, "Does God take care of us all the time?" She was answered in the affirmative. "Then why did He let little sister fall this morning, and hurt her head so badly?" Another time she was asking about the power and goodness of God. She had been told of a terrible storm at sea, in which several lives were lost, and she asked, "Why did not God save the people if He can do all things?"

Surrounded by loving friends and the gentlest influences, as Helen had always been, she has, from the earliest stage of her intellectual enlightenment, willingly done right. She knows with unerring instinct what is right, and does it joyously. She does not think of one wrong act as harmless, of another as of no consequence, and of another as not intended. To her pure soul all evil is equally unlovely.

These passages from the paper Miss Sullivan prepared for the meeting at Chautauqua, in July, 1894, of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, contain her latest written account of her methods.

You must not imagine that as soon as Helen grasped the idea that everything had a name she at

once became mistress of the treasury of the English language, or that "her mental faculties emerged, full armed, from their then living tomb, as Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus," as one of her enthusiastic admirers would have us believe. At first, the words, phrases and sentences which she used in expressing her thoughts were all reproductions of what we had used in conversation with her, and which her memory had unconsciously retained. And indeed, this is true of the language of all children. Their language is the memory of the language they hear spoken in their homes. Countless repetition of the conversation of daily life has impressed certain words and phrases upon their memories, and when they come to talk themselves, memory supplies the words they lisp. Likewise, the language of educated people is the memory of the language of books.

Language grows out of life, out of its needs and experiences. At first my little pupil's mind was all but vacant. She had been living in a world she could not realize. LANGUAGE and KNOWLEDGE are indissolubly connected; they are interdependent. Good work in language presupposes and depends on a real knowledge of things. As soon as Helen grasped the idea that everything had a name, and that by means of the manual alphabet these names could be transmitted from one to another, I proceeded to awaken her further interest in the OBJECTS whose names she learned to spell with such evident joy. I NEVER TAUGHT LANGUAGE FOR THE PURPOSE OF TEACHING IT; but invariably used language as a medium for the communication of THOUGHT; thus the learning of language was COINCIDENT with the acquisition of knowledge. In order to use language intelligently, one must have something to talk ABOUT, and having something to talk about is the result of having had experiences; no amount of language training will enable our little children to use language with ease and fluency unless they have something clearly in their minds which they wish to communicate, or unless we succeed in awakening in them a desire to know what is in the minds of others.

At first I did not attempt to confine my pupil to any system. I always tried to find out what interested her most, and made that the starting-point for the new lesson, whether it had any bearing on the lesson I had planned to teach or not. During the first two years of her intellectual life, I required Helen to write very little. In order to write one must have something to write about, and having something to write about requires some mental preparation. The memory must be stored with ideas and the mind must be enriched with knowledge before writing becomes a natural and pleasurable effort. Too often, I think, children are required to write before they have anything to say. Teach them to think and read and talk without self-repression, and they will write because they cannot help it.

Helen acquired language by practice and habit rather than by study of rules and definitions. Grammar with its puzzling array of classifications, nomenclatures, and paradigms, was wholly discarded in her education. She learned language by being brought in contact with the LIVING language itself; she was made to deal with it in everyday conversation, and in her books, and to turn it over in a variety of ways until she was able to use it correctly. No doubt I talked much more with my fingers, and more constantly than I should have done with my mouth; for had she possessed the use of sight and hearing, she would have been less dependent on me for entertainment and instruction.

I believe every child has hidden away somewhere in his being noble capacities which may be quickened and developed if we go about it in the right way; but we shall never properly develop the higher natures of our little ones while we continue to fill their minds with the so-called rudiments. Mathematics will never make them loving, nor will the accurate knowledge of the size and shape of the world help them to appreciate its beauties. Let us lead them during the first years to find their greatest pleasure in Nature. Let them run in the fields, learn about animals, and observe real things. Children will educate themselves under right conditions. They require guidance and sympathy far more than instruction.

I think much of the fluency with which Helen uses language is due to the fact that nearly every impression which she receives comes through the medium of language. But after due allowance has been made for Helen's natural aptitude for acquiring language, and for the advantage resulting from her peculiar environment, I think that we shall still find that the constant companionship of good books has been of supreme importance in her education. It may be true, as some maintain, that language cannot express to us much beyond what we have lived and experienced; but I have always observed that children manifest the greatest delight in the lofty, poetic language which we are too ready to think beyond their comprehension. "This is all you will understand," said a teacher to a class of little children, closing the book which she had been reading to them. "Oh, please read us the rest, even if we won't understand it," they pleaded, delighted with the rhythm, and the beauty which they felt, even though they could not have explained it. It is not necessary that a child should understand every word in a book before he can read with pleasure and profit. Indeed, only such explanations should be given as are really essential. Helen drank in language which she at first could not understand, and it remained in her mind until needed, when it fitted itself naturally and easily into her conversation and compositions. Indeed, it is maintained by some that she reads too much, that a great deal of originative force is dissipated in the enjoyment of books; that when she might see and say things for herself, she sees them only through the eyes of others, and says them in their language, but I am convinced that original composition without the preparation of much reading is an impossibility. Helen has had the best and purest models in language constantly presented to her, and her conversation and her writing are unconscious reproductions of what she has read. Reading, I think, should be kept independent of the regular school exercises. Children should be encouraged to read for the pure delight of it. The attitude of the child toward his books should be that of unconscious receptivity. The great works of the imagination ought to become a part of his life, as they were once of the very substance of the men who wrote them. It is true, the more sensitive and imaginative the mind is that receives the thought-pictures and images of literature, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. Helen has the vitality of feeling, the freshness and eagerness of interest, and the spiritual insight of the artistic temperament, and naturally she has a more active and intense joy in life, simply as life, and in nature, books, and people than less gifted mortals. Her mind is so filled with the beautiful thoughts and ideals of the great poets that nothing seems commonplace to her; for her imagination colours all life with its own rich hues.

There has been much discussion of such of Miss Sullivan's statements and explanations as have been published before. Too much has been written by people who do not know the problems of the deaf at first hand, and I do not care to add much to it. Miss Keller's education, however, is so fundamentally a question of language teaching that it rather includes the problems of the deaf than limits itself to the deaf alone. Teachers can draw their own conclusions. For the majority of readers, who will not approach Miss Keller's life from the educator's point of view, I will summarize a few principal things in Miss Sullivan's methods.

Miss Sullivan has begun where Dr. Howe left off. He invented the instrument, the physical means of working, but the teaching of language is quite another thing from the mechanical means by which language may be taught. By experiment, by studying other children, Miss Sullivan came upon the practical way of teaching language by the natural method. It was for this "natural method" that Dr. Howe was groping, but he never got to this idea, that a deaf child should not be taught each word separately by definition, but should be given language by endless repetition of language which it does not understand. And this is Miss Sullivan's great discovery. All day long in their play-time and work-time Miss Sullivan kept spelling into her pupil's hand, and by that Helen Keller absorbed words, just as the child in the cradle absorbs words by hearing thousands of them before he uses one and by associating the words with the occasion of their utterance. Thus he learns that words name things and actions and feelings. Now, that is the first principle in Miss Sullivan's method, one that had practical

results, and one which, so far as I can discover, had never been put in practice in the education of a deaf child, not to say a deaf-blind child, until Miss Sullivan tried it with Helen Keller. And the principle had never been formulated clearly until Miss Sullivan wrote her letters.

The second principle in her method (the numerical order is, of course, arbitrary) is never to talk to the child about things distasteful or wearisome to him. In the first deaf school Miss Sullivan ever visited, the teacher was busy at the blackboard telling the children by written words something they did not want to know, while they were crowding round their visitor with wide-awake curiosity, showing there were a thousand things they did want to know. Why not, says Miss Sullivan, make a language lesson out of what they were interested in?

Akin to this idea of talking to the child about what interests him, is the principle never to silence a child who asks questions, but to answer the questions as truly as possible; for, says Miss Sullivan, the question is the door to the child's mind. Miss Sullivan never needlessly belittled her ideas or expressions to suit the supposed state of the child's intelligence. She urged every one to speak to Helen naturally, to give her full sentences and intelligent ideas, never minding whether Helen understood or not. Thus Miss Sullivan knew what so many people do not understand, that after the first rudimentary definitions of HAT, CUP, GO, SIT, the unit of language, as the child learns it, is the sentence, which is also the unit of language in our adult experience. We do not take in a sentence word by word, but as a whole. It is the proposition, something predicated about something, that conveys an idea. True, single words do suggest and express ideas; the child may say simply "mamma" when he means "Where is mamma?" but he learns the expression of the ideas that relate to mamma—he learns language—by hearing complete sentences. And though Miss Sullivan did not force grammatical completeness upon the first finger-lispings of her pupil, yet when she herself repeated Helen's sentence, "mamma milk," she filled out the construction, completed the child's ellipsis and said, "Mamma will bring Helen some milk."

Thus Miss Sullivan was working out a natural method, which is so simple, so lacking in artificial system, that her method seems rather to be a destruction of method. It is doubtful if we should have heard of Helen Keller if Miss Sullivan had not been where there were other children. By watching them, she learned to treat her pupil as nearly as possible like an ordinary child.

The manual alphabet was not the only means of presenting words to Helen Keller's fingers. Books supplemented, perhaps equaled in importance the manual alphabet, as a means of teaching language. Helen sat poring over them before she could read, not at first for the story, but to find words she knew; and the definition of new words which is implied in their context, in their position with reference to words known, added to Helen's vocabulary. Books are the storehouse of language, and any child, whether deaf or not, if he has his attention attracted in any way to printed pages, must learn. He learns not by reading what he understands, but by reading and remembering words he does not understand. And though perhaps few children will have as much precocious interest in books as did Helen Keller, yet the natural curiosity of every healthy child may be turned to printed pages, especially if the teacher is clever and plays a word game as Miss Sullivan did. Helen Keller is supposed to have a special aptitude for languages. It is true rather that she has a special aptitude for thinking, and her leaning toward language is due to the fact that language to her meant life. It was not a special subject, like geography or arithmetic, but her way to outward things.

When at the age of fourteen she had had but a few lessons in German, she read over the words of "Wilhelm Tell" and managed to get the story. Of grammar she knew nothing and she cared nothing for it. She got the language from the language itself, and this is, next to hearing the language spoken, the way for any one to get a foreign tongue, more vital and, in the end, easier than our schoolroom method of beginning with the grammar. In the same way she played with Latin, learning not only from the lessons her first Latin teacher gave her, but from going over and over the words of a text, a game she played by herself.

Mr. John D. Wright, one of her teachers at the Wright-Humason School, says in a letter to me:

"Often I found her, when she had a little leisure, sitting in her favourite corner, in a chair whose arms supported the big volume prepared for the blind, and passing her finger slowly over the lines of Moliere's 'Le Medecin Malgre Lui,' chuckling to herself at the comical situations and humorous lines. At that time her actual working vocabulary in French was very small, but by using her judgment, as we laughingly called the mental process, she could guess at the meanings of the words and put the sense together much as a child puzzles out a sliced object. The result was that in a few weeks she and I spent a most hilarious hour one evening while she poured out to me the whole story, dwelling with great gusto on its humour and sparkling wit. It was not a lesson, but only one of her recreations."

So Helen Keller's aptitude for language is her whole mental aptitude, turned to language because of its extraordinary value to her.

There have been many discussions of the question whether Helen Keller's achievements are due to her natural ability or to the method by which she was taught.

It is true that a teacher with ten times Miss Sullivan's genius could not have made a pupil so remarkable as Helen Keller out of a child born dull and mentally deficient. But it is also true that, with ten times her native genius, Helen Keller could not have grown to what she is, if she had not been excellently taught from the very start, and especially at the start. And the fact remains that she was taught by a method of teaching language to the deaf the essential principles of which are clearly expressed in Miss Sullivan's letters, written while she was discovering the method and putting it successfully into practice. And it can be applied by any teacher to any healthy deaf child, and in the broadest interpretation of the principles, can be applied to the teaching of language of all kinds to all children.

In the many discussions of this question writers seem to throw us from one horn to another of a dilemma—either a born genius in Helen Keller, or a perfect method in the teacher. Both things may be true at once, and there is another truth which makes the dilemma imperfect. Miss Sullivan is a person of extraordinary power. Her method might not succeed so completely in the hands of any one else. Miss Sullivan's vigorous, original mind has lent much of its vitality to her pupil. If Miss Keller is fond of language and not interested especially in mathematics, it is not surprising to find Miss Sullivan's interests very similar. And this does not mean that Miss Keller is unduly dependent on her teacher. It is told of her that, as a child of eight, when some one tried to interfere with her, she sat sober a few moments, and, when asked what was the trouble, answered, "I am preparing to assert my independence." Such an aggressive personality cannot grow up in mere dependence even under the guidance of a will like Miss Sullivan's. But Miss Sullivan by her "natural aptitude" has done for her pupil much that is not capable of analysis and reduction to principle; she has given the inspiration which is in all close friendship, and which rather develops than limits the powers of either person. Moreover, if Miss Keller is a "marvel of sweetness and goodness," if she has a love "of all things good and beautiful," this implies something about the teacher who has lived with her for sixteen years.

There is, then, a good deal that Miss Sullivan has done for Miss Keller which no other teacher can do in just the same way for any one else. To have another Helen Keller there must be another Miss Sullivan. To have another, well-educated deaf and blind child, there need only be another teacher, living under favourable conditions, among plenty of external interests, unseparated from her pupil allowed to have a free hand, and using as many as she needs of the principles which Miss Sullivan has saved her the trouble of finding out for herself, modifying and adding as she finds it necessary; and there must be a pupil in good health, of good native powers, young enough not to have grown beyond recovery in ignorance. Any deaf child or deaf and blind child in good health can be taught. And the one to do it is the parent or the special teacher, not the school. I know that this idea will be

vigorously combated by those who conduct schools for the deaf. To be sure, the deaf school is the only thing possible for children educated by the State. But it is evident that precisely what the deaf child needs to be taught is what other children learn before they go to school at all. When Miss Sullivan went out in the barnyard and picked up a little chicken and talked to Helen about it, she was giving a kind of instruction impossible inside four walls, and impossible with more than one pupil at a time.

Surely Dr. Howe is wrong when he says, "A teacher cannot be a child." That is just what the teacher of the deaf child must be, a child ready to play and romp, and interested in all childish things.

The temptation to discuss, solely in the light of Helen Keller, the whole matter of educating the deaf is a dangerous one, and one which I have not taken particular care to avoid, because my opinions are of no authority and I have merely tried to suggest problems and reinforce some of the main ideas expressed by Miss Sullivan, who is an authority. It is a question whether Helen Keller's success has not led teachers to expect too much of other children, and I know of deaf-blind children who are dragged along by their teachers and friends, and become the subjects of glowing reports, which are pathetically untrue, because one sees behind the reports how the children are tugged at to bring them somewhere near the exaggerated things that are said about them.

Let me sum up a few of the elements that made Helen Keller what she is. In the first place she had nineteen months' experience of sight and sound. This meant some mental development. She had inherited vigour of body and mind. She expressed ideas in signs before she learned language. Mrs. Keller writes me that before her illness Helen made signs for everything, and her mother thought this habit the cause of her slowness in learning to speak. After the illness, when they were dependent on signs, Helen's tendency to gesture developed. How far she could receive communications is hard to determine, but she knew much that was going on around her. She recognized that others used their lips; she "saw" her father reading a paper and when he laid it down she sat in his chair and held the paper before her face. Her early rages were an unhappy expression of the natural force of character which instruction was to turn into trained and organized power.

It was, then, to a good subject that Miss Sullivan brought her devotion and intelligence, and fearless willingness to experiment. Miss Sullivan's methods were so good that even without the practical result, any one would recognize the truth of the teacher's ideas. Miss Sullivan has in addition a vigorous personality. And finally all the conditions were good for that first nature school, in which the teacher and pupil played together, exploring together and educating themselves, pupil and teacher inseparable.

Miss Keller's later education is easy to understand and needs no further explanation than she has given. Those interested may get on application to the Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C., the reports of the teachers who prepared her for college, Mr. Arthur Gilman of the Cambridge School for Young Ladies, and Mr. Merton S. Keith.

CHAPTER IV. SPEECH

The two persons who have written authoritatively about Miss Keller's speech and the way she learned it are Miss Sarah Fuller, of the Horace Mann School for the Deaf in Boston, Massachusetts, who gave her the first lessons, and Miss Sullivan, who, by her unremitting discipline, carried on the success of these first lessons.

Before I quote from Miss Sullivan's account, let me try to give some impression of what Miss

Keller's speech and voice qualities are at present.

Her voice is low and pleasant to listen to. Her speech lacks variety and modulation; it runs in a sing-song when she is reading aloud; and when she speaks with fair degree of loudness, it hovers about two or three middle tones. Her voice has an aspirate quality; there seems always to be too much breath for the amount of tone. Some of her notes are musical and charming. When she is telling a child's story, or one with pathos in it, her voice runs into pretty slurs from one tone to another. This is like the effect of the slow dwelling on long words, not quite well managed, that one notices in a child who is telling a solemn story.

The principal thing that is lacking is sentence accent and variety in the inflection of phrases. Miss Keller pronounces each word as a foreigner does when he is still labouring with the elements of a sentence, or as children sometimes read in school when they have to pick out each word.

She speaks French and German. Her friend, Mr. John Hitz, whose native tongue is German, says that her pronunciation is excellent. Another friend, who is as familiar with French as with English, finds her French much more intelligible than her English. When she speaks English she distributes her emphasis as in French and so does not put sufficient stress on accented syllables. She says for example, "pro-vo-ca-tion," "in-di-vi-du-al," with ever so little difference between the value of syllables, and a good deal of inconsistency in the pronunciation of the same word one day and the next. It would, I think, be hard to make her feel just how to pronounce DICTIONARY without her erring either toward DICTIONAYRY or DICTION'RY, and, of course the word is neither one nor the other. For no system of marks in a lexicon can tell one how to pronounce a word. The only way is to hear it, especially in a language like English which is so full of unspellable, suppressed vowels and quasi-vowels.

Miss Keller's vowels are not firm. Her AWFUL is nearly AWFIL. The wavering is caused by the absence of accent on FUL, for she pronounces FULL correctly.

She sometimes mispronounces as she reads aloud and comes on a word which she happens never to have uttered, though she may have written it many times. This difficulty and some others may be corrected when she and Miss Sullivan have more time. Since 1894, they have been so much in their books that they have neglected everything that was not necessary to the immediate task of passing the school years successfully. Miss Keller will never be able, I believe, to speak loud without destroying the pleasant quality and the distinctness of her words, but she can do much to make her speech clearer.

When she was at the Wright-Humason School in New York, Dr. Humason tried to improve her voice, not only her word pronunciation, but the voice itself, and gave her lessons in tone and vocal exercises.

It is hard to say whether or not Miss Keller's speech is easy to understand. Some understand her readily; others do not. Her friends grow accustomed to her speech and forget that it is different from that of any one else. Children seldom have any difficulty in understanding her; which suggests that her deliberate measured speech is like theirs, before they come to the adult trick of running all the words of a phrase into one movement of the breath. I am told that Miss Keller speaks better than most other deaf people.

Miss Keller has told how she learned to speak. Miss Sullivan's account in her address at Chautauqua, in July, 1894, at the meeting of The American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, is substantially like Miss Keller's in points of fact.

MISS SULLIVAN'S ACCOUNT OF MISS KELLER'S SPEECH

It was three years from the time when Helen began to communicate by means of the manual alphabet that she received her first lesson in the more natural and universal medium of human intercourse—oral language. She had become very proficient in the use of the manual alphabet, which

was her only means of communication with the outside world; through it she had acquired a vocabulary which enabled her to converse freely, read intelligently, and write with comparative ease and correctness. Nevertheless, the impulse to utter audible sounds was strong within her, and the constant efforts which I made to repress this instinctive tendency, which I feared in time would become unpleasant, were of no avail. I made no effort to teach her to speak, because I regarded her inability to watch the lips of others as an insurmountable obstacle. But she gradually became conscious that her way of communicating was different from that used by those around her, and one day her thoughts found expression. "How do the blind girls know what to say with their mouths? Why do you not teach me to talk like them? Do deaf children ever learn to speak?" I explained to her that some deaf children were taught to speak, but that they could see their teachers' mouths, and that that was a very great assistance to them. But she interrupted me to say she was very sure she could feel my mouth very well. Soon after this conversation, a lady came to see her and told her about the deaf and blind Norwegian child, Ragnhild Kaata, who had been taught to speak and understand what her teacher said to her by touching his lips with her fingers. She at once resolved to learn to speak, and from that day to this she has never wavered in that resolution. She began immediately to make sounds which she called speaking, and I saw the necessity of correct instruction, since her heart was set upon learning to talk; and, feeling my own incompetence to teach her, never having given the subject of articulation serious study, I went with my pupil for advice and assistance, to Miss Sarah Fuller. Miss Fuller was delighted with Helen's earnestness and enthusiasm, and at once began to teach her. In a few lessons she learned nearly all of the English sounds, and in less than a month she was able to articulate a great many words distinctly. From the first she was not content to be drilled in single sounds, but was impatient to pronounce words and sentences. The length of the word or the difficulty of the arrangement of the elements never seemed to discourage her. But, with all her eagerness and intelligence, learning to speak taxed her powers to the utmost. But there was satisfaction in seeing from day to day the evidence of growing mastery and the possibility of final success. And Helen's success has been more complete and inspiring than any of her friends expected, and the child's delight in being able to utter her thoughts in living and distinct speech is shared by all who witness her pleasure when strangers tell her that they understand her.

I have been asked a great many times whether I think Helen will ever speak naturally; that is, as other people speak. I am hardly prepared to decide that question, or even give an opinion regarding it. I believe that I have hardly begun yet to know what is possible. Teachers of the deaf often express surprise that Helen's speech is so good when she has not received any regular instruction in speech since the first few lessons given her by Miss Fuller. I can only say in reply, "This is due to habitual imitation and practice! practice! practice!" Nature has determined how the child shall learn to speak, and all we can do is to aid him in the simplest, easiest way possible, by encouraging him to observe and imitate the vibrations in the voice.

Some further details appear in an earlier, more detailed account, which Miss Sullivan wrote for the Perkins Institution Report of 1891.

I knew that Laura Bridgman had shown the same intuitive desire to produce sounds, and had even learned to pronounce a few simple words, which she took great delight in using, and I did not doubt that Helen could accomplish as much as this. I thought, however, that the advantage she would derive would not repay her for the time and labour that such an experiment would cost.

Moreover, the absence of hearing renders the voice monotonous and often very disagreeable; and such speech is generally unintelligible except to those familiar with the speaker.

The acquiring of speech by untaught deaf children is always slow and often painful. Too much stress, it seems to me, is often laid upon the importance of teaching a deaf child to articulate—a process which may be detrimental to the pupil's intellectual development. In the very nature of things, articulation is an unsatisfactory means of education; while the use of the manual alphabet quickens

and invigorates mental activity, since through it the deaf child is brought into close contact with the English language, and the highest and most abstract ideas may be conveyed to the mind readily and accurately. Helen's case proved it to be also an invaluable aid in acquiring articulation. She was already perfectly familiar with words and the construction of sentences, and had only mechanical difficulties to overcome. Moreover, she knew what a pleasure speech would be to her, and this definite knowledge of what she was striving for gave her the delight of anticipation which made drudgery easy. The untaught deaf child who is made to articulate does not know what the goal is, and his lessons in speech are for a long time tedious and meaningless.

Before describing the process of teaching Helen to speak, it may be well to state briefly to what extent she had used the vocal organs before she began to receive regular instruction in articulation. When she was stricken down with the illness which resulted in her loss of sight and hearing, at the age of nineteen months, she was learning to talk. The unmeaning babblings of the infant were becoming day by day conscious and voluntary signs of what she felt and thought. But the disease checked her progress in the acquisition of oral language, and, when her physical strength returned, it was found that she had ceased to speak intelligibly because she could no longer hear a sound. She continued to exercise her vocal organs mechanically, as ordinary children do. Her cries and laughter and the tones of her voice as she pronounced many word elements were perfectly natural, but the child evidently attached no significance to them, and with one exception they were produced not with any intention of communicating with those around her, but from the sheer necessity of exercising her innate, organic, and hereditary faculty of expression. She always attached a meaning to the word water, which was one of the first sounds her baby lips learned to form, and it was the only word which she continued to articulate after she lost her hearing. Her pronunciation of this gradually became indistinct, and when I first knew her it was nothing more than a peculiar noise. Nevertheless, it was the only sign she ever made for water, and not until she had learned to spell the word with her fingers did she forget the spoken symbol. The word water, and the gesture which corresponds to the word good-by,seem to have been all that the child remembered of the natural and acquired signs with which she had been familiar before her illness.

As she became acquainted with her surroundings through the sense of feeling (I use the word in the broadest sense, as including all tactile impressions), she felt more and more the pressing necessity of communicating with those around her. Her little hands felt every object and observed every movement of the persons about her, and she was quick to imitate these movements. She was thus able to express her more imperative needs and many of her thoughts.

At the time when I became her teacher, she had made for herself upward of sixty signs, all of which were imitative and were readily understood by those who knew her. The only signs which I think she may have invented were her signs for SMALL and LARGE. Whenever she wished for anything very much she would gesticulate in a very expressive manner. Failing to make herself understood, she would become violent. In the years of her mental imprisonment she depended entirely upon signs, and she did not work out for herself any sort of articulate language capable of expressing ideas. It seems, however, that, while she was still suffering from severe pain, she noticed the movements of her mother's lips.

When she was not occupied, she wandered restlessly about the house, making strange though rarely unpleasant sounds. I have seen her rock her doll, making a continuous, monotonous sound, keeping one hand on her throat, while the fingers of the other hand noted the movements of her lips. This was in imitation of her mother's crooning to the baby. Occasionally she broke out into a merry laugh, and then she would reach out and touch the mouth of any one who happened to be near her, to see if he were laughing also. If she detected no smile, she gesticulated excitedly, trying to convey her thought; but if she failed to make her companion laugh, she sat still for a few moments, with a troubled and disappointed expression. She was pleased with anything which made a noise. She liked

to feel the cat purr; and if by chance she felt a dog in the act of barking, she showed great pleasure. She always liked to stand by the piano when some one was playing and singing. She kept one hand on the singer's mouth, while the other rested on the piano, and she stood in this position as long as any one would sing to her, and afterward she would make a continuous sound which she called singing. The only words she had learned to pronounce with any degree of distinctness previous to March, 1890, were PAPA, MAMMA, BABY, SISTER. These words she had caught without instruction from the lips of friends. It will be seen that they contain three vowel and six consonant elements, and these formed the foundation for her first real lesson in speaking.

At the end of the first lesson she was able to pronounce distinctly the following sounds: a, a", a^, e, i, o, c soft like s and hard like k, g hard, b, l, n, m, t, p, s, u, k, f and d. Hard consonants were, and indeed still are, very difficult for her to pronounce in connection with one another in the same word; she often suppresses the one and changes the other, and sometimes she replaces both by an analogous sound with soft aspiration. The confusion between l and r was very noticeable in her speech at first. She would repeatedly use one for the other. The great difficulty in the pronunciation of the r made it one of the last elements which she mastered. The ch, sh and soft g also gave her much trouble, and she does not yet enunciate them clearly. [The difficulties which Miss Sullivan found in 1891 are, in a measure, the difficulties which show in Miss Keller's speech today.]

When she had been talking for less than a week, she met her friend, Mr. Rodocanachi, and immediately began to struggle with the pronunciation of his name; nor would she give it up until she was able to articulate the word distinctly. Her interest never diminished for a moment; and, in her eagerness to overcome the difficulties which beset her on all sides, she taxed her powers to the utmost, and learned in eleven lessons all of the separate elements of speech.

Enough appears in the accounts by Miss Keller's teacher to show the process by which she reads the lips with her fingers, the process by which she was taught to speak, and by which, of course, she can listen to conversation now. In reading the lips she is not so quick or so accurate as some reports declare. It is a clumsy and unsatisfactory way of receiving communication, useless when Miss Sullivan or some one else who knows the manual alphabet is present to give Miss Keller the spoken words of others. Indeed, when some friend is trying to speak to Miss Keller, and the attempt is not proving successful, Miss Sullivan usually helps by spelling the lost words into Miss Keller's hand.

President Roosevelt had little difficulty last spring in making Miss Keller understand him, and especially requested Miss Sullivan not to spell into her hand. She got every word, for the President's speech is notably distinct. Other people say they have no success in making Miss Keller "hear" them.

A few friends to whom she is accustomed, like Mrs. A. C. Pratt, and Mr. J. E. Chamberlin, can pass a whole day with her and tell her everything without the manual alphabet. The ability to read the lips helps Miss Keller in getting corrections of her pronunciation from Miss Sullivan and others, just as it was the means of her learning to speak at all, but it is rather an accomplishment than a necessity.

It must be remembered that speech contributed in no way to her fundamental education, though without the ability to speak she could hardly have gone to higher schools and to college. But she knows better than any one else what value speech has had for her. The following is her address at the fifth meeting of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, July 8, 1896:

ADDRESS OF HELEN KELLER AT MT. AIRY

If you knew all the joy I feel in being able to speak to you to-day, I think you would have some idea of the value of speech to the deaf, and you would understand why I want every little deaf child in all this great world to have an opportunity to learn to speak. I know that much has been said and written on this subject, and that there is a wide difference of opinion among teachers of the deaf in regard to oral instruction. It seems very strange to me that there should be this difference of opinion;

I cannot understand how any one interested in our education can fail to appreciate the satisfaction we feel in being able to express our thoughts in living words. Why, I use speech constantly, and I cannot begin to tell you how much pleasure it gives me to do so. Of course I know that it is not always easy for strangers to understand me, but it will be by and by; and in the meantime I have the unspeakable happiness of knowing that my family and friends rejoice in my ability to speak. My little sister and baby brother love to have me tell them stories in the long summer evenings when I am at home; and my mother and teacher often ask me to read to them from my favourite books. I also discuss the political situation with my dear father, and we decide the most perplexing questions quite as satisfactorily to ourselves as if I could see and hear. So you see what a blessing speech is to me. It brings me into closer and tenderer relationship with those I love, and makes it possible for me to enjoy the sweet companionship of a great many persons from whom I should be entirely cut off if I could not talk.

I can remember the time before I learned to speak, and how I used to struggle to express my thoughts by means of the manual alphabet—how my thoughts used to beat against my finger tips like little birds striving to gain their freedom, until one day Miss Fuller opened wide the prison-door and let them escape. I wonder if she remembers how eagerly and gladly they spread their wings and flew away. Of course, it was not easy at first to fly. The speech-wings were weak and broken, and had lost all the grace and beauty that had once been theirs; indeed, nothing was left save the impulse to fly, but that was something. One can never consent to creep when one feels an impulse to soar. But, nevertheless, it seemed to me sometimes that I could never use my speech-wings as God intended I should use them; there were so many difficulties in the way, so many discouragements; but I kept on trying, knowing that patience and perseverance would win in the end. And while I worked, I built the most beautiful air-castles, and dreamed dreams, the pleasantest of which was of the time when I should talk like other people, and the thought of the pleasure it would give my mother to hear my voice once more, sweetened every effort and made every failure an incentive to try harder next time. So I want to say to those who are trying to learn to speak and those who are teaching them: Be of good cheer. Do not think of to-days failures, but of the success that may come to-morrow. You have set yourselves a difficult task, but you will succeed if you persevere, and you will find a joy in overcoming obstacles—a delight in climbing rugged paths, which you would perhaps never know if you did not sometime slip backward—if the road was always smooth and pleasant. Remember, no effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost. Sometime, somewhere, somehow we shall find that which we seek. We shall speak, yes, and sing, too, as God intended we should speak and sing.

CHAPTER V. LITERARY STYLE

No one can have read Miss Keller's autobiography without feeling that she writes unusually fine English. Any teacher of composition knows that he can bring his pupils to the point of writing without errors in syntax or in the choice of words. It is just this accuracy which Miss Keller's early education fixes as the point to which any healthy child can be brought, and which the analysis of that education accounts for. Those who try to make her an exception not to be explained by any such analysis of her early education, fortify their position by an appeal to the remarkable excellence of her use of language even when she was a child.

This appeal is to a certain degree valid; for, indeed, those additional harmonies of language and

beauties of thought which make style are the gifts of the gods. No teacher could have made Helen Keller sensitive to the beauties of language and to the finer interplay of thought which demands expression in melodious word groupings.

At the same time the inborn gift of style can be starved or stimulated. No innate genius can invent fine language. The stuff of which good style is made must be given to the mind from without and given skilfully. A child of the muses cannot write fine English unless fine English has been its nourishment. In this, as in all other things, Miss Sullivan has been the wise teacher. If she had not had taste and an enthusiasm for good English, Helen Keller might have been brought up on the "Juvenile Literature," which belittles the language under pretense of being simply phrased for children; as if a child's book could not, like "Treasure Island" or "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Jungle Book," be in good style.

If Miss Sullivan wrote fine English, the beauty of Helen Keller's style would, in part, be explicable at once. But the extracts from Miss Sullivan's letters and from her reports, although they are clear and accurate, have not the beauty which distinguishes Miss Keller's English. Her service as a teacher of English is not to be measured by her own skill in composition. The reason why she read to her pupil so many good books is due, in some measure, to the fact that she had so recently recovered her eyesight. When she became Helen Keller's teacher she was just awakening to the good things that are in books, from which she had been shut out during her years of blindness.

In Captain Keller's library she found excellent books, Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," and better still Montaigne. After the first year or so of elementary work she met her pupil on equal terms, and they read and enjoyed good books together.

Besides the selection of good books, there is one other cause for Miss Keller's excellence in writing, for which Miss Sullivan deserves unlimited credit. That is her tireless and unrelenting discipline, which is evident in all her work. She never allowed her pupil to send off letters which contained offenses against taste, but made her write them over until they were not only correct, but charming and well phrased.

Any one who has tried to write knows what Miss Keller owes to the endless practice which Miss Sullivan demanded of her. Let a teacher with a liking for good style insist on a child's writing a paragraph over and over again until it is more than correct, and he will be training, even beyond his own power of expression, the power of expression in the child.

How far Miss Sullivan carried this process of refinement and selection is evident from the humorous comment of Dr. Bell, that she made her pupil a little old woman, too widely different from ordinary children in her maturity of thought. When Dr. Bell said this he was arguing his own case. For it was Dr. Bell who first saw the principles that underlie Miss Sullivan's method, and explained the process by which Helen Keller absorbed language from books.

There is, moreover, a reason why Helen Keller writes good English, which lies in the very absence of sight and hearing. The disadvantages of being deaf and blind were overcome and the advantages remained. She excels other deaf people because she was taught as if she were normal. On the other hand, the peculiar value to her of language, which ordinary people take for granted as a necessary part of them like their right hand, made her think about language and love it. Language was her liberator, and from the first she cherished it.

The proof of Miss Keller's early skill in the use of English, and the final comment on the excellence of this whole method of teaching, is contained in an incident, which, although at the time it seemed unfortunate, can no longer be regretted. I refer to the "Frost King" episode, which I shall explain in detail. Miss Keller has given her account of it, and the whole matter was discussed in the first Volta Bureau Souvenir from which I quote at length:

MISS SULLIVAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE "FROST KING"

HON. JOHN HITZ, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: Since my paper was prepared for the second edition of the Souvenir "Helen Keller," some facts have been brought to my notice which are of interest in connection with the subject of the acquisition of language by my pupil, and if it is not already too late for publication in this issue of the Souvenir, I shall be glad if I may have opportunity to explain them in detail.

Perhaps it will be remembered that in my paper*, where allusion is made to Helen's remarkable memory, it is noted that she appears to retain in her mind many forms of expression which, at the time they are received, she probably does not understand; but when further information is acquired, the language retained in her memory finds full or partial expression in her conversation or writing, according as it proves of greater or less value to her in the fitness of its application to the new experience. Doubtless this is true in the case of every intelligent child, and should not, perhaps, be considered worthy of especial mention in Helen's case, but for the fact that a child who is deprived of the senses of sight and hearing might not be expected to be as gifted mentally as this little girl proves to be; hence it is quite possible we may be inclined to class as marvelous many things we discover in the development of her mind which do not merit such an explanation.

* In this paper Miss Sullivan says: "During this winter (1891-92) I went with her into the yard while a light snow was falling, and let her feel the falling flakes. She appeared to enjoy it very much indeed. As we went in she repeated these words, 'Out of the cloud-folds of his garments Winter shakes the snow.' I inquired of her where she had read this; she did not remember having read it, did not seem to know that she had learned it. As I had never heard it, I inquired of several of my friends if they recalled the words; no one seemed to remember it. The teachers at the Institution expressed the opinion that the description did not appear in any book in raised print in that library; but one lady, Miss Marrett, took upon herself the task of examining books of poems in ordinary type, and was rewarded by finding the following lines in one of Longfellow's minor poems, entitled 'Snowflakes':

'Out of the bosom of the air, Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken, Over the woodlands brown and bare, Over the harvest-fields forsaken, Silent, and soft, and slow Descends the snow.'

"It would seem that Helen had learned and treasured the memory of this expression of the poet, and this morning in the snow-storm had found its application."

In the hope that I may be pardoned if I appear to overestimate the remarkable mental capacity and power of comprehension and discrimination which my pupil possesses, I wish to add that, while I have always known that Helen made great use of such descriptions and comparisons as appeal to her imagination and fine poetic nature, yet recent developments in her writings convince me of the fact that I have not in the past been fully aware to what extent she absorbs the language of her favourite authors. In the early part of her education I had full knowledge of all the books she read and of nearly all the stories which were read to her, and could without difficulty trace the source of any adaptations noted in her writing or conversation; and I have always been much pleased to observe how appropriately she applies the expressions of a favourite author in her own compositions.

The following extracts from a few of her published letters give evidence of how valuable this power of retaining the memory of beautiful language has been to her. One warm, sunny day in early spring, when we were at the North, the balmy atmosphere appears to have brought to her mind the sentiment expressed by Longfellow in "Hiawatha," and she almost sings with the poet: "The ground was all aquiver with the stir of new life. My heart sang for very joy. I thought of my own dear home. I knew that in that sunny land spring had come in all its splendour. 'All its birds and all its blossoms, all its flowers and all its grasses.'"

About the same time, in a letter to a friend, in which she makes mention of her Southern home, she gives so close a reproduction from a poem by one of her favourite authors that I will give extracts

from Helen's letter and from the poem itself:

EXTRACTS FROM HELEN'S LETTER

[The entire letter is published on pp. 245 and 246 of the Report of the Perkins Institution for 1891]

The blue-bird with his azure plumes, the thrush clad all in brown, the robin jerking his spasmodic throat, the oriole drifting like a flake of fire, the jolly bobolink and his happy mate, the mocking-bird imitating the notes of all, the red-bird with his one sweet trill, and the busy little wren, are all making the trees in our front yard ring with their glad song.

FROM THE POEM ENTITLED "SPRING" BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The bluebird, breathing from his azure plumes The fragrance borrowed from the myrtle blooms; The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down, Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown; The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire; The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat, Repeats imperious, his staccato note; The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate, Poised on a bullrush tipsy with his weight: Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings, Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

On the last day of April she uses another expression from the same poem, which is more an adaptation than a reproduction: "To-morrow April will hide her tears and blushes beneath the flowers of lovely May."

In a letter to a friend at the Perkins Institution, dated May 17, 1889, she gives a reproduction from one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, which I had read to her not long before. This letter is published in the Perkins Institution Report (1891), p. 204. The original story was read to her from a copy of "Andersen's Stories," published by Leavitt & Allen Bros., and may be found on p. 97 of Part I. in that volume.

Her admiration for the impressive explanations which Bishop Brooks has given her of the Fatherhood of God is well known. In one of his letters, speaking of how God in every way tells us of His love, he says, "I think he writes it even upon the walls of the great house of nature which we live in, that he is our Father." The next year at Andover she said: "It seems to me the world is full of goodness, beauty, and love; and how grateful we must be to our heavenly Father, who has given us so much to enjoy! His love and care are written all over the walls of nature."

In these later years, since Helen has come in contact with so many persons who are able to converse freely with her, she has made the acquaintance of some literature with which I am not familiar; she has also found in books printed in raised letters, in the reading of which I have been unable to follow her, much material for the cultivation of the taste she possesses for poetical imagery. The pages of the book she reads become to her like paintings, to which her imaginative powers give life and colour. She is at once transported into the midst of the events portrayed in the story she reads or is told, and the characters and descriptions become real to her; she rejoices when justice wins, and is sad when virtue goes unrewarded. The pictures the language paints on her memory appear to make an indelible impression; and many times, when an experience comes to her similar in character, the language starts forth with wonderful accuracy, like the reflection from a mirror.

Helen's mind is so gifted by nature that she seems able to understand with only the faintest touch of explanation every possible variety of external relations. One day in Alabama, as we were gathering wild flowers near the springs on the hillsides, she seemed to understand for the first time that the springs were surrounded by mountains, and she exclaimed: "The mountains are crowding around the springs to look at their own beautiful reflections!" I do not know where she obtained this language, yet it is evident that it must have come to her from without, as it would hardly be possible for a person deprived of the visual sense to originate such an idea. In mentioning a visit to Lexington, Mass., she writes: "As we rode along we could see the forest monarchs bend their proud forms to

listen to the little children of the woodlands whispering their secrets. The anemone, the wild violet, the hepatica, and the funny little curled-up ferns all peeped out at us from beneath the brown leaves." She closes this letter with, "I must go to bed, for Morpheus has touched my eyelids with his golden wand." Here again, I am unable to state where she acquired these expressions.

She has always seemed to prefer stories which exercise the imagination, and catches and retains the poetic spirit in all such literature; but not until this winter have I been conscious that her memory absorbed the exact language to such an extent that she is herself unable to trace the source.

This is shown in a little story she wrote in October last at the home of her parents in Tuscumbia, which she called "Autumn Leaves." She was at work upon it about two weeks, writing a little each day, at her own pleasure. When it was finished, and we read it in the family, it occasioned much comment on account of the beautiful imagery, and we could not understand how Helen could describe such pictures without the aid of sight. As we had never seen or heard of any such story as this before, we inquired of her where she read it; she replied, "I did not read it; it is my story for Mr. Anagnos's birthday." While I was surprised that she could write like this, I was not more astonished than I had been many times before at the unexpected achievements of my little pupil, especially as we had exchanged many beautiful thoughts on the subject of the glory of the ripening foliage during the autumn of this year.

Before Helen made her final copy of the story, it was suggested to her to change its title to "The Frost King," as more appropriate to the subject of which the story treated; to this she willingly assented. The story was written by Helen in braille, as usual and copied by her in the same manner, I then interlined the manuscript for the greater convenience of those who desired to read it. Helen wrote a little letter, and, enclosing the manuscript, forwarded both by mail to Mr. Anagnos for his birthday.

The story was printed in the January number of the Mentor and, from a review of it in the Goodson Gazette, I was startled to find that a very similar story had been published in 1873, seven years before Helen was born. This story, "Frost Fairies," appeared in a book written by Miss Margaret T. Canby, entitled "Birdie and his Fairy Friends." The passages quoted from the two stories were so much alike in thought and expression as to convince me that Miss Canby's story must at some time have been read to Helen.

As I had never read this story, or even heard of the book, I inquired of Helen if she knew anything about the matter, and found she did not. She was utterly unable to recall either the name of the story or the book. Careful examination was made of the books in raised print in the library of the Perkins Institution to learn if any extracts from this volume could be found there; but nothing was discovered. I then concluded that the story must have been read to her a long time ago, as her memory usually retains with great distinctness facts and impressions which have been committed to its keeping.

After making careful inquiry, I succeeded in obtaining the information that our friend, Mrs. S. C. Hopkins, had a copy of this book in 1888 which was presented to her little daughter in 1873 or 1874. Helen and I spent the summer of 1888 with Mrs. Hopkins at her home in Brewster, Mass., where she kindly relieved me a part of the time, of the care of Helen. She amused and entertained Helen by reading to her from a collection of juvenile publications, among which was the copy of "Birdie and his Fairy Friends"; and, while Mrs. Hopkins does not remember this story of "Frost Fairies," she is confident that she read to Helen extracts, if not entire stories, from this volume. But as she was not able to find her copy, and applications for the volume at bookstores in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, and other places resulted only in failure, search was instituted for the author herself. This became a difficult task, as her publishers in Philadelphia had retired from business many years ago; however, it was eventually discovered that her residence is at Wilmington, Delaware, and copies of the second edition of the book, 1889, were obtained from her. She has

since secured and forwarded to me a copy of the first edition.

The most generous and gratifying letters have been received from Miss Canby by Helen's friends, a few extracts from which are given:

Under date of February 24, 1892, after mentioning the order of the publication of the stories in the magazine, she writes:

"All the stories were revised before publishing them in book form; additions were made to the number as first published, I think, and some of the titles may have been changed."

In the same letter she writes:

"I hope that you will be able to make her understand that I am glad she enjoyed my story, and that I hope the new book will give her pleasure by renewing her friendship with the Fairies. I shall write to her in a short time. I am so much impressed with what I have learned of her that I have written a little poem entitled A Silent Singer, which I may send to her mother after a while. Can you tell me in what paper the article appeared accusing Helen of plagiarism, and giving passages from both stories? I should like much to see it, and to obtain a few copies if possible."

Under date of March 9, 1892, Miss Canby writes:

"I find traces, in the Report which you so kindly sent me, of little Helen having heard other stories than that of 'Frost Fairies.' On page 132, in a letter, there is a passage which must have been suggested by my story called 'The Rose Fairies' (see pp. 13-16 of 'Birdie') and on pages 93 and 94 of the Report the description of a thunderstorm is very much like Birdie's idea of the same in the 'Dew Fairies' on page 59 and 60 of my book. What a wonderfully active and retentive mind that gifted child must have! If she had remembered and written down accurately, a short story, and that soon after hearing it, it would have been a marvel; but to have heard the story once, three years ago, and in such a way that neither her parents nor teacher could ever allude to it or refresh her memory about it, and then to have been able to reproduce it so vividly, even adding some touches of her own in perfect keeping with the rest, which really improve the original, is something that very few girls of riper age, and with every advantage of sight, hearing, and even great talents for composition, could have done as well, if at all. Under the circumstances, I do not see how any one can be so unkind as to call it a plagiarism; it is a wonderful feat of memory, and stands ALONE, as doubtless much of her work will in future, if her mental powers grow and develop with her years as greatly as in the few years past. I have known many children well, have been surrounded by them all my life, and love nothing better than to talk with them, amuse them, and quietly notice their traits of mind and character; but I do not recollect more than one girl of Helen's age who had the love and thirst for knowledge, and the store of literary and general information, and the skill in composition, which Helen possesses. She is indeed a 'Wonder-Child.' Thank you very much for the Report, Gazette, and Helen's Journal. The last made me realize the great disappointment to the dear child more than before. Please give her my warm love, and tell her not to feel troubled about it any more. No one shall be allowed to think it was anything wrong; and some day she will write a great, beautiful story or poem that will make many people happy. Tell her there are a few bitter drops in every one's cup, and the only way is to take the bitter patiently, and the sweet thankfully. I shall love to hear of her reception of the book and how she likes the stories which are new to her."

I have now (March, 1892) read to Helen "The Frost Fairies," "The Rose Fairies," and a portion of "The Dew Fairies," but she is unable to throw any light on the matter. She recognized them at once as her own stories, with variations, and was much puzzled to know how they could have been published before she was born! She thinks it is wonderful that two people should write stories so much alike; but she still considers her own as original.

I give below a portion of Miss Canby's story, "The Rose Fairies," and also Helen's letter to Mr. Anagnos containing her "dream," so that the likenesses and differences may be studied by those

interested in the subject:

THE ROSE FAIRIES

[From"Birdie and his Fairy Friends," by Margaret T. Canby]

One pleasant morning little Birdie might have been seen sitting quietly on the grass-plat at the side of his mother's house, looking very earnestly at the rose-bushes.

It was quite early; great Mr. Sun, who is such an early riser in summer time, had not been up very long; the birds were just beginning to chirp their "good-mornings" to each other; and as for the flowers, they were still asleep. But Birdie was so busy all day, trotting about the house and garden, that he was always ready for HIS nest at night, before the birds and flowers had thought of seeking THEIRS; and so it came to pass that when Mr. Sun raised his head above the green woods and smiled lovingly upon the earth, Birdie was often the first to see him, and to smile back at him, all the while rubbing his eyes with his dimpled fists, until between smiling and rubbing, he was wide awake.

And what do you think he did next! Why, the little rogue rolled into his mamma's bed, and kissed her eyelids, her cheeks, and her mouth, until she began to dream that it was raining kisses; and at last she opened her eyes to see what it all meant, and found that it was Birdie, trying to "kiss her awake," as he said.

She loved her little boy very dearly, and liked to make him happy, and when he said, "Please dress me, dear mamma, and let me go out to play in the garden," she cheerfully consented; and, soon after, Birdie went downstairs in his morning-dress of cool linen, and with his round face bright and rosy from its bath, and ran out on the gravel path to play, until breakfast was ready.

He stood still a moment to look about him, and think what he should do first. The fresh morning air blew softly in his face, as if to welcome him and be his merry playmate; and the bright eye of Mr. Sun looked at him with a warm and glowing smile; but Birdie soon walked on to find something to play with. As he came in sight of the rose-bushes that grew near the side of the house, he suddenly clapped his hands, and with a little shout of joy stopped to look at them; they were all covered with lovely rosebuds. Some were red, some white, and others pale pink, and they were just peeping out of the green leaves, as rosy-faced children peep out from their warm beds in wintertime before they are quite willing to get up. A few days before, Birdie's papa had told him that the green balls on the rose-bushes had beautiful flowers shut up within them, but the little boy found it hard to believe, for he was so young that he did not remember how pretty the roses had been the summer before. Now he found out that his father's words were true, for a few days of warm weather had turned the green balls into rosebuds, and they were SO beautiful that it was enough to make Birdie stand still before them, his blue eyes dancing with delight and his little hands clasped tightly together.

After awhile he went nearer, and looking closely at the buds, found that they were folded up, leaf over leaf, as eyelids are folded over sleeping eyes, so that Birdie thought they must be asleep. "Lazy roses, wake up," said he, giving the branches a gentle shake; but only the dew fell off in bright drops, and the flowers were still shut up. At last Birdie remembered how he had awakened his mother with kisses, and thought he would try the same plan with the roses; so he drew up his red lips until THEY looked like a rosebud, too, and bending down a branch with a lovely pink bud upon it, he kissed it softly two or three times.

Here the similarity in the language of the story to that in the letter ceases.

HELEN'S LETTER TO MR. ANAGNOS

(Written February 2 and 3, 1890.)

[This letter was enclosed in another written in French, dated Le 1 fevrier 1890.]

My Dear Mr. Anagnos: You will laugh when you open your little friend's letter and see all the queer mistakes she has made in French, but I think you will be pleased to know that I can write even

a short letter in French. It makes me very happy to please you and my dear teacher. I wish I could see your little niece Amelia. I am sure we should love each other. I hope you will bring some of Virginia Evanghelides' poems home with you, and translate them for me. Teacher and I have just returned from our walk. It is a beautiful day. We met a sweet little child. She was playing on the pier with a wee brother. She gave me a kiss and then ran away, because she was a shy little girl. I wonder if you would like to have me tell you a pretty dream which I had a long time ago when I was a very little child? Teacher says it was a day-dream, and she thinks you would be delighted to hear it. One pleasant morning in the beautiful springtime, I thought I was sitting on the soft grass under my dear mother's window, looking very earnestly at the rose-bushes which were growing all around me. It was quite early, the sun had not been up very long; the birds were just beginning to sing joyously. The flowers were still asleep. They would not awake until the sun had smiled lovingly upon them. I was a very happy little child with rosy cheeks, and large blue eyes, and the most beautiful golden ringlets you can imagine. The fresh morning air blew gently in my face, as if to welcome me, and be my merry playmate, and the sun looked at me with a warm and tender smile. I clapped my chubby hands for joy when I saw that the rose-bushes were covered with lovely buds. Some were red, some white, and others were delicate pink, and they were peeping out from between the green leaves like beautiful little fairies. I had never seen anything so lovely before, for I was very young and I could not remember how pretty the roses had been the summer before. My little heart was filled with a sweet joy, and I danced around the rosebushes to show my delight. After a while I went very near to a beautiful white rose-bush which was completely covered with buds and sparkling with dewdrops; I bent down one of the branches with a lovely pure white bud upon it, and kissed it softly many times; just then I felt two loving arms steal gently around me, and loving lips kissing my eyelids, my cheeks, and my mouth, until I began to think it was raining kisses; and at last I opened my eyes to see what it all meant, and found it was my precious mother, who was bending over me, trying to kiss me awake. Do you like my day-dream? If you do, perhaps I will dream again for you some time.

Teacher and all of your friends send you their love. I shall be so glad when you come home, for I greatly miss you. Please give my love to your good Greek friends, and tell them that I shall come to Athens some day.

Lovingly your little friend and playmate, HELEN A. KELLER.

"The Frost Fairies" and "The Frost Kings" are given in full, as the differences are as important as the resemblances:

The Frost Fairies [From "Birdie and his Fairy Friends"] by Margaret T. Canby

King Frost, or Jack Frost as he is sometimes called, lives in a cold country far to the North; but every year he takes a journey over the world in a car of golden clouds drawn by a strong and rapid steed called "North Wind." Wherever he goes he does many wonderful things; he builds bridges over every stream, clear as glass in appearance but often strong as iron; he puts the flowers and plants to sleep by one touch of his hand, and they all bow down and sink into the warm earth, until spring returns; then, lest we should grieve for the flowers, he places at our windows lovely wreaths and sprays of his white northern flowers, or delicate little forests of fairy pine-trees, pure white and very beautiful. But his most wonderful work is the painting of the trees, which look, after his task is done, as if they were covered with the brightest layers of gold and rubies; and are beautiful enough to comfort us for the flight of summer.

I will tell you how King Frost first thought of this kind work, for it is a strange story. You must know that this King, like all other kings, has great treasures of gold and precious stones in his palace; but, being a good-hearted old fellow, he does not keep his riches locked up all the time, but tries to do good and make others happy with them. He has two neighbours, who live still farther north; one is King Winter, a cross and churlish old monarch, who is hard and cruel, and delights in making the

poor suffer and weep; but the other neighbour is Santa Claus, a fine, good-natured, jolly old soul, who loves to do good, and who brings presents to the poor, and to nice little children at Christmas.

Well, one day King Frost was trying to think of some good that he could do with his treasure; and suddenly he concluded to send some of it to his kind neighbour, Santa Claus, to buy presents of food and clothing for the poor, that they might not suffer so much when King Winter went near their homes. So he called together his merry little fairies, and showing them a number of jars and vases filled with gold and precious stones, told them to carry those carefully to the palace of Santa Claus, and give them to him with the compliments of King Frost. "He will know how to make good use of the treasure," added Jack Frost; then he told the fairies not to loiter by the way, but to do his bidding quickly.

The fairies promised obedience and soon started on their journey, dragging the great glass jars and vases along, as well as they could, and now and then grumbling a little at having such hard work to do, for they were idle fairies, and liked play better than work. At last they reached a great forest, and, being quite tired, they decided to rest awhile and look for nuts before going any further. But lest the treasure should be stolen from them, they hid the jars among the thick leaves of the forest trees, placing some high up near the top, and others in different parts of the various trees, until they thought no one could find them.

Then they began to wander about and hunt for nuts, and climb the trees to shake them down, and worked much harder for their own pleasure than they had done for their master's bidding, for it is a strange truth that fairies and children never complain of the toil and trouble they take in search of amusement, although they often grumble when asked to work for the good of others.

The frost fairies were so busy and so merry over their nutting frolic that they soon forgot their errand and their king's command to go quickly; but, as they played and loitered in the forest until noon, they found the reason why they were told to hasten; for although they had, as they thought, hidden the treasure so carefully, they had not secured it from the power of Mr. Sun, who was an enemy of Jack Frost, and delighted to undo his work and weaken him whenever he could.

His bright eyes found out the jars of treasure among the trees, and as the idle fairies left them there until noon, at which time Mr. Sun is the strongest, the delicate glass began to melt and break, and before long every jar and vase was cracked or broken, and the precious treasures they contained were melting, too, and dripping slowly in streams of gold and crimson over the trees and bushes of the forest.

Still, for awhile, the frost fairies did not notice this strange occurrence, for they were down on the grass, so far below the tree-tops that the wonderful shower of treasure was a long time in reaching them; but at last one of them said, "Hark! I believe it is raining; I certainly hear the falling drops." The others laughed, and told him that it seldom rained when the sun was shining; but as they listened they plainly heard the tinkling of many drops falling through the forest, and sliding from leaf to leaf until they reached the bramble-bushes beside them, when, to their great dismay, they found that the RAIN-DROPS were MELTED RUBIES, which hardened on the leaves and turned them to bright crimson in a moment. Then looking more closely at the trees around, they saw that the treasure was all melting away, and that much of it was already spread over the leaves of the oak trees and maples, which were shining with their gorgeous dress of gold and bronze, crimson and emerald. It was very beautiful; but the idle fairies were too much frightened at the mischief their disobedience had caused, to admire the beauty of the forest, and at once tried to hide themselves among the bushes, lest King Frost should come and punish them.

Their fears were well founded, for their long absence had alarmed the king, and he had started out to look for his tardy servants, and just as they were all hidden, he came along slowly, looking on all sides for the fairies. Of course, he soon noticed the brightness of the leaves, and discovered the

cause, too, when he caught sight of the broken jars and vases from which the melted treasure was still dropping. And when he came to the nut trees, and saw the shells left by the idle fairies and all the traces of their frolic, he knew exactly how they had acted, and that they had disobeyed him by playing and loitering on their way through the woods.

King Frost frowned and looked very angry at first, and his fairies trembled for fear and cowered still lower in their hiding-places; but just then two little children came dancing through the wood, and though they did not see King Frost or the fairies, they saw the beautiful colour of the leaves, and laughed with delight, and began picking great bunches to take to their mother. "The leaves are as pretty as flowers," said they; and they called the golden leaves "buttercups," and the red ones "roses," and were very happy as they went singing through the wood.

Their pleasure charmed away King Frost's anger, and he, too, began to admire the painted trees, and at last he said to himself, "My treasures are not wasted if they make little children happy. I will not be offended at my idle, thoughtless fairies, for they have taught me a new way of doing good." When the frost fairies heard these words they crept, one by one, from their corners, and, kneeling down before their master, confessed their fault, and asked his pardon. He frowned upon them for awhile, and scolded them, too, but he soon relented, and said he would forgive them this time, and would only punish them by making them carry more treasure to the forest, and hide it in the trees, until all the leaves, with Mr. Sun's help, were covered with gold and ruby coats.

Then the fairies thanked him for his forgiveness, and promised to work very hard to please him; and the good-natured king took them all up in his arms, and carried them safely home to his palace. From that time, I suppose, it has been part of Jack Frost's work to paint the trees with the glowing colours we see in the autumn; and if they are NOT covered with gold and precious stones, I do not know how he makes them so bright; DO YOU?

The Frost King by Helen A. Keller

King Frost lives in a beautiful palace far to the North, in the land of perpetual snow. The palace, which is magnificent beyond description, was built centuries ago, in the reign of King Glacier. At a little distance from the palace we might easily mistake it for a mountain whose peaks were mounting heavenward to receive the last kiss of the departing day. But on nearer approach we should discover our error. What we had supposed to be peaks were in reality a thousand glittering spires. Nothing could be more beautiful than the architecture of this ice-palace. The walls are curiously constructed of massive blocks of ice which terminate in cliff-like towers. The entrance to the palace is at the end of an arched recess, and it is guarded night and day by twelve soldierly-looking white Bears.

