



LITERATURE READER

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GAYATRI KHANNA

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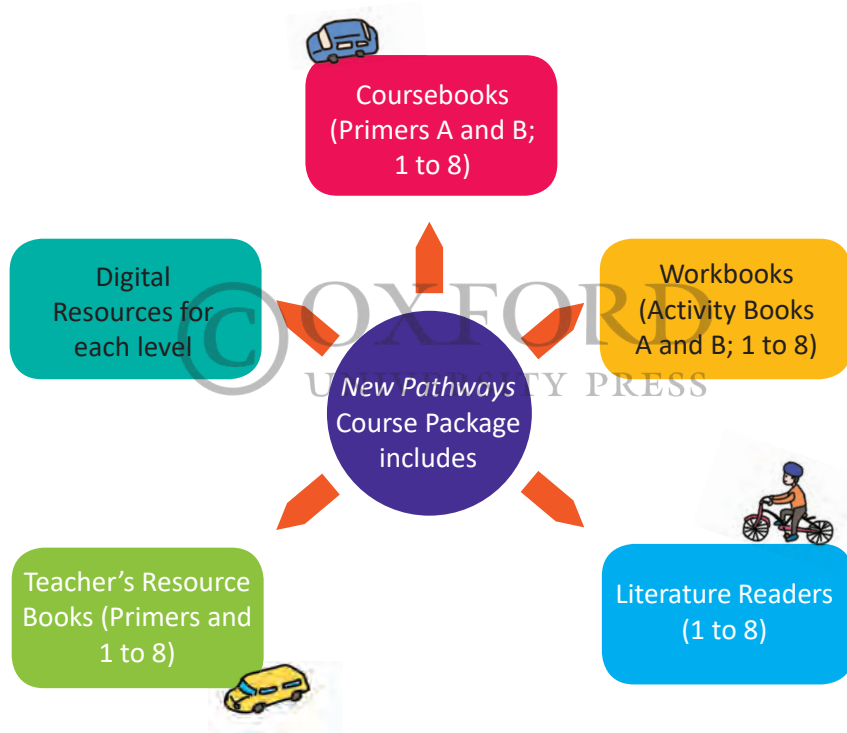
For Value-based Questions



For Areal

Preface

Revised New Pathways: An Interactive Course in English has been designed to address the needs of educators for a comprehensive input-rich curriculum that lays the foundation for spontaneous language building.



Literature Reader

The Literature Reader is an intrinsic component of the course package as exposure to good literature is one of the most effective ways of learning a language and assimilating its finer nuances.

The Literature Reader:



promotes reading as an enjoyable activity
and inculcates in the learner the habit of
reading widely



develops literary sensitivity in the learner through
a wide range of literary selections across genres
and periods

sharpens the learner's interpretative skills and
encourages them to become conscious and
discerning readers

makes the learner aware of the multiplicity of
human responses to any given text by means
of exposing them to a range of themes and
emotions



This edition of the *New Pathways Literature Reader* includes a variety of new stories and poems. The learner has the opportunity of appreciating literary works that exemplify a variety of literary genres such as fiction, autobiography, poetry and drama. In the socio-political context of today's world, it has become very important for the learner to be sensitive and respectful towards ethnic and cultural pluralism. In keeping with this, the selections in the Literature Reader range across nations and cultures.

Every text in the Literature Reader is accompanied with a variety of tasks and activities. They are designed to serve the dual purpose of keeping learner involvement at the centre of the learning process while reinforcing the elements of communicative competence.



Reading comprises a variety of task types which require the learner to focus on factual as well as inferential comprehension of the text. In case of poetry, there is an emphasis on the formal and linguistic characteristics of the verse to develop in the learner a more nuanced response to poems. Highlighted value-based questions promote critical thinking and allow a deeper exploration of the values suggested in the text.

Vocabulary tasks provide practice in words derived from the passage in order to extend and fine-tune the learner's lexical knowledge. The exercises are presented in a variety of forms such as crossword puzzles, cloze texts, matching lists, tabulation, missing letters and filling the blanks.

Writing tasks are linked to important themes in the texts and therefore designed to retain the learner's interest and foster their imagination and creativity. They include posters, autobiographical narratives, articles, letters, diary entries, stories, newspaper reports and dialogues.

Speaking tasks range from role-plays and simulations to interviews, and from debates and presentations to open class discussions. With a focus on the productive skill of speaking, listening is combined with it as its natural complement.

An **Activity** accompanies every poem. It builds on the theme of the poem and encourages the learner to extend their understanding of the poem to life beyond the classroom. The focus of these activities is on the application of concepts and skills in different situations and contexts.



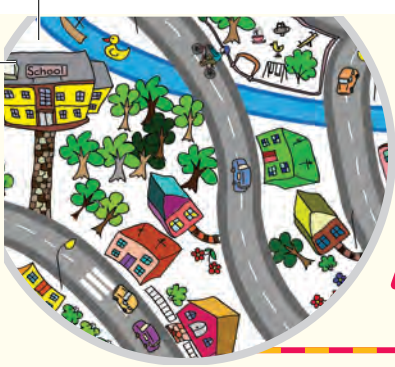
New Pathways is a sincere attempt to fulfil the needs of educators as well as learners today and to facilitate the teaching–learning process.

It is our hope that both teachers and students will enjoy the course and provide us with valuable feedback in the years to come.



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Acknowledgements

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When Wishes Come True



Subal Chandra's son was called Sushil Chandra, but people always aren't true to their names. Which is why perhaps Subal (whose name means 'the strong one') was actually quite weak, and Sushil, which means gentle and quiet, was just the opposite.

The son, Sushil, drove the entire neighbourhood mad with his antics¹. This made his father itch to punish him. Unfortunately, the father suffered from rheumatism while the son could run like a deer. So, most of the intended slaps missed their target. But on the rare occasions when his father managed to catch him, Sushil really had a bad time.



The day on which this story begins was a Saturday, and school would be over by two in the afternoon. But Sushil was in no mood to go to school for a number of reasons. To start with, it was the day of the dreaded geography test. Secondly, there was to be a display

¹antics naughty behaviour

of fireworks at the Bose's that evening which everyone was looking forward to. Sushil, too, longed to spend the day watching every bit of the preparation.

