

First Flight

Textbook in English for Class X



राष्ट्रीय शिक्षिक अनुसंधान और प्रशिक्षण परिषद
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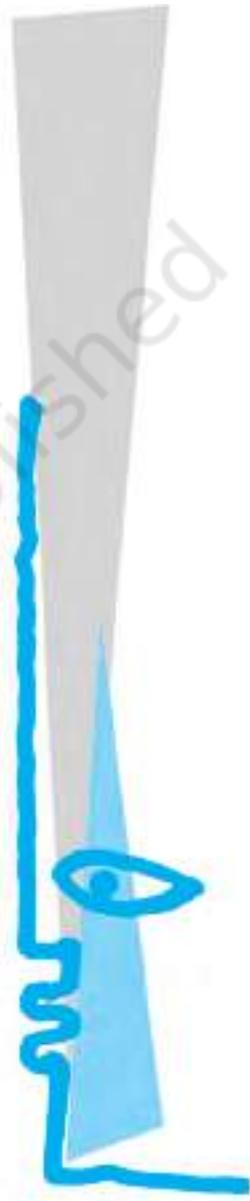
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Foreword

THE National Curriculum Framework (NCF), 2005, recommends that children's life at school must be linked to their life outside the school. This principle marks a departure from the legacy of bookish learning which continues to shape our system and causes a gap between the school, home and community. The syllabi and textbooks developed on the basis of NCF signify an attempt to implement this basic idea. They also attempt to discourage rote learning and the maintenance of sharp boundaries between different subject areas. We hope these measures will take us significantly further in the direction of a child-centered system of education outlined in the National Policy of Education (1986).

The success of this effort depends on the steps that school principals and teachers will take to encourage children to reflect on their own learning and to pursue imaginative activities and questions. We must recognise that, given space, time and freedom, children generate new knowledge by engaging with the information passed on to them by adults. Treating the prescribed textbook as the sole basis of examination is one of the key reasons why other resources and sites of learning are ignored. Inculcating creativity and initiative is possible if we perceive and treat children as participants in learning, not as receivers of a fixed body of knowledge.

These aims imply considerable change in school routines and mode of functioning. Flexibility in the daily time-table is as necessary as rigour in implementing the annual calendar so that the required number of teaching days are actually devoted to teaching. The methods used for teaching and evaluation will also determine how effective this textbook proves for making children's life at school a happy experience, rather than a source of stress or boredom. Syllabus designers have tried to address the problem of curricular burden by restructuring and reorienting knowledge at different stages with greater





consideration for child psychology and the time available for teaching. The textbook attempts to enhance this endeavour by giving higher priority and space to opportunities for contemplation and wondering, discussion in small groups, and activities requiring hands-on experience.

The National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT) appreciates the hard work done by the textbook development committee responsible for this book. We wish to thank the Chairperson of the advisory group in languages, Professor Namwar Singh, and the Chief Advisor for this book, Professor R. Amritavalli, for guiding the work of this committee. Several teachers contributed to the development of this textbook; we are grateful to their principals for making this possible. We are indebted to the institutions and organisations which have generously permitted us to draw upon their resources, materials and personnel. We are especially grateful to the members of the National Monitoring Committee, appointed by the Department of Secondary and Higher Education, Ministry of Human Resource Development under the Chairpersonship of Professor Mrinal Miri and Professor G.P. Deshpande for their valuable time and contribution. As an organisation committed to systemic reform and continuous improvement in the quality of its products, NCERT welcomes comments and suggestions which will enable us to undertake further revision and refinements.

Director

New Delhi
20 November 2006

National Council of Educational
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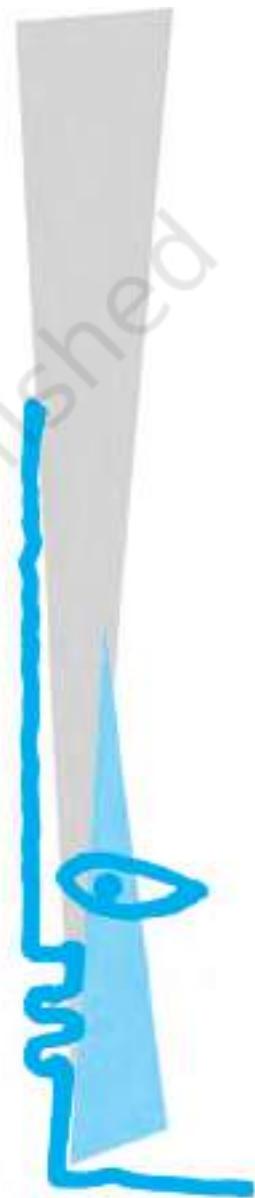
RATIONALISATION OF CONTENT IN THE TEXTBOOKS

In view of the COVID-19 pandemic, it is imperative to reduce content load on students. The National Education Policy 2020, also emphasises reducing the content load and providing opportunities for experiential learning with creative mindset. In this background, the NCERT has undertaken the exercise to rationalise the textbooks across all classes. Learning Outcomes already developed by the NCERT across classes have been taken into consideration in this exercise.

Contents of the textbooks have been rationalised in view of the following:

- Content based on genres of literature in the textbooks and supplementary readers at different stages of school education
- Content that is meant for achieving Learning Outcomes for developing language proficiency and is accessible at different stages
- For reducing the curriculum load and examination stress in view of the prevailing condition of the Pandemic
- Content, which is easily accessible to students without much interventions from teachers and can be learned by children through self-learning or peer-learning
- Content, which is irrelevant in the present context

This present edition, is a reformatted version after carrying out the changes given above.

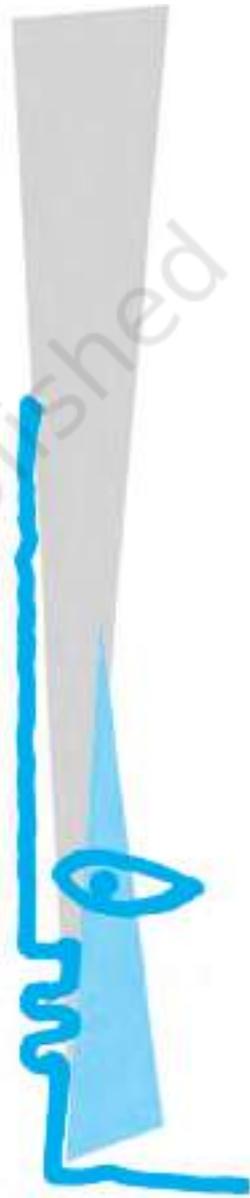


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To the Teacher

First Flight, a textbook in English for Class X, is based on the new syllabus in English which was prepared as a follow-up to the National Curriculum Framework, 2005. The English curriculum lays emphasis on providing a variety of rich, comprehensible inputs to learners to enable their engagement in learning; and on recognising the multilingualism of everyday experience in India. This textbook aims at helping the learner to read for meaning in context, thus providing a bank of language to serve as a base for communication in English.

- This book presents you with texts in a variety of genres, including the diary, the formal address, the travelogue, and the play, on literary, cultural and sociological themes that touch upon aspects of life relevant to adolescents. Questions and ideas about the individual and society, the understanding and management of one's emotions, and of one's place in a larger time and space, are here presented both by such voices from contemporary history as Nelson Mandela and Anne Frank, and in fiction from India and abroad, chosen for their enduring value. There are units that present glimpses of our country, and depict our relationship with the natural world.
- The units in the book have been loosely structured in the following way. An introductory section, **Before You Read**, gives information or activates knowledge about the text to be read, and suggests some warm-up activities. Let children participate in these to the fullest extent; where necessary or possible, add some activities of your own.
- An innovation made in consultation with teachers is a while-reading activity, the **Oral Comprehension Check**, which aims at a quick, ongoing check that learners are indeed following the text up to that point, so that they can progress meaningfully to the parts of the text that





follow. Let learners briefly share their understanding by orally answering the questions in this section.