But, children, you must make King Frost a visit the very first opportunity you have, and see for yourselves this wonderful palace. The old King will welcome you kindly, for he loves children, and it is his chief delight to give them pleasure.

You must know that King Frost, like all other kings, has great treasures of gold and precious stones; but as he is a generous old monarch, he endeavours to make a right use of his riches. So wherever he goes he does many wonderful works; he builds bridges over every stream, as transparent as glass, but often as strong as iron; he shakes the forest trees until the ripe nuts fall into the laps of laughing children; he puts the flowers to sleep with one touch of his hand; then, lest we should mourn for the bright faces of the flowers, he paints the leaves with gold and crimson and emerald, and when his task is done the trees are beautiful enough to comfort us for the flight of summer. I will tell you how King Frost happened to think of painting the leaves, for it is a strange story.

One day while King Frost was surveying his vast wealth and thinking what good he could do with it, he suddenly bethought him of his jolly old neighbour, Santa Claus. "I will send my treasures to Santa Claus," said the King to himself. "He is the very man to dispose of them satisfactorily, for he

knows where the poor and the unhappy live, and his kind old heart is always full of benevolent plans for their relief." So he called together the merry little fairies of his household and, showing them the jars and vases containing his treasures, he bade them carry them to the palace of Santa Claus as quickly as they could. The fairies promised obedience, and were off in a twinkling, dragging the heavy jars and vases along after them as well as they could, now and then grumbling a little at having such a hard task, for they were idle fairies and loved to play better than to work. After awhile they came to a great forest and, being tired and hungry, they thought they would rest a little and look for nuts before continuing their journey. But thinking their treasure might be stolen from them, they hid the jars among the thick green leaves of the various trees until they were sure that no one could find them. Then they began to wander merrily about searching for nuts, climbing trees, peeping curiously into the empty birds' nests, and playing hide and seek from behind the trees. Now, these naughty fairies were so busy and so merry over their frolic that they forgot all about their errand and their master's command to go quickly, but soon they found to their dismay why they had been bidden to hasten, for although they had, as they supposed, hidden the treasure carefully, yet the bright eyes of King Sun had spied out the jars among the leaves, and as he and King Frost could never agree as to what was the best way of benefiting the world, he was very glad of a good opportunity of playing a joke upon his rather sharp rival. King Sun laughed softly to himself when the delicate jars began to melt and break. At length every jar and vase was cracked or broken, and the precious stones they contained were melting, too, and running in little streams over the trees and bushes of the forest.

Still the idle fairies did not notice what was happening, for they were down on the grass, and the wonderful shower of treasure was a long time in reaching them; but at last they plainly heard the tinkling of many drops falling like rain through the forest, and sliding from leaf to leaf until they reached the little bushes by their side, when to their astonishment they discovered that the rain-drops were melted rubies which hardened on the leaves, and turned them to crimson and gold in a moment. Then looking around more closely, they saw that much of the treasure was already melted, for the oaks and maples were arrayed in gorgeous dresses of gold and crimson and emerald. It was very beautiful, but the disobedient fairies were too frightened to notice the beauty of the trees. They were afraid that King Frost would come and punish them. So they hid themselves among the bushes and waited silently for something to happen. Their fears were well founded, for their long absence had alarmed the King, and he mounted North Wind and went out in search of his tardy couriers. Of course, he had not gone far when he noticed the brightness of the leaves, and he quickly guessed the cause when he saw the broken jars from which the treasure was still dropping. At first King Frost was very angry, and the fairies trembled and crouched lower in their hiding-places, and I do not know what might have happened to them if just then a party of boys and girls had not entered the wood. When the children saw the trees all aglow with brilliant colors they clapped their hands and shouted for joy, and immediately began to pick great bunches to take home. "The leaves are as lovely as the flowers!" cried they, in their delight. Their pleasure banished the anger from King Frost's heart and the frown from his brow, and he, too, began to admire the painted trees. He said to himself, "My treasures are not wasted if they make little children happy. My idle fairies and my fiery enemy have taught me a new way of doing good."

When the fairies heard this, they were greatly relieved and came forth from their hiding-places, confessed their fault, and asked their master's forgiveness.

Ever since that time it has been King Frost's great delight to paint the leaves with the glowing colors we see in the autumn, and if they are not covered with gold and precious stones I cannot imagine what makes them so bright, can you?

If the story of "The Frost Fairies" was read to Helen in the summer of 1888, she could not have understood very much of it at that time, for she had only been under instruction since March, 1887.

Can it be that the language of the story had remained dormant in her mind until my description of

the beauty of the autumn scenery in 1891 brought it vividly before her mental vision?

I have made careful investigation among Helen's friends in Alabama and in Boston and its vicinity, but thus far have been unable to ascertain any later date when it could have been read to her.

Another fact is of great significance in this connection. "The Rose Fairies" was published in the same volume with "The Frost Fairies," and, therefore, was probably read to Helen at or about the same time.

Now Helen, in her letter of February, 1890 (quoted above), alludes to this story of Miss Canby's as a dream "WHICH I HAD A LONG TIME AGO WHEN I WAS A VERY LITTLE CHILD." Surely, a year and a half would appear "a long time ago" to a little girl like Helen; we therefore have reason to believe that the stories must have been read to her at least as early as the summer of 1888.

HELEN KELLER'S OWN STATEMENT

(The following entry made by Helen in her diary speaks for itself.)

'1892. January 30. This morning I took a bath, and when teacher came upstairs to comb my hair she told me some very sad news which made me unhappy all day. Some one wrote to Mr. Anagnos that the story which I sent him as a birthday gift, and which I wrote myself, was not my story at all, but that a lady had written it a long time ago. The person said her story was called "Frost Fairies." I am sure I never heard it. It made us feel so bad to think that people thought we had been untrue and wicked. My heart was full of tears, for I love the beautiful truth with my whole heart and mind.

'It troubles me greatly now. I do not know what I shall do. I never thought that people could make such mistakes. I am perfectly sure I wrote the story myself. Mr. Anagnos is much troubled. It grieves me to think that I have been the cause of his unhappiness, but of course I did not mean to do it.

'I thought about my story in the autumn, because teacher told me about the autumn leaves while we walked in the woods at Fern Quarry. I thought fairies must have painted them because they are so wonderful, and I thought, too, that King Frost must have jars and vases containing precious treasures, because I knew that other kings long ago had, and because teacher told me that the leaves were painted ruby, emerald, gold, crimson, and brown; so that I thought the paint must be melted stones. I knew that they must make children happy because they are so lovely, and it made me very happy to think that the leaves were so beautiful and that the trees glowed so, although I could not see them.

'I thought everybody had the same thought about the leaves, but I do not know now. I thought very much about the sad news when teacher went to the doctor's; she was not here at dinner and I missed her.'

I do not feel that I can add anything more that will be of interest. My own heart is too "full of tears" when I remember how my dear little pupil suffered when she knew "that people thought we had been untrue and wicked," for I know that she does indeed "love the beautiful truth with her whole heart and mind."

Yours truly, ANNIE M. SULLIVAN.

So much appears in the Volta Bureau Souvenir. The following letter from Mr. Anagnos is reprinted from the American Annals of the Deaf, April, 1892:

PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND SO. BOSTON, March 11, 1892. TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANNALS.

Sir: In compliance with your wishes I make the following statement concerning Helen Keller's story of "King Frost." It was sent to me as a birthday gift on November 7th, from Tuscumbia, Alabama. Knowing as well as I do Helen's extraordinary abilities I did not hesitate to accept it as her own work; nor do I doubt to-day that she is fully capable of writing such a composition. Soon after its appearance in print I was pained to learn, through the Goodson Gazette, that a portion of the

story (eight or nine passages) is either a reproduction or adaptation of Miss Margaret Canby's "Frost Fairies." I immediately instituted an inquiry to ascertain the facts in the case. None of our teachers or officers who are accustomed to converse with Helen ever knew or heard about Miss Canby's book, nor did the child's parents and relatives at home have any knowledge of it. Her father, Captain Keller, wrote to me as follows on the subject:

"I hasten to assure you that Helen could not have received any idea of the story from any of her relations or friends here, none of whom can communicate with her readily enough to impress her with the details of a story of that character."

At my request, one of the teachers in the girls' department examined Helen in regard to the construction of the story. Her testimony is as follows:

"I first tried to ascertain what had suggested to Helen's mind the particular fancies which made her story seem like a reproduction of one written by Miss Margaret Canby. Helen told me that for a long time she had thought of Jack Frost as a king, because of the many treasures which he possessed. Such rich treasures must be kept in a safe place, and so she had imagined them stored in jars and vases in one part of the royal palace. She said that one autumn day her teacher told her as they were walking together in the woods, about the many beautiful colours of the leaves, and she had thought that such beauty must make people very happy, and very grateful to King Frost. I asked Helen what stories she had read about Jack Frost. In answer to my question she recited a part of the poem called 'Freaks of the Frost,' and she referred to a little piece about winter, in one of the school readers. She could not remember that any one had ever read to her any stories about King Frost, but said she had talked with her teacher about Jack Frost and the wonderful things he did."

The only person that we supposed might possibly have read the story to Helen was her friend, Mrs. Hopkins, whom she was visiting at the time in Brewster. I asked Miss Sullivan to go at once to see Mrs. Hopkins and ascertain the facts in the matter. The result of her investigation is embodied in the printed note herewith enclosed. [This note is a statement of the bare facts and an apology, which Mr. Anagnos inserted in his report of the Perkins Institute.]

I have scarcely any doubt that Miss Canby's little book was read to Helen, by Mrs. Hopkins, in the summer of 1888. But the child has no recollection whatever of this fact. On Miss Sullivan's return to Brewster, she read to Helen the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which she had purchased in Boston for the purpose. The child was at once fascinated and absorbed with the charming story, which evidently made a deeper impression upon her mind than any previously read to her, as was shown in the frequent reference to it, both in her conversation and letters, for many months afterward. Her intense interest in Fauntleroy must have buried all remembrance of "Frost Fairies," and when, more than three years later, she had acquired a fuller knowledge and use of language, and was told of Jack Frost and his work, the seed so long buried sprang up into new thoughts and fancies. This may explain the reason why Helen claims persistently that "The Frost King" is her own story. She seems to have some idea of the difference between original composition and reproduction. She did not know the meaning of the word "plagiarism" until quite recently, when it was explained to her. She is absolutely truthful. Veracity is the strongest element of her character. She was very much surprised and grieved when she was told that her composition was an adaptation of Miss Canby's story of "Frost Fairies." She could not keep back her tears, and the chief cause of her pain seemed to be the fear lest people should doubt her truthfulness. She said, with great intensity of feeling, "I love the beautiful truth." A most rigid examination of the child of about two hours' duration, at which eight persons were present and asked all sorts of questions with perfect freedom, failed to elicit in the least any testimony convicting either her teacher or any one else of the intention or attempt to practice deception.

In view of these facts I cannot but think that Helen, while writing "The Frost King," was entirely

unconscious of ever having had the story of "Frost Fairies" read to her, and that her memory has been accompanied by such a loss of associations that she herself honestly believed her composition to be original. This theory is shared by many persons who are perfectly well acquainted with the child and who are able to rise above the clouds of a narrow prejudice.

Very sincerely yours, M. ANAGNOS. Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind.

The episode had a deadening effect on Helen Keller and on Miss Sullivan, who feared that she had allowed the habit of imitation, which has in truth made Miss Keller a writer, to go too far. Even to-day, when Miss Keller strikes off a fine phrase, Miss Sullivan says in humorous despair, "I wonder where she got that?" But she knows now, since she has studied with her pupil in college the problems of composition, under the wise advice of Mr. Charles T. Copeland, that the style of every writer and indeed, of every human being, illiterate or cultivated, is a composite reminiscence of all that he has read and heard. Of the sources of his vocabulary he is, for the most part, as unaware as he is of the moment when he ate the food which makes a bit of his thumbnail. With most of us the contributions from different sources are blended, crossed and confused. A child with but few sources may keep distinct what he draws from each. In this case Helen Keller held almost intact in her mind, unmixed with other ideas, the words of a story which at the time it was read to her she did not fully understand. The importance of this cannot be overestimated. It shows how the child-mind gathers into itself words it has heard, and how they lurk there ready to come out when the key that releases the spring is touched. The reason that we do not observe this process in ordinary children is, because we seldom observe them at all, and because they are fed from so many sources that the memories are confused and mutually destructive. The story of "The Frost King" did not, however, come from Helen Keller's mind intact, but had taken to itself the mould of the child's temperament and had drawn on a vocabulary that to some extent had been supplied in other ways. The style of her version is in some respects even better than the style of Miss Canby's story. It has the imaginative credulity of a primitive folktale; whereas Miss Canby's story is evidently told for children by an older person, who adopts the manner of a fairy tale and cannot conceal the mature mood which allows such didactic phrases as "Jack Frost as he is sometimes called," "Noon, at which time Mr. Sun is strongest." Most people will feel the superior imaginative quality of Helen Keller's opening paragraph. Surely the writer must become as a little child to see things like that. "Twelve soldierly-looking white bears" is a stroke of genius, and there is beauty of rhythm throughout the child's narrative. It is original in the same way that a poet's version of an old story is original.

This little story calls into life all the questions of language and the philosophy of style. Some conclusions may be briefly suggested.

All use of language is imitative, and one's style is made up of all other styles that one has met.

The way to write good English is to read it and hear it. Thus it is that any child may be taught to use correct English by not being allowed to read or hear any other kind. In a child, the selection of the better from the worse is not conscious; he is the servant of his word experience.

The ordinary man will never be rid of the fallacy that words obey thought, that one thinks first and phrases afterward. There must first, it is true, be the intention, the desire to utter something, but the idea does not often become specific, does not take shape until it is phrased; certainly an idea is a different thing by virtue of being phrased. Words often make the thought, and the master of words will say things greater than are in him. A remarkable example is a paragraph from Miss Keller's sketch in the Youth's Companion. Writing of the moment when she learned that everything has a name, she says: "We met the nurse carrying my little cousin; and teacher spelled 'baby.' AND FOR THE FIRST TIME I was impressed with the smallness and helplessness of a little baby, and mingled with the thought there was another one of myself, and I was glad I was myself, and not a baby." It

was a word that created these thoughts in her mind. So the master of words is master of thoughts which the words create, and says things greater than he could otherwise know. Helen Keller writing "The Frost King" was building better than she knew and saying more than she meant.

Whoever makes a sentence of words utters not his wisdom, but the wisdom of the race whose life is in the words, though they have never been so grouped before. The man who can write stories thinks of stories to write. The medium calls forth the thing it conveys, and the greater the medium the deeper the thoughts.

The educated man is the man whose expression is educated. The substance of thought is language, and language is the one thing to teach the deaf child and every other child. Let him get language and he gets the very stuff that language is made of, the thought and the experience of his race. The language must be one used by a nation, not an artificial thing. Volapuk is a paradox, unless one has French or English or German or some other language that has grown up in a nation. The deaf child who has only the sign language of De l'Epee is an intellectual Philip Nolan, an alien from all races, and his thoughts are not the thoughts of an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a Spaniard. The Lord's prayer in signs is not the Lord's prayer in English.

In his essay on style De Quincey says that the best English is to be found in the letters of the cultivated gentlewoman, because she has read only a few good books and has not been corrupted by the style of newspapers and the jargon of street, market-place, and assembly hall.

Precisely these outward circumstances account for Helen Keller's use of English. In the early years of her education she had only good things to read; some were, indeed, trivial and not excellent in style, but not one was positively bad in manner or substance. This happy condition has obtained throughout her life. She has been nurtured on imaginative literature, and she has gathered from it into her vigorous and tenacious memory the style of great writers. "A new word opens its heart to me," she writes in a letter; and when she uses the word its heart is still open. When she was twelve years old, she was asked what book she would take on a long railroad journey. "Paradise Lost," she answered, and she read it on the train.

Until the last year or two she has not been master of her style, rather has her style been master of her. It is only since she has made composition a more conscious study that she has ceased to be the victim of the phrase; the lucky victim, fortunately, of the good phrase.

When in 1892, she was encouraged to write a sketch of her life for the Youth's Companion, in the hope that it would reassure her and help her to recover from the effect of "The Frost King," she produced a piece of composition which is much more remarkable and in itself more entertaining at some points than the corresponding part of her story in this book. When she came to retell the story in a fuller form, the echo was still in her mind of the phrases she had written nine years before. Yet she had not seen her sketch in the Youth's Companion since she wrote it, except two passages which Miss Sullivan read to her to remind her of things she should say in this autobiography, and to show her, when her phrasing troubled her, how much better she did as a little girl.

From the early sketch I take a few passages which seem to me, without making very much allowance for difference in time, almost as good as anything she has written since:

I discovered the true way to walk when I was a year old, and during the radiant summer days that followed I was never still a minute....

Then when my father came in the evening, I would run to the gate to meet him, and he would take me up in his strong arms and put back the tangled curls from my face and kiss me many times, saying, "What has my Little Woman been doing to-day?"

But the brightest summer has winter behind it. In the cold, dreary month of February, when I was nineteen months old, I had a serious illness. I still have confused memories of that illness. My mother sat beside my little bed and tried to soothe my feverish moans while in her troubled heart she prayed,

"Father in Heaven, spare my baby's life!" But the fever grew and flamed in my eyes, and for several days my kind physician thought I would die.

But early one morning the fever left me as mysteriously and unexpectedly as it had come, and I fell into a quiet sleep. Then my parents knew I would live, and they were very happy. They did not know for some time after my recovery that the cruel fever had taken my sight and hearing; taken all the light and music and gladness out of my little life.

But I was too young to realize what had happened. When I awoke and found that all was dark and still, I suppose I thought it was night, and I must have wondered why day was so long coming. Gradually, however, I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me, and forgot that it had ever been day.

I forgot everything that had been except my mother's tender love. Soon even my childish voice was stilled, because I had ceased to hear any sound.

But all was not lost! After all, sight and hearing are but two of the beautiful blessings which God had given me. The most precious, the most wonderful of His gifts was still mine. My mind remained clear and active, "though fled fore'er the light."

As soon as my strength returned, I began to take an interest in what the people around me were doing. I would cling to my mother's dress as she went about her household duties, and my little hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned a great many things.

When I was a little older I felt the need of some means of communication with those around me, and I began to make simple signs which my parents and friends readily understood; but it often happened that I was unable to express my thoughts intelligibly, and at such times I would give way to my angry feelings utterly....

Teacher had been with me nearly two weeks, and I had learned eighteen or twenty words, before that thought flashed into my mind, as the sun breaks upon the sleeping world; and in that moment of illumination the secret of language was revealed to me, and I caught a glimpse of the beautiful country I was about to explore.

Teacher had been trying all the morning to make me understand that the mug and the milk in the mug had different names; but I was very dull, and kept spelling MILK for mug, and mug for milk until teacher must have lost all hope of making me see my mistake. At last she got up, gave me the mug, and led me out of the door to the pump-house. Some one was pumping water, and as the cool fresh stream burst forth, teacher made me put my mug under the spout and spelled "w-a-t-e-r," Water!

That word startled my soul, and it awoke, full of the spirit of the morning, full of joyous, exultant song. Until that day my mind had been like a darkened chamber, waiting for words to enter and light the lamp, which is thought....

I learned a great many words that day. I do not remember what they all were; but I do know that MOTHER, FATHER, SISTER and TEACHER were among them. It would have been difficult to find a happier little child than I was that night as I lay in my crib and thought over the joy the day had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come.

The next morning I awoke with joy in my heart. Everything I touched seemed to quiver with life. It was because I saw everything with the new, strange, beautiful sight which had been given me. I was never angry after that because I understood what my friends said to me, and I was very busy learning many wonderful things. I was never still during the first glad days of my freedom. I was continually spelling and acting out the words as I spelled them. I would run, skip, jump and swing, no matter where I happened to be. Everything was budding and blossoming. The honeysuckle hung in long garlands, deliciously fragrant, and the roses had never been so beautiful before. Teacher and I lived out-of-doors from morning until night, and I rejoiced greatly in the forgotten light and sunshine found

again....

The morning after our arrival I awoke bright and early. A beautiful summer day had dawned, the day on which I was to make the acquaintance of a somber and mysterious friend. I got up, and dressed quickly and ran downstairs. I met Teacher in the hall, and begged to be taken to the sea at once. "Not yet," she responded, laughing. "We must have breakfast first." As soon as breakfast was over we hurried off to the shore. Our pathway led through low, sandy hills, and as we hastened on, I often caught my feet in the long, coarse grass, and tumbled, laughing, in the warm, shining sand. The beautiful, warm air was peculiarly fragrant, and I noticed it got cooler and fresher as we went on.

Suddenly we stopped, and I knew, without being told, the Sea was at my feet. I knew, too, it was immense! awful! and for a moment some of the sunshine seemed to have gone out of the day. But I do not think I was afraid; for later, when I had put on my bathing-suit, and the little waves ran up on the beach and kissed my feet, I shouted for joy, and plunged fearlessly into the surf. But, unfortunately, I struck my foot on a rock and fell forward into the cold water.

Then a strange, fearful sense of danger terrified me. The salt water filled my eyes, and took away my breath, and a great wave threw me up on the beach as easily as if I had been a little pebble. For several days after that I was very timid, and could hardly be persuaded to go in the water at all; but by degrees my courage returned, and almost before the summer was over, I thought it the greatest fun to be tossed about by the sea-waves....

I do not know whether the difference or the similarity in phrasing between the child's version and the woman's is the more remarkable. The early story is simpler and shows less deliberate artifice, though even then Miss Keller was prematurely conscious of style, but the art of the later narrative, as in the passage about the sea, or the passage on the medallion of Homer, is surely a fulfilment of the promise of the early story. It was in these early days that Dr. Holmes wrote to her: "I am delighted with the style of your letters. There is no affectation about them, and as they come straight from your heart, so they go straight to mine."

In the years when she was growing out of childhood, her style lost its early simplicity and became stiff and, as she says, "periwigged." In these years the fear came many times to Miss Sullivan lest the success of the child was to cease with childhood. At times Miss Keller seemed to lack flexibility, her thoughts ran in set phrases which she seemed to have no power to revise or turn over in new ways.

Then came the work in college—original theme writing with new ideals of composition or at least new methods of suggesting those ideals. Miss Keller began to get the better of her old friendly taskmaster, the phrase. This book, her first mature experiment in writing, settles the question of her ability to write.

The style of the Bible is everywhere in Miss Keller's work, just as it is in the style of most great English writers. Stevenson, whom Miss Sullivan likes and used to read to her pupil, is another marked influence. In her autobiography are many quotations, chiefly from the Bible and Stevenson, distinct from the context or interwoven with it, the whole a fabric quite of her own design. Her vocabulary has all the phrases that other people use, and the explanation of it, and the reasonableness of it ought to be evident by this time. There is no reason why she should strike from her vocabulary all words of sound and vision. Writing for other people, she should in many cases be true to outer fact rather than to her own experience. So long as she uses words correctly, she should be granted the privilege of using them freely, and not be expected to confine herself to a vocabulary true to her lack of sight and hearing. In her style, as in what she writes about, we must concede to the artist what we deny to the autobiographer. It should be explained, too, that LOOK and SEE are used by the blind, and HEAR by the deaf, for PERCEIVE; they are simple and more convenient words. Only a literal person could think of holding the blind to PERCEPTION or APPERCEPTION, when SEEING and LOOKING are so much easier, and have, moreover, in the

speech of all men the meaning of intellectual recognition as well as recognition through the sense of sight. When Miss Keller examines a statue, she says in her natural idiom, as her fingers run over the marble, "It looks like a head of Flora."

It is true, on the other hand, that in her descriptions, she is best from the point of view of art when she is faithful to her own sensations; and this is precisely true of all artists.

Her recent training has taught her to drop a good deal of her conventionality and to write about experiences in her life which are peculiar to her and which, like the storm in the wild cherry tree, mean most and call for the truest phrasing. She has learned more and more to give up the style she borrowed from books and tried to use, because she wanted to write like other people; she has learned that she is at her best when she "feels" the lilies sway; lets the roses press into her hands and speaks of the heat which to her means light.

Miss Keller's autobiography contains almost everything that she ever intended to publish. It seems worth while, however, to quote from some of her chance bits of writing, which are neither so informal as her letters nor so carefully composed as her story of her life. These extracts are from her exercises in her course in composition, where she showed herself at the beginning of her college life quite without rival among her classmates. Mr. Charles T. Copeland, who has been for many years instructor in English and Lecturer on English Literature at Harvard and Radcliffe, said to me: "In some of her work she has shown that she can write better than any pupil I ever had, man or woman. She has an excellent 'ear' for the flow of sentences." The extracts follow:

A few verses of Omar Khayyam's poetry have just been read to me, and I feel as if I had spent the last half-hour in a magnificent sepulcher. Yes, it is a tomb in which hope, joy and the power of acting nobly lie buried. Every beautiful description, every deep thought glides insensibly into the same mournful chant of the brevity of life, of the slow decay and dissolution of all earthly things. The poet's bright, fond memories of love, youth and beauty are but the funeral torches shedding their light on this tomb, or to modify the image a little, they are the flowers that bloom on it, watered with tears and fed by a bleeding heart. Beside the tomb sits a weary soul, rejoicing neither in the joys of the past nor in the possibilities of the future, but seeking consolation in forgetfulness. In vain the inspiring sea shouts to this languid soul, in vain the heavens strive with its weakness; it still persists in regretting and seeks a refuge in oblivion from the pangs of present woe. At times it catches some faint echo from the living, joyous, real world, a gleam of the perfection that is to be; and, thrilled out of its despondency, feels capable of working out a grand ideal even "in the poor, miserable, hampered actual," wherein it is placed; but in a moment the inspiration, the vision is gone, and this great, much-suffering soul is again enveloped in the darkness of uncertainty and despair.

It is wonderful how much time good people spend fighting the devil. If they would only expend the same amount of energy loving their fellow men, the devil would die in his own tracks of ennui.

I often think that beautiful ideas embarrass most people as much as the company of great men. They are regarded generally as far more appropriate in books and in public discourses than in the parlor or at the table. Of course I do not refer to beautiful sentiments, but to the higher truths relating to everyday life. Few people that I know seem ever to pause in their daily intercourse to wonder at the beautiful bits of truth they have gathered during their years of study. Often when I speak enthusiastically of something in history or in poetry, I receive no response, and I feel that I must change the subject and return to the commonest topics, such as the weather, dressmaking, sports, sickness, "blues" and "worries." To be sure, I take the keenest interest in everything that concerns those who surround me; it is this very interest which makes it so difficult for me to carry on a conversation with some people who will not talk or say what they think, but I should not be sorry to find more friends ready to talk with me now and then about the wonderful things I read. We need not be like "Les Femmes Savantes" but we ought to have something to say about what we learn as well

as about what we MUST do, and what our professors say or how they mark our themes.

To-day I took luncheon with the Freshman Class of Radcliffe. This was my first real experience in college life, and a delightful experience it was! For the first time since my entrance into Radcliffe I had the opportunity to make friends with all my classmates, and the pleasure of knowing that they regarded me as one of themselves, instead of thinking of me as living apart and taking no interest in the everyday nothings of their life, as I had sometimes feared they did. I have often been surprised to hear this opinion expressed or rather implied by girls of my own age and even by people advanced in years. Once some one wrote to me that in his mind I was always "sweet and earnest," thinking only of what is wise, good and interesting—as if he thought I was one of those wearisome saints of whom there are only too many in the world! I always laugh at these foolish notions, and assure my friends that it is much better to have a few faults and be cheerful and responsive in spite of all deprivations than to retire into one's shell, pet one's affliction, clothe it with sanctity, and then set one's self up as a monument of patience, virtue, goodness and all in all; but even while I laugh I feel a twinge of pain in my heart, because it seems rather hard to me that any one should imagine that I do not feel the tender bonds which draw me to my young sisters—the sympathies springing from what we have in common —youth, hope, a half-eager, half-timid attitude towards the life before us and above all the royalty of maidenhood.

Sainte-Beuve says, "Il vient un age peut-etre quand on n'ecrit plus." This is the only allusion I have read to the possibility that the sources of literature, varied and infinite as they seem now, may sometime be exhausted. It surprises me to find that such an idea has crossed the mind of any one, especially of a highly gifted critic. The very fact that the nineteenth century has not produced many authors whom the world may count among the greatest of all time does not in my opinion justify the remark, "There may come a time when people cease to write."

In the first place, the fountains of literature are fed by two vast worlds, one of action, one of thought, by a succession of creations in the one and of changes in the other. New experiences and events call forth new ideas and stir men to ask questions unthought of before, and seek a definite answer in the depths of human knowledge.

In the second place, if it is true that as many centuries must pass before the world becomes perfect as passed before it became what it is to-day, literature will surely be enriched incalculably by the tremendous changes, acquisitions and improvements that cannot fail to take place in the distant future. If genius has been silent for a century it has not been idle. On the contrary, it has been collecting fresh materials not only from the remote past, but also from the age of progress and development, and perhaps in the new century there will be outbursts of splendor in all the various branches of literature. At present the world is undergoing a complete revolution, and in the midst of falling systems and empires, conflicting theories and creeds, discoveries and inventions, it is a marvel how one can produce any great literary works at all. This is an age of workers, not of thinkers. The song to-day is:

Let the dead past bury its dead, Act, act in the living present, Heart within and God overhead.

A little later, when the rush and heat of achievement relax, we can begin to expect the appearance of grand men to celebrate in glorious poetry and prose the deeds and triumphs of the last few centuries.

It is very interesting to watch a plant grow, it is like taking part in creation. When all outside is cold and white, when the little children of the woodland are gone to their nurseries in the warm earth, and the empty nests on the bare trees fill with snow, my window-garden glows and smiles, making summer within while it is winter without. It is wonderful to see flowers bloom in the midst of a snow-storm! I have felt a bud "shyly doff her green hood and blossom with a silken burst of sound," while the icy fingers of the snow beat against the window-panes. What secret power, I wonder, caused

this blossoming miracle? What mysterious force guided the seedling from the dark earth up to the light, through leaf and stem and bud, to glorious fulfilment in the perfect flower? Who could have dreamed that such beauty lurked in the dark earth, was latent in the tiny seed we planted? Beautiful flower, you have taught me to see a little way into the hidden heart of things. Now I understand that the darkness everywhere may hold possibilities better even than my hopes.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM HORACE BOOK II-18.

I am not one of those on whom fortune deigns to smile. My house is not resplendent with ivory and gold; nor is it adorned with marble arches, resting on graceful columns brought from the quarries of distant Africa. For me no thrifty spinners weave purple garments. I have not unexpectedly fallen heir to princely estates, titles or power; but I have something more to be desired than all the world's treasures—the love of my friends, and honorable fame, won by my own industry and talents. Despite my poverty, it is my privilege to be the companion of the rich and mighty. I am too grateful for all these blessings to wish for more from princes, or from the gods. My little Sabine farm is dear to me; for here I spend my happiest days, far from the noise and strife of the world.

O, ye who live in the midst of luxury, who seek beautiful marbles for new villas, that shall surpass the old in splendor, you never dream that the shadow of death is hanging over your halls. Forgetful of the tomb, you lay the foundation of your palaces. In your mad pursuit of pleasure you rob the sea of its beach and desecrate hallowed ground. More even than this, in your wickedness you destroy the peaceful homes of your clients! Without a touch of remorse you drive the father from his land, clasping to his bosom his household gods and his half-naked children.

You forget that death comes to the rich and the poor alike, and comes once for all; but remember, Acheron could not be bribed by gold to ferry the crafty Prometheus back to the sunlit world. Tantalus, too, great as he was above all mortals, went down to the kingdom of the dead, never to return. Remember, too, that, although death is inexorable, yet he is just; for he brings retribution to the rich for their wickedness, and gives the poor eternal rest from their toil and sorrow.

Ah, the pranks that the nixies of Dreamland play on us while we sleep! Methinks "they are jesters at the Court of Heaven." They frequently take the shape of daily themes to mock me; they strut about on the stage of Sleep like foolish virgins, only they carry well-trimmed note-books in their hands instead of empty lamps. At other times they examine and cross-examine me in all the studies I have ever had, and invariably ask me questions as easy to answer as this: "What was the name of the first mouse that worried Hippopotamus, satrap of Cambridge under Astyagas, grandfather of Cyrus the Great?" I wake terror-stricken with the words ringing in my ears, "An answer or your life!"

Such are the distorted fancies that flit through the mind of one who is at college and lives as I do in an atmosphere of ideas, conceptions and half-thoughts, half-feelings which tumble and jostle each other until one is almost crazy. I rarely have dreams that are not in keeping with what I really think and feel, but one night my very nature seemed to change, and I stood in the eye of the world a mighty man and a terrible. Naturally I love peace and hate war and all that pertains to war; I see nothing admirable in the ruthless career of Napoleon, save its finish. Nevertheless, in that dream the spirit of that pitiless slayer of men entered me! I shall never forget how the fury of battle throbbed in my veins—it seemed as if the tumultuous beating of my heart would stop my breath. I rode a fiery hunter—I can feel the impatient toss of his head now and the quiver that ran through him at the first roar of the cannon.

From the top of the hill where I stood I saw my army surging over a sunlit plain like angry breakers, and as they moved, I saw the green of fields, like the cool hollows between billows. Trumpet answered trumpet above the steady beat of drums and the rhythm of marching feet. I spurred my panting steed and waving my sword on high and shouting, "I come! Behold me, warriors —Europe!" I plunged into the oncoming billows, as a strong swimmer dives into breakers, and

struck, alas, 'tis true, the bedpost!

Now I rarely sleep without dreaming; but before Miss Sullivan came to me, my dreams were few and far between, devoid of thought or coherency, except those of a purely physical nature. In my dreams something was always falling suddenly and heavily, and at times my nurse seemed to punish me for my unkind treatment of her in the daytime and return at an usurer's rate of interest my kickings and pinchings. I would wake with a start or struggle frantically to escape from my tormentor. I was very fond of bananas, and one night I dreamed that I found a long string of them in the dining-room, near the cupboard, all peeled and deliciously ripe, and all I had to do was to stand under the string and eat as long as I could eat.

After Miss Sullivan came to me, the more I learned, the oftener I dreamed; but with the waking of my mind there came many dreary fancies and vague terrors which troubled my sleep for a long time. I dreaded the darkness and loved the woodfire. Its warm touch seemed so like a human caress, I really thought it was a sentient being, capable of loving and protecting me. One cold winter night I was alone in my room. Miss Sullivan had put out the light and gone away, thinking I was sound asleep. Suddenly I felt my bed shake, and a wolf seemed to spring on me and snarl in my face. It was only a dream, but I thought it real, and my heart sank within me. I dared not scream, and I dared not stay in bed. Perhaps this was a confused recollection of the story I had heard not long before about Red Riding Hood. At all events, I slipped down from the bed and nestled close to the fire which had not flickered out. The instant I felt its warmth I was reassured, and I sat a long time watching it climb higher and higher in shining waves. At last sleep surprised me, and when Miss Sullivan returned she found me wrapped in a blanket by the hearth.

Often when I dream, thoughts pass through my mind like cowled shadows, silent and remote, and disappear. Perhaps they are the ghosts of thoughts that once inhabited the mind of an ancestor. At other times the things I have learned and the things I have been taught, drop away, as the lizard sheds its skin, and I see my soul as God sees it. There are also rare and beautiful moments when I see and hear in Dreamland. What if in my waking hours a sound should ring through the silent halls of hearing? What if a ray of light should flash through the darkened chambers of my soul? What would happen, I ask many and many a time. Would the bow-and-string tension of life snap? Would the heart, overweighted with sudden joy, stop beating for very excess of happiness?

THE END

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The Diary of A Young Girl

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Foreword

The course of English at the Secondary level has been designed keeping in mind the academic and professional challenges to be faced by today's students. Simultaneously, it is expected that the students be aware of the historical, cultural and social changes in the world over the years. In order to fulfil this objective, the book 'The Diary of Young Girl by Anne Frank' has been prescribed for the students of class X. The book presents before them a reality that, fortunately, none of them has experienced. Nevertheless, it is a reality that they should know about - the reality of the human experiences during the World War –II.

There are multiple versions of this book which are available for use. However, in order to make the book age-appropriate and to provide a standard book to students of all schools affiliated to the Board, the book has been published by the Board. To facilitate deeper thinking among students and to create a fascination for good literature, reflections have been given at various pages in the book. On one hand, these reflections are the main points which the book highlights and, on the other, they would enable the students to develop a fresh and impartial perspective towards the perpetual key issues, like Relationships, Adaptability, Health, Food, Life Skills, Values etc. I am sure that the students of class X would be able to evolve as good human beings and relate to the brave, empathetic and considerate protagonist of the book, Anne, who is of their age group.

I appreciate the efforts of Sh. Manoj Kr. Srivastava, Joint Secretary & In-charge (Academics) for initiating this endeavor of providing an age-appropriate and standardized version of this book. Under his guidance, the members of the editorial board of the book, Dr. Praggya M. Singh, Joint Director, Dr. Sweta Singh, Joint Director and Ms. Neha Sharma, Deputy Director, have worked diligently to identify the pivotal points of the book and have come up with thoughtful reflections. They also deserve a word of appreciation.

Feedback/ suggestions for further improvement are welcome.

R.K.Chaturvedi, IAS
Chairman, CBSE

Preface

Aldous Huxley writes, "Words can be like X-rays if you use them properly — they'll go through anything. You read and you're pierced." It is true as whenever we wish to share our innermost thoughts with others, we do it through words- either by writing or by reading.Words, when written, provide an appropriate outlet to our conscious and unconscious emotions. We tend to write about the things we experience in our daily lives; incidents that have shaped up our personalities; people who have directly or indirectly affected our lives. Diary Writing is one such form.

The present book, ***The Diary of a Young Girl***, is a non-fiction, diary of a young teenage Jewish girl, Anne Frank. Set in the backdrop of World War –II and the Holocaust, during which the Jewish community faced inconceivable atrocities, the book gives a vivid account of the Franks and the Van Danns who remain in hiding in "secret annexe" for two years during the World War –II. While war rages outside, Anne, like a normal teenager, thinks about a host of events happening around in the "secret annexe", simultaneously grappling with her developmental issues and forming her opinions based on day's observations.

Her writing elaborates her deeply sensitive nature and empathy towards everyone, be it her friends or her pet. With each passing day, her relationship with her parents, sister and the Van Dann family undergoes transitions, and , with each passing moment, she evolves as a mature human-being. In fact, at times, her accounts are quiet philosophical- something unusual for a thirteen year old girl.

This diary manifests the supremacy of love and human values amidst a real life situation, horrifying circumstances and complex characters. The first person narration of the diary makes it all the more appealing. The thought- processes of a teenager, her point of view and her gradual adaptation to the circumstances are a few of many striking features of this book.

It is a thought-provoking book, laden with innumerable instances of Life Skills. This is one such book through which each one of us -of any age and nationality- can learn.

The Diary Of A Young Girl: Unabridged Narration

By Anne Frank

Anne Frank's The Diary of a Young Girl is among the most enduring documents of the twentieth century. Since its publication in 1947, it has been read by millions of people all over the world. It remains a beloved and deeply admired testament to the indestructible nature of the human spirit.

Restored in this Definitive Edition are diary entries that had been omitted from the original edition. These passages, which constitute 30 percent more material, reinforce the fact that Anne was first and foremost a teenage girl, not a remote and flawless symbol. Like many young girls, she often found herself in disagreement with her mother. And like any teenager, she veered between the carefree nature of a child and the full-fledged sorrow of an adult. Anne emerges more human, more vulnerable, and more vital than ever.

Anne Frank and her family, fleeing the horrors of Nazi occupation, hid in the back of an Amsterdam warehouse for two years. She was thirteen when the family went into the Secret Annex, and in these pages she grows to be a young woman and a wise observer of human nature as well. With unusual insight, she reveals the relations between eight people living under extraordinary conditions,

facing hunger, the ever-present threat of discovery and death, complete estrangement from the outside world, and above all, the boredom, the petty misunderstandings, and the frustrations of living under such unbearable strain, in such confined quarters.

A timely story rediscovered by each new generation, The Diary of a Young Girl stands without peer. For both young readers and adults it continues to bring to life this young woman, who for a time survived the worst horror of the modern world had seen and who remained triumphantly and heartbreakingly human throughout her ordeal.

Anne Frank was born on June 12, 1929. She died while imprisoned at Bergen-Belsen, three months short of her sixteenth birthday. Otto H. Frank was the only member of his immediate family to survive the Holocaust. He died in 1980.

Anne Frank kept a diary from June 12, 1942, to August 1, 1944. Initially, she wrote it strictly for herself. Then, one day in 1944, Gerrit Bolkeste in, a member of the Dutch government in exile, announced in a radio broadcast from London that after the war he hoped to collect eyewitness accounts of the suffering of the Dutch people under the German occupation, which could be made available to the public. As anexample, he specifically mentioned letters and diaries.

Impressed by this speech, Anne Frank decided that when the war was over she would publish a book based on her diary. She began rewriting and editing her diary, improving on the text, omitting passages she didn't think were interesting enough and adding others from memory. At the same time, she kept up her original diary. In the scholarly work The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition (1989), Anne's first, unedited diary is referred to as version a, to distinguish it from her second, edited diary, which is known as version b.

The last entry in Anne's diary is dated August 1, 1944. On August 4, 1944, the eight people hiding in the Secret Annex were arrested. Miep Gies and Bep Voskuijl, the two secretaries working in the building, found Anne's diaries strewn allover the floor. Miep Gies tucked them away in a desk drawer for safekeeping. After the war, when it became clear that Anne was dead, she gave the diaries, unread, to Anne's father, Otto Frank. After long deliberation, Otto Frank decided to fulfill his daughter's wish and publisher diary. He selected material from versions a and b, editing them into a shorter version later referred to as version c. Readers all over the world know this as **The Diary of a fauna Girl**.

When Otto Frank died in 1980, he willed his daughter's manuscripts to the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation in Amsterdam. Because the authenticity of the diary had been challenged ever since its publication, the Institute for War Documentation ordered a thorough investigation. Once the diary was proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, to be genuine, it was published in its entirety, along with the results of an exhaustive study. The Critical Edition contains not only versions a, b and c, but also articles on the background of the Frank family, the circumstances surrounding their arrest and deportation, and the examination into Anne's handwriting, the document and the materials used.

The Anne Frank-Fonds (Anne Frank Foundation) in Basel (Switzerland), which as Otto Frank's sole heir had also inherited his daughter's copyrights, then decided to have anew, expanded edition of the diary published for general readers. This new edition in no way affects the integrity of the old one originally edited by Otto Frank, which brought the diary and its message to millions of people. The task of competing the expanded edition was given to the writer and translator Mirjam Pressler. Otto Frank's original selection has now been supplemented with passages from Anne's a and b versions. Mirjam Pressler's definitive edition, approved by the Anne Frank-Fonds,contains approximately 30 percent more material and is intended to give the reader more insight into the world of Anne Frank.

In writing her second version (b), Anne invented pseudonyms for the people who would appear in her book. She initially wanted to call herself Anne Aulis, and later Anne Robin. Otto Frank opted to call his family by their own names and to follow Anne's wishes with regard to the others. Over the years, the identity of the people who helped the family in the Secret Annex has become common knowledge. In this edition, the helpers are now referred to by their real names, as they so justly deserve to be. All other persons are named in accordance with the pseudonyms in The Critical Edition. The Institute for War Documentation has arbitrarily assigned initials to those persons wishing to remain anonymous.

The real names of the other people hiding in the Secret Annex are:

The Van Pels Family(from Osnabriick, Germany):

Auguste van Pels (born September 9, 1890)

Hermann van Pels (born March 31, 1889)

Peter van Pels (born November 8, 1926)

Called by Anne, in her manuscript: Petronella, Hans and Alfred van Daan; and in thebook: Petronella, Hermann and Peter van Daan.

Fritz Pfeffer (born April 30, 1889, in Giessen, Germany):

Called by Anne, in her manuscript and in the book: Alfred Dussel.

The reader may wish to bear in mind that much of this edition is based on the bversion of Anne's diary, which she wrote when she was around fifteen years old.

Occasionally, Anne went back and commented on a passage she had written earlier.These comments are clearly marked in this edition. Naturally, Anne's spelling andlinguistic errors have been corrected. Otherwise, the text has basically been left asshe wrote it, since any attempts at editing and clarification would be inappropriate in ahistorical document.

Dear Kitty,

I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.

Yours,

Anne

Friday, June 12, 1942

I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.

Comment added by Anne on September 28, 1942: So far you truly have been a great source of comfort to me, and so has Kitty, whom I now write to regularly. This way of keeping a diary is much nicer, and now I can hardly wait for those moments when I'm able to write in you. Oh, I'm so glad I brought you along!

Sunday, June 14, 1942

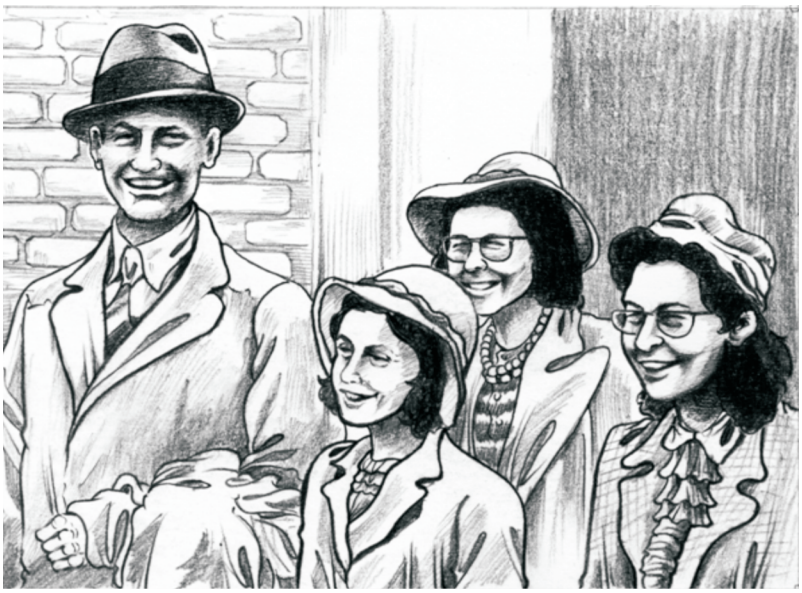
I'll begin from the moment I got you, the moment I saw you lying on the table among my other birthday presents. (I went along when you were bought, but that doesn't count.)

On Friday, June 12, I was awake at six o'clock, which isn't surprising, since it was my birthday. But I'm not allowed to get up at that hour, so I had to control my curiosity until quarter to seven. When I couldn't wait any longer, I went to the diningroom, where Moortje (the cat) welcomed me by rubbing against my legs.

A little after seven I went to Daddy and Mama and then to the living room to open my presents, and you were the first thing I saw, maybe one of my nicest presents. Then a bouquet of roses, some peonies and a potted plant. From Daddy and Mama Igot a blue blouse, a game, a bottle of grape juice, a puzzle, a jar of cold cream, 2.50 guilders and a gift certificate for two books. I got another book as well, Camera Obscura (but Margot already has it, so I exchanged mine for something else), a platter of homemade cookies (which I made myself, of course, since I've become quite an expert at baking cookies), lots of candy and a strawberry tart from Mother. And a letter from Grammy, right on time, but of course that was just a coincidence.

Then Hanneli came to pick me up, and we went to school. During recess I passed out cookies to my teachers and my class, and then it was time to get back to work. I didn't arrive home until five, since I went to gym with the rest of the class. (I'm not allowed to take part because my shoulders and hips tend to get dislocated.) As it was my birthday, I got to decide which game my classmates would play, and I chose volleyball. Afterward they all danced around me in a circle and sang "Happy Birthday."When I got home, Sanne Ledermann was already there. Ilse Wagner, Hanneli Goslarand Jacqueline van Maarsen came home with me after gym, since we're in the same class. Hanneli and Sanne used

to be my two best friends. People who saw us together used to say, "There goes Anne, Hanne and Sanne." I only met Jacqueline van Maarsen when I started at the Jewish Lyceum, and now she's my best friend. Ilse is Hanneli's best friend, and Sanne goes to another school and has friends there.



They gave me a beautiful book, Dutch Sasas and Lesends, but they gave me Volume II by mistake, so I exchanged two other books for Volume I. Aunt Helene brought me apuzzle, Aunt Stephanie a darling brooch and Aunt Leny a terrific book: Daisy Goes to the Mountains.

This morning I lay in the bathtub thinking how wonderful it would be if I had a dog like Rin Tin Tin. I'd call him Rin Tin Tin too, and I'd take him to school with me, where he could stay in the janitor's room or by the bicycle racks when the weather was good.

Monday, June 15, 1942

I had my birthday party on Sunday afternoon. The Rin Tin Tin movie was a big hit with my classmates. I got two brooches, a bookmark and two books. I'll start by saying a few things about my school and my class, beginning with the students.

Betty Bloemendaal looks kind of poor, and I think she probably is. She lives on some obscure street in West Amsterdam, and none of us know where it is. She does very well at school, but that's because she works so hard, not because she's so smart.She's pretty quiet.

Jacqueline van Maarsen is supposedly my best friend, but I've never had a real friend. At first I thought Jacque would be one, but I was badly mistaken. D.Q.* [* Initials have been assigned at random to those persons who prefer to remain anonymous.] is a very nervous girl who's always forgetting things, so the teachers keep assigning her extra homework as punishment. She's very kind, especially to G.Z.

E.S. talks so much it isn't funny. She's always touching your hair or fiddling with your buttons when she asks you something. They say she can't stand me, but I don't care, since I don't like her much either.

Henny Mets is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, except that she talks in a loud voice and is really childish when we're playing outdoors.

J.R. - I could write a whole book about her. Miss J. always has to be right. She's very rich, and has a closet full of the most adorable dresses that are way too old for her. She thinks she's gorgeous, but she's not. J. and I can't stand each other.

Ilse Wagner is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, but she's extremely finicky and can spend hours moaning and groaning about something. Ilse likes me a lot. She's very smart, but lazy.

Hanneli Goslar, or Lies as she's called at school, is a bit on the strange side. She's usually shy — outspoken at home, but reserved around other people. She blabs whatever you tell her to her mother. But she says what she thinks, and lately I've come to appreciate her a great deal.

Nannie van Praag-Sigaar is small, funny and sensible. I think she's nice. She's pretty smart. There isn't much else you can say about Nannie. Eefje de Jong is, in my opinion, terrific. Though she's only twelve, she's quite the lady. She acts as if I were a baby. She's also very helpful, and I like her.

G.Z. is the prettiest girl in our class. She has a nice face, but is kind of dumb. I think they're going to hold her back a year, but of course I haven't told her that.

Comment added by Anne at a later date: To my great surprise, G.Z. wasn't held back a year after all.

And sitting next to G.Z. is the last of us twelve girls, me.

There's a lot to be said about the boys, or maybe not so much after all.

Emiel Bonewit is G.Z.'s admirer, but she doesn't care. He's pretty boring. Rob Cohenis an obnoxious, two-faced, lying, sniveling little goof who has an awfully high opinion of himself.

Leo Blom is Jopie de Beer's best friend, but has been ruined by his dirty mind.

Albert de Mesquita came from the Montessori School and skipped a grade. He's really smart.

Leo Slager came from the same school, but isn't as smart.

Ru Stoppelmon is a short, goofy boy from Almelo who transferred to this school inthe middle of the year.

C.N. does whatever he's not supposed to.

Jacques Kocernoot sits behind us, next to C., and we (G. and I) laugh ourselves silly.

Harry Schaap is the most decent boy in our class. He's nice.

Werner Joseph is nice too, but he seems boring. Sam Salomon is one of those tough guys from across the tracks. A real brat.

Appie Riem is pretty Orthodox, but a brat too.

Saturday, June 20,1942

Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-oldschoolgirl. Oh well, it doesn't matter. I feel like writing, and I have an even greater need to get all kinds of things off my chest."Paper has more patience than people." I thought of this saying on one of those days when I was feeling a little depressed and was sitting at home with my chin in my hands, bored and listless, wondering whether to stay in or go out. I finally stayed where I was, brooding. Yes, paper does have more patience, and since I'm not planning to let anyone else read this stiff-backed notebook grandly referred to as a "diary,"unless I should ever find a real friend, it probably won't make a bit of difference.

Now I'm back to the point that prompted me to keep a diary in the first place: I don't have a friend. Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a thirteen year-old girl is completely alone in the world. And I'm not. I have loving parents and asixteen-year-old sister, and there are about thirty people I can call friends. I have a family, loving aunts and a good home. No, on the surface I seem to have everything, except my one true friend. All I think about when I'm with friends is having a good time. I can't bring myself to talk about anything but ordinary everyday things. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, and that's the problem.

Maybe it's my fault that we don't confide in each other. In any case, that's just how things are, and unfortunately they're not liable to change. This is why I've started the diary. To enhance the image of this long-awaited friend in my imagination, I don't want tojot down the facts in this diary the way most people would do, but I want the diary to be my friend, and I'm going to call this friend Kitty.

Since no one would understand a word of my stories to Kitty if I were to plunge right in, I'd better provide a brief sketch of my life, much as I dislike doing so. My father, the most adorable father I've ever seen, didn't marry my mother until he was thirty-six and she was twenty-five. My sister Margot was born in Frankfurt am Main in Germany in 1926. I was born on June 12, 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I was four. Because we're Jewish, my father immigrated to Holland in 1933, when he became the Managing Director of the Dutch Opekta Company, which manufactures products used in making jam. My mother, Edith Hollander Frank, went with him to Holland in September, while Margot and I were sent to Aachen to stay with our grand mother. Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I was plunked down on the table as a birthday present for Margot.

I started right away at the Montessori nursery school. I stayed there until I was six, at which time I started first grade. In sixth grade my teacher was Mrs. Kuperus, the principal. At the end of the year we were both in tears as we said a heart breaking farewell, because I'd been accepted at the Jewish Lyceum, where Margot also went to school. Our lives were not without anxiety, since our relatives in Germany were suffering under Hitler's anti-Jewish laws. After the pogroms in 1938 my two uncles (my mother's brothers) fled Germany, finding safe refuge in

North America. My elderly grand mother came to live with us. She was seventy-three years old at the time.

After May 1940 the good times were few and far between: first there was the war, then the capitulation and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewishdecrees: Jews were required to wear a yellow star; Jews were required to turn in their bicycles; Jews were forbidden to use street-cars; Jews were forbidden to ride in cars, even their own; Jews were required to do their shopping between 3 and 5 P.M.; Jews were required to frequent only Jewish-owned barbershops and beauty parlors; Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8 P.M. and 6 A.M.; Jews were forbidden to attend theaters, movies or any other forms of entertainment; Jews were forbidden to use swimming pools, tennis courts, hockey fields or any other athletic fields; Jews were forbidden to go rowing; Jews were forbidden to take part in any athletic activity in public; Jews were forbidden to sit in their gardens or those of their friends after 8 P.M.; Jews were forbidden to visit Christians in their homes; Jews were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you couldn't do that, but life went on. Jacque always said to me, "I don't dare do anything anymore,'cause I'm afraid it's not allowed."

June 20, 1942

All human beings are equal. The Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights states, "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood." No individual should be discriminated for adopting/practicing a particular set of beliefs; simultaneously, the sanctity of law is to be maintained. It is our duty to be a responsible citizen of our country and respect others' Rights, Culture, Religion, Customs and beliefs.

Source: http://www.un.org/en/universal-declaration-human-rights/

In the summer of 1941 Grandma got sick and had to have an operation, so my birthday passed with little celebration. In the summer of 1940 we didn't do much for my birthday either, since the fighting had just ended in Holland. Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her. This birthday celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the others, and Grandma's candle was lit along with the rest.

The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of June 20,1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary.

Saturday, June 20, 1942

Dearest Kitty!

Let me get started right away; it's nice and quiet now. Father and Mother are out and Margot has gone to play Ping-Pong with some other young people at her friend Trees's. I've been playing a lot of Ping-Pong myself lately. So much that five of us girls have formed a club. It's called "The Little Dipper Minus Two." A really silly name, but it's based on a mistake. We wanted to give our club a special name; and because there were five of us, we came up with the idea of the Little Dipper. We thought it consisted of five stars, but we turned out to be wrong. It has seven, like the Big Dipper, which explains the "Minus Two." Ilse Wagner has a Ping-Pong set, and the Wagners let us play in their big dining room whenever we want. Since we five Ping-Pong players like ice cream, especially in the summer, and since you get hot playing Ping-Pong, our games usually end with a visit to the nearest ice-cream parlor that allows Jews: either Oasis or Delphi. We've long since stopped hunting around for our purses or money — most of the time it's so busy in Oasis that we manage to find a few generous young men of our acquaintance to offer us more ice cream than we could eat in a week.

We've now laid the basis for our friendship. Until tomorrow.

Yours, Anne

Sunday, June 21, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Our entire class is quaking in its boots. The reason, of course, is the upcoming meeting in which the teachers decide who'll be promoted to the next grade and who'll be kept back. Half the class is making bets. G.Z. and I laugh ourselves sick at the two boys behind us, C.N. and Jacques Kocernoot, who have staked their entire vacation savings on their bet. From morning to night, it's "You're going to pass, No, I'm not,""Yes, you are," "No, I'm not." Even G.'s pleading glances and my angry outbursts can't calm them down. If you ask me, there are so many dummies that about a quarter of the class should be kept back.

We'll make it. The only subject I'm not sure about is math. Anyway, all we can do is wait. Until then, we keep telling each other not to lose heart. I get along pretty well with all my teachers. There are nine of them, seven men and two women. Mr. Keesing, the old fogey who teaches math, was mad at me for the longest time because I talked so much. After several warnings, he assigned me extra homework. An essay on the subject "A Chatterbox." A chatterbox, what can you write about that? I'd worry about that later, I decided. I jotted down the

assignment in my notebook, tucked it in my bag and tried to keep quiet.

That evening, after I'd finished the rest of my homework, the note about the essay caught my eye. I began thinking about the subject while chewing the tip of my fountain pen. Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking. I thought and thought, and suddenly I had an idea. I wrote the three pages Mr. Keesing had assigned me and was satisfied. I argued that talking is a female trait and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but that I would never be able to break myself of the habit, since my mother talked as much as I did, if not more, and that there's not much you can do about inherited traits.

Mr. Keesing had a good laugh at my arguments, but when I proceeded to talk my way through the next class, he assigned me a second essay. This time it was supposed to be on "An Incorrigible Chatterbox." I handed it in, and Mr. Keesing had nothing to complain about for two whole classes. However, during the third class he'd finally had enough. "Anne Frank, as punishment for talking in class, write an essay entitled' Quack, Quack, Quack,' said Mistress Chatter back.'" The class roared. I had to laugh too, though I'd nearly exhausted my ingenuity on the topic of chatterboxes. It was time to come up with something else, some thing original. My friend Sanne, who's good at poetry, offered to help me write the essay from beginning to end in verse. I jumped for joy. Keesing was trying to play a joke on me with this ridiculous subject, but I'd make sure the joke was on him. I finished my poem, and it was beautiful! Luckily, Keesing took the joke the right way. He read the poem to the class, adding his own comments, and to several other classes as well. Since then I've been allowed to talk and haven't been assigned any extra homework. On the contrary, Keesing's is always making jokes these days.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, June 24, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

It's sweltering. Everyone is huffing and puffing, and in this heat I have to walk everywhere. Only now do I realize how pleasant a streetcar is, but we Jews are no longer allowed to make use of this luxury; our own two feet are good enough for us.

Yesterday at lunchtime I had an appointment with the dentist on Jan Luykenstraat. It'sa long way from our school on Stadstimmertuinen. That

afternoon I nearly fell a sleep at my desk. Fortunately, people automatically offer you something to drink. The dental assistant is really kind.

