

**DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH**  
**SHIFT-II**  
**ENGLISH TEXTBOOK**  
**SEMESTER-II**

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## 1. ON SAYING PLEASE

- A.G. Gardiner

### Introduction:

Alfred George Gardiner (1865-1946), born in Chelmsford, Essex, was one of the most delightful essayists of all time. In 1887, he joined the Northern Daily Telegraph which paved the way for him to become a journalist. His vocation as a newspaper editor began with the Blackburn Weekly Telegraph and his fame as an editor came to the limelight with his appointment as an editor to the most leading liberal journal of the day, Daily News. In the realm of British literature, the essays of Gardiner were highly regarded. He had written his essays under the pseudonym, Alpha of the Plough or with the initials A.G.G. From 1915 onwards he started contributing to *The Star* under the pen-name Alpha of the Plough. During that time, *The Star* had many anonymous essayists whose pen-names were the names of stars. When asked to choose the name of a star as a pseudonym, Gardiner chose the name of the brightest star in the constellation 'the Plough'. His writings were consistently majestic, graceful and witty. His uniqueness lay in his ability to teach us the fundamental facts of life in a facile and fascinating manner. *Pillars of Society* (1913), *Pebbles on the Shore* (1916), *Leaves in the Wind* (1920) and *Many Furrows* (1924) were considered to be some of his best known writings.

This essay illuminates the value of good manners in our everyday life and points out the negativity behind the practice of bad manners in an effective and comprehensible manner.

### Text

The young lift-man in a City office who threw a passenger out of his lift the other morning and was fined for the offence was undoubtedly in the wrong. It was a question of 'Please'. The complainant entering the lift, said, 'Top'. The lift-man demanded 'Top-please' and this concession being refused he not only declined to comply with the instruction, but hurled the passenger out of the lift. This, of course was carrying a comment on manner too far. Courtesy is not a legal offence, and it does not excuse assault and battery. If a burglar breaks into my house and I knock him down, the law will acquit me, and if I am physically assaulted, it will permit me to retaliate with reasonable violence. It does this because the burglar and my assailant have broken quite definite commands of the law, but no legal system could attempt to legislate against bad manners, or could sanction the use of violence against something which it does not itself recognize as a legally punishable offence. And whatever our sympathy with the lift-man, we must admit that the law is reasonable. It would never do if we were at liberty to box people's ears because we did not like their behaviour, or the tone of their voices, or the scowl on their faces. Our fists would never be idle, and the gutters of the City would run with blood all day. I may be as uncivil as I may please and the law will protect me against violent retaliation. I may be haughty or boorish and there is no penalty to pay except the penalty of being written down an ill-mannered fellow. The law does not compel me to say 'please' or to attune my voice to other people's sensibilities any more than it says that I shall not wax my moustache or dye my hair or wear ringlets down my back. It

does not recognize the laceration of our feelings as a case for compensation. There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages in these matters.

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

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

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

It is not, therefore, with any feeling of unfriendliness to conductors as a class that I pay a tribute to a particular member of that class. I first became conscious of his existence one day when I jumped on to a bus and found that I had left home without any money in my pocket. Everyone has had the experience and knows the feeling, the mixed feeling, which the

discovery arouses. You are annoyed because you look like a fool at the best and like a knave at the worst. You would not be at all surprised if the conductor eyed you coldly as much as to say, 'Yes I know that stale old trick. Now then, off you get.' And even if the conductor is a good fellow and lets you down easily, you are faced with the necessity of going back and the inconvenience, perhaps, of missing your train or your engagement.

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

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

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

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

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

to the lift-man a story of Chesterfield. In his time the London streets were without the pavements of today and the man who 'took the wall' had the driest footing. 'I never give the wall to a scoundrel,' said a man who met Chesterfield one day in the street. 'I always do', said Chesterfield, stepping with a bow into the road. I hope the lift man will agree that his revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

### Glossary

Hurled	- to throw or fling with great force or vigour
Assault	- a sudden, violent attack
Battery	- a physical act that results in that harmful or offensive contact
Burglar	- thief
Acquit	- free from a criminal charge
Retaliate	- make an attack in return for a similar attack
Legislate	-to exercise the function of legislation; make or enact laws
Scowl	-to draw down or contract the brows in a sullen, displeased, or angry manner
Haughty	- scornfully arrogant
Boorish	- unmannered; crude
Ringlets	- a curled lock of hair, a small ring or circle
Laceration	- the result of lacerating; a rough, jagged tear.
Slur	- allegation about someone that is likely to insult them or damage their reputation
Acutely	- sharp or severe in effect
Shins	- the front part of the leg from the knee to the ankle
Equilibrium	- a state of rest or balance due to the equal action of opposing forces.
Henpecked	- bullied, or intimidated by one's wife
Insolent	- rude and not showing respect
Morose	- gloomy and depressed
Temper	- a particular state of mind or feelings
Decalogue	- the Ten Commandments that God gave to the Israelites
Civilities	- courtesy, politeness
Verdict	- a judgment, decision
Knave	- an unprincipled, untrustworthy person

Feature	- characteristics
Fare	- the price of conveyance
Inexhaustible	- not exhaustible; incapable of being depleted
Uncouth	- lacking good manners, refinement, or grace
Conciliatory	- intended or likely to placate or pacify
Panegyric	- speech or piece of writing that praises someone or something
Affront	- an open or intentional offense
Elaborate	- worked out with great care
Scoundrel	- an unprincipled person
Flung	- to throw (past tense)

**Answer the following in about 50 words each.**

1. What made the lift-man to hurl a passenger out of the lift?
2. Who is called as an unpleasant specimen and why?
3. What is the first requirement of civility that would aid us to become better social beings?
4. Can the law become the guardian of our private manners?
5. Do you think the practice of bad manners was an aftermath of war?

**Answer the following in about 100 words each.**

1. How did the author learn a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners?
2. Attempt a character sketch of the conductor.
3. What can be considered as the most effective revenge on an ill-mannered person as suggested by the author?

**Answer the following in about 250 words each.**

1. "If bad manners are infectious, so as well are good manners." Elucidate.
2. Elaborate on the views of A.G. Gardiner on the vitality of practicing good manners and the shunning of bad manners.

## 2. HEADACHE

-R.K. Narayan

### Introduction:

Rasipuram Krishnaswami Iyer Narayanaswami shortly called as R.K. Narayan (1906-2001) is one of the leading figures of Indian English literature. He was born in Madras, and had studied at different schools namely Lutheran Mission School, C.R.C. High School and the Christian College High School. Being an ardent reader, he started reading the works of English writers like Charles Dickens, A.C. Doyle and Thomas Hardy at an early age. In 1926, he joined Maharaja College of Mysore and received the degree four years later. After his bachelor's degree, he worked as a school teacher for some time. Then he realized that the only career apt for him would be writing and stayed at home to start writing novels. Narayan was widely known for his autobiographical trilogy, *Swami and Friends* (1935), *The Bachelor of Arts* (1937) and *The English Teacher* (1945). He is the creator of the renowned fictional Indian town of Malgudi which served as the setting for most of his novels. His writings were simplistic and elegant in nature and was often compared to William Faulkner, the great American writer. He served as the member of the Rajya Sabha for six years (1989-95) for his contribution to Indian literature. Narayan received many awards and honours including the Padma Bhushan (1964), AC Benson Medal from the Royal Society of Literature (1980), and the Padma Vibhushan (2000). He has also won the Sahitya Akademi award for his novel, *The Guide* in 1958.

In this essay R.K. Narayan lucidly points out that headache is not a disease but a boon from God in disguise which helps people to elude from hard and uncomfortable situations. People's inclination to use it so often has resulted in making it a habit rather than as an excuse.

### Text

Of all the blessings conferred on mankind by a benign providence, the most useful is the headache. But for it, there would be many great embarrassments in life. Factual explanations are not always either palatable or feasible. In such circumstances, headache acts as a sort of password.

I remember at school, the very first letter-writing lesson I was taught was: "Respected sir, as I am suffering from headache, I request you to grant me leave..." I always wondered what made our teacher select headache as an excuse, even in a specimen letter. I think it was very much in everybody's thoughts, useful alike to the pupils, and their master. For us, a headache was a boon. We used to have drill after school hours (which I still think is an unfair and undesirable practice). We disliked this hour. On the drill ground almost all appeared to be afflicted with "Splitting headache, sir," and our drill instructor put an end to it by decreeing one day, "Those suffering from headache will hold up their arms". It raised our hopes, but he

added, "since I wish to detain them for some special exercises that will cure their headache." Not one lifted his arm. At which the instructor declared. "Now all of you take off your coats and get through the usual drill. I am glad to find that the class is going to exercise in full strength today".

Headache gives the sufferer a touch of importance. All aches sound crude and physiological, and sensitive people would not mention them. No other ailment can be so openly mentioned with impunity. You could mention headache in the most elegant social gathering and no one would be shocked by it. The only expression which is superior to headache is indisposition. Whenever I see that word I wonder what it exactly means. It is one of those curious words (like 'inanity' which has no 'anity'), which do not necessarily mean the opposite without the 'in'. You cannot say, "Owing to indisposition I am not taking the medicine," whereas you can say, "Owing to indisposition I called the doctor." What exactly is this disposition? I have never been able to understand it, except that it sounds very well in press notes or health bulletins or in messages from eminent men to gatherings to which they have been invited. 'Indisposition' cannot generally be said by the person directly afflicted. It does not sound very well for anyone to write directly, "Owing to indisposition, I am not attending your meeting." It sounds unconvincing. It sounds better in the third person. It implies that the gentleman is an eminent one, has a secretary or a deputy who can speak for him. "Mr. So – and – So regrets his inability to attend the meeting today owing to indisposition." People will understand and accept the statement and will not question.

"What is that indisposition? Is he down with flu or malaria or cold or rheumatism? I know a doctor who can cure it." On the contrary, they just accept it at its face value and pass on to the next item. Indisposition could be used only at a particular level, not by all and sundry. A schoolboy who says, "As I am indisposed, I want to be let off," will have his ear twisted for his precociousness.

I think I should shock mankind if I suddenly said "There is no such thing as headache or indisposition. It is all just an excuse, an elegant falsehood, for have I not seen dozens of headache cases walking or driving about gaily to be seen everywhere except where they ought to be at the particular hour!" The world is not yet ripe for such outspokenness. A man cannot say, "I am not attending the meeting today since I don't feel like it." A clerk who writes to his master, "I am not attending the office today because I am not inclined to look at any paper today", will lose his job, whereas he is quite at liberty to say that he is down with headache.

Headache is essential for maintaining human relationship in working order. We cannot do without it either at home or in public. In any normal household one can see a variety of headaches, curtaining off a variety of uncomfortable situations. The mother-in-law, who forswears her food on the plea of a splitting head, is clearly not on the best of terms, at least for that day, with the daughter – in – law or her son; the son, who pleads headache, may want to keep away not only his friends and officers but would like his wife not to press him too much to fulfill his promise to take her out; the little man who pleads headache has definitely skipped his homework, and would like the tutor to be sent away. As I have already said, it

will not do at all to be bluntly truthful on all occasions. The sign of cultured existence is not to pry too deeply, but accept certain words at their face value, as expressed by the speaker.