Reflection, expression of individual opinion and deeper understanding of the text can occur later, when the text has been read and understood in its totality, in the section **Thinking about the Text**. The questions in the latter section are designed to enable the learner to move from factual understanding to critical thinking.

- **Thinking about Language** provides exercises or tasks that follow naturally from the contexts suggested by a particular unit, for enrichment of vocabulary and other language skills. Exploit them well and also create your own activities. Exercises for the communicative skills of listening, speaking, and writing have been given in contexts that support group or pair activity. A variety of writing tasks have been aimed at.
- While dealing with poems, let children understand and enjoy the theme and the language by reading a poem with close attention, more than once, silently or along with the teacher or a partner. Where some information has been provided about the poet or the background to the poem, this should not stand in the way of the learner accessing the poem directly, and attempting to make sense of it.

How do we read poetry? Here is what one teacher says.

All poetry requires patience. Be patient with the text; read carefully for nuance and inference. Know what the words mean. Look up words that are unfamiliar — look up words that are familiar but you cannot specify. Pay attention to words or phrases that resonate with other things you know and try to identify the connection. Be patient and read slowly, and you will be amply rewarded.

- Each unit includes some guidelines for your assistance, under the head **In This Lesson**, organised under two subsections — **What We Have Done**, and **What You Can Do**. The first subsection summarises the theme of the unit, and/or its activities. The second suggests interesting possibilities for you to go beyond the text, using the text as a springboard for a variety of language activities appropriate to your particular group of learners. Suggested here, for example, are group activities for speaking or making a ticket collage, as well as dictation. As you follow these suggestions and take these activities forward along your own lines, you will be able to enrich your students' learning.

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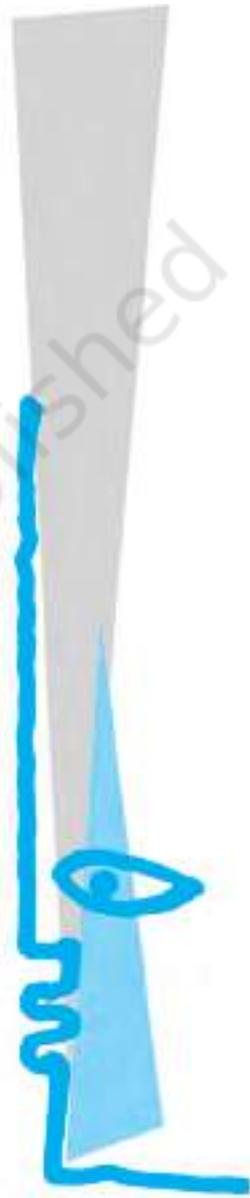
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We thank Dr Shyamla Kumaradoss for developing the teacher's guidelines for each unit so as to maximise learning.

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Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	<i>iii</i>
<i>Rationalisation of Content in the Textbooks</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>To the Teacher</i>	<i>vii</i>
1. A Letter to God	1
G.L.FUENTES	
<i>Dust of Snow</i>	14
ROBERT FROST	
<i>Fire and Ice</i>	15
ROBERT FROST	
2. Nelson Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom	16
NELSON ROLIHLAHLA MANDELA	
<i>A Tiger in the Zoo</i>	29
LESLIE NORRIS	
3. Two Stories about Flying	32
I. <i>His First Flight</i>	
LIAM O' FLAHERTY	
II. <i>Black Aeroplane</i>	
FREDERICK FORSYTH	
<i>How to Tell Wild Animals</i>	43
CAROLYN WELLS	
<i>The Ball Poem</i>	46
JOHN BERRYMAN	
4. From the Diary of Anne Frank	48
ANNE FRANK	
<i>Amanda!</i>	
ROBIN KLEIN	
	61



5.	Glimpses of India	63
	I. <i>A Baker from Goa</i>	
	LUCIO RODRIGUES	
	II. <i>Coorg</i>	
	LOKESH ABROL	
	III. <i>Tea from Assam</i>	
	ARUP KUMAR DATTA	
	 <i>The Trees</i>	77
	<i>ADRIENNE RICH</i>	
6.	Mijbil the Otter	80
	GAVIN MAXWELL	
	 <i>Fog</i>	93
	<i>CARL SANDBURG</i>	
7.	Madam Rides the Bus	94
	VALLIKKANNAN	
	 <i>The Tale of Custard the Dragon</i>	107
	<i>OGDEN NASH</i>	
8.	The Sermon at Benares	111
	 <i>For Anne Gregory</i>	118
	<i>WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS</i>	
9.	The Proposal	120
	ANTON CHEKOV	



A Letter to God



1059CH01

GLFuentes

BEFORE YOU READ

They say faith can move mountains. But what should we put our faith in? This is the question this story delicately poses.

Lencho is a farmer who writes a letter to God when his crops are ruined, asking for a hundred pesos. Does Lencho's letter reach God? Does God send him the money? Think what your answers to these questions would be, and guess how the story continues, before you begin to read it.

Activity

1. *One of the cheapest ways to send money to someone is through the post office. Have you ever sent or received money in this way? Here's what you have to do. (As you read the instructions, discuss with your teacher in class the meanings of these words: counter, counter clerk, appropriate, acknowledgement, counterfoil, record. Consult a dictionary if necessary. Are there words corresponding to these English words in your languages?)*

Inside the post office, go to the counter marked
'Money Order'

Buy a Money Order (MO) form by paying 50 paise to
the person behind the counter

Fill in the appropriate boxes in the form
(preferably in BLOCK letters)

Pay the counter clerk the amount of money to
be sent along with the charges

Take back the MO acknowledgement counterfoil
for your record

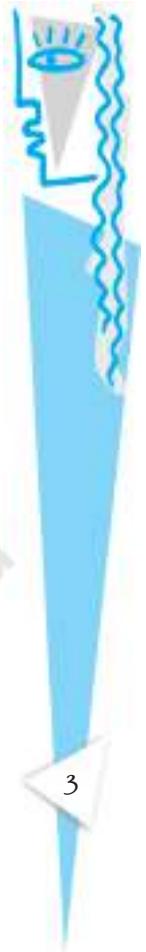
2. Fill out the Money Order form given below using the clues that follow the form.

M.O. - 8. DEPARTMENT OF POSTS, INDIA 50 Paise
 भारतीय डाक

INDIA POST
 PAY RUPEES.....
 To..... Rs.
 Date
 PIN
 Date Sender's Signature
 M.O. No. Date
 Rupees
 Rs.
 Combined Oblong Stamp Assistant Postmaster
 Round M. O. Stamp Signature of Payee
 Oblong Stamp Signature of witness / identifier
 Signature of paying official
M. O. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
 M. O. No. Date
 Sender's Name & Address
 PIN
 Received Rupees.....
 on.....
 Date Stamp Signature of Payee
 (Space for Communication)

First Flight

2



- Think about who you will send the money to, and how much. You might want to send money for a magazine subscription, or to a relative or a friend.
- Or you may fill out the form with yourself as sender and your partner as receiver. Use a part of your pocket money, and submit the form at the nearest post office to see how it's done. See how your partner enjoys getting money by post!
- Notice that the form has three parts — the Money Order form, the part for official use and the Acknowledgement. What would you write in the 'Space for Communication'?