The only mode of transportation left to us is the ferry. The ferryman at Josef Israelkade took us across when we asked him to. It's not the fault of the Dutch that we Jews are having such a bad time. I wish I didn't have to go to school. My bike was stolen during Easter vacation, and Father gave Mother's bike to some Christian friends for safekeeping. Thank goodness, summer vacation is almost here; one more week and our torment will be over.

Anne

Sunday, July 5, 1942

Dear Kitty,

The graduation ceremony in the Jewish Theater on Friday went as expected. My report card wasn't too bad. I got one D, a C- in algebra and all the rest B's, except for two B+'s and two B-'s. My parents are pleased, but they're not like other parents when it comes to grades. They never worry about report cards, good or bad. As long as I'm healthy and happy and don't talk back too much, they're satisfied. If these three things are all right, everything else will take care of itself.

I'm just the opposite. I don't want to be a poor student. I was accepted to the Jewish Lyceum on a conditional basis. I was supposed to stay in the seventh grade at the Montessori School, but when Jewish children were required to go to Jewish schools, Mr. Elte finally agreed, after a great deal of persuasion, to accept Lies Goslar and me.

Lies also passed this year, though she has to repeat her geometry exam. Poor Lies. It isn't easy for her to study at home; her baby sister, a spoiled little two-year-old, plays in her room all day. If Gabi doesn't get her way, she starts screaming, and if Lies doesn't look after her, Mrs. Goslar starts screaming. So Lies has a hard time doing her homework, and as long as that's the case, the tutoring she's been getting won't help much. The Goslar household is really a sight. Mrs. Goslar's parents live next door, but eat with the family. There's a hired girl, the baby, the always absentminded and absent Mr. Goslar and the always nervous and irritating Mrs. Goslar, who's expecting another baby. Lies, who's all thumbs, gets lost in the mayhem.

My sister Margot has also gotten her report card. Brilliant, as usual. If we had such a thing as "cum laude," she would have passed with honors, she's so smart.

Father has been home a lot lately. There's nothing for him to do at the office; it must be awful to feel you're not needed. Mr. Kleiman has taken over Opekta, and Mr. Kugler, Gies & Co., the company dealing in spices and spice substitutes that was setup in 1941.

A few days ago, as we were taking a stroll around our neighborhood square, Father began to talk about going into hiding. He said it would be very hard for us to live cutoff from the rest of the world. I asked him why he was bringing this up now."Well, Anne," he replied, "you know that for more than a year we've been bringing clothes, food and furniture to other people. We don't want our belongings to be seized by the Germans. Nor do we want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we'll leave of our own accord and not wait to be hauled away."

"But when, Father?" He sounded so serious that I felt scared.

"Don't you worry. We'll take care of everything. Just enjoy your carefree life while you can."

That was it. Oh, may these somber words not come true for as long as possible.

The doorbell's ringing, time to stop.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, July 8, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

It seems like years since Sunday morning. So much has happened it's as if the whole world had suddenly turned upside down. But as you can see, Kitty, I'm still alive, and that's the main thing, Father says. I'm alive all right, but don't ask where

or how. You probably don't understand a word I'm saying today, so I'll begin by telling you what happened Sunday afternoon.

At three o'clock, the door bell rang. I didn't hear it, since I was out on the balcony, lazily reading in the sun. A little while later Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. "Father has received a call-up notice from the SS," she whispered. "Mother has gone to see Mr. van Daan" (Mr. van Daan is Father's business partner and a good friend.)

I was stunned. A call-up: everyone knows what that means. Visions of concentration camps and lonely cells raced through my head. How could we let Father go to such a fate? "Of course he's not going," declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the living room. "Mother's gone to Mr. van Daan to ask whether we can move to our hiding place tomorrow. The van Daans are going with us. There will be seven of us altogether." Silence. We couldn't speak. The thought of Father of visiting someone in the Jewish Hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for Mother, the heat, the suspense — all this reduced us to silence.

Suddenly the doorbell rang again. "Don't open the door!" exclaimed Margot to stop me. But it wasn't necessary, sincewe heard Mother and Mr. van Daan downstairs and then the two of them came inside and shut the door behind them. Every time the bell rang, either Margot or I had to tiptoe downstairs to see if it was Father, and we didn't let any one else in. Margot and I were sent from the room, as Mr. van Daan wanted to talk to Mother alone.

When she and I were sitting in our bedroom, Margot told me that the call-up was not for Father, but for her. At this second shock, I began to cry. Margot is sixteen apparently they want to send girls of her age away on their own. But thank goodness she won't be going; Mother had said so herself, which must be what Father had meant when he talked to me about our going into hiding. Hiding. . . where would we hide? In the city? In the country? In a house? In a shack? When, where, how. . . ? These were questions I wasn't allowed to ask, but they still kept running through my mind.

Margot and I started packing our most important belongings into a school bag. The first thing I stuck in was this diary, and then curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb and some old letters. Preoccupied by the thought of going into hiding, I stuck the craziest things in the bag, but I'm not sorry. Memories mean more to me than dresses.

Father finally came home around five o'clock, and we called Mr. Kleiman to ask if he could come by that evening. Mr. van Daan left and went to get Miep.

Miep arrived and promised to return later that night, taking with her a bag full of shoes, dresses, jackets, underwear and stockings. After that it was quiet in our apartment; none of us felt like eating. It was still hot, and everything was very strange.

We had rented our big upstairs room to a Mr. Goldschmidt, a divorced man in his thirties, who apparently had nothing to do that evening, since despite all our polite hints he hung around until ten o'clock. Miep and Jan Gies came at eleven. Miep, who's worked for Father's company since1933, has become a close friend, and so has her husband Jan. Once again, shoes, stockings, books and underwear disappeared into Miep's bag and Jan's deep pockets. Ateleven-thirty they too disappeared.

I was exhausted, and even though I knew it'd be my last night in my own bed, I fell a sleep right away and didn't wake up until Mother called me at five-thirty the next morning. Fortunately, it wasn't as hot as Sunday; a warm rain fell throughout the day.

The four of us were wrapped in so many layers of clothes it looked as if we were going off to spend the night in a refrigerator, and all that just so we could take more clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would dare leave the house with a suitcase full of clothes. I was wearing two undershirts, three pairs of underpants, a dress, and over that a skirt, a jacket, a raincoat, two pairs of stockings, heavy shoes, a cap, a scarf and lots more. I was suffocating even before we left the house, but no one bothered to ask me how I felt.

Margot stuffed her school bag with schoolbooks, went to get her bicycle and, with Miep leading the way, rode off into the great unknown. At any rate, that's how I thought of it, since I still didn't know where our hiding place was.

At seven-thirty we too closed the door behind us; Moortje, my cat, was the only living creature I said good-bye to. According to a note we left for Mr. Goldschmidt, she was to be taken to the neighbors, who would give her a good home.

The stripped beds, the breakfast things on the table, the pound of meat for the cat in the kitchen — all of these created the impression that we'd left in a hurry. But we weren't interested in impressions. We just wanted to get out of there, to get away and reach our destination in safety. Nothing else mattered.

More tomorrow.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, July 9, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

So there we were, Father, Mother and I, walking in the pouring rain, each of us with a school bag and a shopping bag filled to the brim with the most varied assortment of items. The people on their way to work at that early hour gave us sympathetic looks; you could tell by their faces that they were sorry they couldn't offer us some kind of transportation; the conspicuous yellow star spoke for itself.

Only when we were walking down the street did, Father and Mother reveal, little by little, what the plan was. For months we'd been moving as much of our furniture and apparel out of the apartment as we could. It was agreed that we'd go into hiding on July 16. Because of Margot's call-up notice, the plan had to be moved up ten days, which meant we'd have to make do with less orderly rooms.

The hiding place was located in Father's office building. That's a little hard for outsiders to understand, so I'll explain. Father didn't have a lot of people working in his office, just Mr. Kugler, Mr. Kleiman, Miep and a twenty-three-year-old typist named Bep Voskuijl, all of whom were informed of our coming. Mr. Voskuijl, Bep's father, works in the warehouse, along with two assistants, none of whom were told anything.

Here's a description of the building. The large warehouse on the ground floor is used as a workroom and storeroom and is divided into several different

sections, such as the stockroom and the milling room, where cinnamon, cloves and a pepper substitute are ground.

Next to the warehouse doors is another outside' door, a separate entrance to the office. Just inside the office door is a second door, and beyond that a stairway. At the top of the stairs is another door, with a frosted window on which the word "Office" is written in black letters. This is the big front office — very large, very light and very full. Bep, Miep and Mr. Kleiman work there during the day. After passing through an alcove containing a safe, a wardrobe and a big supply cupboard, you come to the small, dark, stuffy back office. This used to be shared by Mr. Kugler and Mr. van Daan, but now Mr. Kugler is its only occupant. Mr. Kugler's office can also be reached from the hallway, but only through a glass door that can be opened from the inside but not easily from the outside. If you leave Mr. Kugler's office and proceed through the long, narrow hallway past the coal bin and go up four steps, you find yourself in the private office, the showpiece of the entire building. Elegant mahogany furniture, linoleum floors covered with throw rugs, a radio, a fancy lamp, everything first class.

Next door is a spacious kitchen with a hot-water heater and two gas burners, and beside that a bathroom. That's the second floor.

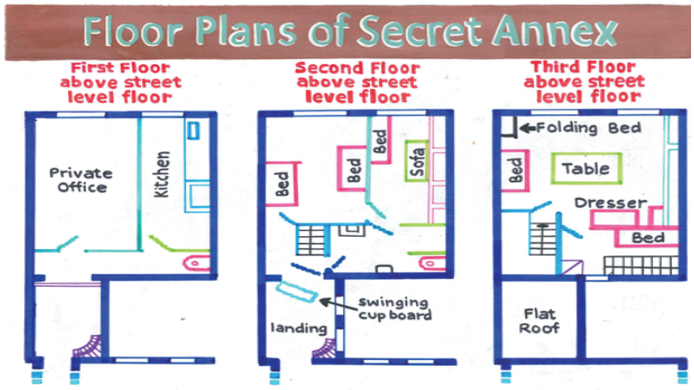
A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs hallway to the third floor. At the top of the stairs is a landing, with doors on either side. The door on the left takes you up to the spice storage area, attic and loft in the front part of the house. A typically Dutch, very steep, ankle-twisting flight of stairs also runs from the front part of the house to another door opening onto the street.

The door to the right of the landing leads to the "Secret Annex" at the back of the house. No one would ever suspect there were so many rooms behind that plain gray door. There's just one small step in front of the door, and then you're inside. Straight ahead of you is a steep flight of stairs. To the left is a narrow hallway opening onto a room that serves as the Frank family's livingroom and bedroom. Next-door is a smaller room, the bedroom and study of the two young ladies of the family, on the right of the stairs is a windowless washroom with a link. The door in the corner leads to the toilet and another one to Margot's and my room. If you go up the stairs and open the door at the top, you're surprised to see such a large, light and spacious room in an old canal side house like this. It contains a stove (thanks to the fact hat it used to be Mr. Kugler's laboratory) and a sink.

This will be the kitchen and bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. van Daan, as well as the general living room, dining room and study for us all. A tiny side room is to

be Petervan Daan's bedroom. Then, just as in the front part of the building, there's an attic and a loft. So there you are. Now I've introduced you to the whole of our lovely Annex!

Yours, Anne



Friday, July 10, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

I've probably bored you with my long description of our house, but I still think you should know where I've ended up; how I ended up here is something you'll figure out from my next letters. But first, let me continue my story, because, as you know, I wasn't finished.

After we arrived at 263 Prinsengracht, Miep quickly led us through the long hallway and up the wooden staircase to the next floor and into the Annex. She shut the door behind us, leaving us alone. Margot had arrived much earlier on her bike and was waiting for us.

Our living room and all the other rooms were so full of stuff that I can't find the words to describe it. All the cardboard boxes that had been sent to the office in the last few months were piled on the floors and beds. The small room was filled from floor to ceiling with linens. If we wanted to sleep in properly made beds that night, we had to get going and straighten up the mess. Mother and Margot were unable to move a muscle. They lay down on their bare mattresses, tired, miserable and I don't know what else. But Father and I, the two cleaner-uppers in the family, started in right away.

All day long we unpacked boxes, filled cupboards, hammered nails and straightened up the mess, until we fell exhausted into our clean beds at night. We

hadn't eaten a hot meal all day, but we didn't care; Mother and Margot were too tired and keyed up to eat, and Father and I were too busy.

Tuesday morning we started where we left off the night before. Bep and Miep wentgrocery shopping with our ration coupons, Father worked on our blackout screens, we scrubbed the kitchen floor, and were once again busy from sunup to sundown. Until Wednesday, I didn't have a chance to think about the enormous change in my life.

Then for the first time since our arrival in the Secret Annex, I found a moment to tell you all about it and to realize what had happened to me and what was yet to happen.

Yours, Anne

Saturday, July 11, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Father, Mother and Margot still can't get used to the chiming of the Westertoren clock, which tells us the time every quarter of an hour. Not me, I liked it from the start; it sounds so reassuring, especially at night. You no doubt want to hear what I think of being in hiding. Well, all I can say is that I don't really know yet. I don't think I'll ever feel at home in this house, but that doesn't mean I hate it. It's more like being on vacation in some strange pension. Kind of an odd way to look at life in hiding, but that's how things are. The Annex is an ideal place to hide in. It may be damp and lopsided, but there's probably not a more comfortable hiding place in all of Amsterdam. Not in all of Holland.

Up to now our bedroom, with its blank walls, was very bare. Thanks to Father - who brought my entire postcard and movie-star collection here

beforehand - and to a brush and a pot of glue, I was able to plaster the walls with pictures. It looks much more cheerful. When the van Daans arrive, we'll be able to build cupboards and other odds and ends out of the wood piled in the attic.

Margot and Mother have recovered somewhat. Yesterday Mother felt well enough to cook split-pea soup for the first time, but then she was down stairs talking and forgot all about it. The beans were scorched black, and no amount of scraping could get them out of the pan.

Last night the four of us went down to the private office and listened to England on the radio. I was so scared someone might hear it that I literally begged Father to take me back upstairs. Mother understood my anxiety and went with me. Whatever we do, we're very afraid the neighbors might hear or see us. We started off immediately the first day sewing curtains. Actually, you can hardly call them that, since they're nothing but scraps of fabric, varying greatly in shape, quality and pattern, which Father and Istitched crookedly together with unskilled fingers. These works of art were tacked tothe windows, where they'll stay until we come out of hiding.

The building on our right is a branch of the Keg Company, a firm from Zaandam, andon the left is a furniture workshop. Though the people who work there are not on the premises after hours, any sound we make might travel through the walls. We've forbidden Margot to cough at night, even though she has a bad cold, and are giving her large doses of codeine.

I'm looking forward to the arrival of the van Daans, which is set for Tuesday. It will be much more fun and also not as quiet. You see, it's the silence that makes me so nervous during the evenings and nights, and I'd give anything to have one of our helpers sleep here.

It's really not that bad here, since we can do our own cooking and can listen to the radio in Daddy's office.

Mr. Kleiman and Miep, and Bep Voskuijl too, have helped us so much. We've already canned loads of rhubarb, strawberries and cherries, so for the time being I doubt we'll be bored. We also have a supply of reading material, and we're going to buy lots of games. Of course, we can't ever look out the window or go outside. And we have tobe quiet so the people downstairs can't hear us.

Yesterday we had our hands full. We had to pit two crates of cherries for Mr. Kuglerto can. We're going to use the empty crates to make bookshelves. Someone's calling me.

Yours, Anne

Comment added by Anne on September 29, 1942: Not being able to go outside upsets me more than I can say, and I'm terrified our hiding place will be discovered and that we'll be shot. That, of course, is a fairly dismal prospect.

Sunday, July 12, 1942

They've all been so nice to me this last month because of my birthday, and yet everyday I feel myself drifting further away from Mother and Margot. I worked hard today and they praised me, only to start picking on me again five minutes later.

You can easily see the difference between the way they deal with Margot and the way they deal with me. For example, Margot broke the vacuum cleaner, and because of that we've been without light for the rest of the day. Mother said, "Well, Margot, it's easy to see you're not used to working; otherwise, you'd have known better than toyank the plug out by the cord." Margot made some reply, and that was the end of the story.

But this afternoon, when I wanted to rewrite something on Mother's shopping list because her handwriting is so hard to read, she wouldn't let me. She bawled me out again, and the whole family wound up getting involved.

I don't fit in with them, and I've felt that clearly in the last few weeks. They're so sentimental together, but I'd rather be sentimental on my own. They're always saying how nice it is with the four of us, and that we get along so well, without giving amoment's thought to the fact that I don't feel that way.

Daddy's the only one who understands me, now and again, though he usually sides with Mother and Margot. Another thing I can't stand is having them talk about me in front of outsiders, telling them how I cried or how sensibly I'm behaving. It's horrible. And sometimes they talk about Moortje and I can't take that at all. Moortje is my weak spot. I miss her every minute of the day, and no one knows how often I thinkof her; whenever I do, my eyes fill with tears. Moortje is so sweet, and I love her so much that I keep dreaming she'll come back to us.

I have plenty of dreams, but the reality is that we'll have to stay here until the waris over. We can't ever go outside, and the only visitors we can have are Miep, her husband Jan, Bep Voskuijl, Mr. Voskuijl, Mr. Kugler, Mr. Kleiman and Mrs. Kleiman, though she hasn't come because she thinks it's too dangerous.

Comment added by Anne in September 1942: Daddy's always so nice. He understands me perfectly, and I wish we could have a heart-to-heart talk sometime without my bursting instantly into tears. But apparently that has to do

with my age. I'd like to spend all my time writing, but that would probably get boring. Up to now I've only confided my thoughts to my diary. I still haven't gotten around to writing amusing sketches that I could read aloud at a later date. In the future I'm going to devote less time to sentimentality and more time to reality.

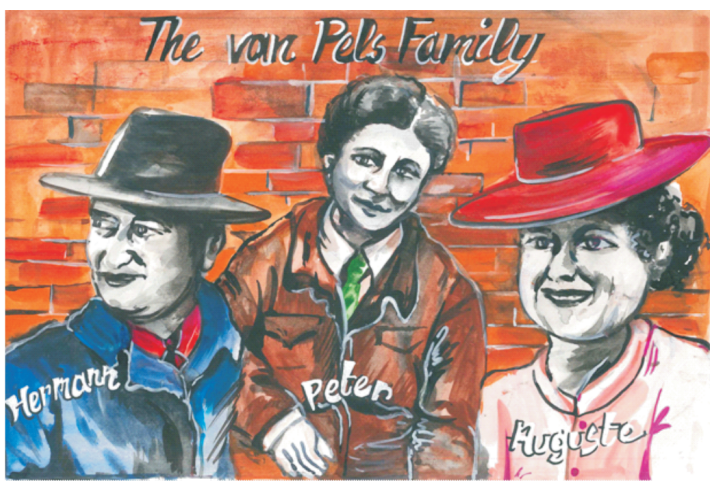
Friday, August 14, 1942

Dear Kitty,

I've deserted you for an entire month, but so little has happened that I can't find a news worthy item to relate every single day. The van Daans arrived on July 13. We thought they were coming on the fourteenth, but from the thirteenth to sixteenth the Germans were sending out call-up notices right and left and causing a lot of unrest, so they decided it would be safer to leave a day too early than a day too late.

Peter van Daan arrived at nine-thirty in the morning (while we were still at breakfast). Peter's going on sixteen, a shy, awkward boy whose company won't amount too much. Mr. and Mrs. van Daan came half an hour later. Much to our amusement, Mrs. van Daan was carrying a hatbox with a large chamber pot inside. "I just don't feel at home without my chamber pot," she exclaimed, and it was the first item to find a permanent place under the divan. Instead of a chamber pot, Mr. van D. was lugging a collapsible tea table under his arm.

From the first, we ate our meals together, and after three days it felt as if the seven of us had become one big family. Naturally, the van Daans had much to tell about the week we'd been away from civilization. We were especially interested in what had happened to our apartment and to Mr. Goldschmidt.



Mr. van Daan filled us in: "Monday morning at nine, Mr. Goldschmidt phoned and asked if I could come over. I went straightaway and found a very distraught Mr. Goldschmidt. He showed me a note that the Frank family had left behind. As instructed, he was planning to bring the cat to the neighbors, which I agreed was a good idea. He was afraid the house was going to be searched, so we went through all the rooms, straightening up here and there and clearing the breakfast things off the table. Suddenly I saw a notepad on Mrs. Frank's desk, with an address in Maastricht written on it. Even though I knew Mrs. Frank had left it on purpose, I pretended tobe surprised and horrified and begged Mr. Goldschmidt to burn this incriminating piece of paper. I swore up and down that I knew nothing about your disappearance, but that the note had given me an idea. 'Mr. Goldschmidt,' I said, 'I bet I know what this address refers to. About six months ago a high-ranking officer came to the office. It seems he and Mr. Frank grew up together. He promised to help Mr. Frank if it was ever necessary. As I recall, he was stationed in Maastricht. I think this officer has kept his word and is somehow planning to help them cross over to Belgium and then to Switzerland. There's no harm in telling this to any friends of the Franks who come asking about them. Of course, you don't need to mention the part about Maastricht.'

And after that I left. This is the story most of your friends have been told, because I heard it later from several other people."

We thought it was extremely funny, but we laughed even harder when Mr. van Daantold us that certain people have vivid imaginations. For example, one family living on our square claimed they saw all four of us riding by on our bikes early in the morning, and another woman was absolutely positive we'd been loaded into some kind of military vehicle in the middle of the night.

Yours, Anne

Friday, August 21, 1942

Dear Kitty,

Now our Secret Annex has truly become secret.

Because so many houses are being searched for hidden bicycles, Mr. Kugler thought it would be better to have a bookcase built in front of the entrance to our hiding place. It swings out on its hinges and opens like a door. Mr. Voskuijl did the carpentry work. (Mr. Voskuijl has been told that the seven of us are in hiding, and he's been most helpful.)

Now whenever we want to go downstairs we have to duck and then jump. After the first three days we were all walking around with bumps on our foreheads from banging our heads against the low doorway. Then Peter cushioned it by nailing a towel stuffed with wood shavings to the doorframe. Let's see if it helps!

I'm not doing much schoolwork. I've given myself a vacation until September. Father wants to start tutoring me then, but we have to buy all the books first.

There's little change in our lives here. Peter's hair was washed today, but that's nothing special. Mr. van Daan and I are always at loggerheads with each other. Mamaalways treats me like a baby, which I can't stand. For the rest, things are going better. I don't think Peter's gotten any nicer. He's an obnoxious boy who lies around on his bed all day, only rousing himself to do a little carpentry work before returning to his nap. What a dope!

Mama gave me another one of her dreadful sermons this morning. We take the opposite view of everything. Daddy's a sweetheart; he may get mad at me, but it never lasts longer than five minutes.

It's a beautiful day outside, nice and hot, and in spite of everything, we make the most of the weather by lounging on the folding bed in the attic.

Yours, Anne

Comment added by Anne on September 21, 1942: Mr. van Daan has been as nice as pie to me recently. I've said nothing, but have been enjoying it while it lasts.

Wednesday, September 2, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Mr. and Mrs. van Daan have had a terrible fight. I've never seen anything like it, since Mother and Father wouldn't dream of shouting at each other like that. The argument was based on something so trivial it didn't seem worth wasting a single word on it.

Oh well, to each his own.

Of course, it's very difficult for Peter, who gets caught in the middle, but no one takes Peter seriously anymore, since he's hypersensitive and lazy. Yesterday he was beside himself with worry because his tongue was blue instead of pink. This rarephenomenon disappeared as quickly as it came. Today he's walking

around with a heavy scarf on because he's got a stiff neck. His Highness has been complaining of lumbago too. Aches and pains in his heart, kidneys and lungs are also par for the course. He's an absolute hypochondriac! (That's the right word, isn't it?)

Mother and Mrs. van Daan aren't getting along very well. There are enough reasons for the friction. To give you one small example, Mrs. van D. has removed all but three of her sheets from our communal linen closet. She's assuming that Mother's can be used for both families. She'll be in for a nasty surprise when she discovers that Mother has followed her lead.

Furthermore, Mrs. van D. is ticked off because we're using her china instead of ours. She's still trying to find out what we've done with our plates; they're a lot closer than she thinks, since they're packed in cardboard boxes in the attic, behind a load of Opekta advertising material. As long as we're in hiding, the plates will remain out of her reach. Since I'm always having accidents, it's just as well! Yesterday I broke one of Mrs. van D.'s soup bowls.

"Oh!" she angrily exclaimed. "Can't you be more careful? That was my last one."Please bear in mind, Kitty, that the two ladies speak abominable Dutch (I don't darecomment on the gentlemen: they'd be highly insulted). If you were to hear their bungled attempts, you'd laugh your head off. We've given up pointing out their errors, since correcting them doesn't help anyway. Whenever I quote Mother or Mrs. Van Daan, I'll write proper Dutch instead of trying to duplicate their speech.

After three days of sullen looks and stubborn silence, everything was back to normal.

Yours, Anne

Monday, September 21, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Today I'll tell you the general news here in the Annex. A lamp has been mounted above my divan bed so that in the future, when I hear the guns going off, I'll be able to pull a cord and switch on the light. I can't use it at the moment because we're keeping our window open a little, day and night.

The male members of the van Daan contingent have built a very handy wood-stainedfood safe, with real screens. Up to now this glorious cupboard has been located in Peter's room, but in the interests of fresh air it's been moved to the attic. Where it once stood, there's now a shelf. I advised Peter to put his table

underneath the shelf, add a nice rug and hang his own cupboard where the table now stands. That might make his little cubbyhole more comfy, though I certainly wouldn't like to sleep there.

Mrs. van Daan is unbearable. I'm continually being scolded for my incessant chatter when I'm upstairs. I simply let the words bounce right off me! Madame now has anew trick up her sleeve: trying to get out of washing the pots and pans. If there's a bit of food left at the bottom of the pan, she leaves it to spoil instead of transferring it to a glass dish. Then in the afternoon when Margot is stuck with cleaning all the pots and pans, Madame exclaims, "Oh, poor Margot, you have so much work to do!"

Every other week Mr. Kleiman brings me a couple of books written for girls my age. I'm enthusiastic about the loop ter Heul series. I've enjoyed all of Cissy van Marxveldt's books very much. I've read The Zaniest Summer four times, and the ludicrous situations still make me laugh.

Father and I are currently working on our family tree, and he tells me something about each person as we go along. I've begun my schoolwork. I'm working hard at French, cramming five irregular verbs into my head every day. But I've forgotten much too much of what I learned in school.

(September 21, 1942)

(Value of Education)

The values of education are both intellectual and economical. Education helps one to understand the world around, our shared history and culture; it also helps us to hone our skills of thinking, analyzing, synthesizing, creating and evaluation. Sharing of ideas, collaborating with others and appreciating different points of views are key features of the educative process. A successful society is one where its members are educated and healthy.

Anne and her parents appreciate the value of education. As the family has gone into hiding, Anne does not have access to formal school but we find her parents arranging schoolbooks and stationery for her. We also find her regularly studying and making efforts to learn French, English and other subjects.

Learning happens in multitudes of ways and should not be restricted to the school hours or the schoolbooks. We learn from our friends, experiences, media and other books. As Alvin Toffler famously said, 'The illiterate of the future will not be the person who does not read. It will be the person who does not know how to learn.'

Peter has taken up his English with great reluctance. A few schoolbooks have just arrived, and I brought a large supply of notebooks, pencils, erasers and labels from home. Pim (that's our pet name for Father) wants me to help him with his Dutch lessons. I'm perfectly willing to tutor him in exchange for his assistance with French and other subjects. But he makes the most unbelievable mistakes!

I sometimes listen to the Dutch broadcasts from London. Prince Bernhard recently announced that Princess Juliana is expecting a baby in January, which I think is wonderful. No one here understands why I take such an interest in the Royal Family.

A few nights ago I was the topic of discussion, and we all decided I was an ignoramus. As a result, I threw myself into my schoolwork the next day, since I have little desire to still be a freshman when I'm fourteen or fifteen. The fact that I'm hardly allowed to read anything was also discussed. At the moment, Mother's reading Gentlemen, Wives and Servants, and of course I'm not allowed to read it (though Margot is!). First I have to be more intellectually developed, like my genius of a sister. Then we discussed my ignorance of philosophy, psychology and physiology (Immediately looked up these big words in the dictionary!). It's true; I don't know anything about these subjects. But maybe I'll be smarter next year!

I've come to the shocking conclusion that I have only one long-sleeved dress and three cardigans to wear in the winter. Father's given me permission to knit a white wool sweater; the yarn isn't very pretty, but it'll be warm, and that's what counts.

Some of our clothing was left with friends, but unfortunately we won't be able to get to it until after the war. Provided it's still there, of course.

I'd just finished writing something about Mrs. van Daan when she walked into the room. Thump, I slammed the book shut.

"Hey, Anne, can't I even take a peek?"

"No, Mrs. van Daan."

"Just the last page then?"

"No, not even the last page, Mrs. van Daan."

Of course, I nearly died, since that particular page contained a rather unflattering description of her.

There's something happening every day, but I'm too tired and lazy to write it all down.

Yours, Anne

Friday, September 25, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Father has a friend, a man in his mid-seventies named Mr. Dreher, who's sick, poor and deaf as a post. At his side, like a useless appendage, is his wife, twenty-sevenyears younger and equally poor, whose arms and legs are loaded with real and fake bracelets and rings left over from more prosperous days. This Mr. Dreher has already been a great nuisance to Father, and I've always admired the saintly patience with which he handled this pathetic old man on the phone. When we were still living at home, Mother used to advise him to put a gramophone in front of the receiver, one that would repeat every three minutes, "Yes, Mr. Dreher" and "No, Mr. Dreher," since the old man never understood a word of Father's lengthy replies anyway.

Today Mr. Dreher phoned the office and asked Mr. Kugler to come and see him. Mr.Kugler wasn't in the mood and said he would send Miep, but Miep cancelled the appointment. Mrs. Dreher called the office three times, but since Miep was reportedly out the entire afternoon, she had to imitate Bep's voice. Downstairs in the office as well as upstairs in the Annex, there was great hilarity. Now each time the phone rings, Bep says' 'That's Mrs. Dreher!" and Miep has to laugh, so that the people on the other end of the line are greeted with an impolite giggle. Can't you just picture it?

This has got to be the greatest office in the whole wide world. The bosses and the office girls have such fun together!

Some evenings I go to the van Daans for a little chat. We eat "mothball cookies"(molasses cookies that were stored in a closet that was mothproofed) and have a goodtime.

I must say that the Annex Committee (the men's section) is very creative. Listen tothe scheme they've come up with to get a message to Mr. Broks, an Opekta Co. sales representative and friend who's surreptitiously hidden some of our things for us!

They're going to type a letter to a store owner in southern Zealand who is, indirectly, one of Opekta' s customers and ask him to fill out a form and send it back in the enclosed self-addressed envelope. Father will write the address on the envelope himself. Once the letter is returned from Zealand, the form can be removed and a hand written message confirming that Father is alive can be inserted in the envelope. This way Mr. Broks can read the letter without suspecting a ruse. They chose the province of Zealand because it's close to Belgium (a letter can easily be smuggled across the border) and because no one is

allowed to travel there without a special permit. An ordinary salesman like Mr. Broks would never be granted a permit.

Yesterday Father put on another act. Groggy with sleep, he stumbled off to bed. His feet were cold, so I lent him my bed socks. Five minutes later he flung them to the floor. Then he pulled the blankets over his head because the light bothered him. The lamp was switched off, and he gingerly poked his head out from under the covers. It was all very amusing. We started talking about the fact that Peter says Margot is a "meddler."

Suddenly Daddy's voice was heard from the depths: "Sits on her butt, you mean Mouschi, the cat, is becoming nicer to me as time goes by, but I'm still some what afraid of her.

Yours, Anne

Sunday, September 27, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Mother and I had a so-called "discussion" today, but the annoying part is that I burst into tears. I can't help it. Daddy is always nice to me, and he also understands me much better. At moments like these I can't stand Mother. It's obvious that I'm a stranger to her; she doesn't even know what I think about the most ordinary things.

We were talking about maids and the fact that you're supposed to refer to them as"domestic help" these days. She claimed that when the war is over, that's what they'll want to be called. I didn't quite see it that way. Then she added that I talk about''later" so often and that I act as if I were such a lady, even though I'm not, but I don't think building sand castles in the air is such a terrible thing to do, as long as you don't take it too seriously. At any rate, Daddy usually comes to my defense.

Without him I wouldn't be able to stick it out here.

I don't get along with Margot very well either. Even though our family never has the same kind of outbursts they have upstairs, I find it far from pleasant. Margot's and Mother's personalities are so alien to me. I understand my girlfriends better than my own mother. Isn't that a shame?

For the umpteenth time, Mrs. van Daan is sulking. She's very moody and has been removing more and more of her belongings and locking them up. It's too bad Mother doesn't repay every van Daan "disappearing act" with a Frank "disappearing act."Some people, like the van Daans, seem to take special delight not only in raising their own children but in helping others raise theirs. Margot

doesn't need it, since she's naturally good, kind and clever, perfection itself, but I seem to have enough mischief for the two of us. More than once the air has been filled with the van Daans' admonitions and my saucy replies. Father and Mother always defend me fiercely.

Without them I wouldn't be able to jump back into the fray with my usual composure. They keep telling me I should talk less, mind my own business and be more modest, but I seem doomed to failure. If Father weren't so patient, I'd have long ago given up hope of ever meeting my parents' quite moderate expectations.

If I take a small helping of a vegetable I loathe and eat potatoes instead, the van Daans, especially Mrs. van Daan, can't get over how spoiled I am. "Come on, Anne, eat some more vegetables," she says.

"No, thank you, ma'am," I reply. "The potatoes are more than enough."

"Vegetables are good for you; your mother says so too. Have some more," she insists, until Father intervenes and upholds my right to refuse a dish I don't like.

Then Mrs. van D. really flies off the handle: "You should have been at our house, where children were brought up the way they should be. I don't call this a proper upbringing. Anne is terribly spoiled. I'd never allow that. If Anne were my daughter..."

This is always how her tirades begin and end: "If Anne were my daughter. . ." Thank goodness I'm not.

But to get back to the subject of raising children, yesterday a silence fell after Mrs. van D. finished her little speech. Father then replied, "I think Anne is very well brought up. At least she's learned not to respond to your interminable sermons. As faras the vegetables are concerned, all I have to say is look who's calling the kettle black."

Mrs. van D. was soundly defeated. The pot calling the kettle black refers of course to Madame herself, since she can't tolerate beans or any kind of cabbage in the evening because they give her "gas." But I could say the same. What a dope, don't you think?

In any case, let's hope she stops talking about me.

It's so funny to see how quickly Mrs. van Daan flushes. I don't, and it sacredly annoys her no end.

Yours, Anne

Monday, September 28,1942

Dearest Kitty,

I had to stop yesterday, though I was nowhere near finished. I'm dying to tell you about another one of our clashes, but before I do I'd like to say this: I think it's odd that grown-ups quarrel so easily and so often and about such petty matters. Up to now I always thought bickering was just something children did and that they outgrew it. Often, of course, there's sometimes a reason to have a real quarrel, but the verbal exchanges that take place here are just plain bickering. I should be used to the fact that these squabbles are daily occurrences, but I'm not and never will be as long as I'm the subject of nearly every discussion. (They refer to these as "discussions"instead of "quarrels," but Germans don't know the difference!) They criticize everything, and I mean everything, about me: my behavior, my personality, my manners; every inch of me, from head to toe and back again, is the subject of gossip and debate. Harsh words and shouts are constantly being flung at my head, though I'm absolutely not used to it. According to the powers that be, I'm supposed to grin and bear it. But I can't! I have no intention of taking their insults lying down. I'll show them that Anne Frank wasn't born yesterday. They'll sit up and take notice and keep their big mouths shut when I make them see they ought to attend to their own manners instead of mine. How dare they act that way! It's simply barbaric. I've been astonished, time and again, at such rudeness and most of all. . . at such stupidity(Mrs. van Daan). But as soon as I've gotten used to the idea, and that shouldn't take long, I'll give them a taste of their own medicine, and then they'll change their tune!

Am I really as bad-mannered, headstrong, stubborn, pushy, stupid, lazy, etc., etc., as the van Daans say I am? No, of course not. I know I have my faults and shortcomings, but they blow them all out of proportion! If you only knew, Kitty, how I see the when they scold and mock me. It won't take long before I explode withpent-up rage. But enough of that. I've bored you long enough with my quarrels, and yet I can't resist adding a highly interesting dinner conversation.

Somehow, we landed on the subject of Pim's extreme diffidence. His modesty is a well-known fact, which even the stupidest person wouldn't dream of questioning. Allof a sudden Mrs. van Daan, who feels the need to bring herself into every conversation, remarked, "I'm very modest and retiring too, much more so than my husband!"

Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous? This sentence clearly illustrates that she's not exactly what you'd call modest!

Mr. van Daan, who felt obliged to explain the "much more so than my husband,"answered calmly, "I have no desire to be modest and retiring. In my experience, you get a lot further by being pushy!" And turning to me, he added, "Don't be modest andretiring, Anne. It will get you nowhere."

Mother agreed completely with this viewpoint. But, as usual, Mrs. van Daan had to addher two cents. This time, however, instead of addressing me directly, she turned to my parents and said, "You must have a strange outlook on life to be able to say that to Anne. Things were different when I was growing up. Though they probably haven't changed much since then, except in your modern household!"

This was a direct hit at Mother's modern child-rearing methods, which she's defended on many occasions. Mrs. van Daan was so upset her face turned bright red. People who flush easily become even more agitated when they feel themselves getting hotunder the collar, and they quickly lose to their opponents.

The nonflushed mother, who now wanted to have the matter over and done with as quickly as possible, paused for a moment to think before she replied. "Well, Mrs. Van Daan, I agree that it's much better if a person isn't overmodest. My husband, Margot and Peter are all exceptionally modest. Your husband, Anne and I, though not exactly the opposite, don't let ourselves be pushed around."

Mrs. van Daan: "Oh, but Mrs. Frank, I don't understand what you mean! Honestly, I'm extremely modest and retiring. How can you say that I'm pushy?"

Mother: "I didn't say you were pushy, but no one would describe you as having are tiring disposition."

Mrs. van D.: "I'd like to know in what way I'm pushy! If I didn't look out for myself here, no one else would, and I'd soon starve, but that doesn't mean I'm not as modest and retiring as your husband."

Mother had no choice but to laugh at this ridiculous self-defense, which irritated Mrs. van Daan. Not exactly a born debater, she continued her magnificent account in a mixture of German and Dutch, until she got so tangled up in her own words that she finally rose from her chair and was just about to leave the room when her eye fell on me. You should have seen her! As luck would have it, the moment Mrs. van D. turned around I was shaking my head in a combination of compassion and irony. I wasn't doing it on purpose, but I'd followed her tirade so intently that my reaction was completely involuntary. Mrs. van D. wheeled around and gave me a tongue-lashing:It was a joy to

behold. If I could draw, I'd like to have sketched her as she was then. She struck me as so comical! I've learned one thing: you only really get to know a person after a fight. Only then can you judge their true character!

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, September 29, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

The strangest things happen to you when you're in hiding! Try to picture this. Because we don't have a bathtub, we wash ourselves in a washtub, and because there's only hot water in the office (by which I mean the entire lower floor), the seven of us take turns making the most of this great opportunity. But since none of us are alike and are all plagued by varying degrees of modesty, each member of the family has selected a different place to wash. Peter takes a bath in the office kitchen, even though it has a glass door. When it's time for his bath, he goes around to each of us in turn and announces that we shouldn't walk past the kitchen for the next half hour. He considers this measure to be sufficient. Mr. van D. takes his bath upstairs, figuring that the safety of his own room outweighs the difficulty of having to carry the hot water up all those stairs. Mrs. van D. has yet to take a bath; she's waiting to see which is the best place. Father bathes in the private office and Mother in the kitchen behind a fire screen, while Margot and I have declared the front office to be our bathing grounds. Since the curtains are drawn on Saturday afternoon, we scrub ourselves in the dark, while the one who isn't in the bath looks out the window through a chink in the curtains and gazes in wonder at the endlessly amusing people.

A week ago I decided I didn't like this spot and have been on the lookout for more comfortable bathing quarters. It was Peter who gave me the idea of setting my washtub in the spacious office bathroom. I can sit down, turn on the light, lock the door, pour out the water without anyone's help, and all without the fear of being seen.

I used my lovely bathroom for the first time on Sunday and, strange as it may seem, I like it better than any other place.

The plumber was at work downstairs on Wednesday, moving the water pipes and drains from the office bathroom to the hallway so the pipes won't freeze during a cold winter. The plumber's visit was far from pleasant. Not only were we not allowed to run water during the day, but the bathroom was also off-limits. I'll tell you how we handled this problem; you may find it unseemly of me to bring it up, but I'm not so prudish about matters of this kind. On the day

of our arrival, Father and I improvised a chamber pot, sacrificing a canning jar for this purpose. For the duration of the plumber's visit, canning jars were put into service during the daytime to hold our calls of nature. As far as I was concerned, this wasn't half as difficult as having to sit still all day and not say a word. You can imagine how hard that was for Miss Quack, Quack, Quack. On ordinary days we have to speak in a whisper; not being able to talk or move at all is ten times worse.

After three days of constant sitting, my backside was stiff and sore. Nightly calisthenics helped.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, October 1, 1942

Dear Kitty,

Yesterday I had a horrible fright. At eight o'clock the doorbell suddenly rang. All I could think of was that someone was coming to get us, you know who I mean. But I calmed down when everybody swore it must have been either pranksters or the mailman.

The days here are very quiet. Mr. Levinsohn, a little Jewish pharmacist and chemist, is working for Mr. Kugler in the kitchen. Since he's familiar with the entire building, we're in constant dread that he'll take it into his head to go have a look at what used to be the laboratory. We're as still as baby mice. Who would have guessed three months ago that quicksilver Anne would have to sit so quietly for hours on end, and what's more, that she could?

Mrs. van Daan's birthday was the twenty-ninth. Though we didn't have a large celebration, she was showered with flowers, simple gifts and good food. Apparently the red carnations from her spouse are a family tradition.

From time to time Peter can be very amusing. He and I have one thing in common: we like to dress up, which makes everyone laugh. One evening we made our appearance, with Peter in one of his mother's skin-tight dresses and me in his suit.

He wore a hat, I had a cap on. The grown-ups split their sides laughing, and we enjoyed ourselves every bit as much.

Bep bought new skirts for Margot and me at the Bijenkorf. The fabric is hideous, like the burlap bag potatoes come in. Just the kind of thing the department stores wouldn't dare sell in the olden days, now costing 24.00 guilders (Margot's) and 7.75 guilders(mine).

We have a nice treat in store: Bep's ordered a correspondence course in shorthand for Margot, Peter and me. Just you wait, by this time next year we'll be able to take perfect shorthand. In any case, learning to write a secret code like that is really interesting.

I have a terrible pain in my index finger (on my left hand), so I can't do any ironing. What luck!

Mr. van Daan wants me to sit next to him at the table, since Margot doesn't eatenough to suit him. Fine with me, I like changes. There's always a tiny black catroaming around the yard, and it reminds me of my dear sweet Moortje. Another reason I welcome the change is that Mama's always carping at me, especially at the table. Now Margot will have to bear the brunt of it. Or rather, won't, since Mother doesn't make such sarcastic remarks to her. Not to that paragon of virtue! I'm always teasing Margot about being a paragon of virtue these days, and she hates it. Maybe it'll teach her not to be such a goody-goody. High time she learned.

To end this hodgepodge of news, a particularly amusing joke told by Mr. van Daan: What goes click ninety-nine times and clack once?

A centipede with a clubfoot.

Bye-bye, Anne

Wednesday, October 7, 1942

I imagine that. . .

I've gone to Switzerland. Daddy and I sleep in one room, while the boys' study is turned into a sitting room, where I can receive visitors. As a surprise, they've bought new furniture for me, including a tea table, a desk, armchairs and a divan. Everything's simply wonderful. After a few days Daddy gives me 150 guilders — converted into Swiss money, of course, but I'll call them guilders — and tells me to buy everything I think I'll need, all for myself. (Later on, I get a guilder a week, which I can also use to buy whatever I want.) I set off with Bernd and buy:

3 cotton undershirts @ 0.50 = 1.50

3 cotton underpants @ 0.50 = 1.50

3 wool undershirts @ 0. 75 = 2.25

3 wool underpants @ 0. 75 = 2.25

2 petticoats @ 0.50 = 1.00

5 pajamas @ 1.00 = 5.00

1 summer robe @ 2.50 = 2.50

1 winter robe @ 3.00 = 3.00

2 bed jackets @ 0. 75 = 1.50

1 small pillow @ 1.00 = 1.00

1 pair of lightweight slippers @ 1.00 = 1.00

1 pair of warm slippers @ 1.50 = 1.50

1 pair of summer shoes (school) @ 1.50 = 1.50

1 pair of summer shoes (dressy) @ 2.00 = 2.00

1 pair of winter shoes (school) @ 2.50 = 2.50

1 pair of winter shoes (dressy) @ 3.00 = 3.00

2 aprons @ 0.50 = 1.00

25 handkerchiefs @ 0.05 = 1.25

4 pairs of silk stockings @ 0.75 = 3.00

4 pairs of knee socks @ 0.50 = 2.00

4 pairs of socks @ 0.25 = 1.00

2 pairs of thick stockings @ 1.00 = 2.00

3 skeins of white yarn (underwear, cap) = 1.50

3 skeins of blue yarn (sweater, skirt) = 1.50

3 skeins of variegated yarn (cap, scarf) = 1.50

Scarves, belts, collars, buttons = 1.25

Plus 2 school dresses (summer), 2 school dresses (winter), 2 good dresses (summer), 2 good dresses (winter), 1 summer skirt, 1 good winter skirt, 1 school winter skirt, 1 raincoat, 1 summer coat, 1 winter coat, 2 hats, 2 caps.

For a total of 10.00 guilders.

2 purses, 1 ice-skating outfit, 1 pair of skates, 1 case (containing powder, skincream, foundation cream, cleansing cream, suntan lotion, cotton, first-aid kit, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, bath salts, bath powder, eau de cologne, soap, powder puff)

Plus 4 sweaters @ 1.50,4 blouses @ 1.00, miscellaneous items @ 10.00 and books,presents @ 4.50.

October 9, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Today I have nothing but dismal and depressing news to report. Our many Jewish friends and acquaintances are being taken away in droves. The Gestapo is treating them very roughly and transporting them in cattle cars to Westerbork, the big camp in Dren the to which they're sending all the Jews. Miep told us about someone who'd managed to escape from there. It must be terrible in Westerbork. The people get almost nothing to eat, much less to drink, as water is available only one hour a day, and there's only one toilet and sink for several thousand people. Men and women sleep in the same room, and women and children often have their heads shaved. Escape is almost impossible; many people look Jewish, and they're branded by their shorn heads.

If it's that bad in Holland, what must it be like in those faraway and uncivilized places where the Germans are sending them? We assume that most of them are being murdered. The English radio says they're being gassed. Perhaps that's the quickest way to die.

I feel terrible. Miep's accounts of these horrors are so heartrending, and Miep is also very distraught. The other day, for instance, the Gestapo deposited an elderly, crippled Jewish woman on Miep's doorstep while they set off to find a car. The old woman was terrified of the glaring searchlights and the guns firing at the English planes overhead. Yet Miep didn't dare let her in. Nobody would. The Germans are generous enough when, it comes to punishment.

Bep is also very subdued. Her boyfriend is being sent to Germany. Every time the planes fly over, she's afraid they're going to drop their entire bomb load on Bertus'shead. Jokes like "Oh, don't worry, they can't all fall on him" or "One bomb is all it takes" are hardly appropriate in this situation. Bertus is not the only one being forcedto work in Germany. Trainloads of young men depart daily. Some of them try to sneak off the train when it stops at a

small station, but only a few manage to escape unnoticed and find a place to hide.

But that's not the end of my lamentations. Have you ever heard the term "hostages"?That's the latest punishment for saboteurs. It's the most horrible thing you can imagine. Leading citizens — innocent people — are taken prisoner to await their execution. If the Gestapo can't find the saboteur, they simply grab five hostages and line them up against the wall. You read the announcements of their death in the paper, where they're referred to as "fatal accidents.'

October 9, 1942

There are 195 countries in the world today. Each country has its own unique historical, cultural and social background. While it is a geographical border that separates a country from the other, it is the same border that also joins the two. There may be an ocean separating two continents but the same ocean, in fact, acts as the link between the two borders. Thus, the world is a one unified and intact family... **वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम!**

Fine specimens of humanity, those Germans, and to think I'm actually one of them! No, that's not true, Hitler took away our nationality long ago. And besides, there are no greater enemies on earth than the Germans and the Jews.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, October 14, 1942

Dear Kitty,

I'm terribly busy. Yesterday I began by translating a chapter from La Belle Nivemaise and writing down vocabulary words. Then I worked on an awful math problem and translated three pages of French grammar besides. Today, French grammar and history.

I simply refuse to do that wretched math every day. Daddy thinks it's awful too. I'm almost better at it than he is, though in fact neither of us is any good, so we always have to call on Margot's help. I'm also working away at my shorthand, which I enjoy. Of the three of us, I've made the most progress.

I've read 'The Storm Family'. It's quite good, but doesn't compare to Joopter Heul. Anyway, the same words can be found in both books, which makes sense because they're written by the same author. Cissy van Marxveldt is a terrific writer. I'm definitely going to let my own children read her books too.

Moreover, I've read a lot of Korner plays. I like the way he writes. For example, Hedwig, The Cousin from Bremen, The Governess, The Green Domino,

etc. Mother, Margot and I are once again the best of buddies. It's actually a lot nicer that way. Last night Margot and I were lying side by side in my bed. It was incredibly cramped, but that's what made it fun. She asked if she could read my diary once in awhile.

"Parts of it," I said, and asked about hers. She gave me permission to read her diary as well.

The conversation turned to the future, and I asked what she wanted to be when she was older. But she wouldn't say and was quite mysterious about it. I gathered it had something to do with teaching; of course, I'm not absolutely sure, but I suspect it's something along those lines. I really shouldn't be so nosy.

This morning I lay on Peter's bed, after first having chased him off it. He was furious, but I didn't care. He might consider being a little more friendly to me from time to time. After all, I did give him an apple last night.

I once asked Margot if she thought I was ugly. She said that I was cute and had nice eyes. A little vague, don't you think?

Well, until next time!

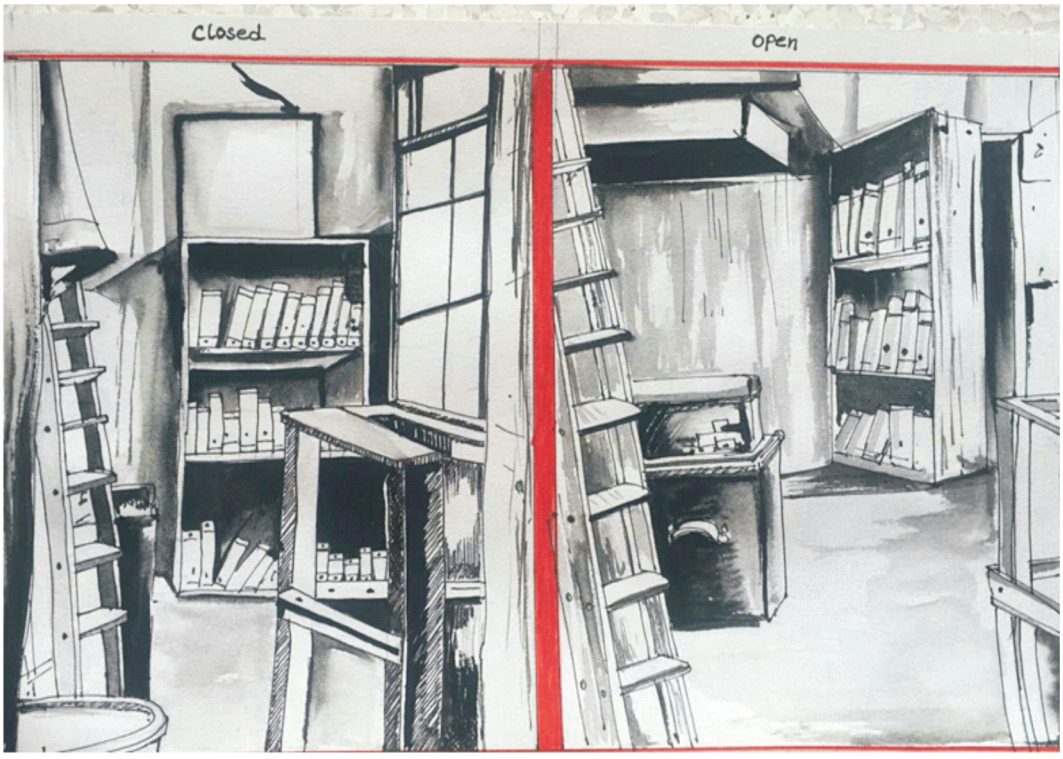
Anne Frank

PS. This morning we all took turns on the scale. Margot now weighs 132 pounds, Mother 136, Father 155, Anne 96, Peter 14g, Mrs. van Daan 117, Mr. van Daan 165.In the three months since I've been here, I've gained 19 pounds. A lot, huh?

Tuesday, October 20, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

My hand is still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare. I should explain that there are five fire extinguishers in the building. The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he's called, was coming to fill the extinguishers. As a result, we didn't bother to be quiet until I heard the sound of hammering on the landing (across from the bookcase). I immediately assumed it was the carpenter and went to warn Bep, who was eating lunch, that she couldn't go backdown stairs. Father and I stationed ourselves at the door so we could hear when the man had left. After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and now wanted to check out this mysterious-looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling, pushing and jerking on it.



I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place. Just when I thought my days were numbered, we heard Mr. Kleiman's voice saying, "Open up, it's me." We opened the door at once. What had happened?

The hook fastening the bookcase had gotten stuck, which is why no one had been able to warn us about the carpenter. After the man had left, Mr. Kleiman came to get Bep, but couldn't open the bookcase. I can't tell you how relieved I was. In my imagination, the man I thought was trying to get inside the Secret Annex had kept growing and growing until he'd become not only a giant but also the cruelest Fascist in the world. Whew. Fortunately, everything worked out all right, at least this time.

We had lots of fun on Monday. Miep and Jan spent the night with us. Margot and I slept in Father and Mother's room for the night so the Gieses could have our beds. The menu was drawn up in their honor, and the meal was delicious. The festivities were briefly interrupted when Father's lamp caused a short circuit and we were suddenly plunged into darkness. What were we to do? We did have fuses, but the fuse box was at the rear of the dark warehouse, which

made this a particularly unpleasant job at night. Still, the men ventured forth, and ten minutes later we were able to putaway the candles.

I was up early this morning. Jan was already dressed. Since he had to leave ateight-thirty, he was upstairs eating breakfast by eight. After a pleasant breakfast, Miep headed downstairs. It was pouring outside and she was glad she didn't have to bicycle to work. Daddy and I made the beds, and afterward I learned five irregular French verbs.

Quite industrious, don't you think?

Margot and Peter were reading in our room, with Mouschi curled up beside Margot on the divan. After my irregular French verbs, I joined them and read The Woods Are Singing for All Eternity. It's quite a beautiful book, but very unusual. I'm almost finished.

Next week it's Bep's turn to spend the night.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, October 29, 1942

My dearest Kitty,

I'm very worried. Father's sick. He's covered with spots and has a high temperature. It looks like measles. Just think, we can't even call a doctor! Mother is making him perspire in hopes of sweating out the fever.

This morning Miep told us that the furniture has been removed from the van Daans' apartment on Zuider-Amstellaan. We haven't told Mrs. van D. yet. She's been so"nervenmassig"* [*nervous] lately, and we don't feel like hearing her moan and groan again about all the beautiful china and lovely chairs she had to leave behind. We had to abandon most of our nice things too. What's the good of grumbling about it now?

Father wants me to start reading books by Hebbel and other well-known German writers. I can read German fairly well by now, except that I usually mumble the words instead of reading them silently to myself. But that'll pass. Father has taken the plays of Goethe and Schiller down from the big bookcase and is planning to read tome every evening. We've started off with Don Carlos. Encouraged by Father's good example, Mother pressed her prayer book into my hands. I read a few prayers in German, just to be polite. They certainly sound beautiful, but they mean very little tome. Why is she making me act so religious and devout?

Tomorrow we're going to light the stove for the first time. The chimney hasn't been swept in ages, so the room is bound to fill with smoke. Let's hope the thing draws!

Yours, Anne

Monday, November 2, 1942

Dear Kitty,

Bep stayed with us Friday evening. It was fun. For the rest, there's nothing special to report. I had an awful headache yesterday and went to bed early. Margot's being exasperating again.

This morning I began sorting out an index card file from the office, because it'd fallen over and gotten all mixed up. Before long I was going nuts. I asked Margot and Peter to help, but they were too lazy, so I put it away.

I'm not crazy enough to do it all by myself!

Anne Frank

Comment added by Anne on January 22, 1944: I wouldn't be able to write that kind of thing anymore. Now that I'm rereading my diary after a year and a half, I'm surprised at my childish innocence. Deep down I know I could never be that innocent again, however much I'd like to be. I can understand the mood changes and the comments about Margot, Mother and Father as if I'd written them only yesterday, but I can't imagine writing so openly about other matters. It embarrasses me greatly to read the pages dealing with subjects that I remembered as being nicer than they actually were. My descriptions are so indelicate. But enough of that. I can also understand my homesickness and yearning for Moortje. The whole time I've been here I've longed unconsciously and at times consciously for trust and love This longing may change in intensity, but it's always there.

Thursday, November 5, 1942

Dear Kitty,

The British have finally scored a few successes in Africa and Stalingrad hasn't fallen yet, so the men are happy and we had coffee and tea this morning. For the rest, nothing special to report.

This week I've been reading a lot and doing little work. That's the way things ought to be. That's surely the road to success.

Mother and I are getting along better lately, but we're never close. Father's not very open about his feelings, but he's the same sweetheart he's always been. We lit the stove a few days ago and the entire room is still filled with smoke. I prefer central heating, and I'm probably not the only one. Margot's a stinker (there's no other word for it), a constant source of irritation, morning, noon and night.

Anne Frank

Saturday, November 7, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Mother's nerves are very much on edge, and that doesn't bode well for me. Is it just a coincidence that Father and Mother never scold Margot and always blame me for every thing? Last night, for example, Margot was reading a book with beautiful illustrations; she got up and put the book aside for later. I wasn't doing anything, so I picked it up and began looking at the pictures. Margot came back, saw' "her" book in my hands, knitted her brow and angrily demanded the book back. I wanted to look through it some more. Margot got madder by the minute, and Mother butted in:"Margot was reading that book; give it back to her."

Father came in, and without even knowing what was going on, saw that Margot was being wronged and lashed out at me: "I'd like to see what you'd do if Margot was looking at one of your books!"

I promptly gave in, put the book down and, according to them, left the room' 'in a huff." I was neither huffy nor cross, but merely sad.

It wasn't right of Father to pass judgement without knowing what the issue was. I would have given the book to Margot myself, and a lot sooner, if Father and Mother hadn't intervened and rushed to take Margot's part, as if she were suffering some great injustice.

Of course, Mother took Margot's side; they always take each other's sides. I'm soused to it that I've become completely indifferent to Mother's rebukes and Margot's moodiness. I love them, but only because they're Mother and Margot. I don't give adarn about them as people. As far as I'm concerned, they can go jump in a lake. It's different with Father. When I see him being partial to Margot, approving Margot's every action, praising her, hugging her, I feel a gnawing ache inside, because I'm crazy about him. I model myself after Father, and there's no one in the world I love more.