Headache has become such a confirmed habit that a huge trade has developed in providing a cure for it. Some people feel lost unless they carry a tube of some headache remedy in their pockets all the time, and opticians give glasses guaranteed to relieve headache. These are instances to show that mankind easily begins to believe in its myths.

### Glossary

Benign	-having a kind disposition
Palatable	-acceptable or agreeable
Feasible	-capable of being done
Indisposition	- mild illness, lack of inclination
Impunity	- free from punishment or discipline
Crude	- in a raw or unprepared state
Curious	- eager to learn or to know
Eminent	- high in rank
Afflicted	- to be distressed with mental or bodily pain
Deputy	- a person appointed or authorized to act as a substitute for another or others
Inanity	-archaic emptiness; lack of sense or meaning
Rheumatism	- any disorder of the extremities or back characterized by pain and stiffness
Sundry	- several
Precociousness	- premature development
Plea	- an appeal or entreaty
Pry	- to inquire impertinently or unnecessarily to something.
Opticians	- a person who makes or sells spectacles.
Remedy	- healing medicine

### Answer the following in about 50 words each.

1. Why did the author consider headache to be a boon?
2. What did the drill instructor do when the students said they were afflicted with headache?
3. What is the sign of cultured existence?
4. Why does the author consider indisposition as one among the curious words?

### Answer the following in about 100 words each.

1. Elaborate on the significance of using headache as an excuse.
2. Write about the expression of indisposition and its usage.
3. "The world is not yet ripe for such outspokenness." Substantiate.

**Answer the following in about 250 words each.**

1. 'Mankind easily believes in its myths.' Substantiate.
2. Recall a few incidents from your life where you used headache as a way to escape.

### 3. HOW TO BE A DOCTOR

-Stephen Leacock

#### Introduction:

Stephen Butler Leacock (1869-1944), an English born Canadian writer, teacher, political scientist and humourist was the most famous humourist of the English speaking world during the early 1900s. Being born in England, he moved to Canada with his parents at the age of six. He had his early education at the Upper Canada College after which he joined the University of Toronto where he studied classical and modern languages and received his B.A. degree in 1891. Due to financial constraints, Leacock started to work as a teacher. He had got his doctorate in political science and political economy from the University of Chicago in 1903. Leacock was best known for his following works: *Literary Lapses* (1910), *Nonsense Novels* (1911), *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* (1912) and the *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich* (1914). He wrote satirical essays that were inspired by his own life experiences. His uniqueness lay in the ability to combine pathos with satire and the employment of subtlety and irony. Leacock was honoured with the Royal Society of Canada's Lorne Pierce Medal in 1937. The Stephen Leacock Memorial Medal for humour was instituted in 1946 to honour the best Canadian humour writer which is considered to be an esteemed award in the field of literature to this date.

In this essay, Leacock traces the progress in the field of medicine with the advancement of science and technology, in an ironic manner typical of his style. He satirizes the present age doctors and their treatment by calling it as the modern doctor's business because it emphasizes the fact that the profession of medicine has become a trade now instead of service to humanity. Though people are aware of it, they blindly adhere to this tradition without questioning just for the relief they get out of it.

#### Text

Certainly the progress of science is a wonderful thing. One can't help feeling proud of it. I must admit that I do. Whenever I get talking to anyone - that is, to anyone who knows even less about it than I do - about the marvelous development of electricity, for instance, I feel as if I had been personally responsible for it. As for the linotype and the aeroplane and the vacuum housecleaner, well, I am not sure that I didn't invent them myself. I believe that all generous-hearted men feel just the same way about it.

However, that is not the point I am intending to discuss. What I want to speak about is the progress of medicine. There, if you like, is something wonderful. Any lover of humanity (or of either sex of it) who looks back on the achievements of medical science must feel his heart glow and his right ventricle expand with the pericardiac stimulus of a permissible pride.

Just think of it. A hundred years ago there were no bacilli, no ptomaine poisoning, no diphtheria, and no appendicitis. Rabies was little known, and only imperfectly developed. All these we owe to medical science. Even such things as psoriasis and parotitis and trypanosomiasis, which are now household names, were known only to the few, and were quite beyond the reach of the great mass of the people.

Or consider the advance of science on its practical side. A hundred years ago it used to be supposed that fever could be cured by the letting of blood; now we know positively that it cannot. Even seventy years ago it was thought that fever was curable by the administration of sedative drugs; now we know that it isn't. For the matter of fact, as recently as thirty years ago, doctors thought that they could heal a fever by means of low diet and the application of ice; now they are absolutely certain that they cannot. This instance shows the steady progress made in the treatment of fever. But there has been the same cheering advance all along the line. Take rheumatism. A few generations ago people with rheumatism used to carry round potatoes in their pockets as a means of cure. Now the doctors allow them to carry absolutely anything they like. They may go round with their pockets full of watermelons if they wish to. It makes no difference. Or take the treatment of epilepsy. It used to be supposed that the first thing to do in sudden attacks of this kind was to unfasten the patient's collar and let him breathe; at present, on the contrary, many doctors consider it better to button up the patient's collar and let him choke.

In only one respect has there been a decided lack of progress in the domain of medicine; that is in the time it takes to become a qualified practitioner. In the good old days a man was turned out thoroughly equipped after putting in two winter sessions at a college and spending his summers in running logs for a sawmill. Some of the students were turned out even sooner. Nowadays it takes anywhere from five to eight years to become a doctor. Of course, one is willing to grant that young men are growing stupider and lazier every year. This fact will be corroborated at once by any man over fifty years of age. But even when this is said it seems odd that a man should study eight years now to learn what he used to acquire in eight months.

However, let that go. The point I want to develop is that the modern doctor's business is an extremely simple one, which could be acquired in about two weeks. This is the way it is done.

The patient enters the consulting room, "Doctor", he says, "I have a bad pain", "Where is it?" "Here. Stand up", says the doctor, "and put your arms up above your head." Then the doctor goes behind the patient and strikes him a powerful blow in the back. "Do you feel that?", he says, "I do", says the patient. Then the doctor turns suddenly and lets him have a left hook under the heart. "Can you feel that?" he says, viciously, as the patient falls over on the sofa in a heap. "Get up", says the doctor, and counts ten. The patient rises. The doctor looks him over very carefully without speaking, and then suddenly fetches him a blow in the stomach that doubles him up speechless. The doctor walks over to the window and reads the morning paper for a while. Presently he turns and begins to mutter more to himself than the patient. "Hum!" he says, "there's slight anaesthesia of the tympanum".

"Is that so?" says the patient, in an agony of fear. "What can I do about it, doctor?"," Well", says the doctor, "I want you to keep very quiet; you'll have to go to bed and stay there and keep quiet." In reality, of course, the doctor hasn't the least idea of what is wrong with the man; but he does know that if he will go to bed and keep quiet, awfully quiet, he'll either get quietly well again or else die a quiet death. Meantime, if the doctor calls every morning and thumps and beats him, he can keep the patient submissive and perhaps force him to confess what is wrong with him.

"What about diet, doctor?" says the patient, completely cowed.

The answer to this question varies very much. It depends on how the doctor is feeling and whether it is long since he had a meal himself. If it is late in the morning and doctor is ravenously hungry, he says: "Oh, eat plenty, don't be afraid of it; eat meat, vegetables, starch, glue, cement, anything you like." But if the doctor has just had lunch and if his breathing is short-term circuited with huckleberry pie, he says very firmly: "No, I don't want you to eat anything at all; absolutely not a bite; it won't hurt you, a little self-denial in the matter of eating is the best thing in the world'.

"And what about drinking?" Again the doctor's answer varies. He may say: "Oh, yes, you might drink a glass of lager now and then, or, if you prefer it, a gin and soda or a whisky and Appollinaris, and I think before going to bed I'd take a hot Scotch with a couple of lumps of white sugar and bit of lemon peel in it and good grating of nutmeg on the top". The doctor says this with real feeling, and his eye glistens with the pure love of his profession. But if, on the other hand, the doctor has spent the night before at a little gathering of medical friends, he is very apt to forbid the patient to touch alcohol in any shape, and to dismiss the subject with great severity.

Of course, this treatment in and of itself would appear too transparent, and would fail to inspire the patient with a proper confidence. But nowadays this element is supplied by the work of the analytical laboratory. Whatever is wrong with the patient, the doctor insists on snipping off parts and pieces and extracts of him and sending them mysteriously away to be analysed. He cuts off a lock of the patient's hair, marks it 'Mr. Smith's Hair, October, 1910'. Then he clips off the lower part of the ear, and wraps it in paper and labels it, 'Part of Mr. Smith's Ear, October 1910'. Then he looks the patient up and down, with the scissors in his hand, and if he sees any likely part of him he clips it off and wraps it up. Now this, oddly enough, is the very thing that fills the patient up with that sense of personal importance which is worth paying for. "Yes", says the bandaged patient, later in the day to a group of friends much impressed, "the doctor thinks there may be a slight anaesthesia of the prognosis, but, he's sent my ear to New York and my appendix to Baltimore and a lock of my hair to the editors of all the medical journals, and meantime I am to keep very quiet and not extent myself beyond drinking a hot Scotch with lemon and nutmeg every half hour." With that he sinks back faintly in his cushions, luxuriously happy.

And yet, isn't it funny?

You and I and the rest of us-even if we know all this - as soon as we have a pain within us, rush for a doctor as fast as a hack can take us. Yes, personally, I even prefer an ambulance with a bell on it. It's more soothing.

### Glossary

Linotype	- a composing machine producing lines of words as single strip of metals
Ventricle	- either of two lower chambers of the heart
Bacilli	- a rod shape bacterium (a disease causing bacterium)
Ptomaine	- food poisoning
Diphtheria	- respiratory tract infection
Appendicitis	- a serious medical condition in which the appendix becomes inflamed and painful
Rabies	- hydrophobia, a contagious and fatal viral disease of dogs and other mammals that causes madness and convulsions, transmitted to humans by the bite of an infected animal
Psoriasis	- a skin disease
Parotitis	- mumps
Trypanosomiasis	- African sleeping disease
Sedative drugs	- sleeping pill
Rheumatism	- painful disorder of the joints
Epilepsy	- a neurological disorder marked by sudden recurrent episodes of loss of consciousness, or convulsions.
Corroborated	- strengthened
Anaesthesia	- loss of sense of feeling
Lympanum	- ear drum
Cowed	- Frightened into submission
Glisten	- sparkles

### Answer the following in about 50 words each.

1. What was the Leacock's comment on the progress of science?
2. What was the topic that the author intended to discuss? How did he feel about it?
3. What are the present disorders which were unknown to people a hundred years ago?
4. What was the treatment given to epilepsy in the past?
5. How did the doctor's advice on diet and drinking vary?

### Answer the following in about 100 words each.

1. Mention the instances that showed the steady progress made in the treatment of fever.
2. What was the only lack of progress in the domain of medicine? Why?
3. Comment on the modern doctor's business as illustrated by the author.

**Answer the following in about 250 words each.**

1. Bring out the satire and irony used in the essay 'How to be a Doctor'?
2. How did Leacock humorously trace the advancement of science in the field of medicine?