Now complete the following statements.

(i) In addition to the sender, the form has to be signed by the _____

(ii) The 'Acknowledgement' section of the form is sent back by the post office to the _____ after the _____ signs it.

(iii) The 'Space for Communication' section is used for _____

(iv) The form has six sections. The sender needs to fill out _____ sections and the receiver _____

THE house — the only one in the entire valley — sat on the crest of a low hill. From this height one could see the river and the field of ripe corn dotted with the flowers that always promised a good harvest. The only thing the earth needed was a downpour or at least a shower. Throughout the morning Lenchu — who knew his fields intimately — had done nothing else but see the sky towards the north-east.

crest
top of a hill

"Now we're really going to get some water, woman."

The woman who was preparing supper, replied, "Yes, God willing". The older boys were working in the field, while the smaller ones were playing near the house until the woman called to them all, "Come for dinner". It was during the meal that, just as

Lencho had predicted, big drops of rain began to fall. In the north-east huge mountains of clouds could be seen approaching. The air was fresh and sweet. The man went out for no other reason than to have the pleasure of feeling the rain on his body, and when he returned he exclaimed, "These aren't raindrops falling from the sky, they are new coins. The big drops are ten cent pieces and the little ones are fives."

With a satisfied expression he regarded the field of ripe corn with its flowers, draped in a curtain of rain. But suddenly a strong wind began to blow and along with the rain very large hailstones began to fall. These truly did resemble new silver coins. The boys, exposing themselves to the rain, ran out to collect the frozen pearls.

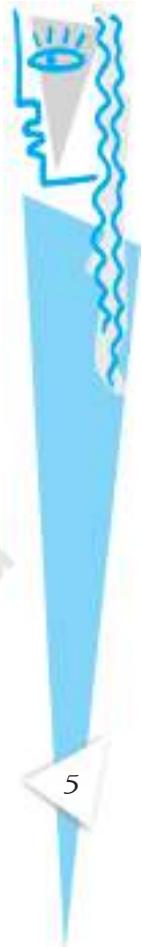
"It's really getting bad now," exclaimed the man. "I hope it passes quickly." It did not pass quickly. For an hour the hail rained on the house, the garden, the hillside, the cornfield, on the whole valley. The field was white, as if covered with salt.

Not a leaf remained on the trees. The corn was totally destroyed. The flowers were gone from the plants. Lencho's soul was filled with sadness. When the storm had passed, he stood in the middle of the field and said to his sons, "A plague of locusts would

draped
covered (with cloth)

locusts
insects which fly in
big swarms (groups)
and destroy crops





have left more than this. The hail has left nothing.
This year we will have no corn."

That night was a sorrowful one.
"All our work, for nothing."
"There's no one who can help us."
"We'll all go hungry this year."

Oral Comprehension Check

1. What did Lencho hope for?
2. Why did Lencho say the raindrops were like 'new coins'?
3. How did the rain change? What happened to Lencho's fields?
4. What were Lencho's feelings when the hail stopped?

But in the hearts of all who lived in that solitary house in the middle of the valley, there was a single hope: help from God.

"Don't be so upset, even though this seems like a total loss. Remember, no one dies of hunger."

"That's what they say: no one dies of hunger."

All through the night, Lencho thought only of his one hope: the help of God, whose eyes, as he had been instructed, see everything, even what is deep in one's conscience. Lencho was an ox of a man, working like an animal in the fields, but still he knew how to write. The following Sunday, at daybreak, he began to write a letter which he himself would carry to town and place in the mail. It was nothing less than a letter to God.

"God," he wrote, "if you don't help me, my family and I will go hungry this year. I need a hundred pesos in order to sow my field again and to live until the crop comes, because the hailstorm...."

He wrote 'To God' on the envelope, put the letter inside and, still troubled, went to town. At the post office, he placed a stamp on the letter and dropped it into the mailbox.

One of the employees, who was a postman and also helped at the post office, went to his boss laughing heartily and showed him the letter to God. Never in his career as a postman had he known that address. The postmaster — a fat, amiable

conscience

an inner sense of right and wrong

peso

currency of several Latin American countries

amiable

friendly and pleasant

fellow — also broke out laughing, but almost immediately he turned serious and, tapping the letter on his desk, commented, "What faith! I wish I had the faith of the man who wrote this letter. Starting up a correspondence with God!"

So, in order not to shake the writer's faith in God, the postmaster came up with an idea: answer the letter. But when he opened it, it was evident that to answer it he needed something more than goodwill, ink and paper. But he stuck to his resolution: he asked for money from his employees, he himself gave part of his salary, and several friends of his were obliged to give something 'for an act of charity'.

It was impossible for him to gather together the hundred pesos, so he was able to send the farmer only a little more than half. He put the money in an envelope addressed to Lencio and with it a letter containing only a single word as a signature: God.

Oral Comprehension Check

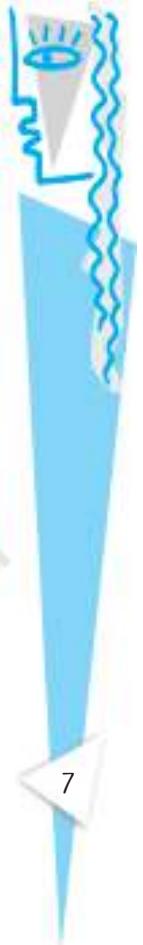
1. Who or what did Lencio have faith in? What did he do?
2. Who read the letter?
3. What did the postmaster do then?

The following Sunday Lencio came a bit earlier than usual to ask if there was a letter for him. It was the postman himself who handed the letter to him while the postmaster, experiencing the contentment of a man who has performed a good deed, looked on from his office.

contentment
satisfaction

Lencio showed not the slightest surprise on seeing the money; such was his confidence — but he became angry when he counted the money. God could not have made a mistake, nor could he have denied Lencio what he had requested.

Immediately, Lencio went up to the window to ask for paper and ink. On the public writing-table, he started to write, with much wrinkling of his brow, caused by the effort he had to make to express his ideas. When he finished, he went to the window to buy a stamp which he licked and then affixed to



the envelope with a blow of his fist. The moment the letter fell into the mailbox the postmaster went to open it. It said: "God: Of the money that I asked for, only seventy pesos reached me. Send me the rest, since I need it very much. But don't send it to me through the mail because the post office employees are a bunch of crooks. Lencho."

Oral Comprehension Check

1. Was Lencho surprised to find a letter for him with money in it?
2. What made him angry?

Thinking about the Text

1. Who does Lencho have complete faith in? Which sentences in the story tell you this?
2. Why does the postmaster send money to Lencho? Why does he sign the letter 'God'?
3. Did Lencho try to find out who had sent the money to him? Why/Why not?
4. Who does Lencho think has taken the rest of the money? What is the irony in the situation? (Remember that the irony of a situation is an unexpected aspect of it. An ironic situation is strange or amusing because it is the opposite of what is expected.)

5. Are there people like Lencho in the real world? What kind of a person would you say he is? You may select appropriate words from the box to answer the question.

greedy naive stupid ungrateful
selfish comical unquestioning

6. There are two kinds of conflict in the story: between humans and nature, and between humans themselves. How are these conflicts illustrated?

Thinking about Language

- I. Look at the following sentence from the story.

Suddenly a strong wind began to blow and along with the rain very large hailstones began to fall.

'Hailstones' are small balls of ice that fall like rain. A storm in which hailstones fall is a 'hailstorm'. You know that a storm is bad weather with strong winds, rain, thunder and lightning.

