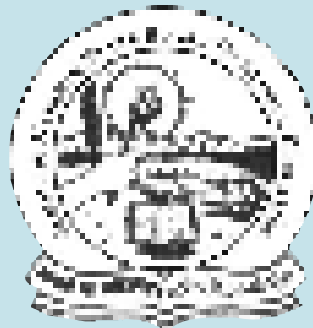


A Textbook  
Of  
English  
Tulip Series Book-9  
for  
Class IX



**The Jammu and Kashmir State Board of School Education,  
Srinagar/Jammu.**

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A Textbook  
Of  
***ENGLISH***  
for  
Class IX

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Srinagar/Jammu.**

## PREFACE

Curriculum is as dynamic a concept as society in itself and since it is from the society that school curriculum derives its contents, the requirements of the dynamism of society necessitates continuous and comprehensive revision of school curriculum in order to make it more vibrant and more meaningful for students who are an important part and parcel of it. The J & K BOSE initiated the process of review and revision of school curriculum in order to remove the dichotomy that is likely to creep in if left unrevised and thereafter what will be transacted in classroom will be sheer anachronism. This revision and review has been carried out also in the light of guidelines of N.C. F. — 2005.

In view of globalization, learning of English language by students reflects new aspirations. However, globalization does not mean distancing from the culture that the learner comes from. The textbook of English language namely *Tulip Series – Book IX* for class IX has been developed which does not only sensitize students to different genres of literature and not only initiates them to the common core of curriculum but also attempts to place students in the context from which they hail. Sufficient contextualization has been done in the textbook.

Besides, the book aims at developing proficiency in various skills like listening, speaking, reading and writing. An attempt has been made to improve pronunciation of students which has remained causality in most of the language textbooks. However, the transaction of contents demand paradigm shift in pedagogy and it is this shift in pedagogy which the teachers are expected to resort to in the delivery of contents of this book in the sense it is envisaged in it. Developing a textbook is not a final event in itself. The J & K BOSE is open to suggestions and teachers are requested to feel free in giving suggestions so that the textbook is updated and brought closer to the requirements in the classroom and to the real life of the students.

I record my appreciations and thanks to the subject experts who helped in the development of the contents of this textbook and also to the faculty members of Academic Division, particularly Dr. Sheikh Bashir Ahmad, Secretary, Mr. M.D. Zargar, Deputy Director, (Academics), Ms. Naila Neelofar, Academic officer, English for putting in their efforts in bringing about this book.

Sd/–

**Prof. Desh Bandhu Gupta**  
CHAIRMAN  
**J & K BOSE**



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I place on record my deep sense of gratitude to Prof. G. R. Malik, Ex-H.O.D, Dept. of English, University of Kashmir and Prof Neerja Mattoo, Ex-Principal , Govt College for Women, M.A. Road for their valuable suggestions and contributions in developing this textbook. I am also grateful to Prof. Lalit Mangotra, H.O.D. Dept. of Physics, University of Jammu and Mrs. Manmeet Bali, Lecturer, DIET, Jammu for arranging the Dogri material used in the textbook.

I also thank all the experts who participated in the workshop and put forth their ideas and suggestions in making this textbook a comprehensive one, meeting to the demands of the National Curriculum Framework – 2005.

I thank the Academic Division, CDRW, KD, particularly Mr. Mehraj-ud-Din Zargar (Dy. Director, Academics) and Ms. Naila Neelofar (Academic Officer, English) for developing *Tulip Series Book – 9*, a textbook of English for class IX. The list of participants who participated in the workshop is:

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**Dr. Shiekh Bashir Ahmad**  
(Secretary, BOSE.)

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## Key to English pronunciation

The readers may bear in mind that when we write any language, we use letters but when we speak language we use sounds. Letters and sounds must never be mixed up. Letters are written, sounds are spoken. English language has definite sound pattern. There are twenty-six letters in English language but there are forty-four sounds. Again, when we transcribe a sound of a word it is called phonemic transcription. A phoneme is a distinct audible sound. In order to familiarize the readers with the sound pattern of English language, the following table is given. But before going to the table it is suggested that teachers will drive the sound of different phonemes home to the students. The table gives the words written in English language followed by the phonemic transcription. For the convenience of the readers, it will not be out of place to remember that there are 24 consonant sounds while as there are 12 vowel sounds and 8 diphthong sounds. In the tables that follow, consonant sounds are given first followed by vowel sounds and then the diphthong sounds. The symbols of English language sounds are as follows:

## Following are the Consonant Sounds

p

b

t

d

k

pen	/pen/
pill	/pɪl/
pencil	/pensəl/

book	/bʊk/
bad	/bæd/
baby	/ˈbeɪbi/

tea	/ti:/
taxi	/ˈtæksi/
table	/ˈteɪbəl/

did	/dɪd/
dog	/dɒg/
depend	/dɪˈpend/

kick	/kɪk/
cake	/keɪk/
contact	/ˈkɒntækt/

g

f

v

θ

ð

get	/get/
great	/ɡreɪt/
glass	/ɡlɑːs/

food	/fuːd/
laugh	/lɑːf/
phone	/fəʊn/

voice	/vɔɪs/
very	/ˈveri/
receive	/rɪˈsiːv/

thin	/θɪn/
throw	/θrəʊ/
thumb	/θʌm/

then	/ðen/
this	/ðɪs/
there	/ðeə/

s

z

ʃ

ʒ

tʃ

so	/səʊ/
swim	/swɪm/
sun	/sʌn/

zoo	/zuː/
zero	/ˈzɪərəʊ/
zebra	/ˈzebrə/

sheep	/ʃiːp/
shine	/ʃaɪn/
assure	/əˈʃʊə/

pleasure	/ˈpleʒə/
leisure	/ˈleɪʒə/
measure	/ˈmeʒə/

church	/tʃɜːtʃ/
chin	/tʃɪn/
chat	/tʃæt/

dʒ

l

r

j

w

June	/dʒuːn/
judge	/dʒʌdʒ/
journey	/ˈdʒɜːni/

leg	/leg/
hallo	/həˈləʊ/
always	/ˈɔːlweɪz/

red	/red/
around	/əˈraʊnd/
proud	/praʊd/

yes	/jes/
yellow	/ˈjeləʊ/
usual	/ˈjuːʒl/

wet	/wet/
away	/əˈweɪ/
swim	/swɪm/

m

man	/mæn/
among	/ə'mʌŋ/
calm	/kɑ:m/

n

no	/nəʊ/
not	/nɒt/
annoy	/ə'nɔɪ/

ŋ

bring	/brɪŋ/
banged	/bænd/
singing	/ˈsɪŋŋ/

h

how	/haʊ/
height	/haɪ/
hero	/ˈhɪərəʊ/

## Long Vowel Sounds

i:

sea	/si:/
me	/mi:/
free	/fri:/

a:

car	/kɑ:/
art	/ɑ:t/
hard	/hɑ:d/

ɜ:

bird	/bɜ:d/
word	/wɜ:d/
heard	/hɜ:d/

ɔ:

saw	/sɔ:/
score	/skɔ:/
four	/fɔ:/

u:

food	/fu:d/
crude	/kru:d/
do	/du:/

## Short Vowels

ɪ

sit	/sɪt/
him	/hɪm/
film	/fɪlm/

e

head	/hed/
get	/get/
said	/sed/

æ

cat	/kæt/
stamp	/stæmp/
dad	/dæd/

ʌ

cup	/kʌp/
double	/ˈdʌbəl/
monk	/mʌŋk/

ɒ

not	/nɒt/
jog	/dʒɒŋ/
top	/tɒp/

ʊ

good	/ɡʊd/
should	/ʃʊd/
wood	/wʊd/

ə

attack	/ə'tæk/
maker	/ˈmeɪkə/
doctor	/ˈdɒktə/

## Diphthong Sounds (Two vowel sounds together)

eɪ		aɪ		ɔɪ		aʊ	
say	/seɪ/	my	/maɪ/	toy	/tɔɪ/	now	/naʊ/
play	/pleɪ/	eye	/aɪ/	boiler	/ˈbɔɪlə/	how	/haʊ/
grey	/ɡreɪ/	bike	/baɪk/	noise	/nɔɪz/	found	/faʊnd/
əʊ		ɪə		eə		ʊə	
snow	/snoʊ/	near	/nɪə/	hair	/heə/	tour	/tʊə/
go	/ɡoʊ/	beer	/bɪə/	care	/keə/	pure	/pjʊə/
alone	/əˈləʊn/	tier	/tɪə/	stair	/steə/	cure	/kjʊə/

### Note :

In English language a ‘**r**’ sound is the usual pronunciation of the letter ‘r’ and when it is followed by a vowel sound it is pronounced as in ‘**red, write, grow and story**’. In British English no ‘**r**’ sound is ever used at the end of a word or before a consonant, except occasionally when sound is elided. Thus ‘**far, fir, err, fear, fair, four**’ are pronounced without ‘**r**’ sound. Exceptionally ‘r’ occurs before ‘n’ and ‘l’ in one pronunciation of words like barren, quarrel. But when a word ending with r is immediately preceded by a word beginning with a vowel ‘ə’, the ‘**r**’ sound is usually inserted in the pronunciation. Thus though ‘**pair**’ by itself is pronounced without ‘**r**’ sound, yet in a sentence ‘**a pair of shoes**’ is usually pronounced with ‘**r**’ sound in it.

## PACKING

Jerome K. Jerome



Jerome Klapka Jerome (1859-1927), English novelist and playwright, was born in the borough of Walsall. Jerome was financially supporting himself by the age of 14, as his family had little money. After clerking, teaching, and acting, he turned his attention to writing and editing. Two books, *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* (1886) and *Three Men in a Boat* (1889), represent his greatest success as a writer. Reminiscent of Mark Twain's travel writings, these works combine wit and anecdote with common sense and compelling description. Jerome had his greatest success in the theatre with 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' (1908). The present passage has been taken from *Three Men in a Boat, Not to Speak of a Dog*.



Have you ever gone to a trip? Have you ever helped anyone in packing? Have you ever forgotten to pack the most important things for the trip? How did it make you feel? Did you burst into laughter or become angry with yourself?

I said I'd pack.

I rather pride myself on my packing. Packing is one of those many things that I feel I know more about than any other person living. (It surprises me myself, sometimes, how many such things there are.) I impressed the fact upon George and Harris and told them that they had better leave the whole matter entirely to me. They fell into the suggestion with a readiness that had something uncanny about it. George put on a pipe and spread himself over the easy chair, and Harris cocked his legs on the table and lit a cigar.

This was hardly what I intended. What I had meant, of course, was, that I should boss the job, and that Harris and George should potter about under my directions, I pushing them aside every now and then with, "Oh, you!" "Here, let me do it." "There you are, simple enough!" — really teaching them, as you might say. Their taking it in the way they did irritated me. There is nothing that irritates me more than seeing other people sitting about doing nothing when I'm working.



I lived with a man once who used to make me mad that way. He would loll on the sofa and watch me doing things by the hour together. He said it did him real good to look on at me, messing about.

Now, I'm not like that. I can't sit still and see another man slaving and working. I want to get up and superintend, and walk round with my hands in my pockets, and tell him what to do. It is my energetic nature. I can't help it.

However, I did not say anything, but started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it and strapped it.

"Aren't you going to put the boots in?" said Harris.

And I looked round, and found I had forgotten them. That's just like Harris. He couldn't have said a word until I'd got the bag shut and strapped, of course. And George laughed — one of those irritating, senseless laughs of his. They do make me so wild.

I opened the bag and packed the boots in; and then, just as I was going to close it, a horrible idea occurred to me. Had I packed my toothbrush? I don't know how it is, but I never do know whether I've packed my toothbrush.

My toothbrush is a thing that haunts me when I'm travelling, and makes my life a misery. I dream that I haven't packed it, and wake up in a cold perspiration, and get out of bed and hunt for it. And, in the morning, I pack it before I have used it, and have to unpack again to get it, and it is always the last thing I turn out of the bag; and then I repack and forget it, and have to rush upstairs for it at the last moment and carry it to the railway station, wrapped up in my pocket-handkerchief.

Of course, I had to turn every mortal thing out now, and, of course, I could not find it. I rummaged the things up into much the same state that they must have been before the world was created, and when chaos reigned. Of course, I found George's and Harris's eighteen times over, but I couldn't find my own. I put the things back one by one, and held everything up and shook it. Then I found it inside a boot. I repacked once more.

When I had finished, George asked if the soap was in. I said I didn't care a hang whether the soap was in or whether it wasn't; and I slammed the bag shut and strapped it, and found that I had packed my tobacco-pouch in it, and had to reopen it. It got shut up finally at 10.05 p.m., and then there remained the hampers to do.





Harris said that we should be wanting to start in less than twelve hours' time and thought that he and George had better do the rest; and I agreed and sat down, and they had a go.

They began in a light-hearted spirit, evidently intending to show me how to do it. I made no comment; I only waited. With the exception of George, Harris is the worst packer in this world; and I looked at the piles of plates and cups, and kettles, and bottles, and jars, and pies, and stoves, and cakes, and tomatoes, etc., and felt that the thing would soon become exciting.

It did. They started with breaking a cup. That was the first thing they did. They did that just to show you what they could do, and to get you interested.

Then Harris packed the strawberry jam on top of a tomato and squashed it, and they had to pick out the tomato with a teaspoon.

And then it was George's turn, and he trod on the butter. I didn't say anything, but I came over and sat on the edge of the table and watched them. It irritated them more than anything I could have said. I felt that. It made them nervous and excited, and they stepped on things, and put things behind them, and then couldn't find them when they wanted them; and they packed the pies at the bottom, and put heavy things on top, and smashed the pies in.

They upset salt over everything, and as for the butter! I never saw two men do more with one-and-two pence worth of butter in my whole life than they did. After George had got it off his slipper, they tried to put it in the kettle. It wouldn't go in, and what was in wouldn't come out. They did scrape it out at last, and put it down on a chair, and Harris sat on it, and it stuck to him, and they went looking for it all over the room.



"I'll take my oath I put it down on that chair," said George, staring at the empty seat.

"I saw you do it myself, not a minute ago," said Harris.

Then they started round the room again looking for it; and then they met again in the centre and stared at one another.

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," said George.

“So mysterious!” said Harris.

Then George got round at the back of Harris and saw it.

“Why, here it is all the time,” he exclaimed, indignantly.

“Where?” cried Harris, spinning round.

“Stand still, can’t you!” roared George, flying after him.

And they got it off, and packed it in the teapot.

Montmorency was in it all, of course. Montmorency’s ambition in life is to get in the way and be sworn at. If he can squirm in anywhere where he particularly is not wanted, and be a perfect nuisance, and make people mad, and have things thrown at his head, then he feels his day has not been wasted.

To get somebody to stumble over him, and curse him steadily for an hour, is his highest aim and object; and, when he has succeeded in accomplishing this, his conceit becomes quite unbearable.

He came and sat down on things, just when they were wanted to be packed; and he laboured under the fixed belief that, whenever Harris or George reached out their hand for anything, it was his cold damp nose that they wanted. He put his leg into the jam, and he worried the teaspoons, and he pretended that the lemons were rats, and got into the hamper and killed three of them before Harris could land him with the frying pan.



Harris said, “I encouraged him. I didn’t encourage him. A dog like that doesn’t want any encouragement. It’s the natural, original sin that is born in him that makes him do things like that.”

The packing was done at 12.50; and Harris sat on the big hamper, and said he hoped nothing would be found broken. George said that if anything was broken it was broken, which reflection seemed to comfort him. He also said he was ready for bed. We were all ready for bed. Harris was to sleep with us that night, and we went upstairs.

We tossed for beds, and Harris had to sleep with me. He said:

“Do you prefer the inside or the outside, J.?”

I said I generally preferred to sleep inside a bed.

Harris said it was odd.

George said:

“What time shall I wake you fellows?”

Harris said:

“Seven.”

I said:

“No — six,” because I wanted to write some letters.

Harris and I had a bit of a row over it, but at last split the difference, and said half-past six.

“Wake us at 6.30, George,” we said.

George made no answer, and we found, on going over, that he had been asleep for sometime; so we placed the bath where he could tumble into it on getting out in the morning, and went to bed ourselves.

## Glossary

<b>uncanny</b> /ʌn'kæni/	strange or mysterious; difficult or impossible to explain.
<b>cock</b> kɒk	to lift or raise a part of the body.
<b>boss</b> (v) bɒs	to assert someone's superiority over someone.
<b>potter about</b> (v): 'pɒt.ər/ɒə'baʊt	to do unimportant things.
<b>slave</b> (v) sleɪv	to work very hard at something.
<b>superintend</b> ,su:pərɪn'tend	to be in charge of something.
<b>haunt</b> həʊnt	here, to cause somebody unease, worry, or regret by continual presence or recurrence in his life.
<b>hunt</b> (n) hʌnt	act of chasing.
<b>hunt</b> (v) hʌnt	to chase.
<b>rummage</b> 'rʌmɪdʒ	to search for something by moving things around carelessly.
<b>chaos</b> 'keɪɒs	a state of total confusion and lack of order.
<b>slam</b> slæm	close forcefully.
<b>hamper</b> 'hæm.pər	a large basket with a cover that is used for carrying food, especially in picnics, or a basket used for holding soiled laundry.
<b>trod</b> trɒd	past tense of tread, to walk slowly.

<b>smash</b> smæʃ	break into pieces, destroy.
<b>indignant</b> ɪn'dɪgnənt	angry because of something which is wrong or not fair.
<b>conceit</b> kən'si:t	when you are too proud of yourself and your actions.
<b>squirm</b> skwɜ:m	to move from side to side in an awkward way because of nervousness, embarrassment or pain.
<b>stumble (n)</b> 'stʌmbəl	fall.
<b>row</b> rəʊ	dispute.
<b>split the difference</b> splɪt/ðə/'dɪf.ər.ənts	agreed at the midway timing of 6:30.



### Thinking about the Text

1. How many characters are there in the narrative? Name them. (Don't forget the dog).
2. Why did the narrator (Jerome) volunteer to do the packing?
3. How did George and Harris react to this? Did Jerome like their reaction?
4. What was Jerome's real intention when he offered to pack?
5. What did Harris say after the bag was shut and strapped? Why do you think he waited till then to ask?
6. What "horrible idea" occurred to Jerome a little later?
7. Why did Jerome have to reopen the packed bag?
8. What does Jerome say was Montmorency's ambition in life? What do you think of Montmorency and why?
9. Of the three, Jerome, George and Harris, who do you think is the best or the worst packer? Support your answer with details from the text.
10. How did Montmorency 'contribute' to the packing?
11. Do you find this story funny? What are the humorous elements in it? (Pick out at least three; think about what happens, as well as how it is described.)



### Language work

Papaya is the healthiest fruit with a list of properties that is long and exhaustive. Belonging to the family of Caricaceae fruit, it is commonly known as Papaw in Australia and Mamao in Brazil. It first originated in southern Mexico and neighboring Central America, but is now available in every tropical and subtropical country. Papaya favours digestion as well as cures skin irritation and sun burns. You can munch on it as a salad, have it cooked or boiled or just drink it up as a milkshake

or juices. Modern science confirms the age-old beliefs that papaya has much to contribute to the health cause. The most important of these virtues is the protein digesting enzyme in the milky juice or latex. The enzyme is similar to pepsin in its digestive action and is said to be so powerful that it can digest 200 times its own weight in protein. It assists the body in assimilating the maximum nutritional value from food to provide energy and body building materials.

Papain in raw papaya makes up for the deficiency of gastric juice and fights excess of unhealthy mucus in the stomach dyspepsia and intestinal irritation. The ripe fruit, if eaten regularly corrects habitual constipation, bleeding piles and chronic diarrhea. The juice of the papaya seeds also assists in the above mentioned ailments.

The juice used as a cosmetic, removes freckles or brown spots due to exposure to sunlight and makes the skin smooth and delicate. The paste of papaya seeds is applied in skin diseases like those caused by ringworm. The black seeds of the papaya are highly beneficial in the treatment of cirrhosis of the liver caused by alcoholism, malnutrition, etc. A tablespoonful of its juice, combined with a mint of fresh lime juice, should be consumed once or twice daily for a month. The fresh juice of raw papaya mixed with honey can be applied over inflamed tonsils, for diphtheria and other throat disorders. It dissolves the membrane and prevents infection from spreading.

### Complete the following

The other names for papaya are .....

Though now found in every tropical country, Papaya fruit originated in .....

One of the most important virtues of papaya is .....

Intestinal irritation can be overcome .....

Diseases cured by papaya are.....

Throat disorders can be cured .....

Ringworm is cured by Papaya juice/Papaya seeds/Papaya fruit/raw papaya. (Tick the correct answer.)

I. Match the words/phrases in **Column A** with their meanings in **Column B**.

Column A	Column B
1. slaving	(i) a quarrel or an argument.
2. chaos	(ii) remove something from inside another thing by using a sharp tool.
3. rummage	(iii) strange; mysterious; difficult to explain.
4. scrape out	(iv) finish successfully; achieve.
5. stumble over	(v) search for something by moving things around hurriedly or carelessly.
6. accomplish	(vi) complete confusion and disorder.

7. uncanny (vii) fall, or step awkwardly while walking.  
8. (to have or get into) a row (viii) working hard.

II. Use the following phrases in your own sentences:

Toss for  
Toss about  
Fall into  
Fall out  
Search for  
Scrape out  
Mess about

### Writing Work

1. You have seen how Jerome, George and Harris mess up their packing, especially of the hamper. From their mistakes you must have thought of some do's and don'ts while packing. Can you give some tips for packing by completing the paragraph below?

First pack all the heavy items, especially the ones you don't need right away. Then ...

Here are some words and phrases you can use to begin your sentences with:

- Then
- Next
- Now
- Remember
- Don't forget
- At last/Finally

2. Have you ever seen a humorous movie? Sketch your favourite character.

### Discussion

“To get somebody to stumble over him, and curse him steadily for an hour, is his highest aim and object; and, when he has succeeded in accomplishing this, his conceit becomes quite unbearable.” This is a humorous remark. What produces humour in the remark?

Invent humorous remarks, episodes and exchange them with each other.

Learn about the leading humorous writers from your teacher.

### Suggested Reading

*Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* by Jerome K. Jerome.



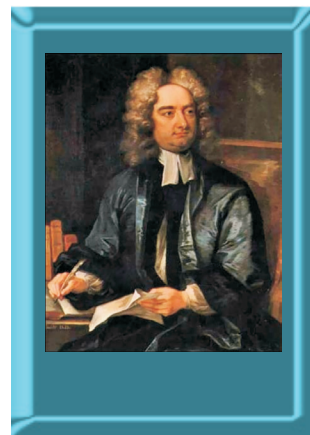
## GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT - I

Jonathan Swift



Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), Anglo-Irish satirist is considered as one of the greatest masters of English prose. His many pamphlets, prose, letters, and poetry are all marked by highly effective and economical language. Swift was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College in that city. He obtained employment in England in 1689 as secretary to the diplomat and writer Sir William Temple.

He wrote about politics, literature, and human society. *Gulliver's Travels* (1726), Swift's masterpiece, is commonly considered a children's story but was originally intended as a satire on humankind. It is an allegory with deep meaning.



Gulliver, the captain of the English ship, gets ship wrecked in the Atlantic and is thrown up on the island of Lilliput, inhabited by the race of little people not more than six inches tall. He is tied up and made prisoner by the Lilliputians but later they come to trust him and set him free.

### I

One morning, two weeks after I had obtained my freedom, Reldresal, the Chief Secretary for Private Affairs, came to my house, attended only by one servant. He wanted to have a private conversation with me, because he had been sent by the Emperor to discuss with me some important problems of state.

I received him with honour and offered to lie down so that he could conveniently speak to me; but he preferred to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation.

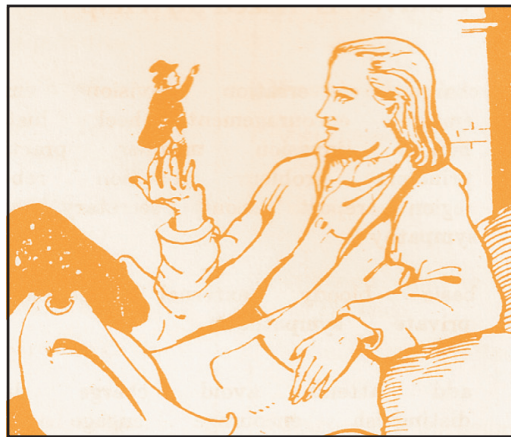
He congratulated me on my freedom, and added that I had obtained it so soon partly on account of the many difficult internal and external problems that faced the state just then. It was thought that if I was released, I might be of help to the state in solving them.

Reldresal told me that Lilliputians were divided into two parties called High Heels and Low Heels, according to the high or low heels of their shoes, which distinguished one party from the other. They opposed each other bitterly, and hated each other so much that the members of one party would hardly eat, drink or talk with those of the other. Although the High Heels were more

numerous than the Low Heels, His Majesty the Emperor was in favour of the Low Heels, and himself wore low heels only. So the Government was in their hands now. Reldresal himself was a member of the Low Heels party. They feared, however, that the young Prince was sympathetic to the High Heels; at least, it was clear that one of his heels was higher than the other; and that gave him a limp in his walking.

## II

To add to their problems, they now had to face a great external danger. The country was threatened with an invasion from Blefuscu, which, Reldresal told me, was the other great empire of the Universe. As for my report that there were other regions in the world inhabited by men like myself, he hardly believed it; according to their scientists and historians Lilliput and Blefuscu were the two great regions of the universe. These mighty powers had been engaged in a bloody war for thirty-six ‘moons’\*. The war began about a question of religious principle, namely, whether one should break an egg at the bigger end or at the smaller end. The ancient practice of course was to break it at the bigger end. But the present Emperor’s grandfather, when he was a boy, happened to cut one of his fingers when breaking an egg at the bigger end. So the Emperor, his father, published an order prohibiting the practice of breaking eggs at the bigger end. There was bitter opposition to the new law, and there were frequent rebellions on account of it; one emperor lost his life, and another his crown, in these rebellions. Many hundred books were published about the question, but people were prohibited from reading the books of the Big Endians.