After thinking long and hard about it, Sushil jumped into bed just when it was time to go to school. Subal looked at him in surprise and asked him, "Why are you still in bed? Aren't you going to school?"

"I have a terrible stomach-ache," said Sushil promptly. Subal saw through the trick at once and said to himself, "Very well. I know how to teach you a lesson."

He turned to Sushil. "A stomach-ache, eh? You'd better stay in bed then. You are not to go anywhere. I had bought some lozenges for you, but you'd better not have them. Just lie down quietly while I go and prepare a brew for your stomach-ache."

Subal locked his son in, and went off to prepare a bowl of a really bitter brew. Sushil was in a quandary². He loved lozenges and loathed the brews his father made. And he was dying to go to the Bose's. But now there seemed to be no chance. When Subal returned to the room with a big bowl of bitter brew, Sushil jumped out of bed saying, "I am fine now; my stomach-ache has gone. I'm going to school."

"You are not going out anywhere today," said Subal. "Drink this and lie here quietly for the rest of the day." He forced the brew down Sushil's reluctant throat, locked the door from outside, and left.

Sushil burst into tears and wept buckets the whole day long. He told himself, "If only I could be as old as my father, I'd be able to do whatever I wanted to."

Subal sat outside and thought, "My parents pampered me so much when I was young."

²quandary dilemma

I could never study as much as I ought to have done. If only I could be young once again I'd spend all my time studying hard."

And it so happened that the goddess who grants wishes, was passing by just then. She heard both Subal and Sushil and decided to grant them both their wishes. Appearing before Subal, she said, "Tomorrow morning you will be as young as your son." To Sushil she said, "From tomorrow you are going to be as old as your father." Both father and son were delighted.

Usually, old Subal could never get any sleep towards the early part of the night, but around dawn he was fast asleep and slept late. But when the sun rose the next morning, he almost jumped out of bed and discovered that he had grown quite small. The teeth he had lost were all back. The clothes he had been wearing were too big for him now. His shirt sleeves were longer than his arms, and almost touched the floor. His *dhoti* swept the floor, and he almost tumbled in it.

Sushil, who woke up at the crack of dawn and ran about the house, was hardly able to open his eyes. When he finally did succeed in shaking off his sleep, it was only because his father was making such a racket outside. Sushil woke up to find that his clothes were really tight. Nearly half his face was covered with a salt and pepper beard and moustache. There was no trace of hair that had covered his head. He was shocked to discover a gleaming, bald pate in its place. What seemed even stranger was that he did not want to get out of bed as he did on other days. He yawned, turned over on his side and decided to stay in bed.

Both father and son had got exactly what they had wished for. What they had not anticipated,³ were the complications. In the past, Sushil had always thought that once he was old and independent, he'd spend his entire time climbing trees, swimming in the pond, and

³anticipated expected

roaming wild with his friends all day long. There would be no one to stop him from doing what he wanted. When he woke up that morning, he felt no urge to climb trees. He spread a mat on the verandah and sat there lost in thoughts. Finally, he decided that he should not give up the things he was fond of.

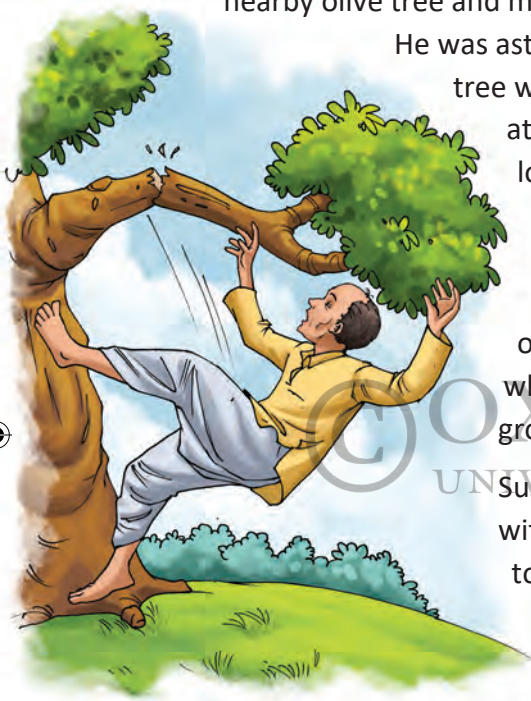
He stood up and decided to try his usual antics. He went to a nearby olive tree and made several attempts to climb it.

He was astounded to find that climbing a tree was beyond him now. After several attempts he hung on to one of the lower branches which gave way under his weight, and broke into two. He lay flat on the ground. Passers-by were amazed to see an old man trying to climb a tree, and when they saw him rolling on the ground they burst out laughing.

Sushil's friends, who had played with him just the previous evening, took one look at the grouchy old man and ran for their lives. They had no idea that it was Sushil himself. Sushil used to think

that the moment he was old and independent, he would play with his friends all day long. But now the very sight of Gopal, Akshay, Harish, and Nanda put him in a bad mood. He hated the thought of their noisy games, and did not want them to disturb him.

You would remember, of course, that once upon a time Subal had told himself that if he ever got back his lost childhood he would lock himself up in his study and pore over his books



all day long. Now that he was young again, he hated the very thought of studying or going to school. Sushil was very angry with him, and said, “Father, aren’t you going to school today?” Subal looked down, scratched his head, and said, “I can’t. I’ve got a stomach-ache.”

“Stomach-ache!” said Sushil angrily, “Don’t try your tricks on me. I used to get a similar stomach-ache to avoid going to school.” Sushil had known so many different ways of playing truant⁴ and the memory was still so fresh in his mind that it was quite impossible for his poor father to fool him.

Sushil forced his young father to go to school. When Subal returned in the evening and longed to go out and play, it was time for old Sushil to wear his glasses and read the *Ramayana* aloud to himself. Subal’s noisy presence disturbed him. So he made Subal sit in front of him and do the sums. He selected such tough and complicated problems that it took his young father more than an hour to solve just one of them. In the evening, Sushil played chess with the old men in the locality.