## 4. THE LADY OR THE TIGER

-Frank. R. Stockton

### Introduction:

Francis Richard Stockton (1834-1902), was a popular American novelist, editor, wood engraver, humorist and short story writer. He achieved world fame through his widely read classic story, *The Lady or the Tiger* which was published in the year 1882. He was born in Philadelphia as a son of a Methodist minister cum writer who wanted him to study medicine to which Stockton refused and became a wood engraver. He later started working as an editor for *Hearth and Home*, Newyork's weekly Newspaper and *St. Nicholas* magazine. His early writings like *Ting-a-Ling Tales* (1870) and *The Floating Prince, and other Fairy Tales* (1881) were mainly written for children. He had also written works that interested adults as *Rudder Grange* (1879) and its sequels *Rudder Grangers Abroad* (1891) and *Pomona's Travels* (1894). It was conceptualized that the writers of children's literature were expected to be didactic but Stockton thought differently. Instead of being didactic, he humorously ridiculed the human foibles like avarice, violence and misuse of power. He could teach the compelling lessons of life implicitly in a lucid manner. Critics compared Stockton to Mark Twain because of his candid, witty and humourous style of writing. He died of cerebral haemorrhage in 1902.

In this lesson, Stockton narrates the tale of a semi-barbaric king and his ways of refining his subjects, particularly by proposing a unique trial as a punishment to the accused, the outcome of which would decide whether the person is guilty or innocent. Already known for his barbaric idealism, he happens to discover his daughter, the princess' love affair with a handsome young commoner. Immediately he puts the young man to the trial which would determine his destiny. The unsolved riddle of the title brings out the elements of surprise and curiosity among the readers for which it has become the all-time favourite in the literary world.

### Text

In the very olden time there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammeled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semiified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, a structure which well-deserved its name, for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who in grafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects, and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection; the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their

merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady; he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan, for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

The semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of the king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were in no slight degree novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor anyone else, thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an

aesthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors, those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king, but he did not think at all of that royal personage. His eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that lady would not have been there, but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done-she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived, and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, paler and whiter than anyone in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which

door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side, of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door - the lady, or the tiger?

### Glossary

Barbaric	- uncivilised, savage
Florid	- excessively intricate or elaborate
Untrammeled	- limitless
Genial	- friendly, cheerful
Hitch	- pull, jerk, problem or obstacle
Exuberant	- high-spirited, enthusiastic
Arena	- a central stage or ring used for sports or other entertainment, surrounded by seats for spectators
Rhapsodies	- an ancient Greek poem
Gladiator	- a man trained to fight with weapons against other man or wild animals in an arena
Amphitheatre	- an open, outdoor theatre, especially one from the classical period of ancient Greece
Vaults	- dome, arch
Allegiance	- fidelity, loyalty
Ingraft	- to incorporate in a firm or permanent way; implant
Aforementioned	- previously mentioned, above-mentioned.
Doleful	- mournful, sorrowful
Wended	- go in a specified direction, typically slow
Dire	- desperate
Retribution	- punishment, penalty
Choristers	- a singer in choir
Epithalamic/Epithalamion	- a song or a poem in honour of a bride and bride groom
Solemnize	- duly perform especially that of marriage
Strew	- scatter, sprinkle
Tribunal	- court of justice.
Slaughter	- butcher, kill or destroy
Fervent	- emotional, deeply felt, enthusiastic
Imperious	- bossy, dictorial
Relentless	- constant, never ending
Moiety	- half, a share
Devious	- under hand, unfair or dirty
Maze	- complicated, puzzle
White heat	- a state of intense passion
Grievous	- serious, severe or dreadful

Reverie	- daydream.
Rapturous	- extreme pleasure, happiness
Deliberation	- long and careful consideration or discussion

**I. Answer the following in about 50 words each.**

1. What served as the agent of poetic justice and how?
2. How did the king decide the fate of the accused person?
3. Why couldn't the thinking community raise the charge of unfairness against the plan?
4. What was the discovery of the king about his daughter?
5. What had brought the secret behind the doors to the princess?
6. What was the only hope left for the young man in the arena?

**II. Answer the following in about 100 words each.**

1. Describe the character of the semi-barbaric king.
2. Write a note on the semi-barbaric justice administered by the king over by his subjects.
3. Why did the author say, "There would be no escape from the judgments of the king's arena"?
4. What was the choice given to the accused subjects during the trial?
5. Which door do you think the princess cued at? Why?

**III. Answer the following in about 250 words each.**

1. Elaborate on the importance of the role played by the elements of surprise and curiosity?
2. Comment on the plight of the princess before the trial of her lover. What could be her decision and why?
3. Which came out of the opened door – the lady or the tiger? Justify your answer with valid reasons.

## UNIT II- POETRY

### I. NIGHT OF THE SCORPION

-Nissim Ezekiel

#### Introduction

Nissim Ezekiel (1924-2004) was an Indian Jewish poet, actor, playwright and editor. Since both of his parents were in the field of teaching he chose to teach English literature immediately after his B.A. He studied philosophy in London in 1948. He was one of the early Indian writers who laid the foundation for Indian English writing. The subjects of his poems were simple and his writings were marked with subtle and well-crafted diction. He was awarded Sahitya Akademi Award in 1983 for his poetry collection *Latter-Day Psalms* and later in 1988 he was honoured with the Padmashri award. Some of his important works were *Time to Change* (1952), *Snakeskin and other poems* (1974), *Hymns in Darkness* (1976) and *Latter-Day Psalms* (1982).

The *Night of the Scorpion* is a simple poem which depicts the power of modest love. The poem gives a beautiful portrayal of a rustic Indian life. It is the description of the night when the narrator's mother suffered the pain of a scorpion bite. The poem brings out the struggle between good and evil, darkness and light, rationalism and faith. Eventually it is the selfless love of a mother which triumphs.

I remember the night my mother  
was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours  
of steady rain had driven him  
to crawl beneath a sack of rice.  
Parting with his poison-flash  
of diabolic tail in the dark room-  
he risked the rain again.  
The peasants came like swarms of flies  
and buzzed the name of God a hundred times  
to paralyze the Evil One.  
With candles and with lanterns  
throwing giant scorpion shadows  
on the sun-baked walls  
they searched for him: he was not found.  
They clicked their tongues.  
With every movement that the scorpion made  
his poison moved in mother's blood, they said.  
May he sit still, they said.  
May the sins of your previous birth

be burned away tonight, they said.  
May your suffering decrease  
the misfortunes of your next birth, they said.  
May the sum of evil  
balanced in this unreal world  
against the sum of good  
become diminished by your pain, they said.  
May the poison purify your flesh  
of desire, and your spirit of ambition,  
they said, and they sat around  
on the floor with my mother in the centre,  
the peace of understanding on each face.  
More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours,  
more insects, and the endless rain.  
My mother twisted through and through  
groaning on a mat.  
My father, sceptic, rationalist,  
trying every curse and blessing,  
powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.  
He even poured a little paraffin  
upon the bitten toe and put a match to it.  
I watched the flame feeding on my mother.  
I watched the holy man perform his rites  
to tame the poison with an incantation.  
After twenty hours  
it lost its sting.  
My mother only said  
Thank God the scorpion picked on me  
and spared my children.

### Glossary

Crawl	- to move slowly,
Beneath	- lower down directly underneath something
Diabolic	- devilish, demonic, satanic, unholy
Peasant	- farmer
Swarms	- group of insects, especially when in motion or migrating to a new colony
Paralyse	- immobilize, to make unable to function properly
Lanterns	- portable case for enclosing a light
Mud-Baked	- a brick made from baked mud
Diminish	- decrease
Groaning	- mournful sound uttered in pain or grief
Sceptic	- doubter, a person who has no belief in the traditional concepts
Rationalist	- non-religious person, positivist
Rites	- a religious custom

**Incantation** - the saying of words believed to have a magical effect when spoken or sung.

**Answer the following in 50 words each.**

1. What caused the scorpion to enter the house? Where did it hide?
2. Explain "flash of diabolic tail".
3. How did the peasants view the mother's suffering?
4. Why did the villagers want the scorpion to sit still?
5. Was the father in the poem a believer or sceptic? Substantiate

**Answer the following in 100 words each.**

1. Explain how the villagers had taken the scorpion attack in a positive way.
2. What did the "sceptic, rationalist" do?
3. List the prayers that the peasants make for the mother.
4. What is the message conveyed by the poet in the poem?
5. Examine the theme of the poem "The Night of the Scorpion".

**Answer the following in 250 words.**

1. Describe the love of the mother as portrayed in the poem "The Night of the Scorpion".

**Source:**

*Ten Twentieth Century Indian Poets*

Author(s): Chosen and edited by R. Parthasarthy,

Publisher: Oxford University Press 1976, ISBN 0-19-562402-5

## 2. MENDING WALL

-Robert Frost

### Introduction

Robert Lee Frost (1874-1963) was an American poet. His artistic creations were well-received in England, owing to which his best works were first published there. He lost his father when he was eleven and his family moved in to live with his paternal grandfather. Even though a high school topper, he dropped out of college twice. After his marriage he took care of the farm that was gifted by his grandfather. Farming didn't suit him well so he tried his hands in poetry which he realised was his true calling. In 1912, he went to London with a hope to find a publisher for his fine poems. As a new poet, he was well received in England. His first collection of poems *A Boy's Will* was published in 1913 and *North of Boston* in 1914. After his publications he befriended many of his contemporaries. While he was becoming famous in England the World War I brought him back to the United States in 1915. Though it was a delayed recognition his poetic career started to ascend in his place of birth. He won the Pulitzer Prize multiple times for his various books, first among it being *New Hampshire: A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes* in 1924. Later in 1960 he was awarded the United States Congressional Gold Medal. *Home Burial*, *Acquainted with the Night*, *After Apple Picking*, *Mending Wall*, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* are some of his masterpieces.

The Mending Wall is a poem which is simple in language and complex in themes. It depicts the tensions and distances that prevail between men. It was spring and the narrator and his neighbour were involved in the act of rebuilding the stone wall between their lands. While the narrator questions the necessity of the wall, his neighbour repeats the proverb twice "Good fences make good neighbours."

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made,  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.

We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance:  
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'  
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
Oh, just another kind of outdoor game,  
One on a side. It comes to little more:  
There where it is we do not need the wall:  
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
My apple trees will never get across  
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him  
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors'.  
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
If I could put a notion in his head:  
'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows  
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
What I was walling in or walling out,  
And to whom I was like to give offense.  
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,  
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
He said it for himself. I see him there  
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
Not of woods only and the shade of trees  
He will not go behind his father's saying,  
And he likes having thought of it so well  
He says again, 'Good fences make good neighbors.'

### Glossary

Boulders	- huge pieces of stone
Abreast	- side by side, simultaneously
Yelping	- high-pitched noise or utterance
Mending	- act of repairing
Orchard	- a piece of enclosed land planted with fruit trees
Fences	- hedges, railing, barriers
Walling	- material used for walls, the act of making walls
Elves	- goblin (supernatural creature)

**I. Answer the following in 50 words each.**

1. Who initiated the annual fixing of the wall?
2. Did the wall serve a practical purpose in the poem?
3. How did the hunters damage the wall?
4. What does the poet mean by "something" in the first line of the poem?
5. What does the wall represent in the poem?