There are different names in different parts of the world for storms, depending on their nature. Can you match the names in the box with their descriptions below, and fill in the blanks? You may use a dictionary to help you.

gale, whirlwind, cyclone,
hurricane, tornado, typhoon

8

1. A violent tropical storm in which strong winds move in a circle:
— — c — — —
2. An extremely strong wind : _ a _ —
3. A violent tropical storm with very strong winds : _ — p — — —
4. A violent storm whose centre is a cloud in the shape of a funnel:
— — — n — — —
5. A violent storm with very strong winds, especially in the western Atlantic Ocean: _ — r — — — —
6. A very strong wind that moves very fast in a spinning movement and causes a lot of damage: _ — — — l — — —

- II. Notice how the word 'hope' is used in these sentences from the story:

- (a) I hope it (the hailstorm) passes quickly.
- (b) There was a single hope: help from God.

In the first example, 'hope' is a verb which means you wish for something to happen. In the second example it is a noun meaning a chance for something to happen.

Match the sentences in Column A with the meanings of 'hope' in Column B.

A	B
1. Will you get the subjects you want to study in college? <i>I hope so.</i>	- a feeling that something good will probably happen
2. I <i>hope</i> you don't mind my saying this, but I don't like the way you are arguing.	- thinking that this would happen (It may or may not have happened.)
3. This discovery will give new <i>hope</i> to HIV/AIDS sufferers.	- stopped believing that this good thing would happen
4. We were <i>hoping against hope</i> that the judges would not notice our mistakes.	- wanting something to happen (and thinking it quite possible)
5. I called early <i>in the hope of</i> speaking to her before she went to school.	- showing concern that what you say should not offend or disturb the other person: a way of being polite
6. Just when everybody had <i>given up hope</i> , the fishermen came back, seven days after the cyclone.	- wishing for something to happen, although this is very unlikely

III. Relative Clauses

Look at these sentences

9

(a) All morning Lencho — *who knew his fields intimately* — looked at the sky.

(b) The woman, *who was preparing supper*, replied, "Yes, God willing."

The italicised parts of the sentences give us more information about Lencho and the woman. We call them **relative clauses**. Notice that they begin with a **relative pronoun** *who*. Other common relative pronouns are *whom*, *whose*, and *which*.

The relative clauses in (a) and (b) above are called **non-defining**, because we already know the identity of the person they describe. Lencho is a particular person, and there is a particular woman he speaks to. We don't need the information in the relative clause to pick these people out from a larger set.

A non-defining relative clause usually has a comma in front of it and a comma after it (some writers use a dash (—) instead, as in the story). If the relative clause comes at the end, we just put a full stop.

Join the sentences given below using *who*, *whom*, *whose*, *which*, as suggested.

A Letter to God

1. I often go to Mumbai. Mumbai is the commercial capital of India. (*which*)
2. My mother is going to host a TV show on cooking. She cooks very well. (*who*)

- 
- 3. These sportspersons are going to meet the President. Their performance has been excellent. (*whose*)
 - 4. Lencho prayed to God. His eyes see into our minds. (*whose*)
 - 5. This man cheated me. I trusted him. (*whom*)

Sometimes the relative pronoun in a relative clause remains 'hidden'. For example, look at the first sentence of the story:

- (a) The house — the only one in the entire valley — sat on the crest of a low hill.

We can rewrite this sentence as:

- (b) The house — *which was* the only one in the entire valley — sat on the crest of a low hill.

In (a), the relative pronoun *which* and the verb *was* are not present.

IV. Using Negatives for Emphasis

We know that sentences with words such as *no*, *not* or *nothing* show the absence of something, or contradict something. For example:

- (a) This year we will have no corn. (Corn will be absent)
- (b) The hail has left nothing. (Absence of a crop)
- (c) These aren't raindrops falling from the sky, they are new coins. (Contradicts the common idea of what the drops of water falling from the sky are)

But sometimes negative words are used just to emphasise an idea. Look at these sentences from the story:

- (d) Lencho...had done *nothing else but* see the sky towards the north-east. (He had done only this)
- (e) The man went out for *no other reason than* to have the pleasure of feeling the rain on his body. (He had only this reason)
- (f) Lencho showed *not the slightest surprise* on seeing the money. (He showed no surprise at all)

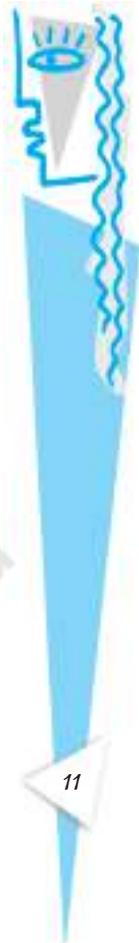
Now look back at example (c). Notice that the contradiction in fact serves to emphasise the value or usefulness of the rain to the farmer.

Find sentences in the story with negative words, which express the following ideas emphatically.

1. The trees lost all their leaves.

2. The letter was addressed to God himself.

3. The postman saw this address for the first time in his career.



V. Metaphors

The word **metaphor** comes from a Greek word meaning ‘transfer’. Metaphors compare two things or ideas: a quality or feature of one thing is transferred to another thing. Some common metaphors are

- *the leg of the table:* The leg supports our body. So the object that supports a table is described as a leg.
- *the heart of the city:* The heart is an important organ in the centre of our body. So this word is used to describe the central area of a city.

In pairs, find metaphors from the story to complete the table below. Try to say what qualities are being compared. One has been done for you.

Object	Metaphor	Quality or Feature Compared
Cloud	Huge mountains of clouds	The mass or ‘hugeness’ of mountains
Raindrops		
Hailstones		
Locusts		
		An epidemic (a disease) that spreads very rapidly and leaves many people dead
	An ox of a man	

Speaking

Have you ever been in great difficulty, and felt that only a miracle could help you? How was your problem solved? Speak about this in class with your teacher.

Listening

Listen to the letter (given under 'In This Lesson') read out by your teacher/on the audio tape. As you listen fill in the table given below.

The writer apologises (says sorry) because	
The writer has sent this to the reader	
The writer sent it in the month of	
The reason for not writing earlier	
Sarah goes to	
Who is writing to whom?	
Where and when were they last together?	

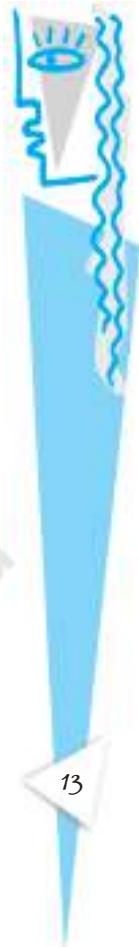
Writing

Lencho suffered first due to drought and then by floods. Our country is also facing such situations in the recent years. There is flood and there is drought. There is a need to save water through water harvesting. Design a poster for your area on how to save water during summer and when it is available in excess.

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

- Introduced students to the story that they are going to read.
- Related a thought-provoking story about the nature of belief.
- Helped students, through an interesting activity, to understand something that happens in the story — how to send money using a money order.
- Guided them through the reading activity by providing periodic comprehension checks as they read, and checked for holistic understanding at the end of the reading activity.
- Provided interesting exercises to strengthen students' grasp of the specific vocabulary found in the story, and also introduced them to related vocabulary.



13

A Letter to God

- Explained specific areas of grammar — non-defining relative clauses and the use of negatives for emphasis — providing illustrations from the text, and exercises for practice.
- Explained what metaphors are, and helped students identify metaphors in the text by providing clues.
- Provided a context for authentic speaking.
- Provided an interesting listening activity.