Sushil was particularly careful about food. When his father Subal was an old man, he had a lot of digestive problems. The slightest overeating would bring in an attack of acidity. Sushil remembered it very well and stopped his young father from eating his fill. Subal, on the contrary, was perpetually⁵ hungry these days, and felt he would be able to digest even a piece of stone. However, Sushil just would not allow him to eat normally, and Subal remained hungry. He started losing weight and grew thin.

Old Sushil also had his own problems. He soon realized that nothing of what used to be his second nature, suited him anymore. The irregular hours gifted him a cold cough and

⁴truant shirker ★ ⁵perpetually always

severe body-ache, and he had to remain in bed for three whole weeks. Young Sushil had loved to take his daily dip in the pond. But the moment he tried it now, his rheumatism increased so alarmingly that he had to see a doctor for six months. He now bathed at home in warm water, and that too on alternate days, and refused to let Subal bathe in the pond as well. He would pick up the comb by mistake to comb his hair, and end up scratching his bald pate.



Subal too forgot at times that he was no longer old. He would go and join a gathering of old people and comment on their discussions. Needless to say, it would annoy them very much. They boxed his ears, scolded him for being precocious⁶, and told him to go away. Forgetting that he did not look old, he would ask his tutor for a puff of tobacco. The tutor caned him soundly and made him stand on one leg as a punishment for his impertinence⁷. Sometimes Subal would go and smack Sushil as before. The elderly Sushil would flare up and say, “Is this the kind of manners they’re teaching you in school these days? How dare you?”

Enough was, after all, enough! Subal now prayed with all his heart that he might regain his lost age and independence which he had been foolish enough to pass on to Sushil. Sushil too prayed earnestly that

⁶precocious too clever for his years ★
⁷impertinence rudeness

he might become young once again and play around with his friends the way he used to.

The goddess who grants wishes heard them both. “Well?” she said appearing before them, “are you satisfied?”

“Yes, yes, indeed we are,” cried both father and son falling at her feet. “Please change us back to what we used to be once again.”

“Very well then,” said the goddess. “That’s what will happen when you wake up tomorrow morning.” The next day, Subal woke up as an old man and Sushil found himself young once again. Each of them felt that he had just woken up from a bad dream. Subal raised his voice and asked, “Sushil, why aren’t you studying your grammar aloud?”

Sushil scratched his head and replied, “Father, I’ve lost my book.”

Rabindranath Tagore

Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941) was a Bengali poet, philosopher, playwright, artist, composer and novelist. He was the first Indian who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. The story has been adapted in-house.

Reading

1. The father and son were reverse of what their names suggested. Give an example for each of them.
2. Why did Sushil Chandra not want to go to school? What excuse did he give?
3. What did Father do to sort out the truant?
4. What did the father and son wish for?
5. Both the father and son were frustrated with the change. Give examples to prove this.
6. Pick out your two favourite humorous situations from the story. Also, say why you chose these.

7. What message does Tagore convey to the readers through the story?

VB

Vocabulary

Form antonyms of the words in Box A using suitable prefixes from Box B.

Box A

| | | |
|-------------|-----------|-----------|
| prepared | necessary | intended |
| responsible | sense | accurate |
| human | fortunate | conscious |
| regular | order | respect |

Box B

| |
|-----|
| non |
| un |
| dis |
| ir |
| in |

Writing

Imagine that you are Sushil. This experience has taught you a great lesson. Write a letter to your friend, telling him/her what you have learnt.

VB

Speaking

If you met a genie and he granted you three wishes, what would you wish for? Also state how it would

- benefit you.
- benefit your friends/family.
- benefit your community.

VB



Mother to Son



Well, son, I'll
tell you:

Life for me ain't been
no crystal stair¹.

It's had tacks² in it,

And splinters³,

And boards torn up,

And places with no
carpet on the floor—
Bare.

But all the time

I've been a-climbin' on,

And reachin' landin's⁴,

And turnin' corners,

And sometimes goin' in
the dark

Where there ain't been
no light.

So, boy, don't you
turn back.



¹crystal stair (here) not an easy/smooth life ★ ²tacks pins/nails ★ ³splinters a small thin sharp bit of wood, glass, or metal ★ ⁴landin's an intermediate platform in a staircase

Don't you set down on the steps.
"Cause you finds it's kinder hard.
Don't you fall now"
For I'se still goin', honey,
I'se still climbin',
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes (1902–1967) was an American poet, novelist, and playwright. He wrote novels, short stories, plays, poetry, operas, essays, and works for children. Some of his most famous works include, *Montage of a Dream Deferred*, *The Way of White Folks*, *The Big Sea*, etc.

Poem appreciation

1. What kind of a life has the mother led? What does she compare her life to?
2. What is the mother's advice to her son?
3. What character traits of the mother does the poem bring out?
4. *Don't you set down on the steps*. What does the speaker imply?
5. What is the tone and mood of the speaker?
6. A metaphor is a word or phrase for one thing that is used to refer to another thing in order to show or suggest that they are similar. Explain the metaphor in this line: *Life for me ain't been no crystal stair*. What do metaphors such as 'tacks', 'splinters' and 'boards torn up' suggest?
7. The poem is written in the form of a monologue. Do we get a sense of the son's character even though we don't hear him speak? What do you think is the impact of the mother's words on him? Give reasons for your answer.
8. What images in the poem underline the following?
 - a. poverty
 - b. struggle
9. Why do you think has the poet used vernacular language?

Writing

All of us have a special lady in our lives. She could be anybody—mother, sister, grandmother, aunt. Who is your special lady? Why is she so special? What do you do to show your love and respect for this relationship?

Write a paragraph of about 120 words.

Organize your thoughts below before writing the paragraph.

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Activity

Your mother/father/grandparents mean a lot to you yet often there are differences of opinion. How would you resolve the following situations?
Role-play in pairs.

1. Your parents want you to study for a professional course but you want to become a singer/dancer.
2. You have a friend that your parents disapprove of but you see nothing wrong with him/her.
3. Your parents want to keep a check on your phone/social media accounts but you think they should trust you enough.

2

The Happy Prince



High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was covered 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. After they were gone, he felt lonely. So he decided to go to Egypt too.