**II. Answer the following in 100 words each.**

1. Write about the narrator's feeling about the wall.
2. "I could say 'Elves' to him, But it's not elves exactly", what does the poet mean?
3. What did the speaker mean when he described the neighbour as "an old-stone savage"?
4. Discuss the ambiguity in the title of the poem.
5. Describe the effect of the refrain "Something there is that doesn't love a wall".

**III. Answer the following in 250 words each.**

1. Explain "Good fences make good neighbors." with reference to the poem.
2. Which character in the poem would you prefer, the narrator or the neighbour? Why?

**Source:**

Complete Poems of Robert Frost

Author(s): Robert Frost

Year: 1964

82941 0119

Printed In The United States Of America

### 3. THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

-Oliver Goldsmith

#### Introduction:

Oliver Goldsmith was an Anglo-Irish novelist, playwright and a poet. There is an ambiguity in his date of birth, year and even place. Though it was said that he was born in 1728, it was uncertain. His father was a poor clergyman. He completed his under graduation in Arts from Trinity College. Later he joined the medical school at Edinburgh but came out without a degree. He arrived at London without a penny in early 1756 and had to work as an apothecary's assistant. He was gifted with a graceful, lively, and readable style of writing. His collection of essays *The Citizen of the World* was published in 1762. It was a satire of the western society through the eyes of an oriental visitor to London. He became acquainted with his contemporary literary luminaries like Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke. He established himself as a novelist with the publishing of *The Vicar of Wakefield* in 1766. His famous plays were *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-Natured Man*. He was described by his contemporaries as friendly, impulsive and disorganized personality. He died at the age of 45 (1774).

The village school master is an extract from his long poem *The Deserted Village*. In this poem he expressed his sentiments for his school and teacher. The Deserted Village describes the decline of a village named 'Auburn' which was abandoned by its residents. The poem first describes an abandoned schoolhouse that was once noisy and led by a stern schoolmaster who took education and teaching seriously.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way  
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school:  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face:  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;

Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault:  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too:

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:  
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,  
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;

While words of learned length, and thundering sound,  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame: the very spot,  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

### Glossary

Yon	- distant, over there
Straggling	- rambling
Furze	- an evergreen shrub with yellow flowers
Stern	- severe, austere
Truant	- a student who stays away from school without permission
Boding	- predicting
Tremblers	- a person or thing that trembles, here fearful students
Counterfeited	- mimic, feign
Dismal	- dreadful
aught	- anything
'twas	- it was
Presage	- portend, augur, fore shadow
Parson	- an Anglican cleric, pastor
Vanquished	- conquer

#### I. Answer the following in 50 words each.

1. Describe the school fence.
2. Who laughed with counterfeited glee and why?
3. What is the opinion of the villagers about the schoolmaster?
4. What was the reason attributed by the poet for the schoolmaster's stern and strict personality?
5. Explain "The days disaster in his morning face".

#### II. Answer the following in 100 words each.

1. "That one small head could carry all he knew." Explain.
2. Explain the irony in the poem.

3. Describe the little school led by the schoolmaster.
4. Write about the argumentative skill of the schoolmaster.

**III. Answer the following in 250 words.**

1. Write a detailed note on the characterization of the schoolmaster.
2. Recount the cherished memories of your school.

**Source:**

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/50500/50500-h/50500-h.htm#linklink027>

#### 4. ANNABEL LEE

-Edgar Allan Poe

##### Introduction

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was an editor, poet and a critic. He lost his parents at the age of three and grew under the care of foster parents. Poe happened to give up his university education because of debt and lack of financial support from his foster father, John Allan. He published his first poetry collection *Tamerlane and other Poems* when he was in the army. He chose writing as his profession and married his thirteen years old cousin Virginia in 1836. She died of tuberculosis after eleven years of their marriage. His life got worse with his habit of drinking alcohol. The impact that he made on American and International literature was great. He initiated the new genre like science fiction and detective stories in English. He had great mastery for telling tales of mystery and the macabre. *The Raven* was his most recognized poem. His stories *Murder in the Rue Morgue* and *The Purloined Letter* earned him the honour of being called the Father of the Detective Story. His end was as mysterious as his writing. He was found in a semi-conscious state in Boston and died after four days.

Annabel Lee was the last major poem written by Poe. It was published immediately after his death. As in most of his works the subject of the poem is the death of a beautiful young woman. Though unclear as to who was the inspiration to the poem, biographers suggest the poem might be a beautiful and painful memory of Poe's wife (Virginia), who died two years before the poem was written.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;-  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love  
I and my Annabel Lee-  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, by night  
Chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her high-born kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me:-  
Yes!-that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling  
And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we-  
Of many far wiser than we-  
And neither the angels in Heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:-

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea-  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### Glossary

Seraphs	- A six winged angel
Kinsmen	- relative
Sepulchre	- catacomb, tomb, a small room or monument, cut in rock or built of stone, in which a dead person is laid or buried
Demon	- evil spirit
Beam	- a ray of light
Dissever	- separate, to divide in to parts

### I. Answer the following in 50 words each.

1. Who took away the poet's lover and why?
2. Which line from the poem informs you of Annabel's death?
3. What made life beautiful for the poet?

4. When did the love blossom between Annabel Lee and the poet?
5. Describe the setting of the poem.

**II. Answer the following in 100 words each.**

1. Explain the irony in the line "The angels, not so happy in heaven, went envying her and me"
2. Relate the real life incident reflected in the line "the wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and killing my Annabel Lee"
3. Explain "the winged seraphs of Heaven coveted her and me."
4. Discuss about the supernatural entities portrayed in the poem.

**III. Answer the following in 250 words each.**

1. Comment on the theme and structure of the poem.
2. Express your views on the narrator's love in the poem "Annabel Lee". Is that love realistic? Explain why or why not?

**Source:**

Complete Stories and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe  
Author(s): Edgar Allan Poe  
Publisher: Doubleday, Year: 1966, ISBN-13: 9780385074070

## UNIT III-BIOGRAPHY

### 1. KIRAN BEDI

-Parmesh Dangwal

#### Introduction:

'I Dare! Kiran Bedi', the biography was published in 1995. The book was authored by Parmesh Dangwal, an English teacher at the DAV School in Dehradun. The biography has been translated into six languages. It was selected as the best biography of the decade by *India Today Magazine*. This book throws light on Kiran Bedi, the first woman IAS officer, social activist and the present lieutenant governor of Puducherry. Kiran Bedi was awarded the United Nations medal, Ramon Magsaysay Award and the President's Police Medal. The biography unveils the multifaceted persona of Kiran Bedi. The biography portrays her mettle in the field of tennis; her tremendous service as a police officer in Goa, Mizoram and Delhi. The great job of reforming Tihar jail is also recorded in the biography. She remained in service for 35 years and got voluntary retirement in 2007. She founded the 'India Vision Foundation' for the rehabilitation of prisoners. Kiran Bedi also hosted a court show 'Aap ki Kachehri' to sensitise the citizens.

#### Text

*"People who do not take charge of their lives are lathi-charged by time"* - Kiran Bedi

A star shone brightly in the Indian firmament in the year 1994. We do not refer to Sushmita Sen and Aishwarya Rai though they certainly contributed to the world of glamour and glitz and did their country proud. But theirs was more in a manner analogous to meteors than stars. The one referred to made a more lasting impress on the body politic of the nation that will remember and appreciate her contributions for many years to come. KIRAN BEDI, the Inspector-General of Prisons, Delhi, has done what lesser mortals would have baulked from in absolute awe of the stupendous magnitude of the task she undertook. She had her Augean stables to clean. She humanised the hellhole of ugliness and misery known as the Tihar jail. She was able to accomplish her task because of her charismatic personality, her penchant for defending righteousness and her being an advocate of moral culpability. She throws up a very interesting opportunity for collective introspection. She has not blazed a new trail or discovered uncharted routes. She has only responded to the call of her office in keeping with the letter and spirit of it. She defied systems that had crippled and crushed her predecessors who were not made of the same mettle as she. She withstood the pressures of corruption and unbridled power and proved effectively that systems can be only as corrupt as they are allowed to be.

According to the Hindu concepts of time and existence we live in the fourth age, *Kalyug*. It is interesting that in the first age, the *Satyug*, the general order of ethics and morality was so high that a person had to meditate and search within himself for ten years

before he could be recognised to be more evolved than the others. In the second, or *Dwaparyug*, this period was reduced to ten months; in the third, the *Tretayug* to one month; and in the fourth, the present *Kalyug*, to just ten minutes. The general condition of the moral fabric leaves one in awe of the exactitude of the ancient wisdom. Today, human rights have become mere concessions granted to humanity by those in positions of power. Corruption, moral turpitude, inefficiency, unaccountability and lack of morality have replaced humanness and the fear of God. It is in this multitudinous morass of corruption and despair that this Indian officer has achieved her goal. She has today become a role model and the darling of the media.

Kiran Bedi received the 1994 Ramon Magsaysay Award for Government Service. She got this award, popularly known as the 'Asian Nobel Prize', for her innovative work that sought to break down adversarial relations between the police and the community and to replace the hard hand of punishment with the soft one of correction and rehabilitation. She is not the first Indian to have been given the Magsaysay Award but certainly the first police officer in the world to have been honoured thus.

Despite several obsolete and sometimes irrelevant legal restrictions, Tihar jail has witnessed a remarkable transformation from May 1993 onwards and has hit the headlines all over the world. It is no longer the ugly hellhole it used to be and has undergone a series of humane and correctional reforms that have left one and all amazed at the sheer magnitude of the task that has been so successfully accomplished.

This is the result of one person's dedication to her job and of her sensitivity to the human condition at large. Dr. Kiran Bedi, former Inspector-General of Prisons, is the first woman to enter the Indian Police Service (IPS). During her career as a policewoman, stretching for over 23 years, she has made a reputation for herself as a supercop with a penchant for shooting from the hip. Her method of almost intuitively perceiving a problem and incisively attacking it, with total disregard for the toes she may step on, has not endeared her to the big bosses. To them she has become an anathema or, in Indian parlance, the proverbial bone in the gullet that can neither be spat out nor swallowed. Many attempts have been made to subdue her, but phoenix-like, she has risen to greater and greater heights.

Rajpath, New Delhi, the road leading to the palatial and stately Rashtrapathi Bhavan, was dressed in its resplendent best. It always is on the occasion of the Republic Day parade on 26 January, each year. The year 1973 was no different in that respect. What did make it different was that the march-past by the prize-winning contingent of the Delhi Police was being led by a woman officer for the first time. So impressive was the performance that the Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, immediately pointed the lady officer out to her aides and extended an invitation for breakfast with her the very next day! The officer was none other than Kiran Bedi, who at that time was an IPS officer, in her first posting as subdivisional police officer, at Chanakyapuri, New Delhi.

She definitely possesses a compelling streak of independence and the dogged determination to achieve her objectives, as a woman, despite the male-dominated history of her family (and also much of Indian society).