At least 11,000 people suffered death at various times because they preferred death to dishonour. Many rebels escaped to Blefuscu; the Emperor of Blefuscu gave them his sympathy and encouragement, thus interfering in the internal affairs of Lilliput.

He frequently charged the Lilliputian Emperor with causing a division in religion by encouraging people to disobey a basic teaching of their ancient religion, which is given in the 54th chapter of their holy book: *‘All believers shall break their egg at the convenient end.’*

But Reldresal thought that his charge was baseless, for, which was the convenient end was a question for each man to decide according to his conscience.

The two empires were engaged in a war over this question and there were frequent battles. Just now the men of Blefuscu were intending to invade Lilliput. The scouts sent out by Lilliput had reported that a fleet was getting ready to start. In this situation, the Emperor wanted my help in defending Lilliput against the invaders.

\*Lilliputians used a smaller time scale than we do. “A moon” is 28 days or about a 12th part of a year.



I avoided entering into a discussion of their party questions or religious principles with Reldresal. I told him that as a foreigner I had no right to interfere in them. But I asked him to tell the Emperor that I was his loyal soldier, ready to defend his honour and the honour of the country in case there was an invasion.

## Glossary

<b>invasion</b> /ɪn'veɪ.ʒən	attempt to conquer.
<b>empire</b> 'empaɪə	a group of countries ruled by a single person.
<b>historian</b> hɪ'stɔ:ri.ən	someone who writes about or studies history.
<b>bloody</b> 'blʌdi	extremely violent and involving a lot of blood and injuries.
<b>prohibit</b> prə'hɪbɪt	to officially forbid something.
<b>scout</b> skaʊt	a person, especially a soldier.
<b>charge</b> tʃɑ:dʒ	accuse formally.



## Thinking about the Text

1. Why did Reldresal visit Gulliver?
2. How did Gulliver receive Reldressal?
3. What were the two political parties in Lilliput? What was their difference?
4. Why was the Government in the hands of the Low Heels though they were less numerous than the High Heels?
5. What was the external danger that the country had to face?
6. What was the question of religious principle that gave rise to the war between Lilliput and Blefuscu?
7. Why was the ancient way of breaking an egg prohibited in Lilliput?
8. How did the people take the new law?
9. What was the Emperor of Blefuscu's part in the internal troubles of Lilliput?
10. What was the teaching of their ancient religion about the right way of breaking eggs?
11. What, in Reldressal's opinion, was the meaning of teaching?
12. What did Gulliver promise to do for the Emperor?



## Language Work

- a) Use the following phrases in your own sentences:

Wait upon

Carry out

Attend on

Depend on

Discuss with

Engage in

Engage with

Charge with

Prefer to

On account of

- b) Give the adjectives of the following nouns and use them in your own sentences:

Attention

Base

Convenience

Empire

Majesty

Honour

Opposition

Religion

Sympathy

Invasion

- c) Use the following words as nouns and verbs in your own sentences:

Charge

Converse

Divide

Honour

Principle

Rebel

Report

**d) Find from the lesson words or phrases which mean the following:**

1. wait upon a person (and carry out his orders).
2. to talk together about something; consider (a question or problem) carefully.
3. a difficult question; a matter that needs a solution.
4. like (something) better.

*(Section I, para 1)*

1. say something more.
2. because of.
3. coming from the outside, having to do with the outside.

*(Section I, para 2)*

1. separate into groups or parties; cut into parts.
2. the back part of one's foot; (in the lesson) the part of one's shoe that touches the back part of one's foot.
3. (a phrase) depending on.
4. be a mark of difference; help to tell one thing from another.
5. stand or fight against; be against.
6. one who belongs to a group or party.
7. (a phrase) on the side of; giving support to.

*(Section I, para 3)*

1. an area; a part (of the world).
2. a custom ; the way a thing is generally done.
3. make known to the public.
4. command (people) not to do something.
5. take part (in other people's affairs and cause them difficulty).
6. say that a person has done wrong; accuse.
7. give courage or help.
8. bring news; come and say.

*(Section II, para 1)*

1. keep away from.
2. a truth or rule (for example, of religion).

(Section II, para 2)



### Writing Work

Explain how war broke out between the empires of Blefuscu and Lilliput.

### Discussion

Discuss with your group mates a fairy tale that you have read or a movie you have seen.

### Suggested Reading

*Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift

## Gulliver in Lilliput-II

### Gulliver Captures a Fleet

#### I

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput. It is separated from Lilliput by a channel about 800 metres wide. I had not seen Blefuscu; and now I avoided appearing on that side of the coast in case some of the enemy should see me. So far they had no news of me.

Our scouts reported that the enemy fleet lay at anchor in the harbour ready to start with the first favourable wind. I walked to the north-east coast and, hiding myself behind a small hill, in case the enemy should see me, I looked at their ships through my field glasses. I distinguished at least fifty warships and a great number of other ships for transporting men and supplies. I framed a plan to capture the warships. I got the advice of the most experienced seamen of Lilliput, who told me that the channel was about five feet deep in most places and nowhere more than six. I ordered a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was as thick as pack-thread, and the bars were of the size of knitting-needles. I twisted the cables together and made fifty strong cords. Then I made fifty hooks by twisting three bars together at a time, and fastened the hooks carefully to the cords,

Armed with these I waded into the channel, swam a little way, and in about half an hour got near the enemy fleet. The enemy was so frightened to see me that they leapt out of their ships and swam ashore. I guess they were at least 30,000 in number. I took out the cords and fastened a hook to the prow of each warship, leaving the transport alone.

## II

While I was engaged in this work, the men of Blefuscu shot at me several thousand arrows as big as knitting-needles; many of them stuck in my hands and face and gave me sharp pain. I quickly took out my eye-glasses, and put them on in case the arrows should strike my eyes, and then went on with my work.

When I had fastened the hooks to the prows of all the warships, I tied their ends together into a knot. Taking the knotted end in my hand, I pulled; but not a ship moved, for they were all held fast by their anchors. So I let go the cords and began to cut the cables that fastened the anchors. Then I took up the knotted end of the cords again, and with ease drew after me the entire fleet of the enemy.

When the men of Blefuscu saw this, they shouted in despair; at first they had not guessed my intention. When I was out of danger, I stopped a while to pull out the arrows that stuck in my face. I rubbed on an ointment that the Lilliputians had given me for the purpose, and it relieved the pain at once.

The Emperor of Lilliput, attended by all his court, was waiting on the shore to see the outcome of this great adventure. They saw the entire fleet advance in the shape of a large half-moon, but could not distinguish me because I was up to my neck in water. So they thought that I had been drowned and that the enemy fleet was advancing for battle. They felt greatly relieved when they saw me. I held up my hand from the water and cried in a loud voice, “Long live the mightiest Emperor of Lilliput!” The Emperor received me with honour and made me a Great Lord on the spot.

### Glossary

<b>anchor</b> 'æŋkər	device to hold ship in place.
<b>armed (adj)</b> ɑːmd	using or carrying weapons.
<b>wade</b> weɪd	to walk through water with difficulty.
<b>prow</b> prau	the front part of a boat or ship.
<b>knot</b> nɒt	a fastening made by tying together the ends of a string, rope, cloth, etc.
<b>fleet</b> fli:t	group of ships, or all of the ships in a country's navy.
<b>ointment</b> 'ɔɪntmənt	thick oily substance.
<b>outcome</b> 'aʊtkʌm	a result or effect of an action, situation, etc.
<b>relieve</b> rɪ'li:v	to provide relief for a bad situation or for people in need.



## Thinking about the Text

1. Where was Blefuscu situated and what separated it from Lilliput?
2. Why did Gulliver avoid appearing on the north-east coast of Lilliput?
3. How deep was the channel? What were the devices with which Gulliver armed himself?
4. Why did Gulliver seek the advice of the most experienced sailor?
5. What did the Blefuscan soldiers do while Gulliver was fastening hooks to the warships?
6. What did Gulliver do to save his eyes?
7. Why did the ships not move when Gulliver pulled them?
8. What did Gulliver do to relieve the pain caused by the arrows?
9. What did the Emperor and his court think on seeing the fleet at a distance?
10. How did Gulliver show his loyalty to the Emperor?
11. How did the Emperor reward him for his services?



## Language Work

### (a) Find from the lesson words which mean the following:

1. (an adjective meaning) placed (in a certain position).
2. divide; keep apart.

*(Section I, para. 1)*

1. make out; make out from other things.
2. a thick strong rope.
3. fix; tie.

*(Section I, para 2)*

1. To the shore.

*(Section I, para 3)*

1. a substance used on the skin to relieve pain, etc.
2. make (pain etc.) less; free somebody from worry.

*(Section II, Para 3)*

### (b) Find the verbs from which the following nouns have been formed:

Intention

Engagement

Situation

Relief

Distinction

Advancement

Beginning

Knitting

Transportation

**(c) Use the following phrases in your own sentences:**

leave alone

let go

on the spot

in case of

look up

give up

give in

give way

give away

help out

at least

be situated in a place

distinguish from

lie at anchor

**d) Punctuate the following:**

1. while they stood amazed at the sight ariel said to antonio and the king you are two men guilty before god and man think of your evil deeds
2. O wonder said miranda when she saw so many people together how many wonderful people are there here how beautiful mankind is



**Writing Work**

Give a brief account of how Gulliver captured the Blefuscan fleet?

## Discussion

Discuss any TV serial based on a legendary tale with your group mates.

## Suggested Reading

*Animal Farm* by George Orwell.

### *Tongue Twister*

You've no need to light a night-light  
On a light night like tonight,  
For a night-light's light a slight light,  
And tonight's a night that's light.  
When a night's light, like tonight's light,  
It is really not quite right  
To light night-lights with their slight lights  
On a light night like tonight.



## SAINT OF THE GUTTERS

Prof. Neerja Mattoo



Prof. Neerja Mattoo did her M.A. in English from Kashmir University in 1958. She became professor and principal (1981) in Govt College for Women, M.A. Road, from where she had graduated in 1956. She stayed in the same college till her retirement in 1995. She was awarded a visitorship by the British Council in order to research at the Oxford University, in 1984. She was also awarded a Senior Fellowship in Literature by the Ministry of Human Resource Development, GOI in 1998 to work on four Kashmiri women poets.

Her publications include *Kashmir, Jammu and Ladakh – A Trefoil land*, *The Stranger Beside Me* (Translation of Kashmiri short stories in English), *Contemporary Kashmiri Short Stories*, *Saal: A Feast of Kashmiri Cooking*.

Neerja Mattoo lives in Srinagar with her husband.



How many of us are willing to devote our life for the betterment of the poor and the needy. True worship lies in the service of mankind.

One of the greatest figures of the twentieth century is a woman, known all over the world as Mother Theresa. She did not hold any powerful position in politics or government, yet she ruled over the hearts and minds of countless numbers of people in almost every country. She was awarded the highest honours by a grateful world, including the Nobel Peace Prize. She had no material possessions of her own, as she had dedicated herself to a life of poverty and a humble submission to God, yet the rich, the famous and the powerful flocked to her to become a part of her mission and to give some real meaning to their lives. How did she acquire this stature? Let us trace the journey of this saint of our times in order to find an answer to this question.



On 26 August, 1910 a girl child was born in Skopje, a city which was a part of Albania at that time, but later became a part of Yugoslavia. She was named

Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu. Her father, a successful businessman, died when she was eight. Then the family was looked after by the mother, Drana, whose skill at stitching and needlecraft provided her with a livelihood. The family was raised in a devout Roman Catholic tradition. Right from her childhood, Agnes would love to spend time in the church, decorating it with flowers, hanging flags and banners for festivals and singing in the church choir. She was also a keen listener to stories of Christian Missionaries going to different parts of the world to serve, educate and tend to the poor, the illiterate and the sick. Their life of dedication fascinated her. These activities alone, however, would not make her out as an exception. It was when she was fifteen that something happened that charted an entirely different course for her.

She was on a trip to the mountains when suddenly she had a feeling that someone was calling out to her, saying, “Follow God and serve others”. In our own Eastern mystic tradition too, it is believed that an inner voice calls out to a person if God has some special task cut out for him or her. So this experience of hers should not come as a surprise to us. About this time Agnes had also heard that somewhere out there is a place called India and had already made up her mind to become a missionary. She now decided to leave home, become a nun, lead a life of poverty and chastity and serve the people. She had also resolved that she would go to Kolkata in India to serve the poorest of the poor – that was to be the mission of her life. As preparation for her real mission, she went to Ireland and joined the convent of “The Sisters of Loreto” in order to learn English before she went to Bengal.

Agnes arrived in Kolkata in 1929 and was sent by her Order to Darjeeling in West Bengal to begin her novitiate, i.e., the period of study and prayer which every nun must undergo before she finally becomes a nun at the convent. Apart from prayer, she spent her time here in learning Hindi and Bengali, so that she could speak to the people whom she had come to serve. Then she began to teach in schools run by the Sisters of Loreto, first at Darjeeling and then at Kolkata.

She took her final vows as a nun in 1937 and assumed the name ‘Theresa’, because that was the name of the patron saint of missionaries.

While teaching the Indian girl students from affluent backgrounds at St. Mary’s school, Kolkata, Sister Theresa, as she was now called, could not keep her eyes away from the desperately poor and homeless who lived on the streets of the city, in slums. The conditions in which they existed were appallingly unhygienic. The filth and stink were nauseating and it was no wonder that they suffered from all kinds of diseases. Sister Theresa could see that the hospitals and other civic amenities were stretched to the limit in this teeming metropolis, so she would sometimes carry the worst cases off the street herself, clean them up and look after them till they recovered or died. She could not bear to see anyone dying without the dignity that every death deserves.

One day in 1946, when she was travelling in a train from Kolkata to Darjeeling, she again heard a voice, like the one she had heard before, telling her that now she must leave the convent and help the poor by living with them. She felt that it was an order which she could not disobey

and to quote her words, ‘to fail would be to break faith’. This was the final turning point that gave birth to the Mother Theresa we all know about.

She asked her church order to give her permission to leave the convent and to start a new order of nuns who would help her in her work among the poor. She got the permission and the order of the “Missionaries of Charity” was born in 1948, with her as its first Mother Superior.

Now she gave up her nun’s habit and dressed in a cotton blue bordered white sari which reflected her simplicity. She wanted to look like the poor Indian women, who dressed similarly with their heads covered by the sari. She set up Nirmal Hriday, home and hospices for the poor, the orphans and the dying. She was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1979.

Now began her great, legendary work of selfless charity and care to the poor. In 1970, Malcolm Muggeridge, a well known British writer came to Kolkata. While walking through a street, he happened to see a small little figure in a slum, cleaning the sores on the body of a half-dead man without the slightest trace of disgust at the stench. He could not believe that a human being could look so happy while doing such a repelling task. The deep, warm glow of peace and love on her face, while cheerfully busy in her unflinching service to the wretched of the earth, made such a deep impression on his mind that he wanted the whole world to know about this saintly person and her extraordinary work.. The result was his book and a documentary film on Mother Theresa, appropriately titled, *Something Beautiful for God*, which brought world attention to her otherwise quiet work.

Before her death in 1997, she oversaw the opening of branches of her “Missionaries of Charity” in a number of countries to continue her work among the poorest of the poor.

Mother Theresa used to say that one must give love till it hurts. She was truly a saint of our times, who brought comfort to the destitute, gave care to those who had no one to care for them and made the most insignificant and unwanted human feel that God, through the agency of Mother Theresa, remembered them.

## Glossary

<b>flock (v)</b> flɒk	to move together in large numbers.
<b>stature</b> 'stætʃ.ə'	the good reputation a person or organization has; status.
<b>choir</b> kwaiə'	a group of people who sing together, especially in a church.
<b>chastity</b> 'tʃæstəti	purity.
<b>affluent</b> 'æfluənt	rich.
<b>slums</b> slʌmz	an overcrowded area of a city in which the housing is typically in very bad condition.
<b>appalling</b> ə'pɔ:lɪŋ	very bad, or much worse than expected.
<b>filth</b> fɪlθ	extreme dirt.

stink stɪŋk

extremely unpleasant smell.

teeming 'ti:mɪŋ

to have an extremely large number of people in a place.



### Thinking about the Text

1. What activities made Mother Theresa so exceptional?
2. Why did Mother Theresa leave St.Mary High school?
3. What did Mother Theresa mean by 'to fail would be to break faith'?
4. What kind of life did Mother Theresa lead?
5. Why do you think Mother Theresa learnt Bengali?
6. What did Malcolm Muggeridge see on the streets of Calcutta?



### Language Work

She was five feet tall and slender of built. Draped in a blue bordered white sari (which cost less than fifty rupees) spoke of her simplicity and grandeur. Her wrinkled face never marred her spirit to serve the poor and the needy. She did beautiful things to make this world a happier place to live in. Nobody cares for the dying and the diseased but she cared for those who were left unloved. In 1946, while going to Darjeeling, she heard the call to give up everything and follow Him to the slums to serve Him among the poorest of the poor. Truly a philanthropist, she dedicated her life to the poor people who needed her the most.

#### Fill in the blanks:

1. Her wrinkled face in the passage means her\_\_\_\_\_.
2. Him refers to\_\_\_\_\_.
3. Mother Theresa was a \_\_\_\_\_ because she loved mankind.
4. Her spirit to serve the poor and the needy was never \_\_\_\_\_ by her old age.
5. To live a life of \_\_\_\_\_ was the hallmark of Mother Theresa's personality.

#### Make sentences of the following:

Flock

Humble

Dignity

Mystic

Desperate



## Writing Work

Malcolm Muggeridge titled the biography of Mother Theresa *Something Beautiful for God*. What do you understand by beautiful? What were the things that made Mother Theresa beautiful?

## Discussion

In the fast and competitive modern world how can one adhere to the values of kindness and love? Discuss with your group mates.

## Suggested Reading

*Romain Roland* by M.K. Gandhi

### *Tongue Twister*

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickledpeppers.

Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pickled peppers?

If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,

where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?



4

**SHAIKH NOOR-UD-  
DIN WALI (RA)**

*Prof. G R Malik*

**P**rof. Ghulam Rasool Malik, born 1945, is a professor of English. Under a post doctoral Commonwealth fellowship, he studied at the University of Cambridge, UK, in 1987-88. His areas of specialization are British English poetry and comparative literature.

Prof. Malik's publications are: *Iqbal and the English Romantics* (1988), *Rasul Mir* (Sahitya Akademi, 1990), *The Bloody Horizon: A study of Iqbal's Response to the West* (1991), *Romantic Criticism* (IGNOU, 1999) and an Urdu book, *Surood-I-Sahr-Afarin* (1993).

His articles and book reviews have appeared in *The Charles Lamb Bulletin*, UK, *Muslim World Book Review*, UK, *Radiance*, New Delhi and *English Studies in India*, Srinagar.



**J** True saints are in search of God and their own self. They renounce all the worldly comfort and pleasures to know their God. Simplicity and truth is their hallmark.

For many long centuries Kashmir has been known as Resh Waer (the valley of rishis). This is because rishis were found in all parts of the valley. They lived very simple and austere lives. Most of them were vegetarians and considered it a sin to kill a living being. They lived like hermits, doing penance and serving common people in several ways, mainly by planting shady trees for travellers to rest.

When Islam entered the Valley in the thirteenth century, the rishi tradition continued but was given a Muslim colour and character. The man who played the most leading role in this process was Hazrat Shaikh Noor-ud-Din Wali (RA), also known as Nund Ryosh. He was born in 1377 AD at Kaimoh, Kulgam. His father, Salar Sanz, was the scion of a Rajput family of Kishtwar. Some members of this Rajput family left Kishtwar because of a family feud and settled in Kashmir. Salar Sanz accepted Islam and was named Salar-ud-Din.



The Shaikh exhibited an ascetic tendency from his early childhood. This continued even after his marriage with Zai Ded and the birth of a daughter, Zoon Ded and a son, Haider Baba. At the prime of his youth, he adopted a monastic way of life. He entered a cave near Kaimoh and, according to legends, spent twelve years there, doing penance and purifying his self. It appears from what he did later that this was a period of spiritual training and preparation.

When he finally left the cave, he had turned into a dedicated missionary. He moved from place to place in Kashmir preaching his simple gospel of the fear of God and accountability before Him after death, commitment to the principles of truth, justice, and love and service of mankind. By his saintly life he set an example of simplicity, truthfulness and devoted service of people. As a missionary he taught us that a true saint is not one who escapes from life but one who does the duties of life with honesty and humility. In one of his verses, he tells us that the chosen servants of God are those who worship him sincerely and fulfil their duties in life regularly. The Shaikh attracted disciples everywhere. All of them were noble souls and lived lives of piety and in the service of their fellow beings.

The Shaikh won popularity in every nook and corner of Kashmir. Kashmiris called him and continue to call him Shaikh-ul-Aalam (RA) which means the spiritual guide of the world or a saint of world stature. After setting a shining example of a truly saintly life, Shaikh-ul-Alam (RA) died in Rupwan in 1438 AD and was laid to rest at Chrar-i-Shareef.

Shaikh-ul-Aalam (RA) is one of those rare personages of history whose popularity goes on growing even after their death. With the passage of time the Shaikh has become a household name in every part of Kashmir. People continue to repeat his wise sayings and sweet verses. Years after his death, coins were struck in his name during the Afghan rule over Kashmir. Today numerous trusts and educational institutions exist in his name. These include the Shaikh-ul-Aalam (RA) Chair at the University of Kashmir and the Shaikh-ul-Aalam (RA) Museum at the University of Jammu.

## Glossary

<b>austere</b> ɔ:'stiə'	simple, without luxury.
<b>hermit</b> 'hɜ:mit	someone who chooses to live alone.
<b>penance</b> 'pen.ənts	subjecting oneself to rigid and painful spiritual exercise.
<b>ascetic</b> ə'setɪk	one who leads a hermitic life.
<b>monastic</b> mə'næstɪk	hermitic; escapist.
<b>piety</b> 'pai.ə.ti	religious devotion.
<b>scion</b> 'saɪən	a child or descendant of a family.
<b>to strike a coin</b> tə straɪk ə kɔɪn	inscribe a name of a person on a coin as a mark of honour.



### Thinking about the Text

1. Why did Sheikh Noor-ud-Din wali (RA) enter the cave?
2. What made people flock to the Shiekh?
3. What does Sheikh-ul-Alam (RA) mean?
4. What kind of life did Sheikh-ul-Alam (RA) lead?
5. What did Sheikh-ul-Alam (RA) teach to the people?



### Language Work

Vegetarianism is the practice of eating foods from the plant kingdom. There are several types of vegetarians. Semi-vegetarians avoid meat but eat poultry and other animal foods. Lacto-ovo-vegetarians avoid poultry and fish as well as meat, but do include milk and eggs in their diets. Some vegetarians practice veganism, eating no animal foods at all.

More recently, people have adopted vegetarian diets based on scientific studies showing that diets high in fatty animal foods may contribute to the early development of disease, including obesity, coronary artery disease, high blood pressure, diabetes mellitus, and colorectal cancer. Doctors suggest that one should reduce the intake of animal fats, such as those found in meat and dairy products, and increase consumption of fruits, vegetables, and whole grains.

The vegetarian plant-based diet typically has the advantage of being low in saturated fat, cholesterol, and salt, but it can be lacking in other ways. Vegetarians need to plan their diets with special care in order to obtain the essential nutrients received from diets that include meat, fish and poultry.

Vegetarians need to eat other foods, such as fortified grains and cereals, that provide necessary nutrients like iron, zinc, vitamin D, and some B vitamins like B<sub>12</sub> and B<sub>6</sub>. Vegetarians who avoid milk products must find alternatives that are high in calcium and vitamin D, such as fortified soy milk. Lacto-ovo-vegetarians can use eggs, milk, nuts, peanut butter, dry beans, peas and lentils in place of choices from the meat group.

#### Fill in the blanks:

Lacto-ovo- Vegetarians can consume \_\_\_\_\_ products.

Diet high in fatty animal food causes \_\_\_\_\_.

Vegetarians who avoid milk products must take diet rich in \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

Grains and Cereals are rich in \_\_\_\_\_.

Eating no animal food at all is called \_\_\_\_\_.



Pick out the words from the lesson that begin with P and order them as you find them in the dictionary.

### **Writing Work**

What moral lesson did you learn from the life of Sheikh-ul-Alam (RA)?

### **Discussion**

Can one find saints in modern times? Discuss with your group mates.

### **Suggested Reading**

*Life Divine* by Sri Aurobindo Ghosh.

### ***Tongue Twister***

I thought a thought.

But the thought I thought wasn't the thought

I thought I thought.

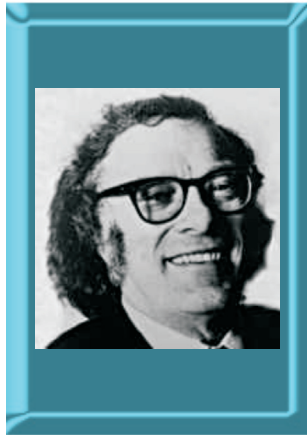


5

## THE FUN THEY HAD

Issac Asimov

Isaac Asimov (1920-1992), Russian-born American writer is known for his science fiction and for his popular works in all branches of science. Asimov's encounters with science fiction magazines led him to follow the dual careers of writing and science. He entered Columbia University at the age of 15, and at the age of 18 he sold his first story to *Amazing Stories*.