All day long he flew, and by night he arrived in 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 alighted¹ 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

¹alighted perched



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. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful.”

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 drenched² 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. I played with my companions in the garden. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay outside. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was. After I died, they set me up here so high that I can see all 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 out loud.

²drenched soaked

“Far away,” continued the statue in a low voice, “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 passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen’s maids-of-honour³ 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 for 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.”

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad.”

“I don’t think I like boys,” answered the Swallow. “They were always throwing stones at me. And I have to go to Egypt.”

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was

³maids-of-honour the chief women-attendants of the queen

sorry. "It is very cold here," he said, "but I will stay with you for one night and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So 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 over the river. At last he came to the poor 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. 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 slept peacefully.

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. The little Swallow began to think and then he fell asleep.

When day broke, he flew down to the river and had a bath. "Tonight I go to Egypt," said the Swallow when the moon rose. "Have you any commissions⁴ for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not 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. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of

⁴commissions tasks; duties

the Theatre, but he is too cold to write and hunger has made him faint."

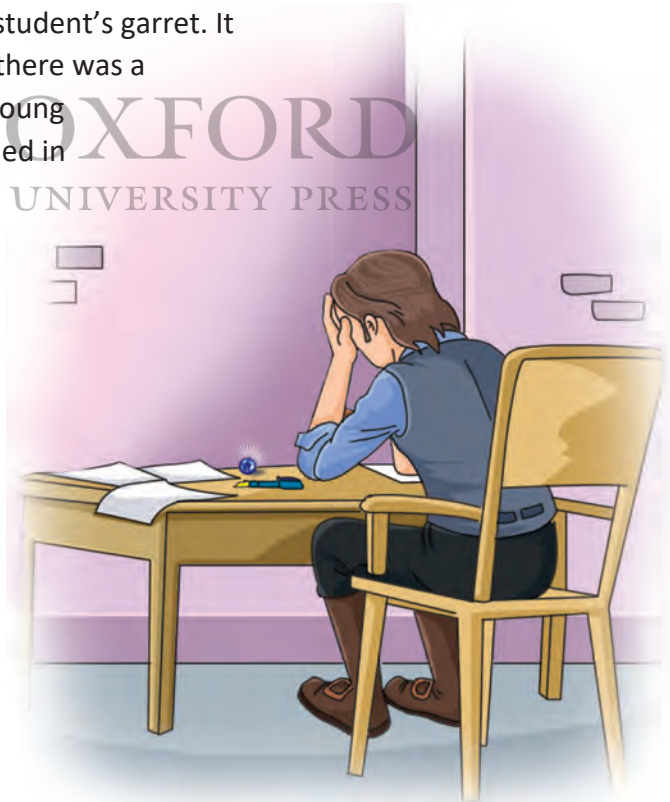
"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"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 student's garret. It was easy to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. The young man had his head buried in his hands, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the table.

"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 around. When the moon rose, he flew back to the Happy Prince. "I am come to bid you good-bye," 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 chilly snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away."

"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. She is crying. She has no shoes or stockings and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and she will not cry."

"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 other eye and darted down with it. He slipped the jewel into the palm of the match girl's 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." "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 of women. 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 saw the faces of starving children on the streets. Under the archway of a bridge, two little boys were lying in one another’s arms to try and keep themselves warm. “How hungry we are!” they said.

“You must not lie here,” shouted the watchman, and they went 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 my poor.” Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. He gave it to the poor, and the children’s faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. “We have bread now!” they cried.

Then the snow came, and then the frost. The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder but he would not leave the Prince.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. “Good-bye, dear Prince!” he murmured.

“I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “you have stayed too long here.”

“It is not to Egypt that I am going,” said the Swallow. “I am going to the House of Death.”

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

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The leaden heart had snapped right in two.

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.

"In fact," said the Mayor, "he is no better than a beggar! And there is a dead bird at his feet!"

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. Then they melted the statue in a furnace.

"What a strange thing!" said the workmen at the foundry⁵. "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.



⁵foundry place where iron is melted

“You have rightly chosen,” said God, “for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for ever, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me.”

Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde (1854–1900) was an Irish playwright, poet and short story writer. He is most famous for his witty plays which often take a very critical but also comic view of late-nineteenth century upper class English society.

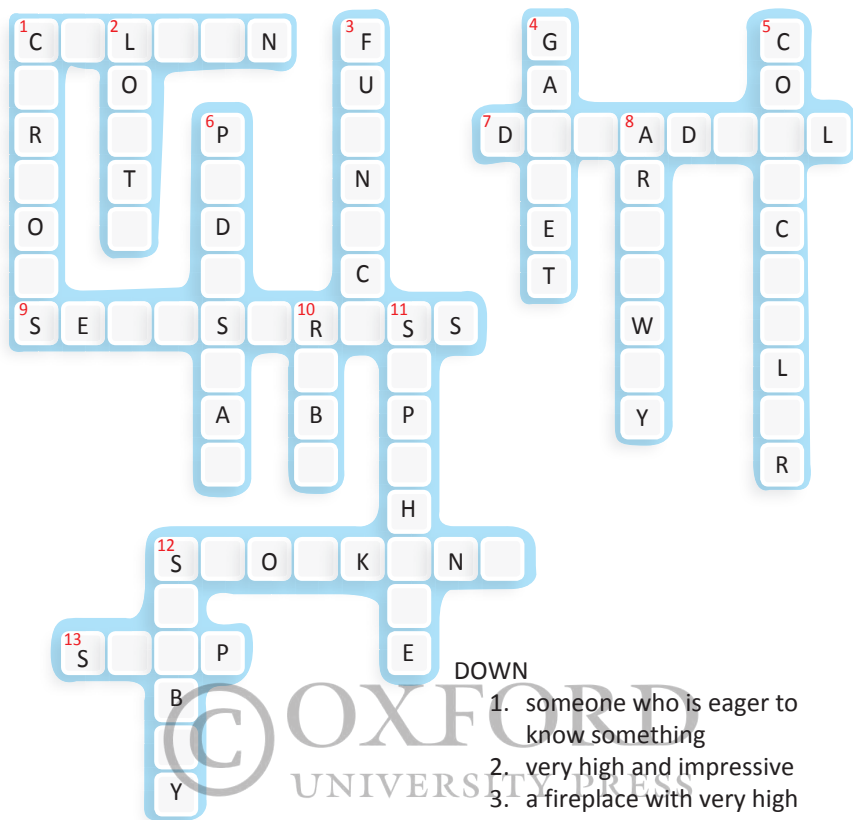
Reading

1. Why is the Prince called happy? Was he really happy? Why?
2. Why does the Happy Prince send a ruby for the seamstress?
3. For whom does the Prince give away his eyes and why?
4. Why did the Swallow not leave the Prince and go to Egypt?
5. Why does God consider the leaden heart and the dead bird as the two most precious things in the city?