Given below is the passage for listening activity

Bhatt House
256, Circuit Road
Kanpur, Uttar Pradesh, India

25 January 2006

Dear Arti,

How are you? I'm sorry I haven't written for a very long time. I think I last sent you a birthday card in the month of September 2005.

We have just moved house (see our new address above). This is our new home. Sarah has just about started going to school. We have admitted her to 'Little Feet' as this is very close to our new home.

I'm sitting here by the window sill, writing to you. There is a slight drizzle outside and I'm reminded of the good times we had together at Bangalore last year.

Do write back. Love,

Jaya

WHAT You CAN Do

Before You Read: Encourage students to share their ideas about what will happen in the story.

Activity: Before filling out the form, get the students to read through the form and decide which parts they should fill out, and which parts will be filled in by the postal department. Ask a few students to volunteer to actually send a money order (the amount need not be large) and share the experience with the rest of the class.

Reading: Break the text up into manageable chunks for reading (three paragraphs, for example), and encourage students to read silently, on their own. Give them enough time to read, and then discuss what they have read before going on to the next portion. Use the 'Oral Comprehension Checks' in the appropriate places, and use the 'Thinking about the Text' questions at the end of the passage to help them go beyond the text.

Grammar: After they have done the exercise, ask students to make their own sentences with non-defining relative clauses — for example, 'Meena, who's a very clever girl, is always first in class.' Or, 'Our gardener, who knows a lot about plants, loves to talk about them.'

Speaking: Take the first turn — talk to the students about an instance from your own life, or from that of someone you know.

Dust of Snow

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

ROBERT FROST

Glossary

hemlock: A poisonous plant (tree) with small white flowers

rued: held in regret

Thinking about the Poem

This poem presents a moment that seems simple, but has a larger significance. [Compare this other quotation from Robert Frost: "Always, always a larger significance... A little thing touches a larger thing."]

1. What is a "dust of snow"? What does the poet say has changed his mood? How has the poet's mood changed?
2. How does Frost present nature in this poem? The following questions may help you to think of an answer.
 - (i) What are the birds that are usually named in poems? Do you think a crow is often mentioned in poems? What images come to your mind when you think of a crow?
 - (ii) Again, what is "a hemlock tree"? Why doesn't the poet write about a more 'beautiful' tree such as a maple, or an oak, or a pine?
 - (iii) What do the 'crow' and 'hemlock' represent — joy or sorrow? What does the dust of snow that the crow shakes off a hemlock tree stand for?
3. Have there been times when you felt depressed or hopeless? Have you experienced a similar moment that changed your mood that day?

Fire and Ice

Some say the world will end in fire
Some say in ice.

From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favour fire.

But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

ROBERT FROST

Glossary

perish: die

suffice: be sufficient

Thinking about the Poem

- There are many ideas about how the world will 'end'. Do you think the world will end some day? Have you ever thought what would happen if the sun got so hot that it 'burst', or grew colder and colder?
- For Frost, what do 'fire' and 'ice' stand for? Here are some ideas:

greed	avarice	cruelty	lust
conflict	fury	intolerance	rigidity
insensitivity	coldness	indifference	hatred

- What is the rhyme scheme of the poem? How does it help in bringing out the contrasting ideas in the poem?



1059CH02

2 Nelson Mandela Long Walk to Freedom

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

BEFORE YOU READ

- ‘Apartheid’ is a political system that separates people according to their race. Can you say which of the three countries named below had such a political system until very recently?
(i) United States of America (ii) South Africa (iii) Australia
- Have you heard of Nelson Mandela? Mandela, and his African National Congress, spent a lifetime fighting against apartheid. Mandela had to spend thirty years in prison. Finally, democratic elections were held in South Africa in 1994, and Mandela became the first black President of a new nation.

In this extract from his autobiography, Long Walk to Freedom, Mandela speaks about a historic occasion, ‘the inauguration’. Can you guess what the occasion might be? Check your guess with this news item (from the BBC) of 10 May 1994.

Mandela Becomes South Africa’s First Black President

Nelson Mandela has become South Africa’s first Black President after more than three centuries of White rule. Mr Mandela’s African National Congress (ANC) party won 252 of the 400 seats in the first democratic elections of South Africa’s history.

The inauguration ceremony took place in the Union Buildings amphitheatre in Pretoria today, attended by politicians and dignitaries from more than 140 countries around the world. “Never, never again will this beautiful land experience the oppression of one by another,” said Nelson Mandela in his address.

... Jubilant scenes on the streets of Pretoria followed the ceremony with blacks, whites and coloureds celebrating together... More than 100,000 South African men, women and children of all races sang and danced with joy.



Activity

In Column A are some expressions you will find in the text. Make a guess and match each expression with an appropriate meaning from Column B.

A	B
(i) A rainbow gathering of different colours and nations	- A great ability (almost unimaginable) to remain unchanged by suffering (not losing hope, goodness or courage)
(ii) The seat of white supremacy	- A half-secret life, like a life lived in the fading light between sunset and darkness
(iii) Be overwhelmed with a sense of history	- A sign of human feeling (goodness, kindness, pity, justice, etc.)
(iv) Resilience that defies the imagination	- A beautiful coming together of various peoples, like the colours in a rainbow
(v) A glimmer of humanity	- The centre of racial superiority
(vi) A twilight existence	- Feel deeply emotional, remembering and understanding all the past events that have led up to the moment

TENTH May dawned bright and clear. For the past few days I had been pleasantly besieged by dignitaries and world leaders who were coming to pay their respects before the inauguration. The inauguration would be the largest gathering ever of international leaders on South African soil.

The ceremonies took place in the lovely sandstone amphitheatre formed by the Union Buildings in Pretoria. For decades this had been the seat of white supremacy, and now it was the site of a rainbow gathering of different colours and nations for the installation of South Africa's first democratic, non-racial government.

On that lovely autumn day I was accompanied by my daughter Zenani. On the podium, Mr de Klerk was first sworn in as second deputy president. Then

(to be) besieged by
to be surrounded closely by

amphitheatre

a building without a roof, with many rows of seats rising in steps (typical of ancient Greece and Rome)



Thabo Mbeki was sworn in as first deputy president. When it was my turn, I pledged to obey and uphold the Constitution and to devote myself to the well-being of the Republic and its people. To the assembled guests and the watching world, I said:

Today, all of us do, by our presence here... confer glory and hope to newborn liberty. Out of the experience of an extraordinary human disaster that lasted too long, must be born a society of which all humanity will be proud.

We, who were outlaws not so long ago, have today been given the rare privilege to be host to the nations of the world on our own soil. We thank all of our distinguished international guests for having come to take possession with the people of our country of what is, after all, a common victory for justice, for peace, for human dignity.

We have, at last, achieved our political emancipation. We pledge ourselves to liberate all our people from the continuing bondage of poverty, deprivation, suffering, gender and other discrimination.

Never, never, and never again shall it be that this beautiful land will again experience the oppression of one by another.

The sun shall never set on so glorious a human achievement.

Let freedom reign. God bless Africa!

confer (a formal word)
here, give

We, who were outlaws

because of its policy of apartheid, many countries had earlier broken off diplomatic relations with South Africa

emancipation
freedom from restriction

deprivation

state of not having one's rightful benefits

discrimination
being treated differently or unfavourably

Oral Comprehension Check

1. *Where did the ceremonies take place? Can you name any public buildings in India that are made of sandstone?*
2. *Can you say how 10 May is an 'autumn day' in South Africa?*



19

3. At the beginning of his speech, Mandela mentions “an extraordinary human disaster”. What does he mean by this? What is the “glorious ... human achievement” he speaks of at the end?
4. What does Mandela thank the international leaders for?
5. What ideals does he set out for the future of South Africa?