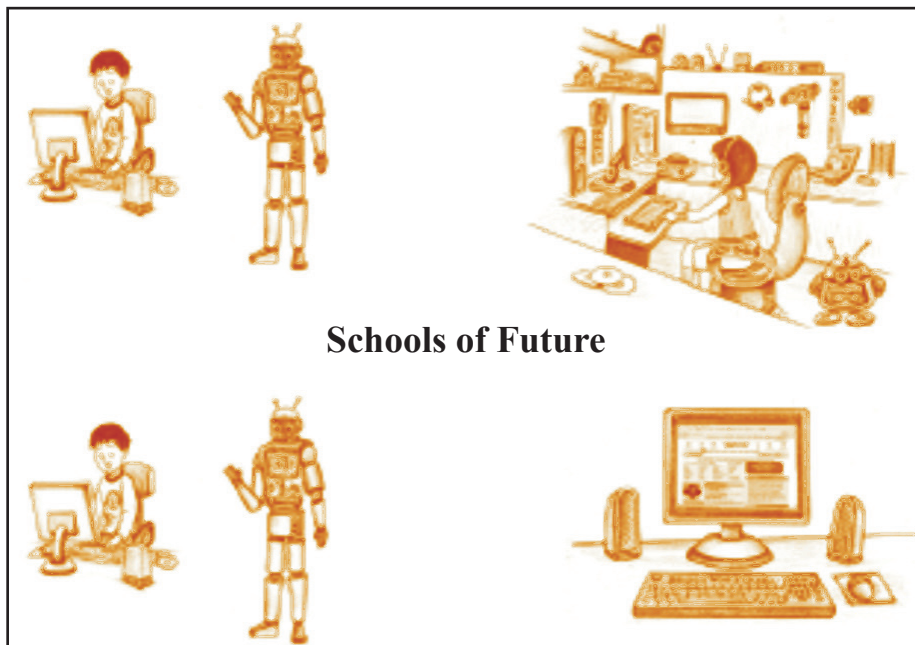


After serving in World War II (1939-1945), Asimov earned a Ph.D degree at Columbia University in 1948; from 1949 to 1958 he taught biochemistry at the Boston University School of Medicine. His first science fiction novel, *Pebble in the Sky*, appeared in 1950 and his first science book, a biochemistry text written with two colleagues, was published in 1953. Asimov turned to writing full time in 1958. He authored more than 400 books for young and adult readers, extending beyond science and science fiction to include mystery stories, humor, history, and several volumes on the Bible and English playwright, William Shakespeare. His best known science-fiction works include *I, Robot* (1950); *The Foundation Trilogy* (1951-1953); *Foundation's Edge* (1982); *The Naked Sun* (1957); and *The Gods Themselves* (1972). [It will be interesting to note that the world's greatest science fiction writer never travelled by air himself.]

Can you imagine a time when all the books and schools shall vanish; education will be imparted through computers and virtual classrooms. Would you like such a system? The story we shall read is set in future, when the traditional system of reading and writing shall be done away with. All the students shall become techno savvy. They shall interact with the teacher on screen.

Margie even wrote about it that night in her diary. On the page headed 17 May 2157, she wrote, “Today Tommy found a real book!”

It was a very old book. Margie’s grandfather once said that when he was a little boy his grandfather told him that there was a time when all stories were printed on paper.



They turned the pages, which were yellow and crinkly, and it was awfully funny to read words that stood still instead of moving the way they were supposed to — on a screen, you know. And then when they turned back to the page before, it had the same words on it that it had when they read it the first time.

“Gee,” said Tommy, “what a waste. When you’re through with the book, you just throw it away, I guess. Our television screen must have had a million books on it and it’s good for plenty more. I wouldn’t throw it away.”

“Same with mine,” said Margie. She was eleven and hadn’t seen as many telebooks as Tommy had. He was thirteen.

She said, “Where did you find it?”

“In my house.” He pointed without looking, because he was busy reading. “In the attic.”

“What’s it about?”

“School.”

Margie was scornful. “School? What’s there to write about school? I hate school.”

Margie always hated school, but now she hated it more than ever. The mechanical teacher had been giving her test after test in geography and she had been doing worse and worse until her mother had shaken her head sorrowfully and sent for the County Inspector.

He was a round little man with a red face and a whole box of tools with dials and wires. He smiled at Margie and gave her an apple, then took the teacher apart. Margie had hoped he wouldn't know how to put it together again, but he knew how to right it, and, after an hour or so, there it was again, large and black and ugly, with a big screen on which all the lessons were shown and the questions were asked. That wasn't so bad. The part Margie hated most was the slot where she had to put homework and test papers. She always had to write them out in a punch code they made her learn when she was six years old, and the mechanical teacher calculated the marks in no time.

The Inspector had smiled after he was finished and patted Margie's head. He said to her mother, "It's not the little girl's fault, Mrs Jones. I think the geography sector was geared a little too quick. Those things happen sometimes. I've slowed it up to an average ten-year level. Actually, the overall pattern of her progress is quite satisfactory." And he patted Margie's head again.

Margie was disappointed. She had been hoping they would take the teacher away altogether. They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

So she said to Tommy, "Why would anyone write about school?"

Tommy looked at her with very superior eyes. "Because it's not our kind of school, stupid. This is the old kind of school that they had hundreds and hundreds of years ago." He added loftily, pronouncing the word carefully, "Centuries ago."

Margie was hurt. "Well, I don't know what kind of school they had all that time ago." She read the book over his shoulder for a while, and then said, "Anyway, they had a teacher."

"Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man."

"A man? How could a man be a teacher?"

"Well, he just told the boys and girls things and gave them homework and asked them questions."

"A man isn't smart enough."

"Sure he is. My father knows as much as my teacher."

"He knows almost as much, I betcha."



Margie wasn't prepared to dispute that. She said, "I wouldn't want a strange man in my house to teach me."

Tommy screamed with laughter. "You don't know much, Margie. The teachers didn't live in the house. They had a special building and all the kids went there."

"And all the kids learned the same thing?"

"Sure, if they were the same age."

"But my mother says a teacher has to be adjusted to fit the mind of each boy and girl it teaches and that each kid has to be taught differently."

"Just the same they didn't do it that way then. If you don't like it, you don't have to read the book."

"I didn't say I didn't like it," Margie said quickly. She wanted to read about those funny schools.

They weren't even half finished when Margie's mother called, "Margie! School!"

Margie looked up. "Not yet, Mamma."

"Now!" said Mrs Jones. "And it's probably time for Tommy, too."



Margie said to Tommy, "Can I read the book some more with you after school?"

"May be," he said nonchalantly. He walked away whistling, the dusty old book tucked beneath his arm.

Margie went into the schoolroom. It was right next to her bedroom, and the mechanical teacher was on and waiting for her. It was always on at the same time everyday except Saturday and Sunday, because her mother said little girls learned better if they learned at regular hours.

The screen was lit up, and it said: "Today's arithmetic lesson is on the addition of proper fractions. Please insert yesterday's homework in the proper slot."

Margie did so with a sigh. She was thinking about the old schools they had when her grandfather's grandfather was a little boy. All the kids from the whole neighbourhood came, laughing and shouting in the schoolyard, sitting together in the schoolroom, going home together at the end of the day. They learned the same things, so they could help one another with the homework and talk about it.

And the teachers were people...

The mechanical teacher was flashing on the screen: “When we add fractions  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$ ...”

Margie was thinking about how the kids must have loved it in the old days. She was thinking about the fun they had.

## Glossary

<b>crinkly (adv)</b> 'krɪŋ.klɪ	wrinkled.
<b>awfully (adv)</b> 'ɔːfəl.ɪ	badly or unpleasantly.
<b>gee</b> dʒiː	word used to incite to action.
<b>telebook</b> tel.ɪbʊk	electronically composed digital book.
<b>attic</b> 'ætɪk	the space or room at the top of a building.
<b>scornful(adj)</b> 'skɔːnfəl/(adj)	hateful.
<b>slot</b> slɒt	allotted space for programmes, etc.
<b>punch code</b> pʌntʃ kəʊd	computer code.
<b>loftily (adv)</b> 'lɒf.tɪ.lɪ	at a height.
<b>scream</b> skriːm	shout.
<b>nonchalantly (adv)</b> 'nɒn.tʃəl.ənt.lɪ	behaving in a calm manner.



## Thinking about the Text

- I. Answer these questions in a few words or a couple of sentences each.
  1. What did Margie write in her diary?
  2. Had Margie ever seen a book before?
  3. What things about the book did she find strange?
  4. What do you think a telebook is?
  5. Where was Margie's school? Did she have any classmates?
  6. What subjects did Margie and Tommy learn?
- II. Answer the following with reference to the story:
  1. “I wouldn't throw it away.”
    - (i) Who says these words?
    - (ii) What does 'it' refer to?
    - (iii) What is 'it' being compared to by the speaker?
  2. “Sure they had a teacher, but it wasn't a regular teacher. It was a man.”



- (i) Who does 'they' refer to?
- (ii) What does 'regular' mean here?
- (iii) What is it contrasted with?

III. Answer each of these questions in a short paragraph (about 30 words).

1. What kind of teachers did Margie and Tommy have?
2. Why did Margie's mother send for the County Inspector?
3. What did he do?
4. Why was Margie doing badly in geography? What did the County Inspector do to help her?
5. What had once happened to Tommy's teacher?
6. Did Margie have regular days and hours for school? If so, why?
7. How does Tommy describe the old kind of school?
8. How does he describe the old kind of teachers?

IV. Answer each of these questions in two or three paragraphs (100 – 150 words).

1. What are the main features of the mechanical teachers and the schoolrooms that Margie and Tommy have in the story?
2. Why did Margie hate school? Why did she think the old kind of the school must have been fun?
3. Do you agree with Margie that schools today are more fun than the school in the story? Give reasons for your answer.

### Language Work

An ideal student is the one who is an all-rounder. By all-rounder we mean one who is good at studies, play, and at home tasks. Discipline, obedience, respect for elders and hardwork are his guiding principles. An ideal student rises early in the morning. He refreshes his body by going out for a morning walk regularly. He understands that only a sound body can harbour a sound mind. He is not a mere bookworm, but exposes himself to various plays and games. He is an adventure lover and this makes him enterprising. He never puts off any work for tomorrow because he believes in today. He values friendship and relationships. His good behaviour is a hallmark of his personality. He loves everyone and tries to be helpful to everyone. He goes to the library regularly and adds to his knowledge. He keeps a hobby and is also interested in fine arts such as painting, music, sculpture and literature. He has thirst for knowledge that he wants to quench by reading different books, thereby enriching his imagination. He is an embodiment of hardwork, commitment and humility.

### Fill in the blank:

Close to perfection \_\_\_\_\_

A student who is good at studies, play and other curricular activities \_\_\_\_\_

Behaviour, outlook, presentation and mental make-up comprise our \_\_\_\_\_

Painting , music and sculpture are \_\_\_\_\_

Enterprising means \_\_\_\_\_

### I. Adverbs

Read this sentence taken from the story:

They had once taken Tommy's teacher away for nearly a month because the history sector had blanked out completely.

The word complete is an adjective. When you add -ly to it, it becomes an adverb.

1. Find sentences in the lesson which form the adverbs given below:

awfully sorrowfully completely loftily

carefully differently quickly nonchalantly

2. Now use these adverbs to fill in the blanks in the sentences below:

(i) The report must be read \_\_\_\_\_ so that performance can be improved.

(ii) At the interview, Sameer answered our questions \_\_\_\_\_, shrugging his shoulders.

(iii) We all behave \_\_\_\_\_ when we are tired or hungry.

(iv) The teacher shook her head \_\_\_\_\_ when Ravi lied to her.

(v) I forgot about it \_\_\_\_\_.

(vi) When I complimented Revathi on her success, she just smiled and turned away \_\_\_\_\_

(vii) The President of the Company raised his head and spoke \_\_\_\_\_

(viii) I finished my work so that I could go out to play \_\_\_\_\_.



### Remember:

An adverb describes action. You can form adverbs by adding -ly to adjectives.

**Spelling Note:** When an adjective ends in -y, the y changes to i when you add -ly to form an adverb.



For example: angr-y – angr-i-ly

3. Make adverbs from these adjectives/nouns.

- |                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| (i) angry       | (ii) happy    |
| (iii) merry     | (iv) sleep    |
| (v) ease        | (vi) noise    |
| (vii) tidy      | (viii) gloomy |
| (ix) thoughtful | (x) beautiful |

II. If Not and Unless

- Imagine that Margie’s mother told her, “You’ll feel awful *if* you *don’t* finish your history lesson.”
- She could also say: “You’ll feel awful *unless* you finish your history lesson.”

*Unless* means *if not*. Sentences with *unless* or *if not* are negative conditional sentences.

Notice that these sentences have two parts. The part that begins with *if not* or *unless* tells us the condition. This part has a verb in the present tense (look at the verbs *don’t finish*, *finish* in the sentences above).

The other part of the sentence tells us about a possible result. It tells us what will happen (if something else doesn’t happen). The verb in this part of the sentence is in the future tense (you’ll feel/you will feel).

Notice these two tenses again in the following examples:

- | <i>Future Tense</i>             |        | <i>Present Tense</i>       |
|---------------------------------|--------|----------------------------|
| • There won’t be any books left | unless | we preserve them.          |
| • You won’t learn your lessons  | if     | you don’t study regularly. |
| • Tommy will have an accident   | unless | he drives more slowly.     |

Complete the following conditional sentences. Use the correct form of the verb.

- If I don’t go to Anu’s party tonight, .....
- If you don’t telephone the hotel to order food, .....
- Unless you promise to write back, I .....
- If she doesn’t play any games, .....
- Unless that little bird flies away quickly, the cat .....

## Writing Work

**Write an e-mail** to the bookseller asking for a new revised volume of Issac Asimov's short stories, *Ignited Minds* by A.P.J.Abdul Kalam

## Discussion

1. What is fiction and what is science fiction ?
2. How do you imagine the future world is going to be?
3. Have you ever seen a science fiction movie? Describe it.
4. In groups of four discuss the following topic:

‘The Schools of the Future Will Have No Books and No Teachers!’

Your group can decide to speak for or against the motion. After this, each group will select a speaker to present its views to the entire class.

You may find the following phrases useful to present your argument in the debate.

- In my opinion...
- I/we fail to understand why...
- I wholeheartedly support/oppose the view that...
- At the outset let me say...
- I'd/we'd like to raise the issue of/argue against...
- I should like to draw attention to...
- My/our worthy opponent has submitted that...
- On the contrary...
- I firmly reject...

## Suggested Reading

*Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley.

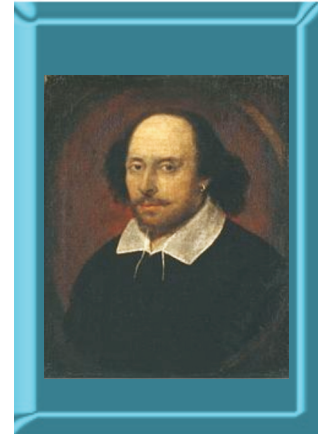
*The Time Machine* by H. G. Wells.

## THE TEMPEST-I

William Shakespeare



William Shakespeare (1564 –1616) was an English poet and playwright, widely regarded as the greatest writer in English language and the world's most popular dramatist. He is often called England's national poet and the "Bard of Avon" (or simply "The Bard"). His surviving works consist of 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and several other poems. His plays have been translated into every major living language, and are performed more often than those of any other playwright. Shakespeare was born and raised in Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare produced most of his known works between 1590 and 1613. Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare, 'He is not of an age but for all time'.



*The Tempest is the last play written by Shakespeare. It is a beautiful play containing beautiful verse, wisdom of thought and the themes of repentance and reconciliation. There is a storm, a ship wreck and the beautiful love story of Miranda and Ferdinand.*

## I

On a lonely island in the sea there once lived three people, a wise old man named Prospero, his beautiful young daughter Miranda, and their servant Caliban. Father and daughter had come to the island twelve years before, when Miranda was a mere baby. She could hardly remember having seen any human face except her father's. As for Caliban, he hardly looked human; he looked more like a fish than a man.

Prospero had another servant, a spirit named Ariel, whom he commanded by means of his magic. Before Prospero's arrival there lived on the island a witch named Sycorax; the ugly Caliban was her son. She imprisoned Ariel in the heart of a pine tree and she died without releasing him. Prospero, on his arrival on the island, found him and released him; Ariel became Prospero's faithful servant and carried out his master's wishes. At Prospero's command, he would raise storms in the sea or make thunder in the air.

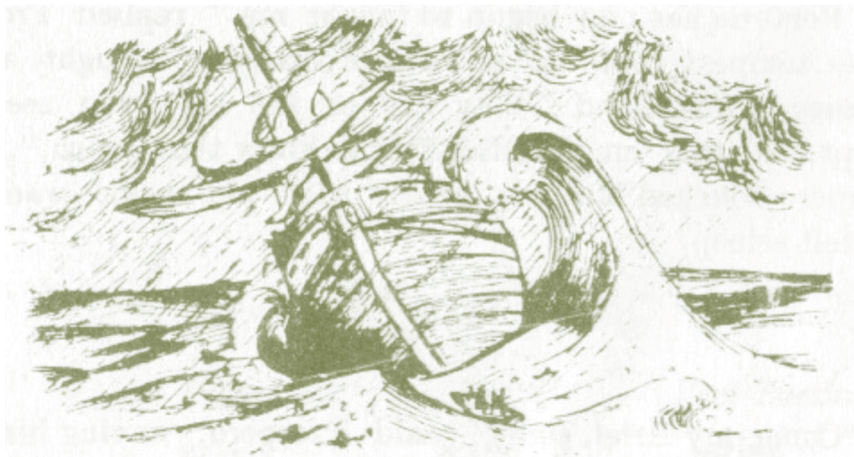
## II

One day there arose a terrible storm in the sea. As Miranda looked out, she saw a fine ship struggling in the midst of the storm.

“O father,” she said, “if you have, by your power, raised this tempest, please put an end to it. What a fine ship is there, struggling in the cruel waves! The cries of the drowning sailors seem to knock against my very heart.”

“Do not be afraid,” replied Prospero. “Not a single person shall perish.

As for the storm, I have raised it for your sake. I have done it for you, my beloved daughter, who do not know who you are.”



Now for the first time Prospero told Miranda the strange story of her life. “Twelve years ago,” he said, “I was Duke of Milan. Knowledge was my chief aim in life; wealth and worldly possessions hardly mattered to me. Leaving the management of state affairs to my brother Antonio, whose loyalty I never doubted, I devoted all my time to secret studies. Meanwhile he grew greedy for power and possessions; he bribed my ministers and plotted against me with my enemy, the King of Naples. One dark night their soldiers took me out of my palace, with you crying in my arms. They did not dare to kill us openly; so they put us into an old and damaged ship that could hardly float, and left us to perish at sea. But there was a kind old lord named Gonzalo; he was loyal to me at heart and was not in favour of Antonio’s plot. He secretly stored the ship with fresh water, food and clothes, and my precious books, which I valued more than my dukedom. Driven by favourable winds, we floated to this lonely island.”

“But what is your reason for raising this tempest?” asked Miranda, who was still thinking of the drowning sailors.

“Fortune has now begun to favour me,” replied Prospero. “The tempest has, in a strange manner, brought all my enemies to this island; they are in the ship you see. For the present it is enough for you to know that much.” Then Prospero touched Miranda gently with his magic wand, and she fell asleep.

## III

“Come, my Ariel, come,” said Prospero, waving his magic wand. Ariel appeared.

“Here I am, master,” he said. “I am ready to go wherever you ask me to go, and to do whatever you want.”

“Have you performed the task I gave you?”

“Yes, master, I have done everything just as you commanded me. I attacked the ship with storm, fire and thunder, till the sailors gave up in despair. Not a single person in the ship kept his head. The King’s son, Ferdinand, leapt into the sea. Now he is sitting sadly in a corner of the island, thinking that his father is drowned. Meanwhile, in another part of the island, the King, your brother, and the others are looking for Ferdinand, who they fear is drowned. As for the ship, I have brought it safely to the harbour.”

“You have performed your task perfectly,” said Prospero. “Now we have some very important work on our hands. The time between now and evening is precious for both of us.”

“More work? Sir, let me remind you of the promise you gave me, namely, to give me my freedom.”

“What?” said Prospero angrily? “How dare you ask for freedom before the time is out? Where would you be but for me? Have I to remind you how I released you from the pine tree?”

“I am sorry, master. I will obey you willingly,” said Ariel.

“Good,” said Prospero. “After two days I will set you free; meanwhile carry out your tasks with a good heart.”

Then Prospero told him what he should do. And away went Ariel happily, to the place where Ferdinand sat weeping over his father’s death.

## Glossary

<b>bard</b> bɑ:d	poet of national importance.
<b>witch</b> wɪtʃ	a woman who is believed to have magical powers.
<b>perish</b> 'perɪʃ	to die or be destroyed.
<b>plot</b> plɒt	conspiracy.
<b>dare (v)</b> deəʳ	be brave.
<b>tempest</b> 'tempɪst	a violent storm.
<b>wand</b> wɒnd	a special thin stick waved by a person who is performing magic tricks.
<b>precious</b> 'preʃəs/ɪ	valuable.



### Thinking about the Text

1. Who was Ariel, and how did he come to be Prospero's servant?
2. Who was Caliban? What did he look like?
3. What did Miranda ask Prospero to do when she saw the ship caught in the tempest?
4. What did Prospero say he raised the tempest for?
5. Why did Prospero leave the management of state affairs to Antonio?
6. Who helped Antonio to seize the throne?
7. What did Antonio's soldiers do?
8. How did old Gonzalo help Prospero?
9. Who were in the ship that was caught in the tempest?
10. What did Ariel remind Prospero of, when Prospero mentioned more work?



### Language work

Recycling can be defined as the collection and separation of materials from the waste products and their subsequent reuse or processing to produce a marketable product. In other words, it's the use of materials over and over again. Waste from homes and factories contains valuable things which can be recycled as plastic, paper, metal, biogas and manure. Biogas is used as fuel for cooking. Paper and cardboard are made of pulp wood. For every ton of waste paper collected and recycled, two trees are saved. Recycling also saves energy and raw materials. Aluminium uses a lot of energy. Every time you throw away an Aluminium can, it's like throwing away the same amount of energy as in half a can of petrol. Recycling glass means a fewer sandpits and limestone quarries are needed. As raw materials are becoming scarce and expensive and as air, land and water pollution are posing threat to mankind, it becomes increasingly necessary to recycle. Recycling plastic bottles save 60% energy needed to make new bottles. 70% energy can be saved in making new steel from scrap. Recycling of one ton of Aluminium reduces emission of Aluminium fluoride into air by 35 kg.

#### Complete the following:

1. Using the materials repeatedly in different forms is called .....
2. Trees are saved by recycling .....
3. Recycling also saves.....
4. Presence of any undesirable or contaminated substance in the environment is called.....
5. Half a can of petrol can be saved by reusing .....

**Write the synonyms of the following and make sentences of your own.**

scarce, expensive, save, pose, produce

**Use the following phrases and idioms in sentences of your own:**

for one's sake  
in favour of  
in the midst of  
keep one's head  
on one's hand  
remind of

**Find from the lesson words which mean the following:**

without companions, a long way from men and life  
nothing more than; only  
cause to rise or appear; bring about  
set free  
try hard against difficulties; fight  
(a phrase meaning) in the middle part of  
be destroyed; lose life

*(Section I)*

thing that one owns  
during that time  
be bold or brave enough (to do something)  
spoiled or broken; so made less useful

*(Section II)*

cause to remember; bring to the mind  
that is to say; the same as

*(Section III)*

**Make nouns of the following adjectives and verbs:**

loyal  
favour  
perform  
struggle  
magical  
plot



## Writing Work

Write briefly how Antonio tried to get rid of Prospero and how Prospero escaped death.

## Discussion

Enact the play. Different students will play different characters.

## Suggested Reading

*Romeo and Juliet* by Shakespeare.

# THE TEMPEST-II

## I

Remaining invisible, Ariel sang a beautiful song and led Ferdinand to the place where Prospero and Miranda were.

“What is that, Father?” asked Miranda in wonder, when she saw Ferdinand at a distance. “Is it a spirit? It has a noble and beautiful appearance.” Miranda, as you know, had not known what a young man looked like and, moreover, Ferdinand was a handsome young man. Seeing Miranda, Ferdinand thought that she was the goddess of this island of wonders, where he had just heard Ariel’s strange-sounding song. He fell on his knees and began to speak to her as to a goddess. You can imagine his surprise when he heard her say sweetly in his own language, “Sir, I am no goddess, but a simple girl.”

Prospero was very happy to find that the two young people had fallen in love with each other at first sight. But in order to test Ferdinand’s love, Prospero pretended to think that the young man was a spy.

“Come along, young man,” he said roughly. “You are a spy who has come to steal this island from me. You are now my prisoner.” Ferdinand tried to resist, and drew his sword; but waving his wand, Prospero fixed him to the spot by the power of his magic. Miranda hung upon her father and pleaded for Ferdinand.

“Please do not treat him like that, Father. He cannot be a spy. He does not look like one.”

“Silence,” said Prospero. “Are you trying to teach me? Perhaps you think he is the most beautiful person on the earth, because you have seen only Caliban and me. Compared to Caliban he seems handsome enough, but compared to other men he is a Caliban !”

“Then my desires are most humble,” replied Miranda. “I do not wish to see a handsomer person.”



“Come along, sir,” Prospero said to Ferdinand, leading him away. Ferdinand could hardly resist the power of Prospero’s magic, and he had to follow. He said to himself, “My misfortunes and this unkind treatment would all be nothing to me if, from my prison window, I could see this girl once a day.

## II

Prospero set him the task of piling up heavy logs. Miranda stole out of her room to see him at work, and her presence made his labour seem light to him.

“Alas, sir,” she said, “please sit down and rest a little. I will carry your logs in the meantime. I quite like it. Let me carry the logs; my father is at his studies, safely out of our way for the next three hours.” In fact, Prospero was all the time standing at a distance, watching his daughter with amusement and sympathy.

“No, my precious creature,” replied Ferdinand, “I cannot let you do that!”

Of course, this love-talk did not help the work of piling up logs, but Ferdinand managed to tell Miranda how he loved her better than anyone else he had ever seen. As for Miranda, she could not imagine a person whom she could love more.

Prospero decided not to try Ferdinand further, and soon released him from his hard task.

“The trials you have undergone were a test of your love,” said Prospero, to the great joy and surprise of Ferdinand. “As your reward I give you my daughter, who is my most precious possession. My blessings are with you both.”

In the meantime the King of Naples, Antonio, Gonzalo (who was in the King’s party) and others were wandering about on the island. Tired out and hungry, they sat down to rest. Ariel put inviting food before them, but when they tried to eat it, it disappeared suddenly. Ariel appeared to them with thunder and lightening. While they stood amazed at the sight, he said to Antonio and the King, “You are two men guilty before God and man. Think of your evil deeds. Remember how cruelly you treated Prospero and his innocent child. It was a terrible crime. All that you have undergone is God’s punishment for your crimes. If you do not sincerely repent of your evil deeds, there is worse in store for you.” Then Ariel disappeared in thunder and lightening leaving them almost mad with fear and their sense of guilt.