Vocabulary

Solve the crossword puzzle with the help of words that appear in the story.



DOWN

ACROSS

1. a tall, solid pillar, usually round and made of stone, which supports or decorates a building or stands alone as a monument
2. very bad or unpleasant
3. a woman who sews and makes clothes for a living
4. thin, sock-like piece of clothing worn by women on the feet and legs
5. break suddenly with a sharp noise
6. someone who is eager to know something
7. very high and impressive
8. a fireplace with very high temperature used to melt glass or metal
9. a dark, uncomfortable and unpleasant room on the roof of the house
10. an official member of the town council
11. the solid base on which a pillar or a statue rests
12. a passage, often underneath a bridge or the entrance of a tall gate, with a curved portion above it
13. a dark-red precious stone
14. a clear, bright-blue precious stone
15. dirty, in poor condition, worn out

Writing

When the Prince becomes blind, the Swallow decides to stay with him forever. Since his friends were waiting for him in Egypt, the Swallow wants to inform them that he will not come any more; he also tells them the reason for it. Write the message on behalf of the Swallow for his friends.

VB

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Speaking

The Prince helps the poor and the needy. The jewels and the gold leaves make many people happy. Perform a monologue/dialogue with any one of the following to express what they think and feel after they receive the mysterious gift which changes their lives.

1. the seamstress and her son
2. the playwright and a friend
3. little match-girl and her father
4. the two little boys huddled together

VB

3

All about a Dog



It was a bitterly cold night, and even at the far end of the bus, the east wind that raved along the street cut like a knife.

The bus stopped, and two women and a man got in together and filled the vacant places.



The young woman was dressed in sealskin¹, and carried one of those little Pekinese² dogs that women in sealskin like to carry in their laps. The conductor came in and took the fares. Then his eyes rested with cold malice on the beady-eyed toy dog. I saw trouble brewing. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and he intended to make the most of it. I had marked him as the type of what Mr Wells³ has called the Resentful Employee, the man with a general vague grievance against everything and a particular grievance against passengers who came and sat in his bus while he shivered at the door.

“You must take that dog out,” he said with sour venom⁴.

¹**sealskins** the skin and fur of seals, used by people to make waterproof jackets and boots; (here) dressed expensively ★ ²**Pekinese** a breed of small, pug-nosed, short-legged, and long-haired dog ★ ³**Wells** the English writer H.G. Wells (1866–1946), remembered for his science fiction ★ ⁴**venom** poison; (here) hatred

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You can take my name and address," said the woman, who had evidently expected the challenge and knew the reply.

"You must take that dog out—that's my orders."

"I won't go on the top in such weather. It would kill me," said the woman.

"Certainly not," said her lady companion. "You've got a cough as it is."

"It's nonsense," said her male companion.

The conductor pulled the bell and the bus stopped.

"This bus doesn't go until that dog is brought out." And he stepped on to the pavement and waited. It was his moment of triumph. He had the law on his side and a whole bus full of angry people under the harrow⁵. His embittered soul was having a real holiday.

The storm inside rose high. "Shameful"; "He's no better than a German"; "Why isn't he in the army?"; "Call the police"; "Let's all report him"; "Let's make him give us our fares back."

For everybody was on the side of the lady and the dog.

That little animal sat blinking at the dim lights in happy unconsciousness of the rumpus, of which he was the cause.

The conductor came to the door. "What's your number?" said one, taking out a pocketbook with a gesture of terrible things.

"There's my number," said the conductor imperturbably⁶.

"Give us our fares back—you've engaged to carry us—you can't leave us here all night."

⁵harrow a farming machine with metal teeth on a frame used to break up the soil after ploughing; (here) greatly distressed ★ ⁶imperturbably calmly

“No fares back,” said the conductor.

Two or three passengers got out and disappeared into the night. The conductor took another turn on the pavement, then went and had a talk with the driver.

Another bus, the last on the road, sailed by indifferent to the shouts of the passengers to stop. “They stick by each other—the villains,” was the comment.

Someone pulled the belt violently. That brought the driver round to the door. “Who’s conductor of this bus?” he said, and paused for a reply. None coming, he returned to his seat and resumed beating his arms across his chest. There was no hope in that quarter.

A policeman strolled up and looked in at the door. An avalanche⁷ of indignant⁸ protests and appeals burst on him.

“Well, he’s got his rules, you know,” he said genially. “Give your name and address.”

“That’s what he’s been offered, and he won’t take it.”

“Oh,” said the policeman, and he went away and took his stand a few yards down the street, where he was joined by two more constables. And still the little dog blinked at the lights, and the conductor walked



⁷avalanche sudden snowstorm-like
burst ★ ⁸indignant angry

to and fro on the pavement, like a captain on the quarterdeck⁹ in the hour of victory. A young woman, whose voice had risen high above the gale inside, descended on him with an air of threatening and slaughter. He was immovable—as cold as the night and as hard as the pavement. She passed on in a fury of impotence¹⁰ to the three policemen who stood like a group of statuary up the street watching the drama. Then she came back, imperiously¹¹ beckoned to her “young man” who had sat a silent witness of her rage, and vanished. Others followed. The bus was emptying. Even the dashing young fellow who had demanded the number, and who had declared he would see this thing through if he sat there all night, had taken an opportunity to slip away.

Meanwhile the Pekinese party were passing through every stage of resistance to abject surrender.