A few moments later we all lifted our eyes in awe as a spectacular array of South African jets, helicopters and troop carriers roared in perfect formation over the Union Buildings. It was not only a display of pinpoint precision and military force, but a demonstration of the military’s loyalty to democracy, to a new government that had been freely and fairly elected. Only moments before, the highest generals of the South African defence force and police, their chests bedecked with ribbons and medals from days gone by, saluted me and pledged their loyalty. I was not unmindful of the fact that not so many years before they would not have saluted but arrested me. Finally a chevron of Impala jets left a smoke trail of the black, red, green, blue and gold of the new South African flag.

The day was symbolised for me by the playing of our two national anthems, and the vision of whites singing ‘Nkosi Sikelel –iAfrika’ and blacks singing ‘Die Stem’, the old anthem of the Republic. Although that day neither group knew the lyrics of the anthem they once despised, they would soon know the words by heart.

On the day of the inauguration, I was overwhelmed with a sense of history. In the first decade of the twentieth century, a few years after the bitter Anglo-Boer war and before my own birth, the white-skinned peoples of South Africa patched up their differences and erected a system of racial domination against the dark-skinned peoples of their own land. The structure they created formed the basis of one of the harshest, most inhumane, societies the world has ever known. Now, in the last decade of the twentieth century, and my own eighth decade as a man, that system had been

spectacular array

an impressive display (colourful and attractive)

not unmindful of

conscious of; aware of

chevron

a pattern in the shape of a V

despised

had a very low opinion of

overturned forever and replaced by one that recognised the rights and freedoms of all peoples, regardless of the colour of their skin.

That day had come about through the unimaginable sacrifices of thousands of my people, people whose suffering and courage can never be counted or repaid. I felt that day, as I have on so many other days, that I was simply the sum of all those African patriots who had gone before me. That long and noble line ended and now began again with me. I was pained that I was not able to thank them and that they were not able to see what their sacrifices had wrought.

The policy of apartheid created a deep and lasting wound in my country and my people. All of us will spend many years, if not generations, recovering from that profound hurt. But the decades of oppression and brutality had another, unintended, effect, and that was that it produced the Oliver Tambos, the Walter Sisulus, the Chief Luthulis, the Yusuf Dadoos, the Bram Fischers, the Robert Sobukwes of our time* — men of such extraordinary

wrought (old fashioned, formal word)
done, achieved

profound
deep and strong



Oliver Tambo



Walter Sisulu



Chief Luthuli



Yusuf Dadoo



Bram Fischer



Robert Sobukwe

* These are some prominent names in the struggle against apartheid.
(For the use of the definite article with proper nouns, see exercise II on page 25)

courage, wisdom and generosity that their like may never be known again. Perhaps it requires such depths of oppression to create such heights of character. My country is rich in the minerals and gems that lie beneath its soil, but I have always known that its greatest wealth is its people, finer and truer than the purest diamonds.

It is from these comrades in the struggle that I learned the meaning of courage. Time and again, I have seen men and women risk and give their lives for an idea. I have seen men stand up to attacks and torture without breaking, showing a strength and resilience that defies the imagination. I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear.

No one is born hating another person because of the colour of his skin, or his background, or his religion. People must learn to hate, and if they can learn to hate, they can be taught to love, for love comes more naturally to the human heart than its opposite. Even in the grimmest times in prison, when my comrades and I were pushed to our limits, I would see a glimmer of humanity in one of the guards, perhaps just for a second, but it was enough to reassure me and keep me going. Man's goodness is a flame that can be hidden but never extinguished.

Oral Comprehension Check

1. *What do the military generals do? How has their attitude changed, and why?*
2. *Why were two national anthems sung?*
3. *How does Mandela describe the systems of government in his country (i) in the first decade, and (ii) in the final decade, of the twentieth century?*
4. *What does courage mean to Mandela?*
5. *Which does he think is natural, to love or to hate?*

In life, every man has twin obligations — obligations to his family, to his parents, to his wife and children; and he has an obligation to his people, his community, his country. In a civil and humane

resilience

the ability to deal with any kind of hardship and recover from its effects

21

pushed to our limits

pushed to the last point in our ability to bear pain



society, each man is able to fulfil those obligations according to his own inclinations and abilities. But in a country like South Africa, it was almost impossible for a man of my birth and colour to fulfil both of those obligations. In South Africa, a man of colour who attempted to live as a human being was punished and isolated. In South Africa, a man who tried to fulfil his duty to his people was inevitably ripped from his family and his home and was forced to live a life apart, a twilight existence of secrecy and rebellion. I did not in the beginning choose to place my people above my family, but in attempting to serve my people, I found that I was prevented from fulfilling my obligations as a son, a brother, a father and a husband.

inclinations
natural tendencies
of behaviour

I was not born with a hunger to be free. I was born free — free in every way that I could know. Free to run in the fields near my mother's hut, free to swim in the clear stream that ran through my village, free to roast mealies under the stars and ride the broad backs of slow-moving bulls. As long as I obeyed my father and abided by the customs of my tribe, I was not troubled by the laws of man or God.

inevitably
unavoidably

It was only when I began to learn that my boyhood freedom was an illusion, when I discovered as a young man that my freedom had already been taken from me, that I began to hunger for it. At first, as a student, I wanted freedom only for myself, the transitory freedoms of being able to stay out at night, read what I pleased and go where I chose. Later, as a young man in Johannesburg, I yearned for the basic and honourable freedoms of achieving my potential, of earning my keep, of marrying and having a family — the freedom not to be obstructed in a lawful life.

illusion
something that
appears to be real
but is not

But then I slowly saw that not only was I not free, but my brothers and sisters were not free. I saw that it was not just my freedom that was curtailed, but the freedom of everyone who looked like I did. That is when I joined the African National Congress, and that is when the hunger for my own freedom became the greater hunger for the freedom

transitory
not permanent

curtailed
reduced



23

Nelson Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom

of my people. It was this desire for the freedom of my people to live their lives with dignity and self-respect that animated my life, that transformed a frightened young man into a bold one, that drove a law-abiding attorney to become a criminal, that turned a family-loving husband into a man without a home, that forced a life-loving man to live like a monk. I am no more virtuous or self-sacrificing than the next man, but I found that I could not even enjoy the poor and limited freedoms I was allowed when I knew my people were not free. Freedom is indivisible; the chains on anyone of my people were the chains on all of them, the chains on all of my people were the chains on me.

I knew that the oppressor must be liberated just as surely as the oppressed. A man who takes away another man's freedom is a prisoner of hatred; he is locked behind the bars of prejudice and narrow-mindedness. I am not truly free if I am taking away someone else's freedom, just as surely as I am not free when my freedom is taken from me. The oppressed and the oppressor alike are robbed of their humanity.

prejudice
a strong dislike
without any good
reason

Oral Comprehension Check

1. What "twin obligations" does Mandela mention?
2. What did being free mean to Mandela as a boy, and as a student? How does he contrast these "transitory freedoms" with "the basic and honourable freedoms"?
3. Does Mandela think the oppressor is free? Why/Why not?

Thinking about the Text

1. Why did such a large number of international leaders attend the inauguration? What did it signify the triumph of?
2. What does Mandela mean when he says he is "simply the sum of all those African patriots" who had gone before him?
3. Would you agree that the "depths of oppression" create "heights of character"? How does Mandela illustrate this? Can you add your own examples to this argument?
4. How did Mandela's understanding of freedom change with age and experience?
5. How did Mandela's 'hunger for freedom' change his life?