Kiran was born in a predominantly patriarchal joint family with paternal roots in Peshawar (now in Pakistan) but which later settled in Amritsar. Kiran's father, Prakash Lal, was the third of a family of four sons and three daughters. At the age of 20, he married Janak,

daughter of Lala Bishan Dass AroraAt the very tender age of fourteen, Janak, changed her name to Prem Lata. Shashi, the eldest of Peshawaria sisters was born on 31 December 1945. Prakash felt as if all his beliefs about women were now to be put to the test and he decided then and there that he would try to make his daughter all that he wished women to be. At the age of three, Shashi had learnt the English alphabet and could count fluently up to a hundred. When she was five years old he admitted her to the Sacred Heart Convent, run by an order of missionary nuns from Belgium. On the 9th day of June 1949, Prem Lata gave birth to another daughter who was named Kiran (Ray).

The Peshawaria sisters studied at the aforementioned Sacred Heart Convent at Amritsar. The school was located at about 16 kilometers from their home and so a considerable amount of time was spent in travelling to and from school. This meant waking up very early and also spending extra money on transport. After an early breakfast the sisters would jog or walk around 5 kilometers to reach the bus stand. At that time, the fare, at concessional rates for children under fourteen, was seven paise per child each way. To save this amount they would sometimes seek a lift from their more affluent friends who were driven to school in *tongas*. Saving this money meant earning money for their parents. Whatever was saved was always handed over to their mother. It was thus very early in life that Kiran developed this streak of determination when she promised herself that she would make sure that every paise invested on her by her parents would be optimally utilized and accounted for. It was almost with a vengeance that she flung herself into whatever activity the school provided. She evinced keen interest in tennis, NCC (National Cadet Corps), the use of library, debates, declamations, dramas, athletics and more. She was determined that not a single moment that had been bought by her parents' money would go unrewarded.

When Kiran reached Class IX she took her first major decision in life, on her own. She had completed Class VIII. She explored possibilities outside her school and came to know that a private institution called Cambridge College would offer her science with Hindi and would prepare her for the Class X Board examinations. She was excited about the prospects of this 'double promotion' that was being offered to her and decided she would go for it. So while her peers in school cleared their ninth class, Kiran cleared her Matriculation. She worked for and got her 'double promotion' to the envy of all her friends.

Kiran joined the Government College for women at Amritsar after her Matriculation. The Political Science course and the NCC (National Cadet Corps) were the two features that influenced her the most. The NCC gave her the first taste of "Khaki". She adored and respected her uniform and took great pains to keep it immaculately clean, starched and ironed. With such pride and determination in the Corps, it was not surprising that she soon became the platoon commander and was subsequently chosen to lead the annual day parade. She didn't know then where her destiny would lead her, but this much was clear that she was proud to be the citizen of a country she loved and wanted to serve it as an active participant and a loyal soldier. She was determined that one day she would do what was not expected from Indian women.

During her academic years, Kiran was also seriously and vigorously pursuing tennis. She had won for the Punjab University the Inter-University women's team title. Later, she bagged the national title and eventually the Asian title. Tennis taught her the value of hard work and perseverance and how important it is to be both mentally and physically strong.

It was at the Amritsar tennis court that Kiran met Brij Bedi. The chemistry bond between them was very strong and they soon decided to make their relationship permanent. Kiran and Brij tied the ‘proverbial knot’ in one of the simplest ceremonies that Amritsar had witnessed. On 9 March 1972, a very small group comprising their parents and a few friends went to the Shiva temple at 2 a.m. and there they garlanded each other. That was it. Kiran and Brij were married. Three days later, at the reception, Kiran wore a sari for the first time in her life. She has donned this attire on only a few other occasions. During one of her early postings as an IPS officer in Delhi, her then IG, Bhawani Mal, suggested to her that she should don the saree as a working dress. Her answer was pretty characteristic: “Sir, if there is one thing which can put me off the service, it is to be compelled to wear a sari!”

What does she have against the sari? Nothing, she would say. It’s a graceful garment and makes women look very feminine. And, would she not want to look feminine? “Let us put it this way”, she would say, “I haven’t got used to it at all, and dress, in my view, is a personal choice and reflection of an attitude”.

As a lecturer in Political Science in Amritsar Khalsa College for Women, Kiran taught for two years, till selected for the IPS (Indian Police Service) in July 1972, the first woman to have made it! At the interview it was suggested to her not to pursue this career as it was a man’s domain and she would find life very tough and very difficult. Nothing, however, could sway her from her determination. So, off she went to Mount Abu to the National Police Academy.

The Asian Games held in Delhi in 1982 symbolised prestigious landmark for not just the capital but for India as a whole. Kiran was posted as DCP (Traffic) in October 1981. She soon realised what a snarling bear she was required to grapple with in the form of Delhi traffic. To add to the chaotic traffic, nineteen sports stadia were being constructed all around and so were flyovers, thereby resulting in road blockages and diversions. Delhi traffic was haphazard as it was and all the construction activity had thrown it completely out of gear.

In order to meet the exacting demands of her job, Kiran would be up at 5 a.m. and settle down for her office work from 6 a.m. to 7 a.m. It became a common sight for the Delhi motorists to see Kiran Bedi on the road everyday, pointing out traffic irregularities in specific cases. A woman’s voice coming over the loudspeaker made an impression upon the motorists that a male voice could not have done. However, when she realized that so much of talking loudly was taking its toll on her vocal chords, she had to have her throat massaged every night.

The bane of Delhi traffic was (and continues to be) wrong parking and this one factor was (and is) a major cause of traffic snarl-ups. Kiran hit hard here and, after sufficient warnings to the public at large through the loudspeaker fitted to her car, she soon pressed several cranes into action in order to tow away the offending vehicles to the nearest police station. It was not long after this that she earned the sobriquet of “Crane Bedi”.

She made no compromises and granted no concessions. In August 1982 even Prime Minister Indira Gandhi’s car (No. DHI 1817) was challenged for wrong parking near a car repairing shop in Connaught Place and the vehicle towed away by a crane. The action of the Sub Inspector, Nirmal Singh, who was on duty, was backed to the hilt by Kiran Bedi, and her Senior Additional Commissioner of Police, Ashok Tandon, whose support she enjoyed all along.

The shift from Delhi to Goa was a traumatic experience for Kiran. She had put her heart and soul into her work as DCP (Traffic) and her "JUNOON" (Passion) at that time was to succeed one hundred percent. Right through her NCC days in college Kiran had been very proud and fond of her uniform. And in Goa she found that the depleted force at her command was used to working without a uniform. The reason was simple enough. The people of Goa did not respect them enough for, as it is, being so few in number they couldn't do much at all.

Hence it was almost a case of having given up. Without any 'visible' demonstration of traffic control, the roads were free for all highways of death and destruction. The sparse force found it prudent to remain in the background. In her first meeting with the Goa traffic police, she explained the benefits of becoming 'visible'. They should be proud of their uniform, she told them, and should wear it with pride and dignity. They had not opted for this job to lurk around in streets in civvies like discards of the society. They had joined this profession to come forth and help the administration to sort out the problems of the society, and, more importantly, to be seen to be doing so.

The traffic squad inspired by their new leader, became a rejuvenated force. For the first time in years, the Goans saw traffic police in uniform constantly on the roads and actually helping in untangling the snarls that were the order of the day for Goa traffic. The gesture was sincere and executed earnestly and the community responded to it. The people of Goa loved her for this gesture.

Even while the community was appreciating and responding to these new measures wholeheartedly, the administration revealed its greater-than-thou attitude. The Exposition of St. Xavier's body used to be a momentous occasion for the Christian community of India. The body of the Saint is preserved in a reasonably good condition and exhibited to the public in a glass case on the occasion of the Exposition, thousands and thousands of people would flock to Goa on this occasion.

On the occasion of the Exposition the scanty Goa traffic police would be bolstered by a few imports from the Karnataka traffic police. But the purpose of this bolstering was clear that the police should ensure that the VIP's cars reached the Cathedral gates. "VIP's never got to see the chaos. The police are content with saluting their bosses and giving them special right of way. The VIPs considered this privilege their right, the police their duty and people their destiny," explains Kiran Bedi today.

But this time things were not going to be the same. It was going to be the people's turn to get their right for a safe, obstruction-free pedestrian passage and parking space with uniformed men to regulate the flow of traffic and pedestrians. The VIPs were to be given a nearby parking lot from where they would have to walk to the gate. This would eliminate the problems the pedestrians faced due to the VIPs and police vehicles. The people loved the arrangement and the VIPs resented it. As Kiran puts it, "The people appreciated it but the VIPs called for my apologies and explanations". Kiran was summoned to the Chief Minister's office and asked to tender an apology to the concerned minister. She replied: "Is the Honourable minister not well, Sir?"

"The minister has the honour to drive to the gate. You must correct your traffic arrangements", said the Chief Minister.

"You may be aware, Sir, of the people's appreciation for this Arrangement!" Kiran had the courage to tell the Chief Minister.

"Never mind the public. Ministers must be allowed to drive right up to the gate," he insisted.

"But that would mean having no traffic arrangement at all"

"Who made these arrangements?"

"I did, Sir."

Did the IGP (Inspector-General of Police) approve of them?

"Yes, Sir."

"Then I will speak to him. I shall tell him to change the arrangements."

"You may do so, Sir. But then may I request to be relieved of traffic duties?"

"We'll see about that," said the Chief Minister, ending the meeting. The CM, it appears, never spoke to the IGP. The public was extremely appreciative of the relief its members got.

In 1980 bootlegging was rampant in Delhi, with a cartel of big-time smugglers and wholesalers getting liquor from across the borders and peddling it on the streets of Delhi. The "Sansi" were a criminal tribe, declared as such during the British days, and had been traditionally involved in bootlegging. The members of this community were the people used by the cartel to further their criminal business. As Deputy Commissioner, West District, Kiran Bedi interacted with the tribals and involved herself in the process of their rehabilitation in non-criminal fields. With patient and persuasive counseling and by winning the confidence of the community, this menace was successfully removed from the streets of Delhi. This, infact, was her first exposure as a correctional police officer at heart. Incidentally, the Ramon Magsaysay award citation begins with her correctional work done as a police officer.

In 1988 she took over charge as Deputy Director of the Narcotics Control Bureau (NCB). During this tenure she again hit the headlines. In a lightning swoop she made from Delhi into the verdant hills of Chakrata Tehsil in the interiors of north-western Uttar Pradesh, she physically supervised the destruction of almost 12 hectares under illegal poppy and cannabis cultivation. This task she undertook in spite of the fact that it was the constituency represented by a powerful sitting Member of the Parliament, Brahm Dutt, of the then ruling Congress Government.

Kiran has always viewed the role of the police as being primarily one of prevention of crime and criminality and then of detection and prosecution. In 1986 there was only one centre in 'Delhi' for the treatment of drug abusers and that was "Ashiana" established by the New Delhi Municipal Corporation. The menace of drug abuse could be controlled only if more centres were established where the abuser would have to stay away from his or her family and from accessibility to drugs and get a package for therapeutic treatment. She began looking for such a place and she did not have to look far. There it was in front of her: her own police station. There and then the concept of 'Navjyoti' was born in June 1986. She appealed

to the community at large for help and, as always, it was forthcoming and in abundance: beds, blankets, *durries*, televisions, fans, yoga teachers, doctors and medicines came in a flood. This social work of Kiran finally consolidated itself into a registered foundation called Navjyoti Delhi Police Foundation for Correction, Deaddiction and Rehabilitation. The Commissioner of Police is its ex-officio President and Kiran is the Founder General Secretary and continues to work as such.