“I’ll go on the top,” said the sealskin lady at last.

“You mustn’t.”

“I will.”

“You’ll have pneumonia.”

“Let me take it.” (This from the man.)

“Certainly not”—she would die with her dog.

When she had disappeared up the stairs, the conductor came back, pulled the bell, and the bus went on. He stood sourly triumphant while his conduct was savagely discussed in his face by the remnant of the party.

Then the engine struck work, and the conductor went to the help of the driver. It was a long job, and presently the lady with the dog

⁹quarter-deck the upper deck of a ship near the stern, frequented by only the higher ranking officers on board ★ ¹⁰impotence the inability to change things or influence a situation ★ ¹¹imperiously authoritatively

stole down the stairs and re-entered the bus. When the engine was put right the conductor came back and pulled the bell.

Then his eye fell on the dog, and his hand went to the bell rope again. The driver looked round, the conductor pointed to the dog. The bus stopped, and the struggle re-commenced¹² with all the original features, the conductor walking the pavement, the driver smacking his arms on the box, the little dog blinking at the lights, the sealskin lady declaring that she would not go on the top—and finally going.

“I’ve got my rules,” said the conductor to me when I was the last passenger left behind.

He had won his victory, but felt that he would like to justify himself to somebody.

“Rules,” I said, “are necessary things, but there are rules and rules. Some are hard and fast rules, like the rule of the road, which cannot be broken without danger to life and limb. But some are only rules for guidance, which you can apply or wink at¹³, as common sense dictates—like the rule about the dogs. They are not a whip put in your hand to scourge¹⁴ your passengers with, but an authority for an emergency. They are meant to be observed in the spirit, not in the letter—for the comfort and not the discomfort of the passengers. You have kept the rule and broken its spirit. You want to mix your rules with a little good-will and good temper.”

He took it very well, and when I got off the bus he said “Good night” quite amiably.

¹²re-commenced started again (here) cause suffering ★
¹³wink at ignore something (idiom) ★ ¹⁴scourge a whip used to punish people in the past; (here) cause suffering

A.G. Gardiner

Alfred George Gardiner (1865–1946), who wrote under the pseudonym, “Alpha of the Plough”, was an essayist. His essays are marked by light-heartedness and wit, and are often rich in reflections on human life. This essay is more about the proper observance of rules than about a dog. In his humorous style, Gardiner conveys a strong message.

Reading

1. What was the narrator’s perception of the conductor? Who did he compare him to? Why?
2. What according to the conductor was the rule about dogs? How did the people react towards the conductor?
3. What was the conductor’s way to get the woman to comply with the rule?
4. What did the passengers do when the bus stopped?
5. Why did the bus stop for the second time?
6. What was the narrator’s advice to the conductor? How does the conductor take the narrator’s advice? Give reasons to support your answer.
7. The narrator makes a couple of digs at the “Pekinese party” but it is evident that he sympathizes with them. Give two examples as evidence of his views.
8. “You have kept the rule and broken its spirit” sums up the purpose of writing the essay. Do you agree? Elaborate upon this.

Vocabulary

Tick the correct synonym of the word in *italics* from the choices given below.

1. It was a bitterly cold night, and even at the far end of the bus, the east wind that *raved* along the street cut like a knife.
 - a. screeched
 - b. sharp and piercing
 - c. blew furiously
 - d. was freezing

2. The conductor came in and took the fares, and then his eyes rested with cold *malice* on the beady-eyed toy-dog.
- a. humanity
 - b. benevolently
 - c. curiosity
 - d. hatred
3. His *embittered* soul rejoiced in getting his way.
- a. resentful
 - b. delighted
 - c. ignorant
 - d. impolite
4. That little animal sat blinking at the dim lights in happy oblivion of the *rumpus*, of which he was the cause.
- a. amusement
 - b. disgust
 - c. calmness
 - d. disturbance
5. He took it very well, and when I got off the bus he said "Good night" quite *amiably*.
- a. curtly
 - b. pleasantly
 - c. hurriedly
 - d. rudely

Writing

You are a journalist in the same bus. Write a newspaper report about the incident. Bring out the message that rules framed for public guidance are meant to be observed in the spirit but not in letter. Try to retain the humour in the article.

Headline:

Byline (by whom the news is written):

Place:; Date:

Introductory paragraph: (Who? What? Where? When? Why?)

.....
.....
.....

Paragraph 2: Eyewitness accounts

.....
.....
.....

Paragraph 3: Future course of action

.....
.....
.....

Speaking

Imagine that you are the lady with the dog. You board the bus again and meet the same conductor. But now, he is a changed man. Enact the conversation. You may start along the following lines:

Conductor: Good evening, Madam. It's a chilly evening. Is your pet not with you today?

Lady: Good evening! Yes, it has become quite cold. This evening, I left my pet with my neighbours.

Conductor: Madam, I have been meaning to apologize ...



In the Bazaars of Hyderabad



What do you sell, O ye merchants?

Richly your wares¹ are displayed.

Turbans of crimson and silver,

Tunics² of purple brocade³,

Mirror with panels of amber,

Daggers with handles of jade.⁴

What do you weigh, O ye vendors⁵?

Saffron and lentil and rice

What do you grind, O ye maidens?

Sandalwood, henna, and spice

What do you call, O ye peddlers?

Chessmen and ivory dice.

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?

Wristlet and anklet and ring,

Bells for the feet of blue pigeons,

Frail⁶ as a dragonfly's wing,

Girdles of gold for the dancers,

Scabbards of gold for the king.



¹wares goods for sale ★ ²tunics long, loose-fitting garments worn by men and women ★ ³brocade heavy fabric interwoven with a rich, raised design ★ ⁴jade a precious stone ★ ⁵vendors people who sell goods ★ ⁶frail delicate

What do you cry, O ye fruit-men?
Citron⁷, pomegranate and plum
What do you play, O musicians?
Cithar, sarangi and drum.
What do you chant, O magicians?
Spells for the aeons⁸ to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls
With tassels of azure and red?
Crown for the brow of a bridegroom,
Chaplets⁹ to garland his bed,
Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered¹⁰
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

Sarojini Naidu

- ⁷**citron** a fruit like a lemon ★
⁸**aeons** an indefinitely long period of time ★ ⁹**chaplets** small garlands ★
¹⁰**new-garnered** freshly gathered

Sarojini Naidu (1897–1949) was a freedom fighter, scholar and poet. She was the first woman to become the President of the Indian National Congress and the first woman to become the Governor of Uttar Pradesh.