## III

“Now that they have sincerely repented, we need not punish them further,” said Prospero to Ariel. Ariel led them to the place where Prospero was. When they saw Prospero, they were so amazed that at first they could hardly believe their eyes. The King agreed to restore the dukedom to Prospero, and Prospero, on his part, forgave the king all that was past. The King told Prospero how they had been shipwrecked and how he had lost Ferdinand, his dear son, in the wreck.

“I am very sorry to hear of your loss,” said Prospero. “I lost my daughter too in the tempest.” In a sense Prospero was speaking the truth because he had lost his daughter to Ferdinand.

“How I wish they were both alive,” said the King, “to be king and queen of Naples!”

Prospero took the party into his cave and showed them Ferdinand and Miranda, who were happily playing chess.

“O wonder!” said Miranda when she saw so many people together. “How many wonderful people there are here! How beautiful mankind is!” Gonzalo, the kind old man, who had helped Prospero, wept for joy to see this scene of reconciliation. Prospero broke his magic wand and buried his books of magic because he had no further use for them. He set Ariel free as he had promised. Ariel sang:

Where the bee sucks there suck I;  
In a cowslip’s bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat’s back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on  
the bough.

Prospero and party sailed to Naples leaving Caliban in possession of the island. Ariel helped them with favourable winds; that was his last service to his master.

## Glossary

<b>amaze</b> ə'meɪz	surprise; wonder.
<b>guilty</b> 'gɪl.tɪ	feeling guilt.
<b>undergo</b> ˌʌndə'gəʊ	go through an experience.
<b>repent</b> rɪ'pent	feel sorry.
<b>dukedom</b> 'djuːkdəm	empire or certain small states ruled by high ranking nobleman.
<b>wreck</b> rek	destruction.
<b>chess</b> tʃes	a game played by two people on a square board.
<b>reconciliation</b> ˌrek.ənˌsɪl.i'eɪʃn	ending of conflict.



### Thinking about the text

1. What did Miranda at first think Ferdinand was and why? Was Ferdinand and Miranda's love at first sight?
2. Why did Prospero pretend to think that Ferdinand was a spy?
3. What was the task that Prospero gave Ferdinand?
4. What made Ferdinand's labour seem light?
5. What were the King and his party doing in the meantime?
6. Why were they amazed to see Prospero?
7. Prospero told the King that he had lost his daughter in the tempest and in a sense he was right. Can you say in what sense?
8. Why did Prospero give up his magic powers?
9. What was Ariel's last service to his master?



### Language Work

Find from the lesson words or phrases which mean the following:

1. (a phrase meaning) to ; for the purpose
2. a person who tries to get secret information about an enemy country
3. examine two things side by side; see how they are different or like each other

*(Section I)*

1. (a phrase meaning) meanwhile
2. any more; to a greater distance
3. a hard test
4. (an adjective meaning) having done wrong; having done a crime or a sin
5. bad; wicked; sinful
6. an action (of any kind) ; a thing that is done
7. an action such as murder or stealing; a very bad action
8. be sorry for something one has done

*(Section II)*

1. destruction of ship by storm, etc.

**Give the antonyms of:**

good fortune

far

innocent

evil

loss

coward

perish

remember

loyal

**Give the noun forms of the following and use them in your own sentences:**

lose

guilty

reconcile

try

amaze

give

imagine

pretend

repent

treat

**Use the following phrases in your own sentences:**

At the first sight

In the meantime

In order to

In possession of

In store

To be shipwrecked

Hang upon

## Writing work

How did Prospero test Ferdinand's love? How did Ferdinand stand the test?

## Discussion

1. Enact the play.
2. Express your feelings about the play after reading it with your group mates.

## Suggested Reading

*Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb.

### *Tongue Twister*

I cannot bear to see a bear.  
Bear down upon a hare.  
When bare of hair he strips the hare,  
Right there I cry, "Forbear!"



7

## HOW A CLIENT WAS SAVED

*Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi*

**M**ohandas Karamchand Gandhi (1869-1948) was an Indian nationalist leader. He was born in Porbandar in the present state of Gujarat on October 2, 1869, and educated in law at University College, London. In 1891, after having been admitted to the British bar, Gandhi returned to India and attempted to establish a law practice in Bombay (now Mumbai), with little success. Two years later an Indian firm with interests in South Africa retained him as legal adviser in its office in Durban. Arriving in Durban, Gandhi found himself treated as a member of an inferior race. He was appalled at the widespread denial of civil liberties and political rights to Indian immigrants to South Africa. He led the struggle against the British which won India freedom in 1947.



The passage here is from Gandhi's autobiography, *My Experiments with Truth*.

The passage emphasizes the importance of honesty in our lives. Honesty is not just the best policy but the best virtue and the most valued principle.

The reader, by now, will be quite familiar with Parsi Rustomji's name. He was one who became at once my client and co-worker, or perhaps it would be truer to say that he first became co-worker and then client. I won his confidence to such an extent that he sought and followed my advice also in private domestic matters.

Even when he was ill he would seek my aid, and though there was much difference between our ways of living, he did not hesitate to accept my quack treatment.

This friend once got into a very bad scrape. Though he kept me informed of most of his affairs, he had studiously kept back one thing that he was a large importer of goods from Bombay and Calcutta, and not infrequently he resorted to smuggling. But as he was on the best terms with the customs officials, no one was inclined to suspect him. In charging duty they used to take his invoices on trust. Some might even have connived at the smuggling.

But to use the telling simile of the Gujarati poet, Akho, theft like quicksilver won't be

suppressed, and Parsi Rustomji's proved no exception. The good friend ran posthaste to me, the tears rolling down his cheeks as he said. 'Bhai. I have deceived you. My guilt has been discovered today. I have smuggled and I am doomed. I must go to jail and be ruined. You alone may be able to save me from this predicament. I have kept back nothing else from you, but I thought I ought not to bother you with such tricks of the trade, and so I never told you about this smuggling. But now, how much I repent it!'

I calmed him and said, 'To save or not to save you is in His hands. As to me you know my way. I can but try to save you by means of confession.'

The good Parsi felt deeply mortified. 'But is not my confession before you enough?' he said. 'You have wronged not me but the government. How will the confession made before me avail you!' I replied gently.

'Of course I will do just as you advise, but will you not consult with my old counsel Mr \_\_\_\_? He is a friend too,' said Parsi Rustomji.

Inquiry revealed that the smuggling had been going on for a long time, but the actual offence detected involved a trifling sum. We went to his counsel. He perused the papers, and said, 'The case will be tried by a jury, and a Natal jury will be the last to acquit an Indian. But I will not give up hope.'

I did not know this counsel intimately. Parsi Rustomji intercepted: 'I thank you, but I should like to be guided by Mr Gandhi's advice in this case. He knows me intimately. Of course you will advise him whenever necessary.'

Having thus shelved the counsel's question, we went to Parsi Rustomji's shop.

And now explaining my view I said to him, 'I don't think this case should be taken to court at all. It rests with the Customs Officer to prosecute you or to let you go, and he in turn will have to be guided by the Attorney General. I am prepared to meet both. I propose that you should offer to pay the penalty they fix, and the odds are that they will be agreeable. But if they are not, you must be prepared to go to jail. I am of opinion that the shame lies not so much in going to jail as in committing the offence. The deed of shame has already been done. Imprisonment you should regard as a penance. The real penance lies in resolving never to smuggle again.'

I cannot say that Parsi Rustomji took all this quite well. He was a brave man, but his courage failed him for the moment. His name and fame were at stake, and where would he be if the edifice he had reared with such care and labour should go to pieces?

'Well, I have told you,' he said, 'that I am entirely in your hands. You may do just as you like.' I brought to bear on this case all my powers of persuasion. I met the Customs Officer and fearlessly apprised him of the whole affair. I also promised to place all the books at his disposal and told him how penitent Parsi Rustomji was feeling.

The Customs Officer said, ‘I like the Old Parsi. I am sorry he has made a fool of himself. You know where my duty lies. I must be guided by the Attorney General and so I would advise you to use all your persuasion with him.’

‘I shall be thankful,’ said I, ‘if you do not insist on dragging him into court.’

Having got him to promise this, I entered into correspondence with the Attorney-General and also met him. I am glad to say that he appreciated my complete frankness and was convinced that I had kept back nothing.

I now forget whether it was in connection with this or with some other case that my persistence and frankness extorted from him the remark: ‘I see you will never take a no for an answer.’

The case against Parsi Rustomji was settled by a compromise. He was to pay a penalty equal to twice the amount he had confessed to having smuggled. Rustomji reduced to writing the facts of the whole case, got the paper framed and hung it up in his office to serve as a perpetual reminder to his heirs and fellow merchants.

These friends of Rustomji warned me not to be taken in by this transitory contrition. When I told Rustomji about this warning he said: ‘What would be my fate if I deceived you?’

## Glossary

<b>client</b> 'klaɪ.ənt	person who gets help or advice from a lawyer.
<b>quack</b> kwæk	person who pretends to have knowledge (esp. of medicine) which he does not possess.
<b>scrape</b> skreɪp	difficult situation; trouble.
<b>studiously</b> 'stjuː.dɪ.ə.sli	deliberately; with great care.
<b>resort</b> rɪ'zɔ:t	make use of.
<b>smuggle</b> 'smʌɡl	get goods secretly into (or out of) a country without paying customs duties.
<b>customs</b> 'kʌs.təmz	taxes due to the government on goods imported into a country.
<b>duty</b> 'dju:ti	payment demanded by the government on certain goods exported or imported.
<b>invoice</b> 'ɪn.vɔɪs	list of goods sold with the prices charged.
<b>telling (adj)</b> 'telɪŋ	very effective; impressive.
<b>quicksilver</b> 'kwɪk.sɪlvə	mercury.
<b>posthaste</b> ,pəʊst'heɪst	in great haste.



<b>doomed</b> du:md	certain to be ruined.
<b>predicament</b> pri'dikəmənt	difficult or unpleasant situation.
<b>confession</b> kən'feʃən	acknowledgement or admission that one has done something wrong.
<b>mortify</b> 'mɔ:tɪfaɪ	wound the feelings of; hurt; humiliate.
<b>wrong</b> (v) rɒŋ	do injustice to.
<b>avail</b> (v) ə'veɪl	of use or profit (to someone).
<b>counsel</b> 'kaʊnsəl	advocate or barrister giving advice in a law case.
<b>offence</b> ə'fens	breaking of a rule.
<b>involve</b> ɪn'vɒlv	be related to or concerned with.
<b>trifling</b> 'traɪ.flɪŋ/ɪŋ/	unimportant.
<b>peruse</b> pə'ru:z	read carefully.
<b>jury</b> 'dʒʊəri	body of persons appointed in a court of law to hear the evidence / case.
<b>acquit</b> ə'kwɪt	give a legal decision that somebody is not guilty of an offence.
<b>intimate</b> (adj.): 'ɪn.tɪ.mət	close and familiar.
<b>intercept</b> ,ɪntə'sept	to step in the middle; to prevent from going on further.
<b>shelve</b> ʃelv	postpone.
<b>prosecute</b> 'prɒs.ɪkjʊt	start legal proceedings against.
<b>odds</b> ɒdz	the chances in favour of or against something happening.
<b>penance</b> 'pen.ənts	punishment of sin willingly accepted; a proof of repentance
<b>edifice</b> 'ed.ɪ.fɪs	something built up (reputation and business).
<b>rear</b> riəʳ	set up.
<b>persuasion</b> pə'sweɪʒən	power or act of convincing somebody (about something).
<b>apprise</b> ə'praɪz	inform.
<b>penitent</b> 'pen.ɪ.tənt	repentant; sorry for having committed a sin.
<b>drag</b> dræg	pull along.
<b>extort</b> ɪk'stɔ:t	obtain by force.

<b>compromise</b>	<b>'kɒm.prə.maɪz</b>	settlement of a dispute.
<b>perpetual</b>	<b>pə'petʃuəl</b>	never ending; permanent.
<b>heir</b>	<b>eə'</b>	person with a legal right to receive property.
<b>contrition</b>	<b>kən'trɪʃ.ən</b>	repentance.



## Thinking about the Text

1. Why had Rustomji's smuggling offences not been discovered earlier?
2. What did Rustomji consider to be the greatest cause for shame to him?
3. What did Gandhiji consider to be a greater cause for shame?
4. Which words that Rustomji used to describe his offence show us that he did not consider it to be a moral offence? (See paragraph 3)
5. Who, according to Gandhiji, was the one who would finally decide whether Rustomji was to be saved or not?
6. Gandhiji and the other counsel differed in the way in which they thought the case ought to be handled. How did (a) Gandhiji and (b) the other counsel hope to settle the case?
7. Gandhiji spoke of two penances.
  - a. What were they?
  - b. Which of them did Rustomji not have to do?
8. Why did Gandhiji have to go to the Attorney General as well as to the Customs Officer?
9. Which two qualities of Gandhiji's helped him to persuade the Attorney General not to drag Rustomji into court?
10. What did Rustomji (a) lose (b) partly save by the settlement of the case?



## Language work

- a) Rewrite the sentences, replacing the word (or words) in italics with a word chosen from the list below, taking care to use the correct form. Insert articles wherever necessary. The first one is done for you.

exception	smuggle	compromise	prosecute
reveal	client	intimate	

1. Rustomji was accused of importing goods *secretly and illegally*.  
Rustomji was accused of smuggling.
2. Gandhi knew Rustomji not only as a *person who gets help from a lawyer* but also as a co-worker.

3. Official inquiries *showed* that the actual offence detected involved a very small sum.
4. Gandhi did not know the other counsel *closely*.
5. Gandhi succeeded in settling Rustomji's case by a *mutual agreement involving some concession on either side*.
6. The law does not recognize any case as *something different or demanding special treatment*.
7. Gandhi succeeded in making the Customs Officer promise not to *start legal proceedings against Rustomji*.

**b) (i) Rewrite the sentences, using verb-forms of the words in italics. The first one is done for you.**

1. Rustomji made a *resolution* never to smuggle again.  
Rustomji resolved never to smuggle again.
2. Gandhi began *correspondence* with the Attorney General.
3. Rustomji had so much confidence in Gandhi that he had no *hesitation* in accepting his quack treatment.
4. As Rustomji was on very good terms with the customs officials, no one had any *suspitions* about him.
5. Is not my *confession* before you enough? (Begin: 'Is it not enough. . .')
6. Rustomji told his counsel that he would like to take Gandhi's *guidance*.

**(ii) Use the following words, both as noun and verb:**

Wrong

Rest

Shame

Promise

Compromise

Fate

Light

Hand

Pay

End

(iii) Some words are used with one spelling as nouns and another spelling as verbs such as ‘advice’ and ‘advise’ ‘practice’ and ‘practise’. Find five more examples of such words. You need not confine yourself to the lesson. What are such words called?

(iv) **Match the following:**

<b>A</b>	<b>B</b>
<b>tricks of the trade</b>	feel a wish to.
<b>on trust</b>	without proof; without checking.
<b>put off</b>	take no notice of (something that is wrong), suggesting consent or approval is given.
<b>be inclined to</b>	ways of attracting customers, gaining advantage over merchants in the business, etc
<b>insist on</b>	take advice (from).
<b>to connive at</b>	postpone.
<b>to rest with</b>	be left in the hands of or charge of.
<b>at stake</b>	win or lose, depending upon the result of something.
<b>at one’s disposal</b>	direct, apply, or use (something) upon.
<b>to bring to bear upon</b>	to be used as one wishes.
<b>consult with</b>	ask something with determination.
<b>enter into correspondence with</b>	begin exchanging letters with.
<b>transitory contrition</b>	write down.
<b>reduce to writing</b>	sorrow (for wrongdoing) that does not last long.

**c) Fill in the blanks in the passage with appropriate phrases chosen from the list below, taking care to use the correct form:**

bring to bear      confide in      on good terms with      bring to bear      on trust  
 inclined to      at stake      at once      deal with      resort to  
 connive at

Rustomji ..... smuggling quite often. But for a long time this fact did not come to light because nobody was..... suspect the good Parsi. He was ..... the customs officers and they took his invoices. .... Some of them might even have.....the smuggling.

At last when the crime was discovered, Rustomji's reputation was..... He .....went to Gandhi and ..... him, begging him to save his name. Gandhi decided to ..... the whole matter in a straight forward manner. He asked Rustomji to confess to the crime and resolve never to repeat it. He then met the Attorney General and ..... the full details of the case. He ..... on it all his force of persuasion to have the case settled by means of a compromise.

### **Writing Work**

What do you learn from this lesson? Sum up your thoughts in 250 words.

### **Discussion**

Honesty may not be the best policy but it is definitely the best principle. Discuss with your group mates.

### **Suggested Reading**

*My Experiments with Truth* by M. K. Gandhi.

*Letters From a Father to a Daughter* by J. L. Nehru.

### **Tongue Twister**

She sells sea shells by the sea shore.  
The shells she sells are surely seashells.  
So if she sells shells on the seashore,  
I'm sure she sells seashore shells.



8

## NO MEN ARE FOREIGN

*James Kirkup*

James Kirkup (born April 23, 1918) is a prolific English poet, translator and travel writer. He was brought up in South Shields, and educated at Durham University. He has written over 30 books, including biographies, novels and plays. He became a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1962.

Amongst his honours, Kirkup held the Atlantic Award for Literature from the Rockefeller Foundation in 1950; he was elected the Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1962; he won the Japan PEN Club Prize for Poetry in 1965; and was awarded the Scott-Moncrieff Prize for translation in 1992. In 1997, he was presented with the Japan Festival Foundation Award and invited by the Emperor and Empress to the Imperial New Year Poetry Reading at the Palace in Tokyo.



Universal brotherhood is the  
paramount need of the hour.  
Humans on the earth are alike.  
They breathe, feel and weep in  
the same way. Why differentiate  
on the basis of caste, creed,  
colour, gender or religion.

Remember, no men are strange, no countries foreign;  
Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes  
Like ours, the land our brothers walk upon  
Is earth like his, in which we all shall lie.

They, too, aware of the sun and air and water,  
Are fed by peaceful harvests, by war's long winter starved.  
Their hands are ours, and in their lines we read  
A labour not different from our own.

Remember they have eyes like ours that wake  
Or sleep, and strength that can be won  
By love, in every land is common life  
That all can recognize and understand.

Let's remember, whenever we are told  
To hate our brothers, it is ourselves  
That we shall dispossess, betray, condemn.  
Remember, we who take arms against each other.

It is the human earth that we defile.  
Our hells of fire and dust outrage the innocence  
Of air that is everywhere our own;  
Remember, no men are foreign, no countries strange.

## Glossary

**dispossess** ˌdɪspəˈzɛs

dislodge; deprive.

**betray** bɪˈtreɪ

deceive.

**condemn** kənˈdem

to criticize something or someone strongly.

**defile** dɪˈfaɪl

make dirty; pollute.

**outrage the innocence of** /'aʊt.reɪdʒ/ðə/'ɪn.ɒ.sənts/əv/ violate the purity of.

## Understanding the Poem

1. What does the poet mean by 'uniforms' in the poem?
2. What according to the poet makes all the people alike on the earth?
3. What outrages the innocence and beauty of this earth?
4. What message do you get from the poem?

## Learning about the literary devices

1. Do you find any rhyme scheme in the poem?
2. What is the style used by the poet in the poem?

## Discussion

1. What are the things that divide people today? Do you think that negotiations can resolve conflicts? If yes, how? if no, why? What should be done in the latter case?

2. How do wars affect our lives?

**Suggested Reading**

*Under Siege* by Mahmud Darwish.

**Quote to remember**

*Those who can win a war well  
can rarely make a good peace  
and those who could make a good  
peace would never have won the  
war.*

*Winston Churchill*

**Tongue Twister**

Swan swam over the sea,  
Swim, swan, swim!  
Swan swam back again  
Well swum, swan!

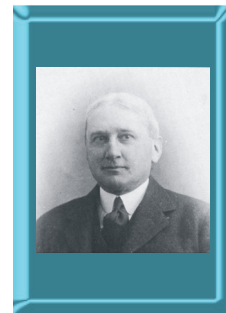


## TO BLOSSOMS

Robert Herrick



Robert Herrick was born in Cheapside, London. In 1607, he became apprenticed to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, who was a goldsmith and jeweller to the king. The apprenticeship ended after only six years when Herrick, at age of twenty-two, matriculated at St John's College, Cambridge. He graduated in 1617. He spent some time preparing his lyric poems for publication, and had them printed in 1648 under the title *Hesperides; or the Works Both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick*, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales.



Human life is often compared to blossoms which wither away within a short span of time. We wish the blossoms to stay longer, but it is not so.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast ?  
 Your date is not so past  
 But you may stay yet here a while,  
 To blush and gently smile;  
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid goodnight?  
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
 And after they have shown their pride  
 Like you a while, they glide  
 Into the grave.

## Glossary

<b>pledge</b>	<b>pledʒ</b>	a serious or formal promise.
<b>blush</b>	<b>blʌʃ</b>	to become pink in the face, usually from embarrassment.
<b>leaves</b>	<b>li:vz</b>	used as pun in the sentence. Pun means an amusing use of a word or phrase which has several meanings or which sounds like another word.
<b>brave</b>	<b>breɪv</b>	beautiful.
<b>pride</b>	<b>praɪd</b>	youth.
<b>glide</b>	<b>glɑɪd</b>	to move easily without stopping and without effort or noise.

## Understanding the Poem

1. In what way are the blossoms pledges of the fruitful tree?
2. What is the poet's wish about blossoms?
3. What does the poet mean by saying 'why do you fall so fast'?
4. Why does the poet compare human life to blossoms?
5. Name some blossoming trees in the state of J&K.
6. What is 'pity' referred to in second stanza?

## Learning about the literary device

Personification: It means the representation of an abstract quality as human; a representation of an abstract quality or notion as a human being, especially in art or literature.

1. What is personified in the poem?

## Discussion

What is your idea of a beautiful life? Do you think life can be beautiful even though short?

### Suggested Reading

*Gather Ye Rosebuds* by Robert Herrick

*Daffodils* by William Wordsworth

#### Quote to remember

*Too much sanity may be madness.  
And maddest of all, to see life as it  
is and not as it should be!*

Miguel de Cervantes

#### Tongue Twister

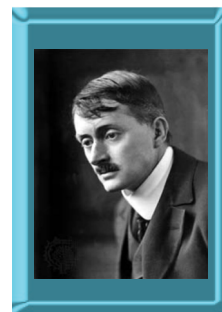
How much wood would a woodchuck chuck  
if a woodchuck could chuck wood?  
He would chuck, he would, as much as he could,  
and chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would  
if a woodchuck could chuck wood.

## BEAUTY

John Edward Masefield



John Edward Masefield, (1878 –1967) was an English poet and writer, and Poet Laureate from 1930 until his death in 1967. He is remembered as the author of the classic children's novels *The Midnight Folk* and *The Box of Delights*, 19 other novels (including *Captain Margaret*, *Multitude* and *Solitude* and *Sad Harker*), and many memorable poems, including "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Sea-Fever", from his anthology *Saltwater Ballads*.



The poet seems to be enthralled by the beauty of his beloved. He compares her to all the bounties of nature but finds her the most beautiful.

I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills;  
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain.  
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils;  
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain.  
I have heard the song of the blossoms and chant of the sea;  
And seen strange lands from under arched white sails of ships.  
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me.  
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

## Glossary

solemn /'sɒləm/

serious and without any amusement.

spring (v) /sprɪŋ/

to move quickly and suddenly towards a particular place.

blossoms /'blɒs.əmz/

the state of flowering.

chant tʃɑːnt

sing.

arch ɑːtʃ

a structure consisting of a curved top on two supports.

curve kɜːv

turn.

### Understanding the Poem

1. What are the various things of beauty the speaker has seen?
2. What are the loveliest of all these things God has shown to the poet?
3. To whom do the words in the last line refer to ?
4. Why does the poet compare dawn and sunset to slow old tunes?
5. How does God's creation appear to the poet?

### Learning about the literary device/s

1. What does the poet mean by the song of the blossoms? What does it symbolise?
2. What is the contrast between the last line and the rest of the poem? What does it suggest ?

### Discussion

1. How does the poet describe beautiful things?
2. What is your idea of beauty? Share your thoughts with your group mates.

### Suggested Reading

*Ode on a Grecian Urn* by John Keats.

*Life and Death* by John Masefield.

### Quote to remember

*A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.*

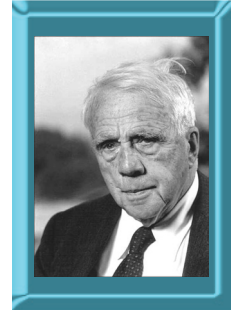
John Keats

## THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Robert Frost



Robert Lee Frost (1874-1963), American poet was born in San Francisco, California. Frost attended high school in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and began writing poetry. Frost continued to write poetry, but he was unsuccessful at publishing his work. Seeking better literary opportunities, the Frosts sold their farm and moved to England in 1912. In England, Frost achieved his first literary success. His book of poems *A Boy's Will* (1913) was printed by the first English publisher that Frost approached. The work established Frost as an eminent poet. His second collection, *North of Boston*, was published in 1914 and also won praise. He won the Pulitzer Prize in poetry four times (1924, 1931, 1937, and 1943). He wrote simply but insightfully, about common, ordinary experiences.



This well known poem is about making choices and the choices that shape us.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
 And sorry I could not travel both  
 And be one traveller, long I stood  
 And looked down one as far as I could  
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;  
     Then took the other, just as fair,  
     And having perhaps the better claim,  
     Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
     Though as for that the passing there  
     Had worn them really about the same.

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

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

## Glossary

<b>diverged</b>	<b>ˌdaɪˈvɜːdʒd</b>	separated and took a different direction.
<b>undergrowth</b>	<b>ˈʌn.də.grəʊθ</b>	dense growth of plants and bushes.
<b>wanted wear</b>	<b>ˈwɒn.tɪd weə</b>	had not been used.
<b>hence</b>	<b>hens</b>	from here, in the future.