The course of her career clearly reveals the qualities Kiran has imbibed through the formative years of her childhood, in school and during her preparatory years in college when she was intensely involved in studies, extracurricular activities and, of course, the tennis courts. As situations demanded throughout her career, she drew on her reservoir of resources some qualities that came naturally to her and some that she diligently and assiduously developed herself. In the interaction between her values and actions she matured along with the passage of time. She seemed to feel that though she had imbibed, learned, and experienced so much, yet she was not being given an opportunity to express herself fully.

The opportunity to really prove herself came when she was posted as IG (Prisons), Tihar Jail, New Delhi. This posting represented a colossal challenge for her; verily, it entailed the cleaning up of the mythological Augean stables. Kiran went to Tihar with mixed feelings. In the eyes of the public, the post was not a highly esteemed one. Even in the service it was considered to be a dump posting.

Tihar was exactly as she could have expected it to be. Its working was completely shrouded in secrecy. The entire area was closed to visitors for fear of exposure to the fact that inmates were being treated like animals, the prisoners were uncared for and disorganised and possessed a mob mentality and were being tackled by mob management tactics. The diminutive but dauntless IG (P) immediately plunged into her charge at Tihar. To the complete amazement of both the jail staff and the prisoners, she made frequent rounds of observation, by day and by night, of the four jails. She saw for herself the conditions, heard the prisoners' tales of woe, talked to the staff, looked into the details of the jails ponderous machinery and was appalled.

By and large there was always a tremendous positive response from the prisoners whenever the IG came in contact with them. This was indicative of the trust they reposed in her and the direction in which she was moving for the amelioration of their condition. Kiran reflects: "They know that I never arrested anyone wrongly. They are even very much aware of the fact that whenever I did make an arrest I followed the case to its conclusion. I never gave up on the persons but continued to pursue their rehabilitation and correction. For this I even interacted with their families and, where need be, I did my utmost to help them as best as I could."

She intended to gradually extend all the facilities to the prisoners. The isolated gangster-prisoners were provided facilities to watch the 1994 Wimbledon Tennis and the World Cup Football Championships in their barracks.

Help was sought from voluntary agencies outside and an Ayurvedic-cum-homeopathic clinic under the aegis of the Central Health Services Scheme was installed within the prison. Medical supplies through regular purchase and also through donations were ensured so that the health support system in the jail could be beefed up. Complaints about medical benefits and facilities had gradually petered down from 231, in June 1993, to a paltry

27 in December 1994. And, simultaneously, the number of referrals to hospitals had also been drastically reduced.

The highlight of the medical care programme came on 26 January 1994. This day was celebrated by Tihar as Medical Care Day. Over 500 medical and para medical staff visited the jail with sophisticated medical equipment. Renowned specialists in various fields and in different schools of medicine spent the day at Tihar. Almost each and every one of the 8500 prisoners, including the children, were given thorough check-ups. "I need teachers, I need preachers, I need books, I need jobs...." appealed Kiran Bedi to the community. The response was overwhelming. Tihar headquarters was flooded with proposals, projects, and applications from volunteers, individuals and groups alike.

The Indira Gandhi National Open University (IGNOU) announced the establishment of a regular study centre in Tihar for providing higher education to the inmates and staff. IGNOU even agreed to conduct the examinations in the jail premises itself. It offered to provide education, study material and audio visual aids free of cost to prisoners as also help to set up an educational video library, again free of cost.

As the prisoners responded to the invigorating winds of change blowing through Tihar, they started placing requests orally as well as through the petition system for physical education and yoga classes. The response to such legitimate requests was immediate.

TV personality and yoga instructor Sardari Lal Sehgal was contacted and he agreed at once to the request for holding yoga classes in the jail. So impressed was the Chief Minister of Delhi that he announced on 18 December 1993 publicly that he would be seeking her help beyond the prison duties.

On 4 November, 1993 the Vipassana Sadhana Sansthan established contact with the Tihar IG and offered its expertise in a particular science relating to meditation. This technique was explained to the inmates of Tihar and about 70 of them volunteered to undergo the ten-day course. On 4 April 1994, a remarkable occurrence took place in jail 4 of Tihar, where over 1000 male prisoners and 60 women prisoners, separately, undertook the *Vipassana* course. Never had so many prisoners committed themselves voluntarily to the regimen of a course, which forbade them to interact with each other for a period of eleven long days and in which they had to take a vow of silence. Such a phenomenon had never been witnessed in prisons. In monasteries, yes; in convents, yes; in ashrams, yes; but in prisons, never.

Not content with just this she made her work in Tihar so transparent that the outside world was apprised of the tidal wave of correctional reforms that were taking place there. And the work was impressive enough to catch people's imagination not only in India but also abroad.

The Government of the United States of America was impressed enough for the Congressional Committee of the US Senate to invite her to a Prayer Breakfast with President Bill Clinton and Mrs. Hillary Clinton. The United Nations Organisation was impressed with her achievements and invited her to Copenhagen, Denmark, to attend the United Nations World Summit for Social Development (6-12 March 1995). The British Foreign Office was impressed enough to have the British High Commission invite her to visit their prisons.

During her tenure Kiran had some noteworthy visitors from a cross-section of society, namely, Khuswant Singh, Amrita Pritam, Rajmohan Gandhi, Dr. Lee Brown, an American official concerned with drug policy in the USA, and Mrs. Frank Wisner, wife of the American Ambassador to India.

Among the Central Government dignitaries, the visitors included Salman Khurshid (Minister of State for External Affairs), Sitaram Kesri (Welfare Minister), Arjun Singh (former Minister for Human Resource Development) and Mukul Wasnik (Deputy Minister for Sports).

The Delhi state officials included the LG (P.K. Dave), the CM (M.L. Khurana), the Health Minister (Dr. Harshvardhan) and the Minister of Education (Sahib Singh Verma). Members of the Human Rights Commission, such as Fatima Bibi, also visited Tihar.

Spiritual leaders (and intellectuals) belonging to groups such as ISKCON, Brahmakumaris, OSHO, Jain Samaj, Gandhi Bhawan, Ramakrishna Mission and Chinmaya Mission visited Tihar. His Holiness the Dalai Lama expressed his desire to visit Tihar and bless the prisoners personally. During her tenure as IG (Prisons) Mother Teresa called her up and expressed her desire to meet her. Kiran called on her at her *ashram* and got a couple of hugs from her. When Kiran was leaving and almost near the gate she heard the Mother asking her to wait. She turned around to see this frail and petite person come running to her, bare feet, and give her a third hug. To Kiran's round-eyed look she merely told her that she had got this urge to just hug her once more. The Mother surely had sensed the compassion in Kiran!

In electing Kiran Bedi to receive the 1994 Ramon Magsaysay award for Government Service, the Board of Trustees recognized her building confidence in India's police through dynamic leadership and effective innovations in crime control, drug rehabilitation and humane prison reform.

The discipline, confidence and competitive spirit of Bedi's youth remain with her at the age of fifty-three. She is impatient and inclined to buck the system. "It is tough to go against the wave", she says, "but, at least you reach where nobody else can".

## Glossary

Firmament	- the expanse of the sky; heavens, support.
Glitz	- glitters.
Analogous	- comparable
Meteors	- a meteoroid that has entered the earth's atmosphere
Baulk	- refuse to proceed or to do something specified
Stupendous	- outstanding, marvelous
Augean Stables	- perform a large and unpleasant task that has long called for attention (Hercules had to clean the stables which had not been cleaned in 30 years)
Hellhole	- a place totally lacking in comfort, cleanliness, order, etc
Charismatic others	- exercising a compelling charm which inspires devotion in

Penchant	- a strong inclination, taste, or liking for something
Culpability	- guilt or blame that is deserved
Introspection	- self examination
Blazed	-to shine as if on fire
Defy	- openly resist or refuse to obey
Mettle	- ability to cope well with difficulties;
Moral turpitude	- conduct that is considered contrary to community standards of justice, honesty, or good morals.
Morass	- a complicated or confused situation, a trap of law
Obsolete	- no longer in general use, out of date
Magnitude	- greatness of size or amount
Incisively	- remarkably clear and direct
Anathema	- something or someone that one vehemently dislikes.
Gullet	-the passage by which food passes from the mouth to the stomach; the esophagus (food-pipe).
Subdue	- over come
Palatial	- resembling a place in being spacious and splendid
Resplendent	- attractive or impressive
Contingent	- a group of people representing an organization or country
Aide	- a person whose job is to help someone important
Dogged determination	- strong determination, persistence in effort
Predominantly	- mainly
Patriarchal	- a system of society or government controlled by men
Evinced	- reveal the presence of a quality or feeling
Immaculately	- perfectly clean, neat, or tidy
Platoon	- subdivision of a company of soldiers
Perseverance	- persistence in doing something despite, difficulty or delay in achieving success
Grapple	- engage in a close fight or struggle without weapons
Chaotic	- confused
Haphazard	- lack of order or planning
Snarl	- to growl threateningly
Snarl-up	- disorganized situation such as a traffic jam
Sobriquet	- a nick name
Up to the hilt	- Completely, to the maximum degree, (hilt - handle of a weapon/tool)
Traumatic	- deeply disturbed or distressing
Depleted	- diminish in number or quantity
Sparse	- thinly dispersed or scattered
Prudent	- wise or judicious in practical affairs
Civvy	- civilian clothes, as opposed to uniform
Rejuvenate	- revived, more effective
Goans	- demonym used to describe the people of Goa
Bolster	- support or strengthen

Resented	- to feel or express annoyance
Bootlegging	- make, distribute or sell (alcoholic drink or a recording)
illegally	
Rampant	- flourishing or spreading unchecked
Cartel	- an association of manufacturers or suppliers with the purpose of maintaining prices at a high level and restricting competition
Menace	- a person or thing that is likely to cause harm
Narcotics	- a drug
Swoop	- (especially of a bird) move quickly and suddenly downwards, especially in order to attack
Verdant	- (of country side) green with grass or vegetables
Hectares	- a metric unit of square measure equal to 100 areas (2.471 acres) or 10,000 square measure
Poppy	- herbaceous plant with showy flowers
Cannabis	- a drug, illegal in many countries that is made from the dried leaves.
Constituency	- a body of citizens entitled to elect a representative
Therapeutic	- related to the healing of disease
Durries	- a heavy cotton rug of Indian origin
Consolidate	- combine (a number of things) into an effective or coherent whole
whole	
Imbibe	- absorb or assimilate ideas or knowledge
Diligently	- done in a careful and detailed way
Assiduously	- with great care and perseverance
Colosal	- extremely large or great
Entailed	- involve (something) as a necessary
Shrouded	- covered or enveloped so as to conceal from view
Diminutive	- shorter
Dauntless	- showing fearlessness and determination
Ponderous	- oppressively or unpleasantly dull
Machinery	- organisation or structure of something
Appalled	- affected by strong feelings of shock and dismay
Amelioration	- the act of making something better
Rehabilitation	- to restore to a condition of good health
Barracks	- a large building or group of buildings used to house labourers, soldiers or prisoners, in austere conditions
Aegis	- the protection, backing, or support of a particular person or organization
Beefed up	- to increase something, often in strength
Petered	- decrease or fade gradually before coming to an end
Invigorating	- making one feel strong, healthy
Regimen	- a prescribed course of medical treatment
Forbade	- refused to allow (something)
Apprise	- inform

ISKCON	- International Society for Krishna Consciousness
Frail	- (of a person) weak and delicate
Petite	- (of a woman) attractively small and dainty

**I. Answer the following question in 50 words each.**

1. When and where was Kiran Bedi born?
2. Give details about Kiran Bedi's academic years.
3. What are the awards conferred on Kiran Bedi?
4. In what way did the pursuit of tennis support Kiran Bedi's career?