Poem appreciation

1. Match the sellers with their wares, as described in the poem.

| Sellers | Wares |
|------------------------------------|--|
| merchants <input type="radio"/> | <input type="radio"/> saffron, lentil, rice |
| vendors <input type="radio"/> | <input type="radio"/> crowns, chaplets |
| peddlers <input type="radio"/> | <input type="radio"/> citrons, pomegranates, plums |
| goldsmiths <input type="radio"/> | <input type="radio"/> chessmen, ivory dice |
| fruit-men <input type="radio"/> | <input type="radio"/> turbans, tunics, mirrors, daggers |
| flower-girls <input type="radio"/> | <input type="radio"/> wristlets, anklets, rings, bells, girdles, scabbards |

2. Answer the following questions briefly.

- What kind of pigeons would be blue in colour and wear bells in their feet?
- The flower-girls are selling flowers for both happy and sad occasions. What are these two occasions?
- Give examples of each of these things mentioned in the poem: precious stones; musical instruments; cereals; fruits; clothes

3. In this poem, the poet makes use of several kinds of images. Give one example of each of these kinds. One has been done for you.

| | |
|-------|-------------------------------|
| Sight | turbans of crimson and silver |
| Taste | |
| Touch | |
| Sound | |
| Smell | |

Activity

In a small group, go out to a busy market with a camera. Try to capture photographs which would appropriately illustrate the various descriptions in the poem. Make sure to click a lot of photographs so that you may later select the best ones. Then prepare a colourful collage with the poem and your photographs to display on your classroom wall.





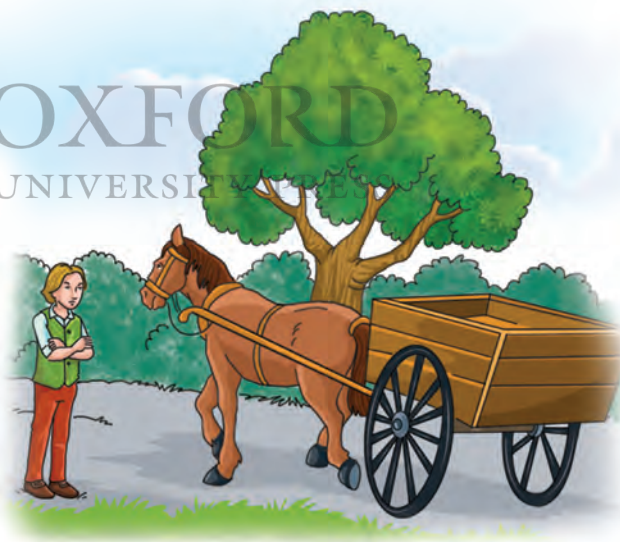
The Night We Won the Buick



It was just before World War II. We were the only family in our New York town that didn't own a car. I was a typical teenager, and to me 'no car', when most others had one, was disgraceful.

Our daily shopping trips were made in a small two-wheeled basket cart drawn by an ancient pony that my mother had named Barkis after the character in *David Copperfield*¹. Bony Barkis was a comic eyesore. Every clop² of his hooves showed our poverty.

We were poor. My father's salary as clerk would have been enough had he not given half of it to support his ill and poor relatives. Even our house was mortgaged³.



¹**David Copperfield** a famous novel by the English writer, Charles Dickens (1812–1870) ★ ²**clop** sharp hollow sound, as of a horse's hoof striking pavement ★

³**mortgaged** the house was the security or guarantee against which the family had taken a loan

Mother consoled the family by saying, “If you have character, you have the better part of wealth.”

My bitter reply was, “You can’t buy a car with it.” Yet she succeeded in making poverty tolerable in all other respects. Our home had charm. Mother knew the secret of using a few yards of the right chintz⁴ and a little paint in the right places. But the garage still stabled Barkis and not a car.

Suddenly there arrived a moment which was to convert my shame into a blaze of glory.

For weeks a new Buick Roadmaster had stood in the window of the biggest store on Main Street. Now, on the final celebration night of the county fair, it was to be raffled off⁵. After watching the fireworks I stayed in the shadows at the edge of the throng till the end when the winning number was to be drawn out.

Decorated in bunting⁶ on a special platform, the Buick glittered under a dozen spotlights. The crowd held its breath as the mayor reached into the glass bowl for the lucky ticket.

Never in my most lavish⁷ desires had I thought that Lady Luck would smile upon the only family in town without a car. But the loudspeaker boomed my father’s name! By the time I wormed my way up to the platform, the mayor had presented Dad with the keys, and he had driven off amid cheers.

I reached home in record time, imagining myself at the wheel of the Buick, driving my friends. The house was dark but for lights in the living room. The Buick stood in the driveway, glistening in the glow from the front window. From the garage I heard a snuffle from Barkis.

Panting⁸ from my run, I touched the car’s smooth surface,

⁴chintz printed and glazed cotton fabric, usually of bright colours ★ ⁵raffled off disposed of in a lottery ★ ⁶bunting streamers; decorations ★ ⁷lavish luxurious ★ ⁸panting breathing heavily

opened the door and got inside. The luxurious interior had that wonderful new-car smell. I studied the gleaming dashboard. Turning my head to admire the back seat, I saw my father's sturdy figure through the rear window. He was pacing the sidewalk. I slammed the door and rushed over to him.



"Leave me alone!" he snarled.

I was taken aback, I could not have been more hurt. Shocked, I went into the house.

Mother met me in the living room. "Don't be upset," she said. "Your father is struggling with an ethical⁹ problem. We'll have to wait until he finds the right answer."

"What's unethical about winning a Buick?"

"The car may not be ours after all. There's a question."

I shouted wildly, "How can there be a question? It was announced downtown over the loudspeaker!"