## Understanding the Poem

1. Where does the traveller find himself? What problem does he face?
2. What is the difference between the two roads as described by the poet in stanzas two and three ?
3. Which road does the poet choose? Does he regret his decision?
4. Find the rhyme scheme of the poem.
5. Explain the meaning of the following phrases:
  - a) a yellow wood.
  - b) bent in the undergrowth.
  - c) trodden black.

## Learning about the literary device

**Metaphor** is the application of a word or phrase to somebody or something that is not meant

literally but to make a comparison. For example when we say that somebody is a snake we don't mean that, we only mean to describe his deceiving character by comparing him to a snake. If we compare the freshness of something to a dew drop, we don't mean that the thing by itself is dew, but he is as fresh as a dew. 'The mind is an ocean' suggests the vastness of a mind.

1. Which word does Frost use as metaphor for the choices we make in life?

### Discussion

1. What do you want to be in life? List three choices in order of preference.
2. Have a discussion in the class on the topic "Career options available to the students of J&K".

### Suggested Reading

*Mending wall* by Rober Frost.

### Quote to remember

*Nature tells every secret once.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

### Tongue Twister

The doctoring doctor doctors the doctors the way the  
doctoring doctor wants to doctor the doctor.  
Not the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored.



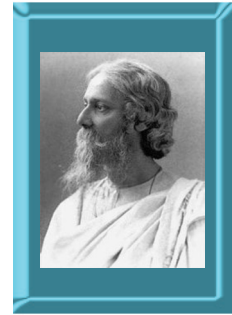
## I CAN NOT REMEMBER MY MOTHER

Rabindranath Tagore



Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), Indian poet, philosopher, and Nobel laureate, was born in Calcutta (now Kolkata). He began to write poetry as a child; his first book appeared when he was 17 years old. After a brief stay in England (1878) to study law, he returned to India, where he rapidly became the most important and popular author of the colonial era, writing poetry, short stories, novels, and plays. He composed several hundred popular songs and in 1929 also began painting.

Tagore wrote primarily in Bengali, but translated many of his works into English himself; critics agree they are much more effective in the original. Tagore's writing is highly imagistic, deeply religious and imbued with his love for nature and his homeland. He was awarded the 1913 Nobel Prize in literature for his work *Geetanjali*, and in 1915 he was knighted by the British king George V. Tagore renounced his knighthood in 1919 following the Amritsar massacre of nearly 400 Indian demonstrators by British troops. His Collected Poems and Plays were published in 1966. He is also known for establishing Shantiniketan, a University at Calcutta.



The poem is about the sensitive and intense feelings of a child. He remembers all the things that his mother used to do.

I cannot remember my mother  
only sometimes in the midst of my play  
a tune seems to hover over my playthings,  
the tune of some song that she used to  
hum while rocking my cradle.

I cannot remember my mother  
but when in the early autumn morning  
the smell of shiuli flowers floats in the air,

the scent of the morning service in the temple  
comes to me as the scent of my mother.

I cannot remember my mother  
only when from my bedroom window I send  
my eyes into the blue of the distant sky,  
I feel that the stillness of my mother's gaze on my face  
has spread all over the sky.

## Glossary

<b>hover</b> 'hɒv.əʳ	to stay in one place in the air, usually by moving the wings quickly.
<b>hum</b> hʌm	to make a continuous low sound.
<b>rock(v)</b> rɒk	(cause someone or something to) move backwards and forwards or from side to side.
<b>rock (n)</b> rɒk/ɹ	a kind of music.
<b>cradle</b> 'kreɪdl	a small bed for a baby, especially one that swings from side to side.
<b>shiuli</b> ʃiuli/	a common small white flower used in Puja in Bengal, known as chamomile in English.
<b>gaze</b> geɪz	to look at something or someone for a long time.

## Understanding the Poem

1. What is the poet doing when he remembers his mother?
2. In what ways does the poet feel the presence of his mother?
3. What does the poet hear when he is at play?
4. What word do we use for the cradle song?
5. Is the poet's mother dead or alive? How do you come to know about it?
6. What sights and smells remind the poet of his mother?
7. What are the feelings that this poem arouses in you?

### Learning about the literary devices

1. Imagery: imagery gives sensory impressions and lends clarity to a poem. In this poem the poet creates beautiful images that relate to sight, sound and smell.  
Pick out the visual and aural images related to smell which appeal to our senses directly.
2. The poem does not have a rhyme scheme or a fixed length for each line. Did you enjoy the poem? If yes, why?

### Discussion

- Do you help your mother while she performs her house hold chores?
- How does your mother inspire you?
- How is your mother different from your father?
- Write an account of any memorable moment that you have shared with your mother.
- When we are small kids our parents take care of us. When we grow older and our parents become old. Do you think we should care for them in the same way as they did when we were small babies? Why do you think we should do so?

### Suggested Reading

*Leave this Chanting* by R. N. Tagore.

#### Quote to remember

*Paradise lies beneath the feet of your mother.*

Prophet Muhammad (PBUH)

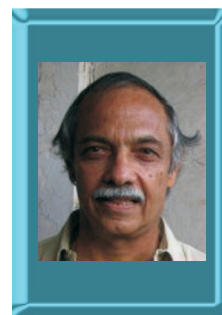
## ON KILLING A TREE

Gieve Patel



Gieve Patel, born in 1940, is an important presence in the history of modern Indian poetry in English. He is a poet, playwright and painter, as well as a doctor by profession. He has written three books of poetry (*Poems, How Do You Withstand, Body and Mirrored Mirroring*); three plays (*Princes, Savaksa and Mr Behram*); and held several exhibitions of his paintings in India and abroad. He lives in Mumbai.

He held his first show in Mumbai in 1966 and went on to have several major exhibitions in India and abroad. Patel participated in the Menton Biennale, France in 1976 India, Myth and Reality, Oxford in 1982; Contemporary Indian Art, Royal Academy, London 1982.



Growth of a tree is a long process but killing of a tree is a longer process. The poem contains words and images suggestive of this violence.

It takes much time to kill a tree,  
Not a simple jab of the knife  
Will do it. It has grown  
Slowly consuming the earth,  
Rising out of it, feeding  
Upon its crust, absorbing  
Years of sunlight, air, water,  
And out of its leprous hide  
Sprouting leaves.

So hack and chop,  
 But this alone won't do it.  
 Not so much pain will do it.  
 The bleeding bark will heal  
 And from close to the ground  
 Will rise curled green twigs,  
 Miniature boughs  
 Which if unchecked will expand again  
 To former size.

No,  
 The root is to be pulled out —  
 Out of the anchoring earth;  
 It is to be roped, tied,  
 And pulled out – snapped out  
 Or pulled out entirely,  
 Out from the earth-cave,  
 And the strength of the tree exposed  
 The source, white and wet,  
 The most sensitive, hidden  
 For years inside the earth.

Then the matter  
 Of scorching and choking  
 In sun and air  
 Browning, hardening,  
 Twisting, withering,  
 And then it is done.

## Glossary

<b>jab</b> dʒæb	sudden rough blow.
<b>leprous hide</b> leprəsˈhaɪd/	like skin of a leper; (here) the scales on the bark of the tree.
<b>hack</b> hæk	cut roughly by striking heavy blows.
<b>curl</b> kɜːl	a piece of hair which grows or has been formed into a curving.
<b>twig</b> twɪɡ	a small thin branch of a tree or bush.
<b>bough</b> bau	a large branch of a tree.
<b>anchoring earth</b> ˈæŋ.kəˈrɪŋ/ˈɜːθ	trees are held securely with the help of the roots in the earth.
<b>snapped out</b> ˈsnæptˈaʊt	chopped out.
<b>scorching and choking</b> skɔː.tʃɪŋ/ˈænd/ˈtʃəʊkɪŋ/	the drying up of the tree after being uprooted.
<b>wither</b> ˈwɪðər	(to cause) to become weak and dry and decay.

## Understanding the Poem

1. Growth of a tree is a long process; killing of a tree is a longer process. Do you agree?
2. How has the tree grown to its full size? List the words suggestive of its life and activity.
3. What does the poet mean by the bleeding barks? What makes it bleed?
4. The poet says ‘No’ in the beginning of the third stanza. What does it signify?
5. What does the poet mean by the earth-cave?
6. What according to the poet can kill a tree?
7. How do you find the style employed by the poet in the poem ? Read the poem once again

## Learning about the literary devices

1. Beginning with the title, what are the words and images that are suggestive of violence in the poem.

## Discussion

1. The poet says that killing a tree is not so easy. Do you agree?
2. Make a 300 word presentation on any one of the following:
  - a. Global warming.
  - b. How can I contribute to a greener and healthier earth.
  - c. Impact of smoke and fuel on human health.

3. What are the environmental hazards that your city faces?
4. In what way felling of trees is an environmental hazard?
5. Find out the environment related news items in the leading local dailies. Paste the pictures and reports on your notebooks.

### Suggested Reading

*Felling Trees* by G.M.Hopkins.

#### Quote to remember

*I think I shall never see a poem as  
lovely as a tree.*

Joyce Kilmer

#### Tongue Twister

Pick a partner and practice passing,  
for if you pass proficiently,  
perhaps you'll play professionally.



**P**adma Sachdev born on 17th April, 1940 is a prominent Dogri poet and short story writer. Her writings have given a new face lift to Dogri literature. She has been widely read and acknowledged in the literary circles. She has written about women related subjects, nature and human emotions. Her poetry is intensely emotional.



She was awarded 1971 Sahitya Academy Award for her collection of poems *Meri Kavita*, *Meray Geet*. Her short stories have also made a mark in the field of Dogri literature. Besides, five anthologies of poetry Padma has penned for DiwanKhana and Mitwa Ghar . Painful experiences in Chest Disease Hospital, Srinagar enriched the poetess emotionally and intellectually.

The poem is about the love a mother has for her children. It's an eerie atmosphere that creates fear and dread. It's a tussle between the love mother has for her own self and the love she has for her children.

In the fearful silence of the forest  
I hear  
The sound of paws  
Of a careful bulbul  
Out in the night shaking the feathers on his head  
To find food for its four little ones,  
Hungry in the nest.

Moving slowly, afraid,  
its ears pricked to pick  
some sound somewhere



with a grain in its beak  
it hastens to the nest  
its twittering fledglings do not know  
the forest is in the throes of fear  
they continue chirping.  
The bulbul trembles  
Moves with his head raised  
Alert, all ears.

Suddenly there is a sound of wheels  
The sound of dry leaves crackling  
The sound rising and subsiding  
The bulbul hides itself in the bushes.

It sees

A bullock cart laden with goods  
Bullocks moving by themselves  
Heads down

The driver asleep, snoring

Eyes covered with the end of his turban

What if the cart stumbles!  
The cart drivers' hookah overturns!  
The forest catches fire!  
It imagines the forest on fire  
Wishes to run towards its nest  
To save its young ones  
But cannot lift its legs  
Out of fear.

*(Translated from Dogri by Dr. Karan Singh)*

## Glossary

prick prik

twitter 'twɪtə'

fledglings 'fledʒ.lɪŋz

in the throes/ ɪn/ðə/θreuz/

crackling 'kræk.lɪŋ

snore snɔ:'

stumble 'stʌmbəl

raise the ears.

to sing like a bird.

young bird with new flight feathers.

experiencing or doing something which is difficult, unpleasant or painful.

series of noise.

to breathe in a very noisy way while you are sleeping.

fall.

## Thinking about the Poem

1. Why is the bulbul afraid? Why does the bulbul want to hasten to its nest?
2. Why does the bulbul hide itself in the bushes?
3. What does the bulbul imagine?
4. What feelings does the bulbul's imagination arouse in the readers?
5. Why is the poem named 'cart driver'?
6. Have you ever feared anything either in the reality or in your imagination?

Write an account of your feelings in 300 words.

## Learning about the literary device

1. What images does the poet use to create an atmosphere of fear and silence in the poem?

## Discussion

The poem reveals a tussle between the love a mother has for her children and the love the mother has for own self as a person. Discuss.

## Suggested Reading

*An Evening Wet with Rain* by Ved Pal Deep Singh.

*Christabel* by Coleridge.

### Quote to remember

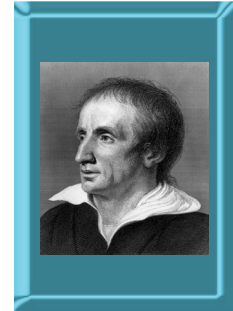
*The only fear we have to fear is  
fear itself.*

Roosevelt.

## TO THE CUCKOO

*William Wordsworth*

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850), English poet, one of the most accomplished and influential of England's poets, whose style created a new tradition in poetry. Wordsworth was born on April 7, 1770, in Cockermouth, Cumberland, and educated at Saint John's College, University of Cambridge. He developed a keen love of nature as a youth, and during school vacation periods he frequently visited places noted for their scenic beauty. After receiving his degree in 1791 he returned to France, where he became an enthusiastic convert to the ideals of the French Revolution (1789-1799). Although Wordsworth had begun to write poetry while still a schoolboy, none of his poems was published until 1793. He is popularly known as the poet of nature. He wrote poems portraying nature as something divine and spiritual.



The poet is thrilled by the voice of the Cuckoo. He describes some of his childhood experiences when as a school boy he would rove through the woods.

O Blithe New-comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a wandering Voice?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Glossary

<b>babble</b> 'bæbl	to talk or say something in a quick, confused, excited way.
<b>beget</b> bi'get	to cause something to happen.
<b>blithe</b> blaið	cheerful and carefree.
<b>long (v)</b> lɒŋ	to want something very much.
<b>mystery</b> 'mɪs.tər.i	something strange or unknown which has not yet been explained.
<b>rove</b> rəuv	to move, travel or look around especially a large area.
<b>wander</b> 'wɒndər	to move from place to place, either without a purpose or destination.

## Understanding the Poem

1. How does the cuckoo's voice charm the poet?
2. Why does the poet call cuckoo 'wandering voice' 'darling of the spring'?
3. Which childhood experiences does the poet describe in stanzas five and six?
4. What does 'golden time' refer to?

## Learning about the literary devices

1. Who is personified in the poem?
2. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?
3. What imagery does Wordsworth use to portray the Beauty of nature in the poem?

## Discussion

1. Have you ever heard a cuckoo sing? How did you feel about it?
2. Discuss the importance of music in our day to day life?

## Suggested Reading

*Daffodils* by Wordsworth.

*Ode to Skylark* by P.B. Shelley.

### Quote to remember

*There are only two powers on the earth — one is silence, the other sound.*

Sri Aurobindo

## PALANQUIN BEARERS

Sarojini Naidu



Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949), Indian poet was born into a Bengali Brahmin family in Hyderabad. With her father a scientist and her mother a poet, she grew up surrounded by artists, intellectuals, and revolutionaries. A brilliant student, she entered Madras University at the age of 12, about the time she began also to write poetry. In 1895 she was sent to England to study at King's College, London, and Girton College, Cambridge, before poor health forced her to abandon her studies and return home. In 1925 Sarojini Naidu became the first Indian woman to be elected as the President of the Indian National Congress and, continuing her active participation in Gandhi's program of *Satyagraha*, a non-violent form of protest, was jailed on several occasions by the British. Her published poetic works include *The Golden Threshold* (1905), *The Bird of Time* (1912), *The Broken Wing* (1917), *Selected Poems* (1930), *The Sceptred Flute* (1937, with introduction by Joseph Auslander), and *The Feather of the Dawn* (1961). Many of her speeches have also been published.



The poem beautifully compares the bride to numerous images. The bride is carried in a palanquin which was until recently a part of Indian culture.

Lightly, O lightly we bear her along,  
 She sways like a flower in the wind of our song;  
 She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,  
 She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.  
 Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,  
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.



Softly, O softly we bear her along,  
 She hangs like a star in the dew of our song;  
 She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,  
 She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.  
 Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,  
 We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

## Glossary

<b>skim</b>	<b>skim</b>	glide smoothly over something.
<b>sway</b>	<b>swai</b>	move from side to side.
<b>foam</b>	<b>fəum</b>	a mass of very small bubbles formed on the surface of a liquid.
<b>gaily</b>	<b>'gei.li</b>	merrily; happily.
<b>glide</b>	<b>glaid</b>	to move easily without stopping and without effort or noise.
<b>dew</b>	<b>dju:</b>	drops of water that form on the ground and other surfaces outside during the night.
<b>beam</b>	<b>bi:m</b>	a line of light that shines from a bright object.
<b>brow</b>	<b>brau</b>	the top part of a hill or the edge of something high such as a cliff or rock.

## Understanding the Poem

1. What are the feelings of the palanquin bearers as they carry the princess inside the palanquin?
2. 'Lightly, O lightly we bear her along; she sways like a flower in the wind of our song'. What are these opening lines of the poem suggestive of? Do you think that the palanquin bearers are sensitive to the presence of the bride?
3. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem? Pick out the pairs of rhyming words in the poem.

## Learning about literary devices

1. In line 4 the poet says, 'She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream' and in line 10 she writes, 'She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.' Do you think that the poet has deliberately used the device of contrast? Why has she done so?
2. Simile: It is a figure of speech used to compare the qualities of two objects or things using

words such as ‘like’ or ‘as’. For example;

- a. The poet compares the bride to a flower.
- b. She hangs like a star in the dew of a song.

The poem is full of similes. (Pick out all the similes used by the poet in the poem).

3. Refrain: poets often use the device of refrain (‘refrain’ is a line or a part of line or a group of lines repeated in the course of a poem). Did you notice that some words, lines/parts of lines are repeated in the poem?

Pick out these words or lines that are repeated. What effect does such repetition create in the poem?

4. You have studied in the last poem about images. Read the poem and complete the following table by matching lines from the poem with the related images conveyed by them:

Line from the poem	Image conveyed
Skims like a bird	gliding movement of a bird flying over a stream
Sways like a flower	_____
Floats like a laugh	_____
Hangs like a star	_____
Springs like a beam	_____
Falls like a tear	_____

### Discussion

Palanquin was the part of our culture recently. It still finds its way in folk songs and film songs. Do you think that such parts of culture should be preserved. Give reasons in support of your answer.

### Suggested Reading

*Coromondal Fishers* by Sarojini Naidu.

*The Queen’s Rival* by Sarojini Naidu.

### Quote to remember

*Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;  
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.*

Alexander Pope



## THE CHILD'S PRAYER

Sir Muhammad Iqbal



Sir Muhammad Iqbal (1877-1938), the famous Muslim philosopher and poet, was born in Sialkot, pre-partition India. He studied at Lahore, Cambridge and Munich and was also admitted to the bar at London. Back home he practised for some time but devoted most of his energy to writing. He also took an active part in the politics of the subcontinent. In 1927, he was elected to the Punjab Provincial Legislature and in 1930 became president of the Muslim League. Iqbal was considered the foremost Muslim thinker of his day. His poetry and philosophy, written in Urdu and Persian has been widely read and admired. His seminal works include *Bang-e-Dara*, *Bal-e-Jibreel*, *Armaghan-e-Hijaz*, *Zarb-i-Kaleem*, *Asrar-e-Khudi*, *Rumaze Bekhudi*, *Payam-e-Mashriq*, *Zubor-e-Anjum* and *Javed Nama* etc.



The poem is about the pious and virtuous wishes of the child. He wants to serve the nation and help the needy.

My tender hopes arise to the lips I pray:  
 Kindly candle light may my life be!  
 May through me world's darkness vanish away  
 And every corner fill with light of day!  
 May I adorn my land, to me so dear  
 Even as the blossoms make the garden fair!  
 As the moth goes round the shining light in zest  
 So let me love the candle of knowledge best!  
 To love and serve the poor my mission be;  
 For the weak and those in pain my sympathy!  
 Save me, my God, from all snares of evil:  
 To walk the virtuous ways, grant me the will!

*Translated from Urdu by Prof. G. R. Malik*

## Glossary

adorn	ə'dɔ:n/	decorate.
kindly candle light	/'kaɪnd.lɪ/'kæn.dl/lart/	soft gentle light of a candle.
snares	sneəz	traps.
virtuous	'vɜ:tju.əs	good; pious.
zest	zest	passion.

## Understanding the poem

1. Who is the speaker in the poem and to whom is it addressed ?
2. What does the child wish to be? List his wishes in the order they are described in the poem.
3. Why does the child want to be : a) candle; b) moth; c) blossom?
4. What is the child's mission?

## Learning about the literary devices

1. Identify metaphors and similes in the following lines:

My tender hopes arise to the lips I pray:  
 Kindly candle light may my life be!  
 As the moth goes round the shining light in zest  
 So let me love the candle of knowledge best!  
 Save me, my God, from all snares of evil:

## Discussion

What are the various prayers that you make in the morning assembly at the school?  
 Discuss their meaning with your class mates.

## Suggested Reading

“Shikwa and Jawab-e-Shikwa” by Iqbal.

### Quote to remember

*Two weapons in particular are important: prayer and knowledge. Prayer binds us to the goal of heaven, and knowledge fortifies the intellect with salutary opinions; each complements and guides the other.*

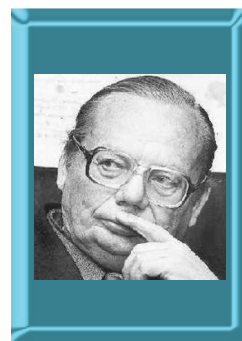
Erasmus

## THE ADVENTURES OF TOTO

Ruskin Bond



Ruskin Bond (born 19 May, 1934) is an Indian author of British descent. He was born in Kasauli (Himachal Pradesh). At the age of 10, Ruskin went to Dehradun because of his father's sudden death due to frequent bouts of malaria and jaundice. He has lived in Landour since the 1960s, having previously also lived, as a child and young man, in Shimla, Jamnagar, Mussoorie, Dehradun, and London. Most of his writings show a strong influence from the social life in the hill stations at the foothills of the Himalayas, where he spent his childhood. His first novel was *The Room on the Roof*, published when he was 21 and partly based on the experiences at Dehradun in his small rented room on the roof. He is considered to be an icon among Indian writers. He was awarded the Padma Shri in 1999 for his contributions to children's literature.



Have you ever had a baby monkey as a pet? Toto is a baby monkey. Let's find out whether he is mischievous or docile.

Grandfather bought Toto from a tonga-driver for the sum of five rupees. The tonga-driver used to keep the little red monkey tied to a feeding-trough, and the monkey looked so out of place there that Grandfather decided he would add the little fellow to his private zoo.

Toto was a pretty monkey. His bright eyes sparkled with mischief beneath deep-set eyebrows, and his teeth, which were a pearly white, were very often displayed in a smile that frightened the life out of elderly Anglo-Indian ladies. But his hands looked dried up as though they had been pickled in the sun for many years. Yet his fingers were quick and wicked; and his tail, while adding to his good looks (Grandfather believed a tail would add to anyone's good looks), also served as a third hand. He could use it to hang from a branch; and it was capable of scooping up any delicacy that might be out of reach of his hands.

Grandmother always fussed when Grandfather brought home some new bird or animal. So it was decided that Toto's presence should be kept a secret from her until she was in a particularly good mood. Grandfather and I put him away in a little closet opening into my bedroom wall, where he was tied securely or so we thought to a peg fastened into the wall.

A few hours later, when Grandfather and I came back to release Toto, we found that the walls, which had been covered with some ornamental paper chosen by Grandfather, now stood out as naked brick and plaster. The peg in the wall had been wrenched from its socket, and my school blazer, which had been hanging there, was in shreds. I wondered what Grandmother would say. But Grandfather didn't worry; he seemed pleased with Toto's performance.

"He's clever," said Grandfather. "Given time, I'm sure he could have tied the torn pieces of your blazer into a rope, and made his escape from the window!"

His presence in the house still a secret, Toto was now transferred to a big cage in the servants' quarters where a number of Grandfather's pets lived very sociably together — a tortoise, a pair of rabbits, a tame squirrel and, for a while, my pet goat. But the monkey wouldn't allow any of his companions to sleep at night; so Grandfather, who had to leave Dehradun next day to collect his pension in Saharanpur, decided to take him along.

Unfortunately I could not accompany Grandfather on that trip, but he told me about it afterwards. A big black canvas kitbag was provided for Toto. This, with some straw at the bottom, became his new abode. When the bag was closed, there was no escape. Toto could not get his hands through the opening, and the canvas was too strong for him to bite his way through. His efforts to get out only had the effect of making the bag roll about on the floor or occasionally jump into the air, an exhibition that attracted a curious crowd of onlookers on the Dehradun railway platform.

Toto remained in the bag as far as Saharanpur, but while Grandfather was producing his ticket at the railway turnstile, Toto suddenly poked his head out of the bag and gave the ticket-collector a wide grin.

The poor man was taken aback; but, with great presence of mind and much to Grandfather's annoyance, he said, "Sir, you have a dog with you. You'll have to pay for it accordingly."

In vain did Grandfather take Toto out of the bag; in vain did he try to prove that a monkey did not qualify as a dog, or even as a quadruped. Toto was classified a dog by the ticket-collector; and three rupees was the sum handed over as his fare.

Then Grandfather, just to get his own back, took from his pocket our pet tortoise, and said, "What must I pay for this, since you charge for all animals?"

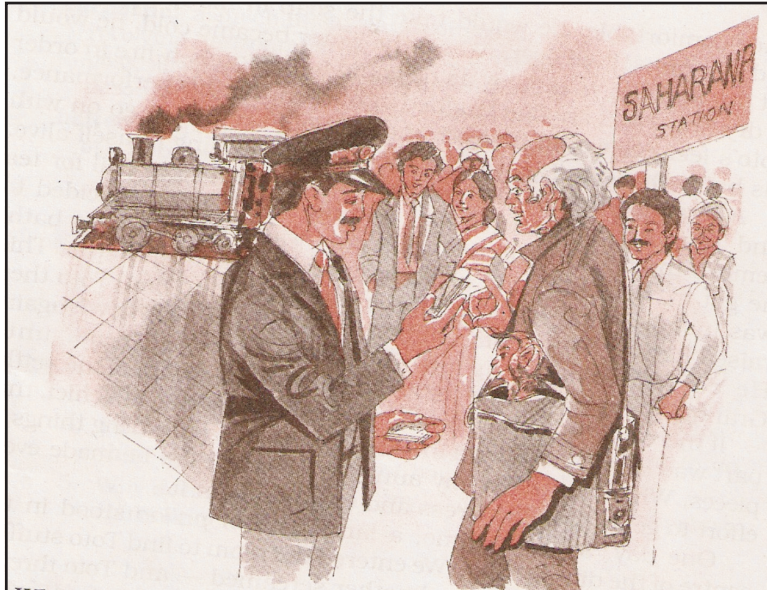
The ticket-collector looked closely at the tortoise, prodded it with his forefinger, gave Grandfather a pleased and triumphant look, and said, "No charge. It is not a dog."