He doesn't realize that he treats Margot differently than he does me. Margot just happens to be the smartest, the kindest, the prettiest and the best. But I have a right to be taken seriously too. I've always been the clown and mischief maker of the family; I've always had to pay double for my sins: once with scolding and then again with my own sense of despair. I'm no longer satisfied with the meaningless affection or the supposedly serious talks. I long for something from Father that he's incapable of giving. I'm not jealous of Margot; I never have been. I'm not envious of her brains or her beauty. It's just that I'd like to feel that Father really loves me, not because I'm his child, but because I'm me, Anne.

I'm the opposite of Mother, so of course we clash. I don't mean to judge her; I don't have that right. I'm simply looking at her as a mother. She's not a mother to me —I have to mother myself. I've cut myself adrift from them. I'm charting my own course, and we'll see where it leads me. I have no choice, because I can picture what a mother and a wife should be and can't seem to find anything of the sort in the woman I'm supposed to call "Mother."

I tell myself time and again to overlook Mother's bad example. I only want to see her good points, and to look inside myself for what's lacking in her. But it doesn't work, and the worst part is that Father and Mother don't realize their own inadequacies and how much I blame them for letting me down. Are there any parents who can make their children completely happy?

Sometimes I think God is trying to test me, both now and in the future. I'll have to become a good person on my own, without anyone to serve as a model or advise me, but it'll make me stronger in the end.

Who else but me is ever going to read these letters? Who else but me can I turn to for comfort? I'm frequently in need of consolation, I often feel weak, and more often than not, I fail to meet expectations. I know this, and every day I resolve to do better.

They aren't consistent in their treatment of me. One day they say that Anne's a sensible girl and entitled to know everything, and the next that Anne's a silly goose who doesn't know a thing and yet imagines she's learned all she needs to know from books! I'm no longer the baby and spoiled little darling whose every deed can be laughed at. I have my own ideas, plans and ideals, but am unable to articulate them yet.

Oh well. So much comes into my head at night when I'm alone, or during the day when I'm obliged to put up with people I can't abide or who invariably misinterpret my intentions. That's why I always wind up coming back to my

diary — I start there and end there because Kitty's always patient. I promise her that, despite everything,

I'll keep going, that I'll find my own way and choke back my tears. I only wish I could see some results or, just once, receive encouragement from someone who loves me.

Don't condemn me, but think of me as a person who sometimes reaches the bursting point!

Yours, Anne

Monday, November 9,1942

Dearest Kitty,

Yesterday was Peter's birthday, his sixteenth. I was upstairs by eight, and Peter and I looked at his presents. He received a game of Monopoly and a razor.

The biggest surprise came from Mr. van Daan, who reported at one that the English had landed in Tunis, Algiers, Casablanca and Oran."This is the beginning of the end," everyone was saying, but Churchill, the British Prime Minister, who must have heard the same thing being repeated in England, declared, "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning." Do you see the difference? However, there's reason for optimism. Stalingrad, the Russian city that has been under attack for three months, still hasn't fallen into German hands.

In the true spirit of the Annex, I should talk to you about food. (I should explain that they're real gluttons up on the top floor.)

Bread is delivered daily by a very nice baker, a friend of Mr. Kleiman's. Of course, we don't have as much as we did at home, but it's enough. We also purchase ration books on the black market. The price keeps going up; it's already risen from 27 to 33guilders. And that for mere sheets of printed paper!

(November 9, 1942)

(Nutrition)

Food plays an important part in our lives. Our food choices are governed by our hunger, mood, tastes, liking/disliking, culture and perceived nutritional need. It is important to be aware about one's nutritional requirement and the food that we are eating. Adolescence is an age of rapid growth and development. Gain in height and weight happens during this period in *growth*

spurts. These growth spurts escalate the demand for a well balanced diet comprising carbohydrates, proteins, fats, vitamins along with sufficient roughage and water. Calcium and Iron are important minerals required by both adolescent girls and boys. The onset of menstruation imposes additional need for iron in girls.

Our food should largely consist of cereals, millets, pulses, dairy products; raw fruits, vegetables and salads; and moderately fats, fish and eggs. Junk food-aerated drinks, chips, fried food, pizzas, burgers, noodles, cakes and other confectionery items are foods high in Fat, Salt and Sugar. These are very harmful for us and should not be eaten. Besides this, you should drink lots of water and take care to remain physically active. Fortunately, you have the choice of food largely in your hands, unlike Anne.

To provide ourselves with a source of nutrition that will keep, aside from the hundred cans of food we've stored here, we bought three hundred pounds of beans. Not just for us, but for the office staff as well. We'd hung the sacks of beans on hooks in the hallway, just inside our secret entrance, but a few seams split under the weight. So we decided to move them to the attic, and Peter was entrusted with the heavy lifting. He managed to get five of the six sacks upstairs intact and was busy with the last one when the sack broke and a flood, or rather a hailstorm, of brown beans went flying through the air and down the stairs. Since there were about fifty pounds of beans in that sack, it made enough noise to raise the dead. Downstairs they were sure the house was falling down around their heads. Peter was stunned, but then burst into peals of laughter when he saw me standing at the bottom of the stairs, like an island in a sea of brown, with waves of beans lapping at my ankles. We promptly began picking them up, but beans are so small and slippery that they roll into every conceivable corner and hole. Now each time we go upstairs, we bend over and huntaround so we can present Mrs. van Daan with a handful of beans.

I almost forgot to mention that Father has recovered from his illness.

Yours, Anne

P.S. The radio has just announced that Algiers has fallen. Morocco, Casablanca and Oran have been in English hands for several days. We're now waiting for Tunis.

Tuesday, November 10, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Great news! We're planning to take an eighth person into hiding with us! Yes, really. We always thought there was enough room and food for one more person, but we were afraid of placing an even greater burden on Mr. Kugler and Mr. Kleiman. But since reports of the dreadful things being done to the Jews are getting worse by the day, Father decided to sound out these two gentlemen, and they thought it was an excellent plan. "It's just as dangerous, whether there are seven or eight," they noted rightly. Once this was settled, we sat down and mentally went through our circle of acquaintances, trying to come up with a single person who would blend in well with our extended family. This wasn't difficult. After Father had rejected all the van Daan relatives, we chose a dentist named Alfred Dussel. He's known to be quiet and refined, and he seemed, from our superficial acquaintance with him, to be nice. Miep knows him as well, so she'll be able to make the necessary arrangements. If he comes, Mr. Dussel will have to sleep in my room instead of Margot, who will have to make do with the folding bed.*[*After Dussel arrived, Margot slept in her parents' bedroom.] We'll ask him to bring along something to fill cavities with.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, November 12, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Miep came to tell us that she'd been to see Dr. Dussel. He asked her the moment she entered the room if she knew of a hiding place and was enormously pleased when Miep said she had something in mind. She added "that he'd need to go into hiding as soon as possible, preferably Saturday, but he thought this was highly improbable, since he wanted to bring his records up to date, settle his accounts and attend to a couple of patients. Miep relayed the message to us this morning. We didn't think it was wise to wait so long. All these preparations require explanations to various people who we feel ought to be kept in the dark. Miep went to ask if Dr. Dussel couldn't manage to come on Saturday after all, but he said no, and now he's scheduled to arrive on Monday.

I think it's odd that he doesn't jump at our proposal. If they pick him up on the street, it won't help either his records or his patients, so why the delay? If you ask me, it's stupid of Father to humor him. Otherwise, no news.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, November 17, 1942

Dearest Kitty!

Mr. Dussel has arrived. Everything went smoothly. Miep told him to be at a certain place in front of the post office at 11 A.M., when a man would meet him, and he was at the appointed place at the appointed time. Mr. Kleiman went up to him, announced that the man he was expecting to meet was unable to come and asked him to drop by the office to see Miep. Mr. Kleiman took a streetcar back to the office while Mr. Dussel followed on foot.

It was eleven-twenty when Mr. Dussel tapped on the office door. Miep asked him to remove his coat, so the yellow star couldn't be seen, and brought him to the private office, where Mr. Kleiman kept him occupied until the cleaning lady had gone. On the pretext that the private office was needed for something else, Miep took Mr. Dusselupstairs, opened the bookcase and stepped inside, while Mr. Dussel looked on in amazement.

In the meantime, the seven of us had seated ourselves around the dining table to a wait the latest addition to our family with coffee and cognac. Miep first led him into the Frank family's room. He immediately recognized our furniture, but had no idea we were upstairs, just above his head. When Miep told him, he was so astonished henearly fainted. Thank goodness she didn't leave him in suspense any longer, but brought him upstairs. Mr. Dussel sank into a chair and stared at us in dumbstruck silence, as though he thought he could read the truth on our faces. Then he stuttered,"Aber . . . but are you nicht in Belgium? The officer, the auto, they were not coming? Your escape was not working?"

We explained the whole thing to him, about how we'd deliberately spread the rumor of the officer and the car to throw the Germans and anyone else who might come looking for us off the track. Mr. Dussel was speechless in the face of such ingenuity, and could do nothing but gaze around in surprise as he explored the rest of our lovely and ultra practical Annex. We all had lunch together. Then he took a short nap, joined us for tea, put away the few belongings Miep had been able to bring here in advance and began to feel much more at home. Especially when we handed him the following typewritten rules and regulations for the Secret Annex (a van Daan production).

Prospectus and Guide to the Secret Annex

A Unique Facility for the Temporary Accommodation of Jews and Other Dispossessed Persons

Open all year round: Located in beautiful, quiet, wooded surroundings in the heart of Amsterdam. No private residences in the vicinity. Can be reached by streetcar 13 or17 and also by car and bicycle. For those to whom such transportation has been forbidden by the German authorities, it can also be reached on foot. Furnished and unfurnished rooms and apartments are available at all times, with or without meals.

Price: Free.

Diet: Low-fat.

Running water in the bathroom (sorry, no bath) and on various inside and outside walls. Cozy wood stoves for heating. Ample storage space for a variety of goods. Two large, modern safes. Private radio with a direct line to London, New York, Tel Aviv and many other stations. Available to all residents after 6 P.M. No listening to forbidden broadcasts, with certain exceptions, i.e., German stations may only be tuned in to listen to classical music. It is absolutely forbidden to listen to German news bulletins (regardless of where they are transmitted from) and to pass them on to others.

Rest hours: From 10 P.M. to 7:30 A.M.; 10:15 A.M. on Sundays. Owing to circumstances, residents are required to observe rest hours during the daytime when instructed to do so by the Management. To ensure the safety of all, rest hours must be strictly observed!!!

Free-time activities: None allowed outside the house until further notice.

Use of language: It is necessary to speak softly at all times. Only the language ofcivilized people may be spoken, thus no German.

Reading and relaxation: No German books may be read, except for the classics and works of a scholarly nature. Other books are optional.

Calisthenics: Daily.

Singing: Only softly, and after 6 P.M.

Movies: Prior arrangements required.

Classes: A weekly correspondence course in shorthand. Courses in English, French, math and history offered at any hour of the day or night. Payment in the form of tutoring, e.g., Dutch.

Separate department for the care of small household pets (with the exception of vermin, for which special permits are required).

Mealtimes:

Breakfast: At 9 A.M. daily except holidays and Sundays; at approximately 11:30 A.M. on Sundays and holidays.

Lunch: A light meal. From 1:15 P.M. to 1:45 P.M.

Dinner: May or may not be a hot meal.

Mealtime depends on news broadcasts.

Obligations with respect to the Supply Corps: Residents must be prepared to help with office work at all times. Baths: The washtub is available to all residents after 9 A.M. on Sundays. Residents may bathe in the bathroom, kitchen, private office or front office, as they choose.

The end.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, November 19, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Just as we thought, Mr. Dussel is a very nice man. Of course he didn't mind sharing a room with me; to be honest, I'm not exactly delighted at having a stranger use my things, but you have to make sacrifices for a good cause, and I'm glad I can make this small one. "If we can save even one of our friends, the rest doesn't matter," said Father, and he's absolutely right.

The first day Mr. Dussel was here, he asked me all sorts of questions – for example, what time the cleaning lady comes to the office, how we've arranged to use the washroom and when we're allowed to go to the toilet. You may laugh, but these things aren't so easy in a hiding place. During the daytime we can't make any noise that might be heard downstairs, and when someone else is there, like the cleaning lady, we have to be extra careful. I patiently explained all this to Mr. Dussel, but I was surprised to see how slow he is to catch on. He asks everything twice and still can't remember what you've told him.

Maybe he's just confused by the sudden change and he'll get over it. Otherwise, everything is going fine.

Mr. Dussel has told us much about the outside world we've missed for so long. He had sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have been taken off to a dreadfulfate. Night after night, green and gray military vehicles cruise the streets. They knock on every door, asking whether any Jews live there. If so, the

whole family is immediately taken away. If not, they proceed to the next house. It's impossible to escape their clutches unless you go into hiding. They often go around with lists, knocking only on those doors where they know there's a big haul to be made. They frequently offer a bounty, so much per head. It's like the slave hunts of the olden days. I don't mean to make light of this it's much too tragic for that. In the evenings when it's dark, I often see long lines of good, innocent people, accompanied by crying children, walking on and on, ordered about by a handful of men who bully and beat them until they nearly drop. No one is spared. The sick, the elderly, children, babies and pregnant women — all are marched to their death.

We're so fortunate here, away from the turmoil. We wouldn't have to give a moment's thought to all this suffering if it weren't for the fact that we're so worried about those we hold dear, whom we can no longer help. I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while somewhere out there my dearest friends are dropping from exhaustion or being knocked to the ground.

I get frightened myself when I think of close friends who are now at the mercy of the cruelest monsters ever to stalk the earth.

And all because they're Jews.

Yours, Anne

Friday, November 20, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

We don't really know how to react. Up to now very little news about the Jews had reached us here, and we thought it best to stay as cheerful as possible. Every now and then Miep used to mention what had happened to a friend, and Mother or Mrs. van Daan would start to cry, so she decided it was better not to say any more. But we bombarded Mr. Dussel with questions, and the stories he had to tell were so gruesome and dreadful that we can't get them out of our heads. Once we've had time to digest the news, we'll probably go back to our usual joking and teasing. It won't do us or those outside any good if we continue to be as gloomy as we are now. And what would be the point of turning the Secret Annex into a Melancholy Annex?

No matter what I'm doing, I can't help thinking about those who are gone. I catch myself laughing and remember that it's a disgrace to be so cheerful. But am I supposed to spend the whole day crying? No, I can't do that. This gloom will pass.

Added to this misery there's another, but of a more personal nature, and it pales in comparison to the suffering I've just told you about. Still, I can't help telling you that lately I've begun to feel deserted. I'm surrounded by too great a void. I never used to give it much thought, since my mind was filled with my friends and having a good time. Now I think either about unhappy things or about myself. It's taken a while, but I've finally realized that Father, no matter how kind he may be, can't take the place of my former world. When it comes to my feelings, Mother and Margot ceased to count long ago.

But why do I bother you with this foolishness? I'm terribly ungrateful, Kitty, I know, but when I've been scolded for the umpteenth time and have all these other woes to think about as well, my head begins to reel!

Yours, Anne

Saturday, November 28, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

We've been using too much electricity and have now exceeded our ration. The result: excessive economy and the prospect of having the electricity cut off. No light for fourteen days; that's a pleasant thought, isn't it? But who knows, maybe it won't be so long! It's too dark to read after four or four-thirty, so we while away the time with all kinds of crazy activities: telling riddles, doing calisthenics in the dark, speaking English or French, reviewing books — after a while everything gets boring. Yesterday I discovered a new pastime: using a good pair of binoculars to peek into the lighted rooms of the neighbors. During the day our curtains can't be opened, not even an inch, but there's no harm when it's so dark.

I never knew that neighbors could be so interesting. Ours are, at any rate. I've come across a few at dinner, one family making home movies and the dentist across the way working on a frightened old lady.

Mr. Dussel, the man who was said to get along so well with children and to absolutely adore them, has turned out to be an old-fashioned disciplinarian and preacher of unbearably long sermons on manners. Since I have the singular pleasure (!) of sharing my far too narrow room with His Excellency, and since I'm generally considered to be the worst behaved of the three young people, it's all I can do to avoid having the same old scolding and admonitions repeatedly flung at my head and to pretend not to hear. This wouldn't be so bad if Mr. Dussel weren't such a tattletale and hadn't singled out Mother to be the recipient of his reports. If Mr. Dussel's just read me theriot act, Mother lectures me all over

again, this time throwing the whole book at me.

And if I'm really lucky, Mrs. van D. calls me to account five minutes later and lays down the law as well!

Really, it's not easy being the badly brought-up center of attention of a family of nitpickers.

In bed at night, as I ponder my many sins and exaggerated shortcomings, I get so confused by the sheer amount of things I have to consider that I either laugh or cry, depending on my mood. Then I fall asleep with the strange feeling of wanting to be different than I am or being different than I want to be, or perhaps of behaving differently than I am or want to be.

Oh dear, now I'm confusing you too. Forgive me, but I don't like crossing things out, and in these times of scarcity, tossing away a piece of paper is clearly taboo. So I can only advise you notto reread the above passage and to make no attempt to get to the bottom of it, because you'll never find your way out again!

Yours, Anne

Monday, December 7, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Hanukkah and St. Nicholas Day nearly coincided this year; they were only one day apart. We didn't make much of a fuss with Hanukkah, merely exchanging a few small gifts and lighting the candles. Since candles are in short supply, we lit them for only ten minutes, but as long as we sing the song, that doesn't matter. Mr. van Daanmade a menorah out of wood, so that was taken care of too.

St. Nicholas Day on Saturday was much more fun. During dinner Bep and Miep were so busy whispering to Father that our curiosity was aroused and we suspected they were up to something. Sure enough, at eight o'clock we all trooped downstairs through the hall in pitch darkness (it gave me the shivers, and I wished I was safely back upstairs!) to the alcove. We could switch on the light, since this room doesn't have any windows. When that was done, Father opened the big cabinet.

"Oh, how wonderful!" we all cried.

In the corner was a large basket decorated with colorful paper and a mask of Black Peter.

We quickly took the basket upstairs with us. Inside was a little gift for

everyone, including an appropriate verse. Since you're familiar with the kinds of poems people write each other on St. Nicholas Day, I won't copy them down for you.

I received a Kewpie doll, Father got bookends, and so on. Well anyway, it was a nice idea, and since the eight of us had never celebrated St. Nicholas Day before, this was a good time to begin.

Yours, Anne

PS. We also had presents for everyone downstairs, a few things left over from the Good Old Days; plus Miep and Bep are always grateful for money.

Today we heard that Mr. van Daan's ashtray, Mr. Dussel's picture frame and Father's bookends were made by none other than Mr. Voskuijl. How anyone can be so clever with his hands is a mystery to me!

Thursday, December 10, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Mr. van Daan used to be in the meat, sausage and spice business. He was hired for his knowledge of spices, and yet, to our great delight, it's his sausage talents that have come in handy now.

We ordered a large amount of meat (under the counter, of course) that we were planning to preserve in case there were hard times ahead. Mr. van Daan decided to make bratwurst, sausages and mettwurst. I had fun watching him put the meat through the grinder: once, twice, three times. Then he added the

remaining ingredients to the ground meat and used a long pipe to force the mixture into the casings.

We ate the bratwurst with sauerkraut for lunch, but the sausages, which were going to be canned, had to dry first, so we hung them over a pole suspended from the ceiling. Everyone who came into the room burst into laughter when they saw the dangling sausages. It was such a comical sight.

The kitchen was a shambles. Mr. van Daan, clad in his wife's apron and looking fatter than ever, was working away at the meat. What with his bloody hands, red face and spotted apron, he looked like a real butcher. Mrs. D. was trying to do everything at once: learning Dutch out of a book, stirring the soup, watching the meat, sighing and moaning about her broken rib. Dussel had an eye infection and was sitting next to the stove dabbing his eye with chamomile tea. Pim, seated in the one ray of sunshine coming through the window, kept having to move his chair this way and that to stay out of the way. His rheumatism must have been bothering him because he was slightly hunched over and was keeping an eye on Mr. van Daan with an agonized expression on his face. Peter was romping around the room with Mouschi, the cat, while Mother, Margot and I were peeling boiled potatoes. When you get right down to it, none of us were doing our work properly, because we were all so busy watching Mr. van Daan.

Dussel has opened his dental practice. Just for fun, I'll describe the session with his very first patient.

Mother was ironing, and Mrs. van D., the first victim, sat down on a chair in the middle of the room. Dussel, unpacking his case with an air of importance, asked for some eau de cologne, which could be used as a disinfectant, and Vaseline, which would have to do for wax. He looked in Mrs. van D.'s mouth and found two teeth that made her wince with pain and utter incoherent cries every time he touched them. After a lengthy examination (lengthy as far as Mrs. van D. was concerned, since it actually took no longer than two minutes), Dussel began to scrape out a cavity. But Mrs. Van D. had no intention of letting him. She flailed her arms and legs until Dussel finally let go of his probe and it . . . remained stuck in Mrs. van D.'s tooth. That really did it!

Mrs. van D. lashed out wildly in all directions, cried (as much as you can with an instrument like that in your mouth), tried to remove it, but only managed to push itin even farther. Mr. Dussel calmly observed the scene, his hands on his hips, while the rest of the audience roared with laughter. Of course,

that was very mean of us. If it'd been me, I'm sure I would have yelled even louder. After a great deal of squirming, kicking, screaming and shouting, Mrs. van D. finally managed to yank the thing out, and Mr. Dussel went on with his work as if nothing had happened. He was so quick that Mrs. van D. didn't have time to pull any more shenanigans. But then, he had more help than he's ever had before: no fewer than two assistants; Mr. van D. and I performed our job well. The whole scene resembled one of those engravings from the Middle Ages entitled" A Quack at Work." In the meantime, however, the patient was getting restless, since she had to keep an eye on "her" soup and "her"food. One thing is certain: it'll be a while before Mrs. van D. makes another dental appointment!

Yours, Anne

Sunday, December 13, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

I'm sitting here nice and cozy in the front office, peering out through a chink in the heavy curtains. It's dusky, but there's just enough light to write by. It's really strange watching people walk past. They all seem to be in such a hurry that they nearly trip over their own feet. Those on bicycles whiz by so fast I can't even tell who's on the bike. The people in this neighborhood aren't particularly attractive to look at. The children especially are so dirty. Real slum kids with runny noses. I can hardly understand a word they say.

Yesterday afternoon, when Margot and I were taking a bath, I said, "What if we took a fishing rod and reeled in each of those kids one by one as they walked by, stuck them in the tub, washed and mended their clothes and then. . ."

"And then tomorrow they'd be just as dirty and tattered as they were before," Margot replied.

But I'm babbling. There are also other things to look at cars, boats and the rain. I can hear the streetcar and the children and I'm enjoying myself.

Our thoughts are subject to as little change as we are. They're like a merry-go-round, turning from the Jews to food, from food to politics. By the way, speaking of Jews, I saw two yesterday when I was peeking through the curtains. I felt as though I were gazing at one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It gave me such a funny feeling, as if I'd denounced them to the authorities and was now spying on their misfortune.

Across from us is a houseboat. The captain lives there with his wife and children. He has a small yapping dog. We know the little dog only by its bark

and by its tail, which we can see whenever it runs around the deck. Oh, what a shame, it's just started raining and most of the people are hidden under their umbrellas. All I can see are raincoats, and now and again the back of a stocking-capped head. Actually, I don't even need to look. By now I can recognize the women at a glance: dressed in a red or green coat and worn-out shoes, a shopping bag dangling from their arms.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, December 22, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

The Annex was delighted to hear that we'll all be receiving an extra quarter pound of butter for Christmas. According to the newspaper, everyone is entitled to half a pound, but they mean those lucky souls who get their ration books from the government, not Jews in hiding like us who can only afford to buy four rather than eight ration books on the black market. Each of us is going to bake something with the butter. This morning I made two cakes and a batch of cookies. It's very busy upstairs, and Mother has informed me that I'm not to do any studying or reading until all the household chores have been finished.

Mrs. van Daan is lying in bed nursing her bruised rib. She complains all day long, constantly demands that the bandages be changed and is generally dissatisfied with everything. I'll be glad when she gets back on her feet and can clean up after herself because, I must admit, she's extraordinarily hardworking and neat, and as long as she's in good physical and mental condition, she's quite cheerful.

As if I don't hear "shh, shh" enough during the day because I'm always making "too much" noise, my dear roommate has come up with the idea of saying "shh, shh" tome all night too. According to him, I shouldn't even turn over. I refuse to take any notice of him, and the next time he shushes me, I'm going to shush him right back.

He gets more exasperating and egotistical as the days go by. Except for the first week, I haven't seen even one of the cookies he so generously promised me. He's particularly infuriating on Sundays, when he switches on the light at the crack of dawn to exercise for ten minutes.

To me, the torment seems to last for hours, since the chairs I use to make my bed longer are constantly being jiggled under my sleepy head. After rounding off his limbering-up exercises with a few vigorous arm swings, His Lordship

begins dressing.

His underwear is hanging on a hook, so first he lumbers over to get it and then lumbers back, past my bed. But his tie is on the table, so once again he pushes and bumps his way past the chairs.

But I mustn't waste any more of your time griping about old men. It won't help matters anyway. My plans for revenge, such as unscrewing the light bulb, locking the door and hiding his clothes, have unfortunately had to be abandoned in the interests of peace.

Oh, I'm becoming so sensible! We've got to be reasonable about everything we do here: studying, listening, holding our tongues, helping others, being kind, making compromises and I don't know what else! I'm afraid my common sense, which was in short supply to begin with, will be used up too quickly and I won't have any left by the time the war is over.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, January 13, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

This morning I was constantly interrupted, and as a result I haven't been able to finish a single thing I've begun.

We have a new pastime, namely, filling packages with powdered gravy. The gravy is one of Gies & Co.'s products. Mr. Kugler hasn't been able to find anyone else to fill the packages, and besides, it's cheaper if we do the job. It's the kind of work they do in prisons. It's incredibly boring and makes us dizzy and giggly.

Terrible things are happening outside. At any time of night and day, poor helpless people are being dragged out of their homes. They're allowed to take only a knapsack and a little cash with them, and even then, they're robbed of these possessions on the way. Families are torn apart; men, women and children are separated. Children come home from school to find that their parents have disappeared. Women return from shopping to find their houses sealed, their families gone. The Christians in Holland are also living in fear because their sons are being sent to Germany. Everyone is scared. Every night hundreds of planes pass over Holland on their way to German cities, to sow their bombs on German soil. Every hour hundreds, or maybe even thousands, of people are being killed in Russia and Africa. No one can keep out of the conflict, the entire world is at war, and even though the Allies are doing better, the end is nowhere in sight.

As for us, we're quite fortunate. Luckier than millions of people. It's quiet and safe here, and we're using our money to buy food. We're so selfish that we talk about"after the war" and look forward to new clothes and shoes, when actually we should be saving every penny to help others when the war is over, to salvage whatever we can.

The children in this neighborhood run around in thin shirts and wooden shoes. They have no coats, no caps, no stockings and no one to help them. Gnawing on a carrot to still their hunger pangs, they walk from their cold houses through cold streets to an even colder classroom. Things have gotten so bad in Holland that hordes of children stop passers by in the streets to beg for a piece of bread.

I could spend hours telling you about the suffering the war has brought, but I'd only make myself more miserable. All we can do is wait, as calmly as possible, for it to end. Jews and Christians alike are waiting, the whole world is waiting, and many are waiting for death.

Yours, Anne

Saturday, January 30, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

I'm seething with rage, yet I can't show it. I'd like to scream, stamp my foot, give Mother a good shaking, cry and I don't know what else because of the nasty words, mocking looks and accusations that she hurls at me day after day, piercing me like arrows from a tightly strung bow, which are nearly impossible to pull from my body.

I'd like to scream at Mother, Margot, the van Daans, Dussel and Father too: "Leave me alone, let me have at least one night when I don't cry myself to sleep with my eyes burning and my head pounding. Let me get away, away from everything, away from this world!" But I can't do that. I can't let them see my doubts, or the wounds they've inflicted on me. I couldn't bear their sympathy or their good-humoredderision. It would only make me want to scream even more.

Everyone thinks I'm showing off when I talk, ridiculous when I'm silent, insolent when I answer, cunning when I have a good idea, lazy when I'm tired, selfish when I eat one bite more than I should, stupid, cowardly, calculating, etc., etc. All day long I hear nothing but what an exasperating child I am, and although I laugh it off and pretend not to mind, I do mind. I wish I could ask God to give me another personality, one that doesn't antagonize everyone.

But that's impossible. I'm stuck with the character I was born with, and yet I'm sure I'm not a bad person. I do my best to please everyone, more than they'd ever suspect in a million years. When I'm upstairs, I try to laugh it off because I don't want them to see my troubles.

More than once, after a series of absurd reproaches, I've snapped at Mother: "I don't care what you say. Why don't you just wash your hands of me — I'm a hopeless case." Of course, she'd tell me not to talk back and virtually ignore me for two days. Then suddenly all would be forgotten and she'd treat me like everyone else. It's impossible for me to be all smiles one day and venomous the next. I'd rather choose the golden mean, which isn't so golden, and keep my thoughts to myself. Perhaps sometime I'll treat the others with the same contempt as they treat me. Oh, if only I could.

Yours, Anne

Friday, February 5, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Though it's been ages since I've written to you about the squabbles, there's still no change. In the beginning Mr. Dussel took our soon forgotten clashes very seriously, but now he's grown used to them and no longer tries to mediate.

Margot and Peter aren't exactly what you'd call "young"; they're both so quiet and boring. Next to them, I stick out like a sore thumb, and I'm always being told,"Margot and Peter don't act that way. Why don't you follow your sister's example!" I hate that.

I confess that I have absolutely no desire to be like Margot. She's too weak-willedand passive to suit me; she lets herself be swayed by others and always backs down under pressure. I want to have more spunk! But I keep ideas like these to myself.

They'd only laugh at me if I offered this in my defense.

During meals the air is filled with tension. Fortunately, the outbursts are sometimes held in check by the "soup eaters," the people from the office who come up to have a cup of soup for lunch. This afternoon Mr. van Daan again brought up the fact that Margot eats so little. "I suppose you do it to keep your figure," he added in a mocking tone.

Mother, who always comes to Margot's defense, said in a loud voice, "I can't stand that stupid chatter of yours a minute longer."

Mrs. van D. turned red as a beet. Mr. van D. stared straight ahead and said nothing. Still, we often have a good laugh. Not long ago Mrs. van D. was entertaining us with some bit of nonsense or another. She was talking about the past, about how well she got along with her father.

Even Peter, though he's usually quiet, occasionally gives rise to hilarity. He has the misfortune of adoring foreign words without knowing what they mean. One afternoon we couldn't use the toilet because there were visitors in the office. Unable to wait, he went to the bathroom but didn't flush the toilet. To warn us of the unpleasantodor, he tacked a sign to the bathroom door: "RSVP — gas!" Of course, he meant"Danger — gas!" but he thought "RSVP" looked more elegant. He didn't have the faintest idea that it meant "please reply."

Yours, Anne

Saturday, February 27, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Pim is expecting the invasion any day now. Churchill has had pneumonia, but is gradually getting better. Gandhi, the champion of Indian freedom, is on one of his umpteenth hunger strikes.

Mrs. van D. claims she's fatalistic. But who's the most afraid when the guns go off? None other than Petronella van Daan. Jan brought along the episcopal letter that the bishops addressed to their parishioners. It was beautiful and inspiring. "People of the Netherlands, stand up and take action. Each of us must choose our own weapons to fight for the freedom of our country, our people and our religion! Give your help and support. Act now!" This is what they're preaching from the pulpit. Will it do any good? It's definitely too late to help our fellow Jews.

Guess what's happened to us now? The owner of the building sold it without informing Mr. Kugler and Mr. Kleiman. One morning the new landlord arrived with an architect to look the place over. Thank goodness, Mr. Kleiman was in the office. He showed the gentlemen all there was to see, with the exception of the Secret Annex. He claimed he'd left the key at home and the new owner asked no further questions. If only he doesn't come back demanding to see the Annex. In that case, we'll be in big trouble!

Father emptied a card file for Margot and me and filled it with index cards that are blank on one side. This is to become our reading file, in which Margot and I are supposed to note down the books we've read, the author and the date.

I've bought a separate notebook for new words.

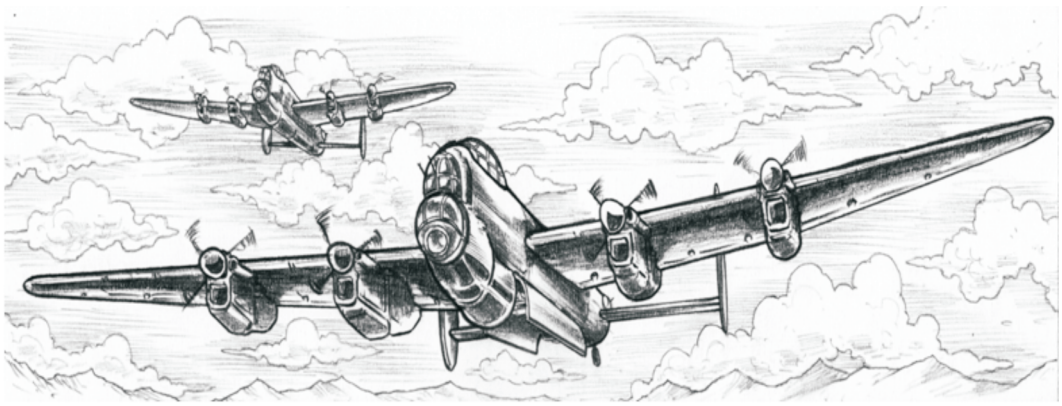
There's a new division of butter and margarine. Each person is to get their portion on their own plate. The distribution is very unfair. The van Daans, who always make breakfast for everyone, give themselves one and a half times more than they do us. My parents are much too afraid of an argument to say anything, which is a shame, because I think people like that should always be given a taste of their own medicine.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, March 4, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Mrs. van D. has a new nickname — we've started calling her Mrs. Beaverbrook. Of course, that doesn't mean anything to you so let me explain. A certain Mr.Beaverbrook often talks on the English radio about what he considers to be the far too lenient bombardment of Germany. Mrs. van Daan, who always contradicts everyone, including Churchill and the news reports, is in complete agreement with Mr. Beaverbrook. So we thought it would be a good idea for her to be married to him, and since she was flattered by the notion, we've decided to call her Mrs. Beaverbrook from now on.



We're getting a new warehouse employee, since the old one is being sent to Germany. That's bad for him but good for us because the new one won't be familiar with the building. We're still afraid of the men who work in the warehouse.

Gandhi is eating again.

The black market is doing a booming business. If we had enough money to pay the ridiculous prices, we could stuff ourselves silly. Our greengrocer buys potatoes from the "Wehrmacht" and brings them in sacks to the private office. Since he suspects we're hiding here, he makes a point of coming during lunchtime, when the warehouse employees are out.

So much pepper is being ground at the moment that we sneeze and cough with every breath we take. Everyone who comes upstairs greets us with an "ah-CHOO." Mrs. VanD. swears she won't go downstairs; one more whiff of pepper and she's going to getsick.

I don't think Father has a very nice business. Nothing but pectin and pepper. As long as you're in the food business, why not make candy?

A veritable thunderstorm of words came crashing down on me again this morning. The air flashed with so many coarse expressions that my ears were ringing with"Anne's bad this" and "van Daans' good that." Fire and brimstone!

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, March 10, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

We had a short circuit last night, and besides that, the guns were booming away untildawn. I still haven't gotten over my fear of planes and shooting, and I crawl into Father's bed nearly every night for comfort. I know it sounds childish, but wait till it happens to you! The ack-ack guns make so much noise you can't hear your own voice. Mrs. Beaverbrook, the fatalist, practically burst into tears and said in a timid little voice, "Oh, it's so awful. Oh, the guns are so loud!" — which is another way of saying "I'm so scared."

It didn't seem nearly as bad by candlelight as it did in the dark. I was shivering, as if I had a fever, and begged Father to relight the candle. He was adamant; there was to be no light. Suddenly we heard a burst of machine-gun fire, and that's ten times worse than antiaircraft guns. Mother jumped out of bed and, to Pim's great annoyance, lit the candle. Her resolute answer to his grumbling was, "After all, Anne is not an ex-soldier!" And that was the end of that!

Have I told you any of Mrs. van D.'s other fears? I don't think so. To keep you upto date on the latest adventures in the Secret Annex, I should tell you this as well. One night Mrs. van D. thought she heard loud footsteps in the attic, and

she was so afraid of burglars, she woke her husband. At that very same moment, the thieves disappeared, and the only sound Mr. van D. could hear was the frightened pounding of his fatalistic wife's heart. "Oh, Putti!" she cried. (Putti is Mrs. van D.'s pet name for her husband.) "They must have taken all our sausages and dried beans. And what about Peter? Oh, do you think Peter's still safe and sound in his bed?"

"I'm sure they haven't stolen Peter. Stop being such a ninny, and let me get back to sleep!"

Impossible. Mrs. van D. was too scared to sleep.

A few nights later the entire van Daan family was awakened by ghostly noises. Peter went to the attic with a flashlight and — scurry, scurry — what do you think he saw running away? A whole slew of enormous rats!

Once we knew who the thieves were, we let Mouschi sleep in the attic and never saw our uninvited guests again. . . at least not at night.

A few evenings ago (it was seven-thirty and still light), Peter went up to the loft to get some old newspapers. He had to hold on tightly to the trapdoor to climb down the ladder. He put down his hand without looking, and nearly fell off the ladder from shock and pain. Without realizing it, he'd put his hand on a large rat, which had bitten him in the arm. By the time he reached us, white as a sheet and with his knees knocking, the blood had soaked through his pajamas. No wonder he was so shaken, since petting a rat isn't much fun, especially when it takes a chunk out of your arm.

Yours, Anne

Friday, March 12, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

May I introduce: Mama Frank, the children's advocate! Extra butter for the youngsters, the problems facing today's youth — you name it, and Mother defends the younger generation. After a skirmish or two, she always gets her way.

One of the jars of pickled tongue is spoiled. A feast for Mouschi and Boche. You haven't met Boche yet, despite the fact that she was here before we went into hiding. She's the warehouse and office cat, who keeps the rats at bay in the storeroom.

Her odd, political name can easily be explained. For a while the firm Gies & Co. had two cats: one for the warehouse and one for the attic. Their paths crossed from time to time, which invariably resulted in a fight. The warehouse cat was always the aggressor, while the attic cat was ultimately the victor, just as in politics. So the warehouse cat was named the German, or "Boche," and the attic cat the Englishman, or "Tommy." Sometime after that they got rid of Tommy, but Boche is always thereto amuse us when we go downstairs.

We've eaten so many brown beans and navy beans that I can't stand to look at them. Just thinking about them makes me sick.

Our evening serving of bread has been canceled.

Daddy just said that he's not in a very cheerful mood. His eyes look so sad again, the poor man!

I can't tear myself away from the book 'A Knock at the Door' by Ina Bakker Boudier. This family saga is extremely well written, but the parts dealing with war, writers and the emancipation of women aren't very good. To be honest, these subjects don't interest me much.

Terrible bombing raids on Germany. Mr. van Daan is grouchy. The reason: the cigarette shortage.

The debate about whether or not to start eating the canned food ended in our favor. I can't wear any of my shoes, except my ski boots, which are not very practical around the house. A pair of straw thongs that were purchased for 6.50 guilders war-worn down to the soles within a week. Maybe Miep will be able to scrounge up something on the black market.

It's time to cut Father's hair. Pim swears that I do such a good job he'll never go to another barber after the war. If only I didn't nick his ear so often!

Yours, Anne

Thursday, March 18, 1943

My dearest Kitty,

Turkey's entered the war. Great excitement. Anxiously awaiting radio reports.

Friday, March 19, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

In less than an hour, joy was followed by disappointment. Turkey hasn't entered the war yet. It was only a cabinet minister talking about Turkey giving up its neutrality sometime soon. The newspaper vendor in Dam Square was shouting "Turkey on England's side!" and the papers were being snatched out of his hands. This was how we'd heard the encouraging rumor.

Thousand-guilder notes are being declared invalid. That'll be a blow to the black marketers and others like them, but even more to people in hiding and anyone else with money that can't be accounted for. To turn in a thousand-guilder bill, you have to be able to state how you came by it and provide proof. They can still be used to pay taxes, but only until next week. The five-hundred notes will lapse at the same time. Gies & Co. still had some unaccounted-for thousand-guilder bills, which they used to pay their estimated taxes for the coming years, so everything seems to be aboveboard.

Dussel has received an old-fashioned, foot-operated dentist's drill. That means I'llprobably be getting a thorough checkup soon.

Dussel is terribly lax when it comes to obeying the rules of the house. Not only doeshe write letters to his Charlotte, he's also carrying on a chatty correspondence with various other people. Margot, the Annex's Dutch teacher, has been correcting these letters for him. Father has forbidden him to keep up the practice and Margot has stopped correcting the letters, but I think it won't be long before he starts up again.

The Fuhrer has been talking to wounded soldiers. We listened on the radio, and it was pathetic. The questions and answers went something like this:

"My name is Heinrich Scheppel."

"Where were you wounded?"

"Near Stalingrad."

"What kind of wound is it?"

"Two frostbitten feet and a fracture of the left arm."

This is an exact report of the hideous puppet show aired on the radio. The wounded seemed proud of their wounds — the more the better. One was so beside himself at the thought of shaking hands (I presume he still had one) with the Fuhrer that he could barely say a word.

I happened to drop Dussel's soap on the floor and step on it. Now there's a

whole piece missing. I've already asked Father to compensate him for the damages, especially since Dussel only gets one bar of inferior wartime soap a month.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, March 25, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Mother, Father, Margot and I were sitting quite pleasantly together last night when Peter suddenly came in and whispered in Father's ear. I caught the words "a barrel falling over in the warehouse" and "someone fiddling with the door."

Margot heard it too, but was trying to calm me down, since I'd turned white as chalk and was extremely nervous. The three of us waited while Father and Peter went downstairs. A minute or two later Mrs. van Daan came up from where she'd been listening to the radio and told us that Pim had asked her to turn it off and tiptoe upstairs. But you know what happens when you're trying to be quiet — the old stairs creaked twice as loud. Five minutes later Peter and Pim, the color drained from their faces, appeared again to relate their experiences.

They had positioned themselves under the staircase and waited. Nothing happened. Then all of a sudden they heard a couple of bangs, as if two doors had been slammed shut inside the house. Pim bounded up the stairs, while Peter went to warn Dussel, who finally presented himself upstairs, though not without kicking up a fussand making a lot of noise. Then we all tiptoed in our stockinged feet to the van Daanson the next floor. Mr. van D. had a bad cold and had already gone to bed, so we gathered around his bedside and discussed our suspicions in a whisper. Every time Mr. van D. coughed loudly, Mrs. van D. and I nearly had a nervous fit. He kept coughing until someone came up with the bright idea of giving him codeine. His cough subsided immediately.

Once again we waited and waited, but heard nothing. Finally we came to the conclusion that the burglars had taken to their heels when they heard footsteps in an otherwise quiet building. The problem now was that the chairs in the private office were neatly grouped around the radio, which was tuned to England. If the burglars had forced the door and the air-raid wardens were to notice it and call the police, there could be very serious repercussions. So Mr. van

Daan got up, pulled on his coat and pants, put on his hat and cautiously followed Father down the stairs, with Peter(armed with a heavy hammer, to be on the safe side) right behind him. The ladies(including Margot and me) waited in suspense until the men returned five minutes later and reported that there was no sign of any activity in the building. We agreed not to run any water or flush the toilet; but since everyone's stomach was churning from all the tension, you can imagine the stench after we'd each had a turn in the bathroom.

Incidents like these are always accompanied by other disasters, and this was no exception. Number one: the Westertoren bells stopped chiming, and I'd always found them so comforting. Number two: Mr. Voskuijlleft early last night, and we weren't sure if he'd given Bep the key and she'd forgotten to lock the door.

But that was of little importance now. The night had just begun, and we still weren't sure what to expect. We were somewhat reassured by the fact that between eight-fifteen — when the burglar had first entered the building and put our lives in jeopardy, and ten-thirty, we hadn't heard a sound. The more we thought about it, the less likely it seemed that a burglar would have forced a door so early in the evening, when there were still people out on the streets. Besides that, it occurred to us that the warehouse manager at the Keg Company next door might still have been at work.

What with the excitement and the thin walls, it's easy to mistake the sounds. Besides, your imagination often plays tricks on you in moments of danger.So we went to bed, though not to sleep. Father and Mother and Mr. Dussel were awake most of the night, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that I hardly got a winkof sleep. This morning the men went downstairs to see if the outside door was still locked, but all was well!

Of course, we gave the entire office staff a blow-by-blow account of the incident, which had been far from pleasant. It's much easier to laugh at these kinds of things after they've happened, and Bep was the only one who took us seriously.

Yours, Anne

PS. This morning the toilet was clogged, and Father had to stick in a long wooden pole and fish out several pounds of excrement and strawberry recipes (which is what we use for toilet paper these days). Afterward we burned the pole.

Saturday, March 27, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

We've finished our shorthand course and are now working on improving our speed. Aren't we smart! Let me tell you more about my "time killers" (this is what I call my courses, because all we ever do is try to make the days go by as quickly as possible so we are that much closer to the end of our time here). I adore mythology, especially the Greek and Roman gods. Everyone here thinks my interest is just a passing fancy, since they've never heard of a teenager with an appreciation of mythology. Well then, I guess I'm the first!

Mr. van Daan has a cold. Or rather, he has a scratchy throat, but he's making an enormous to-do over it. He gargles with chamomile tea, coats the roof of his mouth with a tincture of myrrh and rubs Mentholatum over his chest, nose, gums and tongue. And to top it off, he's in a foul mood!

Rauter, some German bigwig, recently gave a speech. "All Jews must be out of the German-occupied territories before July 1. The province of Utrecht will be cleansed of Jews [as if they were cockroaches] between April 1 and May 1, and the provinces of North and South Holland between May 1 and June 1." These poor people are being shipped off to filthy slaughterhouses like a herd of sick and neglected cattle. But I'll say no more on the subject. My own thoughts give me nightmares!

One good piece of news is that the Labor Exchange was set on fire in an act of sabotage. A few days later the County Clerk's Office also went up in flames. Men posing as German police bound and gagged the guards and managed to destroy some important documents.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, April 1, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

I'm not really in the mood for pranks (see the date).

On the contrary, today I can safely quote the saying" Misfortunes never come singly."First, Mr. Kleiman, our merry sunshine, had another bout of gastrointestinal hemorrhaging yesterday and will have to stay in bed for at least three weeks. I should tell you that his stomach has been bothering him quite a bit, and there's nocure. Second, Bep has the flu. Third, Mr. Voskuijl has to go to the hospital next week.

He probably has an ulcer and will have to undergo surgery. Fourth, the managers of Pomosin Industries came from Frankfurt to discuss the new Opekta deliveries. Father had gone through the important points with Mr. Kleiman, and there wasn't enough time to give Mr. Kugler a thorough briefing.

The gentlemen arrived from Frankfurt, and Father was already shaking at the thought of how the talks would go. "If only I could be there, if only I were downstairs," he exclaimed.

"Go lie down with your ear to the floor. They'll be brought to the private office, and you'll be able to hear everything.'

Father's face cleared, and yesterday morning at ten-thirty Margot and Pim (two ears are better than one) took up their posts on the floor. By noon the talks weren't finished, but Father was in no shape to continue his listening campaign. He was in agony from having to lie for hours in such an unusual and uncomfortable position. At two-thirty, we heard voices in the hall, and I took his place; Margot kept me company. The conversation was so long-winded and boring that I suddenly fell asleep on the cold, hard linoleum. Margot didn't dare touch me for fear they'd hear us, and of course she couldn't shout. I slept for a good half hour and then awoke with a start, having forgotten every word of the important discussion. Luckily, Margot had paid more attention.

Yours, Anne

Friday, April 2, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Oh my, another item has been added to my list of sins. Last night was lying in bed, waiting for Father to tuck me in and say my prayers with me, when Mother came into the room, sat on my bed and asked very gently, "Anne, Daddy isn't ready. How about if I listen to your prayers tonight?"

"No, Momsy," I replied.

Mother got up, stood beside my bed for a moment and then slowly walked toward the door. Suddenly she turned, her face contorted with pain, and said, "I don't want to be angry with you. I can't make you love me!" A few tears slid down her cheeks as she went out the door.

I lay still, thinking how mean it was of me to reject her so cruelly, but I also knew that I was incapable of answering her any other way. I can't be a hypocrite and pray with her when I don't feel like it. It just doesn't work that way. I felt sorry for Mother — very, very sorry — because for the first time in my life I noticed she wasn't indifferent to my coldness. I saw the sorrow on her face when she talked about not being able to make me love her. It's hard to tell the truth, and yet the truth is that she's the one who's rejected me. She's the one whose comments and jokes about matters I don't think are funny have made me insensitive to any sign of love on her part. Just as my heart sinks every time I hear her harsh words, that' show her heart sank when she realized there was no more love between us.

She cried half the night and didn't get any sleep. Father has avoided looking at me, and if his eyes do happen to cross mine, I can read his unspoken words: "How can you be so unkind? How dare you make your mother so sad!"

Everyone expects me to apologize, but this is not something I can apologize for, because I told the truth, and sooner or later Mother was bound to find out anyway. I seem to be indifferent to Mother's tears and Father's glances, and I am, because both of them are now feeling what I've always felt. I can only feel sorry for Mother, who will have to figure out what her attitude should be all by herself. For my part, I will continue to remain silent and aloof, and I don't intend to shrink from the truth, because the longer it's postponed, the harder it will be for them to accept it when they do hear it!

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, April 27, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

The house is still trembling from the aftereffects of the quarrels. Everyone is mad at everyone else: Mother and I, Mr. van Daan and Father, Mother and Mrs.

van D. Terrific atmosphere, don't you think? Once again Anne's usual list of shortcomings has been extensively aired.

Our German visitors were back last Saturday. They stayed until six. We all sat upstairs, not daring to move an inch. If there's no one else working in the building or in the neighborhood, you can hear every single step in the private office. I've got ants in my pants again from having to sit still so long.

Mr. Voskuijl has been hospitalized, but Mr. Kleiman's back at the office. His stomach stopped bleeding sooner than it normally does. He told us that the County Clerk's Office took an extra beating because the firemen flooded the entire building instead of just putting out the fire. That does my heart good!

The Carlton Hotel has been destroyed. Two British planes loaded with firebombs landed right on top of the German Officers' Club. The entire corner of Vijzelstraat and Singel has gone up inflames. The number of air strikes on German cities is increasing daily. We haven't had a good night's rest in ages, and I have bags under my eyes from lack of sleep.

Our food is terrible. Breakfast consists of plain, unbuttered bread and ersatz coffee. For the last two weeks lunch has been spinach or cooked lettuce with huge potatoes that have a rotten, sweetish taste. If you're trying to diet, the Annex is the place to be! Upstairs they complain bitterly, but we don't think it's such a tragedy.

All the Dutch men who either fought or were mobilized in 1940 have been called upto work in prisoner-of-war camps. I bet they're taking this precaution because of the invasion!

Yours, Anne

Saturday, May 1, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Yesterday was Dussel's birthday. At first he acted as if he didn't want to celebrate it, but when Miep arrived with a large shopping bag overflowing with gifts, he was as excited as a little kid. His darling' 'Lotje" has sent him eggs, butter, cookies, lemonade, bread, cognac, spice cake, flowers, oranges, chocolate, books and writing paper. He piled his presents on a table and displayed them for no fewer than three days, the silly old goat!

You mustn't get the idea that he's starving. We found bread, cheese, jam and eggs in his cupboard. It's absolutely disgraceful that Dussel, whom we've

treated with such kindness and whom we took in to save from destruction, should stuff himself behind our backs and not give us anything. After all, we've shared all we had with him! But what's worse, in our opinion, is that he's so stingy with respect to Mr. Kleiman, Mr.Voskuijl and Bep. He doesn't give them a thing. In Dussel's view the oranges that Kleiman so badly needs for his sick stomach will benefit his own stomach even more.

Tonight the guns have been banging away so much that I've already had to gather up my belongings four times. Today I packed a suitcase with the stuff I'd need in case we had to flee, but as Mother correctly noted,"Where would you go?"

All of Holland is being punished for the workers' strikes. Martial law has been declared, and everyone is going to get one less butter coupon. What naughty children. I washed Mother's hair this evening, which is no easy task these days. We have to use a very sticky liquid cleanser because there's no more shampoo. Besides that, Moms had a hard time combing her hair because the family comb has only ten teeth left.

Yours, Anne

Sunday, May 2, 1943

When I think about our lives here, I usually come to the conclusion that we live in a paradise compared to the Jews who aren't in hiding. All the same, later on, when everything has returned to normal, I'll probably wonder how we, who always lived in such comfortable circumstances, could have "sunk" so low. With respect to manners, I mean. For example, the same oilcloth has covered the dining table ever since we've been here. After so much use, it's hardly what you'd call spotless. I do my best to clean it, but since the dishcloth was also purchased before we went into hiding and consists of more holes than cloth, it's a thankless task. The van Daans have been sleeping all winter long on the same flannel sheet, which can't be washed because detergent is rationed and in short supply. Besides, it's of such poor quality that it's practically useless. Father is walking around in frayed trousers, and his tie is also showing signs of wear and tear. Mama's corset snapped today and is beyond repair. Mother and Margot have shared the same three undershorts the entire winter, and mine are so small they don't even cover my stomach. These are all things that can be overcome, but I sometimes wonder: how can we, whose every possession, from my underpants to Father's shaving brush, is so old and worn, ever hope to regain the position we had before the war?

Sunday, May 2, 1943

The Attitude of the Annex Residents Toward the War

Mr. van Daan. In the opinion of us all, this revered gentleman has great insight into politics. Nevertheless, he predicts we'll have to stay here until the end of '43. That's a very long time, and yet it's possible to hold out until then. But who can assure us that this war, which has caused nothing but pain and sorrow, will then be over? And that nothing will have happened to us and our helpers long before that time? No one!

That's why each and every day is filled with tension. Expectation and hope generate tension, as does fear — for example, when we hear a noise inside or outside the house, when the guns go off or when we read new "proclamations" in the paper, since we're afraid our helpers might be forced to go into hiding themselves sometime. These days everyone is talking about having to hide. We don't know how many people are actually in hiding; of course, the number is relatively small compared to the general population, but later on we'll no doubt be astonished at how many good people in Holland were willing to take Jews and Christians, with or without money, into their homes. There're also an unbelievable number of people with false identity papers.

Mrs. van Daan. When this beautiful damsel (by her own account) heard that it was getting easier these days to obtain false IDs, she immediately proposed that we each have one made. As if there were nothing to it, as if Father and Mr. van Daan were made of money.

Mrs. van Daan is always sating the most ridiculous things, and her Putti is often exasperated. But that's not surprising, because one day Kerli announces, "When this is allover, I'm going to have myself baptized"; and the next, "As long as I can remember, I've wanted to go to Jerusalem. I only feel at home with other Jews!"

Pim is a big optimist, but he always has his reasons.

Mr. Dussel makes up everything as he goes along, and anyone wishing to contradict His Majesty had better think twice. In Alfred Dussel's home his word is law, but that doesn't suit Anne Frank in the least.

What the other members of the Annex family think about the war doesn't matter.

When it comes to politics, these four are the only ones who count. Actually, only two of them do, but Madame van Daan and Dussel include themselves as well.

Tuesday, May 18, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

I recently witnessed a fierce dogfight between German and English pilots. Unfortunately, a couple of Allied airmen had to jump out of their burning plane. Our milkman, who lives in Halfweg, saw four Canadians sitting along the side of the road, and one of them spoke fluent Dutch. He asked the milkman if he had a light for his cigarette, and then told him the crew had consisted of six men. The pilot had been burned to death, and the fifth crew member had hidden himself somewhere. The German Security Police came to pick up the four remaining men, none of whom were injured. After parachuting out of a flaming plane, how can anyone have such presence of mind?

Although it's undeniably hot, we have to light a fire every other day to burn our vegetable peelings and garbage. We can't throw anything into trash cans, because the warehouse employees might see it. One small act of carelessness and we're done for! All college students are being asked to sign an official statement to the effect that they "sympathize with the Germans and approve of the New Order." Eighty percent have decided to obey the dictates of their conscience, but the penalty will be severe. Any student refusing to sign will be sent to a German labor camp. What's to become of the youth of our country if they've all got to do hard labor in Germany?

Last night the guns were making so much noise that Mother shut the window; I was in Pim's bed. Suddenly, right above our heads, we heard Mrs. van D. leap up, as if she'd been bitten by Mouschi. This was followed by a loud boom, which sounded as ifa firebomb had landed beside my bed. "Lights! Lights!" I screamed. Pim switched on the lamp. I expected the room to burst into flames any minute. Nothing happened. We all rushed upstairs to see what was going on. Mr. and Mrs. Van D. had seen a red glow through the open window, and he thought there was a fire nearby, while she was certain our house was ablaze. Mrs. van D. was already standing beside her bed with her knees knocking when the boom came. Dussel stayed upstairs to smoke a cigarette, and we crawled back into bed. Less than fifteen minutes later the shooting started again. Mrs. van D. sprang out of bed and went downstairs to Dussel' s room. Dussel welcomed her we burst into peals of laughter, and the roar of the guns bothered us no more; our fears had all been swept away.

Yours, Anne

Sunday, June 13, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

The poem Father composed for my birthday is too nice to keep to myself. Since Pim writes his verses only in German, Margot volunteered to translate it into Dutch. See for yourself whether Margot hasn't done herself proud. It begins with the usual summary of the year's events and then continues:

As youngest among us, but small no more,
Your life can be trying, for we have the chore
Of becoming your teachers, a terrible bore.
"We've got experience! Take it from me!"
"We've done this all before, you see.
We know the ropes, we know the same."
Since time immemorial, always the same.
One's own shortcomings are nothing but fluff,
But everyone else's are heavier stuff:
Faultfinding comes easy when this is our plight,
But it's hard for your parents, try as they might,
To treat you with fairness, and kindness as well;
Nitpicking's a habit that's hard to dispel.
Men you're living with old folks, all you can do
Is put up with their nagging — it's hard but it's true.
The pill may be bitter, but down it must go,
For it's meant to keep the peace, you know.
The many months here have not been in vain,
Since wasting time goes against your Brain.
You read and study nearly all the day,
Determined to chase the boredom away.
The more difficult question, much harder to bear,
Is "What on earth do I have to wear?
I've got no more panties, my clothes are too tight,
My shirt is a loincloth, I'm really a saint!
To put on my shoes I must off my toes,

Oh dear, I'm plagued with so many woes!"

Margot had trouble getting the part about food to rhyme, so I'm leaving it out. But aside from that, don't you think it's a good poem? For the rest, I've been thoroughly spoiled and have received a number of lovely presents, including a big book on my favorite subject, Greek and Roman mythology. Nor can I complain about the lack of candy; everyone had dipped into their last reserves. As the Benjamin of the Annex, I got more than I deserve.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, June 15, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Heaps of things have happened, but I often think I'm boring you with my dreary chitchat and that you'd just as soon have fewer letters. So I'll keep the news brief. Mr. Voskuijl wasn't operated on for his ulcer after all. Once the doctors had him on the operating table and opened him up, they saw that he had cancer. It was in such an advanced stage that an operation was pointless. So they stitched him up again, kept him in the hospital for three weeks, fed him well and sent him back home. But they made an unforgivable error: they told the poor man exactly what was in store for him. He can't work anymore, and he's just sitting at home, surrounded by his eight children, brooding about his approaching death. I feel very sorry for him and hate not being able to go out; otherwise, I'd visit him as often as I could and help take his mind off matters. Now the good man can no longer let us know what's being said and done in the warehouse, which is a disaster for us. Mr. Voskuijl was our greatest source of help and support when it came to safety measures. We miss him very much. Next month it's our turn to hand over our radio to the authorities. Mr. Kleiman has a small set hidden in his home that he's giving us to replace our beautiful cabinet radio. It's a pity we have to turn in our big Philips, but when you're in hiding, you can't afford to bring the authorities down on your heads. Of course, we'll put the "baby"radio upstairs. What's a clandestine radio when there are already clandestine Jews and clandestine money?