Thinking about Language

- I. There are nouns in the text (*formation, government*) which are formed from the corresponding verbs (*form, govern*) by suffixing -(a)tion or ment. There may be a change in the spelling of some verb – noun pairs: such as *rebel, rebellion; constitute, constitution*.

1. Make a list of such pairs of nouns and verbs in the text.

Noun	Verb
rebellion	rebel
constitution	constitute



2. **Read the paragraph below. Fill in the blanks with the noun forms of the verbs in brackets.**

Martin Luther King's _____ (contribute) to our history as an outstanding leader began when he came to the _____ (assist) of Rosa Parks, a seamstress who refused to give up her seat on a bus to a white passenger. In those days American Blacks were confined to positions of second class citizenship by restrictive laws and customs. To break these laws would mean _____ (subjugate) and _____ (humiliate) by the police and the legal system. Beatings, _____ (imprison) and sometimes death awaited those who defied the System. Martin Luther King's tactics of protest involved non-violent _____ (resist) to racial injustice.

II. Using the Definite Article with Names

You know that the definite article 'the' is not normally used before proper nouns. Nor do proper nouns usually occur in the plural. (We do not say: **The Nelson Mandela*, or **Nelson Mandelas*.) But now look at this sentence from the text:

... the decades of oppression and brutality ... produced the Oliver Tambos, the Walter Sisulus, ... of our time.

Used in this way with *the* and/or in the plural, a proper noun carries a special meaning. For example, what do you think the names above mean? Choose the right answer.

- (a) *for example* Oliver Tambo, Walter Sisulu, ...
- (b) *many other men like* Oliver Tambo, Walter Sisulu .../*many men of their type or kind*, whose names may not be as well known.

Did you choose option (b)? Then you have the right answer!

Here are some more examples of 'the' used with proper names. Try to say what these sentences mean. (You may consult a dictionary if you wish. Look at the entry for 'the'.)

1. Mr Singh regularly invites the Amitabh Bachchans and the Shah Rukh Khans to his parties.
2. Many people think that Madhuri Dixit is the Madhubala of our times.
3. History is not only the story of the Alexanders, the Napoleons and the Hitlers, but of ordinary people as well.

III. Idiomatic Expressions

Match the italicised phrases in Column A with the phrase nearest in meaning in Column B. (Hint: First look for the sentence in the text in which the phrase in Column A occurs.)

A	B
1. I was <i>not unmindful</i> of the fact	(i) had not forgotten; was aware of the fact (ii) was not careful about the fact (iii) forgot or was not aware of the fact
2. when my comrades and I <i>were pushed to our limits</i>	(i) pushed by the guards to the wall (ii) took more than our share of beatings (iii) felt that we could not endure the suffering any longer
3. to reassure me and <i>keep me going</i>	(i) make me go on walking (ii) help me continue to live in hope in this very difficult situation (iii) make me remain without complaining
4. the basic and honourable freedoms of... <i>earning my keep</i> ,....	(i) earning enough money to live on (ii) keeping what I earned (iii) getting a good salary

Speaking

In groups, discuss the issues suggested in the box below. Then prepare a speech of about two minutes on the following topic. (First make notes for your speech in writing.)

True liberty is freedom from poverty, deprivation and all forms of discrimination.

- causes of poverty and means of overcoming it
- discrimination based on gender, religion, class, etc.
- constitutionally guaranteed human rights

Writing

I. Looking at Contrasts

Nelson Mandela's writing is marked by *balance*: many sentences have two parts in balance.



Use the following phrases to complete the sentences given below.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| (i) they can be taught to love. | (iv) but he who conquers that fear. |
| (ii) I was born free. | (v) to create such heights of character. |
| (iii) but the triumph over it. | |

1. It requires such depths of oppression _____
 2. Courage was not the absence of fear _____
 3. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid _____
 4. If people can learn to hate _____
 5. I was not born with a hunger to be free. _____
- II. This text repeatedly contrasts the past with the present or the future. We can use coordinated clauses to contrast two views, for emphasis or effect. Given below are sentences carrying one part of the contrast. Find in the text the second part of the contrast, and complete each item. Identify the words which signal the contrast. This has been done for you in the first item.
1. *For decades* the Union Buildings had been the seat of white supremacy, *and now* ...
 2. Only moments before, the highest generals of the South African defence force and police ... saluted me and pledged their loyalty. ... not so many years before they would not have saluted _____
 3. Although that day neither group knew the lyrics of the anthem ..., they would soon _____
 4. My country is rich in the minerals and gems that lie beneath its soil, _____
 5. The Air Show was not only a display of pinpoint precision and military force, but _____
 6. It was this desire for the freedom of my people ... that transformed _____ into a bold one, that drove _____ to become a criminal, that turned _____ into a man without a home.

III. Expressing Your Opinion

Do you think there is colour prejudice in our own country? Discuss this with your friend and write a paragraph of about 100 to 150 words about

this. You have the option of making your paragraph a humorous one. (Read the short verse given below.)

When you were born you were pink
When you grew up you became white
When you are in the sun you are red
When you are sick you are yellow
When you are angry you are purple
When you are shocked you are grey
And you have the cheek to call me 'coloured'.

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Shared Nelson Mandela's moving description of his inauguration as South Africa's first black President, and his thoughts on freedom.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Divide your class into three groups and give each group one of the following topics to research: (i) black Americans, and their fight against discrimination, (ii) women, and their fight for equality, (iii) the Vietnamese, and their fight for independence.

Choose a student from each group to present a short summary of each topic to the class.

Homophones

Can you find the words below that are spelt similarly, and sometimes even pronounced similarly, but have very different meanings? Check their pronunciation and meaning in a dictionary.

- The bandage was wound around the wound.
- The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.

A Tiger in the Zoo

This poem contrasts a tiger in the zoo with the tiger in its natural habitat. The poem moves from the zoo to the jungle, and back again to the zoo. Read the poem silently once, and say which stanzas speak about the tiger in the zoo, and which ones speak about the tiger in the jungle.

He stalks in his vivid stripes
The few steps of his cage,
On pads of velvet quiet,
In his quiet rage.

He should be lurking in shadow,
Sliding through long grass
Near the water hole
Where plump deer pass.

He should be snarling around houses
At the jungle's edge,
Baring his white fangs, his claws,
Terrorising the village!

But he's locked in a concrete cell,
His strength behind bars,
Stalking the length of his cage,
Ignoring visitors.

He hears the last voice at night,
The patrolling cars,
And stares with his brilliant eyes
At the brilliant stars.

LESLIE NORRIS

Glossary

snarls: makes an angry, warning sound

Thinking about the Poem

1. Read the poem again, and work in pairs or groups to do the following tasks.
 - (i) Find the words that describe the movements and actions of the tiger in the cage and in the wild. Arrange them in two columns.
 - (ii) Find the words that describe the two places, and arrange them in two columns.

Now try to share ideas about how the poet uses words and images to contrast the two situations.

2. Notice the use of a word repeated in lines such as these:

- (i) On pads of velvet quiet,
In his quiet rage.
- (ii) And stares with his brilliant eyes
At the brilliant stars.

What do you think is the effect of this repetition?

3. Read the following two poems — one about a tiger and the other about a panther. Then discuss:

Are zoos necessary for the protection or conservation of some species of animals? Are they useful for educating the public? Are there alternatives to zoos?