When Toto was finally accepted by Grandmother he was given a comfortable home in the stable, where he had for a companion the family donkey, Nana. On Toto's first night in the stable, Grandfather paid him a visit to see if he was comfortable. To his surprise he found Nana, without apparent cause, pulling at her halter and trying to keep her head as far as possible from a bundle of hay.

Grandfather gave Nana a slap across her haunches, and she jerked back, dragging Toto with her. He had fastened on to her long ears with his sharp little teeth.

Toto and Nana never became friends.

A great treat for Toto during cold winter evenings was the large bowl of warm water given to him by Grandmother for his bath. He would cunningly test the temperature with his hand, then gradually step into the bath, first one foot, then the other (as he had seen me doing), until he was into the water up to his neck.



Once comfortable, he would take the soap in his hands or feet and rub himself all over. When the water became cold, he would get out and run as quickly as he could to the kitchen-fire in order to dry himself. If anyone laughed at him during this performance, Toto's feelings would be hurt and he would refuse to go on with his bath. One day Toto nearly succeeded in boiling himself alive.

A large kitchen kettle had been left on the fire to boil for tea and Toto, finding himself with nothing better to do, decided to remove the lid. Finding the water just warm enough for a bath he got in, with his head sticking out from the open kettle. This was just fine for a while, until the water began to boil. Toto then raised himself a little; but, finding it cold outside, sat down again. He continued hopping up and down for some time, until Grandmother arrived and hauled him, half-boiled, out of the kettle.

If there is a part of the brain especially devoted to mischief, that part was largely developed in Toto. He was always tearing to pieces. Whenever one of my aunts came near him, he made every effort to get hold of her dress and tear a hole in it.

One day, at lunch time, a large dish of pullao stood in the centre of the dining table. We entered the room to find Toto stuffing himself with rice. My grandmother screamed and Toto threw a plate at her. One of my aunts rushed forward and received a glass of water in the face. When Grandfather arrived, Toto picked up the dish of pullao and made his exit through a window. We found him in the branches of the jackfruit tree, the dish still in his arms. He remained there all afternoon, eating slowly through the rice, determined on finishing every grain. And then, in order to spite Grandmother, who had screamed at him, he threw the dish down from the tree, and chattered with delight when it broke into hundred pieces.



Obviously Toto was not the sort of pet we could keep for long. Even Grandfather realised that. We were not well-to-do, and could not afford the frequent loss of dishes, clothes, curtains and wallpaper. So Grandfather found the tonga-driver, and sold Toto back to him for only three rupees.

## Glossary

<b>scoop up</b> sku:p ʌp	to lift something or someone with your hands or arms in a quick movement.
<b>closet</b> 'klɒzɪt	small private room.
<b>peg</b> peg	hook for hanging things.
<b>wrench</b> rentʃ	pull and twist something away from a fixed position.
<b>turnstile</b> 'tɜːnstail	a mechanical gate consisting of revolving horizontal arms fixed to a vertical post, allowing only one person at a time to pass through.
<b>prod (v)</b> prɒd	to push something or someone with your finger or with a pointed object.
<b>halter</b> 'hɒl.tə	a rope or strap placed around the head of a horse or other animal, used for leading or tethering it.



## Thinking about the Text

1. How did Toto come to grandfather's private zoo?
2. "Toto was a pretty monkey." In what sense is Toto pretty?
3. Why does grandfather take Toto to Saharanpur and how?
4. Why does the ticket collector insist on calling Toto a dog?
5. How does Toto take a bath? Where has he learnt to do this?
6. How does he almost boil himself alive?
7. Which activity of Toto annoyed grandmother ?
8. Why does the author say, "Toto was not the sort of pet we could keep for long"?



## Language work

Use the following phrases in your own sentences:

Out of place

Out of reach

Provide for

Taken aback

In vain

Well-to-do

Make an exit

Get hold

Scoop up

### Note the following sentences:

The canvass was too strong for him to bite his way through.

It means that the canvass was so strong that he could not bite his way through it.

### Use ‘too’ in the following sentences and make modifications wherever necessary:

1. The question was so difficult that he could not solve it.
2. She is so weak that she cannot stand.
3. He is so clever that he cannot be cheated.
4. It was so hot that he could not stand in the sun.
5. It was so dark that he could not see anything.

### Writing work

1. Have you ever seen a monkey wallah show? Describe it in your own words.
2. Describe in 300 words any naughty episode of your childhood.

### Discussion

1. Do you have a pet? Is your pet mischievous? Tell the class about it.
2. What impact does the disappearance of some rare animals like brown bear and Hangul have on our ecological balance?

### Suggested Reading

*My Family and Other Animals* by Gerald Durrell.

*Grandfather's Private Zoo* by Ruskin Bond.

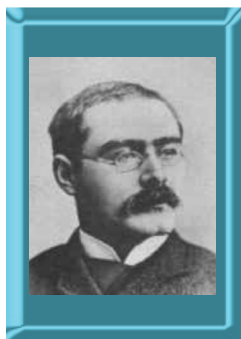
*Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling.



## MOTI GUJ – MUTINEER

Rudyard Joseph Kipling

**R**udyard Joseph Kipling (1865-1936) was an English writer and Nobel laureate, who wrote novels, poems, and short stories, mostly set in India and Burma (now known as Myanmar) during the time of British rule. Kipling was born in Bombay (now Mumbai), India, and at age six, was sent to be educated in England. From 1882 to 1889 he edited and wrote short stories for the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore, India. He then published *Departmental Ditties* (1886), satirical verse dealing with civil and military barracks life in British colonial India, and a collection of his magazine stories called *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1887). He received the 1907 Nobel Prize in literature, the first English author to be so honored. Kipling died on January 18, 1936, in London.



**J** A mutineer is a person who openly rebels against authority. You must have read of soldiers rising in mutiny but have you ever heard of an elephant becoming a mutineer? Well, this is the story of such an elephant. His name is Moti Guj. He is as intelligent, as loyal and loving as anyone of us, yet he rebels. Read the story and find out why he becomes a mutineer, what he does and how he ceases to be a mutineer.

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees, the stumps still remained. The planter hired elephants for stump-clearing.

The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj, which means the Pearl Elephant. He was the absolute property of his mahout, Deesa.

Deesa was a foolish drunkard. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa on these occasions. He knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep. He would call him his love and give him some liquor which Moti Guj was very fond of.



Moti Guj and Deesa worked hard. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders. Moti Guj rooted up the stumps for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks. While Moti Guj worked, Deesa kicked him behind the ears and called him the king of elephants. At evening Moti Guj would mix his three hundred pounds of green with a bottle of liquor. Deesa would also take a share, and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed.

Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river. Moti Guj lay on his side in the shallows, while Deesa rubbed him with a coir swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the brick or the smack of the coir swab that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the corners of his mighty ears in case of sores. After inspection the two would stand up. Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. The little amount of liquor that he got did not satisfy him.

He went to the planter. "My mother's dead", said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she had died once before when you were working for me last year", said the planter, who knew something of Deesa's ways.

"Then it was my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me", said Deesa, weeping more than ever.

"Who brought the news?" said the planter.

"The post", said Deesa.

"There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to work !"

"There is plague in my village, and all my wives are dying", yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village", said the planter.

"Chihun, has this man got a wife?" He said.

Chihun replies, "No. Not one woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Deesa wept all the more.

"Go back to work!" shouted the planter.

Deesa had an inspiration.

“Now I will speak the truth. I haven’t been drunk for two months. I want to go in order to get properly drunk. I’ll be at a distance from this heavenly plantation and shall cause you no trouble.”

A smile crossed the planter’s face. “Deesa,” said he, “you’ve spoken the truth, and I’d give you leave if anyone could take care of Moti Guj. You know that he will only obey your orders.”

“May God bless you!” cried Deesa. “I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, I’ll return. Have I your gracious permission to call up Moti Guj?”

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa’s shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of some trees where he had been pouring dust over himself till his master should return.

“Light of my heart, mountain of might, give ear,” said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. “I am going away”, said Deesa .

Moti Guj’s eyes twinkled. He liked holidays as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

“But you must stay behind and work.”

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted.

“I shall be gone for ten days. Hold up your rear forefoot and I’ll impress the fact upon it.” Deesa took a tent-peg and hit Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

“Ten days,” said Deesa, “you will work and obey the orders of Chihun. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck.”

Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk. Chihun put his feet there, and was swung on to his neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy ankus — the iron goad.

Chihun patted Moti Guj’s bald head and the elephant trumpeted.

“Be still, beast after my own heart: Chihun’s your mahout for ten days. And now bid me goodbye, Jewel of all Created Elephants, Lily of the Herd. Be good and may God bless you!”

Moti Guj put his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him goodbye.

“He’ll work now,” said Deesa to the planter. “Have I leave to go?”

Before the planter nodded Deesa had dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to dig out stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but Moti Guj felt unhappy and lonely.

Nonetheless he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste. Drinking and dancing, he lost count of days.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

“Hi ! ho. Come back you,” shouted Chihun. “Come back and put me on your neck, you wicked mountain. Return or I’ll bang every toe off your fat forefoot.”

Moti Guj sighed gently, but did not obey. Chihun, ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant but pretended to be brave.

“None of your nonsense with me,” said he. “To the fields, you devil.”

“Hrrump,” said Moti Guj, and that was all that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants, who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog-whip. Moti Guj chased the planter, hrrumping loudly, till he reached the veranda of his house. Then he stood outside, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it, as an elephant will.

Moti Guj then rolled back to his inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is most unmanageable. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense about the rights of elephants to a long holidays and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly spoilt the garden. In the evening he returned for food.

“If you won’t work, you shan’t eat,” said Chihun angrily. “You’re a wild elephant, and not an educated one. Go back to your jungle.”

Chihun’s little baby was rolling on the floor of the hut. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on the earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk, and picked up the baby.

He had lifted it up before Chihun realised what was happening. Soon the baby was crowing in the air twelve foot above his father’s head.

“Great Lord,” said Chihun. “Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across

and soaked in liquor, shall be yours this minute, and two hundred pounds of fresh-cut young sugarcane. Only put down safely that small child who is my heart and my life.”

Moti Guj tucked the baby comfortably between his forefeet, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had a lot of liquor and he expected to get into trouble for out-staying his leave. He reported for work with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone for breakfast.

“Call up your beast,” said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from one place to another at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he would not gallop, but he would catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter’s door. He fell into Deesa’s arms trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other.

“Now we will get to work,” said Deesa. “Lift me up, my son and my joy.”

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

## Glossary

<b>trample</b> 'træmpl	to step heavily on something or someone, causing damage or injury.
<b>pound</b> paund	hit or beat repeatedly.
<b>smack</b> smæk	hit forcefully.
<b>yell</b> jel	to shout at someone.
<b>shrill</b> fril	high pitched sound.
<b>trumpet (v)</b> 'trʌmpɪt/	to announce or state something proudly to a lot of people.
<b>stump</b> stʌmp	the base of a tree trunk and its roots after the tree has been felled.
<b>bang</b> bæŋ	to make a sudden loud noise.
<b>chuckle</b> 'tʃʌkl	to laugh quietly.
<b>gallop</b> 'gæləp	to run fast so that all four feet come off the ground together.
<b>slobber over</b> slɒb.ə' əʊ.və'	to show too much admiration and liking for someone.



## Thinking about the Text

1. Why did Moti Guj love his master even though he would beat him sometimes?
2. How long was Deesa to be away and how did he tell Moti Guj about this?
3. What were the lies Deesa told his employer? Why did he tell such dreadful stories?
4. How did Deesa look after Moti Guj?
5. How did Moti Guj bid Deesa goodbye?
6. Why did Moti Guj become a mutineer?
7. How did Moti Guj react to Deesa's return?
8. Why was Chihun angry with Moti Guj? How did Moti Guj react to his remarks?



## Language work

1. The following verbs remain unchanged in the conjugation:

Present	Past	Past participle
Beat	Beat	Beat
Broadcast	Broadcast	Broadcast
Telecast	Telecast	Telecast
Put	Put	Put

Identify five more verbs which remain unchanged in the conjugation.

2. Note the positive, comparative and superlative degrees of the following adjectives:

Positive	Comparative	Superlative
Good	Better	Best
Bad	Worse	Worst

Form degrees of comparison of the following adjectives:

Little  
Few  
Hot  
Big  
Thin  
Fat

Cold

Great

Bright

Light

Lovely

### **Writing work**

1. Write an account of love between Deesa and Moti Guj.
2. Write a short essay on the preservation of Wildlife.

### **Discussion**

What is rebellion? List the factors that incite one to rebellion.

### **Suggested Reading**

*Rikki Tiki Tavi* (story of a mongoose) by Rudyard Kipling.

*My Grandfather's Zoo* by Ruskin Bond.

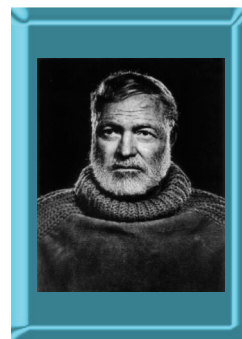
## OLD MAN AT THE BRIDGE

Ernest Miller Hemingway



Ernest Miller Hemingway (1899-1961), an American novelist and short story writer. Hemingway's writings and his personal life exerted a profound influence on American writers of his time. Many of his works are regarded as classics of American literature, and some have been made into motion pictures. His important works include *The Sun also Rises* (1926) *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). In 1954 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

After graduating from high school in 1917, he became a reporter for the Kansas City Star, but he left his job within a few months to serve as a volunteer ambulance driver in Italy during World War I (1914-1918). He later shifted to the Italian infantry and was severely wounded. After the war he served as a correspondent for *The Toronto Star* and then settled in Paris. In World War II (1939-1945) he again was a correspondent and later a reporter for the United States First Army; although he was not a soldier, he participated in several battles.



How do wars change our lives, our minds and our daily routine. Read the story and find out how wars disturb everything and make us anxious and panicky.

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

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

‘Where do you come from?’ I asked him.

‘From San Carlos,’ he said, and smiled.

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

‘I was taking care of animals,’ he explained.

‘Oh,’ I said, not quite understanding.

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

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

‘Various animals,’ he said, and shook his head. ‘I had to leave them.’

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

‘What animals were they?’ I asked.

‘There were two goats and a cat and then there were four pairs of pigeons.’

‘And you had to leave them?’ I asked.

‘Yes. Because of the artillery. The captain told me to go because of the artillery.’

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

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

‘What politics have you?’ I asked.

‘I am without politics,’ he said. ‘I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometers now and I think now I can go no farther.’

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

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

‘Towards Barcelona,’ I told him.

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

He looked at me very blankly and tiredly; then said, having to share his worry with someone,



‘The cat will be all right. I am sure. There is no need to be unquiet about the cat. But the others. Now what do you think about the others?’

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

‘You think so?’

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

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

‘Did you leave the dove cage unlocked?’ I asked.

‘Yes.’

‘Then they’ll fly.’

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

‘If you are rested I would go,’ I urged. ‘Get up and try to walk now.’

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

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

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

## Glossary

**pontoon bridge** **pɒnˈtuːn brɪdʒ** river bridge supported by floating flat-bottomed boats.

**stagger** **ˈstæɡə** stand or walk unsteadily; reel; totter.

**steep** **stiːp** sharp slope.


**plod** **plɒd** walk slowly with great difficulty.

**bridgehead** **ˈbrɪdʒhed** defensive area established on that side of a bridge which is nearer the enemy.

**herdsman** **ˈhɜːdzmən** keeper of a herd.

**Ebro** **iːbrəʊ** name of a river in Spain.

**delta** **ˈdel.tə** land in the shape of a triangle at the mouth of a river

<b>mysterious</b> mi'stiə.ri.əs	between two or more branches.
<b>artillery</b> ɑ:'til.ər.i	suggesting something of which the cause is hidden or unknown.
<b>fork (v)</b> fɔ:k	large guns usually mounted on wheels.
<b>blankly</b> 'blæŋk.li	dividing point in a road or river.
<b>sway</b> swei	with an empty expression.
<b>barcelona</b> /bə:'siləʊnə	swing; move unsteadily.
<b>overcast</b> 'əʊvəkɑ:st	seaport in N. E. Spain on the Mediterranean.
 <b>ling</b> 'si:lɪŋ	darkened by clouds.
	here, the level of the clouds.

### Thinking about the Text

1. Why were the old man's clothes dusty? Why did he not cross the bridge?
2. Why did the old man leave San Carlos? Why did the old man want to go to Barcelona?
3. 'Oh,' I said, not quite understanding..... 'What was it about the old man's statement, 'I was taking care of animals', What was it that the narrator did not understand?
4. Where did the narrator expect the approaching battle to take place?
5. 'It's better not to think about the others.' What does the old man mean by 'the others'? Why does he say so?
6. Did the old man look upon his animals as his family? What made him worry about them? What did the old man fear would harm his animals?
7. The old man was a victim of the war, but he had no wish to play a part in it. How do you come to know of this from the story?
8. Wars have an adverse effect on our lives. How does the story bring out this truth?



### Language work

Make sentences using the following words and expressions:

Artillery

Coup

Check-post

Out-post

Bridge head

Come through

Stagger

Hurry

To take care of



Blankly

### Writing work

- Imagine yourself with a gold coin in your belly. How would you talk to the doctor?
- Hemingway's story involves dialogue most prominently. On the pattern of the story construct your dialogue with the doctor.

### Discussion

- Have you ever gone through a warlike situation? How did you feel? Make groups and exchange your feelings about it.
- Peace had her victories no less renowned than war? Discuss the idea with your teacher and your group mates.

### Suggested Reading

*The Old Man and the Sea* by Hemmingway.

*Men at War* : The Best War Stories of All Time by Hemingway.

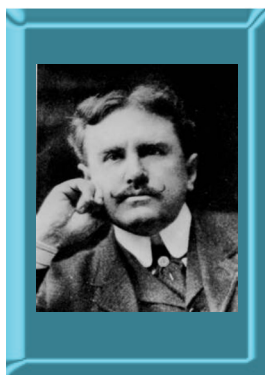


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## THE LAST LEAF

O. Henry

O. Henry pseudonym of William Sydney Porter (1862-1910), American writer of short stories, best known for his ironic plot twists and surprise endings. Born and raised in Greensboro, North Carolina, Henry attended school only until age 15, when he dropped out to work in his uncle's drugstore. During his twenties he moved to Texas, where he worked for more than ten years as a clerk and a bank teller. Henry did not write professionally until he reached his mid-30s, when he sold several pieces to the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Houston Daily Post*. In 1894, he founded a short-lived weekly humor magazine, *The Rolling Stone*. He has written more than 500 short stories. His style of story telling not just inspired fiction writers but also broadcasters of television programmes and film makers of motion pictures.



It is autumn, the wind is blowing hard and it is raining heavily. All the leaves on an ivy creeper have fallen, except one. Why doesn't the last leaf fall?

Sue and Johnsy, two young artists, shared a small flat. The flat was on the third storey of an old house.

Johnsy fell very seriously ill in November. She had pneumonia. She would lie in her bed without moving, just gazing out of the window. Sue, her friend, became very worried. She sent for the doctor. Although he came everyday there was no change in Johnsy's condition.

One day the doctor took Sue aside and asked her, "Is anything worrying Johnsy?"

"No," replied Sue. "But why do you ask?"

The doctor said "Johnsy, it seems, has made up her mind that she is not going to get well. If she doesn't want to live, medicines will not help her."

Sue tried her best to make Johnsy take an interest in things around her. She talked about clothes and fashions, but Johnsy did not respond. Johnsy continued to lie still on her bed. Sue brought her drawing-board into Johnsy's room and started painting. To take Johnsy's mind off her illness, she whistled while working.

Suddenly Sue heard Johnsy whisper something. She quickly rushed to the bed and heard Johnsy counting backwards. She was looking out of the window and was saying, “Twelve!” After sometime she whispered “eleven”, then “ten”, then “nine”, “eight”, “seven”. Sue anxiously looked out of the window. She saw an old ivy creeper climbing half-way up the brick wall opposite their window. In the strong wind outside, the creeper was shedding its leaves.

“What is it, dear?” Sue asked.

“Six,” whispered Johnsy. “They are falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred leaves. There are only five left now.”

“It is autumn,” said Sue, “and the leaves will fall.”

“When the last leaf falls, I will die,” said Johnsy with finality.

“I have known this for the last three days.”

“Oh, that’s nonsense,” replied Sue. “What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? The doctor is confident that you will get better.”

Johnsy did not say anything. Sue went and brought her a bowl of soup.

“I don’t want any soup,” said Johnsy. “I am not hungry... Now there are only four leaves left. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I will sleep forever.”

Sue sat on Johnsy’s bed, kissed her and said, “You are not going to die. I can’t draw the curtain for I need the light. I want to finish the painting and get some money for us. Please, my dear friend,” she begged Johnsy, “promise not to look out of the window while I paint.”

“All right,” said Johnsy. “Finish your painting soon for I want to see the last leaf fall. I’m tired of waiting. I have to die, so let me go away peacefully like one of those poor, tired leaves.”

“Try to sleep,” said Sue. “I have to paint an old miner. I will call Behrman up to be my model.”

Sue rushed down. Behrman lived on the ground floor.

He was a sixty year old painter. His lifelong dream was to paint a masterpiece but that

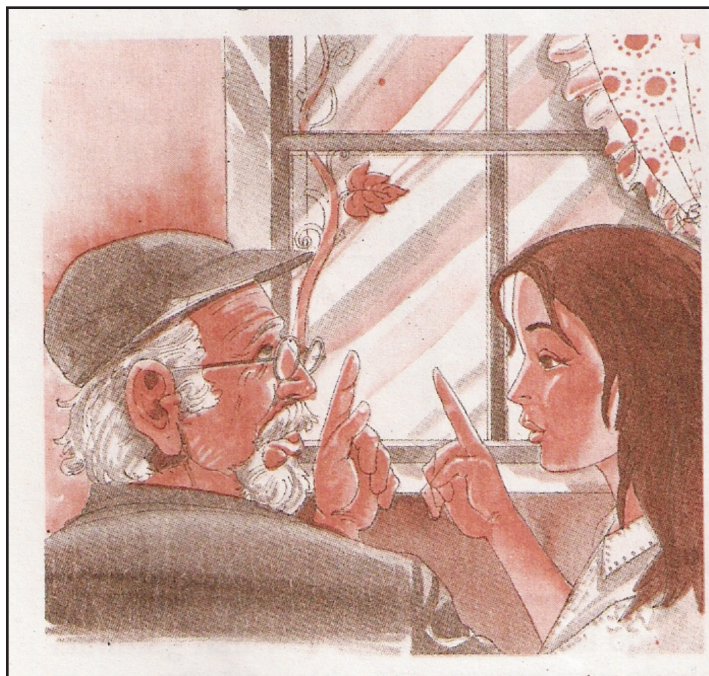




had remained a dream. Sue poured out her worries to Behrman. She told him how Johnsy was convinced that she would die when the last leaf fell.

“Is she stupid?” asked Behrman. “How can she be so foolish?”

“She is running a high temperature,” complained Sue. “She refuses to eat or drink and that worries me a lot.”



“I will come with you and see Johnsy,” Behrman said.

They tiptoed into the roomy Johnsy was sleeping. Sue drew the curtains together and they went to the next room. She peeped out through the window. There was only one leaf on the creeper. It was raining heavily and an icy-cold wind was blowing. It seemed as though the leaf would fall any minute now. Behrman did not say a word. He went back to his room.

Johnsy woke up next morning. In a feeble voice she asked Sue to draw the curtains. Sue was nervous. She drew back the curtains very reluctantly.

“Oh!” Sue exclaimed as she looked at the vine creeper. “Look, there is still one leaf on the creeper. It looks quite green and healthy. In spite of the storm and the fierce winds, it didn’t fall.”

“I heard the wind last night,” said Johnsy. “I thought it would have fallen. It will surely fall today. Then I’ll die.”

“You won’t die,” said Sue energetically. “You have to live for your friends. What would happen to me if you die?”

Johnsy smiled weakly and closed her eyes. After every hour or so she would look out of the window and find the leaf still there. It seemed to be clinging to the creeper.

In the evening, there was another storm but the leaf did not fall. Johnsy lay for a long time looking at the leaf. Then she called out to Sue.

“I have been a bad girl. You have looked after me so lovingly and I have not cooperated with you. I have been depressed and gloomy. The last leaf has shown me how wicked I have been. I have realised that it is a sin to want to die.”

Sue hugged Johnsy. Then she gave her lots of hot soup and a mirror. Johnsy combed her hair and smiled brightly.

In the afternoon the doctor came. After examining his patient he told Sue, “Johnsy now has the will to live. I am confident she’ll recover soon. Now I must go downstairs and see Behrman. He is also suffering from pneumonia. But I am afraid; there is no hope for him.”

The next morning Sue came and sat on Johnsy’s bed. Taking Johnsy’s hand in hers she said, “I have something to tell you. Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia this morning. He was ill for only two days. The first day the janitor found him on his bed. His clothes and shoes were wet and he was shivering. He had been out in that stormy night.”

Then they found a ladder and a lantern still lighted lying near his bed. There were also some brushes and green and yellow paints on the floor near the ladder. “Johnsy dear,” said Sue, “look out of the window. Look at that ivy leaf. Haven’t you wondered why it doesn’t flutter when the wind blows? That’s Behrman’s masterpiece. He painted it the night the last leaf fell.”