All over the country people are trying to get hold of an old radio that they can handover instead of their "morale booster." It's true: as the reports from outside grow worse and worse, the radio, with its wondrous voice, helps us not to lose heart and to keep telling ourselves, "Cheer up, keep your spirits high, things are bound to get better!"

Yours, Anne

Sunday, July 11, 1943

Dear Kitty,

To get back to the subject of child-rearing (for the umpteenth time), let me tell you that I'm doing my best to be helpful, friendly and kind and to do all I can to keep the rain of rebukes down to a light drizzle. It's not easy trying to behave like a model child with people you can't stand, especially when you don't mean a word of it. But I can see that a little hypocrisy gets me a lot further than my old method of saying exactly what I think (even though no one ever asks my opinion or cares one way or another). Of course, I often forget my role and find it impossible to curb my anger when they're unfair, so that they spend the next month saying the most impertinent girl in the world. Don't you think I'm to be pitied sometimes? It's a good thing I'm not the grouchy type, because then I might become sour and bad-tempered. I can usually see the humorous side of their scolding, but it's easier when somebody else is being raked over the coals.

Further, I've decided (after a great deal of thought) to drop the shorthand. First, so that I have more time for my other subjects, and second, because of my eyes. That's a sad story. I've become very nearsighted and should have had glasses ages ago.(Ugh, won't I look like a dope!). But as you know, people in hiding can't. . .Yesterday all anyone here could talk about was Anne's eyes, because Mother had suggested I go to the ophthalmologist with Mrs. Kleiman. Just hearing this made my knees weak, since it's no small matter. Going outside! Just think of it, walking down the street! I can't imagine it. I was petrified at first, and then glad. But it's not as simple as all that; the various authorities who had to approve such a step were unable to reach a quick decision. They first had to carefully weigh all the difficulties and risks, though Miep was ready to set off immediately with me in tow. In the meantime, I'd taken my gray coat from the closet, but it was so small it looked as if it might have belonged to my little sister. We lowered the hem, but I still couldn't button it.

I'm really curious to see what they decide, only I don't think they'll ever work out a plan, because the British have landed in Sicily and Father's all set for a "quick finish."Bep's been giving Margot and me a lot of office work to do. It makes us both feel important, and it's a big help to her. Anyone can file letters and make entries in a sales book, but we do it with remarkable accuracy.

Miep has so much to carry she looks like a pack mule. She goes forth nearly everyday to scrounge up vegetables, and then bicycles back with her purchases in large shopping bags. She's also the one who brings five library books with her every Saturday. We long for Saturdays because that means books. We're like a

bunch of little kids with a present. Ordinary people don't know how much books can mean to someone who's cooped up. Our only diversions are reading, studying and listening to the radio.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, July 13, 1943

The Best Little Table

Yesterday afternoon Father gave me permission to ask Mr. Dussel whether he would please be so good as to allow me (see how polite I am?) to use the table in our room two afternoons a week, from four to five-thirty. I already sit there every day from two-thirty to four while Dussel takes a nap, but the rest of the time the room and the table are off-limits to me. It's impossible to study next door in the afternoon, because there's too much going on. Besides, Father sometimes likes to sit at the desk during the afternoon.

So it seemed like a reasonable request, and I asked Dussel very politely. What do you think the learned gentleman's reply was? "No." Just plain "No!"I was incensed and wasn't about to let myself be put off like that. I asked him the reason for his "No," but this didn't get me anywhere. The gist of his reply was: "I have to study too, you know, and if I can't do that in the afternoons, I won't be able to fit it in at all. I have to finish the task I've set for myself; otherwise, there's no point in starting. Besides, you aren't serious about your studies. Mythology – what kind of work is that? Reading and knitting don't count either. I use that table and I'm not going to give it up!"I replied, "Mr. Dussel, I do take my work seriously. I can't study next door in the afternoons, and I would appreciate it if you would reconsider my request!"

Having said these words, the insulted Anne turned around and pretended the learned doctor wasn't there. I was seething with rage and felt that Dussel had been incredibly rude (which he certainly had been) and that I'd been very polite. That evening, when I managed to get hold of Pim, I told him what had happened and we discussed what my next step should be, because I had no intention of giving up and preferred to deal with the matter myself. Pim gave me a rough idea of how to approach Dussel, but cautioned me to wait until the next day, since I was in such aflap. I ignored this last piece of advice and waited for Dussel after the dishes had been done. Pim was sitting next door and that had a calming effect. I began, "Mr. Dussel, you seem to believe further discussion of the matter is pointless, but I beg you to reconsider."Dussel gave me his most charming smile and said, "I'm always prepared to discuss the matter, even though it's

already been settled."

I went on talking, despite Dussel's repeated interruptions. When you first came here,"I said, "we agreed that the room was to be shared by the two of us. If we were to divide it fairly, you'd have the entire morning and I'd have the entire afternoon! I'm not asking for that much, but two afternoons a week does seem reasonable to me."

Dussel leapt out of his chair as if he'd sat on a pin. "You have no business talking about your rights to the room. Where am I supposed to go? Maybe I should ask Mr. van Daan to build me a cubbyhole in the attic. You're not the only one who can't find a quiet place to work. You're always looking for a fight. If your sister Margot, who has more right to work space than you do, had come to me with the same request, I'd never even have thought of refusing, but you. . ."

And once again he brought up the business about the mythology and the knitting, and once again Anne was insulted. However, I showed no sign of it and let Dussel finish:"But no, it's impossible to talk to you. You're shamefully self-centered. No one else matters, as long as you get your way. I've never seen such a child. But after all is said and done, I'll be obliged to let you have your way, since I don't want people saying later on that Anne Frank failed her exams because Mr. Dussel refused to relinquish his table!"

He went on and on until there was such a deluge of words I could hardly keep up. For one fleeting moment I thought, "Him and his lies. I'll smack his ugly mug so hard he'll go bouncing off the wall!" But the next moment I thought, "Calm down, he's not worth getting so upset about!"

At long last Mr. Dussel' s fury was spent, and he left the room with an expression of triumph mixed with wrath, his coat pockets bulging with food. I went running over to Father and recounted the entire story, or at least those part she hadn't been able to follow himself. Pim decided to talk to Dussel that very same evening, and they spoke for more than half an hour.

They first discussed whether Anne should be allowed to use the table, yes or no. Father said that he and Dussel had dealt with the subject once before, at which time he'd professed to agree with Dussel because he didn't want to contradict the elder in front of the younger, but that, even then, he hadn't thought it was fair. Dussel felt I had no right to talk as if he were an intruder laying claim to everything in sight. But Father protested strongly, since he

himself had heard me say nothing of the kind. And so the conversation went back and forth, with Father defending my "selfishness" and my "busywork" and Dussel grumbling the whole time.

Dussel finally had to give in, and I was granted the opportunity to work without interruption two afternoons a week. Dussel looked very sullen, didn't speak to me for two days and made sure he occupied the table from five to five-thirty — all very childish, of course.

Anyone who's so petty and pedantic at the age of fifty-four was born that way and is never going to change.

Friday, July 16, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

There's been another break-in, but this time a real one! Peter went down to the warehouse this morning at seven, as usual, and noticed at once that both the warehouse door and the street door were open. He immediately reported this to Pim, who went to the private office, tuned the radio to a German station and locked the door. Then they both went back upstairs. In such cases our orders are not to was hour selves or run any water, to be quiet, to be dressed by eight and not to go to the bathroom," and as usual we followed these to the letter. We were all glad we'd slept so well and hadn't heard anything. For a while we were indignant because no one from the office came upstairs the entire morning; Mr. Kleiman left us on tenterhooks until eleven-thirty. He told that the burglars had forced the outside door and the warehouse door with a crowbar, but when they didn't find anything worth stealing, they tried their luck on the next floor. They stole two cashboxes containing 40 guilders, blank checkbooks and, worst of all, coupons for 330 pounds of sugar, our entire allotment. It won't be easy to wangle new ones.

Mr. Kugler thinks this burglar belongs to the same gang as the one who made an unsuccessful attempt six weeks ago to open all three doors (the warehouse door and the two outside doors).

The burglary caused another stir, but the Annex seems to thrive on excitement. Naturally, we were glad the cash register and the typewriters had been safely tucked away in our clothes closet.

Yours, Anne

PS. Landing in Sicily. Another step closer to the . . . !

Monday, July 19,1943

Dearest Kitty,

North Amsterdam was very heavily bombed on Sunday. There was apparently a great deal of destruction. Entire streets are in ruins, and it will take a while for them to dig out all the bodies. So far there have been two hundred dead and countless wounded; the hospitals are bursting at the seams. We've been told of children searching forlornly in the smoldering ruins for their dead parents. It still makes me shiver to think of the dull, distant drone that signified the approaching destruction.

Friday, July 23, 1943

Bep is currently able to get hold of notebooks, especially journals and ledgers, useful for my bookkeeping sister! Other kinds are for sale as well, but don't ask what they're like or how long they'll last. At the moment \they're all labeled "No Coupons Needed!" Like everything else you can purchase without ration stamps, they're I totally worthless. They consist of twelve sheets of gray I paper with narrow lines that slant across the page. Margot is thinking about taking a course in calligraphy; I've advised her to go ahead and do it. Mother won't let me because of my eyes, but I think that's silly. Whether do I that or something else, it all comes down to the same thing. Since you've never been through a war, Kitty, and since you know very little about life in hiding, in spite of my letters, let me tell you, just for fun, what we each want to do first when we're able to go outside again.

Margot and Mr. van Daan wish, above all else, to have a hot bath, filled to the brim, which they can lie in for more than half an hour. Mrs. van Daan would like a cake, Dussel can think of nothing but seeing his Charlotte, and Mother is dying for a cup of real coffee. Father would like to visit Mr. Voskuijl, Peter would go downtown, and as for me, I'd be so overjoyed I wouldn't know where to begin.

Most of all I long to have a home of our own, to be able to move around freely and have someone help me with my homework again, at last. In other words, to go back to school!

Bep has offered to get us some fruit, at so-called bargain prices: grapes 2.50 guilders a pound,

gooseberries 70 cents a pound, one peach 50 cents, melons 75 cents a pound. No wonder the papers write every evening in big, fat letters: "Keep Prices Down!"

Monday, July 26, 1943

Dear Kitty,

Yesterday was a very tumultuous day, and we're still all wound up. Actually, you may wonder if there's ever a day that passes without some kind of excitement. The first warning siren went off in the morning while we were at breakfast, but we paid no attention, because it only meant that the planes were crossing the coast. I had a terrible headache, so I lay down for an hour after breakfast and then went to the office at around two.

At two-thirty Margot had finished her office work and was just gathering her things together when the sirens began wailing again. So she and I trooped back up stairs. None too soon, it seems, for less than five minutes later the guns were booming so loudly that we went and stood in the hall. The house shook and the bombs kept falling. I was clutching my "escape bag," more because I wanted to have something to hold on to than because I wanted to run away. I know we can't leave here, but if we had to, being seen on the streets would be just as dangerous as getting caught in an air raid. After half an hour the drone of engines faded and the house began to humwith activity again. Peter emerged from his lookout post in the front attic, Dussel remained in the front office, Mrs. van D. felt safest in the private office, Mr. van Daan had been watching from the loft, and those of us on the landing spread out to watch the columns of smoke rising from the harbor. Before long the smell of fire was everywhere, and outside it looked as if the city were enveloped in a thick fog.

A big fire like that is not a pleasant sight, but fortunately for us it was all over, and we went back to our various chores. Just as we were starting dinner: another air-raidalarm. The food was good, but I lost my appetite the moment I heard the siren. Nothing happened, however, and forty-five minutes later the all clear was sounded. After the dishes had been washed: another air-raid warning, gunfire and swarms of planes. "Oh, gosh, twice in one day," we thought, "that's twice in one day," we thought, "that's twice too many." Little good that did us, because once again the bombs rained down, this time on the others of the city. According to British reports, Schiphol Airport was bombed. The planes dived and climbed, the air was abuzz with the drone of engines. It was very scary, and the whole time I kept thinking, "Here it comes, this is it."

I can assure you that when I went to bed at nine, my legs were still shaking. At the stroke of midnight I woke up again: more planes! Dussel was undressing, but I took no notice and leapt up, wide awake, at the sound of the first shot. I stayed in Father's bed until one, in my own bed until one-thirty, and was back in Father's bed at two.

But the planes kept on coming. At last they stopped firing and I was able to go back"home" again. I finally fell asleep at half past two. I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. Mr. van Daan was with Father. My first thought was: burglars. "Everything," I heard Mr. van Daan say, and I thought everything had been stolen. But no, this time it was wonderful news, the best we've had in months, maybe even since the war began. Mussolini has resigned and the King of Italy has taken over the government.

We jumped for joy. After the awful events of yesterday, finally something good happens and brings us. . . hope! Hope for an end to the war, hope for peace. Mr. Kugler dropped by and told us that the Fokker aircraft factory had been hit hard. Mean while, there was another air-raid alarm this morning, with planes flying over, and another warning siren. I've had it up to here with alarms. I've hardly slept, and the last thing I want to do is work. But now the suspense about Italy and the hope that the war will be over by the end of the year are keeping us awake. .

Yours, Anne

Thursday, July 29, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Mrs. van Daan, Dussel and I were doing the dishes, and I was extremely quiet. This is very unusual for me and they were sure to notice, so in order to avoid any questions, I quickly racked my brains for a neutral topic. I thought the book Henry from Across the Street might fit the bill, but I couldn't have been more wrong; if Mrs. van Daan doesn't jump down my throat, Mr. Dussel does. It all boiled down to this: Mr. Dussel had recommended the book to Margot and me as an example of excellent writing. We thought it was anything but that. The little boy had been portrayed well, but as for the rest. . . the less said the better. I mentioned something to that effect while we were doing the dishes, and Dussel launched into a veritable tirade.

"How can you possibly understand the psychology of a man? That of a child isn't so difficult [!]. But you're far too young to read a book like that. Even a

twenty-year-old man would be unable to comprehend it." (So why did he go out of his way to recommend it to Margot and me?)

They apparently believe that good child-rearing includes trying to pit me against my parents, since that's all they ever do. And not telling a girl my age about grown-upsubjects is fine. We can all see what happens when. people are raised that way. At that moment I could have slapped them both for poking fun at me. I was beside myself with rage, and if I only knew how much longer we had to put up with each other's company, I'd start counting the days.

Mrs. van Daan's a fine one to talk! She sets an example all right — a bad one! She's known to be exceedingly pushy, egotistical, cunning, calculating and perpetually dissatisfied. Add to that, vanity and coquettishness and there's no question about it: she's a thoroughly despicable person. I could write an entire book about Madame van Daan, and who knows, maybe someday I will. Anyone can put on a charming exterior when they want to. Mrs. van D. is friendly to strangers, especially men, so it's easy to make a mistake when you first get to know her.

Mother thinks that Mrs. van D. is too stupid for words, Margot that she's too unimportant, Pim that she's too ugly (literally and figuratively!), and after long observation (I'm never prejudiced at the beginning), I've come to the conclusion that she's all three of the above, and lots more besides. She has so many bad traits, why should I single out just one of them?

Yours, Anne

P.S. Will the reader please take into consideration that this story was written before the writer's fury had cooled?

Tuesday, August 3, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Things are going well on the political front. Italy has banned the Fascist Party. The people are fighting the Fascists in many places — even the army has joined the fight. How can a country like that continue to wage war against England? Our beautiful radio was taken away last week. Dussel was very angry at Mr. Kugler for turning it in on the appointed day. Dussel is slipping lower and lower in my estimation, and he's already below zero. Whatever he says about politics, history, geography or anything else is so ridiculous that I hardly dare repeat it: Hitler will fade from history; the harbor in Rotterdam is bigger than the one in Hamburg; the English are idiots for not taking the opportunity to bomb

Italy to smithereens; etc., etc. We just had a third air raid. I decided to grit my teeth and practice being courageous.

Mrs. van Daan, the one who always said "Let them fall" and "Better to end with a bang than not to end at all," is the most cowardly one among us. She was shaking like a leaf this morning and even burst into tears. She was comforted by her husband, with whom she recently declared a truce after a week of squabbling; I nearly got sentimental at the sight.

Mouschi has now proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that having a cat has disadvantages as well as advantages. The whole house is crawling with fleas, and it's getting worse each day. Mr. Kleiman sprinkled yellow powder in every nook and cranny, but the fleas haven't taken the slightest notice. It's making us all very jittery; we're forever imagining a bite on our arms and legs or other parts of our bodies, so we leap up and do a few exercises, since it gives us an excuse to take a better look at our arms or necks. But now we're paying the price for having had so little physical exercise; we're so stiff we can hardly turn our heads. The real calisthenics fell by the wayside long ago.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, August 4,1943

Dearest Kitty,

Now that we've been in hiding for a little over a year, you know a great deal about our lives. Still, I can't possibly tell you everything, since it's all so different compared to ordinary times and ordinary people. Nevertheless, to give you a closer look into our lives, from time to time I'll describe part of an ordinary day. I'll start with the evening and night.

Nine in the evening. Bedtime always begins in the Annex with an enormous hustle and bustle. Chairs are shifted, beds pulled out, blankets unfolded — nothing stays where it is during the daytime. I sleep on a small divan, which is only five feet long, so we have to add a few chairs to make it longer. Comforter, sheets, pillows, blankets: everything has to be removed from Dussel' s bed, where it's kept during the day.

In the next room there's a terrible creaking: that's Margot's folding bed being set up. More blankets and pillows, anything to make the wooden slats a bit more comfortable. Upstairs it sounds like thunder, but it's only Mrs. van D.'s bed being shoved against the window so that Her Majesty, arrayed in her pink bed jacket, can sniff the night air through her delicate little nostrils.

Nine o'clock. After Peter's finished, it's my turn for the bathroom. I wash myself from head to toe, and more often than not, I find a tiny flea floating in the sink (only during the hot months, weeks or days). I brush my teeth, curl my hair, manicure my nails and dab peroxide on my upper lip to bleach the black hairs — all this in less than half an hour. Nine-thirty. I throw on my bathrobe. With soap in one hand, and, hairpins, curlers and a wad of cotton in the other, I hurry out of the bathroom. The next in line invariably calls me back to remove the gracefully curved but unsightly hairs that I've left in the sink.

Ten o'clock. Time to put up the blackout screen and say good-night. For the next fifteen minutes, at least, the house is filled with the creaking of beds and the sigh of broken springs, and then, provided our upstairs neighbors aren't having a marital spatin bed, all is quiet. Eleven-thirty. The bathroom door creaks. A narrow strip of light falls into the room.

Squeaking shoes, a large coat, even larger than the man inside it . . . Dussel is returning from his nightly work in Mr. Kugler's office. I hear him shuffling back andforth for ten whole minutes, the rustle of paper (from the food he's tucking away in his cupboard) and the bed being made up. Then the figure disappears again, and the only sound is the occasional suspicious noise from the bathroom.

Approximately three o'clock. I have to get up to use the tin can under my bed, which, to be on the safe side, has a rubber mat underneath in case of leaks. I always hold my breath while I go, since it clatters into the can like a brook down a mountainside. The potty is returned to its place, and the figure in the white nightgown (the one that causes Margot to exclaim every evening, "Oh, that indecent nighty!") climbs back into bed. A certain somebody lies awake for about fifteen minutes, listening to the sounds of the night. In the first place, to hear whether there are any burglars downstairs, and then to the various beds — upstairs, next door and in my room — to tell whether the others are asleep or half awake. This is no fun, especially when it concerns a member of the family named Dr. Dussel. First, there's the sound of a fish gasping for air, and this is repeated nine or ten times. Then, the lips are moistened profusely. This is alternated with little smacking sounds, followed by a long period of tossing and turning and rearranging the pillows. After five minutes of perfect quiet, the same sequence repeats itself three more times, after which he's presumably lulled himself back to sleep for a while.

Sometimes the guns go off during the night, between one and four. I'm

never aware of it before it happens, but all of a sudden I find myself standing beside my bed, out of sheer habit. Occasionally I'm dreaming so deeply (of irregular French verbs or a quarrel upstairs) that I realize only when my dream is over that the shooting has stopped and that I've remained quietly in my room. But usually I wake up. Then I grab a pillow and a handkerchief, throw on my robe and slippers and dash next door to Father, just the way Margot described in this birthday poem:

When shots ring out in the dark of night,

The door creaks open and into sight

Come a hanky, a pillow, a figure in white. . .

Once I've reached the big bed, the worst is over, except when the shooting is extraloud. Six forty-five. Brrring . . . the alarm clock, which raises its shrill voice at any hour of the day or night, whether you want it to or not. Creak. . . wham. . . Mrs. van D. turns it off. Screak . . . Mr. van D. gets up, puts on the water and races to the bathroom. Seven-fifteen. The door creaks again. Dussel can go to the bathroom. Alone at last, I remove the blackout screen . . . and a new day begins in the Annex.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, August 5, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Today let's talk about the lunch break.

It's twelve-thirty. The whole gang breathes a sigh of relief: Mr. van Maaren, the man with the shady past, and Mr. de Kok have gone home for lunch. Upstairs you can hear the thud of the vacuum cleaner on Mrs. van D.'s beautiful and only rug. Margot tucks a few books under her arm and heads for the class for "slow learners," which is what Dussel seems to be. Pim goes and sits in a corner with his constant companion, Dickens, in hopes of finding a bit of peace and quiet. Mother hastens upstairs to help the busy little housewife, and I tidy up both the bathroom and myself at the same time. Twelve forty-five. One by one they trickle in: first Mr. Gies and then either Mr. Kleiman or Mr. Kugler, followed by Bep and sometimes even Miep.

One. Clustered around the radio, they all listen raptly to the BBC. This is the only time the members of the Annex family don't interrupt each other, since even Mr. van Daan can't argue with the speaker. One-fifteen. Food distribution.

Everyone from downstairs gets a cup of soup, plus dessert, if there happens to be any. A contented Mr. Gies sits on the divan or leans against the desk with his newspaper, cup and usually the cat at his side. If one of the three is missing, he doesn't hesitate to let his protest be heard. Mr. Kleiman relates the latest news from town, and he's an excellent source. Mr. Kugler hurries up the stairs, gives a short but solid knock on the door and comes in either wringing his hands or rubbing them in glee, depending on whether he's quiet and in a bad mood or talkative and in a good mood.

One forty-five. Everyone rises from the table and goes about their business. Margot and Mother do the dishes, Mr. and Mrs. van D. head for the divan, Peter for the attic, Father for his divan, Dussel too, and Anne does her homework. What comes next is the quietest hour of the day; when they're all asleep, there are no disturbances. To judge by his face, Dussel is dreaming of food. But I don't look at him long, because the time whizzes by and before you know it, it'll be 4 P.M. and the pedantic Dr. Dussel will be standing with the clock in his hand because I'm one minute, late clearing off the table.

Yours, Anne

Saturday, August 7, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

A few weeks ago I started writing a story, something I made up from beginning to end, and I've enjoyed it so much that the products of my pen are piling up.

Yours, Anne

Monday, August 9, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

We now continue with a typical day in the Annex. Since we've already had lunch, it's time to describe dinner. Mr. van Daan is served first, and takes a generous portion of whatever he likes. Usually joins in the conversation, never fails to give his opinion. Once he's spoken, his word is final. If anyone dares to suggest otherwise, Mr. van D. can put up a good fight. Oh, he can hiss like a cat. . . but I'd rather he didn't. Once you've seen it, you never want to see it again. His opinion is the best, he knows the most about everything. Granted, the man has a good head on his shoulders, but it's swelled to no small degree.

Madame. Actually, the best thing would be to say nothing. Some days, especially when a foul mood is on the way, her face is hard to read. If you analyze the discussions, you realize she's not the subject, but the guilty party! A fact everyone prefers to ignore. Even so, you could call her the instigator. Stirring up trouble, now that's what Mrs. van Daan calls fun. Stirring up trouble between Mrs. Frank and Anne. Margot and Mr. Frank aren't quite as easy.

But let's return to the table. Mrs. van D. may think she doesn't always get enough, but that's not the case. The choicest potatoes, the tastiest morsel, the tender bit of whatever there is, that's Madame's motto. The others can all have their turn, as long as I get the best. (Exactly what she accuses Anne Frank of doing.) Her second watchword is: keep talking. As long as somebody's listening, it doesn't seem to occur to her to wonder whether they're interested. She must think that whatever Mrs. Van Daan says will interest everyone.

Smile coquettishly, pretend you know everything, offer everyone a piece of advice and mother then — that's sure to make a good impression. But if you take a better look, the good impression fades. One, she's hardworking; two, cheerful; three, coquettish —and sometimes a cute face. That's Petronella van Daan. The third diner, says very little. Young Mr. van Daan is usually quiet and hardly makes his presence known. As far as his appetite is concerned, he's a Danaldeanvessel that never gets full. Even after the most substantial meal, he can look you calmly in the eye and claim he could have eaten twice as much. Number four — Margot. Eats like a bird and doesn't talk at all. She eats only vegetables and fruit. "Spoiled," in the opinion of the van Daans. "Too little exercise and fresh air," in ours. Beside her — Mama. Has a hearty appetite, does her share of the talking. No one has the impression, as they do with Mrs. van Daan, that this is a housewife. What's the difference between the two? Well, Mrs. van D. does the cooking and Mother does the dishes and polishes the furniture.

Numbers six and seven. I won't say much about Father and me. The former is the most modest person at the table. He always looks to see whether the others have been served first. He needs nothing for himself; the best things are for the children.

He's goodness personified. Seated next to him is the Annex's little bundle of nerves. Dussel, help yourself, keep your eyes on the food, eat and don't talk. And if you have to say something, then for goodness' sake talk about food. That doesn't lead to quarrels, just to bragging. He consumes enormous portions, and "no" is not part of his vocabulary, whether the food is good or bad. Pants that

come up to his chest, a red jacket, black patent-leather slippers and horn-rimmed glasses — that's how he looks when he's at work at the little table, always studying and never progressing. This is interrupted only by his afternoon nap, food and — his favorite spot — the bathroom. Three, four or five times a day there's bound to be someone waiting outside the bathroom door, hopping impatiently from one foot to another, trying to hold it in and barely managing. Does Dussel care? Not a whit. From seven-fifteen to seven-thirty, from twelve-thirty to one, from two to two-fifteen, from four to four-fifteen, from six to six-fifteen, from eleven-thirtyto twelve. You can set your watch by them; these are the times for his "regular sessions." He never deviates or lets himself be swayed by the voices outside the door, begging him to open up before a disaster occurs.

Number nine is not part of our Annex family, although she does share our house and table. He has a healthy appetite. She cleans her plate and isn't choosy. He's easy to please and that pleases us. She can be characterized as follows: cheerful, good-humored, kind and willing.

Tuesday, August 10, 1943

Dearest Kitty, .

A new idea: during meals I talk more to myself than to the others, which has two advantages. First, they're glad they don't have to listen to my continuous chatter, and second, I don't have to get annoyed by their opinions. I don't think my opinions are stupid but other people do, so it's better to keep them to myself. I apply the same tactic when I have to eat something I loathe. I put the dish in front of me, pretend it's delicious, avoid looking at it as much as possible, and it's gone before I've had time to realize what it is. When I get up in the morning, another very disagreeable moment, I leap out of bed, think to myself, "You'll be slipping back under the covers soon," walk to the window, take down the blackout screen, sniff at the crack until I feel a bit of fresh air, and I'm awake. I strip the bed as fast as I can so I won't be tempted to get back in. Do you know what Mother calls this sort of thing? The art of living. Isn't that a funny expression?

We've all been a little confused this past week because our dearly beloved Westertoren bells have been carted off to be melted down for the war, so we have no idea of the exact time, either night or day. I still have hopes that they'll come up with a substitute, made of tin or copper or some such thing, to remind the neighborhood of the clock. Everywhere I go, upstairs or down, they all cast admiring glances at my feet, which are adorned by a pair of exceptionally

beautiful (for times like these!) shoes. Miepmanaged to snap them up for 27.50 guilders. Burgundy-colored suede and leather with medium-sized high heels. I feel as if I were on stilts, and look even taller than I already am.

Yesterday was my unlucky day. I pricked my right thumb with the blunt end of a big needle. As a result, Margot had to peel potatoes for me (take the good with the bad),and writing was awkward. Then I bumped into the cupboard door so hard it nearly knocked me over, and was scolded for making such a racket. They wouldn't let me run water to bathe my forehead, so now I'm walking around with a giant lump over my right eye. To make matters worse, the little toe on my right foot got stuck in the vacuum cleaner. It bled and hurt, but my other ailments were already causing me so much trouble that I let this one slide, which was stupid of me, because now I'm walking around with an infected toe. What with the salve, the gauze and the tape, I can't get my heavenly new shoe on my foot.

Dussel has put us in danger for the umpteenth time. He actually had Miep bring him abook, an anti-Mussolini tirade, which has been banned. On the way here she was knocked down by an SS motorcycle. She lost her head and shouted "You brutes!" and went on her way. I don't dare think what would have happened if she'd been taken down to headquarters.

Yours, Anne

A Daily Chore in Our Little Community: Peeling Potatoes!

One person goes to get some newspapers; another, the knives (keeping the best for himself, of course); the third, the potatoes; and the fourth, the water. Mr. Dussel begins. He may not always peel them very well, but he does peel nonstop, glancing left and right to see if everyone is doing it the way he does. No, they're not!"Look, Anne, I am taking peeler in my hand like so and going from the top to bottom! Nein, not so . . . but so!"

"I think my way is easier, Mr. Dussel," I say tentatively. "But this is best way, Anne. This you can take from me. Of course, it is no matter, you do the way you want."

We go on peeling. I glance at Dussel out of the corner of my eye. Lost in thought, he shakes his head (over me, no doubt), but says no more. I keep on peeling. Then I look at Father, on the other side of me. To Father, peeling potatoes is not a chore, but precision work. When he reads, he has a deep wrinkle in the back of his head. But when he's preparing potatoes, beans or vegetables, he seems to be totally absorbed in his task. He puts on his potato-peeling face, and when it's set in that particular way, it would be impossible for him to turn out anything less than a perfectly peeled potato. I keep on working. I glance up for a second, but that's all the time I need. Mrs. VanD. is trying to attract Dussel's attention. She starts by looking in his direction, but Dussel pretends not to notice. She laughs, but Dussel still doesn't look up. Then Mother laughs too, but Dussel pays them no mind.

Having failed to achieve her goal, Mrs. van D. is obliged to change tactics. There's a brief silence. Then she says, "Putti, why don't you put on an apron? Otherwise, I'l lhave to spend all day tomorrow trying to get the spots out of your suit!"

"I'm not getting it dirty."

Another brief silence. "Putti, why don't you sit down?'

"I'm fine this way. I like standing up!"

Silence.

"Putti, look out, du spritzt schon!".* [*Now you're splashing!]

"I know, Mommy, but I'm being careful."

Mrs. van D. casts about for another topic. “Tell me, Putti, why aren’t the British carrying out any bombing raids today?”

“Because the weather’s bad, Kerli!”

“But yesterday it was such nice weather and they weren’t flying then either.”

“Let’s drop the subject.”

“Why? Can’t a person talk about that or offer an opinion?’

“Well, why in the world not?”

“Oh, be quiet, Mammichen!”* [*Mommy]

“Mr. Frank always answers his wife.”

Mr. van D. is trying to control himself. This remark always rubs him the wrong way, but Mrs. van D.’s not one to quit: “Oh, there’s never going to be an invasion!”

Mr. van D. turns white, and when she notices it, Mrs. van D. turns red, but she’s not about to be deterred: “The British aren’t doing a thing!”

The bomb bursts. “And now shut up, Donnerwetter noch mal!* [*For crying out loud!”] Mother can barely stifle a laugh, and I stare straight ahead. Scenes like these are repeated almost daily, unless they’ve just had a terrible fight. In that case, neither Mr. nor Mrs. van D. says a word.It’s time for me to get some more potatoes. I go up to the attic, where Peter is busypicking fleas from the cat. He looks up, the cat notices it, and whoosh. . . he’s gone. Out the window and intothe rain gutter.

Peter swears; I laugh and slip out of the room. Freedom in the Annex.

Five-thirty. Bep’s arrival signals the beginning of our nightly freedom. Things get going right away. I go upstairs with Bep, who usually has her dessert before the rest of us. The moment she sits down, Mrs. van D. begins stating her wishes. Her list usually starts with “Oh, by the way, Bep, something else I’d like. . .” Bep winks at me. Mrs. van D. doesn’t miss a chance to make her wishes known to whoever comes upstairs. It must be one of the reasons none of them like to go up there. Five forty-five. Bep leaves. I go down two floors to have a look around: first to the kitchen, then to the private office and then to the coal bin to open the cat door for Mouschi.

After a long tour of inspection, I wind up in Mr. Kugler’s office. Mr. van

Daan is combing all the drawers and files for today's mail. Peter picks up Boche and the warehouse key; Pim lugs the typewriters upstairs; Margot looks around for a quiet place to do her office work; Mrs. van D. puts a kettle of water on the stove; Mother comes down the stairs with a pan of potatoes; we all know our jobs. Soon Peter comes back from the warehouse. The first question they ask him is whether he's remembered the bread. No, he hasn't. He crouches before the door to the front office to make himself as small as possible and crawls on his hands and knees to the steel cabinet, takes out the bread and starts to leave. At any rate, that's what he intends to do, but before he knows what's happened, Mouschi has jumped over him and gone to sit under the desk.

Peter looks all around him. Aha, there's the cat! He crawls back into the office and grabs the cat by the tail. Mouschi hisses, Peter sighs. What has he accomplished? Mouschi's now sitting by the window licking herself, very pleased at having escaped Peter's clutches. Peter has no choice but to lure her with a piece of bread. Mouschitakes the bait, follows him out, and the door closes.I watch the entire scene through a crack in the door.

Mr. van Daan is angry and slams the door. Margot and I exchange looks and think the same thing: he must have worked himself into a rage again because of some blunder on Mr. Kugler's part, and he's forgotten all about the Keg Company next door.

Another step is heard in the hallway. Dussel comes in, goes toward the window with an air of propriety, sniffs. . . coughs, sneezes and clears his throat. He's out of luck— it was pepper. He continues on to the front office. The curtains are open, which means he can't get at his writing paper. He disappears with a scowl. Margot and I exchange another glance. "One less page for his sweetheart tomorrow," I hear her say. I nod in agreement. An elephant's tread is heard on the stairway. It's Dussel, seeking comfort in his favorite spot.

We continue working. Knock, knock, knock. . . Three taps means dinnertime!

Monday, August 23, 1943

Wenn Die Uhr Halb Neune Schlaat . . .* [* When the clock strikes half past eight.] Margot and Mother are nervous. "Shh . . . Father. Be quiet, Otto. Shh . . . Pim! It's eight-thirty.

Come here, you can't run the water anymore. Walk softly!" A sample of what's said to Father in the bathroom. At the stroke of half past eight, he has to

be in the livingroom. No running water, no flushing toilet, no walking around, no noise whatsoever. As long as the office staff hasn't arrived, sounds travel more easily to the warehouse. The door opens upstairs at eight-twenty, and this is followed by three gentle taps on the floor. . . Anne's hot cereal. I clamber up the stairs to get my doggie dish.

Back downstairs, everything has to be done quickly, quickly: I comb my hair, put away the potty, shove the bed back in place. Quiet! The clock is striking eight-thirty! Mrs. van D. changes shoes and shuffles through the room in her slippers; Mr. van D. too— a veritable Charlie Chaplin. All is quiet. The ideal family scene has now reached its high point. I want to read or study and Margot does too. Father and Mother ditto. Father is sitting (with Dickens and the dictionary, of course) on the edge of the sagging, squeaky bed, which doesn't even have a decent mattress. Two bolsters can be piled on top of each other. "I don't need these," he thinks. "I can manage without them!"

Once he starts reading, he doesn't look up. He laughs now and then and tries to get Mother to read a story.

"I don't have the time right now!"

He looks disappointed, but then continues to read.

A little while later, when he comes across another good passage, he tries again: "You have to read this, Mother!"

Mother sits on the folding bed, either reading, sewing, knitting or studying, which ever is next on her list. An idea suddenly occurs to her, and she quickly says, so as not to forget, "Anne, remember to . . . Margot, jot this down. . . "

After a while it's quiet again. Margot slams her book shut; Father knits his fore head, his eyebrows forming a funny curve and his wrinkle of concentration reappearing at the back of his head, and he buries himself in his book again; Mother starts chatting with Margot; and I get curious and listen too. Pim is drawn into the conversation . . .Nine o'clock. Breakfast!

Friday, September 10, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Every time I write to you, something special has happened, usually unpleasant rather than pleasant. This time, however, something wonderful is going on. On Wednesday, September 8, we were listening to the seven o'clock news when we heard an announcement: "Here is some of the best news of the

war so far: Italy has capitulated." Italy has unconditionally surrendered! The Dutch broadcast from England began at eight-fifteen with the news: "Listeners, an hour and fifteen minutes ago, just as I finished writing my daily report, we received the wonderful news of Italy's capitulation. I tell you, I never tossed my notes into the wastepaper basket with more delight than I did today!""God Save the King," the American national anthem and the Russian' 'Internationale"were played. As always, the Dutch program was uplifting without being too optimistic. The British have landed in Naples. Northern Italy is occupied by the Germans. The truce was signed on Friday, September 3, the day the British landed in Italy. The Germans are ranting and raving in all the newspapers at the treachery of Badoglio and the Italian king.

Still, there's bad news as well. It's about Mr. Kleiman. As you know, we all like him very much. He's unfailingly cheerful and amazingly brave, despite the fact that he'salways sick and in pain and can't eat much or do a lot of walking. "When Mr. Kleimanenters a room, the sun begins to shine," Mother said recently, and she's absolutely right.

Now it seems he has to go to the hospital for a very difficult operation on his stomach, and will have to stay there for at least four weeks. You should have seen him when he told us good-bye. He acted so normally, as though he were just off to do an errand.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, September 16, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Relationships here in the Annex are getting worse all the time. We don't dare open our mouths at mealtime (except to slip in a bite of food), because no matter what we say, someone is bound to resent it or take it the wrong way. Mr. Voskuijl occasionally comes to visit us. Unfortunately, he's not doing very well. He isn't making it any easier for his family, because his attitude seems to be: what do I care, I'm going to die anyway! When I think how touchy everyone is here, I can just imagine what it must be like at the Voskuijls'.

I've been taking valerian every day to fight the anxiety and depression, but it doesn't stop me from being even more miserable the next day. A good hearty laugh wouldhelp better than ten valerian drops, but we've almost forgotten how to laugh. Sometimes I'm afraid my face is going to sag with all this sorrow and that my mouth is going to permanently droop at the corners. The others aren't

doing any better. Everyone here is dreading the great terror known as winter. Another fact that doesn't exactly brighten up our days is that Mr. van Maaren, the man who works in the warehouse, is getting suspicious about the Annex. A person with any brains must have noticed by now that Miep sometimes says she's going to the lab, Bep to the file room and Mr. Kleiman to the Opekta supplies, while Mr. Kugler claims the Annex doesn't belong to this building at all, but to the one next door.

We wouldn't care what Mr. van Maaren thought of the situation except that he's known to be unreliable and to possess a high degree of curiosity. He's not one who can be put off with a flimsy excuse.

One day Mr. Kugler wanted to be extra cautious, so at twenty past twelve he put on his coat and went to the drugstore around the corner. Less than five minutes later he was back, and he sneaked up the stairs like a thief to visit us. At one-fifteen he started to leave, but Bep met him on the landing and warned him that van Maaren wasin the office. Mr. Kugler did an about-face and stayed with us until one-thirty. Then he took off his shoes and went in his stockinged feet (despite his cold) to the frontattic and down the other stairway, taking one step at a time to avoid the creaks. Ittook him fifteen minutes to negotiate the stairs, but he wound up safely in the office after having entered from the outside.

In the meantime, Bep had gotten rid of van Maaren and come to get Mr. Kugler from the Annex. But he'd already left and at that moment was still tiptoeing down the stairs. What must the passers by have thought when they saw the manager putting on his shoes outside? Hey, you there, in the socks!

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, September 29, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

It's Mrs. van Daan's birthday. Other than one ration stamp each for cheese, meat and bread, all she received from us was a jar of jam. Her husband, Dussel and the office staff gave her nothing but flowers and also food. Such are the times we live in! Bep had a nervous fit last week because she had so many errands to do. Ten times a day people were sending her out for something, each time insisting she go right away or go again or that she'd done it all wrong. And when you think that she has her regular office work to do, that Mr. Kleiman is sick, that Miep is home with a cold and that Bep herself has a sprained ankle, boyfriend troubles and a grouchy father, it's no wonder she's at the end of her

tether. We comforted her and told her that if she'd put her foot down once or twice and say she didn't have the time, the shopping lists would shrink of their own accord.

Saturday there was a big drama, the likes of which have never been seen here before. It started with a discussion of van Maaren and ended in a general argument and tears. Dussel complained to Mother that he was being treated like a leper, that no one was friendly to him and that, after all, he hadn't done anything to deserve it. This was followed by a lot of sweet talk, which luckily Mother didn't fall for this time. She told him we were disappointed in him and that, on more than one occasion, he'd been a source of great annoyance. Dussel promised her the moon, but, as usual, we haven't seen so much as a beam.

There's trouble brewing with the van Daans, I can tell! Father's furious because they're cheating us: they've been holding back meat and other things. Oh, what kind of bombshell is about to burst now? If only I weren't so involved in all these skirmishes! If only I could leave here! They're driving us crazy!

Yours, Anne

Sunday, October 17, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Mr. Kleiman is back, thank goodness! He looks a bit pale, and yet he cheerfully setoff to sell some clothes for Mr. van Daan. The disagreeable fact is that Mr. van Daanhas run out of money. He lost his last hundred guilders in the warehouse, which isstill creating trouble for us: the men are wondering how a hundred guilders could windup in the warehouse on a Monday morning. Suspicion abounds. Meanwhile, the hundred guilders have been stolen. Who's the thief?

But I was talking about the money shortage. Mrs. van D. has scads of dresses, coats and shoes, none of which she feels she can do without. Mr. van D.'s suit is difficult to sell, and Peter's bike was put on the block, but is back again, since nobody wanted it. But the story doesn't end there. You see, Mrs. van D. is going to have to part with her fur coat. In her opinion, the firm should pay for our upkeep, but that's ridiculous.

They just had a flaming row about it and have entered the "oh, my sweet Putti" and"darling Kerli" stage of reconciliation.

My mind boggles at the profanity this honorable house has had to endure in

the past month. Father walks around with his lips pressed together, and whenever he hears his name, he looks up in alarm, as if he's afraid he'll be called upon to resolve an other delicate problem. Mother's so wrought up her cheeks are blotched with red, Margot complains of headaches, Dussel can't sleep, Mrs. van D. frets and fumes all day long, and I've gone completely round the bend. To tell you the truth, I sometimes forget who we're at odds with and who we're not. The only way to take my mind off it is to study, and I've been doing a lot of that lately.

Yours, Anne

Friday, October 29,1943

My dearest Kitty,

Mr. Kleiman is out again; his stomach won't give him a moment's peace. He doesn't even know whether it's stopped bleeding. He came to tell us he wasn't feeling well and was going home, and for the first time he seemed really down. Mr. and Mrs. van D. have had more raging battles. The reason is simple: they're broke. They wanted to sell an overcoat and a suit of Mr. van D. 's, but were unable to find any buyers. His prices were way too high.

Some time ago Mr. Kleiman was talking about a furrier he knows. This gave Mr. vanD. the idea of selling his wife's fur coat. It's made of rabbit skin, and she's had it for seventeen years. Mrs. van D. got 325 guilders for it, an enormous amount. She wanted to keep the money herself to buy new clothes after the war, and it took some doing before Mr. van D. could make her understand that it was desperately needed to cover household expenses.

You can't imagine the screaming, shouting, stamping of feet and swearing that went on. It was terrifying. My family stood holding its breath at the bottom of the stairs, incase it might be necessary to drag them apart. All the bickering, tears and nervous tension have become such a stress and strain that I fall into my bed at night crying and thanking my lucky stars that I have half an hour to myself.

I'm doing fine, except I've got no appetite. I keep hearing: "Goodness, you look awful!" I must admit they're doing their best to keep me in condition: they're plying me with dextrose, cod-liver oil, brewer's yeast and calcium. My nerves often get the better of me, especially on Sundays; that's when I really feel miserable. The atmosphere is stifling, sluggish, leaden. Outside, you don't hear a single bird, and a deathly, oppressive silence hangs over the house and clings to

me as if it were going to drag me into the deepest regions of the underworld. At times like these, Father, Mother and Margot don't matter to me in the least. I wander from room to room, climb up and down the stairs and feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of its dark cage. "Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter!" a voice within me cries. I don't even bother to reply anymore, but lie down on the divan. Sleep makes the silence and the terrible fear goby more quickly, helps pass the time, since it's impossible to kill it.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, November 3, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

To take our minds off matters as well as to develop them, Father ordered a catalog from a correspondence school. Margot pored through the thick brochure three times without finding anything to her liking and within her budget. Father was easier to satisfy and decided to write and ask for a trial lesson in "Elementary Latin." No sooner said than done. The lesson arrived, Margot set to work enthusiastically and decided to take the course, despite the expense. It's much too hard for me, though I'd really like to learn Latin.

To give me a new project as well, Father asked Mr. Kleiman for a children's Bible so I could finally learn something about the New Testament."Are you planning to give Anne a Bible for Hanukkah?" Margot asked, some what perturbed.

"Yes. . . Well, maybe St. Nicholas Day would be a better occasion," Father replied.Jesus and Hanukkah don't exactly go together.

Since the vacuum cleaner's broken, I have to take an old brush to the rug every night. The window's closed, the light's on, the stove's burning, and there I am brushing away at the rug. "That's sure to be a problem," I thought to myself the first time. "There're bound to be complaints." I was right: Mother got a headache from the thick clouds of dust whirling around the room, Margot's new Latin dictionary was caked with dirt, and rim grumbled that the floor didn't look any different anyway. Small thanks for my pains.

We've decided that from now on the stove is going to be lit at seven-thirty on Sunday mornings instead of five-thirty. I think it's risky. What will the neighbors think of our smoking chimney?

It's the same with the curtains. Ever since we first went into hiding, they've been tacked firmly to the windows. Sometimes one of the ladies or gentlemen can't resist the urge to peek outside. The result: a storm of reproaches. The response: "Oh, nobody will notice." That's how every act of carelessness begins and ends. No one will notice, no one will hear, no one will pay the least bit of attention. Easy to say, but is it true?

At the moment, the tempestuous quarrels have subsided; only Dussel and the van Daans are still at loggerheads. When Dussel is talking about Mrs. van D., he invariably calls her' 'that old bat" or "that stupid hag," and conversely, Mrs. van D. refers to our ever so learned gentleman as an "old maid" or a "touchy neurotic spinster, etc. The pot calling the kettle black!

Yours, Anne

Monday Evening, November 8,1943

Dearest Kitty,

If you were to read all my letters in one sitting, you'd be struck by the fact that they were written in a variety of moods. It annoys me to be so dependent on the moods here in the Annex, but I'm not the only one: we're all subject to them. If I'm engrossed in a book, I have to rearrange my thoughts before I can mingle with other people, because otherwise they might think I was strange. As you can see, I'm currently in the middle of a depression. I couldn't really tell you what set it off, but I think it stems from my cowardice, which confronts me at every turn. This evening, when Bep was still here, the doorbell rang long and loud. I instantly turned white, my stomach churned, and my heart beat wildly — and all because I was afraid.

At night in bed I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Father and Mother. Or I'm roaming the streets, or the Annex is on fire, or they come in the middle of the night to take us away and I crawl under my bed in desperation. I see everything as if it were actually taking place. And to think it might all happen soon!

Miep often says she envies us because we have such peace and quiet here. That maybe true, but she's obviously not thinking about our fear. I simply can't imagine the world will ever be normal again for us. I do talk about"after the war," but it's as if I were talking about a castle in the air, something that can Ii never come true. I see the eight of us in the Annex as if we were a patch of blue sky surrounded by menacing black clouds. The perfectly round spot on which

we're standing is still safe, but the clouds are moving in on us, and the ring between us and the approaching danger is being pulled tighter and tighter. We're surrounded by darkness and danger, and in our desperate search for a way out we keep bumping into each other. We lookat the fighting down below and the peace and beauty up above. In the meantime, we've been cut off by the dark mass of clouds, so that we can go neither up nor down. It looms before us like an impenetrable wall, trying to crush us, but not yet able to. I can only cry out and implore, "Oh, ring, ring, open wide and let us out!"

Yours, Anne

Thursday, November 11, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

I have a good title for this chapter:

Ode to My Fountain Pen

In Memoriam

My fountain pen was always one of my most prized possessions; I valued it highly, especially because it had a thick nib, and I can only write neatly with thick nibs. It has led a long and interesting fountain-pen life, which I will summarize below. When I was nine, my fountain pen (packed in cotton) arrived as a "sample of no commercial value" all the way from Aachen, where my grandmother (the kindly donor) used to live. I lay in bed with the flu, while the February winds howled around the apartment house. This splendid fountain pen came in a red leather case, and I showed it to my girlfriends the first chance I got. Me, Anne Frank, the proud owner of a fountain pen.

When I was ten, I was allowed to take the pen to school, and to my surprise, the teacher even let me write with it. When I was eleven, however, my treasure had to be tucked away again, because my sixth-grade teacher allowed us to use only school pens and inkpots. When I was twelve, I started at the Jewish Lyceum and my fountain pen was given a new case in honor of the occasion. Not only did it have room for a pencil, it also had a zipper, which was much more impressive. When I was thirteen, the fountain pen went with me to the Annex, and together we've raced through countless diaries and compositions. I'd turned fourteen and my fountain pen was enjoying the last year of its life with me when . . .

It was just after five on Friday afternoon. I came out of my room and was

about to sit down at the table to write when I was roughly pushed to one side to make room for Margot and Father, who wanted to practice their Latin. The fountain pen remained unused on the table, while its owner, sighing, was forced to make do with a very tiny corner of the table, where she began rubbing beans. That's how we remove mold from the beans and restore them to their original state. At a quarter to six I swept the floor, dumped the dirt into a news paper, along with the rotten beans, and tossed it into the stove. A giant flame shot up, and I thought it was wonderful that the stove, which had been gasping its last breath, had made such a miraculous recovery. All was quiet again. The Latin students had left, and I sat down at the table to pickup where I'd left off. But no matter where I looked, my fountain pen was nowhere insight. I took another look. Margot looked, Mother looked, Father looked, Dussel looked. But it had vanished.

"Maybe it fell in the stove, along with the beans!" Margot suggested.

"No, it couldn't have!" I replied.

But that evening, when my fountain pen still hadn't turned up, we all assumed it had been burned, especially because celluloid is highly inflammable. Our darkest fears were confirmed the next day when Father went to empty the stove and discovered the clip, used to fasten it to a pocket, among the ashes. Not a trace of the gold nib was left."It must have melted into stone," Father conjectured. I'm left with one consolation, small though it may be: my fountain pen was cremated, just as I would like to be someday!

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, November 17, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Recent events have the house rocking on its foundations. Owing to an outbreak of diphtheria at Bep's, she won't be allowed to come in contact with us for six weeks. Without her, the cooking and shopping will be very difficult, not to mention how much we'll miss her company. Mr. Kleiman is still in bed and has eaten nothing but gruel for three weeks. Mr. Kugler is up to his neck in work. Margot sends her Latin lessons to a teacher, who corrects and then returns them.

She's registered under Bep's name. The teacher's very nice, and witty too. I bet he's glad to have such a smart student.

Dussel is in a turmoil and we don't know why. It all began with Dussel's saying nothing when he was upstairs; he didn't exchange so much as a word with either Mr. or Mrs. van Daan. We all noticed it. This went on for a few days, and then Mothertook the opportunity to warn him about Mrs. van D., who could make life miserable for him. Dussel said Mr. van Daan had started the silent treatment and he had no intention of breaking it. I should explain that yesterday was November 16, the first anniversary of his living in the Annex. Mother received a plant in honor of the occasion, but Mrs. van Daan, who had alluded to the date for weeks and made no bones about the fact that she thought Dussel should treat us to dinner, received nothing. Instead of making use of the opportunity to thank us — for the first time— for unselfishly taking him in, he didn't utter a word. And on the morning of the sixteenth, when I asked him whether I should offer him my congratulations or my condolences, he replied that either one would do. Mother, having cast herself in the role of peacemaker, made no headway whatsoever, and the situation finally ended in a draw.

I can say without exaggeration that Dussel has definitely got a screw loose. We of ten laugh to ourselves because he has no memory, no fixed opinions and no commonsense. He's amused us more than once by trying to pass on the news he's just heard, since the message invariably gets garbled in transmission. Furthermore, he answers every reproach or accusation with a load of fine promises, which he never manages to keep.

"Der Mann hat einen gross en GeistUna ist so klein van Taten!"*

[*A well-known expression:"The spirit of the man is great, How puny are his deeds."]

Yours, Anne

Saturday, November 27, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Last night, just as I was falling asleep, Hanneli suddenly appeared before me. I saw her there, dressed in rags, her face thin and worn. She looked at me with such sadness and reproach in her enormous eyes that I could read the message in them:"Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help me, help me, rescue me from this hell!"

And I can't help her. I can only stand by and watch while other people suffer and die. All I can do is pray to God to bring her back to us. I saw Hanneli,

and no one else, and I understood why. I misjudged her, wasn't mature enough to understand how difficult it was for her. She was devoted to her girlfriend, and it must have seemed as though I were trying to take her away. The poor thing, she must have felt awful! I know, because I recognize the feeling in myself! I had an occasional flash of understanding, but then got selfishly wrapped up again in my own problems and pleasures.

It was mean of me to treat her that way, and now she was looking at me, oh so helplessly, with her pale face and beseeching eyes. If only I could help her! Dear God, I have everything I could wish for, while fate has her in its deadly clutches. She was as devout as I am, maybe even more so, and she too wanted to do what was right. But then why have I been chosen to live, while she's probably going to die? What's the difference between us? Why are we now so far apart?

To be honest, I hadn't thought of her for months — no, for at least a year. I hadn't forgotten her entirely, and yet it wasn't until I saw her before me that I thought of allher suffering.

Oh, Hanneli, I hope that if you live to the end of the war and return to us, I'll be able to take you in and make up for the wrong I've done you. But even if I were ever in a position to help, she wouldn't need it more than she does now. I wonder if she ever thinks of me, and what she's feeling?

Merciful God, comfort her, so that at least she won't be alone. Oh, if only You could tell her I'm thinking of her with compassion and love, it might help her go on. I've got to stop dwelling on this. It won't get me anywhere. I keep seeing her enormous eyes, and they haunt me. Does Hanneli really and truly believe in God, or has religion merely been foisted upon her? I don't even know that. I never took the trouble to ask.

Hanneli, Hanneli, if only I could take you away, if only I could share everything I have with you. It's too late. I can't help, or undo the wrong I've done. But I'll never forget her again and I'll always pray for her!

Yours, Anne

Monday, December 6, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

The closer it got to St. Nicholas Day, the more we all thought back to last year's festively decorated basket.

More than anyone, I thought it would be terrible to skip a celebration this year. After long deliberation, I finally came up with an idea, something funny. I consulted Pim, and a week ago we set to work writing a verse for each person. Sunday evening at a quarter to eight we trooped upstairs carrying the big laundry basket, which had been decorated with cutouts and bows made of pink and blue carbon paper. On top was a large piece of brown wrapping paper with a note attached.

Everyone was rather amazed at the sheer size of the gift. I removed the note and read it aloud:

"Once again St. Nicholas Day

Has even come to our hideaway;

It won't be quite as Jun, I fear,

As the happy day we had last year.

Then we were hopeful, no reason to doubt

That optimism would win the bout,

And by the time this year came round,

We'd all be free, and safe and sound.

Still, let's not forget it's St. Nicholas Day,

Though we've nothing left to give away.

We'll have to find something else to do:

So everyone please look in their shoe!"

As each person took their own shoe out of the basket, there was a roar of laughter. Inside each shoe was a little wrapped package addressed to its owner.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, December 22, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

A bad case of flu has prevented me from writing to you until today. Being sick here is dreadful. With every cough, I had to duck under the blanket — once, twice, three times — and try to keep from coughing anymore.

Most of the time the tickle refused to go away, so I had to drink milk with

honey, sugar or cough drops. I get dizzy just thinking about all the cures I've been subjected to: sweating out the fever, steam treatment, wet compresses, dry compresses, hot drinks, swabbing my throat, lying still, heating pad, hot-water bottles, lemonade and, every two hours, the thermometer. Will these remedies really make you better?

But enough about my illness. I'm fit as a fiddle again. I've grown almost half an inch and gained two pounds. I'm pale, but itching to get back to my books.

Ausnahmsweise* (the only word that will do here [* By way of exception]), we're all getting on well together. No squabbles, though that probably won't last long. There hasn't been such peace and quiet in this house for at least six months.

Bep is still in isolation, but any day now her sister will no longer be contagious.

For Christmas, we're getting extra cooking oil, candy and molasses. For Hanukkah, Mr. Dussel gave Mrs. van Daan and Mother a beautiful cake, which he'd asked Miep tobake. On top of all the work she has to do! Margot and I received a brooch made out of a penny, all bright and shiny. I can't really describe it, but it's lovely. I also have a Christmas present for Miep and Bep. For a whole month I've saved up the sugar I put on my hot cereal, and Mr. Kleiman has used it to have fondant made.

The weather is drizzly and overcast, the stove stinks, and the food lies heavily on our stomachs, producing a variety of rumbles.

The war is at an impasse, spirits are low.

Yours, Anne

Friday, December 24, 1943

Dear Kitty,

As I've written you many times before, moods have a tendency to affect us quite abit here, and in my case it's been getting worse lately. "Himmelhoch jauchzend, zuTode betru'bt"* [* A famous line from Goethe: "On top of the world, or in the depths of despair."] certainly applies to me. I'm "on top of the world" when I think of how fortunate we are and compare myself to other Jewish children, and "in the depths of despair" when, for example, Mrs. Kleiman comes by and talks about Jopie's hockey club, canoe trips, school plays and afternoon teas with friends.

I don't think I'm jealous of Jopie, but I long to have a really good time for once and to laugh so hard, it hurts. We're stuck in this house like lepers, especially during winter and the Christmas and New Year's holidays. Actually, I shouldn't even be writing this, since it makes me seem so ungrateful, but I can't keep everything to myself, so I'll repeat what I said at the beginning: "Paper is more patient than people."

Whenever someone comes in from outside, with the wind in their clothes and the cold on their cheeks, I feel like burying my head under the blankets to keep from thinking,"When will we be allowed to breathe fresh air again?" I can't do that — on the contrary, I have to hold my head up high and put a bold face on things, but the thoughts keep coming anyway. Not just once, but over and over.