**II. Answer the following questions in 100 words each.**

1. Portray the incident which earned Kiran Bedi the sobriquet of 'Crane Bedi'.
2. What is the reason behind Kiran Bedi hitting the headlines in 1988 as Deputy Director of NCB?
3. When and where was the concept of 'Navjyoti' established?

**III. Answer the following question in 200 words.**

Give a detailed description of the reforms undertaken by Kiran Bedi in Tihar jail.

## 2. MOTHER TERESA

-John Frazer

### Introduction:

John Frazer is an English architect, influential teacher and writer. He holds the position of The Fellow of Royal Society of Arts; Art Advisor to the Art and Heritage Museum, Hong Kong. His parents were descendants of Scottish island. He had his formal education at Stowe School. In this essay Frazer talks about a great woman Mother Teresa who devoted her life to do service for poor people. This essay unfolds details on Mother Teresa's birth, her service to the needy, her life of simplicity, the Peace prize and other awards and honours conferred on her.

### Text

Twenty-five years ago it was a slum and it is a slum today. The lanes are mud; the hovels tilt and sag. Outside one wretched hut, a woman crouching in the sun picks lice from a child's tangled hair. But in a rutted field nearby where pigs snuffle and root, there is a small, two-room school house. Its walls are made of tarred bamboo matting, and its gutters are shaped out of old Soya bean oil tins, but from within come the low, cheerful murmur of children at their lessons.

Into this Calcutta slum in 1948, squalid now but far more squalid then, walked a woman in a white sari. She had no income, no savings, no property-only five rupees and an inspired calling to help the poorest of India's poor. She knocked on hovel doors; she put sturdy arms round ragged, barefoot children; she washed them and, under a tree in an open field, she taught them.

Today, Mother Teresa-the woman in the white sari-is among the best-known women in India. She still has no money, no property, no savings of her own. But her real wealth is Himalayan in size; her assets now include 7,500 children in 60 schools; 9,60,000 patients cared for in 213 dispensaries; 47,000 victims of leprosy in 54 clinics; 1,600 abandoned or orphan children in 20 homes; and 3,400 destitute or dying people in 23 homes all this in 35 cities and towns in India and in a dozen other countries.

She is loved by the poor and the neglected and revered by the Missionaries of Charity, the Catholic order she founded in 1950. She is admired by Hindu, Moslem and Christian alike for a total commitment to the poor that transcends all barriers. Last November she received India's Jawaharlal Nehru Award for her 'dedicated service to humanity, without considerations of nationality, caste or creed.'

A slight, stooped woman, now 62, scarcely more than 150 centimetres tall, with deep-set eyes and a calm, straightforward manner, Mother Teresa can break easily into laughter with a visitor.

She can also be insistent, even sharp, in her low, soft voice if this will benefit the needy. As one priest who differed with her on a certain project says wryly, 'She won't listen; that's one of her strengths.'

When Pope Paul invited her to open a branch of the Missionaries of Charity in the slums of Rome, some objection arose that there were already too many nuns in Italy looking for suitable work to do. 'In that case,' said Mother Teresa, 'my nuns will show them how to find work.' She travels by third-class train, gets down on her hands and knees to scrub floors, cherishes and wears a shawl more darned than knitted. She sees in the poor, what others often fail to see: their loneliness, their humour, their integrity, their fortitude.

'I am anxious for people to know of the greatness of the poor,' she says. 'I once went to a Hindu family which had been starving and brought them rice. Before I knew it, the mother had divided it and given half to the Moslem family next door. She said, "They are just as hungry as we are." I believe we need the poor as much as they need us. We are the better for being in contact with them.'

Mother Teresa was born in 1910, of Albanian parents, in Skopje, Yugoslavia, where her father was a shopkeeper. As a youngster, she knew she had a vocation to help the poor, and at eighteen she left home to become a nun. After training as an aspirant at the Loretto Abbey in Rathfarnham, Dublin, she was sent to Calcutta, where she took her final vows. There she taught at a convent high school and became its principal. In 1946, she felt she must leave and go into the slums. Permission came after two years and her own appeal to Rome. She could go out alone, a 'free' nun.

How does a nun start a new career in the slums? Mother Teresa went to Patna, India, for brief, intensive training in nursing with the American Medical Missionary Sisters. Then, returning to the slums of Calcutta, she began collecting abandoned children to teach them hygiene, prescribing medicines for the sick, bringing food. She sought a centre for her work, and a welcome break came when a family offered her rooms on the top floor of their large house. Quickly she recruited assistants, eventually 26 in all, who formed the nucleus of the Missionaries of Charity. They now number more than 700, and are mostly young and Indian.

One sister remembers: "Mother Teresa took me round and showed me the house of well-to-do people, and said I must now go there and ask them for food for our poor children. I was very shy. I did not want to do it. Mother said, 'Sister, you must do it.' Sometimes people would throw food on the ground and say, 'Don't come again.' But I said to myself, 'Well, I do it for Him.'"

'Mother Teresa's system of helping the poor is simplicity itself; she does what is possible. She has no idea where money will come from,' says one admirer. 'But if a project is needed she will go ahead.' A crippled youth needs artificial legs; she will ask a diplomat in Calcutta to help send him overseas. A father living on the pavement with his family of five asks her to take in his teenage daughters; there is really no room available, but she takes them in.

Her first large-scale venture-a home for the destitute, sick and dying-was started when she saw an old woman, bitten by rats and ants, dying in the street. She gathered her up and took her to hospital, which at first refused her admission. Mother Teresa would not move until the hospital accepted her. Then she went to the municipal authorities and asked for a shelter

where the dying poor could die in dignity. She was offered a vacant pilgrim hostel adjoining a Hindu temple, and the following day she and her sisters-and the dying-moved in.

Today, some 150 homeless poor, many critically ill, are washed, fed and sheltered in this Calcutta home, called Nirmal Hriday (Pure Heart). They are treated by the sisters and doctors, and by the Missionary Brothers of Charity, a companion order established in 1963. Some 27,000 people, unacceptable elsewhere, have been brought here.

Far different in atmosphere is a school in a Calcutta lane, amber with sunlight filtering through palm trees. The Missionaries of Charity now run ten schools with 2,500 pupils in Calcutta. A few are in a single room; others, like this one, are larger but by no means luxurious. Some 250 children, aged 5 to 13, come here for education and for bread and milk. (The milk is a gift from children in Denmark; the flour is bought with money contributed by British school children to the Bread Appeal Fund for Hungry Children.)

The origin of the school is typical. Mother Teresa saw idle land near a slum and approached the Bengali owner for permission to put up a school. He not only gave permission; he gave the land and erected the school. 'Mother Teresa can get anyone to help,' says one volunteer. 'She makes you climb mountains for her.'

Sometimes her proposals seem baffling. She bought a printing press for lepers,' wrote Malcolm Muggeridge in *Something Beautiful for God*, 'so that they could print pamphlets and make a little money. How did she know what press to buy? And with those stumps, how could the lepers hope to set type? Fatuous questions! The press is there and working.'

In January 1917, Mother Teresa was called to Rome to accept the first International Pope John XXIII Peace Prize, and with it a cheque for Rs. 1.9 lakhs. She tucked it in her cloth bag to take back to India, and has since used the money to start a model colony for leprosy patients in West Bengal.

This year, her funds were again boosted when she was chosen out of 2,000 nominees from 80 countries to receive the first Templeton Foundation Prize for Progress in Religion. Presenting her with the Rs.6.46 lakhs award in London last April, Prince Philip said, 'the sheer goodness which shines through Mother Teresa's life and work can only inspire humility, wonder and admiration.'

The poor and Mother Teresa not only meet in India but in Tanzania, Yemen, the Gaza strip, Bangladesh, Mauritius, Australia, England, Ireland, Venezuela, Italy, Jordan and the United States. In all these places there are small branches of Missionaries of Charity, where five or six sisters in white saris carry on the vocation which began in the Calcutta slum 25 years ago.

In Paddington, London, Missionaries of Charity visit the old and the sick, run a home for homeless, destitute women and have plans for a similar home for men. Their novitiate in Southall, Middlesex trains novices from Britain, the United States, France, Italy and India. They are also active in Northern Ireland, where they work with a group of Anglican nuns in running a play school in the Catholic area of Belfast and in organizing dressmaking and typing classes for women.

During the earlier years, Mother Teresa chose each one of the Missionaries of Charity herself. This is not possible now, but she still insists upon four qualities: good health, common sense,

the ability to learn and a cheerful disposition. The work is rugged. There are no luxuries whatever. Each sister owns only cotton saris, sandals, an umbrella, a sweater for cool weather, a few accessories, and a metal bucket in which to do her washing. 'There's real sacrifice,' says one sister frankly. 'We come for a hard life and we get it.'

To the outsider, a question persists. What can induce Mother Teresa and hundreds of sisters to pour out a lifetime for the poorest of the poor? There is an answer, one given by an Indian churchman in New Delhi: 'the sisters take literally the injunction of Christ, "As you did to one of the least of these my brethren, you did unto me."

To Mother Teresa and the sisters, the poor are Christ in disguise. Or, as a volunteer who works with her says: 'Mother Teresa sees the divinity in us all.'

## Glossary

Hovels	- simply constructed dwelling.
Sag	- to sink
Wretched	- very unfortunate in condition or circumstances.
Rutted	- having long deep tracks made by the repeated passage of the wheels of vehicles.
Snuffle	- to draw air in to the nose for smelling.
Tarred	- cover (something)
Murmur	- a low, continuous sound.
Squalid	- extremely dirty and unpleasant
Creed	- system of religious faith.
Stooped	- bend one's head or body forward or downward.
Wryly	- abnormally bent or turned to one side
Charity	- generous actions or donation to aid the poor
Darned	- mend (a hole in knitted material) by interweaving yarn with a needle irritating.
Vows	- a solemn promise, pledged or personal commitment.
Missionary	- a person sent by a Church into an area to carry on evangelism or other activities.
Crippled	- a person who is disabled.
Diplomat	- a person who is skillful in managing delicate situations or people.
Venture	- involving in to risky or dangerous one.
Baffling	- impossible to understand.
Stumps	- part of something such as a tree, arm, or leg that is left after most of it has been removed or damaged
Fatuous	- silly and pointless.
Municipal	- of a relating to a town or city or its local government
Dignity	- self-respect.