## Glossary

<b>fashion</b> 'fæʃən	popular style of dressing.
<b>ivy</b> 'aɪvi	an evergreen plant which often grows upon trees or buildings.
<b>gaze</b> geɪz	to look at something or someone for a long time.
<b>tiptoe</b> 'tɪptəʊ	walk on one’s toes without making noise.
<b>reluctant</b> rɪ'lʌktənt	not very willing to do something and therefore slow to do it.
<b>janitor</b> 'dʒæn.ɪ.tər	a person whose job is to look after a building.
<b>flutter</b> 'flʌtər	to move gently.



### Thinking about the Text

1. What was the cause of Johnsy's illness? How could the illness be treated?
2. Do you think the feeling of depression Johnsy has, is common among teenagers?
3. What was Behrman's dream? Did it come true?
4. How is 'The Last Leaf' the artist's masterpiece? What makes you say so?



### Language work

Explain the meaning of the following idiomatic expressions and frame sentences of your own.

Make up one's mind

Out of work

By leaps and bounds

Pour out worries

Shed leaves

Look after

Take after

Tiptoe into

Draw the curtain

Raise the curtain



### Writing work

1. Can you recall the saddest moment of your life. Write the account in 300 words.
2. Have you ever felt depressed and dejected? How did you overcome such feelings? Sum up your experience in 300 words.

### Discussion

Arrange a group discussion on 'Depression Among Teenagers'. How faith can help overcome it?

### Suggested Reading

"The Gift of the Magi" by O' Henry.

"Dusk" by Saki.

*Chicken Soup for the Teenage Soul on Tough Stuff*: Compiled and edited by Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Kimberly Kirberger.

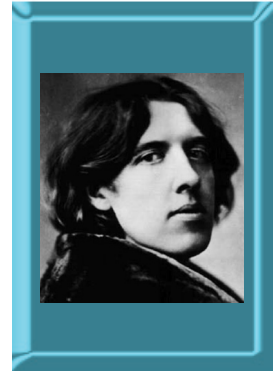


## THE HAPPY PRINCE

Oscar Wilde



Oscar Wilde, Irish-born writer was a novelist, playwright, poet, and critic. He was born on October 16, 1854, in Dublin, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. As a youngster he was exposed to the brilliant literary talk of the day at his mother's Dublin salon. Later, as a student at the University of Oxford, he excelled in classics, wrote poetry. At Oxford, Wilde came under the influence of English writers Walter Pater and John Ruskin. As an aesthete, the eccentric young Wilde wore long hair and velvet knee breeches. His wit, brilliance, and flair won him many devotees. He died in 1900.



The Happy Prince was a beautiful statue. He was covered with gold, he had sapphires for eyes and a ruby in his sword. Why did he want to part with all the gold that he had, and his precious stones?

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword hilt.

One night there flew over the city a little swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind; then he decided to go to Egypt too.

All day long he flew, and at night time he arrived at the city.

"Where shall I put up?" he said. "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will put up there," he cried. "It is a fine position with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just



between the feet of the Happy Prince.

“I have a golden bedroom,” he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. “What a curious thing?” he cried. “There is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining.”

Then another drop fell.

“What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?” he said. “I must look for a good chimney pot,” and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw — Ah! What did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little swallow was filled with pity.

“Who are you?” he said.

“I am the Happy Prince.”

“Why are you weeping then?” asked the swallow. “You have quite drenched me.”

“When I was alive and had a human heart,” answered the statue, “I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep.”

“What? Is he not solid gold?” said the swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks.

“Far away,” continued the statue in a low musical voice, “far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen’s maids of honour, to wear at the next court ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has fever, and is asking his mother to give him oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move.”

“I am waited for in Egypt,” said the swallow. “My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus flowers. Soon they will go to sleep.”

The Prince asked the swallow to stay with him for one night and be his messenger. “The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad,” he said.

“I don’t think I like boys,” answered the swallow, “I want to go to Egypt.”

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little swallow was sorry. “It is very cold here,” he said. But he agreed to stay with him for one night and be his messenger.

“Thank you, little Swallow,” said the Prince.

The swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince’s sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover.

“I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State ball,” she said. “I have ordered flowers to be embroidered on it, but the seamstresses are so lazy.”

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging on the masts of the ships. At last he came to the poor woman’s house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman’s thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy’s forehead with his wings. “How cool I feel!” said the boy, “I must be getting better”; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. “It is curious,” he remarked, “but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold.”

“That is because you have done a good action,” said the Prince. And the little swallow began to think, and then fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. “Tonight I go to Egypt,” said the swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the monuments and sat a long time on top of the church steeple.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

“Have you any commissions for Egypt?” he cried. “I am just starting.”

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you stay with me one night longer?”

“I am waited for in Egypt,” answered the swallow.



“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in the glass by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint.”

“I will wait with you one night longer,” said the swallow, who really had a good heart. He asked if he should take another ruby to the young playwright.

“Alas! I have no ruby now,” said the Prince. “My eyes are all — that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago.” He ordered the swallow to pluck out one of them and take it to the playwright. “He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy firewood, and finish his play,” he said.

“Dear Prince,” said the swallow, “I cannot do that,” and he began to weep.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “do as I command you.”

So the swallow plucked out the Prince’s eye, and flew away to the young man’s garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird’s wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.



“I am beginning to be appreciated,” he cried. “This is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play,” and he looked quite happy. The next day the swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors working. “I am going to Egypt,” cried the swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

“I have come to bid you goodbye,” he cried.

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me one night longer?”

“It is winter,” answered the swallow, “and the snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them.”

“In the square below,” said the Happy Prince, “there stands a little match girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or the stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her.”



“I will stay with you one night longer,” said the swallow, “but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then.”

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “Do as I command you.”

So he plucked out the Prince’s another eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand.

“What a lovely bit of glass!” cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the swallow came back to the Prince. “You are blind now,” he said, “so I will stay with you always.”

“No, little Swallow,” said the poor Prince, “you must go away to Egypt.”

“No, I will stay with you always,” said the swallow, and he slept at the Prince’s feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince’s shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands.

“Dear little Swallow,” said the Prince, “you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and women. There is no mystery so great as misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there.”

So the swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in each other’s arms to try and keep themselves warm. “How hungry we are!” they said. “You must not lie here,” shouted the watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

“I am covered with fine gold,” said the Prince. “You must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to the poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy.”

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor and the children’s faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played in the street. “We have bread now!” they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver. Everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the lee.

The poor little swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker’s door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just enough strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Goodbye, dear Prince!" he murmured. "Will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince. "You have stayed too long here but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, Is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

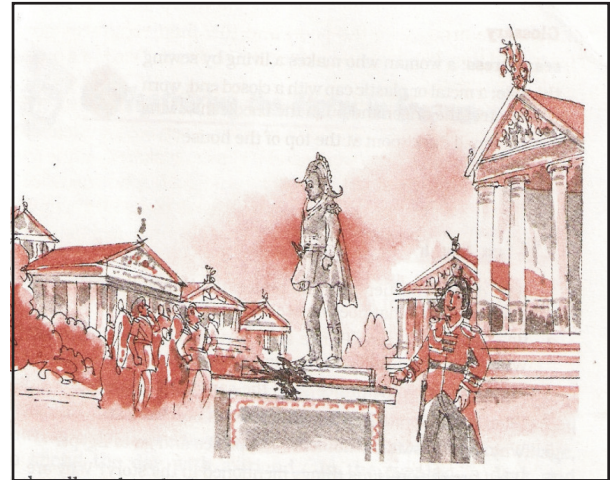
Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue. "Dear me! How shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby, indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor. "In fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.



So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace. "What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust heap where the dead swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels: and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing

for ever more and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me.”

## Glossary

<b>column</b> 'kɒləm	a tall pillar.
<b>gild</b> gɪld	cover with a thin layer of gold.
<b>sapphire</b> 'sæf.aɪə	a transparent, usually bright blue, precious stone.
<b>swallow (n) (v)</b> 'swɒləu	a small bird with pointed wings and a tail with two points; to cause food, drink, pills, etc. to move from your mouth into your stomach by using the muscles of your throat.
<b>alight</b> ə'laɪt	to land or settle after a flight.
<b>statue</b> 'stætʃu:	an object made from a hard material, especially stone or metal.
<b>drench</b> drentʃ	to make someone or something extremely wet.
<b>seamstress</b> 'si:mstrəs	a woman who makes a living by sewing.
<b>ball</b> bɔ:l	a formal party for dancing.
<b>hilt</b> hɪlt	the handle of a sword, knife, or dagger.
<b>pedestal</b> 'pedəstəl	the base of a column or a statue.
<b>feverish</b> 'fi:vəriʃ	suffering from fever.
<b>hop (v)</b> hɒp	to jump on one foot or to move about in this way.
<b>thimble</b> 'θɪmbəl	a metal or plastic cap with a closed end, worn to protect the finger and push the needle in sewing.
<b>fan (v)</b> fæn	to blow a current of air steadily.
<b>slumber</b> 'slʌmbə	sleep.
<b>garret</b> 'gærɪt	small dark room at the top of the house.
<b>commissions</b> kə'mɪʃən	a job or task.
<b>wither (v)</b> 'wɪð.ə	to fade or lose freshness or vitality.
<b>dart</b> dɑ:t	move quickly.
<b>gutter</b> 'gʌt.ə	a channel or narrow area at the side of the street.
<b>listless</b> 'lɪstləs	lacking energy and enthusiasm.
<b>furnace</b> 'fɜ:nɪs	container which is heated to a very high temperature.
<b>overseer</b> 'əʊvə.sɪə	somebody who supervises workers, especially those engaged in manual labour.
<b>foundry</b> 'faundri	a factory where metal is melted.



### Thinking about the Text

1. Why do the courtiers call the prince ‘The Happy Prince’? Is he really happy? What does he see around him?
2. Why does the Happy Prince send a ruby for the seamstress? What does the swallow do in the seamstress’ house?
3. For whom does the prince send the sapphires and why?
4. What does the swallow see when it flies over the city?
5. Why did the swallow not leave the prince and go to Egypt?
6. Why is the statue of the prince described as looking like a beggar and being no longer useful?
7. What proclamation does the Mayor make about the death of the birds?
8. What impression do you gather of his personality from this?
9. What were the two precious things the angel brought to God? In what way were they precious?
10. What happened to the prince’s laden heart? What feelings does the end of the story arouse in you?



### Language work

1. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:

Bring out

Bring up

Bring forth

Look up

Look into

Look after

Look down upon

Look around

Fall in

Hang in

See through

See off



2. “I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow,” said the Prince.

This is called direct speech. It can also be written in the form of indirect speech as follows:

The prince told the little swallow that he was glad; the swallow was going to Egypt.

**Change the narration of the following sentences:**

- a) “Why are you weeping then?” asked the swallow.
- b) “I don’t think I like boys,” answered the swallow.
- c) “I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State ball,” she said. “I have ordered flowers to be embroidered on it, but the seamstresses are so lazy.”
- d) “Alas! I have no ruby now,” said the Prince. “My eyes are all—that I have left.
- e) “Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “Do as I command you.”
- f) “Bring me the two most precious things in the city,” said God to one of His Angels.
- g) “Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me one night longer?”
- h) “You are blind now,” he said, “so I will stay with you always.”
- i) “I have come to bid you goodbye,” he cried.
- j) The little swallow says, “It is curious, but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold.”

### **Writing work**

Write in two paragraphs how to take care of orphans.

### **Discussion**

Do you think that we should take care of our fellow beings? How should we plan this social service?

### **Suggested Reading**

*The Selfish Giant* by Oscar Wilde.

*How Much Land Does a Man Require* by Leo Tolstoy.



23

## A BASKETFUL OF SEA-TROUT

(A Play)

Characters

THE HON. LORD FINDHORN (a Scottish judge)

WILLIAM BRODIE OF ALTON (a Scottish landlord)

JEAN LOMOND (a peasant woman).

COLONEL LIONEL ALLARDYCE (Chief Constable)

*[The scene of the play is the hall of a small shooting and fishing lodge, the property of Lark Findhorn, in a lonely valley in the West Highlands. It is sparsely furnished. The atmosphere is one of loneliness bordering on the eerie.]*

*There are two doors, one, C., leading direct to the outside and another, L., leading to another room used by the owner as a study, Telephone R., Sideboard on R. with jug and two glasses.*

*LORD FINDHORN is seated L. by table in C. He wears a dinner jacket. He is an elderly man, obviously a lawyer; with a keen but kindly face. At the other side of the table, not a very large one, is his guest, WILLIAM BRODIE, who is also in a dinner jacket. He is a younger man than FINDHORN and belongs to the same class, upper middle, as his host.*

*(As the curtain rises there is a moan of a dying wind.)*

JUDGE: The wind is dying down.

BRODIE [rises and goes to window R, peering through curtains] :

Yes. But it doesn't look too good.

JUDGE: No. It seldom does in these parts.

BRODIE *[putting back curtains, slightly shivers]* : No.

JUDGE [smiles as BRODIE returns to his chair]: Too eerie for you. At night this place becomes very isolated despite *[waving his hand]* electric light, telephone, wireless, and so on. I am very seldom honoured by the presence of ladies, and my Edinburgh maids politely refused to come.

BRODIE: I like the place.

JUDGE: It isn't everybody's cup of tea, but it is a change from town, and I find I can muse away the days very pleasantly.

BRODIE: And the nights?

JUDGE: On some nights, I confess, I become a kid again and I hear strange sounds in the Glen.

BRODIE: Many legends?

JUDGE: Plenty. Would you like to hear some of them?

BRODIE: No, thank you very much. [*Both laugh.*] Tomorrow, if you like. Not tonight.

JUDGE: Well, I'm used to this place, but I admit that tonight is jumpy. It's perhaps that very peculiar wind we've had all day.

BRODIE: But you rather like loneliness.

JUDGE: Good thing for me I do. Any judge is a solitary sort of fellow. You have no idea how lonely a judge feels on the Bench — much more lonely than the lad in the dock opposite him. And, then, I am a bachelor. [*rises*] What about a glass of port?

BRODIE: Thank you, Judge.

JUDGE: Nineteen hundred. [*He pairs out two glasses on the C. Table.*] I have always found old wine a good cure for raw nerves.

[*JUDGE sits down and they toast each other.*]

BRODIE: Good luck, Judge. [*As Brodie is about to raise his glass again the centre door is silently opened. There enters very quietly JEAN LOMOND. [She is a middle-aged woman of peasant appearance. She is dark, stately, stern, with an air of distinction. She wears a kerchief round her head. She shuts door quietly and stands motionless for a second.]*

BRODIE has raised his glass to his lips. JUDGE doing same when BRODIE sees JEAN. He jumps.] Good God! [*He rises and stares at the woman.*]

JUDGE: Eh? [*He looks round and also rises, both of them putting down their glasses. She stands C, behind the table, motionless. JUDGE addresses her.*] Who are you?

JEAN

[*curtseys*] : Lomond. Mrs Jean Lomond is my name, my lord. [*She speaks slowly and with dignity.*]

JUDGE

[*gravely*] : How did you get in here?

JEAN: I just came by the door.

JUDGE: Without knocking?

JEAN: Without knocking, my lord.

JUDGE: Unusual behaviour, isn't it ?

JEAN

[*without budging*]: Unusual it is, my lord. [*a pause*]

You remember me maybe, my lord?

JUDGE: I do.

BRODIE: I remember you, too.

JUDGE: You are the mother of Hector Lomond and you gave evidence at his trial.

JEAN: I am his mother and I gave evidence at his trial.

BRODIE: Where is your son?

JEAN: He left for Canada yesterday, sir.

JUDGE: How did you get here.

JEAN: I walked.

JUDGE: All the way from the Bay?

JEAN: Yes.

JUDGE: You must be tired. Please sit down. .

JEAN: Thank you, my lord, but I'd rather stand.

JUDGE: No, no. [And *he places* his chair for her. She sits down with dignity. JUDGE stands R., facing her.] Why have you come here?

JEAN: To thank you, my lord.

JUDGE: For what?

JEAN: For freeing my son from the gallows.

JUDGE: I didn't free him. The jury found him not guilty. And therefore I had no alternative but to set him at liberty.

JEAN: It was you, my lord. As soon as you entered the court and sat down on your seat of justice, you looked at Hector and I said to myself, "My son is safe."

JUDGE: Mrs Lomond, I ought to point out to you that I never discuss any cases, particularly criminal cases and above all a trial for murder, with any interested parties. Allow me, however, to say this. I had no prejudice one way or the other. Your son was found not guilty by the jury, and so I set him at liberty.

JEAN [*quietly*]: You saved my son.

JUDGE [*patiently*]: Very well. And You came all this long way and on such a night to tell me this.

JEAN: Yes. And I am bringing you, my lord, for you and your friend, a basketful of sea-trout.

JUDGE [*hurriedly*]: I couldn't possibly accept it.

JEAN: They are not, easy to get now, and I caught them myself.

JUDGE: It's very kind of you but.

JEAN [*interrupting*]: I caught them myself.

[BRODIE looks at JUDGE as much as to say, "Take the poor woman's gift."]

JUDGE: Why don't you sit down, please, and have something?

JEAN: No, thank you, my lord. I need neither food nor drink. And I will soon be going.

JUDGE: I will get my car to take you home.

JEAN: I need no car to take me to my home. I came alone—  
I go back alone. [*a pause, and then to JUDGE*] My son was worth saving.

JUDGE: I'm afraid I cannot listen to what you are about to say.

JEAN: Yes, my lord, you will listen, you and your friend.

[Something in her tone surprises the two men. They almost seem under a spell. They sit down.] He was a good son, He would have been a good husband to the right woman. But that woman wasn't right.

[ And *she turns fiercely* to BRODIE)

BRODIE: I should say she was a bad woman.

JEAN: She was out to ruin men, my son Hector and other lads who came her way. I shouldn't have minded if it was just her wiles. But it went deeper than that. She planned day and night to do evil. She rejoiced in evil. She was ready to see men lose their reason and their lives for her sake, even at the risk of her own life. [*quietly*] It is good she is dead. She wanted to see men killing. Killing one another, killing even herself.

JUDGE: And she was killed.

JEAN: She was.

- BRODIE: But not by your son?
- JEAN: Not by my son.
- JUDGE: Why do you wish to go back on this painful story?
- JEAN: Because it haunts me, and it haunts you — and [*to BRODIE*] you, sir, and everybody in this place. She let my son guess she was to meet the airman that night. She hoped for blood. She dressed for the occasion. Off she went and up on the hillside. She took out her paint and her powder and looked round on the hills and the lochs and the bonnij trees in the wood, and said, “There’s none of you so bonnij as me. That’s what me think. Aye, and there’s none of you so powerful as me. I can do with men what I like.” And she looked round in her pride and went down the hill.
- JUDGE: To meet the airman.
- BRODIE: To meet her doom.
- JUDGE: Down the path called the Path of the Red Deer?
- JEAN: Yes, my lord.
- JUDGE  
[*approaches her*]: Mrs Lomond, I am going to take you home in my car. I shall take no refusal. And I am going to ask you to rest in that room there [*he points L.*] where we shall bring you some food. Please.
- JEAN [*rises*]: Did you say rest, my lord? How can I rest? I have lost my son. There’s more than the sea that divides us. He still loves that woman. But I thank you, [*he curtseys*] my lord, for saving his life.
- JUDGE [*goes L. and opens door*] Allow me. [*He goes out, switches on light. He returns, holding door.*]
- JEAN: As you will. I hope you will forgive me for disturbing you, but I had to thank you. [*fiercely*] I was made to thank you.
- JUDGE: I did my duty.
- JEAN: Aye, but with mercy and consideration for the broken hearted, I had to thank you. [*at the door she hesitates then pitifully*] My lord!
- JUDGE: Something else on your mind?
- JEAN: They will leave my son alone?
- JUDGE: They?

JEAN: The law.

JUDGE: The law has found him innocent.

JEAN: But supposing the law was to change its mind.

JUDGE: The case is finished.

JEAN: Are you sure of that?

JUDGE [*gently*]: The law said: “You are under the suspicion of the crime of murder. You will be tried in our court of impartial justice.” And we have found him not guilty. And there’s an end of it.

JEAN  
[*rubbing her hands in mental anguish*]: If I was only sure.

JUDGE: You can take my word for it.

JEAN: Yes, my lord. You liked my son. Thank you, my lord. God bless you, my lord.  
[*She curtsies to both men and goes out. JUDGE, after closing L. door, goes R.*]

BRODIE  
[*resumes seat*]: Poor woman.

JUDGE [*briefly*]: Yes. Very respected family, the Lomonds. Been here for generations. .

BRODIE: Not surprising she disapproved of the lady who met such an untidy end.

JUDGE  
[*after some moments of careful silent deliberation*]: Did you notice a curious admission she made?

BRODIE: Ah, No. But now I see it, I think. You don’t miss much, Judge.

JUDGE: I am a lawyer. [*He takes a step or two and then goes nearer BRODIE*] The last person who saw Nellie Salter alive was the farmer at Dykes Farm. About a hundred yards farther on, the road divided at a spot invisible from the farm. One path goes by the side of the loch, the other, the Path of the Red Deer goes up the hill and rejoins the loch path about a mile farther west. Nobody knew whether Nellie Salter took the low road or the high road. Her body was found two hundred yards from the west junction of the two paths.

BRODIE [*after a pause*]: But Mrs Lomond knew.

JUDGE: Apparently.

BRODIE: She didn't say so, however, in Court?

JUDGE: In her evidence she denied all knowledge of Nellie's movements on the day of the crime.

BRODIE: But apparently she was there?

JUDGE: Looks like it.

BRODIE: Now what did she exactly say just now about the path?

JUDGE: Something like this: "Off she went" — that is to say, Nellie Salter- "and up on the hillside."

BRODIE: These are the vital words.

JUDGE: Yes. "And up on the hillside she took out her powder."

BRODIE: "Her paint and her powder."

JUDGE: And then she said something to the effect that the woman beautified herself and looked round on the hill and the loch.

BRODIE: "And the bonnij trees in the wood."

JUDGE [*repeating*]: "And, the bonnij trees in the wood."

BRODIE: And, then the words to the effect that she was bonnier....

JUDGE: And more powerful....

BRODIE: Than the nature around her....

JUDGE: Yes, and I remember the final words: "I can do with men what I like. And she looked round in her pride and went down the hillside!"

BRODIE: You deduce she was there?

JUDGE: It's a fair deduction.

BRODIE [*rising and moving L. and going near the door to be sure they are not overheard*] ... and was tracking Nellie ?

JUDGE: Possibility.

BRODIE: Her son might have told her, supposing he was the guilty party.



JUDGE: About what the gestures of this woman revealed of her thoughts? No. Her son was decent, unimaginative sort of chap. No. Only a woman could guess what was in her thoughts.

BRODIE: She might have heard Nellie mutter something.

JUDGE: Quite possible.

BRODIE

*[looks at door*

*L. again, then*

*going up to*

JUDGE): Mrs Lomond murdered Nellie Salter.

JUDGE: That's your conclusion.

BRODIE: The police suspect her?

JUDGE: Of course. But she had the perfect alibi. The desert. [He points to window.] The sands are almost a desert. Nobody goes near them as a rule Mrs Lomond says she was there all day and well towards dusk. Who could contradict her?

BRODIE: Why did she tell us all this?

JUDGE: It may have slipped out.

BRODIE: I don't think so. Conscience, maybe, or ....

JUDGE *[sharply]*: Or what?

BRODIE

*[half ashamed]* : I don't know. *[and he sits down again]*

JUDGE *[goes R., then sitting down at table, addresses BRODIE]*:

What made me see that woman? I broke the rule of a life time, the rule which every sensible judge must follow. I ought to have stopped her as soon as she got on the subject of the murder.

BRODIE: You did stop her.

JUDGE: Yes, but she forced me to listen.

BRODIE: She forced me.

JUDGE: Yes, but how? Why? *[BRODIE shrugs his shoulders.]* If the police knew what she has told us tonight, they would perhaps detain her. What am I to do?

BRODIE

*[rising restlessly]*: How did this woman get in ?

JUDGE.[*rising*]: We bolted the door, didn't we? Let's see.

[*He is making for the C. door, when there is a loud knock*].

Now Who can, that be ? [*He goes out C.*]

JUDGE [*off*] : Hullo ! [*Alone BRODIE looks anxiously at L. door. He is about to open door, when he changes his mind and turns to C. door as noise of voice can be heard. JUDGE returns and brings with him COLONEL ALLARDYCE, Chief Constable of district. COLONEL is a soldierly type, about 45.*] You know Brodie-Colonel Allardyce, our Chief Constable.

COLONEL: Of course. [*shaking hands*] Good evening. Heard you were in these parts."

BRODIE: Yes, been spending a few days with the Judge fishing, or trying to fish.

COLONEL: You can't fish in this weather. Hope there'll soon be break ... was up the Glen on some poaching business and I thought I'd look in to give you a bit of news.

JUDGE: Delighted to see you.

COLONEL: You remember the Lomond murder case?

JUDGE  
[*with a brief look  
at BRODIE, who is  
listening most  
intently*]:

I shall never forget it.

COLONEL: Yes, an interesting case, though a disappointing one for us. [*quietly*] Mrs Lomond's body was washed up on the beach early this afternoon.

JUDGE [*amazed*]: Mrs Lomond ?

COLONEL : Yes.

BRODIE: The mother of the lad Hector?

[*COLONEL nods. Both men look at door L.*]

JUDGE: Who told you?

COLONEL: Inspector Soutar telephoned me just before I was leaving for the Glen.

JUDGE: A mistake.

COLONEL: No. Inspector Soutar knew Mrs Lomond well and he himself identified the body.

JUDGE [*quietly*]: Colonel Allardyce, Mrs Lomond is in that room now.

COLONEL

[*amazed*]: In that room? [*He turns to door.*]

JUDGE

[*to BRODIE*]: Will you ask her to come in ? [*BRODIE goes out L.*]

COLONEL: I've never known Soutar go wrong before. Are you sure?

BRODIE [*off*]: Mrs Lomond. Mrs Lomond.

JUDGE: Of course, I'm sure.

COLONEL

[*who has turned L. and is listening*]: She isn't there now.