Believe me, if you've been shut up for a year and a half, it can get to be too much for you sometimes. But feelings can't be ignored, no matter how unjust or ungrateful they seem. I long to ride a bike, dance, whistle, look at the world, feel young and know that I'm free, and yet I can't let it show. Just imagine what would happen if all eight of us were to feel sorry for ourselves or walk around with the discontent clearly visible on our faces. Where would that get us? I sometimes wonder if anyone will ever understand what I mean, if anyone will ever overlook my ingratitude and not worry about whether or not I'm Jewish and merely see me as a teenager badly in need of some good plain fun. I don't know, and I wouldn't be able to talk about it with anyone, since I'm sure I'd start to cry. Crying can bring relief, as long as you don't cry alone. Despite all my theories and efforts, I miss — every day and every hour of the day — having a mother who understands me. That's why with everything I do and write, I imagine the kind of mom I'd like to be to my children later on. The kind of mom who doesn't take everything people say too seriously, but who does take me seriously. I find it difficult to describe what I mean, but the word "mom" says it all. Do you know what I've come up with? In order to give me the feeling of calling my mother something that sounds like "Mom," I often call her "Momsy." Sometimes I shorten it to "Moms"; an imperfect "Mom." I wish I could honor her by removing the"s." It's a good thing she doesn't realize this, since it would only make her unhappy. Well, that's enough of that. My writing has raised me somewhat from "the depths of despair."

Yours, Anne

It's the day after Christmas, and I can't help thinking about Pim and the story he told me this time last year. I didn't understand the meaning of his words then as well as Ido now. If only he'd bring it up again, I might be able to show him I understood what he meant!

I think Pim told me because he, who knows the "intimate secrets" of so many others, needed to express his own feelings for once; Pim never talks about himself, and I don't think Margot has any inkling of what he's been through. Poor Pim, he can't foolme into thinking he's forgotten that girl. He never will. It's made him very accommodating, since he's not blind to Mother's faults. I hope I'm going to be a little like him, without having to go through what he has!

Anne

Monday, December 27, 1943

Friday evening, for the first time in my life, I received a Christmas present. Mr. Kleiman, Mr. Kugler and the girls had prepared a wonderful surprise for us. Miepmade a delicious Christmas cake with "Peace 1944" written on top, and Bep provided a batch of cookies that was up to prewar standards.

There was a jar of yogurt for Peter, Margot and me, and a bottle of beer for each of the adults. And once again everything was wrapped so nicely, with pretty pictures glued to the packages. For the rest, the holidays passed by quickly for us.

Anne

Wednesday, December 29, 1943

I was very sad again last night. Grandma and Hanneli came to me once more. Grandma, oh, my sweet Grandma. How little we understood what she suffered, how kind she always was and what an interest she took in everything that concerned us. And to think that all that time she was carefully guarding her terrible secret. *[*Anne's grandmother was terminally ill.]

Grandma was always so loyal and good. She would never have let any of us down. Whatever happened, no matter how much I misbehaved, Grandma always stuck up for me. Grandma, did you love me, or did you not understand me either? I don't know. How lonely Grandma must have been, in spite of us. You can be lonely even when you're loved by many people, since you're still not the 'One and Only' to any one.

And Hanneli? Is she still alive? What's she doing? Dear God, watch over her and bring her back to us. Hanneli, you're a reminder of what my fate might have been. I keep seeing myself in your place. So why am I often miserable about what goes on here? Shouldn't I be happy, contented and glad, except when I'm thinking of Hanneli and those suffering along with her? I'm selfish and cowardly. Why do I always think and dream the most awful things and want to scream in terror? Because, in spite of everything, I still don't have enough faith in God. He's given me so much, which I don't deserve, and yet each day I make so many mistakes!

Thinking about the suffering of those you hold dear can reduce you to tears; in fact, you could spend the whole day crying. The most you can do is pray for God to perform a miracle and save at least some of them. And I hope I'm doing enough of that!

Anne

Thursday, December 30, 1943

Dearest Kitty,

Since the last raging quarrels, things have settled down here, not only between ourselves, Dussel and "upstairs," but also between Mr. and Mrs. van D. Never theless, a few dark thunderclouds are heading this way, and all because of . . . food. Mrs. VanD. came up with the ridiculous idea of frying fewer potatoes in the morning and saving them for later in the day. Mother and Dussel and the rest of us didn't agree with her, so now we're dividing up the potatoes as well. It seems the fats and oils aren't being doled out fairly, and Mother's going to have to put a stop to it. I'll let you know if there are any interesting developments. For the last few months now we've been splitting up the meat (theirs with fat, ours without), the soup (they eat it, we don't),the potatoes (theirs peeled, ours not), the extras and now the fried potatoes too.

If only we could split up completely!

Yours, Anne

P.S. Bep had a picture postcard of the entire Royal Family copied for me. Juliana looks very young, and so does the Queen. The three little girls are adorable. It was incredibly nice of Bep, don't you think?

Sunday, January 2, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

This morning, when I had nothing to do, I leafed through the pages of my diary and came across so many letters dealing with the subject of "Mother" in such strong terms that I was shocked. I said to myself, "Anne, is that really you talking about hate? Oh, Anne, how could you?"

I continued to sit with the open book in my hand and wonder why I was filled with so much anger and hate that I had to confide it all to you. I tried to understand the Anne of last year and make apologies for her, because as long as I leave you with these accusations and don't attempt to explain what prompted them, my conscience won't be clear. I was suffering then (and still do) from moods that kept my head under water(figuratively speaking) and allowed me to see things only from my own perspective, without calmly considering what the others — those whom I, with my mercurial temperament, had hurt or offended — had said, and then acting as they would have done.

I hid inside myself, thought of no one but myself and calmly wrote down all my joy, sarcasm and sorrow in my diary. Because this diary has become a kind of memory book, it means a great deal to me, but I could easily write "over and done with" on many of its pages.

(Sunday, January 2, 1944)

(Mother-daughter relationship)

A child's relationship with his/ her mother is very special. All relationships have some bitter and some sweet moments. Mother-child relationship is no different. Often your mother must have scolded you. At times you might even have felt that *she doesn't understand.* But, it doesn't mean that she loves you any less.

When you are upset with a dear one, especially after an altercation, try to distance yourself from that situation and examine it from afar. Thinking from the other person's perspective shall give you new insights. You should examine your own behavior in that particular situation too. Maybe, you will realize that you have not been fair always. Anne also examines her emotional outpourings and rants against her mother. She writes, *'Those violent outbursts on paper are simply expressions of anger that, in normal life, I could have worked off by locking myself in my room and stamping my foot a few times or calling Mother names behind her back.*

I was furious at Mother (and still am a lot of the time). It's true, she didn't understand me, but I didn't understand her either. Because she loved me, she was tender and affectionate, but because of the difficult situations I put her in, and the sad circumstances in which she found herself, she was nervous and irritable, so I can understand why she was often short with me.

I was offended, took it far too much to heart and was insolent and beastly to her, which, in turn, made her unhappy. We were caught in a vicious circle of unpleasantness and sorrow. Not a very happy period for either of us, but at least it's coming to an end. I didn't want to see what was going on, and I felt very sorry for myself, but that's understandable too.

Those violent outbursts on paper are simply expressions of anger that, in normal life, I could have worked off by locking myself in my room and stamping my foot a few times or calling Mother names behind her back. The period of tearfully passing judgment on Mother is over. I've grown wiser and Mother's nerves are a bit steadier. Most of the time I manage to hold my tongue when I'm annoyed, and she does too; so on the surface, we seem to be getting along better. But there's one thing I can't do, and that's to love Mother with the devotion of a child.

I soothe my conscience with the thought that it's better for unkind words to be down on paper than for Mother to have to carry them around in her heart.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, January 6, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Today I have two things to confess. It's going to take a long time, but I have to tell them to someone, and you're the most likely candidate, since I know you'll keep a secret, no matter what happens.

The first is about Mother. As you know, I've frequently complained about her and then tried my best to be nice. I've suddenly realized what's wrong with her. Mother has said that she sees us more as friends than as daughters. That's all very nice, of course, except that a friend can't take the place of a mother. I need my mother to seta good example and be a person I can respect. I have the feeling that Margot thinks so differently about these things that she'd never be able to understand what I've just told you. And Father avoids all conversations having to do with Mother.

I imagine a mother as a woman who, first and foremost, possesses a great deal of tact, especially toward her adolescent children, and not one who, like Momsy, pokesfun at me when I cry. Not because I'm in pain, but because of other things.

This may seem trivial, but there's one incident I've never forgiven her for. It happened one day when I had to go to the dentist. Mother and Margot planned to go with me and agreed I should take my bicycle. When the dentist was finished and we were back outside, Margot and Mother very sweetly informed me that they were going downtown to buy or look at something, I don't remember what, and of course I wanted to go along. But they said I couldn't come because I had my bike with me. Tears of rage rushed to my eyes, and Margot and Mother began laughing at me. I was so furious that I stuck my tongue out at them, right there on the street. A little old lady happened to be passing by, and she looked terribly shocked. I rode my bike home and must have cried for hours. Strangely enough, even though Mother has wounded me thousands of times, this particular wound still stings whenever I think of how angry I was.

Wednesday, January 12, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Bep's been back for the last two weeks, though her sister won't be allowed back at school until next week. Bep herself spent two days in bed with a bad cold. Miep and Jan were also out for two days, with upset stomachs. I'm currently going through a dance and ballet craze and am diligently practicing my dance steps every evening. I've made an ultramodern dance costume out of a lacy lavender slip belonging to Momsy. Bias tape is threaded through the top and tied just above the bust. A pink corded ribbon completes the ensemble. I tried to turn my tennis shoes into ballet slippers, but with no success. My stiff limbs are well on the way to becoming as limber as they used to be. A terrific exercise is to sit on the floor, place a heel in each hand and raise both legs in the air. I have to sit on a cushion, because otherwise my poor backside really takes a beating.

Everyone here is reading a book called A Cloudless Morning. Mother thought it was extremely good because it describes a number of adolescent problems. I thought to myself, a bit ironically, "Why don't you take more interest in your own adolescents first!"

I think Mother believes that Margot and I have a better relationship with our parents than anyone in the whole wide world, and that no mother is more involved in the lives of her children than she is. She must have my sister in mind, since I don't believe Margot has the same problems and thoughts as I do. Far be it from me to point out to Mother that one of her daughters is not at all what she imagines. She'd be completely bewildered, and anyway, she'd never be able to change; I'd like to spare her that grief, especially since I know that everything would remain the same. Mother does sense that Margot loves her much more than I do, but she thinks I'm just going through a phase.

Margot's gotten much nicer. She seems a lot different than she used to be. She's not nearly as catty these days and is becoming a real friend. She no longer thinks of meas a little kid who doesn't count.

It's funny, but I can sometimes see myself as others see me. I take a leisurely look at the person called "Anne Frank" and browse through the pages of her life as though she were a stranger.

Before I came here, when I didn't think about things as much as I do now, I occasionally had the feeling that I didn't belong to Momsy, Pim and Margot and that I would always be an outsider. I sometimes went around for six months at a time pretending I was an orphan. Then I'd chastise myself for playing the victim, when really, I'd always been so fortunate. After that I'd force myself to be friendly for awhile. Every morning when I heard footsteps on the stairs, I hoped it would be Mother coming to say good morning. I'd greet her warmly, because I honestly did look forward to her affectionate glance. But then she'd snap at me for having made some comment or other (and I'd go off to school feeling completely discouraged.

On the way home I'd make excuses for her, telling myself that she had so many worries. I'd arrive home in high spirits, chatting nineteen to the dozen, until the events of the morning would repeat themselves and I'd leave the room with my school bag in my hand and a pensive look on my face. Sometimes I'd decide to stay angry, but then I always had so much to talk about after school that I'd forget my resolution and want Mother to stop whatever she was doing

and lend a willing ear. Then the time would come once more when I no longer listened for the steps on the stairs and felt lonely and cried into my pillow every night.

Everything has gotten much worse here. But you already knew that. Now God has sent someone to help me: Peter. I fondle my pendant, press it to my lips and think, "What do I care! Peter is mine and nobody knows it!" With this in mind, I can rise above every nasty remark. Which of the people here would suspect that so much is going on in the mind of a teenage girl?

Saturday, January 15, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

There's no reason for me to go on describing all our quarrels and arguments down to the last detail. It's enough to tell you that we've divided many things like meat and fats and oils and are frying our own potatoes. Recently we've been eating a little extra rye bread because by four o'clock we're so hungry for dinner we can barely control our rumbling stomachs.

Mother's birthday is rapidly approaching. She received some extra sugar from Mr. Kugler, which sparked off jealousy on the part of the van Daans, because Mrs. van D. didn't receive any on her birthday. But what's the point of boring you with harsh words, spiteful conversations and tears when you know they bore us even more?

Mother has expressed a wish, which isn't likely to come true any time soon: not to have to see Mr. van Daan's face for two whole weeks. I wonder if everyone who shares a house sooner or later ends up at odds with their fellow residents. Or have we just had a stroke of bad luck? At mealtime, when Dussel helps himself to a quarter of the half-filled gravy boat and leaves the rest of us to do without, I lose my appetite and feel like jumping to my feet, knocking him off his chair and throwing him out the door.

Are most people so stingy and selfish? I've gained some insight into human nature since I came here, which is good, but I've had enough for the present. Peter says the same.

The war is going to go on despite our quarrels and our longing for freedom and fresh air, so we should try to make the best of our stay here. I'm preaching, but I also believe that if I live here much longer, I'll turn into a dried-up old beanstalk. And all I really want is to be an honest-to-goodnessteenager!

Yours, Anne

Wednesday Evening, January 19, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

You know that I always used to be jealous of Margot's relationship with Father. There's not a trace of my jealousy left now; I still feel hurt when Father's nerves cause him to be unreasonable toward me, but then I think, "I can't blame you for being the way you are. You talk so much about the minds of children and adolescents, but you don't know the first thing about them!" I long for more than Father's affection, more than his hugs and kisses. Isn't it awful of me to be so preoccupied with myself? Shouldn't I, who want to be good and kind, forgive them first? I forgive Mother too, but every time she makes a sarcastic remark or laughs at me, it's all I can do to control myself. I know I'm far from being what I should; will I ever be?

Anne Frank

P.S. Father asked if I told you about the cake. For Mother's birthday, she received areal mocha cake, prewar quality, from the office. It was a really nice day! But at the moment there's no room in my head for things like that.

Saturday, January 22, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Can you tell me why people go to such lengths to hide their real selves? Or why I always behave very differently when I'm in the company of others? Why do people have so little trust in one another? I know there must be a reason, but sometimes I think it's horrible that you can't ever confide in anyone, not even those closest to you. It seems as if I've grown up since the night I had that dream, as if I've become more independent. You'll be amazed when I tell you that even my attitude toward the van Daans has changed. I've stopped looking at all the discussions and arguments from my family's biased point of view. What's brought on such a radical change? Well, you see, I suddenly realized that if Mother had been different, our relationship would have been very, very different. Mrs. van Daan is by no means a wonderful person, yet half the arguments could have been avoided if Mother hadn't been so hard to deal with every time they got onto a tricky subject. Mrs. van Daan does have one good point, though: you can talk to her. She may be selfish, stingy and underhanded, but she'll readily back down as long as you don't provoke her and make her unreasonable. This tactic doesn't work every time, but if you're patient, you can keep trying and see how far you get.

All the conflicts about our upbringing, about not pampering children, about the food— about everything, absolutely everything — might have taken a different turn if we'd remained open and on friendly terms instead of always seeing the worst side. I know exactly what you're going to say, Kitty."But, Anne, are these words really coming from your lips? From you, who have had to put up with so many unkind words from upstairs? From you, who are aware of all the injustices?"

And yet they are coming from me. I want to take a fresh look at things and form my own opinion, not just ape my parents, as in the proverb "The apple never falls far from the tree." I want to re-examine the van Daans and decide for myself what's true and what's been blown out of proportion. If I wind up being disappointed in them, I can always side with Father and Mother. But if not, I can try to change their attitude. And if that doesn't work, I'll have to stick with my own opinions and judgment. I'll take every opportunity to speak openly to Mrs. van D. about our many differences and not be afraid — despite my reputation as a smart aleck — to offer my impartial opinion. I won't say anything negative about my own family, though that doesn't mean I won't defend them if somebody else does, and as of today, my gossiping is a thing of the past.

Up to now I was absolutely convinced that the van Daans were entirely to blame for the quarrels, but now I'm sure the fault was largely ours. We were right as far as the subject matter was concerned, but intelligent people (such as ourselves!) should have more insight into how to deal with others.

I hope I've got at least a touch of that insight, and that I'll find an occasion to put it to good use.

Yours, Anne

Friday, January 28, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

In recent weeks I've developed a great liking for family trees and the genealogical tables of royal families. I've come to the conclusion that once you begin your search, you have to keep digging deeper and deeper into the past, which leads you to even more interesting discoveries. Although I'm extremely diligent when it comes to my schoolwork and can pretty much follow the BBC Home Service on the radio, I still spend many of my Sundays sorting out and looking over my movie-star collection, which has grown to a very respectable size. Mr. Kugler makes me happy every Monday by bringing me a copy of

Cinema &Theater magazine. The less worldly members of our household often refer to this small indulgence as a waste of money, yet they never fail to be surprised at how accurately I can list the actors in any given movie, even after a year. Bep, who often goes to the movies with her boyfriend on her day off, tells me on Saturday the name of the show they're going to see, and I then proceed to rattle off the names of the leading actors and actresses and the reviews. Moms recently remarked ; that I wouldn't need to go to the movies later on, because I know all the plots, the names of the stars and the reviews by heart. Whenever I come sailing in with a new hairstyle, I can read the disapproval on their faces, and I can be sure someone will ask which movie star I'm trying to imitate. My reply, that it's my own invention, is greeted with ~ skepticism. As for the hairdo, it doesn't hold its set for ~ more than half an hour. By that time I'm so sick and tired I of their remarks that I race to the bathroom and restore my hair to its normal mass of curls.

Yours, Anne

Friday, January 28, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

This morning I was wondering whether you ever felt like a cow, having to chew my stale news over and over again until you're so fed up with the monotonous fare that you yawn and secretly wish Anne would dig up something new. Sorry, I know you find it dull as ditch water, but imagine how sick and tired I am of hearing the same old stuff. If the talk at mealtime isn't about politics or good food, then Mother or Mrs. van D. trot out stories about their childhood that we've heard a thousand times before, or Dussel goes on and on about beautiful racehorses, his Charlotte's extensive wardrobe, leaky rowboats, boys who can swim at the age of four, aching muscles and frightened patients. It all boils down to this: whenever one of the eight of us opens his mouth, the other seven can finish the story for him. We know the punch line of every joke before it gets told, so that whoever's telling it is left to laugh alone. The various milkmen, grocers and butchers of the two former housewives have been praised to the skies or run into the ground so many times that in our imaginations they've grown as old as Methuselah; there's absolutely no chance of anything new or fresh being brought up for discussion in the Annex.

Still, all this might be bearable if only the grown-ups weren't in the habit of repeating the stories we hear from Mr. Kleiman, Jan or Miep, each time embellishing them with a few details of their own, so that I often have to pinch

my arm under the table to keep myself from setting the enthusiastic storyteller on the right track. Little children, such as Anne, must never, ever correct their elders, no matter how many blunders they make or how often they let their imaginations run away with them.

Jan and Mr. Kleiman love talking about people who have gone underground or into hiding; they know we're eager to hear about others in our situation and that we truly sympathize with the sorrow of those who've been arrested as well as the joy of prisoners who've been freed.

Going underground or into hiding has become as routine as the proverbial pipe and slippers that used to await the man of the house after a long day at work. There are many resistance groups, such as Free Netherlands, that forge identity cards, provide financial support to those in hiding, organize hiding places and find work for young Christians who go underground. It's amazing how much these generous and unselfish people do, risking their own lives to help and save others.

The best example of this is our own helpers, who have managed to pull us

(Friday, January 28, 1944)

(Heroism of workers)

Anne correctly feels that the workers are no less courageous than those fighting the war.

There are many people around us who impact our lives- the staff and helpers at school, helpers at home and in the community. These people render services that make our lives run smoothly. But, how often do we pause to give a thought to their contributions? We tend to focus our attention on those who are in an authoritative position or are similar to us. We rarely spare thought for the many others who facilitate us in our daily lives. Some of them tirelessly work for us despite facing multiple challenges . . . challenges like financial stress, long working hours, dual pressure of handling work and family and safety and care of children when they come for work.

It is important to be aware and give thought to the contributions of everyone in our environment. Small gestures express our appreciation and respect for the work being done by our helpers. Smiling, saying *thank-you,* listening to them and spending some time to let them know that they are important and valued are small things but they may mean a lot to them.

through so far and will hopefully bring us safely to shore, because otherwise they'll find themselves sharing the fate of those they're trying to protect. Never have they uttered a single word about the burden we must be, never have they complained that we're too much trouble. They come upstairs every day and talk to the men about business and politics, to the women about food and wartime difficulties and to the children about books and newspapers. They put on their most cheerful expressions, bring flowers and gifts for birthdays and holidays and are always ready to do what they can. That's something we should never forget; while others display their heroism in battle or against the Germans, our helpers prove theirs every day by their good spirits and affection.

The most bizarre stories are making the rounds, yet most of them are really true. For instance, Mr. Kleiman reported this week that a soccer match was held in the province of Gelder land; one team consisted entirely of men who had gone underground, and the other of eleven Military Policemen. In Hilversum, new registration cards were issued.

In order for the many people in hiding to get their rations (you have to show this card to obtain your ration book or else pay 60 guilders a book), the registrar asked all those hiding in that district to pick up their cards at a specified hour, when the documents could be collected at a separate table.

All the same, you have to be careful that stunts like these don't reach the ears of the Germans.

Yours, Anne

Sunday, January 30, 1944

My dearest Kit,

Another Sunday has rolled around; I don't mind them as much as I did in the beginning, but they're boring enough.

I still haven't gone to the warehouse yet, but maybe sometime soon. Last night I went downstairs in the dark, all by myself, after having been there with Father a few nights before. I stood at the top of the stairs while German planes flew back and forth, and I knew I was on my own, that I couldn't count on others for support. My fear vanished. I looked up at the sky and trusted in God.

I have an intense need to be alone. Father has noticed I'm not my usual self, but I can't tell him what's bothering me. All I want to do is scream "Let me be, leave meal one!" Who knows, perhaps the day will come when I'm left alone more than I'd like!

Anne Frank

Thursday, February 3, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Invasion fever is mounting daily throughout the country. If you were here, I'm sure you'd be as impressed as I am at the many preparations, though you'd no doubt laugh at all the fuss we're making. Who knows, it may all be for nothing! The papers are full of invasion news and are driving everyone insane with such statements as: "In the event of a British landing in Holland, the Germans will do what they can to defend the country, even flooding it, if necessary." They've published maps of Holland with the potential flood areas marked. Since large portions of Amsterdam were shaded in, our first question was what we should do if the water in the streets rose to above our waists. This tricky question elicited a variety of responses:

"It'll be impossible to walk or ride a bike, so we'll have to wade through the water."

"Don't be silly. We'll have to try and swim. We'll all put on our bathing suits and caps and swim underwater as much as we can, so nobody can see we're Jews."

"Oh, baloney! I can just imagine the ladies swimming with the rats biting their legs!" (That was a man, of course; we'll see who screams loudest!)

"We won't even be able to leave the house. The warehouse is so unstable it'll collapse if there's a flood."

"Listen, everyone, all joking aside, we really ought to try and get a boat."

"Why bother? I have a better idea. We can each take a packing crate from the attic and row with a wooden spoon."

"I'm going to walk on stilts. I used to be a whiz at it when I was young."

"Jan Gies won't need to. He'll let his wife ride piggyback, and then Miep will be on stilts."

So now you have a rough idea of what's going on, don't you, Kit? This lighthearted banter is all very amusing, but reality will prove otherwise. The second question about the invasion was bound to arise: what should we do if the Germans evacuate Amsterdam?

"Leave the city along with the others. Disguise ourselves as well as we can."

"Whatever happens, don't go outside! The best thing to do is to stay put! The Germans are capable of herding the entire population of Holland into Germany, where they'll all die."

"Of course we'll stay here. This is the safest place.

We'll try to talk Kleiman and his family into coming here to live with us. We'll somehow get hold of a bag of wood shavings, so we can sleep on the floor. Let's ask Miep and Kleiman to bring some blankets, just in case. And we'll order some extra cereal grains to supplement the sixty-five pounds we already have. Jan can try to find some more beans. At the moment we've got about sixty-five pounds of beans and ten pounds of split peas. And don't forget the fifty cans of vegetables."

"What about the rest, Mother? Give us the latest figures.' ,

"Ten cans of fish, forty cans of milk, twenty pounds of powdered milk, three bottles of oil, four crocks of butter, four jars of meat, two big jars of strawberries, two jars of raspberries, twenty jars of tomatoes, ten pounds of oatmeal, nine pounds of rice. That's it."

Our provisions are holding out fairly well. All the same, we have to feed the office staff, which means dipping into our stock every week, so it's not as much as it seems. We have enough coal and firewood, candles too."Let's all make little moneybags to hide in our clothes so we can take our money with us if we need to leave here."

"We can make lists of what to take first in case we have to run for it, and pack our knapsacks in advance."

"When the time comes, we'll put two people on the lookout, one in the loft at the front of the house and one in the back."

"Hey, what's the use of so much food if there isn't any water, gas or electricity?"

"We'll have to cook on the wood stove. Filter the water and boil it. We should clean some big jugs and fill them with water. We can also store water in the three kettles we use for canning, and in the washtub."

"Besides, we still have about two hundred and thirty pounds of winter potatoes in the spice storeroom."

All day long that's all I hear. Invasion, invasion, nothing but invasion. Arguments about going hungry, dying, bombs, fire extinguishers, sleeping bags, identity cards, poison gas, etc., etc. Not exactly cheerful.

A good example of the explicit warnings of the male contingent is the following conversation with Jan:

Annex: "We're afraid that when the Germans retreat, they'll take the entire population with them."

Jan: "That's impossible. They haven't got enough trains."

Annex: "Trains? Do you really think they'd put civilians on trains? Absolutely not. Everyone would have to hoof it." (Or, as Dussel always says, per pedes apostolorum.)

Jan: "I can't believe that. You're always looking on the dark side. What reason would they have to round up all the civilians and take them along?"

Annex: "Don't you remember Goebbels saying that if the Germans have to go, they'llslam the doors to all the occupied territories behind them?"

Jan: "They've said a lot of things."

Annex: "Do you think the Germans are too noble or humane to do it? Their reasoning is: if we go under, we'll drag everyone else down with us."

Jan: "You can say what you like, I just don't believe."

Annex: "It's always the same old story. No one wants to see the danger until it's staring them in the face."

Jan: "But you don't know anything for sure. You're just making an assumption."

Annex: "Because we've already been through it all ourselves, First in Germany and then here. What do you think's happening in Russia?"

Jan: "You shouldn't include the Jews. I don't think anyone knows what's going on in Russia. The British and the Russians are probably exaggerating for propaganda purposes, just like the Germans."

Annex: "Absolutely not. The BBC has always told the truth. And even if the news is slightly exaggerated, the facts are bad enough as they are. You can't deny that millions of peace-loving citizens in Poland and Russia have been murdered or gassed."

I'll spare you the rest of our conversations. I'm very calm and take no notice of all the fuss. I've reached the point where I hardly care whether I live or die. The world will keep on turning without me, and I can't do anything to change events anyway. I'll just let matters take their course and concentrate on studying and hope that everything will be all right in the end.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, February 8, 1944

Dear Kitty,

I can't tell you how I feel. One minute I'm longing for peace and quiet, and the next for a little fun. We've forgotten how to laugh — I mean, laughing so hard you can't stop. This morning I had "the giggles"; you know, the kind we used to have at school. Margot and I were giggling like real teenagers.

Last night there was another scene with Mother. Margot was tucking her wool blanket around her when suddenly she leapt out of bed and carefully examined the blanket. What do you think she found? A pin! Mother had patched the blanket and forgotten to take it out. Father shook his head meaningfully and made a comment about how careless Mother is. Soon afterward Mother came in from the bathroom, and just to tease her I said, "Du bist doch eine echte Rabenmutter." [Oh, you are cruel.]

Of course, she asked me why I'd said that, and we told her about the pin she'd overlooked. She immediately assumed her haughtiest expression and said, "You're a fine one to talk. When you're sewing, the entire floor is covered with pins. And look, you've left the manicure set lying around again. You never put

that away either!"I said I hadn't used it, and Margot backed me up, since she was the guilty party. Mother went on talking about how messy I was until I got fed up and said, rather curtly, "I wasn't even the one who said you were careless. I'm always getting blamed for other people's mistakes!"

Mother fell silent, and less than a minute later I was obliged to kiss her good-night.This incident may not have been very important, but these days everything gets on my nerves.

Anne Mary Frank

Saturday, February 12, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

The sun is shining, the sky is deep blue, there's a magnificent breeze, and I'm longing— really longing — for everything: conversation, freedom, friends, being alone. I long. . . to cry! I feel as if I were about to explode. I know crying would help, but I can't cry. I'm restless. I walk from one room to another, breathe through the crack in the window frame, feel my heart beating as if to say, "Fulfill my longing at last. . ."I think spring is inside me. I feel spring awakening, I feel it in my entire body and soul. I have to force myself to act normally. I'm in a state of utter confusion, don't know what to read, what to write, what to do. I only know that I'm longing for something. .

Yours, Anne

Monday, February 14, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Sunday evening everyone, except Pim and me, were clustered around the radio, listening to the "Immortal Music of the German Masters." Dussel kept twisting and turning the knobs, which annoyed Peter, and the others too. After restraining himself for half an hour, Peter asked somewhat irritably if he would stop fiddling with the radio. Dussel replied in his haughtiest tone, "Ich mach' das schon!" [I'll decide that.]Peter got angry and made an insolent remark. Mr. van Daan sided with him, and Dussel had to back down. That was it. The reason for the disagreement wasn't particularly interesting in and of itself, but Peter has apparently taken the matter very much to heart, because this morning, when I was rummaging around in the crate of books in the attic, Peter came up and began telling me what had happened. I didn't know anything about it, but Peter soon realized he'd found an attentive listener and started warming up to his subject.

"Well, it's like this," he said. "I don't usually talk much, since I know beforehand I'll just be tongue-tied. I start stuttering and blushing and I twist my words around so much I finally have to stop, because I can't find the right words. That's what happened yesterday. I meant to say something entirely different, but once I started, I got all mixed up. It's awful. I used to have a bad habit, and sometimes I wish I still did: whenever I was mad at someone, I'd beat them up instead of arguing with them. I know this method won't get me anywhere, and that's why I admire you. You're never at a loss for words: you say exactly what you want to say and aren't in the least bitshy."

"Oh, you're wrong about that," I replied. "Most of what I say comes out very differently from the way I'd planned. Plus I talk too much and too long, and that's just as bad."

"Maybe, but you have the advantage that no one can see you're embarrassed. You don't blush or go to pieces."

I couldn't help being secretly amused at his words. However, since I wanted him to goon talking quietly about himself, I hid my laughter, sat down on a cushion on the floor, wrapped my arms around my knees and gazed at him intently.

I'm glad there's someone else in this house who flies into the same rages as I do. Peter seemed relieved that he could criticize Dussel without being afraid I'd tell. As for me, I was pleased too, because I sensed a strong feeling of fellowship, which I only remember having had with my girlfriends.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, February 15, 1944

The minor run-in with Dussel had several repercussions, for which he had only himself to blame. Monday evening Dussel came in to see Mother and told her triumphantly that Peter had asked him that morning if he'd slept well, and then added how sorry he was about what had happened Sunday evening — he hadn't really meant what he'd said. Dussel assured him he hadn't taken it to heart. So everything was right as rain again. Mother passed this story on to me, and I was secretly amazed that Peter, who'd been so angry at Dussel, had humbled himself, despite all his assurances to the contrary. I couldn't refrain from sounding Peter out on the subject, and he instantly replied that Dussel had been lying. You should have seen Peter's face. I wish I'd had a camera. Indignation, rage, indecision, agitation and much more crossed his face in rapid

succession.

That evening Mr. van Daan and Peter really told Dussel off. But it couldn't have been all that bad, since Peter had another dental appointment today.

Actually, they never wanted to speak to each other again.

Wednesday, February 16, 1944

Peter and I hadn't talked to each other all day, except for a few meaningless words. It was too cold to go up to the attic, and anyway, it was Margot's birthday. At twelve-thirty he came to look at the presents and hung around chatting longer than was strictly necessary, something he'd never have done otherwise. But I got my chance in the afternoon. Since I felt like spoiling Margot on her birthday, I went to get the coffee, and after that the potatoes. When I came to Peter's room, he immediately took his papers off the stairs, and I asked if I should close the trapdoor to the attic.

"Sure," he said, "go ahead. When you're ready to come back down, just knock and I'll open it for you."

I thanked him, went upstairs and spent at least ten minutes searching around in the barrel for the smallest potatoes. My back started aching, and the attic was cold. Naturally, I didn't bother to knock but opened the trap-door myself. But he obligingly got up and took the pan out of my hands.

"I did my best, but I couldn't find any smaller ones."

"Did you look in the big barrel?"

"Yes, I've been through them all."

By this time I was at the bottom of the stairs, and he examined the pan of potatoe she was still holding. "Oh, but these are fine," he said, and added, as I took the panfrom him, "My compliments!"As he said this, he gave me such a warm, tender look that I started glowing inside. I could tell he wanted to please me, but since he couldn't make a long complimentary speech, he said everything with his eyes. I understood him so well and was very grateful. It still makes me happy to think back to those words and that look!

When I went downstairs, Mother said she needed more potatoes, this time for dinner, so I volunteered to go back up. When I entered Peter's room, I apologized for disturbing him again. As I was going up the stairs, he stood up, went over to stand between the stairs and the wall, and tried to stop me.

"I'll go," he said. "I have to go upstairs anyway."

I replied that it wasn't really necessary, that I didn't have to get only the small ones this time. On my way back, he opened the trapdoor and once again took the pan from me. Standing by the door, I asked, "What are you working on?"

"French," he replied.

I asked if I could take a look at his lessons. Then I went to wash my hands and sat down across from him on the divan.

After I'd explained some French to him, we began to talk. He told me that after the war he wanted to go to the Dutch East Indies and live on a rubber plantation. He talked about his life at home, the black market and how he felt like a worthless bum. I told him he had a big inferiority complex. He talked about the war, saying that Russia and England were bound to go to war against each other, and about the Jews. He said life would have been much easier if he'd been a Christian or could become one after the war. I asked if he wanted to be baptized, but that wasn't what he meant either. He said he'd never be able to feel like a Christian, but that after the war he'd make sure nobody would know he was Jewish. I felt a momentary pang. It's such a shame he still has a touch of dishonesty in him.

Peter added, "The Jews have been and always will be the chosen people!"

I answered, "Just this once, I hope they'll be chosen for something good!"

But we went on chatting very pleasantly, about Father, about judging human character and all sorts of things, so many that I can't even remember them all. I left at a quarter past five, because Bep had arrived.

That evening he said something else I thought was nice. We were talking about the picture of a movie star I'd once given him, which has been hanging in his room for at least a year and a half. He liked it so much that I offered to give him a few more.

"No," he replied, "I'd rather keep the one I've got. I look at it every day, and the people in it have become my friends."

I now have a better understanding of why he always hugs Mouschi so tightly. He obviously needs affection too. I forgot to mention something else he was talking about. He said, "No, I'm not afraid, except when it comes to things about myself, but I'm working on that."

Peter has a huge inferiority complex. For example, he always thinks he's so stupid and we're so smart. When I help him with French, he thanks me a thousand times. One of these days I'm going to say, "Oh, cut it out! You're much better at English and Geography!"

Anne Frank

Thursday, February 17, 1944

Dear Kitty,

I was upstairs this morning, since I promised Mrs. van D. I'd read her some of my stories. I began with "Eva's Dream," which she liked a lot, and then I read a few passages from "The Secret Annex," which had her in stitches. Peter also listened for awhile (just the last part) and asked if I'd come to his room sometime to read more. I decided I had to take a chance right then and there, so I got my notebook and let him read that bit where Cady and Hans talk about God. I can't really tell what kind of impression it made on him. He said something I don't quite remember, not about whether it was good, but about the idea behind it. I told him I just wanted him to see that I didn't write only amusing things. He nodded, and I left the room. We'll see if I hear anything more!

Yours,

Anne Frank

Sunday, February 20, 1944

What happens in other people's houses during the rest of the week happens here in the Annex on Sundays. While other people put on their best clothes and go strolling in the sun, we scrub, sweep and do the laundry. Eight o'clock. Though the rest of us prefer to sleep in, Dussel gets up at eight. He goes to the bathroom, then downstairs, then up again and then to the bathroom, where he devotes a whole hour to washing himself. Nine-thirty. The stoves are lit, the blackout screen is taken down, and Mr. van Daanheads for the bathroom. One of my Sunday morning ordeals is having to lie in bed and look at Dussel's back when he's praying. I know it sounds strange, but a praying Dussel is a terrible sight to behold. It's not that he cries or gets sentimental, not a tall, but he does spend a quarter of an hour — an entire fifteen minutes – rocking from his toes to his heels. Back and forth, back and forth. It goes on forever, and if I don't shut my eyes tight, my head starts to spin.

Ten-fifteen. The van Daans whistle; the bathroom's free. In the Frank family quarters, the first sleepy faces are beginning to emerge from their pillows. Then everything happens fast, fast, fast. Margot and I take turns doing the laundry. Since it's quite cold downstairs, we put on pants and head scarves. Meanwhile, Father is busy in the bathroom. Either Margot or I have a turn in the bathroom at eleven, and then we're all clean.

Eleven-thirty. Breakfast. I won't dwell on this, since there's enough talk about food without my bringing the subject up as well.

Twelve-fifteen. We each go our separate ways. Father, clad in overalls, gets down on his hands and knees and brushes the rug so vigorously that the room is enveloped in a cloud of dust. Mr. Dussel makes the beds (all wrong, of course), always whistling the same Beethoven violin concerto as he goes about his work. Mother can be heard shuffling around the attic as she hangs up the washing. Mr. van Daan puts on his hat and disappears into the lower regions, usually followed by Peter and Mouschi. Mrs. van D. dons a long apron, a black wool jacket and overshoes, winds a red wool scarf around her head, scoops up a bundle of dirty laundry and, with a well-rehearsedwasherwoman's nod, heads downstairs. Margot and I do the dishes and straighten up the room.

Wednesday, March 1, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

My own affairs have been pushed to the background by . . . a break-in. I'm boring you with all my break-ins, but what can I do when burglars take such pleasure in honoring Gies & Go. with their presence? This incident is much more complicated than the last one, in July 1943.Last night at seven-thirty Mr. van Daan was heading, as usual, for Mr. Kugler's office when he saw that both the glass door and the office door were open. He was surprised, but he went on through and was even more astonished to see that thealcove doors were open as well and that there was a terrible mess in the front office."There's been a burglary" flashed through his mind. But just to make sure, he went downstairs to the front door, checked the lock and found everything closed. "Bep and Peter must just have been very careless this evening," Mr. van. D. concluded. He remained for a while in Mr. Kugler's office, switched off the lamp and went upstairs without worrying much about the open doors or the messy office.

Early this morning Peter knocked at our door to tell us that the front door was wide open and that the projector and Mr. Kugler's new briefcase had

disappeared from the closet. Peter was instructed to lock the door. Mr. van Daan told us his discoveries of the night before, and we were extremely worried.

The only explanation is that the burglar must have had a duplicate key, since there were no signs of a forced entry. He must have sneaked in early in the evening, shut the door behind him, hidden himself when he heard Mr. van Daan, fled with the loot after Mr. van Daan went upstairs and, in his hurry, not bothered to shut the door.

Who could have our key? Why didn't the burglar go to the warehouse? Was it one of our own warehouse employees, and will he turn us in, now that he's heard Mr. van Daan and maybe even seen him?

It's really scary, since we don't know whether the burglar will take it into his head to try and get in again. Or was he so startled when he heard someone else in the building that he'll stay away?

Yours, Anne

P.S. We'd be delighted if you could hunt up a good detective for us. Obviously, there's one condition: he must be relied upon not to inform on people in hiding.

Thursday, March 2, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Margot and I were in the attic together today. I can't enjoy being there with her. I know she feels the same about most things as I do! While doing the dishes, Bep began talking to Mother and Mrs. van Daan about how discouraged she gets. What help did those two offer her? Our tactless mother, especially, only made things go from bad to worse. Do you know what her advice was? That she should think about all the other people in the world who are suffering!

How can thinking about the misery of others help if you're miserable yourself? I said as much. Their response, of course, was that I should stay out of conversations of this sort.

As if Peter, Margot, Bep and I didn't all have the same feelings. The only thing that helps is a mother's love, or that of a very, very close friend. But these two mothers don't understand the first thing about us! Perhaps Mrs. van Daan does, a bit more than Mother. Oh, I wish I could have said something to poor Bep, something that I know from my own experience would have helped. But Father came between us, pushing me roughly aside. They're all so rude! I also

talked to Margot about Father and Mother, about how nice it could be here if they weren't so aggravating. We'd be able to organize evenings in which everyone could take turns discussing a given subject. But we've already been through all that. It's impossible for me to talk here! Mr. van Daan goes on the offensive, Mother getssarcastic and can't say anything in a normal voice, Father doesn't feel like taking part, nor does Mr. Dussel, and Mrs. van D. is attacked so often that she just sits therewith a red face, hardly able to put up a fight anymore. And what about us? We aren't allowed to have an opinion! My, my, aren't they progressive! Not have an opinion! People can tell you to shut up, but they can't keep you from having an opinion. You can't forbid someone to have an opinion, no matter how young they are! The only thing that would help Bep, Margot, Peter and me would be great love and devotion, which we don't get here. And no one, especially not the sages around here, is capable of understanding us, since we're more sensitive and much more advanced in our thinking than any of them ever suspect!

At the moment, Mother's grouching at me again; she's clearly jealous because I talk to Mrs. van Daan more than to her. What do I care! managed to get hold of Peter this afternoon, and we talked for at least forty-fiveminutes. He wanted to tell me something about himself, but didn't find it easy. He finally got it out, though it took a long time. I honestly didn't know whether it was better for me to stay or to go. But I wanted so much to help him! I told him about Bep and how tactless our mothers are. He told me that his parents fight constantly, about politics and cigarettes and all kinds of things. As I've told you before, Peter's very shy, but not too shy to admit that he'd be perfectly happy not to see his parents for a year or two. "My father isn't as nice as he looks," he said. "But in the matter of the cigarettes, Mother's absolutely right."

I also told him about my mother. But he came to Father's defense. He thought he was a "terrific guy."

Tonight when I was hanging up my apron after doing the dishes, he called me over and asked me not to say anything downstairs about his parents' having had another argument and not being on speaking terms. I promised, though I'd already told Margot. But I'm sure Margot won't pass it on.

"Oh no, Peter," I said, you don't have to worry about me. I've learned not to blab everything I hear. I never repeat what you tell me."

He was glad to hear that. I also told him what terrible gossips we are, and said, "Margot's quite right, of course, when she says I'm not being honest,

because as much as I want to stop gossiping, there's nothing I like better than discussing Mr. Dussel." "It's good that you admit it," he said. He blushed, and his sincere compliment almost embarrassed me too.

Then we talked about "upstairs" and "downstairs" some more. Peter was really rather surprised to hear that I don't like his parents. "Peter," I said, "you know I'm always honest, so why shouldn't I tell you this as well? We can see their faults too."

I added, "Peter, I'd really like to help you. Will you let me? You're caught in an awkward position, and I know, even though you don't say anything, that it upsets you."

"Oh, your help is always welcome!"

"Maybe it'd be better for you to talk to Father. You can tell him anything, he won't pass it on."

"I know, he's a real pal."

"You like him a lot, don't you?"

Peter nodded, and I continued, "Well, he likes you too, you know!"

He looked up quickly and blushed. It was really touching to see how happy these few words made him.

"You think so?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "You can tell from the little things he lets slip now and then."

Then Mr. van Daan came in to do some dictating.

Peter's a "terrific guy," just like Father!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, March 3,1944

My dearest Kitty,

When I looked into the candle tonight, I felt calm and happy again. It seems Grandma is in that candle, and it's Grandma who watches over and protects me and makes me feel happy again. I went to get the potatoes today, and while I was standing on the stairway with my pan full, he asked, "What did you do during the lunch break?"

I sat down on the stairs, and we began to talk. The potatoes didn't make it to the kitchen until five-fifteen (an hour after I'd gone to get them).

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, March 4, 1944

Dear Kitty,

This is the first Saturday in months that hasn't been tiresome, dreary and boring. The reason is Peter. This morning as I was on my way to the attic to hang up my apron, Father asked whether I wanted to stay and practice my French, and I said yes. We spoke French together for a while and I explained something to Peter, and then we worked on our English. Father read aloud from Dickens, and I was in seventh heaven, since I was sitting on Father's chair, close to Peter. I went downstairs at quarter to eleven. When I went back up at eleven-thirty, Peter was already waiting for me on the stairs. We talked until quarter to one. Whenever I leave the room, for example after a meal, and Peter, he says, "Bye, Anne, see you later."

Yours, Anne M. Frank

PS. Before I forget, last night everything was blanketed in snow. Now it's thawed and there's almost nothing left.

Tuesday, March 7,1944

Dearest Kitty,

When I think back to my life in 1942, it all seems so unreal. The Anne Frank who enjoyed that heavenly existence was completely different from the one who has grownwise within these walls. Yes, it was heavenly. Five admirers on every street corner, twenty or so friends, the favorite of most of my teachers, spoiled rotten by Father and Mother, bags full of candy and a big allowance. What more could anyone ask for? You're probably wondering how I could have charmed all those people. Peter says It's because I m "attractive," but that isn't it entirely. The teachers were amused and entertained by my clever answers, my witty remarks, my smiling face and my critical mind. That's all I was: a terrible flirt, coquettish and amusing. I had a few plus points, which kept me in everybody's good graces: I was hardworking, honest and generous. I would never have refused anyone who wanted to peek at my answers, I was magnanimous with my candy, and I wasn't stuck-up.

Would all that admiration eventually have made me overconfident? It's a

good thing that, at the height of my glory, I was suddenly plunged into reality. It took me more than a year to get used to doing without admiration.

How did they see me at school? As the class comedian, the eternal ringleader, never in a bad mood, never a crybaby. Was it any wonder that everyone wanted to bicycle to school with me or do me little favors?

I look back at that Anne Frank as a pleasant, amusing, but superficial girl, who has nothing to do with me. What did Peter say about me? "Whenever I saw you, you were surrounded by a flock of girls and at least two boys, you were always laughing, and you were always the center of attention!" He was right.

What's remained of that Anne Frank? Oh, I haven't forgotten how to laugh or toss off a remark, I'm just as good, if not better, at raking people over the coals, and I can still flirt and be amusing, if I want to be . . .

But there's the catch. I'd like to live that seemingly carefree and happy life for an evening, a few days, a week. At the end of that week I'd be exhausted, and would be grateful to the first person to talk to me about something meaningful. I want friends, not admirers. People who respect me for my character and my deeds, not my flattering smile. The circle around me would be much smaller, but what does that matter, as long as they're sincere?

In spite of everything, I wasn't altogether happy in 1942; I often felt I'd been deserted, but because I was on the go all day long, I didn't think about it. I enjoyed myself as much as I could, trying consciously or unconsciously to fill the void with jokes.

Looking back, I realize that this period of my life has irrevocably come to a close; my happy-go-lucky, carefree schooldays are gone forever. I don't even miss them. I've outgrown them. I can no longer just kid around, since my serious side is always there. I see my life up to New Year's 1944 as if I were looking through a powerful magnifying glass. When I was at home, my life was filled with sunshine. Then, in the middle of 1942, everything changed overnight. The quarrels, the accusations – I couldn't take it all in. I was caught off guard, and the only way I knew to keep my bearings was to talk back.

The first half of 1943 brought crying spells, loneliness and the gradual realization of my faults and short- comings, which were numerous and seemed even more so. I filled the day with chatter, tried to draw Pim closer to me and failed. This left me on my own to face the difficult task of improving myself so I wouldn't have to hear their reproaches, because they made me so despondent.

The second half of the year was slightly better. I became a teenager, and was treated more like a grown-up. I began to think about things and to write stories, finally coming to the conclusion that the others no longer had anything to do with me. They had no right to swing me back and forth like a pendulum on a clock. I wanted to change myself in my own way. I realized I could manage without my mother, completely and totally, and that hurt. But what affected me even more was the realization that I was never going to be able to confide in Father. I didn't trust anyone but myself.

I lie in bed at night, after ending my prayers with the words "Ich Janke air fur all dasCute una Liebe una Schone,"* [* Thank you, God, for all that is good and dear and beautiful.] and I'm filled with joy. I think of going into hiding, my health and my whole being as Cute.

At such moments I don't think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains. This is where Mother and I differ greatly. Her advice in the face of melancholy is: "Think about all the suffering in the world and be thankful you're not part of it." My advice is: "Go outside, to the country, enjoy the sun and all nature has to offer. Go outside and try to recapture the happiness within yourself; think of all the beauty in yourself and in everything around you and be happy."

I don't think Mother's advice can be right, because what are you supposed to do if you become part of the suffering? You'd be completely lost. On the contrary, beauty remains, even in misfortune. If you just look for it, you discover more and more happiness and regain your balance. A person who's happy will make others happy; a person who has courage and faith will never die in misery!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Wednesday, March 8, 1944

Margot and I have been writing each other notes, just for fun, of course. Anne: It's strange, but I can only remember the day after what has happened the night before. For example, I suddenly remembered that Mr. Dussel was snoring loudly last night. (It's now quarter to three on Wednesday afternoon and Mr. Dussel is snoring again, which is why it flashed through my mind, of course.) When I had to use the potty, I deliberately made more noise to get the snoring to stop.

Margot: Which is better, the snoring or the gasping for air?

Anne: The snoring's better, because it stops when I make noise, without waking the person in question.

Friday, March 10, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

The proverb "Misfortunes never come singly" definitely applies to today. Peter just got through saying it. Let me tell you all the awful things that have happened and that are still hanging over our heads.

First, Miep is sick, as a result of Henk and Aagje's wedding yesterday. She caught cold in the Westerkerk, where the service was held. Second, Mr. Kleiman hasn't returned to work since the last time his stomach started bleeding, so Bep's been left to hold down the fort alone. Third, the police have arrested a man (whose name I won't put in writing). It's terrible not only for him, but for us as well, since he's been supplying us with potatoes, butter and jam. Mr. M., as I'll call him, has five children under the age of thirteen, and another on the way.

Last night we had another little scare: we were in the middle of dinner when suddenly someone knocked on the wall next door. For the rest of the evening we were nervous and gloomy.

Lately I haven't been at all in the mood to write down what's been going on here. I've been more wrapped up in myself. Don't get me wrong, I'm terribly upset about what's happened to poor, good-hearted Mr. M., but there's not much room for him in my diary.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday I was in Peter's room from four-thirty to five-fifteen. We worked on our French and chatted about one thing and another. I really look forward to that hour or so in the afternoon, but best of all is that I thinkPeter's just as pleased to see me.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Sunday, March 12, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Things are getting crazier here as the days go by.

Yesterday afternoon I was so worn out by the sad news from the outside that I lay down on my divan for a nap. All I wanted was to sleep and not have to think. I slept until four, but then I had to go next door. It wasn't easy, answering all Mother's questions and inventing an excuse to explain my nap to Father. I pleaded a headache, which wasn't a lie, since I did have one. . . on the inside! Ordinary people, ordinary girls, teenagers like myself, would think I'm a little

nuts with all my self-pity. But that's just it. I pour my heart out to you, and the rest of the time I'm as impudent, cheerful and self-confident as possible to avoid questions and keep from getting on my own nerves. Margot is very kind and would like me to confide in her, but I can't tell here very thing. She takes me too seriously, far too seriously, and spends a lot of time thinking about her loony sister, looking at me closely whenever I open my mouth and wondering, "Is she acting, or does she really mean it?"

It's because we're always together. I don't want the person I confide in to be around me all the time. When will I untangle my jumbled thoughts? When will I find inner peace again?

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, March 14, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

It might be amusing for you (though not for me) to hear what we're going to eat today. The cleaning lady is working downstairs, so at the moment I'm seated at the van Daans' oilcloth-covered table with a handkerchief sprinkled with fragrant prewar perfume pressed to my nose and mouth. You probably don't have the faintest idea what I'm talking about, so let me "begin at the beginning." The people who supply us with food coupons have been arrested, so we have just our five black-market ration books-no coupons, no fats and oils. Since Miep and Mr. Kleiman are sick again, Bep can't manage the shopping. The food is wretched, and so are we. As of tomorrow, we won't have a scrap of fat, butter or margarine. We can't eat fried potatoes for breakfast (which we've been doing to save on bread), so we're having hot cereal instead, and because Mrs. van D. thinks we're starving, we bought some half-and-half. Lunch today consists of mashed potatoes and pickled kale. This explains the precautionary measure with the handkerchief. You wouldn't believe how much kale can stink when it's a few years old! The kitchen smells like a mixture of spoiled plums, rotten eggs and brine. Ugh, just the thought of having to eat that muckmakes me want to throw up! Besides that, our potatoes have contracted such strange diseases that one out of every two buckets of pommes de terre winds up in the garbage. We entertain ourselves by trying to figure out which disease they've got, and we've reached the conclusion that they suffer from cancer, smallpox and measles.

Honestly, being in hiding during the fourth year of the war is no picnic. If only the whole stinking mess were over!

To tell you the truth, the food wouldn't matter so much to me if life here were more pleasant in other ways. But that's just it: this tedious existence is starting to make us all disagreeable. Here are the opinions of the five grown-ups on the present situation(children aren't allowed to have opinions, and for once I'm sticking to the rules).

Mrs. van Daan: "I'd stopped wanting to be queen of the kitchen long ago. But sitting around doing nothing was boring, so I went back to cooking. Still, I can't help complaining: it's impossible to cook without oil, and all those disgusting smells make me sick to my stomach. Besides, what do I get in return for my efforts? Ingratitude and rude remarks. I'm always the black sheep; I get blamed for everything. What's more, it's my opinion that the war is making very little progress. The Germans will win in the end. I'm terrified that we're going to starve, and when I'm in a bad mood, I snap at everyone who comes near."

Mr. van Daan: "I just smoke and smoke and smoke. Then the food, the political situation and Kerli's moods don't seem so bad. Kerli's a sweetheart. If I don't have anything to smoke, I get sick, then I need to eat meat, life becomes unbearable, nothing's good enough, and there's bound to be a flaming row. My Kerli's an idiot."Mrs. Frank: "Food's not very important, but I'd love a slice of rye bread right now, because I'm so hungry. If I were Mrs. van Daan, I'd have put a stop to Mr. van Daan's smoking long ago. But I desperately need a cigarette now, because my head's in such a whirl. The van Daans are horrible people; the English may make a lot of mistakes, but the war is progressing. I should keep my mouth shut and be grateful I'm not in Poland."

Mr. Frank: "Everything's fine, I don't need a thing. Stay calm, we've got plenty of time. Just give me my potatoes, and I'll be quiet. Better set aside some of my rations for Bep. The political situation is improving, I'm extremely optimistic."Mr. Dussel: "I must complete the task I've set for myself, everything must be finished on time. The political situation is looking 'gut,' it's 'impossible' for us to get caught. Me, me, me . . . ."

Yours, Anne

Thursday, March 16, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Whew! Released from the gloom and doom for a few moments! All I've been hearing today is: "If this and that happens, we're in trouble, and if so-and-

so gets sick, we'll be left to fend for ourselves, and if . . ." Well, you know the rest, or at any rate I assume you're familiar enough with the residents of the Annex to guess what they'd be talking about. The reason for all the "ifs" is that Mr. Kugler has been called up for a six-day work detail, Bep is down with a bad cold and will probably have to stay home tomorrow, Miep hasn't gotten over her flu, and Mr. Kleiman's stomach bled so much he lost consciousness. What a tale of woe! We think Mr. Kugler should go directly to a reliable doctor for a medical certificate of ill health, which he can present to the City Hall in Hilversum. The warehouse —employees have been given a day off tomorrow, so Bep will be alone in the office. If (there's another "if') Bep has to stay home, the door will remain locked and we'll have to be as quiet as mice so the Keg Company won't hear us. At one o'clock Jan will come for half an hour to check on us poor forsaken souls, like a zookeeper.

This afternoon, for the first time in ages, Jan gave us some news of the outside world. You should have seen us gathered around him; it looked exactly like a print:"At Grandmother's Knee."

He regaled his grateful audience with talk of-what else?-food. Mrs. P., a friend of Miep's, has been cooking his meals. The day before yesterday Jan ate carrots with green peas, yesterday he had the leftovers, today she's cooking marrowfat peas, and tomorrow she's planning to mash the remaining carrots with potatoes. We asked about Miep's doctor.

"Doctor?" said Jan. "What doctor? I called him this morning and got his secretary onthe line. I asked for a flu prescription and was told I could come to pick it up tomorrow morning between eight and nine. If you've got a particularly bad case of flu, the doctor himself comes to the phone and says, 'Stick out your tongue and say "Aah." Oh, I can hear it, your throat's infected. I'll write out a prescription and you can bring it to the pharmacy. Good day.' And that's that. Easy job he's got, diagnosis by phone. But I shouldn't blame the doctors." After all, a person has only two hands, and these days there're too many patients and too few doctors."

Still, we all had a good laugh at Jan's phone call. I can just imagine what a doctor's waiting room looks like these days. Doctors no longer turn up their noses at the poorer patients, but at those with minor illnesses. "Hey, what are you doing here?"they think. "Go to the end of the line; real patients have priority!"

Yours, Anne

Thursday, March 16, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

The weather is gorgeous, indescribably beautiful; I'll be going up to the attic in a moment.

I now know why I'm so much more restless than Peter. He has his own room, where he can work, dream, think and sleep. I'm constantly being chased from one corner to another. I'm never alone in the room I share with Dussel, though I long to be so much. That's another reason I take refuge in the attic. When I'm there, or with you, I can be myself, at least for a little while. Still, I don't want to moan and groan. On the contrary, I want to be brave!

Thank goodness the others notice nothing of my innermost feelings, except that everyday I'm growing cooler and more contemptuous of Mother, less affectionate to Father and less willing to share a single thought with Margot; I'm closed up tighter than a drum. Above all, I have to maintain my air of confidence. No one must know that my heart and mind are constantly at war with each other. Up to now, reason has always won the battle, but will my emotions get the upper hand? Sometimes I fear they will, but more often I actually hope they do!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, March 17, 1944

My dearest darling,

Everything turned out all right after all; Bep just had a sore throat, not the flu, and Mr. Kugler got a medical certificate to excuse him from the work detail. The entire Annex breathed a huge sigh of relief. Everything's fine here! Except that Margot and I are rather tired of our parents.

Don't get me wrong. I still love Father as much as ever and Margot loves both Father and Mother, but when you're as old as we are, you want to make a few decisions for yourself, get out from under their thumb. Whenever I go upstairs, they ask what I'm going to do, they won't let me salt my food, Mother asks me every evening at eight-fifteen if it isn't time for me to change into my nighty, I and they have to approve every book I read. I must admit, they're not at all strict about that and let me read nearly everything, but Margot and I are sick and tired of having to listen to their comments and questions all day long.

There's something else that displeases them: I no longer feel like giving them little kisses morning, noon and night. All those cute nicknames seem so affected, and Father's fondness for talking about farting and going to the bathroom is disgusting. In short, I'd like nothing better than to do without their company for a while, and they don't understand that. Not that Margot and I have ever said any of this to them. What would be the point? They wouldn't understand anyway.