Humility	- being humble.
Novices	- person who is new to a work environment.
Disposition	- person's inherent qualities of mind and character.
Injunction	- an act or instance of enjoying.
Disguise	- to change appearance.
Gutters	- a channel at the side or in the mid of a road or street.

**I. Answer the following questions in 50 words.**

1. How did Mother Teresa treat the poor?
2. How does John Frazer describe the slums in Kolkata?
3. When and where was Mother Teresa born?
4. What name was given to Mother Teresa at baptism?

**II. Answer the following questions in 100 words.**

1. What is the reason for Mother Teresa to become a nun?
2. List out the various prizes and awards won by Mother Teresa.
3. What are the organisations set up by Mother Teresa to help the needy?

**III. Answer the following question in 200 words.**

Comment on Mother Teresa's service to the poor and the neglected.

### 3. MARTIN LUTHER KING

-R.N. Roy

#### Introduction:

Biography of Martin Luther King was written by R.N. Roy. R.N Roy, born in 1921, was a popular critic of George Bernard Shaw. His other works are *English Prose for Pleasure & profit*, *George Bernard Shaw's Historical Plays*, *George Bernard Shaw's Philosophy of Life*. Roy's biography throws light on Martin Luther King's life and how he had become an important figure in the American politics and history.

#### Text

Martin Luther King (1929-68) is one of the greatest men the world has seen. He is in many respects like Mahatma Gandhi. Both belonged to the twentieth century, a century that has witnessed more hatred and cruelties than any other century in the history of the world. Both championed the cause of the downtrodden. Gandhi championed the rights of the harijans ('untouchable'), and King the rights of American blacks. Both were peaceful warriors, fighting with the weapon of non-violence against powers that were armed from head to foot. And both were shot to death by assassins.

An ardent clergyman who was nurtured in the bosom of the Church and sustained by its spiritual blessings, Martin Luther King believed in the equality of man. And the racial discrimination that he saw around him, the continued denial of what the blacks considered to be their legitimate aspirations, deeply distressed his mind. The blacks had done more than their share in building America as we find it today: They had done hard work, dirty work, and dangerous work in the mines, on the docks, and in the blistering foundries. And they had fought bravely and sacrificed their lives to defend America's honour and prestige in times of external peril. Yet, 'why does misery constantly haunt the black?' No doubt, a few concessions had been grudgingly granted by white Americans, but King said, 'no person can truly exist half slave and half free.'

The blacks lived in constant economic insecurity in the midst of abundant material prosperity. They were deprived of normal education and normal social opportunities. A black could not attend a school or a public amusement park meant for whites, and when he took a cross country drive he could not enter a motel, because it was violation of the law to serve food to a black at the same counter with whites. A black was a nobody in his own land. He was harassed by day and haunted by night by the fact that he was a black. This atmosphere of economic insecurity, social inferiority, fear and resentment warped his personality.

A parallel situation prevailed in India. Paradoxically India, a land of saints, who have all preached the gospel of universal brotherhood, segregated a large part of her population as 'untouchables'. Millions of 'untouchables' were denied all social rights, and they suffered agonies of discrimination for ages. Mahatma Gandhi fought all his life against such inhuman social discrimination, and today the 'untouchables' are no longer 'untouchable'.

Another evil that haunted India like a nightmare was the British rule. It sapped her vitality and stood in the way of her mental and spiritual growth. For, no nation can grow in an atmosphere of slavery and inhibition. Freedom is every nation's birthright. Gandhiji embarked upon a campaign of opposition to British rule in India. He infused into it a new spirit by his doctrine of ahimsa (non-violence). He and his men were beaten to pulp, but they never offered any violent resistance. At long last, the mighty British power yielded to this passive resistance and quit India. As a young boy, Martin Luther King was deeply struck by Gandhiji's success in social and political fields, the efficacy of non-violence, and the superiority of moral force over physical force, and he was inspired by this living Indian example to set right the wrongs that he saw around him. He said, 'Before this century, virtually all revolutions had been based on hope and hate. The hope was expressed in the rising expectation of freedom and justice. The hate was an expression of bitterness towards the perpetrators of the old order. It was the hate that made revolutions bloody and violent. What was new about Mahatma Gandhi's movement in India was that he mounted a revolution on hope and love, hope and non-violence . . .'

For about three centuries and a half, twenty million blacks silently sobbed and sighed, but white Americans, except a sensitive few, like Abraham Lincoln and John Kennedy, paid no heed to what they wanted. Martin Luther King could find no reason why American democracy should trample on the rights of the blacks. He wanted the blacks to share lunch counters, schools, libraries, parks, hotels and other facilities with the whites. He insisted on having these rights without any further delay. He said, 'We have waited for more than 340 years for our constitutional and God-given rights. The nations of Asia are moving with jet-like speed towards gaining political independence, but still we creep at horse-and-buggy pace towards gaining a cup of coffee at a lunch counter.' And to those who called his activities 'unwise and untimely' and accused him of impatience he replied that they had 'never felt the stinging darts of segregation'.

Martin Luther King came to national attention in 1956 when he led a boycott of the public buses in Montgomery, to protest against segregated seating on them. A year later, after many mass arrests, physical attacks, torture, and threats, the boycott was crowned with success. The US Supreme Court ruled that racial segregation on public conveyances, both intrastate and interstate, was unlawful. For the first time in the history of America, the blacks enjoyed non-segregated bus travel. It was a movement that knew no hatred or violence. For King had enunciated a principle from which he never budged an inch even in the face of imminent danger: 'We will not resort to violence. We will not degrade ourselves with hatred. Love will be returned for hate.'

The Montgomery victory had taught the blacks the power of organisation, the superiority of moral force over physical force, the dignity of suffering for a noble cause, and the efficacy of non-violence. In January 1957, King organised the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which broadened his field of activity and gave him a national platform. He moved from place to place and delivered innumerable lectures, conferred with heads of state, and discussed the problem of the blacks with leaders in the country and abroad. King became a powerful speaker. His voice often rang with a revivalist's fervour. Slavery and oppression over a period of several centuries had crushed the very soul of the black, and the entire race was in a state of torpor. Through fiery speeches, King was able to generate the power which finally galvanised the entire race. He delivered the most impressive oration of his career in 1963 when 2,50,000 Americans of all faiths, races and creeds assembled together to 'March on Washington'. The burden of his speech was 'I have a dream' – a dream of the time when racialism will vanish, when children of God will inhabit God's earth like brothers and sisters.

King's active career extended from 1957 to 1968. During this brief career, he led numerous protest demonstrations in the south as well as in the north. He challenged the moral complacency of America and fought for the rights and liberties of the blacks. He hated the eye-for-an-eye method and fought with the weapon of non-violence—"a weapon", said King, "that cuts without wounding and ennobles the man who wields it. It is a sword that heals." And he raised a vast army. 'But it was a special army, with no supplies but its sincerity, no uniform but its determination, no arsenal except its faith, no currency but its conscience. It was an army that would move but not maul. It was an army that would flank but not falter. It was an army to storm bastions of hatred, to lay siege to the fortress of segregation, to surround symbols of discrimination. It was an army whose allegiance was to God and whose strategy and intelligence were the eloquently simple dictates of conscience.' His creed of non-violence was criticised and challenged by 'black power' militants who would not renounce the use of violence to achieve their goals. King reminded them that 'within his own century, the non-violent ethic of Mahatma Gandhi and his followers had muzzled the guns of the British Empire in India and freed more than three hundred and fifty million people from colonialism.' His faith in non-violence never wavered.

What Martin Luther King, the peaceful warrior, and his followers suffered, it is hard to describe. They were abused and stoned by the mob, slapped and kicked by the police and jeered by some of their own men. The police used fire hoses and ferocious dogs to rout them and the law courts sent them to solitary confinement where not a ray of the sun entered. Their women and children fared no better. Once a black church was bombed, killing four little girls attending Sunday school. They suffered all this without ever lifting a hand in self-defence. For they had taken an oath to 'refrain from the violence of the fist, tongue, or heart'. King was recognised for his peaceful methods and was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1964 when he was only thirty-five, the youngest of all who had received this great honour.

In 1967 King announced his open opposition to the Vietnam War and led many non-violent demonstrations against it. In 1968 he announced a Poor People's Campaign to be held in Washington. On April 4 of this year, as he was planning with his staff on a balcony of the

Lorraine Hotel in Memphis to lead a demonstration of striking sanitation workers, he was shot to death by an assassin.

Martin Luther King dedicated his book *Why We Can't Wait* 'To my children Yolanda-Martin III-Dexter-Bernice, for whom I dream that one day soon they will no longer be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.' Has his dream been realised? Not fully yet. But King fought not only for the great, but for all the poor in all their hues, for he knew that if colour made them different, misery and oppression made them one. And he wanted to use the weapon of non-violence not only to solve racial, social and economic problems, but also to prevent a typhoon of nuclear war which may annihilate all humanity. He said, 'Non-violence, the answer to the blacks' need, may become the answer to the most desperate need of all humanity.'

Martin Luther King was the pride of the world and the world mourns his tragic death. He belonged to a century that is the most brutal, the wickedest since the dark ages, and a contrast between him and his century is a contrast between day and night.

He gave his great mind to great thoughts when other great minds wasted themselves on petty, selfish pursuits; he was a rock of conviction at a time when men believed in nothing. He maintained his personal dignity unimpaired in an age of fawning and servility. He was a peaceful warrior when men invented deadly weapons to kill one another. The world will admire him as long as virtues are admired and it will worship him as long as apostles of peace are worshipped.

King's assassin killed a man who was a ray of hope in a world that was enveloped in the gloom of nuclear war. Socrates was condemned to death by the drinking of hemlock, Christ was crucified, Joan of Arc was burnt alive, and Abraham Lincoln, Mahatma Gandhi, John Kennedy, and Martin Luther King were shot to death. 'O God! that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?'

### Glossary

Hatred	- the feeling of one who hates.
Cruelties	- the state or quality of being cruel.
Blistering	- very fast or rapid
Prestige	- reputation or influence arising from success.
Peril	- exposure to injury, loss or destruction.
Abundant	- present in great quantity.
Haunted	- inhabited or frequented ghosts.
Resentment	- the feeling of displeasure.
Warped	- bend or twist out of shape.
Paradoxically	- contradictory
Embarked	- to board a ship, aircraft or other vehicles.
Campaign	- military operations for specific objective.
Infused	- to introduce.

Segregation

- separating of people or things.

Intrastate

- existing or occurring with the boundaries of a state.

**I. Answer the following questions in 50 words each.**

1. What is the speciality of Martin Luther King's Army?
2. Write about the contribution of the black people in building America?
3. What was the parallel situation that prevailed in India?
4. When did Martin Luther King come to national attention?

**II. Answer the following question in 100 words each.**

1. Explain about the protest demonstrations and king's active career from 1957 to 1968.
2. Write a paragraph on the influence of Mahatma Gandhi on Martin Luther King.
3. Enumerate the hardships experienced by the blacks.
4. Martin Luther King was a peaceful warrior. Elucidate.

**III. Answer the following question in 200 words.**

1. Write about Martin Luther King's personality and his contribution to the society.