BRODIE

[*re-enters*]: She is not in the room. [*without a word the JUDGE crosses and goes out L. BRODIE slowly goes R.*]

JUDGE [*off*] : Mrs Lomond. Mrs Lomond. Mrs Lomond.

[COLONEL smiles discreetly. *JUDGE slowly re-enters.* He looks at the two men.] She has gone. [*He slowly opens C. door, calls.*] She was here just now.

BRODIE: She talked to us about the murder. We asked her to go into that room because [*He stops short.*]

JUDGE: Because she made a strange admission.

COLONEL: Yes, but she wasn't here tonight.

BRODIE [*wildly*]: We were talking to her just before you came. [*pulling himself together*] I give you my word.

COLONEL [*rises*]: Did she knock at the front door?

JUDGE: No.

COLONEL: Was the front door bolted?

JUDGE: I cannot remember.

BRODIE [*uneasily*]: I think it was bolted.

COLONEL: How did she get in, supposing the door was bolted?

JUDGE: I can't tell you. But she was here. Brodie can corroborate.

BRODIE: Most Certainly.

COLONEL: It's impossible she should have been here.

BRODIE: She was here, I swear.

[*COLONEL again smiles.*]

JUDGE

[*sits down and pulls  
his chair closer to*

Colonel]: Colonel Allardyce, do you think I'm drunk?

COLONEL: Of course not.

JUDGE: And what about our friend Brodie?

COLONEL: Clean sheet.

JUDGE: You have known me for some years, Colonel. Have you ever seen in me any signs of mental instability?

COLONEL: We have always looked upon you, Lord Findhorn, as one of our best and sanest judges.

JUDGE: Would you describe me as a normal man, inclined both by legal training and temperament to reject the miraculous, and all that sort of thing?

COLONEL: Certainly.

JUDGE: And what about Brodie?

COLONEL: Well, I haven't known Brodie as long as you, but I should say that his war record speaks for itself.

BRODIE: I have seen enough real horrors without having to invent any.

COLONEL: Quite so. Only perhaps you had a brief nap after dinner.

JUDGE: No. I never do have a nap after a meal.

BRODIE: And I was particularly wide awake tonight.

COLONEL: But sometimes queer fancies assail the mind even when one is wide awake, particularly on a night like this.

BRODIE: But both of us, Colonel?

COLONEL: What did this woman do and say? I gather she came into the room without any warning.

JUDGE [*bringing his chair closer still and speaking firmly and quietly*]:

Yes. She told us she had come to thank me for saving her son. Nonsense, of course. It was the law which saved him after a fair trial.

COLONEL: Yes, but I know the poor woman was convinced that it was you and you alone who saved her son from swinging. What else?

BRODIE: As evidence of her gratitude she told us she was bringing the Judge a basketful of sea-trout.

COLONEL [*laughs*]: Humph. Mrs Lomond, like all her family; knew all about sea-trout fishing, but I doubt if even she could get any fish this weather.

JUDGE: She seemed afraid her son might be rearrested. I reassured her on that point.

COLONEL: Yes, that was our information too. Indeed, it was common knowledge. Poor soul. You talked about a strange admission?

JUDGE : Yes. We are, of course, speaking in the strictest confidence.

COLONEL: Certainly.

JUDGE: You remember that you were unable to state what road Nellie Salter took after she passed Dykes Farm.

COLONEL: True.

JUDGE: She took the Path of the Red Deer, according to Mrs Lomond.

COLONEL: How did Mrs Lomond know?

JUDGE: That's the point.

BRODIE: She told us how Nellie went up the hill, took out her paint and powder, gloried, so to speak, in her beauty and power over men, and then went down the path, exultant for fresh triumphs and more mischief.

JUDGE: She then gave us the very words which the girl addressed to the trees and the hills.

COLONEL: In other words, Mrs Lomond was there on the spot.

BRODIE: Tracking Nellie.

COLONEL: She wasn't there.

JUDGE: You don't know.

- COLONEL: There is practically no evidence in support. But if she was there and knows the path which Nellie Salter took she must have fired the shot which killed the girl. [*The telephone bell rings. All three men start. JUDGE and COLONEL rise.*]
- JUDGE: Excuse me. [*He goes R. and takes up receiver. Pause.*] Yes. This is my lodge. Colonel Allardyce? Yes, he's here. A moment. [to COLONEL] Your Inspector Soutar wants to speak to you.
- COLONEL: Thank you. Sorry. [*He goes to receiver.*] Hullo, Soutar. [*pause*] Oh, yes. By the way, there's no doubt about the identification? The body was Mrs Lomond's? I see. Yes. [*startled*] What? A letter? From Mrs Lomond ? Addressed to me? [*Both men are now listening most intently.*] What did it say? [*a long pause as he nods his head at the end of each sentence*] She definitely says so. [*pause*] I see. Thanks very much, Soutar. You were quite right to telephone me. I shall come straight to the office. Good-bye. [*He puts down receiver. He turns to them.*] That was Inspector Soutar. There is no doubt by the way, that it was Mrs Lomond's body which was showed up. [*pause*] Last night she sent me a letter which Soutar has just read to me.
- JUDGE: Then she drowned herself.
- COLONEL: I think so. In the letter she gives an account of last movements of Nellie Salter which largely agrees with what you two gentlemen have just told me.
- BRODIE: Then it was Mrs Lomond who murdered Nellie Salter.
- COLONEL  
[*takes step towards them, and solemnly*]: She definitely says so in the letter. [*There is a pause.*] She seemed to be afraid that suspicion might still be directed towards her son despite his recent acquittal. It was that fear which drove her to write this confession and then to suicide. [*He moves L., thinking hard, then turns to JUDGE.*]
- JUDGE: No.
- COLONEL: No communication of any kind at any time?
- JUDGE: None, except her visit tonight.
- COLONEL: Strange.
- JUDGE [*solemnly*]: What we told you, Colonel, has been confirmed by the letter?
- BRODIE: Your ca-r near, Colonel?

COLONEL: Yes, I parked it just down the road.

BRODIE: Can I come down with you and light your road?

COLONEL: No, no thanks, I've got a torch, Well, good-bye, Judge

JUDGE  
[*shaking hands*]: Good-bye, Colonel Very kind of you to look in.

COLONEL: Very glad. It has been a most interesting experience. What about you Judge?

JUDGE: Oh, I'll stay on for a bit.

COLONEL  
[*at door*]: Pardon me, is it wise? You are all alone.

JUDGE: I don't mind. [*trying to speak lightly but failing*]  
Who knows Mrs Lomond may pay me another visit?

BRODIE: Or perhaps Nellie Salter.

JUDGE [*seriously*]: No, not Nellie Salter. She and I had nothing to say to each other. But between me and Mrs Lomond there was some peculiar affinity which I cannot explain. I am a judge and she was a humble peasant woman, and she committed a terrible crime, and I am a law-abiding fellow, but we had something in common, which we mortal men cannot explain. These affinities seem to be independent not only of class, but also of time and space. [*half laughing*] Tut, here I am talking nonsense when I ought to be drinking wine. Good-bye, Colonel.

COLONEL: Good-bye.

BRODIE: Let me show you out. [*Just at the door there is another moan from wind.*]

COLONEL: Damn that wind. It gives one the creeps.  
[*and to cheer himself up he whistles. He flashes his torch, and then he exclaims, almost terrified.*]  
My God!

JUDGE  
[*standing with*  
BRODIE at door]: Anybody there?

COLONEL  
[*shaking*]: No, but under the arch. Look! [*He can scarcely get out the words.*] A basket full of sea-trout.

[CURTAIN]

**NEIL GRANT**



## Glossary:

eerie 'iəri	mysterious.
muse mju:z	think.
glen glen	a deep narrow valley, especially among mountains.
jumpy 'dʒʌmpi	nervous and anxious, especially because of fear or guilt.
dock dɒk	enclosure for the prisoner in court.
bay beɪ	coast.
gallows 'gæləʊz	noose for hanging criminals.
wiles wailz	cunning, trickery.
exultant ɪg'zʌltənt	very happy.
acquit ə'kwɪt	to decide officially in a court of law that someone is not guilty.
tut tʌt	word of disapproval.
haunt haʊnt	to cause repeated suffering or anxiety.
Loch lɒk	a Scottish term for lake.
doom du:m	death, destruction.
languish 'læŋgwɪʃ	be neglected or deprived.
bonnier bɒn.iəʳ/	more attractive.
deduce dɪ'dju:s	reach a conclusion.
alibi 'æl.i.baɪ	accused's claim of having been elsewhere.
shrug ʃrʌg	to raise your shoulders and then lower them to express lack of interest.
corroborate kə'rɒbəreɪt	to add proof or certainty to an account or statement.
clean sheet kli:n ʃi:t	when people decide to forget your past behaviour.
queer kwɪəʳ	steer.
assail ə'seɪl	to attack violently.
gratitude 'grætɪtju:d	the quality of being grateful.
triumph traɪ.əmf	victory.



### Thinking about the Text.

1. The atmosphere is eerie and makes even the judge jumpy.  
Let us see how the eerie atmosphere is built up.
  - (i) the wind: Does it moan or does it blow gently?
  - (ii) the lodge: Is it in the heart of a village or is it isolated?
  - (iii) servants: Do servants live in the lodge or not?
  - (iv) glen: Is it silent or is it full of strange sounds?
  - (v) time of the day: Does the action take place at twilight or when there is pitch darkness outside?
2. Nellie Salter ‘rejoiced in evil’. How does Mrs Lomond describe Nellie’s character?  
If so, why?
3. “I have lost my son.” Why did Mrs. Lomond make this statement?
4. The judge did not believe that Hector was tracking Nellie. Why?
5. Why, do you think, Mrs. Lomond committed suicide?
6. While leaving the judge’s lodge the Chief Constable says, “It has been a most interesting experience.” Why does he say so ?
7. Why has the play been given the title ‘A Basketful of Sea-Trout’?

### B. Answer these in about 250 words each.

1. How did the judge and Brodie deduce that Mrs Lomond had killed Nellie Salter?
2. Why did Mrs Lomond come to the judge’s lodge? Give two reasons.



### Language work

What do the following phrases in the lesson mean?

1. Wind is dying down
2. My cup of tea
3. Solitary sort of fellow
4. Untidy end
5. Take one’s word
6. Go wrong

7. Clean sheet
8. Wide awake
9. Get in
10. Break one's heart

**Find other words which can be used instead of the word/words in italics without changing the meaning of the sentence. Your word must begin with P.**

1. The wind makes a *strange* sound as it blows through the desert.
2. A group of *farmers* have come to Delhi to visit the Trade-Fair.
3. A judge who is honest has no *feelings for* or against a criminal.
4. He asked me *specially* to convey his greetings to you.
5. The Colonel carefully *organized* the campaign which led to the overthrow of toe enemy.
6. There is small *way* through the fields which will take you to the next village.
7. The officer thinks he is *strong* because he can appoint and dismiss clerks.
8. The garden is *nice*. It is neither too hot nor too cold.

### Discussion

- (i) Does Mrs Lomond evoke sympathy or horror?  
Give a reason for your answer.
- (ii) Suppose the spirit of Nellie Salter enters the judge's lodge. What do you think she will say or do?

A person having a rational, scientific outlook does not believe in ghosts and spirits. What incidents in this play would such a person reject, not believe in ?

### Suggested Reading

*The Canterville Ghost* by Oscar Wilde.

*The Hound of the Baskervilles* by Conan Doyle.

# IF I WERE YOU

(A Play)



**J** Gerrard lives alone in a lonely cottage. An intruder, who is a criminal, enters his cottage. He intends to murder Gerrard and take on his identity. Does he succeed?

*SCENE: A small cottage interior. There is an entrance back right (which may be curtained). Another door to the left must be a practical door. The furniture is simple, consisting of a small table towards the left, a chair or two, and a divan rather upstage on the right. On the table is a telephone.*

*(When the curtain rises Gerrard is standing by the table making a phone call. He is of medium height, and wearing horn-rimmed glasses.... He is dressed in a lounge suit and a great coat. His voice is cultured.)*

GERRARD : WELL, tell him to phone up directly. I must know... Yes, I expect I'll still be here, but you mustn't count on that... In about ten minutes' time. Right-ho. Goodbye.

*(He puts down the phone and goes to the divan on the left, where there is a travelling bag, and starts packing. Whilst he is thus engaged, another man, similar in build to Gerrard enters from the right silently — revolver in hand. He is flashily dressed in an overcoat and a soft hat. He bumps accidentally against the table, and at the sound Gerrard turns quickly.)*

GERRARD : *(pleasantly)* Why, this is a surprise, Mr— er—

INTRUDER : I'm glad you're pleased to see me. I don't think you'll be pleased for long. Put those paws up!

GERRARD : This is all very melodramatic, not very original, perhaps, but...

INTRUDER : Trying to be calm and —er—

GERRARD : 'Nonchalant' is your word, I think.

INTRUDER : Thanks a lot. You'll soon stop being smart. I'll make you crawl. I want to know a few things, see.

GERRARD : Anything you like. I know all the answers. But before we begin I should like to change my position; you may be comfortable, but I am not.



INTRUDER : Sit down there, and no funny business. (*Motions to a chair, and seats himself on the divan by the bag.*) Now then, we'll have a nice little talk about yourself!

GERRARD : At last a sympathetic audience! I'll tell you the story of my life. How as a child I was stolen by the gypsies, and why at the age of thirty-two, I find myself in my lonely Essex cottage, how....

INTRUDER : Keep it to yourself, and just answer my questions. You live here alone? Well, do you?

GERRARD : I'm sorry. I thought you were telling me, not asking me. A question of inflection; your voice is unfamiliar.

INTRUDER : (*with emphasis*) Do you live here alone?

GERRARD : And if I don't answer?

INTRUDER : You've got enough sense not to want to get hurt.

GERRARD : I think good sense is shown more in the ability to avoid pain than in the mere desire to do so. What do you think, Mr— er—

INTRUDER : Never mind my name. I like yours better, Mr Gerrard. What are your Christian names?

GERRARD : Vincent Charles.

INTRUDER : Do you run a car?

GERRARD : No.

INTRUDER : That's a lie. You're not dealing with a fool. I'm as smart as you and

- smarter, and I know you run a car. Better be careful, wise guy!
- GERRARD : Are you American, or is that merely a clever imitation?
- INTRUDER : Listen, this gun's no toy. I can hurt you without killing you, and still get my answers.
- GERRARD : Of course, if you put it like that, I'll be glad to assist you. I do possess a car, and it's in the garage round the corner.
- INTRUDER : That's better. Do people often come out here?
- GERRARD : Very rarely. Surprisingly few people take the trouble to visit me. There's the baker and the greengrocer, of course; and then there's the milkman — quite charming, but no one so interesting as yourself.
- INTRUDER : I happen to know that you never see tradespeople.
- GERRARD : You seem to have taken a considerable amount of trouble. Since you know so much about me, won't you say something about yourself? You have been so modest.
- INTRUDER : I could tell you plenty. You think you're smart, but I'm the top of the class round here. I've got brains and I use them. That's how I've got where I have.
- GERRARD : And where precisely have you got? It didn't require a great brain to break into my little cottage.
- INTRUDER : When you know why I've broken into your little cottage, you'll be surprised, and it won't be a pleasant surprise.
- GERRARD : With you figuring so largely in it, that is understandable. By the way, what particular line of crime do you embrace, or aren't you a specialist?
- INTRUDER : My speciality's jewel robbery. Your car will do me a treat. It's certainly a dandy bus.
- GERRARD : I'm afraid jewels are few and far between in the wilds of Essex.
- INTRUDER : So are the cops. I can retire here nicely for a little while.
- GERRARD : You mean to live with me? A trifle sudden isn't it; you've not been invited.
- INTRUDER : You won't be here long; so I didn't trouble to ask.
- GERRARD : What do you mean?
- INTRUDER : This is your big surprise. I'm going to kill you.

- GERRARD : A little harsh, isn't it?
- INTRUDER : (*with heavy sarcasm*) Yeah, I'll be sorry to do it. I've taken a fancy to you, but it's just got to be done.
- GERRARD : Why add murder to your other crimes? It's a grave step you're taking.
- INTRUDER : I'm not taking it for fun. I've been hunted long enough. I'm wanted for murder already, and they can't hang me twice.
- GERRARD : You're planning a gratuitous double, so to speak. Admitted you've nothing to lose, but what have you to gain?
- INTRUDER : I've got freedom to gain. As for myself, I'm a poor hunted rat. As Vincent Charles Gerrard I'm free to go places and do nothing. I can eat well and sleep and without having to be ready to beat it at the sight of a cop.
- GERRARD : In most melodramas the villain is foolish enough to delay his killing long enough to be frustrated. You are much luckier.
- INTRUDER : I'm O.K. I've got a reason for everything. I'm going to be Vincent Charles Gerrard, see. I've got to know what he talks like. Now I know. That posh stuff comes easy. This is Mr V.C. Gerrard speaking. (*Pantomime of phoning, in imitation cultured voice.*) And that's not all. (*He stands up.*) Get up a minute (*Gerrard stands.*) Now take a look at me.
- GERRARD : You're not particularly decorative.
- INTRUDER : No! Well, that goes for you, too. I've only got to wear specs and I'll be enough like you to get away with it.
- GERRARD : What about your clothes? They'll let you down if you're not careful.
- INTRUDER : That'll be all right. Yours will fit me fine.
- GERRARD : That is extremely interesting, but you seem to miss the point of my remark. I said, you were luckier than most melodramatic villains. It was not a tribute to your intelligence. You won't kill me for a very good reason.
- INTRUDER : So that's what you think.
- GERRARD : You'll let me go, and thank God you didn't shoot sooner.
- INTRUDER : Come on. What's on your mind! Better be quick. This conversation bores me.
- GERRARD : Your idea is to elude the police by killing me and taking on my identity?



- INTRUDER : Yes, I like the idea.
- GERRARD : But are you sure it's going to help you?
- INTRUDER : Now listen here. I've got this all planned. I did a job in town. Things went wrong and I killed a cop. Since then I've done nothing but dodge.
- GERRARD : And this is where dodging has brought you?
- INTRUDER : It brought me to Aylesbury. That's where I saw you in the car. Two other people saw you and started to talk. I listened. It looks like you're a bit queer — kind of a mystery man.
- GERRARD : A mystery which I propose to explain.
- INTRUDER : (*disregarding him*) You phone your orders and sometimes you go away suddenly and come back just the same. Those are just the things I want to do. Hearing about you was one of my luckiest breaks.
- GERRARD : Apparently you haven't the intelligence to ask why I am invested in this cloak of mystery.
- INTRUDER : (*preparing to shoot*) As I said before, this conversation bores me.
- GERRARD : Don't be a fool. If you shoot, you'll hang for sure. If not as yourself, then as Vincent Charles Gerrard.
- INTRUDER : What is this?
- GERRARD : This is your big surprise. I said you wouldn't kill me and I was right. Why do you think I am here today and gone tomorrow, never see tradespeople? You say my habits would suit you. You are a crook. Do you think I am a Sunday-school teacher?

The game's up as far as I'm concerned. Things went wrong with me. I said it with bullets and got away. Unfortunately they got one of my men, and found things the fool should have burnt. Tonight I'm expecting trouble. My bag's packed ready to clear off. There it is.

- INTRUDER : It's a bag all right and this is a gun all right. What's all this?
- GERRARD : That's a disguise outfit; false moustaches and what not. Now do you believe me?
- INTRUDER : (*musingly*) I don't know.



- GERRARD : For God's sake clear that muddled head of yours and let's go. Come with me in the car. I can use you. If you find it's a frame, you've got me in the car, and you've still got your gun.
- INTRUDER : May be you're right.
- GERRARD : Then don't waste time. *(Goes and picks up hat and bag.)*
- INTRUDER : Careful, boss, I'm watching you.
- GERRARD : I have got a man posted on the main road. He'll ring up if he sees the police, but I don't want to leave... *(telephone bell rings)* Come on! They're after us. Through here straight to the garage.
- INTRUDER : How do I know that you are telling the truth?
- GERRARD : Oh, don't be a fool. Look for yourself.
- (Gerrard opens door and steps away. Intruder leans forward to inspect it, with his side towards Gerrard, but with the revolver ready. As he turns his head, Gerrard gives him a push into the cupboard, knocking the revolver out of his hand. He slams the door and locks it, picks up the revolver and goes to the phone, where he stands with the gun pointed at the cupboard door.)*
- INTRUDER : *(rattles door and shouts)* Let me out of here!
- GERRARD : Hello. Yes, speaking. Sorry I can't let you have the props in time for rehearsal, I've had a spot of bother — quite amusing. I think I'll put it in my next play. Listen, can you tell our friend the Sergeant to come up here at once? You'll probably find him in the Public Bar.

**DOUGLAS JAMES**

## Glossary:

<b>melodrama</b>	<b>'melə,drɑ:mə</b>	dramatic, shocking, or highly emotional than the situation demands.
<b>gypsies</b>	<b>'dʒɪp.sɪz</b>	somebody with nomadic life.
<b>inflection</b>	<b>ɪn'flekʃən</b>	the way in which the sound of your voice changes during speech.
<b>dandy</b>	<b>'dændi</b>	very good, excellent, or first-rate.
<b>trifle</b>	<b>'traɪfl</b>	something that has little or no importance, significance, or value.
<b>gratuitous</b>	<b>grə'tʃjuɪtəs</b>	not necessary.
<b>dodge</b>	<b>dɒdʒ</b>	to avoid something unpleasant.



## Thinking about the Text

Answer these questions:

1. “At last a sympathetic audience.”
  - i. Who says this?
  - ii. Why does he say it?
  - iii. Is he sarcastic or serious?
2. Why does the intruder choose Gerrard as the man whose identity he wants to take on?
3. “I said it with bullets.”
  - i. Who says this?
  - ii. What does it mean?
  - iii. Is it the truth? What is the speaker’s reason for saying this?
4. What is Gerrard’s profession? Quote the parts of the play that support your answer.
5. “You’ll soon stop being smart.”
  - i. Who says this?
  - ii. Why does the speaker say it?
  - iii. What according to the speaker will stop Gerrard from being smart?
6. “They can’t hang me twice.”
  - i. Who says this?
  - ii. Why does the speaker say it?
7. “A mystery I propose to explain.” What is the mystery the speaker proposes to explain?
8. “This is your big surprise.”
  - i. Where has this been said in the play?
  - ii. What is the surprise?



## Language work

**I Choose the correct word from the pairs given in brackets.**

1. The (site, cite) of the accident was (ghastly/ghostly).
2. Our college (principle/principal) is very strict.
3. I studied (continuously/continually) for eight hours.

4. The fog had an adverse (affect/effect) on the traffic.
5. Cezanne, the famous French painter, was a brilliant (artist/artiste).
6. The book that you gave me yesterday is an extraordinary (collage/college) of science fiction and mystery.
7. Our school will (host/hoist) an exhibition on cruelty to animals and wildlife conservation.
8. Screw the lid tightly onto the top of the bottle and (shake/shape) well before using the contents.

**II. Irony is when we say one thing but mean another, usually the opposite of what we say. When someone makes a mistake and you say, “Oh! that was clever!”, that is irony. You’re saying ‘clever’ to mean ‘not clever’.**

**Expressions we often use in an ironic fashion are:**

- Oh, wasn’t that clever!/Oh that was clever!
- You have been a great help, I must say!
- You’ve got yourself into a lovely mess, haven’t you?
- Oh, very funny! How funny!

We use a slightly different tone of voice when we use these words ironically.

Read the play carefully and find the words and expressions Gerrard uses in an ironic way. Then say what these expressions really mean. Two examples have been given below. Write down three more such expressions along with what they really mean.

***What the author says***

Why, this is a surprise, Mr—er—

At last a sympathetic audience!

***What he means***

He pretends that the intruder is a social visitor whom he is welcoming. In this way he hides his fear.

He pretends that the intruder wants to listen to him, whereas actually the intruder wants to find out information for his own use.

**Using a word differently**

A word can mean different things in different contexts. Look at these three sentences:

- The students are taught to respect different cultures.
- The school is organising a cultural show.
- His voice is cultured.

In the first sentence, ‘culture’ (noun) means way of life; in the second, ‘cultural’ (adjective) means connected with art, literature and music; and in the third, ‘cultured’ (verb) means sophisticated, well mannered. Usually a dictionary helps you identify the right meaning by giving you signposts.

Look at the dictionary entry on ‘culture’ from **Oxford Advanced Learner’s Dictionary** (Noun, verb, adjective, adverb, synonyms, etc. are signposts which help you locate the right meaning and usage, and give information about the part of speech that the word is.)

Look up the dictionary entries for the words sympathy, familiarity, comfort, care, and surprise. Use the information given in the dictionary and complete the table.

Noun	Adjective	Adverb	Verb	Meaning
sympathy				
familiarity				
comfort				
care				
surprise				
love				
beauty				
thought				
hope				
fear				

### **Writing work**

I. Which of the words below describe Gerrard and which describe the Intruder?

smart	humorous	clever
beautiful	cool	confident
flashy	witty	nonchalant

Write a paragraph each about Gerrard and the Intruder to show what qualities they have.

II Convert the play into a story (150–200 words). Your story should be as exciting and as witty as the play. Provide a suitable title to it.

## Discussion

1. Imagine you are Gerrard. Tell your friend what happened when the Intruder broke into your house.  
[Clues: Describe (i) the intruder—his appearance, the way he spoke, his plan, his movements, etc., (ii) how you outwitted him.]
2. Enact the play in the class. Pay special attention towards given in italics before dialogue. These words will tell you whether the dialogue has to be said in a happy, sarcastic or ironic tone and how the characters move and what they do as they speak. Read these carefully before you enact the play.

## Suggested Reading

*The Bet* by Miles Malleeson.

*The Miracle Merchant* by Saki.

### Tongue Twister

Mr. See owned a saw.  
And Mr. Soar owned a seesaw.  
Now See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw  
Before Soar saw See,  
Which made Soar sore.  
Had Soar seen See's saw  
Before See sawed Soar's seesaw,  
See's saw would not have sawed  
Soar's seesaw.  
So See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw.  
But it was sad to see Soar so sore  
Just because See's saw sawed  
Soar's seesaw!