Margot said last night, "What really bothers me is that if you happen to put your head in your hands and sigh once or twice, they immediately ask whether you have a headache or don't feel well."

For both of us, it's been quite a blow to suddenly realize that very little remains of the close and harmonious family we used to have at home! This is mostly because everything's out of kilter here. By that I mean that we're treated like children when it comes to external matters, while, inwardly, we're much older than other girls our age. Even though I'm only fourteen, I know what I want, I know who's right and who's wrong, I have my own opinions, ideas and principles, and though it may sound odd coming from a teenager, I feel I'm more of a person than a child — I feel I'm completely independent of others. I know I'm better at debating or carrying on a discussion than Mother, I know I'm more objective, I don't exaggerate as much, I'm much tidier and better with my hands, and because of that I feel (this may make you laugh) that I'm superior to her in many ways. To love someone, I have to admire and respect the person, but I feel neither respect nor admiration for Mother!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Sunday, March 19, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

We talked about how neither of us really trusts our parents, and how his parents love each other a great deal and wish he'd confide in them, but that he doesn't want to. How I cry my heart out in bed and he goes up to the loft and swears. How Margot and I have only recently gotten to know each other and yet still tell each other very little, since we're always together. We talked about every imaginable thing, about trust, feelings and ourselves. Oh, Kitty, he was just as I thought he would be.

Then we talked about the year 1942, and how different we were back then; we don't even recognize ourselves from that period. How we couldn't stand

each other at first. He'd thought I was a noisy pest, and I'd quickly concluded that he was nothing special. I didn't understand why he didn't pay attention to me, but now I'm glad. He also mentioned how he often used to retreat to his room. I said that my noise and exuberance and his silence were two sides of the same coin, and that I also liked peace and quiet but don't have anything for myself alone, except my diary, and that everyone would rather see the back of me, starting with Mr. Dussel, and that I don't always want to sit with my parents. We discussed how glad he is that my parents have children and how glad I am that he's here.

How I now understand his need to withdraw and his relationship to his parents, and how much I'd like to help him when they argue.

"But you're always a help to me!" he said.

"How?" I asked, greatly surprised.

"By being cheerful."

That was the nicest thing he said all evening. He also told me that he didn't mind my coming to his room the way he used to; in fact, he liked it. I also told him that all of Father's and Mother's pet names were meaningless, that a kiss here and there didn't automatically lead to trust. We also talked about doing things your own way, the diary, loneliness, the difference between everyone's inner and outer selves, my mask, etc. It was wonderful. He must have come to love me as a friend, and, for the time being, that's enough. I'm so grateful and happy, I can't find the words. I must apologize, Kitty, since my style is not up to my usual standard today. I've just written whatever came into my head!

Your grateful and happy Anne

Wednesday, March 22,1944

Dearest Kitty,

I received this letter last night from Margot:

Dear Anne,

After your letter of yesterday I have the unpleasant feeling that your conscience bothers you whenever you go to Peter's to work or talk; there's really no reason for that. In my heart, I know there's someone who deserves my trust (as I do his), and I wouldn't be able to tolerate Peter in his place.

However, as you wrote, I do think of Peter as a kind of brother. . . a younger

brother; we've been sending out feelers, and a brotherly and sisterly affection mayor may not develop at some later date, but it's certainly not reached that stage yet. So there's no need for you to feel sorry for me. Now that you've found companionship, enjoy it as much as you can.

My answer:

Dearest Margot,

I think the best thing is simply to wait and see what happens. It can't be much longer before Peter and I will have to decide whether to go back to the way we were or do something else. I don't know how it'll turn out; I can't see any farther than the end of my nose.

But I'm certain of one thing: if Peter and I do become friends, I'm going to tell him you're also very fond of him and are prepared to help him if he needs you. You wouldn't want me to, I'm sure, but I don't care; I don't know what Peter thinks of you, but I'll ask him when the time comes. It's certainly nothing bad — on the contrary! You're welcome to join us in the attic, or wherever we are. You won't be disturbing us, because we have an unspoken agreement to talk only in the evenings.

Keep your spirits up! I'm doing my best, though it's not always easy. Your time may come sooner than you think.

Yours, Anne

Thursday, March 23, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Things are more or less back to normal here. Our coupon men have been released from prison, thank goodness! Miep's been back since yesterday, but today it was her husband's turn to take to hisbed-chills and fever, the usual flu symptoms. Bep is better, though she still has a cough, and Mr. Kleiman will have to stay home for a long time. Yesterday a plane crashed nearby. The crew was able to parachute out in time. It crashed on top of a school, but luckily there were no children inside. There was a small fire and a couple of people were killed. As the airmen made their descent, the Germans sprayed them with bullets. The Amsterdammers who saw it seethed with rage at such a dastardly deed. Brrr, I hate the sound of gunfire.

Yours, Anne

Saturday, March 25, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

You never realize how much you've changed until after it's happened. I've changed quite drastically, everything about me is different: my opinions, ideas, critical outlook. Inwardly, outwardly, nothing's the same. And, I might safely add, since it's true, I've changed for the better. I once told you that, after years of being adored, it was hard for me to adjust to the harsh reality of grown-ups and rebukes. But Father and Mother are largely to blame for my having to put up with so much. At home they wanted me to enjoy life, which was fine, but here they shouldn't have encouraged meto agree with them and only shown me "their" side of all the quarrels and gossip. It was a long time before I discovered the score was fifty-fifty. I now know that many blunders have been committed here, by young and old alike. Father and Mother's biggest mistake in dealing with the van Daans is that they're never candid and friendly(admittedly, the friendliness might have to be feigned). Above all, I want to keep the peace, and to neither quarrel nor gossip. With Father and Margot that's not difficult, but it is with Mother, which is why I'm glad she gives me an occasional rap on the knuckles. You can win Mr. van Daan to your side by agreeing with him, listening quietly, not saying much and most of all . . . responding to his teasing and his corny jokes with a joke of your own. Mrs. van D. can be won over by talking openly to her and admitting when you're wrong. She also frankly admits her faults, of which she has many. I know all too well that she doesn't think as badly of me as she did in the beginning. And that's simply because I'm honest and tell people right to their faces what I think, even when it's not very flattering. I want to be honest; I think it gets you further and also makes you feel better about yourself. Yesterday Mrs. van D. was talking about the rice we gave Mr. Kleiman. "All we do is give, give, give. But at a certain point I think that enough is enough. If he'd only take the trouble, Mr. Kleiman could scrounge up his own rice. Why should we give away all our supplies? We need them just as badly."

"No, Mrs. van Daan," I replied. "I don't agree with you. Mr. Kleiman may very well be able to get hold of a little rice, but he doesn't like having to worry about it. It's not our place to criticize the people who are helping us. We should give them whatever they need if we can possibly spare it. One less plate of rice a week won't make that much difference; we can always eat beans."

Mrs. van D. didn't see it my way, but she added that, even though she disagreed, she was willing to back down, and that was an entirely different matter.

Well, I've said enough. Sometimes I know what my place is and sometimes I have my doubts, but I'll eventually get where I want to be! I know I will ! Especially now that I have help, since Peter helps me through many a rough patch and rainy day!

I don't have much in the way of money or worldly possessions, I'm not beautiful, intelligent or clever, but I'm happy, and I intend to stay that way! I was born happy, I love people, I have a trusting nature, and I'd like everyone else to be happy too.

Your devoted friend, Anne M. Frank An empty day, though clear and bright, Is just as dark as any night. (I wrote this a few weeks ago and it no longer holds true, but I included it because my poems are so few and far between.)

Monday, March 27, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

At least one long chapter on our life in hiding should be about politics, but I've been avoiding the subject, since it interests me so little. Today, however, I'll devote an entire letter to politics.

Of course, there are many different opinions on this topic, and it's not surprising to hear it frequently discussed in times of war, but. . . arguing so much about politics is just plain stupid! Let them laugh, swear, make bets, grumble and do whatever they want as long as they stew in their own juice. But don't let them argue, since that only makes things worse. The people who come from outside bring us a lot of news that later proves to be untrue; however, up to now our radio has never lied. Jan, Miep, Mr. Kleiman, Bep and Mr. Kugler go up and down in their political moods, though Jan least of all.

Here in the Annex, the mood never varies. The endless debates over the invasion, air raids, speeches, etc., etc., are accompanied by countless exclamations such as"Eempossible!, Urn Gottes Willen* [* Oh, for heaven's sake]. If they're just getting started now, how long is it going to last!, It's going splendidly, But, great!"Optimists and pessimists — not to mention the realists — air their opinions with unflagging energy, and as with everything else, they're all certain that they have a monopoly on the truth. It annoys a certain lady that her spouse has such supreme faith in the British, and a certain husband attacks his wife because of her teasing and disparaging remarks about his beloved nation!

And so it goes from early in the morning to late at night; the funny part is that they never get tired of it. I've discovered a trick, and the effect is

overwhelming, just like pricking someone with a pin and watching them jump. Here's how it works: I start talking about politics.

All it takes is a single question, a word or a sentence, and before you know it, the entire family is involved! As if the German "Wehrmacht News" and the English BBC weren't enough, they've now added special air-raid announcements. In a word, splendid. But the other side of the coin is that the British Air Force is operating around the clock. Not unlike the German propaganda machine, which is cranking out lies twenty-four hours a day!

So the radio is switched on every morning at eight (if not earlier) and is listened to every hour until nine, ten or even eleven at night. This is the best evidence yet that the adults have infinite patience, but also that their brains have turned to mush (some of them, I mean, since I wouldn't want to insult anyone). One broadcast, two at the most, should be enough to last the entire day. But no, those old nincompoops. . .never mind, I've already said it all! "Music While You Work," the Dutch broadcast from England, Frank Phillips or Queen Wilhelmina, they each get a turn and find a willing listener. If the adults aren't eating or sleeping, they're clustered around the radio talking about eating, sleeping and politics. Whew! It's getting to be a bore, and it's all I can do to keep from turning into a dreary old crone myself! Though with all the old folks around me, that might not be such a bad idea! Here's a shining example, a speech made by our beloved Winston Churchill.

Nine o'clock, Sunday evening. The teapot, under its cozy, is on the table, and the guests enter the room.

Dussel sits to the left of the radio, Mr. van D. in front of it and Peter to the side. Mother is next to Mr. van D., with Mrs. van D. behind them. Margot and I are sitting in the last row and Pim at the table. I realize this isn't a very clear description of our seating arrangements, but it doesn't matter. The men smoke, Peter's eyes close from the strain of listening, Mama is dressed in her long, dark negligee, Mrs. van D. is trembling because of the planes, which take no notice of the speech but fly blithely on toward Essen, Father is slurping his tea, and Margot and I are united in a sisterly way by the sleeping Mouschi, who has taken possession of both our knees. Margot's hair is in curlers and my nightgown is too tight and too short. It all looks so intimate, cozy and peaceful, and for once it really is. Yet I await the end of the speech with dread. They're impatient, straining at the leash to start another argument! Pst, pst, like a cat luring a mouse from its hole, they goad each other into quarrels and dissent.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday, March 29, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Mr. Bolkestein, the Cabinet Minister, speaking on the Dutch broadcast from London, said that after the war a collection would be made of diaries and letters dealing with the war. Of course, everyone pounced on my diary. Just imagine how interesting it would be if I were to publish a novel about the Secret Annex. The title alone would make people think it was a detective story.

Seriously, though, ten years after the war people would find it very amusing to read how we lived, what we ate and what we talked about as Jews in hiding. Although I tell you a great deal about our lives, you still know very little about us. How frightened the women are during air raids; last Sunday, for instance, when 350 British planes dropped 550 tons of bombs on Ijmuiden, so that the houses trembled like blades of grass in the wind. Or how many epidemics are raging here.

You know nothing of these matters, and it would take me all day to describe everything down to the last detail. People have to stand in line to buy vegetables and all kinds of goods; doctors can't visit their patients, since their cars and bikes are stolen the moment they turn their backs; burglaries and thefts are so common that you ask yourself what's suddenly gotten into the Dutch to make them so light-fingered.

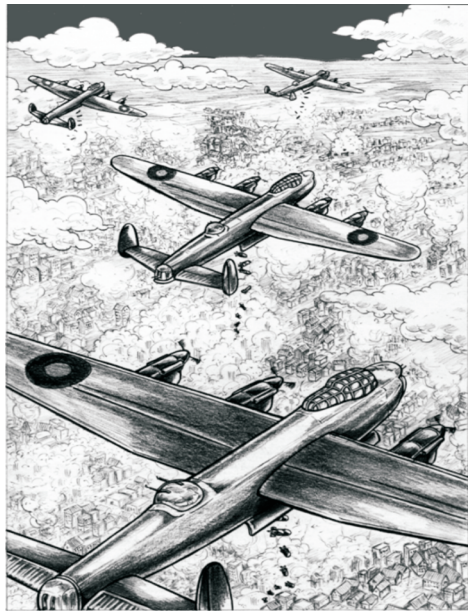
Little children, eight- and eleven- year-olds, smash the windows of people's homes and steal whatever they can lay their hands on. People don't dare leave the house for even five minutes, since they're liable to come back and find all their belongings gone. Every day the newspapers are filled with reward notices for the return of stolen typewriters, Persian rugs, electric clocks, fabrics, etc. The electric clocks on street corners are dismantled, public phones are stripped down to the last wire. Morale among the Dutch can't be good. Everyone's hungry; except for the ersatz coffee, a week's food ration doesn't last two days. The invasion's long in coming, the men are being shipped off to Germany, the children are sick or undernourished, everyone's wearing worn-out clothes and run-down shoes. A new sole costs 7.50guilders on the black market. Besides, few shoemakers will do repairs, or if they do, you have to wait four months for your shoes, which might very well have disappeared in the meantime.

One good thing has come out of this: as the food gets worse and the decrees more severe, the acts of sabotage against the authorities are increasing. The

ration board, the police, the officials-they're all either helping their fellow citizens or denouncing them and sending them off to prison. Fortunately, only a small percentage of Dutch people are on the wrong side.

Yours, Anne

Friday, March 31, 1944



Dearest Kitty,

Just imagine, it's still fairly cold, and yet most people have been without coal for nearly a month. Sounds awful, doesn't it? There's a general mood of optimism about the Russian front, because that's going great guns! I don't often write about the political situation, but I must tell you where the Russians are at the moment. They've reached the Polish border and the Prut River in Romania. They're close to Odessa, and they've surrounded Ternopol. Every night we're expecting an extra communiqué from Stalin.

They're firing off so many salutes in Moscow, the city must be rumbling and shaking all day long. Whether they like to pretend the fighting's nearby or they simply don't have any other way to express their joy, I don't know!

(Tobacco danger)

Many reference have been given in the book about tobacco usage. Tobacco originated in the Americas and then spread to Europe and other parts of the world. It became extremely popular in Europe-both among men and women in the 18th century (the time when Anne was penning her diary). Researchers conclusively proved a link between Tobacco and lung cancer in the 1950s and legislation and advocacy campaigns soon started across the western world to discourage tobacco use.

It is a well-established scientific fact that tobacco-use, in any form, affects health adversely.

Hungary has been occupied by German troops. There are still a million Jews living there; they too are doomed.

Nothing special is happening here. Today is Mr. van Daan's birthday. He received two packets of tobacco, one serving of coffee, which his wife had managed to save, lemon punch from Mr. Kugler, sardines from Miep, eau de cologne from us, lilacs, tulips and, last but not least, a cake with raspberry filling, slightly gluey because of the poor quality of the flour and the lack of butter, but delicious anyway.

My life here has gotten better, much better. God has not forsaken me, and He never will.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Monday, April 3, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

Contrary to my usual practice, I'm going to write you a detailed description of the food situation, since it's become a matter of some difficulty and importance, not only here in the Annex, but in all of Holland, all of Europe and even beyond.

In the twenty-one months we've lived here, we've been through a good many "food cycles" — you'll understand what that means in a moment. A "food cycle" is a period in which we have only one particular dish or type of vegetable to eat. For a long time we ate nothing but endive. Endive with sand, endive without sand, endive with mashed potatoes, endive-and-mashed potato casserole. Then it was spinach, followed by kohlrabi, salsify, cucumbers, tomatoes, sauerkraut, etc., etc. It's not much fun when you have to eat, say, sauerkraut every day for lunch and dinner, but when you're hungry enough, you do a lot of things. Now, however, we're going through the most delightful so far, because there are no vegetables at all. Our weekly lunch menu consists of brown beans, split-pea soup, potatoes with dumplings, potato kugel and, by the grace of God, turnip greens or rotten carrots, and then it's back to brown beans. Because of the bread shortage, we eat potatoes at every meal, starting with breakfast, but then we fry them a little. To make soup we use brown beans, navy beans, potatoes, packages of vegetable soup, packages of chicken soup and packages of bean soup. There are brown beans in everything, including the bread. For dinner we always have potatoes with imitation gravy and —thank goodness we've still got it — beet salad. I must tell you about the dumplings.

We make them with government-issue flour, water and yeast. They're so gluey and tough that it feels as if you had rocks in your stomach, but oh well! The high point is our weekly slice of liverwurst, and the jam on our unbuttered bread. But we're still alive, and much of the time it still tastes good too!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Wednesday, April 5, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

For a long time now I didn't know why I was bothering to do any schoolwork. The end of the war still seemed so far away, so unreal, like a fairy tale. If the war isn't over by September, I won't go back to school, since I don't want to be two years behind.

I slid to the floor in my nightgown and began by saying my prayers, very fervently. Then I drew my knees to my chest, lay my head on my arms and cried, all huddled up on the bare floor. A loud sob brought me back down to earth, and I choked back my tears, since I didn't want anyone next door to hear me. Then I tried to pull myself together, saying over and over, "I must, I must, I must. . . " Stiff from sitting in such an unusual position, I fell back against the side of the bed and kept up my struggle until just before ten-thirty, when I climbed back into bed. It was over! And now it's really over. I finally realized that I must do my schoolwork to keep from being ignorant, to get on in life, to become a journalist, because that's what I want! I know I can write. A few of my stories are good, my descriptions of the Secret Annexare humorous, much of my diary is vivid and alive, but. . . it remains to be seen whether I really have talent.

"Eva's Dream" is my best fairy tale, and the odd thing is that I don't have the faintest idea where it came from. Parts of "Cady's Life" are also good, but as a whole it's nothing special. I'm my best and harshest critic. I know what's good and what isn't. Unless you write yourself, you can't know how wonderful it is; I always used to bemoan the fact that I couldn't draw, but now I'm overjoyed that at least I can write. And if I don't have the talent to write books or newspaper articles, I can always write for myself. But I want to achieve more than that. I can't imagine having to live like Mother, Mrs. van Daan and all the women who go about their work and are then forgotten. I need to have something besides a husband and children to devote myself to! I don't want to have lived in vain like most people. I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my death! And that's why I'm so

grateful to God for having given me this gift, which I can use to develop myself and to express all that's inside me!

When I write I can shake off all my cares. My sorrow disappears, my spirits are revived! But, and that's a big question, will I ever be able to write something great, will I ever become a journalist or a writer?

I hope so, oh, I hope so very much, because writing allows me to record everything, all my thoughts, ideals and fantasies. I haven't worked on "Cady's Life" for ages. In my mind I've worked out exactly what happens next, but the story doesn't seem to be coming along very well. I might never finish it, and it'll wind up in the wastepaper basket or the stove. That's a horrible thought, but then I say to myself, "At the age of fourteen and with so little experience, you can't write about philosophy."

So onward and upward, with renewed spirits. It'll all work out, because I'm determined to write!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Thursday, April 6, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

You asked me what my hobbies and interests are and I'd like to answer, but I'd better warn you, I have lots of them, so don't be surprised.

First of all: writing, but I don't really think of that as a hobby.

Number two: genealogical charts. I'm looking in every newspaper, book and document I can find for the family trees of the French, German, Spanish, English, Austrian, Russian, Norwegian and Dutch royal families. I've made great progress with many of them, because for a long time I've been taking notes while reading biographies or history books. I even copy out many of the passages on history.

So my third hobby is history, and Father's already bought me numerous books. I can hardly wait for the day when I'll be able to go to the public library and ferret out the information I need.

Number four is Greek and Roman mythology. I have various books on this subject too. I can name The Nine Muses and The Seven Loves of Zeus. I have The Wives of Hercules, etc., etc.

My other hobbies are movie stars and family photographs. I'm crazy about

reading books. I adore the history of the arts, especially when it concerns writers, poets and painters; musicians may come later. I loathe algebra, geometry and arithmetic. I enjoy all my other school subjects, but history's my favorite!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, April 11, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

My head's in a whirl, I really don't know where to begin. Thursday (the last time I wrote you) everything was as usual. Friday afternoon (Good Friday) we played Monopoly; Saturday afternoon too. The days passed very quickly. Around two o'clock on Saturday, heavy firing began-machine guns, according to the men. For the rest, everything was quiet. Sunday afternoon Peter came to see me at four-thirty, at my invitation. At five-fifteen, we went to the front attic, where we stayed until six. There was a beautiful Mozart concert on the radio from six to seven-fifteen; I especially enjoyed the Kleine Nachtmusik. I can hardly bear to listen in the kitchen, since beautiful music stirs me to the very depths of my soul. Sunday evening Peter couldn't take his bath, because the washtub was down in the office kitchen, filled with laundry. The two of us went to the front attic together, and in order to be able to sit comfortably, I took along the only cushion I could find in my room. We seated ourselves on a packing crate. Since both the crate and the cushion were very narrow, we were sitting quite close, leaning against two other crates; Mouschi kept us company, so we weren't without a chaperon. Suddenly, at a quarter to nine, Mr. van Daan whistled and asked if we had Mr. Dussel's cushion. We jumped up and went downstairs with the cushion, the cat and Mr. van Daan. This cushion was the source of much misery. Dussel was angry because I'd taken the one he uses as a pillow, and he was afraid it might be covered with fleas; he had the entire house in an uproar because of this one cushion. In revenge, Peter and I stuck two hard brushes in his bed, but had to take them out again when Dussel unexpectedly decided to go and sit in his room. We had a really good laugh at this little intermezzo.

But our fun was short-lived. At nine-thirty Peter knocked gently on the door and asked Father to come upstairs and help him with a difficult English sentence. "That sounds fishy," I said to Margot. "It's obviously a pretext. You can tell by the way the men are talking that there's been a break-in!" I was right. The warehouse was being broken into at that very moment. Father, Mr. van Daan and Peter were downstairs in a flash. Margot, Mother, Mrs. van D. and I

waited. Four frightened women need to talk, so that's what we did until we heard a bang downstairs. After that all was quiet. The clock struck quarter to ten. The color had drained from our faces, but we remained calm, even though we were afraid. Where were the men? What was that bang? Were they fighting with the burglars? We were too scared to think; all we could do was wait.

Ten o'clock, footsteps on the stairs. Father, pale and nervous, came inside, followed by Mr. van Daan. "Lights out, tiptoe upstairs, we're expecting the police!" There wasn't time to be scared. The lights were switched off, I grabbed a jacket, and we sat down upstairs.

"What happened? Tell us quickly!"

There was no one to tell us; the men had gone back downstairs. The four of them didn't come back up until ten past ten. Two of them kept watch at Peter's open window. The door to the landing was locked, the book- case shut. We draped a sweater over our night-light, and then they told us what had happened: Peter was on the landing when he heard two loud bangs. He went downstairs and saw that a large panel was missing from the left half of the warehouse door. He dashed upstairs, alerted the "Home Guard," and the four of them went downstairs. When they entered the warehouse, the burglars were going about their business. Without thinking, Mr. van Daan yelled "Police!" Hurried footsteps outside; the burglars had fled. The board was put back in the door so the police wouldn't notice the gap, but then a swiftkick from outside sent it flying to the floor. The men were amazed at the burglars' audacity. Both Peter and Mr. van Daan felt a murderous rage come over them. Mr. van Daan slammed an axe against the floor, and all was quiet again. Once more the panel was replaced, and once more the attempt was foiled. Outside, a man and a woman shone a glaring flashlight through the opening, lighting up the entire warehouse. "What the . . ." mumbled one of the men, but now their roles had been reversed. Instead of policemen, they were now burglars. All four of them raced upstairs. Dussel and Mr.van Daan snatched up Dussel's books, Peter opened the doors and windows in the kitchen and private office, hurled the phone to the ground, and the four of them finally ended up behind the bookcase.

In all probability the man and woman with the flashlight had alerted the police. It was Sunday night, Easter Sunday. The next day, Easter Monday, the office was going to be closed, which meant we wouldn't be able to move around until Tuesday morning. Think of it, having to sit in such terror for a day and two nights! We thought of nothing, but simply sat there in pitch darkness — in her

fear, Mrs. van D. had switched off the lamp. We whispered, and every time we heard a creak, someone said,"Shh, shh." It was ten-thirty, then eleven. Not a sound. Father and Mr. van Daan took turns coming upstairs to us. Then, at eleven-fifteen, a noise below. Up above you could hear the whole family breathing. For the rest, no one moved a muscle. Footsteps in the house, the private office, the kitchen, then. . . on the staircase. All sounds of breathing stopped, eight hearts pounded. Foot- steps on the stairs, then a rattling at the bookcase. This moment is indescribable."Now we're done for," I said, and I had visions of all fifteen of us being dragged away by the Gestapo that very night.

More rattling at the bookcase, twice. Then we heard a can fall, and the footsteps receded. We were out of danger, so far! A shiver went though everyone's body, I heard several sets of teeth chattering, no one said a word. We stayed like this until eleven-thirty.

There were no more sounds in the house, but a light was shining on our landing, right in front of the bookcase. Was that because the police thought it looked so suspicious or because they simply forgot? Was anyone going to come back and turn it off? We found our tongues again.

There were no longer any people inside the building, but perhaps someone was standing guard outside. We then did three things: tried to guess what was going on, trembled with fear and went to the bathroom. Since the buckets were in the attic, all we had was Peter's metal wastepaper basket. Mr. van Daan went first, then Father, but Mother was too embarrassed. Father brought the waste-basket to the next room, where Margot, Mrs. van Daan and I gratefully made use of it. Mother finally gave in.There was a great demand for paper, and luckily I had some in my pocket.

The wastebasket stank, everything went on in a whisper, and we were exhausted. It was midnight.

"Lie down on the floor and go to sleep!" Margot and I were each given a pillow and a blanket. Margot lay down near the food cupboard, and I made my bed between the table legs. The smell wasn't quite so bad when you were lying on the floor, but Mrs. van Daan quietly went and got some powdered bleach and draped a dish towel over the potty as a further precaution.

Talk, whispers, fear, stench, farting and people continually going to the bathroom; try sleeping through that! By two-thirty, however, I was so tired I dozed off and didn't hear a thing until three-thirty. I woke up when Mrs. van D.

lay her head on my feet. ”For heaven’s sake, give me something to put on!” I said. I was handed some clothes, but don’t ask what: a pair of wool slacks over my pajamas, a red sweater and a black skirt, white under stockings and tattered knee socks.

Mrs. van D. sat back down on the chair, and Mr. van D. lay down with his head on my feet. From three- thirty onward I was engrossed in thought, and still shivering so much that Mr. van Daan couldn’t sleep. I was preparing myself for the return of the police. We’d tell them we were in hiding; if they were good people, we’d be safe, and if they were Nazi sympathizers, we could try to bribe them!”We should hide the radio!” moaned Mrs. van D.

“Sure, in the stove,” answered Mr. van D. “If they find us, they might as well find the radio!”

“Then they’ll also find Anne’s diary,” added Father.

“So burn it,” suggested the most terrified of the group.

This and the police rattling on the bookcase were the moments when I was most afraid. Oh, not my diary; if my diary goes, I go too! Thank goodness Father didn’t say anything more.

There’s no point in recounting all the conversations; so much was said. I comforted Mrs. van Daan, who was very frightened. We talked about escaping, being interrogated by the Gestapo, phoning Mr. Kleiman and being courageous.

“We must behave like soldiers, Mrs. van Daan. If our time has come, well then, it’ll be for Queen and Country, for freedom, truth and justice, as they’re always telling us on the radio. The only bad thing is that we’ll drag the others down with us!”

After an hour Mr. van Daan switched places with his wife again, and Father came and sat beside me. The men smoked one cigarette after another, an occasional sigh was heard, somebody made another trip to the potty, and then everything began allover again.

Four o’clock, five, five-thirty. I went and sat with Peter by his window and listened, we spoke a word or two from time to time and listened intently. Next door they took down the blackout screen.

They made a list of everything they were planning to tell Mr. Kleiman over the phone, because they intended to call him at seven and ask him to send

someone over. They were taking a big chance, since the police guard at the door or in the warehouse might hear them calling, but there was an even greater risk that the police would return.

I'm enclosing their list, but for the sake of clarity, I'll copy it here.

Burglary: Police in building, up to bookcase, but no farther. Burglars apparently interrupted, forced warehouse door, fled through garden. Main entrance bolted; Kugler must have left through second door.

Typewriter and adding machine safe in black chest in private office.

Miep's or Bep's laundry in washtub in kitchen.

Only Bep or Kugler have key to second door; lock may be broken.

Try to warn Jan and get key, look around office; also feed cat.

For the rest, everything went according to plan. Mr. Kleiman was phoned, the poles were removed from the doors, the typewriter was put back in the chest. Then we all sat around the table again and waited for either Jan or the police.

Peter had dropped off to sleep and Mr. van Daan and I were lying on the floor when we heard loud footsteps below. I got up quietly. "It's Jan!"

"No, no, it's the police!" they all said.

There was a knocking at our bookcase. Miep whistled. This was too much for Mrs. van Daan, who sank limply in her chair, white as a sheet. If the tension had lasted another minute, she would have fainted. Jan and Miep came in and were met with a delightful scene. The table alone would have been worth a photograph: a copy of Cinema & Theater, opened to a page of dancing girls and smeared with jam and pectin, which we'd been taking to combat the diarrhea, two jam jars, half a bread roll, a quarter of a bread roll, pectin, a mirror, a comb, matches, ashes, cigarettes, tobacco, an ashtray, books, a pair of underpants, a flashlight, Mrs. van Daan's comb, toilet paper, etc. Jan and Miep were of course greeted with shouts and tears. Jan nailed a pinewood board over the gap in the door and went off again with Miep to inform the police of the break-in. Miep had also found a note under the warehouse door from Sleegers, the night watchman, who had noticed the hole and alerted the police. Jan was also planning to see Sleegers.

So we had half an hour in which to put the house and ourselves to rights. I've never seen such a transformation as in those thirty minutes. Margot and I

got the bedsready downstairs, went to the bathroom, brushed our teeth, washed our hands and combed our hair. Then I straightened up the room a bit and went back upstairs. The table had already been cleared, so we got some water, made coffee and tea, boiled the milk and set the table. Father and Peter emptied our improvised potties and rinsed them with warm water and powdered bleach. The largest one was filled to the brim and was so heavy they had a hard time lifting it. To make things worse, it was leaking, so they had to put it in a bucket.

At eleven o'clock Jan was back and joined us at the table, and gradually everyone began to relax. Jan had the following story to tell:

Mr. Sleegers was asleep, but his wife told Jan that her husband had discovered the hole in the door while making his rounds. He called in a policeman, and the two of them searched the building. Mr. Sleegers, in his capacity as night watchman, patrols the area every night on his bike, accompanied by his two dogs. His wife said he would come on Tuesday and tell Mr. Kugler the rest. No one at the police station seemed to know anything about the break-in, but they made a note to come first thing Tuesday morning to have a look.

On the way back Jan happened to run into Mr. van Hoeven, the man who supplies us with potatoes, and told him of the break-in. "I know," Mr. van Hoeven calmly replied."Last night when my wife and I were walking past your building, I saw a gap in the door. My wife wanted to walk on, but I peeked inside with a flashlight, and that's when the burglars must have run off. To be on the safe side, I didn't call the police. I thought it wouldn't be wise in your case. I don't know anything, but I have my suspicions." Jan thanked him and went on. Mr. van Hoeven obviously suspects we're here, because he always delivers the potatoes at lunchtime. A decent man! It was one o'clock by the time Jan left and we'd done the dishes. All eight of us went to bed. I woke up at quarter to three and saw that Mr. Dussel was already up.

None of us have ever been in such danger as we were that night. God was truly watching over us. Just think-the police were right at the bookcase, the light was on, and still no one had discovered our hiding place! "Now we're done for!" I'd whispered at that moment, but once again we were spared. When the invasion comes and the bombs start falling, it'll be every man for himself, but this time we feared for those good, innocent Christians who are helping us.

"We've been saved, keep on saving us!" That's all we can say.

This incident has brought about a whole lot of changes. As of now, Dussel will be doing his work in the bathroom, and Peter will be patrolling the house between eight-thirty and nine-thirty. Peter isn't allowed to open his window anymore, since one of the Keg people noticed it was open. We can no longer flush the toilet after nine-thirty at night. Mr. Sleegers has been hired as night watchman, and tonight a carpenter from the underground is coming to make a barricade out of our white Frankfurt bedsteads. Debates are going on left and right in the Annex. Mr. Kugler has reproached us for our carelessness. Jan also said we should never go downstairs. What we have to do now is find out whether Sleegers can be trusted, whether the dogs will bark if they hear someone behind the door, how to make the barricade, all sorts of things.

We've been strongly reminded of the fact that we're Jews in chains, chained to one spot, without any rights, but with a thousand obligations. We must put our feelings aside; we must be brave and strong, bear discomfort without complaint, do whatever is in our power and trust in God. One day this terrible war will be over. The time will come when we'll be people again and not just Jews!

Who has inflicted this on us? Who has set us apart from all the rest? Who has put us through such suffering? It's God who has made us the way we are, but it's also God who will lift us up again. In the eyes of the world, we're doomed, but if, after all this suffering, there are still Jews left, the Jewish people will be held up as an example. Who knows, maybe our religion will teach the world and all the people in it about goodness, and that's the reason, the only reason, we have to suffer. We can never be just Dutch, or just English, or whatever, we will always be Jews as well. And we'll have to keep on being Jews, but then, we'll want to be. Be brave! Let's remember our duty and perform it without complaint. There will be away out. God has never deserted our people. Through the ages Jews have had to suffer, but through the ages they've gone on living, and the centuries of suffering have only made them stronger. The weak shall fall and the strong shall survive and not be defeated!

That night I really thought I was going to die. I waited for the police and I was ready for death, like a soldier on a battlefield. I'd gladly have given my life for my country. But now, now that I've been spared, my first wish after the war is to become a Dutchcitizen. I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language, and I want to workhere. And even if I have to write to the Queen herself, I won't give up until I've reached my goal! I'm becoming more and more

independent of my parents. Young as I am, I face life with more courage and have a better and truer sense of justice than Mother. I know what I want, I have a goal, I have opinions, a religion and love. If only I can be myself, I'll be satisfied. I know that I'm a woman, a woman with inner strength and a great deal of courage!

If God lets me live, I'll achieve more than Mother ever did, I'll make my voice heard, I'll go out into the world and work for mankind!

I now know that courage and happiness are needed first!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, April 14, 1944

Dear Kitty,

Everyone here is still very tense. Pim has nearly reached the boiling point; Mrs. Van D. is lying in bed with a cold, grumbling; Mr. van D. is growing pale without his cigarettes; Dussel, who's having to give up many of his comforts, is carping at everyone; etc., etc. We seem to have run out of luck lately. The toilet's leaking, and the faucet's stuck. Thanks to our many connections, we'll soon be able to get these repaired.

Every day you hear, "If only it were all over!"

Work, love, courage and hope,

Make me good and help me cope!

I really believe, Kit, that I'm a little nutty today, and I don't know why. My writing's all mixed up, I'm jumping from one thing to another, and sometimes I seriously doubt whether anyone will ever be interested in this drivel. They'll probably call it"The Musings of an Ugly Duckling." My diaries certainly won't be of much use to Mr. Bolkestein or Mr. Gerbrandy.* [* Gerrit Bolkestein was the Minister of Education and Pieter Gerbrandy was the Prime Minister of the Dutch government in exile in London. See Anne's letter of March 29, 1944.]

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, April 15, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

"There's just one bad thing after another. When will it all end?" You can sure say that again. Guess what's happened now? Peter forgot to unbolt the front door. As a result, Mr. Kugler and the warehouse employees couldn't get in. He went to Keg's, smashed in our office kitchen window and got in that way. The windows in the Annex were open, and the Keg people saw that too. What must they be thinking? And van Maaren? Mr. Kugler's furious. We accuse him of not doing anything to reinforce the doors, and then we do a stupid thing like this! Peter's extremely upset. At the table, Mother said she felt more sorry for Peter than for anyone else, and he nearly began to cry. We're equally to blame, since we usually ask him every day if he's unbolted the door, and so does Mr. van Daan. Maybe I can go comfort him later on. I want to help him so much!

Here are the latest news bulletins about life in the Secret Annex over the last few weeks:

A week ago Saturday, Boche suddenly got sick. He sat quite still and started drooling. Miep immediately picked him up, rolled him in a towel, tucked him in her shopping bag and brought him to the dog-and-cat clinic. Boche had some kind of intestinal problem, so the vet gave him medicine. Peter gave it to him a few times, but Boche soon made himself scarce. I'll bet he was out courting his sweetheart. But now his nose is swollen and he meows whenever you pick him up-he was probably trying to steal food and somebody smacked him. Mouschi lost her voice for a few days. Just when we decided she had to be taken to the vet too, she started getting better. We now leave the attic window open a crack every night. Peter and I often sit up there in the evening.

Thanks to rubber cement and oil paint, our toilet could quickly be repaired. The broken faucet has been replaced.

Luckily, Mr. Kleiman is feeling better. He's going to see a specialist soon. We can only hope he won't need an operation.

This month we received eight Ration books. Unfortunately, for the next two weeks beans have been substituted for oatmeal or grouts. Our latest delicacy is piccalilli. If you're out of luck, all you get is a jar full of cucumber and mustard sauce.

Vegetables are hard to come by. There's only lettuce, lettuce and more lettuce. Our meals consist entirely of potatoes and imitation gravy.

The Russians are in possession of more than half the Crimea. The British aren't advancing beyond Cassino. We'll have to count on the Western Wall. There have been a lot of unbelievably heavy air raids. The Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages in The Hague was bombed. All Dutch people will be issued new ration registration cards. Enough for today.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, April 18,1944

Dearest Kitty,

Everything's fine here. Last night the carpenter came again to put some sheets of iron over the door panels. Father just got through saying he definitely expects large-scaleoperations in Russia and Italy, as well as in the West, before May 20; the longer the war lasts, the harder it is to imagine being liberated from this place.

After our mild winter, we've been having a beautiful spring. April is glorious, not too hot and not too cold, with occasional light showers. Our chestnut tree is in leaf, and here and there you can already see a few small blossoms.

Bep presented us Saturday with four bouquets of flowers: three bouquets of daffodils, and one bouquet of grape hyacinths for me. Mr. Kugler is supplying us with more and more newspapers.

It's time to do my algebra, Kitty. Bye.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, April 21,1944

My dearest Kitty,

I stayed in bed yesterday with a sore throat, but since I was already bored the very first afternoon and didn't have a fever, I got up today. My sore throat has nearly"verschwunden"* [* disappeared].

Yesterday, as you've probably already discovered, was our Fuhrer's fifty-fifthbirthday. Today is the eighteenth birthday of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of York. The BBC reported that she hasn't yet been declared of age, though royal children usually are. We've been wondering which prince they'll marry this beauty off to, but can't think of a suitable candidate; perhaps her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, can have Crown Prince Baudouin of Belgium!

Here we've been going from one disaster to the next. No sooner have the outside doors been reinforced than van Maaren rears his head again. In all likelihood he's the one who stole the potato flour, and now he's trying to pin the blame on Bep. Not surprisingly, the Annex is once again in an uproar. Bep is beside herself with rage. Perhaps Mr. Kugler will finally have this shady character tailed.

The appraiser from Beethovenstraat was here this morning. He offered us 400 guilders for our chest; in our opinion, the other estimates are also too low. I want to ask the magazine The Prince if they'll take one of my fairy tales, under a pseudonym, of course. But up to now all my fairy tales have been too long, so I don't think I have much of a chance. Until the next time, darling.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, April 25, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

For the last ten days Dussel hasn't been on speaking terms with Mr. van Daan, and all because of the new security measures since the break-in. One of these was that he's no longer allowed to go downstairs in the evenings. Peter and Mr. van Daan make the last round every night at nine-thirty, and after that no one may go downstairs. We can't flush the toilet anymore after eight at night or after eight in the morning. The windows may be opened only in the morning when the lights go on in Mr. Kugler's office, and they can no longer be propped open with a stick at night. This last measure is the reason for Dussel's sulking. He claims that Mr. van Daan bawled him out, but he has only himself to blame.

He says he'd rather live without food than without air, and that they simply must figure out a way to keep the windows open.

"I'll have to speak to Mr. Kugler about this," he said to me. I replied that we never discussed matters of this sort with Mr. Kugler, only within the group.

"Everything's always happening behind my back. I'll have to talk to your father about that."He's also not allowed to sit in Mr. Kugler's office anymore on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, because the manager of Keg's might hear him if he happens to be next door.

Dussel promptly went and sat there anyway. Mr. van Daan was furious, and Father went downstairs to talk to Dussel, who came up with some flimsy excuse, but even Father didn't fall for it this time. Now Father's keeping his dealings with Dussel to a minimum because Dussel insulted him. Not one of us knows what he said, but it must have been pretty awful.

And to think this miserable man has his birthday next week. How can you celebrate your birthday when you've got the sulks, how can you accept gifts from people you won't even talk to?

Mr. Voskuijl is going downhill rapidly. For more than ten days he's had a temperature of almost a hundred and four. The doctor said his condition is hopeless; they think the cancer has spread to his lungs. The poor man, we'd so like to help him, but only God can help him now!

I've written an amusing story called "Blurry the Explorer," which was a big hit with my three listeners.

I still have a bad cold and have passed it on to Margot, as well as Mother and Father.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Thursday, April 27, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Mrs. van D. was in a bad mood this morning. All she did was complain, first about her cold, not being able to get cough drops and the agony of having to blow her nose all the time. Next she grumbled that the sun wasn't shining, the invasion hadn't started, we weren't allowed to look out the windows, etc., etc. We couldn't help but laugh at her, and it couldn't have been that bad, since she soon joined in.

Our recipe for potato kugel modified due to lack of onions:

Put peeled potatoes through a food mill and add a little dry government-issue flour and salt. Grease a mold or oven proof dish with paraffin or stearin and bake for 2½ hours. Serve with rotten strawberry compote. (Onions not available. Nor oil for mold or dough!)At the moment I'm reading Emperor Charles V, written by a professor at the University of Gottingen; he's spent forty years working on this book. It took me five days to read fifty pages. I can't do any more than that. Since the book has 598 pages, you can figure out just how long it's going to take me. And that's not even counting the second volume. But. . . very interesting!

The things a schoolgirl has to do in the course of a single day! Take me, for example. First, I translated a passage on Nelson's last battle from Dutch into English. Then, I read more about the Northern War (1700-21) involving Peter the Great, Charles XII, Augustus the Strong, Stanislaus Leczinsky, Mazeppa, von Gorz, Brandenburg, Western Pomerania, Eastern Pomerania and Denmark, plus the usual dates. Next, I wound up in Brazil, where I read about Bahia tobacco, the abundance of coffee, the one and a half million inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco and Sao Pauloand, last but not least, the Amazon River. Then about Negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, whites, the illiteracy rate — over 50 percent — and malaria. Since I had some time left, I glanced through a genealogical chart: John the Old, William Louis, Ernest Casimir I, Henry Casimir I, right up to little Margriet Franciska (born in 1943 inOttawa).

Twelve o'clock: I resumed my studies in the attic, reading about deans, priests, ministers, popes and . . . whew, it was one o'clock!

At two the poor child (ho hum) was back at work. Old World and New World monkeys were next. Kitty, tell me quickly, how many toes does a hippopotamus have? Then came the Bible, Noah's Ark, Shem, Ham and Japheth. After that, Charles V. Then, with Peter, Thackeray's book about the colonel, in English. A French test, and then a comparison between the Mississippi and the Missouri! Enough for today. Adieu!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Wednesday, May 3, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

First the weekly news! We're having a vacation from politics. There's nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing, to report. I'm also gradually starting to

believe that the invasion will come. After all, they can't let the Russians do all the dirty work; actually, the Russians aren't doing anything at the moment either. Mr. Kleiman comes to the office every morning now. He got a new set of springs for Peter's divan, so Peter will have to get to work reupholstering it; Not surprisingly, he isn't at all in the mood. Mr. Kleiman also brought some flea powder for the cats. Have I told you that our Boche has disappeared? We haven't seen hide nor hair of her since last Thursday. She's probably already in cat heaven, Peter is heartbroken.

For the last two weeks we've been eating lunch at eleven-thirty on Saturdays; in the mornings we have to make do with a cup of hot cereal. Starting tomorrow it'll be like this every day; that saves us a meal. Vegetables are still very hard to come by. This afternoon we had rotten boiled lettuce. Ordinary lettuce, spinach and boiled lettuce, that's all there is. Add to that rotten potatoes, and you have a meal fit for a king!

As you can no doubt imagine, we often say in despair, "What's the point of the war? Why, oh, why can't people live together peacefully? Why all this destruction?"The question is understandable, but up to now no one has come up with a satisfactory answer. Why is England manufacturing bigger and better airplanes and bombs and at the same time churning out new houses for reconstruction? Why are millions spent on the war each day, while not a penny is available for medical science, artists or the poor? Why do people have to starve when mountains of food are rotting away in other parts of the world? Oh, why are people so crazy?

I don't believe the war is simply the work of politicians and capitalists. Oh no, the common man is every bit as guilty; otherwise, people and nations would have rebelled long ago! There's a destructive urge in people, the urge to rage, murder and kill. And until all of humanity, without exception, undergoes a metamorphosis, wars will continue to be waged, and everything that has been carefully built up, cultivated and grown will be cut down and destroyed, only to start allover again! I've often been down in the dumps, but never desperate. I look upon our life in hiding as an interesting adventure, full of danger and romance, and every privation as an amusing addition to my diary. I've made up my mind to lead a different life from other girls, and not to become an ordinary housewife later on. What I'm experiencing here is a good beginning to an interesting life, and that's the reason — the only reason —why I have to laugh at the humorous side of the most dangerous moments.

I'm young and have many hidden qualities; I'm young and strong and living through a big adventure; I'm right in the middle of it and can't spend all day complaining because it's impossible to have any fun! I'm blessed with many things: happiness, a cheerful disposition and strength. Every day I feel myself maturing, I feel liberation drawing near, I feel the beauty of nature and the goodness of the people around me. Everyday I think what a fascinating and amusing adventure this is! With all that, why should I despair?

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, May 5, 1944

Dear Kitty,

Father's unhappy with me. After our talk on Sunday, he thought I'd stop going upstairs every evening. He won't have any of that "Knutscherej"* [* Necking] going on. I can't stand that word. Talking about it was bad enough — why does he have to make me feel bad too! I'll have a word with him today. Margot gave me some good advice. Here's more or less what I'd like to say: I think you expect an explanation from me, Father, so I'll give you one. You're disappointed in me, you expected more restraint from me, you no doubt want me to act the way a fourteen-year-old is supposed to. But that's where you're wrong! Since we've been here, from July 1942 until a few weeks ago, I haven't had an easy time. If only you knew how much I used to cry at night, how unhappy and despondent I was, how lonely I felt, you'd understand my wanting to go upstairs! I've now reached the point where I don't need the support of Mother or anyone else. It didn't happen overnight. I've struggled long and hard and shed many tears to become as independent as I am now. You can laugh and refuse to believe me, but I don't care. I know I'm an independent person, and I don't feel I need to account to you for my actions. I'm only telling you this because I don't want you to think I'm doing things behind your back. But there's only one person I'm accountable to, and that's me. When I was having problems, everyone — and that includes you — closed their eyes and ears and didn't help me. On the contrary, all I ever got were admonitions not to be so noisy. I was noisy only to keep myself from being miserable all the time. I was overconfident to keep from having to listen to the voice inside me. I've been putting on an act for the last year and a half, day in, day out. I've never complained or dropped my mask, nothing of the kind, and now. . . now the battle is over. I've won! I'm independent, in both body and mind. I don't need a mother anymore, and I've emerged from the struggle a stronger person.

Now that it's over, now that I know the battle has been won, I want to go my own way, to follow the path that seems right to me. Don't think of me as a fourteen-year-old, since all these troubles have made me older; I won't regret my actions, I'll behave the way I think I should! Gentle persuasion won't keep me from going upstairs. You'll either have to forbid it, or trust me through thick and thin. Whatever you do, just leave me alone!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, May 6, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Last night before dinner I tucked the letter I'd written into Father's pocket. According to Margot, he read it and was upset for the rest of the evening. (I was upstairs doing the dishes!) Poor Pim, I might have known what the effect of such an epistle would be. He's so sensitive! I immediately told Peter not to ask any questions or say anything more. Pim's said nothing else to me about the matter. Is he going to? Everything here is more or less back to normal. We can hardly believe what Jan, Mr. Kugler and Mr. Kleiman tell us about the prices and the people on the outside; half apound of tea costs 350.00 guilders, half a pound of coffee 80.00 guilders, a pound of butter 35.00 guilders, one egg 1.45 guilders. People are paying 14.00 guilders anounce for Bulgarian tobacco! Everyone's trading on the black market; every errand boy has something to offer. The delivery boy from the bakery has supplied us with darning thread-90 cents for one measly skein-the milkman can get hold of ration books, an undertaker delivers cheese. Break-ins, murders and thefts are daily occurrences. Even the police and night watchmen are getting in on the act. Everyone wants to put foodin their stomachs, and since salaries have been frozen, people have had to resort to swindling. The police have their hands full trying to track down the many girls of fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and older who are reported missing every day. I want to try to finish my story about Ellen, the fairy. Just for fun, I can give it to Father on his birthday, together with all the copyrights.

See you later! (Actually, that's not the right phrase. In the German program broadcast from England they always close with "Aufwiederhoren." So I guess I should say, "Untilwe write again.")

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Sunday Morning, May 7,1944

Dearest Kitty,

Father and I had a long talk yesterday afternoon. I cried my eyes out, and he cried too. Do you know what he said to me, Kitty?"I've received many letters in my lifetime, but none as hurtful as this. You, who have had so much love from your parents. You, whose parents have always been ready to help you, who have always defended you, no matter what. You talk of not having to account to us for your actions! You feel you've been wronged and left to your own devices. No, Anne, you've done us a great injustice! "Perhaps you didn't mean it that way, but that's what you wrote. No, Anne, we have done nothing to deserve such a reproach!"Oh, I've failed miserably. This is the worst thing I've ever done in my entire life. I used my tears to show off, to make myself seem important so he'd respect me. I've certainly had my share of unhappiness, and everything I said about Mother is true. But to accuse Pim, who's so good and who's done everything for me-no, that was too cruel for words.

It's good that somebody has finally cut me down to size, has broken my pride, because I've been far too smug. Not everything Mistress Anne does is good! Anyone who deliberately causes such pain to someone they say they love is despicable, the lowest of the low!

What I'm most ashamed of is the way Father has forgiven me; he said he's going to throw the letter in the stove, and he's being so nice to me now, as if he were the one who'd done something wrong. Well, Anne, you still have a lot to learn. It's time you made a beginning, instead of looking down at others and always giving them the blame!

I've known a lot of sorrow, but who hasn't at my age? I've been putting on an act, but was hardly even aware of it. I've felt lonely, but never desperate! Not like Father, who once ran out into the street with a knife so he could put an end to it all. I've never gone that far.

I should be deeply ashamed of myself, and I am. What's done can't be undone, but at least you can keep it from happening again.

Yes, Anne, you knew full well that your letter was unkind and untrue, but you were actually proud of it! I'll take Father as my example once again, and I will improve myself.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Monday, May 8, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Have I ever told you anything about our family? I don't think I have, so let me begin. Father was born in Frankfurt on Maine to very wealthy parents: Michael Frank owned a bank and became a millionaire, and Alice Stern's parents were prominent and well-to-do. Michael Frank didn't start out rich; he was a self-made man. In his youth Father led the life of a rich man's son. Parties every week, balls, banquets, beautiful girls, waltzing, dinners, a huge house, etc. After Grandpa died, most of the money was lost, and after the Great War and inflation there was nothing left at all. Up until the war there were still quite a few rich relatives. So Father was extremely well-bred, and he had to laugh yesterday because for the first time in his fifty-fiveyears, he scraped out the frying pan at the table.

Mother's family wasn't as wealthy, but still fairly well-off, and we've listened openmouthed to stories of private balls, dinners and engagement parties with 250guests.

We're far from rich now, but I've pinned all my hopes on after the war. I can assure you, I'm not so set on a bourgeois life as Mother and Margot. I'd like to spend a year in Paris and London learning the languages and studying art history. Compare that with Margot, who wants to nurse newborns in Palestine. I still have visions of gorgeous dresses and fascinating people. As I've told you many times before, I want to see the world and do all kinds of exciting things, and a little money won't hurt! This morning Miep told us about her cousin's engagement party, which she went to on Saturday. The cousin's parents are rich, and the groom's are even richer. Miep made our mouths water telling us about the food that was served: vegetable soup with meatballs, cheese, rolls with sliced meat, hors d'oeuvres made with eggs and roast beef, rolls with cheese, genoise, and cigarettes, and you could eat as much as you wanted. There were also two officers from the Homicide Squad, who took photographs of the wedding couple. You can see we're never far from Miep's thoughts, since she promptly noted their names and addresses in case anything should happen and we needed contacts with good Dutch people.

Our mouths were watering so much. We, who'd had nothing but two spoonful of hot cereal for breakfast and were absolutely famished; we, who get nothing but half-cooked spinach (for the vitamins!) and rotten potatoes day after day; we, who fill our empty stomachs with nothing but boiled lettuce, raw

lettuce, spinach, spinach and more spinach. Maybe we'll end up being as strong as Popeye, though up to now I've seen no sign of it!

If Miep had taken us along to the party, there wouldn't have been any rolls left over for the other guests. If we'd been there, we'd have snatched up everything in sight, including the furniture. I tell you, we were practically pulling the words right out of her mouth. We were gathered around her as if we'd never in all our lives heard of "delicious food or elegant people!" And these are the granddaughters of the distinguished millionaire. The world is a crazy place!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, May 9, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

I've finished my story about Ellen, the fairy. I've copied it out on nice notepaper, decorated it with red ink and sewn the pages together. The whole thing looks quite pretty, but I don't know if it's enough of a birthday present. Margot and Mother have both written poems.

Mr. Kugler came upstairs this afternoon with the news that starting Monday, Mrs. Broks would like to spend two hours in the office every afternoon. Just imagine! The office staff won't be able to come upstairs, the potatoes can't be delivered, Bep won't get her dinner, we can't go to the bathroom, we won't be able to move and all sorts of other inconveniences! We proposed a variety of ways to get rid of her. Mr. van Daan thought a good laxative in her coffee might do the trick. "No," Mr. Kleimananswered, "please don't, or we'll never get her off the can.

A roar of laughter. "The can?" Mrs. van D. asked. "What does that mean?" An explanation was given. "Is it all right to use that word?" she asked in perfect innocence. "Just imagine," Bep giggled, "there you are shopping at The Bijenkorf and you ask the way to the can. They wouldn't even know what you were talking about!"Dussel now sits on the "can," to borrow the expression, every day at twelve-thirty on the dot. This afternoon I boldly took a piece of pink paper and wrote:

Mr. Dussel's Toilet Timetable

Mornings from 7: 15 to 7:30 A.M.

Afternoons after 1 P.M.

Otherwise, only as needed!

I tacked this to the green bathroom door while he was still inside. I might well have added' 'Transgressors will be subject to confinement!" Because our bathroom can be locked from both the inside and the outside.

I still have work to do; it's already three o'clock.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

PS. Since I think I've mentioned the new cleaning lady, I just want to note that she's married, sixty years old and hard of hearing! Very convenient, in view of all the noise that eight people in hiding are capable of making.

Oh, Kit, it's such lovely weather. If only I could go outside!

Wednesday, May 10, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

We were sitting in the attic yesterday afternoon working on our French when suddenly I heard the splatter of water behind me. I asked Peter what it might be. Without pausing to reply, he dashed up to the loft-the scene of the disaster — and shoved Mouschi, who was squatting beside her soggy litter box, back to the right place. This was followed by shouts and squeals, and then Mouschi, who by that time had finished peeing, took off downstairs. In search of something similar to her box, Mouschi had found herself a pile of wood shavings, right over a crack in the floor. The puddle immediately trickled down to the attic and, as luck would have it, landed in and next to the potato barrel. The ceiling was dripping, and since the attic floor has also got its share of cracks, little yellow drops were leaking through the ceiling and onto the dining table, between a pile of stockings and books.

I was doubled up with laughter, it was such a funny sight. There was Mouschi crouched under a chair, Peter armed with water, powdered bleach and a cloth, and Mr. van Daan trying to calm everyone down. The room was soon set to rights, but it's awell-known fact that cat puddles stink to high heaven. The potatoes proved that all too well, as did the wood shavings, which Father collected in a bucket and brought downstairs to burn.

Poor Mouschi! How were you to know it's impossible to get peat for your box?

Anne

Thursday, May 11, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

A new sketch to make you laugh:

Peter's hair had to be cut, and as usual his mother was to be the hairdresser. At seven twenty-five Peter vanished into his room, and reappeared at the stroke of seven-thirty, stripped down to his blue swimming trunks and a pair of tennis shoes."Are you coming?" he asked his mother.

"Yes, I'll be up in a minute, but I can't find the scissors!"

Peter helped her look, rummaging around in her cosmetics drawer. "Don't make such amess, Peter," she grumbled.

I didn't catch Peter's reply, but it must have been insolent, because she cuffed him on the arm. He cuffed her back, she punched him with all her might, and Peter pulled his arm away with a look of mock horror on his face. "Come on, old girl!"

Mrs. van D. stayed put. Peter grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her all around the room. She laughed, cried, scolded and kicked, but nothing helped. Peter led his prisoner as far as the attic stairs, where he was obliged to let go of her. Mrs. van D.came back to the room and collapsed into a chair with a loud sigh.

"Die Enifu"hruna der Mutter,". I joked. [* The Abduction of Mother, a possibler eference to Mozart's opera The Abduction from the Seraglio.]

"Yes, but he hurt me."

I went to have a look and cooled her hot, red wrists with water. Peter, still by the stairs and growing impatient again, strode into the room with his belt in his hand,like a lion tamer. Mrs. van D. didn't move, but stayed by her writing desk, looking fora handkerchief. "You've got to apologize first."

"All right, I hereby offer my apologies, but only because if I don't, we'll be here till midnight."

Mrs. van D. had to laugh in spite of herself. She got up and went toward the door, where she felt obliged to give us an explanation. (By us I mean Father, Mother andme; we were busy doing the dishes.) "He wasn't like this at home," she said. "I'dhave belted him so hard he'd have gone flying down the stairs [!]. He's never been soinsolent. This isn't the first time he's deserved a good hiding.

That's what you getwith a modern upbringing, modern children. I'd never have grabbed my mother likethat. Did you treat your mother that way, Mr. Frank?" She was very upset, pacingback and forth, saying whatever came into her head, and she still hadn't gone upstairs.Finally, at long last, she made her exit.Less than five minutes later she stormed back down the stairs, with her cheeks allpuffed out, and flung her apron on a chair. When I asked if she was through, shereplied that she was going downstairs. She tore down the stairs like a tornado,probably straight into the arms of her Putti.She didn't come up again until eight, this time with her husband. Peter was draggedfrom the attic, given a merciless scolding and showered with abuse: ill-mannered brat,no-good bum, bad example, Anne this, Margot that, I couldn't hear the rest.