"Come here, son." On the table under the lamp were two raffle tickets, numbers 348 and 349. The winning number was 348.

"Do you see the difference between the two?" Mother asked.

I looked carefully. "The only difference I can see is that 348 won." "Hold 348 to the light and look hard."

⁹ethical moral; of principles

It required a lot of looking to see the faint letter “K” dimly marked in pencil on one corner. “Do you see the “K”?”



“Just barely.”

“It stands for Kendrick.”

“Jim Kendrick? Dad’s boss?”

“Yes.”

She explained. My father had asked Jim if he wanted to buy a ticket. Jim had mumbled, “Why not?” and turned back to what he was doing. It may never have crossed his mind again. Dad then bought two tickets in his own name with his own money, marking 348 for Kendrick that was hardly visible and could be wiped out by the lightest rub of a thumb.

To me, it was an open-and-shut case. Jim Kendrick was a multimillionaire. He owned a dozen cars. He lived on an estate

with a staff of servants, including two chauffeurs¹⁰. Another car meant less to him than a bridle¹¹ on Barkis meant to us. I argued, “Dad’s got to keep it!”

“I know he’ll do what’s right,” Mother said calmly.

At last we heard Dad’s step on the front porch¹². I held my breath. He went straight to the phone in the dining room and dialed. Kendrick’s phone rang for a long time. A servant finally answered. From what Dad said at our end I could tell that Kendrick had to be awakened.

He was annoyed at being roused from sleep. My father had to explain the whole thing from the beginning. The next afternoon Kendrick’s two chauffeurs arrived in a station wagon. Before driving the Buick away, they presented Dad with a box of cigars.

We didn’t get a car until after I was grown. But, as time went on, my mother’s aphorism¹³, “If you have character, you have the better part of wealth,” took on a new meaning. Looking back over the years, I know now we were never richer than we were at the moment when Dad made that telephone call.

John Griggs

¹⁰**chauffeurs** drivers (pronounced “show-fur” with the stress on the first syllable) ★

¹¹**bridle** a set of leather bands put around the horse’s head to control it while riding

★ ¹²**porch** a small area at the entrance of the house or building ★ ¹³**aphorism** saying; quotations

Reading

1. Mention details in the story which show that the narrator’s family was quite poor.
2. Why was it so important for the narrator to possess a car?
3. How did the narrator’s joy turn out to be short-lived?

4. Explain what the narrator means when he says, "I know now we were never richer than we were at the moment when Dad made that telephone call".
5. Do you think the narrator's father did the right thing, or was he foolish? Give a reason for your answer.
6. Do you like the ending of the story? Why/why not?



Vocabulary

Fill in the blanks in the passage below with suitable words taken from those given in the box.

contestant adapted slums unfolds suspects
nominated diversity interrogate shoestring
uneducated rags-to-riches acclaimed

Slumdog Millionaire is a much film. It was for ten Academy Awards in all and won eight Oscars. The film is a story of an eighteen-year-old orphan, Jamal, who works as a tea server. The story is set in the of Mumbai.

Jamal is a on the Indian version of the popular American TV show "Who Wants to Be A Millionaire". When he is just a question away from becoming a millionaire, the envious host of the show him of cheating and calls the police. Everyone else is suspicious too because no one can believe that a poor, boy could answer all the questions. Jamal is arrested. The police him. The story of Jamal's life in flashbacks. The audience then learns that Jamal has not cheated and that his life has taught him a lot. The message of the film is clear: the rich cultural of a country like India can enrich a person's learning

immensely. The screenplay of the film was from the novel *Q & A*. The film was made on a budget but it has earned more than £100 million at the box office.

Writing

How do you think the narrator feels when his father decides to give the Buick away to Kendrick? How does he feel the next morning when the Buick is driven away in front of his eyes by Kendrick's drivers?

In order to express his thoughts and feelings, the narrator writes a page in his diary. Put yourself in the narrator's shoes and write the page.

VB



Speaking

Divide the class into two groups for a debate. Then by lottery, you'll be given a stand for or against the statement below. Discuss your arguments and examples within your group to support your stand. Carry out the debate in the class. Each side will be allotted five minutes to speak and two minutes to question or criticize the arguments of the opposite side.


It is not always wise to be honest.

Two's Company



They said the house was haunted, but
He laughed at them and said, "Tut, tut!
I've never heard such tittle-tattle¹
As ghosts that groan and chains that rattle;
And just to prove that I'm in the right,
Please leave me here to spend the night."
They winked absurdly, tried to smother
Their ignorant laughter, nudged each other,
And left him just as dusk was falling
With a hunch-back moon and screech-owls calling.
Not that this troubled him one bit;
In fact, he was quite glad of it,
Knowing it's every man's mission
To contradict all superstition.
But what is that? Outside it seemed
As if chains rattled, someone screamed!
Come, come, it's merely nerves, he's certain
(But just the same, he draws the curtain).
The stroke of twelve—but there's no clock!
He shuts the door and turns the lock
(Of course, he knows that no one's there,
But no harm's done by taking care!)

¹tittle-tattle gossip or foolish chatter



Someone's outside—the silly joker,
(He may as well pick up the poker!)
That noise again! He checks the doors,
Shutters the windows, makes a pause
To seek the safest place to hide—
(The cupboard's strong—he creeps inside)
“Not that there's anything to fear,”
He tells himself, when at his ear
A voice breathes softly, “How do you do!
I am the ghost. Pray who are you?”

Raymond Wilson

Poem appreciation

Answer the following questions in one or two sentences.

1. Why did the man go into the haunted house? What was his mission?
2. Who are “they” in the poem? What did they feel when they left the man in the house? How do we know that?
3. Why did the central character lock the door when he heard the clock strike twelve?
4. The central character did not believe in ghosts. Then what made him look for a place to hide?
5. The poem has several images that the poet uses to make the poem scary. For example: chains that rattle. Can you pick out three more scary images from the poem?

Activity

1. Have you ever had a scary experience? If yes, write an account of it. If not, make up one and write a scary short story.
2. If you were hiding in a cupboard and someone whispered, “How do you do! I am the ghost. Pray who are you?” what would your reaction be? Write a paragraph.