Everything seems to have calmed down again today!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

P.S. Tuesday and Wednesday evening our beloved Queen addressed the country. She'staking a vacation so she'll be in good health for her return to the Netherlands.She used words like "soon, when I'm back in Holland," "a swift liberation," "heroism"and "heavy burdens."

This was followed by a speech by Prime Minister Gerbrandy. He has such a squeakylittle child's voice that Mother instinctively said, "Oooh." A clergyman, who must haveborrowed his voice from Mr. Edel, concluded by asking God to take care of the Jews,all those in concentration camps and prisons and everyone working in Germany.

Thursday, May 11, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Since I've left my entire "junk box" — including my fountain pen — upstairs and I'm not allowed to disturb the grown-ups during their nap time (until two-thirty),you'll have to make do with a letter in pencil.

I'm terribly busy at the moment, and strange as it may sound, I don't have enough time to get through my pile of work. Shall I tell you briefly what I've got to do? Well then, before tomorrow I have to finish reading the first volume of a biography of Galileo Galilei, since it has to be returned to the library. I started reading it yesterday and have gotten up to page 220 out of 320 pages, so I'll manage it. Next week I have to read Palestine at the Cross- roads and the second volume of Galilei. Besides that, I finished the first volume of a biography of Emperor Charles V yesterday, and I still have to work out the many genealogical

charts I've collected and the notes I've taken.

Next I have three pages of foreign words from my various books, all of which have to be written down, memorized and read aloud. Number four: my movie stars are in a terrible disarray and are dying to be straightened out, but since it'll take several days to do that and Professor Anne is, as she's already said, up to her ears in work, they'll have to put up with the chaos a while longer. Then there're These us, Oedipus, Peleus, Orpheus, Jason and Hercules all waiting to be untangled, since their various deeds are running crisscross through my mind like multicolored threads in a dress. Myron and Phidias are also urgently in need of attention, or else I'll forget entirely how they fitinto the picture. The same applies, for example, to the Seven Years' War and the Nine Years' War. Now I'm getting everything all mixed up. Well, what can you do with a memory like mine! Just imagine how forgetful I'll be when I'm eighty!

Oh, one more thing. The Bible. How long is it going to take before I come to the story of the bathing Susanna? And what do they mean by Sodom and Gomorrah? Oh, there's still so much to find out and learn. And in the meantime, I've left Charlotte of the Palatine in the lurch.

You can see, can't you, Kitty, that I'm full to bursting?

And now something else. You've known for a long time that my greatest wish is to be a journalist, and later on, a famous writer. We'll have to wait and see if these grand illusions (or delusions!) will ever come true, but up to now I've had no lack of topics. In any case, after the war I'd like to publish a book called The Secret Annex. It remains to be seen whether I'll succeed, but my diary can serve as the basis.

I also need to finish "Cady's Life." I've thought up the rest of the plot. After being cured in the sanatorium, Cady goes back home and continues writing to Hans. It's1941, and it doesn't take her long to discover Hans's Nazi sympathies, and since Cadyis deeply concerned with the plight of the Jews and of her friend Marianne, they begin drifting apart. They meet and get back together, but break up when Hans takes up with another girl. Cady is shattered, and because she wants to have a good job, she studies nursing. After graduation she accepts a position, at the urging of her father's friends, as a nurse in a TB sanatorium in Switzerland. During her first vacation she goes to Lake Como, where she runs into Hans. He tells her that two years earlier he'd married Cady's successor, but that his wife took her life in a fit of depression.

Now that he's seen his little Cady again, he realizes how much he loves her, and once more asks for her hand in marriage. Cady refuses, even though, in spite of herself, she loves him as much as ever. But her pride holds her back. Hans goes away, and years later Cady learns that he's wound up in England, where he's struggling with ill health.When she's twenty-seven, Cady marries a well-to-do man from the country, named Simon. She grows to love him, but not as much as Hans. She has two daughters and a son, Lthan, Judith and Nico. She and Simon are happy together, but Hans is always in the back of her mind until one night she dreams of him and says farewell.. . .

It's not sentimental nonsense: it's based on the story of Father's life.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, May 13, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

Yesterday was Father's birthday, Father and Mother's nineteenth wedding anniversary, a day without the cleaning lady. . . and the sun was shining as it's never shone before in 1944. Our chestnut tree is in full bloom. It's covered with leaves and is even more beautiful than last year.

Father received a biography of Linnaeus from Mr. Kleiman, a book on nature from Mr. Kugler, The Canals of Amsterdam from Dussel, a huge box from the van Daans (wrapped so beautifully it might have been done by a professional), containing three eggs, a bottle of beer, a jar of yogurt and a green tie. It made our jar of molasses seem rather paltry.

My roses smelled wonderful compared to Miep and Bep's red carnations. He was thoroughly spoiled. Fifty petits fours arrived from Siemons' Bakery, delicious! Father also treated us to spice cake, the men to beer and the ladies to yogurt. Everything was scrumptious!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, May 16, 1944

My dearest Kitty, just for a change (since we haven't had one of these in so long) I'll recount a little discussion between Mr. and Mrs. van D. last night:

Mrs. van D.: "The Germans have had plenty of time to fortify the Atlantic Wall, and they'll certainly do everything within their power to hold back the British. It's amazing how strong the Germans are!"

Mr. van D.: “Oh, yes, amazing.

Mrs. van D.: “It is!”

Mr. van D.: “They are so strong they’re bound to win the war in the end, is that what you mean?”

Mrs. van D.: “They might. I’m not convinced that they won’t.”

Mr. van D.: “I won’t even answer that.”

Mrs. van D.: “You always wind up answering. You let yourself get carried away, every single time.”

Mr. van D.: “No, I don’t. I always keep my answers to the bare minimum.”

Mrs. van D.: “But you always do have an answer and you always have to be right! Your predictions hardly ever come true, you know!”

Mr. van D.: “So far they have.”

Mrs. van D.: “No they haven’t. You said the invasion was going to start last year, the Finns were supposed to have been out of the war by now, the Italian campaign ought to have been over by last winter, and the Russians should already have captured Lemberg. Oh no, I don’t set much store by your predictions.”

Mr. van D. (leaping to his feet): “Why don’t you shut your trap for a change? I’ll show you who’s right; someday you’ll get tired of needling me. I can’t stand your bellyaching a minute longer. just wait, one day I’ll make you eat your words!” (End of Act One.)

Actually, I couldn’t help giggling. Mother couldn’t either, and even Peter was biting his lips to keep from laughing. Oh, those stupid grown-ups. They need to learn a few things first before they start making so many remarks about the younger generation! Since Friday we’ve been keeping the windows open again at night.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

What Our Annex Family Is Interested In

(A Systematic Survey of Courses and Reading Matter)

Mr. van Daan. No courses; looks up many things in Knaur's Encyclopedia and Lexicon; likes to read detective stories, medical books and love stories, exciting or trivial.

Mrs. van Daan. A correspondence course in English; likes to read biographical novels and occasionally other kinds of novels.

Mr. Frank. Is learning English (Dickens!) and a bit of Latin; never reads novels, but likes serious, rather dry descriptions of people and places.

Mrs. Frank. A correspondence course in English; reads everything except detective stories.

Mr. Dussel. Is learning English, Spanish and Dutch with no noticeable results; reads everything; goes along with the opinion of the majority.

Peter van Daan. Is learning English, French (correspondence course), shorthand in Dutch, English and German, commercial correspondence in English, woodworking, economics and sometimes math; seldom reads, sometimes geography.

Margot Frank. Correspondence courses in English, French and Latin, shorthand in English, German and Dutch, trigonometry, solid geometry, mechanics, physics, chemistry, algebra, geometry, English literature, French literature, German literature, Dutch literature, bookkeeping, geography, modern history, biology, economics; reads everything, preferably on religion and medicine.

Anne Frank. Shorthand in French, English, German and Dutch, geometry, algebra, history, geography, art history, mythology, biology, Bible history, Dutch literature; likes to read biographies, dull or exciting, and history books (sometimes novels and light reading).

Friday, May 19, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

I felt rotten yesterday. Vomiting (and that from Anne!), headache, stomachache and anything else you can imagine. I'm feeling better today. I'm famished, but I think I'll skip the brown beans we're having for dinner.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, May 20, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Last night when I came down from the attic, I noticed, the moment I entered the room, that the lovely vase of carnations had fallen over. Mother was down on her hands and knees mopping up the water and Margot was fishing my papers off the floor. "What happened?" I asked with anxious foreboding, and before they could reply, I assessed the damage from across the room. My entire genealogy file, my note books, my books, everything was afloat. I nearly cried, and I was so upset I started speaking German. I can't remember a word, but according to Margot I babbled something about"unlioersehbarer Schaden, schrecklich, entsetzlich, nie zu ersetzen"* [* Incalculable loss, terrible, awful, irreplaceable.] and much more. Fadier burst out laughing and Modier and Margot joined in, but I felt like crying because all my work and elaborate notes were lost.

I took a closer look and, luckily, die "incalculable loss" wasn't as bad as I'd expected. Up in die attic I carefully peeled apart die sheets of paper diat were stuck togedierand dien hung diem on die clodiesline to dry. It was such a funny sight, even I had to laugh. Maria de' Medici alongside Charles V, William of Orange and Marie Antoinette."It's Rassenschande,"* Mr. van Daan joked. [An affront to racial purity.]After entrusting my papers to Peter's care, I went back downstairs.

"Which books are ruined?" I asked Margot, who was going through them.

"Algebra," Margot said.

But as luck would have it, my algebra book wasn't entirely ruined. I wish it had fall enright in the vase. I've never loathed any book as much as that one. Inside the front cover are the names of at least twenty girls who had it before I did. It's old, yellowed, full of scribbles, crossed-out words and revisions. The next time I'm in a wicked mood, I'm going to tear the darned thing to pieces!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Monday, May 22,1944

Dearest Kitty,

On May 20, Father lost his bet and had to give five jars of yogurt to Mrs. van Daan: the invasion still hasn't begun. I can safely say that all of Amsterdam, all

of Holland, in fact the entire western coast of Europe, all the way down to Spain, are talking about the invasion day and night, debating, making bets and . . . hoping. The suspense is rising to fever pitch; by no means has everyone we think of as"good" Dutch people kept their faith in the English, not everyone thinks the English bluff is a masterful strategic move. Oh no, people want deeds-great, heroic deeds. No one can see farther than the end of their nose, no one gives a thought to the fact that the British are fighting for their own country and their own people; everyone thinks it's England's duty to save Holland, as quickly as possible. What obligations do the English have toward us? What have the Dutch done to deserve the generous help they so clearly expect? Oh no, the Dutch are very much mistaken. The English, despite their bluff, are certainly no more to blame for the war than all the other countries, large and small, that are now occupied by the Germans. The British are not about to offer their excuses; true, they were sleeping during the years Germany was rearming itself, but all the other countries, especially those bordering on Germany, were asleep too. England and the rest of the world have discovered that burying your head in the sand doesn't work, and now each of them, especially England, is having topay a heavy price for its ostrich policy.

No country sacrifices its men without reason, and certainly not in the interests of another, and England is no exception. The invasion, liberation and freedom will come someday; yet England, not the occupied territories, will choose the moment. To our great sorrow and dismay, we've heard that many people have changed their attitude toward us Jews. We've been told that anti-Semitism has cropped up in circles where once it would have been unthinkable. This fact has affected us all very, very deeply. The reason for the hatred is understandable, maybe even human, but that doesn't make it right. According to the Christians, the Jews are blabbing their secrets to the Germans, denouncing their helpers and causing them to suffer the dreadful fate and punishments that have already been meted out to so many. All of this is true. But as with everything, they should look at the matter from both sides: would Christians act any differently if they were in our place? Could anyone, regardless of whether they're Jews or Christians, remain silent in the face of German pressure? Everyone knows it's practically impossible, so why do they ask the impossible of the Jews? It's being said in underground circles that the German Jews who immigrated to Holland before the war and have now been sent to Poland shouldn't be allowed to return here. They were granted the right to asylum in Holland, but once Hitler is gone, they should go back to Germany.

When you hear that, you begin to wonder why we're fighting this long and difficult war. We're always being told that we're fighting for freedom, truth and justice! The war isn't even over, and already there's dissension and Jews are regarded as lesser beings. Oh, it's sad, very sad that the old adage has been confirmed for the umpteenth time: "What one Christian does is his own responsibility, what one Jew does reflects on all Jews."To be honest, I can't understand how the Dutch, a nation of good, honest, upright people, can sit in judgment on us the way they do. On us-the most oppressed, unfortunate and pitiable people in all the world.

I have only one hope: that this anti-Semitism is just a passing thing, that the Dutch will show their true colors, that they'll never waver from what they know in their hearts to be just, for this is unjust! And if they ever carry out this terrible threat, the meager handful of Jews still left in Holland will have to go. We too will have to shoulder our bundles and move on, away from this beautiful country, which once so kindly took us in and now turns its back onus.

I love Holland. Once I hoped it would become a fatherland to me, since I had lost my own. And I hope so still!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Thursday, May 25, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Bep's engaged! The news isn't much of a surprise, though none of us are particularly pleased. Bertus may be a nice, steady, athletic young man, but Bep doesn't love him, and to me that's enough reason to advise her against marrying him.Bep's trying to get ahead in the world, and Bertus is pulling her back; he's a laborer, without any interests or any desire to make something of himself, and I don't think that'll make Bep happy. I can understand Bep's wanting to put an end to her indecision; four weeks ago she decided to write him off, but then she felt even worse.

So she wrote him a letter, and now she's engaged.

There are several factors involved in this engagement. First, Bep's sick father, who likes Bertus very much. Second, she's the oldest of the Voskuijl girls and her mother teases her about being an old maid. Third, she's just turned twenty-four, and that matters a great deal to Bep.

Mother said it would have been better if Bep had simply had an affair with Bertus. Idon't know, I feel sorry for Bep and can understand her loneliness. In any case, they can get married only after the war, since Bertus is in hiding, or at any rate has gone underground. Besides, they don't have a penny to their name and nothing in the way of a hope chest. What a sorry prospect for Bep, for whom we all wish the best. I only hope Bertus improves under her influence, or that Bep finds another man, onewho knows how to appreciate her!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

THE SAME DAY

There's something happening every day. This morning Mr. van Hoeven was arrested. He was hiding two Jews in his house. It's a heavy blow for us, not only because those poor Jews are once again balancing on the edge of an abyss, but also because it's terrible for Mr. van Hoeven. The world's been turned upside down. The most decent people are being sent to concentration camps, prisons and lonely cells, while the lowest of the low rule over young and old, rich and poor. One gets caught for black marketeering, another for hiding Jews or other unfortunate souls. Unless you're a Nazi, you don't know what's going to happen to you from one day to the next.Mr. van Hoeven is a great loss to us too. Bep can't possibly lug such huge amounts of potatoes all the way here, nor should she have to, so our only choice is to eat fewerof them. I'll tell you what we have in mind, but it's certainly not going to make life here any more agreeable. Mother says we'll skip breakfast, eat hot cereal and bread for lunch and fried potatoes for dinner and, if possible, vegetables or lettuce once or twice a week. That's all there is. We're going to be hungry, but nothing's worse than being caught.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, May 26, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

At long, long last, I can sit quietly at my table before the crack in the window frame and write you everything, everything I want to say. I feel more miserable than I have in months. Even after the break-in I didn't feel so utterly broken, inside and out. On the one hand, there's the news about Mr. van Hoeven, the Jewish question (which is discussed in detail by everyone in the house),the invasion (which is so long in coming), the awful food, the tension, the miserable atmosphere, on the other hand, there's Bep's engagement, the

Pentecost reception, the flowers, Mr. Kugler's birthday, cakes and stories about cabarets, movies and concerts. That gap, that enormous gap, is always there. One day we're laughing at the comical side of life in hiding, and the next day(and there are many such days), we're frightened, and the fear, tension and despair can be read on our faces.

Miep and Mr. Kugler bear the greatest burden for us, and for all those in hiding-Miepin everything she does and Mr. Kugler through his enormous responsibility for the eight of us, which is sometimes so overwhelming that he can hardly speak from the pent-up tension and strain. Mr. Kleiman and Bep also take very good care of us, but they're able to put the Annex out of their minds, even if it's only for a few hours ora few days. They have their own worries, Mr. Kleiman with his health and Bep with her engagement, which isn't looking very promising at the moment. But they also have their outings, their visits with friends, their everyday lives as ordinary people, so that the tension is sometimes relieved, if only for a short while, while ours never is, never has been, not once in the two years we've been here. How much longer will this increasingly oppressive, unbearable weight press down on us?

The drains are clogged again. We can't run the water, or if we do, only a trickle; we can't flush the toilet, so we have to use a toilet brush; and we've been putting our dirty water into a big earthenware jar. We can manage for today, but what will happen if the plumber can't fix it on his own? The Sanitation Department can't come until Tuesday. Miep sent us a raisin bread with "Happy Pentecost" written on top. It's almost as if she were mocking us, since our moods and cares are far from "happy."

We've all become more frightened since the van Hoeven business. Once again you hear"shh" from all sides, and we're doing everything more quietly. The police forced the door there; they could just as easily do that here too! What will we do if we're ever.. . no, I mustn't write that down. But the question won't let itself be pushed to the back of my mind today; on the contrary, all the fear I've ever felt is looming before me in all its horror.

I had to go downstairs alone at eight this evening to use the bathroom. There was noone down there, since they were all listening to the radio. I wanted to be brave, but it was hard. I always feel safer upstairs than in that huge, silent house; when I'm alone with those mysterious muffled sounds from upstairs and the honking of horns in the street, I have to hurry and remind myself where I am to keep from getting the shivers. Miep has been acting much nicer toward us

since her talk with Father. But I haven't told you about that yet. Miep came up one afternoon all flushed and asked Father straight out if we thought they too were infected with the current anti-Semitism.

Father was stunned and quickly talked her out of the idea, but some of Miep's suspicion has lingered on. They're doing more errands for us now and showing more of an interest in our troubles, though we certainly shouldn't bother them with our woes. Oh, they're such good, noble people! I've asked myself again and again whether it wouldn't have been better if we hadn't gone into hiding, if we were dead now and didn't have to go through this misery, especially so that the others could be spared the burden. But we all shrink from this thought. We still love life, we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, and we keep hoping, hoping for. . . everything.

Let something happen soon, even an air raid. Nothing can be more crushing than this anxiety. Let the end come, however cruel; at least then we'll know whether we are to be the victors or the vanquished.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Wednesday, May 31, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday it was too hot to hold my fountain pen, which is why I couldn't write to you. Friday the drains were clogged, Saturday they were fixed. Mrs. Kleiman came for a visit in the afternoon and told us a lot about Jopiejshe and Jacque van Maarsen who are in the same hockey club. Sunday Bep dropped by to make sure there hadn't been a break-in and stayed for breakfast. Monday (a holidaybecause of Pentecost), Mr. Gies served as the Annex watchman, and Tuesday we were finally allowed to open the windows. We've seldom had a Pentecost weekend that was so beautiful and warm. Or maybe "hot" is a better word. Hot weather is horrible in the Annex. To give you an idea of the numerous complaints, I'll briefly describe these sweltering days.

Saturday: "Wonderful, what fantastic weather," we all said in the morning. "If only it weren't quite so hot," we said in the afternoon, when the windows had to be shut.

Sunday: "The heat's unbearable, the butter's melting, there's not a cool spot anywhere in the house, the bread's drying out, the milk's going sour, the

windows can't be opened. We poor outcasts are suffocating while everyone else is enjoying their Pentecost." (According to Mrs. van D.)

Monday: "My feet hurt, I have nothing cool to wear, I can't do the dishes in this heat!" Grumbling from early in the morning to late at night. It was awful.

I can't stand the heat. I'm glad the wind's come up today, but that the sun's still shining.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, June 2, 1944

Dear Kitty,

"If you're going to the attic, take an umbrella with you, preferably a large one!" This is to protect you from "household showers." There's a Dutch proverb: "High and dry, safe and sound," but it obviously doesn't apply to wartime (guns!) and to people in hiding (cat box!). Mouschi's gotten into the habit of relieving herself on some newspapers or between the cracks in the floor boards, so we have good reason to fear the splatters and, even worse, the stench. The new Moortje in the warehouse has the same problem. Anyone who's ever had a cat that's not housebroken can imagine the smells, other than pepper and thyme, that permeate this house.

I also have a brand-new prescription for gunfire jitters: When the shooting gets loud, proceed to the nearest wooden staircase. Run up and down a few times, making sure to stumble at least once. What with the scratches and the noise of running and falling, you won't even be able to hear the shooting, much less worry about it. Yours truly has put this magic formula to use, with great success!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Monday, June 5, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

New problems in the Annex. A quarrel between Dussel and the Franks over the division of butter. Capitulation on the part of Dussel.

The van Daans don't see why we should bake a spice cake for Mr. Kugler's birthday when we can't have one ourselves. All very petty. Mood upstairs: bad. Mrs. van D. has a cold. Dussel caught with brewer's yeast tablets, while we've got none.

The Fifth Army has taken Rome. The city neither destroyed nor bombed. Great propaganda for Hitler.

Very few potatoes and vegetables. One loaf of bread was moldy.

Scharminkeltje (name of new warehouse cat) can't stand pepper. She sleeps in the catbox and does her business in the wood shavings. Impossible to keep her.

Bad weather. Continuous bombing of Pas de Calais and the west coast of France. No one buying dollars. Gold even less interesting.

The bottom of our black money box is in sight. What are we going to live on next month?

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, June 6, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

"This is D Day," the BBC announced at twelve."This is the day." The invasion has begun!

This morning at eight the British reported heavy bombing of Calais, Boulogne, LeHavre and Cherbourg, as well as Pas de Calais (as usual). Further, as a precautionary measure for those in the occupied territories, everyone living within a zone of twenty miles from the coast was warned to prepare for bombardments. Where possible, the British will drop pamphlets an hour ahead of time.

According to the German news, British paratroopers have landed on the coast of France. "British landing craft are engaged in combat with German naval units,"according to the BBC.

Conclusion reached by the Annex while breakfasting at nine: this is a trial landing, like the one two years ago in Dieppe. BBC broadcast in German, Dutch, French and other languages at ten: The invasion has begun! So this is the "real" invasion. BBC broadcast in German at eleven: speech by Supreme Commander General Dwight Eisenhower. BBC broadcast in English: "This is D Day." General Eisenhower said to the French people: "Stiff fighting will come now, but after this the victory. The year 1944 is the year of complete victory. Good luck!"

BBC broadcast in English at one: 11,000 planes are shuttling back and forth or standing by to land troops and bomb behind enemy lines; 4,000 landing craft

and small boats are continually arriving in the area between Cherbourg and Le Havre. English and American troops are already engaged in heavy combat. Speeches by Gerbrandy, the Prime Minister of Belgium, King Haakon of Norway, de Gaulle of France, the King of England and, last but not least, Churchill.

A huge commotion in the Annex! Is this really the beginning of the long-awaitedliberation? The liberation we've all talked so much about, which still seems too good, too much of a fairy tale ever to come true? Will this year, 1944, bring us victory? We don't know yet. But where there's hope, there's life. It fills us with fresh courage and makes us strong again. We'll need to be brave to endure the many fears and hardships and the suffering yet to come. It's now a matter of remaining calm and steadfast, of gritting our teeth and keeping a stiff upper lip! France, Russia, Italy, and even Germany, can cry out in agony, but we don't yet have that right!

Oh, Kitty, the best part about the invasion is that I have the feeling that friends are on the way. Those terrible Germans have oppressed and threatened us for so long that the thought of friends and salvation means everything to us! Now it's not just the Jews, but Holland and all of occupied Europe. Maybe, Margot says, I can even go back to school in October or September.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

P.S. I'll keep you informed of the latest news!

This morning and last night, dummies made of straw and rubber were dropped from the air behind German lines, and they exploded the minute they hit the ground. Many paratroopers, their faces blackened so they couldn't be seen in the dark, landed as well. The French coast was bombarded with 5,500 tons of bombs during the night, and then, at six in the morning, the first landing craft came ashore. Today there were20,000 airplanes in action. The German coastal batteries were destroyed even before the landing; a small bridgehead has already been formed. Everything's going well, despite the bad weather. The army and the people are "one will and one hope."

Friday, June 9, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Great news of the invasion! The Allies have taken Bayeux, a village on the coast of France, and are now fighting for Caen. They're clearly intending to cut

off the peninsula where Cherbourg is located. Every evening the war correspondents report on the difficulties, the courage and the fighting spirit of the army. To get their stories, they pull off the most amazing feats. A few of the wounded who are already back in England also spoke on the radio. Despite the miserable weather, the planes are flying diligently back and forth. We heard over the BBC that Churchill wanted to land along with the troops on D Day, but Eisenhower and the other generals managed to talk him out of it. Just imagine, so much courage for such an old man he must be at least seventy!

The excitement here has died down somewhat; still, we're all hoping that the war will finally be over by the end of the year. It's about time! Mrs. van Daan's constant griping is unbearable; now that she can no longer drive us crazy with the invasion, she moans and groans all day about the bad weather. If only we could plunk her down in the loft in a bucket of cold water!

Everyone in the Annex except Mr. van Daan and Peter has read the Hungarian Rhapsody trilogy, a biography of the composer, piano virtuoso and child prodigy Franz Liszt. It's very interesting, though in my opinion there's a bit too much emphasis on women; Liszt was the greatest and most famous pianist of his time. The parts of the book dealing with music and theother arts are much more interesting. Some of the people mentioned are Schumann, Clara Wieck, Hector Berlioz, Johannes Brahms, Beethoven, Joachim, Richard Wagner,Hans von Bulow, Anton Rubinstein, Frederic Chopin, Victor Hugo, Honore de Balzac, Hiller, Hummel, Czerny, Rossini, Cherubini, Paganini, Mendelssohn, etc., etc. Liszt appears to have been a decent man, very generous and modest, though exceptionally vain. He helped others, put art above all else, couldn't bear the sight of tears, was a gentleman, couldn't refuse anyone a favor, wasn't interested in money and cared about religious freedom and the world.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, June 13, 1944

Dearest Kit,

Another birthday has gone by, so I'm now fifteen. I received quite a few gifts: Springer's five-volume art history book, a set of underwear, two belts, a handkerchief, two jars of yogurt, a jar of jam, two honey cookies (small), a botany book from Father and Mother, a gold bracelet from Margot, a sticker album from the van Daans, Biomalt and sweet peas from Dussel, candy from Miep, candy and notebooks from Bep, and the high point: the book Maria Theresa and three

slices of full-cream cheese from Mr. Kugler. Peter gave me a lovely bouquet of peonies; the poor boy had put alot of effort into finding a present, but nothing quite worked out.

The invasion is still going splendidly, in spite of the miserable weather – pouring rains, gale winds and high seas.

Yesterday Churchill, Smuts, Eisenhower and Arnold visited the French villages that the British have captured and liberated. Churchill was on a torpedo boat that shelled the coast. Like many men, he doesn't seem to know what fear is — an enviable trait! From our position here in Fort Annex, it's difficult to gauge the mood of the Dutch.

No doubt many people are glad the idle (!) British have finally rolled up their sleeves and gotten down to work. Those who keep claiming they don't want to be occupied by the British don't realize how unfair they're being. Their line of reasoning boils down to this: England must fight, struggle and sacrifice its sons to liberate Holland and the other occupied countries. After that the British shouldn't remain in Holland: they should offer their most abject apologies to all the occupied countries, restore the Dutch East Indies to its rightful owner and then return, weakened and impoverished, to England. What a bunch of idiots. And yet, as I've already said, many Dutch people can be counted among their ranks. What would have become of Holland and its neighbors if England had signed a peace treaty with Germany, as it's had ample opportunity to do? Holland would have become German, and that would have been the end of that! All those Dutch people who still look down on the British, scoff at England and its government of old fogies, call the English cowards, yet hate the Germans, should be given a good shaking, the way you'd plump up a pillow. Maybe that would straighten out their jumbled brains!

Wishes, thoughts, accusations and reproaches are swirling around in my head. I'm not really as conceited as many people think; I know my various faults and shortcomings better than anyone else, but there's one difference: I also know that I want to change, will change and already have changed greatly!

Why is it, I often ask myself, that everyone still thinks I'm so pushy and such a know-it-all? Am I really so arrogant? Am I the one who's so arrogant, or are they?

It sounds crazy, I know, but I'm not going to cross out that last sentence, because it's not as crazy as it seems. Mrs. van Daan and Dussel, my two chief

accusers, are known to be totally unintelligent and, not to put too fine a point on it, just plain"stupid"! Stupid people usually can't bear it when others do something better than they do; the best examples of this are those two dummies, Mrs. van Daan and Dussel. Mrs. van D. thinks I'm stupid because I don't suffer so much from this ailment as she does, she thinks I'm pushy because she's even pushier, she thinks my dresses are too short because hers are even shorter, and she thinks I'm such a know-it-all because she talks twice as much as I do about topics she knows nothing about. The same goes for Dussel. But one of my favorite sayings is "Where there's smoke there's fire," and I readily admit I'm a know-it-all.

What's so difficult about my personality is that I scold and curse myself much more than anyone else does; if Mother adds her advice, the pile of sermons becomes so thick that I despair of ever getting through them. Then I talk back and start contradicting everyone until the old familiar Anne refrain inevitably crops up again:"No one understands me!"This phrase is part of me, and as unlikely as it may seem, there's a kernel of truth in it. Sometimes I'm so deeply buried under self-reproaches that I long for a word of comfort to help me dig myself out again. If only I had someone who took my feelings seriously. Alas, I haven't yet found that person, so the search must go on.

Is it because I haven't been outdoors for so long that I've become so smitten with nature? I remember a time when a magnificent blue sky, chirping birds, moonlight and budding blossoms wouldn't have captivated me. Things have changed since I came here. One night during the Pentecost holiday, for instance, when it was so hot, I struggled to keep my eyes open until eleven-thirty so I could get a good look at the moon, all on my own for once. Alas, my sacrifice was in vain, since there was too much glare and I couldn't risk opening a window. Another time, several months ago,I happened to be upstairs one night when the window was open. I didn't go back down until it had to be closed again. The dark, rainy evening, the wind, the racing clouds, had me spellbound; it was the first time in a year and a half that I'd seen the night face-to-face. After that evening my longing to see it again was even greater than my fear of burglars, a dark rat-infested house or robberies. I went downstairs all by myself and looked out the windows in the kitchen and private office. Many people think nature is beautiful, many people sleep from time to time under the starry sky, and many people in hospitals and prisons long for the day when they'll be free to enjoy what nature has to offer. But few are as isolated and cut off as we are from idle joys of nature, which can be shared by rich and poor alike.

It's not just my imagination — looking at idle sky, idle clouds, idle moon and idle stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful. It's much better medicine than valerian or bromide. Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every blow with courage! As luck would have it, I'm only able — except for a few rare occasions to view nature through dusty curtains tacked over dirt-caked windows; it takes idle pleasure out of looking. Nature is idle one thing for which there is no substitute! One of dle many questions that have often bothered me is why women have been, and still are, thought to be so inferior to men. It's easy to say it's unfair, but that's not enough for me; I'd really like to know the reason for this great injustice!

Men presumably dominated women from the very beginning because of their greater physical strength; it's men who earn a living, beget children and do as they please. . . Until recently, women silently went along with this, which was stupid, since the longer it's kept up, the more deeply entrenched it becomes. Fortunately, education, work and progress have opened women's eyes. In many countries they've been granted equal rights; many people, mainly women, but also men, now realize how wrong it was to tolerate this state of affairs for so long. Modern women want the right to be completely independent!

But that's not all. Women should be respected as well! Generally speaking, men are held in great esteem in all parts of the world, so why shouldn't women have their share? Soldiers and war heroes are honored and commemorated, explorers are granted immortal fame, martyrs are revered, but how many people look upon women too as soldiers?

In the book Soldiers on the Home Front I was greatly struck by the fact that in childbirth alone, women commonly suffer more pain, illness and misery than any warhero ever does. And what's her reward for enduring all that pain? She gets pushed aside when she's disfigured by birth, her children soon leave, her beauty is gone. Women, who struggle and suffer pain to ensure the continuation of the human race, make much tougher and more courageous soldiers than all those big-mouthedfreedom-fighting heroes put together!

I don't mean to imply that women should stop having children; on the contrary, nature intended them to, and that's the way it should be. What I condemn are our system of values and the men who don't acknowledge how great, difficult, but ultimately beautiful women's share in society is.

I agree completely with Paul de Kruif, the author of this book, when he says that men must learn that birth is no longer thought of as inevitable and

unavoidable in those parts of the world we consider civilized. It's easy for men to talk — they don't and never will have to bear the woes that women do!

I believe that in the course of the next century the notion that it's a woman's duty to have children will change and make way for the respect and admiration of all women, who bear their burdens without complaint or a lot of pompous words!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, June 16, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

New problems: Mrs. van D. is at her wit's end. She's talking about getting shot, being thrown in prison, being hanged and suicide. She's jealous that Peter confides in me and not in her, offended that Dussel doesn't respond sufficiently to her flirtations and afraid her husband's going to squander all the fur-coat money on tobacco. She quarrels, curses, cries, feels sorry for herself, laughs and starts allover again. What on earth can you do with such a silly, sniveling specimen of humanity? Nobody takes her seriously, she has no strength of character, she complains to one and all, and you should see how she walks around: von hinten Lyzeum, yon vorne Museum.*

[Acts like a schoolgirl, looks like a frump.] Even worse, Peter's becoming insolent, Mr. van Daan irritable and Mother cynical. Yes, everyone's in quite a state! There's only one rule you need to remember: laugh at everything and forget everybody else! It sounds egotistical, but it's actually the only cure for those suffering from self-pity.

Mr. Kugler's supposed to spend four weeks in Alkmaar on a work detail. He's trying to get out of it with a doctor's certificate and a letter from Opekta. Mr. Kleiman'shoping his stomach will be operated on soon. Starting at eleven last night, all private phones were cut off.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, June 23, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Nothing special going on here. The British have begun their all-out attack on Cherbourg. According to Pim and Mr. van Daan, we're sure to be liberated before October 10. The Russians are taking part in the campaign; yesterday they started their offensive near Vitebsk, exactly three years to the day that the

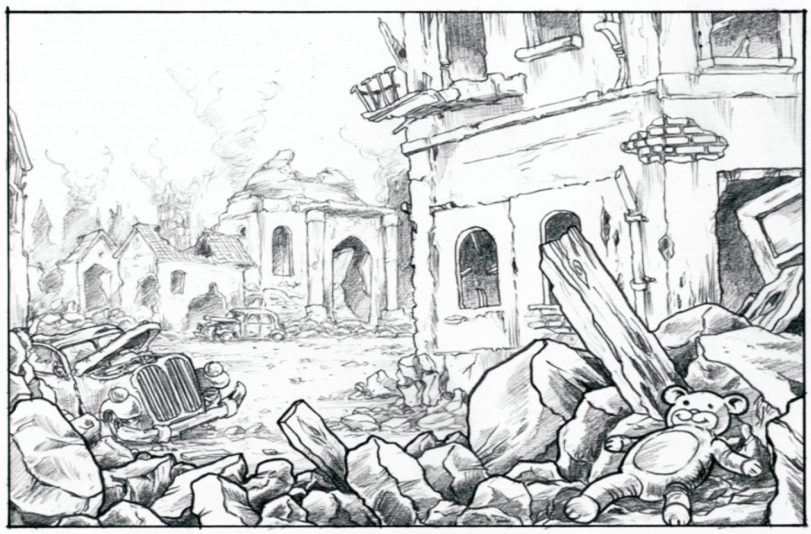
Germans invaded Russia.Bep's spirits have sunk lower than ever. We're nearly out of potatoes; from now on, we're going to count them out for each person, then everyone can do what they want with them. Starting Monday, Miep's taking a week of vacation. Mr. Kleiman's doctors haven't found anything on the X rays. He's torn between having an operation and letting matters take their course.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, June 27, 1944

My dearest Kitty,

The mood has changed, everything's going enormously well. Cherbourg, Vitebsk and Zhlobin fell today. They're sure to have captured lots of men and equipment. Five German generals were killed near Cherbourg and two taken captive. Now that they've got a harbor, the British can bring whatever they want on shore. The whole Cotentin Peninsula has been captured just three weeks after the invasion! What a feat! In the three weeks since D Day there hasn't been a day without rain and storms, neither here nor in France, but this bad luck hasn't kept the British and the Americans from displaying their might. And how! Of course, the Germans have launched their wonder weapon, but a little firecracker like that won't hardly make a dent, except maybe minor damage in England and screaming headlines in the Kraut newspapers. Anyway, when they realize in "Krautland" that the Bolsheviks really are getting closer, they'll be shaking in their boots.



All German women who aren't working for the military are being evacuated, together with their children, from the coastal regions to the provinces of Groningen, Friesland and Gelderland. Mussert* [* The leader of the Dutch National Socialist (Nazi) Party] has announced that if the invasion reaches Holland, he'll enlist. Is that fat pig planning to fight? He could have done that in Russia long before now. Finland turned down a peace offer some time ago, and now the negotiations have been broken off again. Those numbskulls, they'll be sorry!

How far do you think we'll be on July 27?

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, June 30, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Bad weather from one at a stretch to the thirty June* [Anne's English.] Don't I say that well? Oh yes, I already know a little English; just to prove it I'm reading An Ideal Husband with the help of a dictionary! War's going wonderfully: Bobruysk, Mogilev and Orsha have fallen, lots of prisoners. Everything's all right here. Spirits are improving, our super optimists are triumphant, the van Daans are doing disappearing acts with the sugar, Bep' s changed her hair, and Miep has a week off. That's the latest news! I've been having really ghastly root-canal work done on one of my front teeth. It'sbeen terribly painful. It was so bad Dussel thought I was going to faint, and I nearly did. Mrs. van D. promptly got a toothache as well!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

P.S. We've heard from Basel that Bernd* [Cousin Bernhard (Buddy) Elias]. played the part of the innkeeper in Minna von Barnhelm. He has "artistic leanings," says Mother.

Thursday, July 6, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

My blood runs cold when Peter talks about becoming a criminal or a speculator; of course, he's joking, but I still have the feeling he's afraid of his own weakness. Margot and Peter are always saying to me, "If I had your spunk and your strength, if I had your drive and unflagging energy, could. . .Is it really such an admirable trait not to let myself be influenced by others? Am I right in following my own conscience?

To be honest, I can't imagine how anyone could say "I'm weak" and then stay that way. If you know that about yourself, why not fight it, why not develop your character? Their answer has always been: "Because it's much easier not to!" This reply leaves me feeling rather discouraged. Easy? Does that mean a life of deceit and laziness is easy too? Oh no, that can't be true. It can't be true that people are so readily tempted by ease. . . and money. I've given a lot of thought to what my answer should be, to how I should get Peter to believe in himself and, most of all, to change himself for the better. I don't know whether I'm on the right track. I've often imagined how nice it would be if someone were to confide everything tome. But now that it's reached that point, I realize how difficult it is to put yourself in someone else's shoes and find the right answer. Especially since "easy" and "money"are new and completely alien concepts to me.

We're all alive, but we don't know why or what for; we're all searching for happiness; we're all leading lives that are different and yet the same. We three have been raised in good families, we have the opportunity to get an education

(July 6, 1944)

(Attitude)

Anne mentions the *dissatisfied and grumpy faces* all around and writes *honestly, things are only as bad as you make them.* She is an amazing person- full of hope and with a maturity that defies her age.

In our everyday experiences, we constantly appraise events or changes occurring around in the environment. This appraisal or perception may be positive, neutral or negative. Negative events are often assessed for their possible harm, threat or challenge with a view to deal with them in future. Very often one's temperament determines the meaning of any event and defines the nature of response. This temperament is often called our attitude or our outlook towards life.

Victor Frankl, a holocaust survivor very famously wrote *"Everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms–to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own* way" Anne's attitude is similar. She is confined to a limited space along with others; has no longer access to school, friends, market and other public places; has been bereft of the little pleasures of life- food, treats that are a part of a young girl's life and yet, she is determined to approach life head-on with a positive attitude.

and make something of ourselves. We have many reasons to hope for great happiness, but. . . we have to earn it. And that's something you can't achieve by taking the easy way out. Earning happiness means doing good and working, not speculating and being lazy. Laziness may look inviting, but only work gives you true satisfaction. I can't understand people who don't like to work, but that isn't Peter's problem either. He just doesn't have a goal, plus he thinks he's too stupid and inferior to ever achieve anything. Poor boy, he's never known how it feels to make someone else happy, and I'm afraid I can't teach him. He isn't religious, scoffs at Jesus Christ and takes the Lord's name in vain, and though I'm not Orthodox either, it hurts me every time to see him so lonely, so scornful, so wretched.

People who are religious should be glad, since not everyone is blessed with the ability to believe in a higher order. You don't even have to live in fear of eternal punishment; the concepts of purgatory, heaven and hell are difficult for many people to accept, yet religion itself, any religion, keeps a person on the right path. Not the fear of God, but upholding your own sense of honor and obeying your own conscience. How noble and good everyone could be if, at the end of each day, they were to review their own behavior and weigh up the rights and wrongs. They would automatically try to do better at the start of each new day and, after a while, would certainly accomplish a great deal. Everyone is welcome to this prescription; it costs nothing and is definitely useful. Those who don't know will have to find out by experience that "a quiet conscience gives you strength!"

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, July 8, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

Mr. Broks was in Beverwijk and managed to get hold of strawberries at the produce auction. They arrived here dusty and full of sand, but in large quantities. No less than twenty-four crates for the office and us. That very same evening we canned the first six jars and made eight jars of jam. The next morning Miep started making jam for the office.

At twelve-thirty the outside door was locked, crates were lugged into the kitchen, with Peter, Father and Mr. van Daan stumbling up the stairs. Anne got hot water from the water heater, Margot, went for a bucket, all hands on deck! With a funny feeling in my stomach, I entered the overcrowded office kitchen.

Miep, Bep, Mr. Kleiman, Jan, Father, Peter: the Annex contingent and the Supply Corps all mixed up together, and that in the middle of the day! Curtains and windows open, loud voices, banging doors— I was trembling with excitement. I kept thinking, "Are we really in hiding?" This must be how it feels when you can finally go out into the world again. The pan was full, so I dashed upstairs, where the rest of the family was hulling strawberries around the kitchen table. At least that's what they were supposed to be doing, but more was going into their mouths than into the buckets. They were bound to need another bucket soon. Peter went back downstairs, but then the doorbell rang twice. Leaving the bucket where it was, Peter raced upstairs and shut the bookcase behind him. We sat kicking our heels impatiently; the strawberries were waiting to be rinsed, but we stuck to the house rule: "No running water when strangers are downstairs — they might hear the drains."

Jan came up at one to tell us it had been the mail- man. Peter hurried downstairs again. Ding-dong. . . the doorbell, about-face. I listened to hear if anyone was coming, standing first at the bookcase, then at the top of the stairs. Finally Peter and I leaned over the banister, straining our ears like a couple of burglars to hear the sounds from downstairs. No unfamiliar voices. Peter tip-toed halfway down the stairs and called out, "Bep!"Once more: "Bep!" His voice was drowned out by the racket in the kitchen. So he ran down to the kitchen while I nervously kept watch from above. "Go upstairs at once, Peter, the accountant's here, you've got to leave!" It was Mr. Kugler's voice. Sighing, Peter came upstairs and closed the bookcase.

Mr. Kugler finally came up at one-thirty. "My gosh, the whole world's turned to strawberries. I had strawberries for breakfast, Jan's having them for lunch, Kleiman's eating them as a snack, Miep's boiling them, Bep's hulling them, and I can smell them everywhere I go. I come upstairs to get away from all that red and what do I see? People washing strawberries!"

The rest of the strawberries were canned. That evening: two jars came unsealed. Father quickly turned them into jam. The next morning: two more lids popped up; and that afternoon: four lids. Mr. van Daan hadn't gotten the jars hot enough when he was sterilizing them, so Father ended up making jam every evening. We ate hot cereal with strawberries, buttermilk with strawberries, bread with strawberries, strawberries for dessert, straw- berries with sugar, strawberries with sand. For two days there was nothing but strawberries, strawberries, strawberries, and then our supply was either exhausted or in jars,

safely under lock and key.

"Hey, Anne," Margot called out one day, "Mrs. van Hoeven has let us have some peas, twenty pounds!"

"That's nice of her," I replied. And it certainly was, but it's so much work. . . ugh!

"On Saturday, you've got to shell peas," Mother announced at the table.

And sure enough, this morning after breakfast our biggest enamel pan appeared on the table, filled to the brim with peas. If you think shelling peas is boring work, you ought to try removing the inner linings. I don't think many people realize that once you've pulled out the linings, the pods are soft, delicious and rich in vitamins. But an even greater advantage is that you get nearly three times as much as when you eat just the peas.

Stripping pods is a precise and meticulous job that might be suited to pedantic dentists or finicky spice experts, but it's a horror for an impatient teenager like me. We started work at nine-thirty; I sat down at ten-thirty, got Up again at eleven, sat down again at eleven-thirty. My ears were humming with the following refrain: snap the end, strip the pod, pull the string, pod in the pan, snap the end, strip the pod, pull the string, pod in the pan, etc., etc. My eyes were swimming: green, green, worm, string, rotten pod, green, green. To fight the boredom and have something to do, I chattered all morning, saying whatever came into my head and making everyone laugh. The monotony was killing me. Every string I pulled made me more certain that I never, ever, want to be just a housewife!

At twelve we finally ate breakfast, but from twelve-thirty to one-fifteen we had to strip pods again. When I stopped, I felt a bit seasick, and so did the others. I napped until four, still in a daze because of those wretched peas.

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday, July 15,1944

Dearest Kitty,

We've received a book from the library with the challenging title What Do You Think of the Modern Young Girl? I'd like to discuss this subject today.

The writer criticizes "today's youth" from head to toe, though without dismissing them all as "hopeless cases." On the contrary, she believes they have

it within their power to build a bigger, better and more beautiful world, but that they occupy themselves with superficial things, without giving a thought to true beauty. In some passages I had the strong feeling that the writer was directing her disapproval at me, which is why I finally want to bare my soul to you and defend myself against this attack. I have one outstanding character trait that must be obvious to anyone who's known me for any length of time: I have a great deal of self-knowledge. In everything I do, I can watch myself as if I were a stranger. I can stand across from the everyday Anne and, without being biased or making excuses, watch what she's doing, both the good and the bad. This self-awareness never leaves me, and every time I open my mouth, I think, "You should have said that differently" or "That's fine the way it is." I condemn myself in so many ways that I'm beginning to realize the truth of Father's adage: "Every child has to raise itself." Parents can only advise their children or point them in the right direction. Ultimately, people shape their own characters. In addition, I face life with an extraordinary amount of courage. I feel so strong and capable of bearing burdens, so young and free! When I first realized this, I was glad, because it means I can more easily withstand the blows life has in store. But I've talked about these things so often. Now I'd like to turn to the chapter "Father and Mother Don't Understand Me." My parents have always spoiled me rotten, treated me kindly, defended me against the van Daans and done all that parents can. And yet for the longest time I've felt extremely lonely, left out, neglected and misunderstood. Father did everything he could to curb my rebellious spirit, but it was no use. I've cured myself by holding my behavior up to the light and looking at what I was doing wrong.

(Saturday, July 15, 1944)

(Life Skill of Self-Awareness)

Anne Frank writes on 15 July, 1944, / *have one outstanding character trait that must be obvious to anyone who's known me for any length of time. I have a great deal of self-knowledge.* This is an example of an adolescent who is **self-aware.**

Self-awareness is one of the Life Skills among the ten core skills identified by World Health Organization. These Life Skills, namely, **Self-Awareness, Problem Solving, Decision Making, Critical Thinking, Creative Thinking, Interpersonal Relationships, Effective Communication, Empathy,**

Managing Emotions and **Coping with Stress** are interrelated and reinforce each other. Together, they are responsible for our psycho-social competence; build our self-esteem and self-efficacy and promote holistic development.

Self-Awareness includes the recognition of *self,* one's character, one's strengths and weaknesses, desires and dislikes. It is the precursor of recognizing one's functioning and bringing about self-improvement. In her diary, Anne mentions reflecting on her statements and telling herself, *'You should have said that differently.'* Besides this, she recognizes her strengths when she writes / *face life with an extraordinary amount of courage.* This is exactly the sprit that we all must possess, especially in difficult times.

You should also try to become more self-aware. Looking at life experiences purposely and reflecting on them enhances Self-Awareness. Writing one's thoughts in journals or diaries is another practical way to enhance it. Greater Self-Awareness makes one feel comfortable with one's own self vis-a-vis the environment around and at the same time helps us to manage our weaknesses while building on the strengths.

Why didn't Father support me in my struggle? Why did he fall short when he tried to offer me a helping hand? The answer is: he used the wrong methods. He always talked to me as if I were a child going through a difficult phase. It sounds crazy, since Father's the only one who's given me a sense of confidence and made me feel as if I'm a sensible person. But he overlooked one thing: he failed to see that this struggle to triumph over my difficulties was more important to me than anything else.

I didn't want to be treated the same as all-the-other-girls, but as Anne-in-her-own-right, and Pim didn't understand that. Besides, I can't confide in anyone unless they tell me a lot about themselves, and because I know very little about him, I can't get on a more intimate footing. Pim always acts like the elderly father who once had the same fleeting impulses, but who can no longer relate tome as a friend, no matter how hard he tries. As a result, I've never shared my outlook on life or my long-pondered theories with anyone but my diary and, once in awhile, Margot. I've hid anything having to do with me from Father, never shared my ideals with him, deliberately alienated myself from him.

I couldn't have done it any other way. I've let myself be guided entirely by my feelings. It was egotistical, but I've done what was best for my own peace of mind. I would lose that, plus the self-confidence I've worked so hard to achieve, if I were to be subjected to criticism halfway through the job. It may sound hard-hearted, but I can't take criticism from rim either, because not only do I never share my innermost thoughts with him, but I've pushed him even further away by being irritable.

This is a point I think about quite often: why is it that rim annoys me so much sometimes? I can hardly bear to have him tutor me, and his affection seems forced. I want to be left alone, and I'd rather he ignored me for a while until I'm more sure of myself when I'm talking to him! I'm still torn with guilt about the mean letter I wrote him when I was so upset. Oh, it's hard to be strong and brave in every way!. . .

So if you're wondering whether it's harder for the adults here than for the children, the answer is no, it's certainly not. Older people have an opinion about everything and are sure of themselves and their actions. It's twice as hard for us young people to hold on to our opinions at a time when ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when the worst side of human nature predominates, when everyone has come to doubt truth, justice and God.

Anyone who claims that the older folks have a more difficult time in the Annex doesn't realize that the problems have a far greater impact on us. We're much too young to deal with these problems, but they keep thrusting themselves on us until, finally, we're forced to think up a solution, though most of the time our solutions crumble when faced with the facts. It's difficult in times like these: ideals, dreams and cherished hopes rise within us, only to be crushed by grim reality. It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart. It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too shall end, that peace and tranquility will return once more. In the meantime, I must hold on to my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Friday, July 21, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

I'm finally getting optimistic. Now, at last, things are going well! They really are! Great news! An assassination attempt has been made on Hitler's life, and for once not by Jewish Communists or English capitalists, but by a German general who's not only a count, but young as well. The Fuhrer owes his life to "Divine Providence": he escaped, unfortunately, with only a few minor burns and scratches. A number of the officers and generals who were nearby were killed or wounded. The head of the conspiracy has been shot.

This is the best proof we've had so far that many officers and generals are fed up with the war and would like to see Hitler sink into a bottomless pit, so they can establish a military dictatorship, make peace with the Allies, rearm themselves and, after a few decades, start a new war. Perhaps Providence is deliberately biding its time getting rid of Hider, since it's much easier, and cheaper, for the Allies to let the impeccable Germans kill each other off. It's less work for the Russians and the British, and it allows them to start rebuilding their own cities all that much sooner. But we haven't reached that point yet, and I'd hate to anticipate the glorious event. Still, you've probably noticed that I'm telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For once, I'm not rattling on about high ideals. Furthermore, Hitler has been so kind as to announce to his loyal, devoted people that as of today all military personnel are under orders of the Gestapo, and that any soldier who knows that one of his superiors was involved in this cowardly attempt onthe Fuhrer's life may shoot him on sight!

A fine kettle of fish that will be. Little Johnny's feet are sore after a long march and his commanding officer bawls him out. Johnny grabs his rifle, shouts, "You, you tried to kill the Fuhrer. Take that!" One shot, and the snooty officer who dared to reprimand him passes into eternal life (or is it eternal death?). Eventually, every time an officer sees a soldier or gives an order, he'll be practically wetting his pants, because the soldiers have more say-so than he does. Were you able to follow that, or have I been skipping from one subject to another again? I can't help it, the prospect of going back to school in October is making me too happy to be logical! Oh dear, didn't I just get through telling you I didn't want to anticipate events? Forgive me, Kitty, they don't call me a bundle of contradictions for nothing!

Yours, Anne M. Frank

Tuesday, August 1, 1944

Dearest Kitty,

"A bundle of contradictions" was the end of my previous letter and is the beginning of this one. Can you please tell me exactly what "a bundle of contradictions" is? What does "contradiction" mean? Like so many words, it can be interpreted in two ways: a contradiction imposed from without and one imposed from within. The former means not accepting other people's opinions, always knowing best, having the last word; in short, all those unpleasant traits for which I'm known. The latter, for which I'm not known, is my own secret.

As I've told you many times, I'm split in two. One side contains my exuberant cheerfulness, my flippancy, my joy in life and, above all, my apathy to appreciate the lighter side of things. This side of me is usually lying in wait to ambush the other one, which is much purer, deeper and finer. No one knows Anne's better side, and that's why most people can't stand me. Oh, I can be an amusing clown for an afternoon, but after that everyone's had enough of me to last a month. Actually, I'm what a romantic movie is to a profound thinker — a mere diversion, a comic interlude, something that is soon forgotten: not bad, but not particularly good either. I hate having to tell you this, but why shouldn't I admit it when I know it's true? My lighter, more superficial side will always steal a march on the deeper side and therefore always win. You can't imagine how often I've tried to push away this Anne, which is only half of what is known as Anne-to beat her down, hide her. But it doesn't work, and I know why.

I'm afraid that people who know me as I usually am will discover I have another side, a better and finer side. I'm afraid they'll mock me, think I'm ridiculous and sentimental and not take me seriously. I'm used to not being taken seriously, but only the"lighthearted" Anne is used to it and can put up with it; the "deeper" Anne is too weak. If I force the good Anne into the spotlight for even fifteen minutes, she shuts up like a clam the moment she's called upon to speak, and lets Anne number one do the talking. Before I realize it, she's disappeared.

So the nice Anne is never seen in company. She's never made a single appearance, though she almost always takes the stage when I'm alone. I know exactly how I'd like to be, how I am . . . on the inside. But unfortunately I'm only like that with myself.

And perhaps that's why-no, I'm sure that's the reason why — I think of myself as happy on the inside and other people think I'm happy on the outside. I'm guided by the pure Anne within, but on the outside I'm nothing but a frolicsome little goat tugging at its tether.

As I've told you, what I say is not what I feel, which is why I have a reputation for being boy-crazy as well as a flirt, a smart aleck and a reader of romances. The happy-go-lucky Anne laughs, gives a flippant reply, shrugs her shoulders and pretends she doesn't give a darn. The quiet Anne reacts in just the opposite way. If I'm being completely honest, I'll have to admit that it does matter to me, that I'm trying very hard to change myself, but that I I'm always up against a more powerful enemy.

A voice within me is sobbing, "You see, that's what's become of you. You're surrounded by negative opinions, dismayed looks and mocking faces, people, who dislike you, and all because you don't listen to the ; advice of your own better half."Believe me, I'd like ;' to listen, but it doesn't work, because if I'm quiet and serious, everyone thinks I'm putting on a new act and I have to save myself with a joke, and then I'm not even talking about my own family, who assume I must be sick, stuff me with aspirins and sedatives, feel my neck and forehead to see if I have a temperature, ask about my bowel movements and berate me for being in a bad mood, until I just can't keep it up anymore, because if when everybody starts hovering over me, I get cross, then sad, and finally end up turning my heart inside out, the bad part on the outside and the good part on the inside, and keep trying to find a way to become what I'd like to be and what I could be if . . . if only there were no other people in the world.

Yours,

Anne M. Frank

ANNE'S DIARY ENDS HERE

AFTERWORD

On the morning of August 4, 1944, sometime between ten and ten-thirty, a car pulled up at 263 Prinsengracht. Several figures emerged: an SS sergeant, Karl Josef Silberbauer, in full uniform, and at least three Dutch members of the Security Police, armed but in civilian clothes. Someone must have tipped them off. They arrested the eight people hiding in the Annex, as well as two of their helpers, Victor Kugler and Johannes Kleiman — though not Miep Gies and Elisabeth (Bep) Voskuijl and took all the valuables and cash they could find in the Annex. After the arrest, Kugler and Kleiman were taken to a prison in Amsterdam. On September 11, 1944, they were transferred, without benefit of a trial, to a camp in Amersfoort (Holland). Kleiman, because of his poor health, was released on September18, 1944. He remained in Amsterdam until his death in 1959.Kugler managed to escape his imprisonment on March 28, 1945, when he and his fellow prisoners were being sent to Germany as forced laborers. He immigrated to Canada in 1955 and died in Toronto in 1989.

Elisabeth (Bep) Voskuijl Wijk died in Amsterdam in 1983.

Miep Santrouschitz Gies is still living in Amsterdam; her husband Jan died in 1993.

Upon their arrest, the eight residents of the Annex were first brought to a prison in Amsterdam and then transferred to Westerbork, the transit camp for Jews in the north of Holland. They were deported on September 3, 1944, in the last transport to leave Westerbork, and arrived three days later in Auschwitz (Poland).

Hermann van Pels (van Daan) was, according to the testimony of Otto Frank, gassed to death in Auschwitz in October or November 1944, shortly before the gas chambers were dismantled.

Auguste van Pels (Petronella van Daan) was transported from Auschwitz to Bergen-Belsen, from there to Buchenwald, then to The resienstadt on April 9, 1945, and apparently to another concentration camp after that. It is certain that she did not survive, though the date of her death is unknown.

Peter van Pels (van Daan) was forced to take part in the January 16, 1945 "deathmarch" from Auschwitz to Mauthausen (Austria), where he died on May

5, 1945, three days before the camp was liberated.

Fritz Pfeffer (Albert Dussel) died on December 20, 1944, in the Neuengammeconcentration camp, where he had been transferred from either Buchenwald or Sachsenhausen.

Edith Frank died in Auschwitz-Birkenau on January 6, 1945, from hunger and exhaustion.

Margot and Anne Frank were transported from Auschwitz at the end of October and brought to Bergen Belsen, a concentration camp near Hannover (Germany). The typhus epidemic that broke out in the winter of 1944-1945, as a result of the horrendous hygienic conditions, killed thousands of prisoners, including Margot and, a few days later, Anne. She must have died in late February or early March. The bodies of both girls were probably dumped in Bergen-Belsen's mass graves. The camp was liberated by British troops on April 12, 1945.

Otto Frank was the only one of the eight to survive the concentration camps. After Auschwitz was liberated by Russian troops, he was repatriated to Amsterdam by way of Odessa and Marseille. He arrived in Amsterdam on June 3, 1945, and stayed there until 1953, when he moved to Basel (Switzerland), where his sister and her family, and later his brother, lived. He married Elfriede Markovits Geiringer, originally from Vienna, who had survived Auschwitz and lost a husband and son in Mauthausen. Until his death on August 19, 1980, Otto Frank continued to live in Birsfelden, outside Basel, where he devoted himself to sharing the message of his daughter's diary with people all over the world.

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