The Tiger

The tiger behind the bars of his cage growls,
The tiger behind the bars of his cage snarls,
The tiger behind the bars of his cage roars.
Then he thinks.

It would be nice not to be behind bars all
The time

Because they spoil my view
I wish I were wild, not on show.

But if I were wild, hunters might shoot me,
But if I were wild, food might poison me,
But if I were wild, water might drown me.
Then he stops thinking
And...

The tiger behind the bars of his cage growls,
The tiger behind the bars of his cage snarls,
The tiger behind the bars of his cage roars.

PETER NIBLETT



31

A Tiger in the Zoo

The Panther

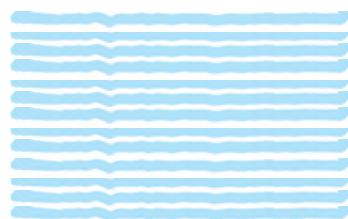
His vision, from the constantly passing bars,
has grown so weary that it cannot hold
anything else. It seems to him there are
a thousand bars; and behind the bars, no world.

As he paces in cramped circles, over and over,
the movement of his powerful soft strides
is like a ritual dance around a centre
in which a mighty will stands paralysed.

Only at times, the curtain of the pupils
lifts, quietly. An image enters in,
rushes down through the tensed, arrested muscles,
plunges into the heart and is gone.

RAINER MARIA RILKE

4. Take a point of view for or against zoos, or even consider both points of view and write a couple of paragraphs or speak about this topic for a couple of minutes in class.



The Greater Cats

The greater cats with golden eyes
Stare out between the bars.
Deserts are there, and different skies,
And night with different stars.



VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST



1059CH03

3

Two Stories about Flying

I. His First Flight**Liam O' Flaherty****II. Black Aeroplane****Frederick Forsyth**

BEFORE YOU READ

Since the earliest times, humans have dreamt of conquering the skies. Here are two stories about flying.

- I. A young seagull is afraid to fly. How does he conquer his fear?
- II. A pilot is lost in storm clouds. Does he arrive safe? Who helps him?

I

His First Flight

THE young seagull was alone on his ledge. His two brothers and his sister had already flown away the day before. He had been afraid to fly with them. Somehow when he had taken a little run forward to the brink of the ledge and attempted to flap his wings he became afraid. The great expanse of sea stretched down beneath, and it was such a long way down — miles down. He felt certain that his wings would never support him; so he bent his head and ran away back to the little hole under the ledge where he slept at night. Even when each of his brothers and his little sister, whose wings were far shorter than his own, ran to the brink, flapped their wings, and flew away, he failed to muster up courage to take that plunge which appeared to him so desperate. His father and mother had come around

ledge

a narrow horizontal shelf projecting from a wall or (here) a cliff

calling to him shrilly, upbraiding him, threatening to let him starve on his ledge unless he flew away. But for the life of him he could not move.

upbraiding
scolding

That was twenty-four hours ago. Since then nobody had come near him. The day before, all day long, he had watched his parents flying about with his brothers and sister, perfecting them in the art of flight, teaching them how to skim the waves and how to dive for fish. He had, in fact, seen his older brother catch his first herring and devour it, standing on a rock, while his parents circled around raising a proud cackle. And all the morning the whole family had walked about on the big plateau midway down the opposite cliff taunting him with his cowardice.

The sun was now ascending the sky, blazing on his ledge that faced the south. He felt the heat because he had not eaten since the previous nightfall.

He stepped slowly out to the brink of the ledge, and standing on one leg with the other leg hidden under his wing, he closed one eye, then the other,

(to) skim
to move lightly just above a surface
(here, the sea)

herring
a soft-finned sea fish



33

Two Stories about Flying



and pretended to be falling asleep. Still they took no notice of him. He saw his two brothers and his sister lying on the plateau dozing with their heads sunk into their necks. His father was preening the feathers on his white back. Only his mother was looking at him. She was standing on a little high hump on the plateau, her white breast thrust forward. Now and again, she tore at a piece of fish that lay at her feet and then scrapped each side of her beak on the rock. The sight of the food maddened him. How he loved to tear food that way, scrapping his beak now and again to whet it.

"Ga, ga, ga," he cried begging her to bring him some food. "Gaw-col-ah," she screamed back derisively. But he kept calling plaintively, and after a minute or so he uttered a joyful scream. His mother had picked up a piece of the fish and was flying across to him with it. He leaned out

preening

making an effort to maintain feathers

(to) whet

to sharpen

derisively

in a manner showing someone that she/he is stupid





35

eagerly, tapping the rock with his feet, trying to get nearer to her as she flew across. But when she was just opposite to him, she halted, her wings motionless, the piece of fish in her beak almost within reach of his beak. He waited a moment in surprise, wondering why she did not come nearer, and then, maddened by hunger, he dived at the fish. With a loud scream he fell outwards and downwards into space. Then a monstrous terror seized him and his heart stood still. He could hear nothing. But it only lasted a minute. The next moment he felt his wings spread outwards. The wind rushed against his breast feathers, then under his stomach, and against his wings. He could feel the tips of his wings cutting through the air. He was not falling headlong now. He was soaring gradually downwards and outwards. He was no longer afraid. He just felt a bit dizzy. Then he flapped his wings once and he soared upwards. "Ga, ga, ga, Ga, ga, ga, Gaw-col-ah," his mother swooped past him, her wings making a loud noise. He answered her with another scream. Then his father flew over him screaming. He saw his two brothers and his sister flying around him curveting and banking and soaring and diving.

Then he completely forgot that he had not always been able to fly, and commanded himself to dive and soar and curve, shrieking shrilly.

He was near the sea now, flying straight over it, facing straight out over the ocean. He saw a vast green sea beneath him, with little ridges moving over it and he turned his beak sideways and cawed amusedly.

His parents and his brothers and sister had landed on this green flooring ahead of him. They were beckoning to him, calling shrilly. He dropped his legs to stand on the green sea. His legs sank into it. He screamed with fright and attempted to rise again flapping his wings. But he was tired and weak with hunger and he could not rise, exhausted

dizzy

an uncomfortable feeling of spinning around and losing one's balance

curveting

leaping like a horse

banking

flying with one wing higher than the other

by the strange exercise. His feet sank into the green sea, and then his belly touched it and he sank no farther. He was floating on it, and around him his family was screaming, praising him and their beaks were offering him scraps of dog-fish.

He had made his first flight.

Thinking about the Text

1. Why was the young seagull afraid to fly? Do you think all young birds are afraid to make their first flight, or are some birds more timid than others? Do you think a human baby also finds it a challenge to take its first steps?
2. "The sight of the food maddened him." What does this suggest? What compelled the young seagull to finally fly?
3. "They were beckoning to him, calling shrilly." Why did the seagull's father and mother threaten him and cajole him to fly?
4. Have you ever had a similar experience, where your parents encouraged you to do something that you were too scared to try? Discuss this in pairs or groups.
5. In the case of a bird flying, it seems a natural act, and a foregone conclusion that it should succeed. In the examples you have given in answer to the previous question, was your success guaranteed, or was it important for you to try, regardless of a possibility of failure?

Speaking

We have just read about the first flight of a young seagull. Your teacher will now divide the class into groups. Each group will work on one of the following topics. Prepare a presentation with your group members and then present it to the entire class.

- Progression of Models of Airplanes
- Progression of Models of Motorcars
- Birds and Their Wing Span
- Migratory Birds — Tracing Their Flights

Writing

Write a short composition on your initial attempts at learning a skill. You could describe the challenges of learning to ride a bicycle or learning to swim. Make it as humorous as possible.



II

The Black Aeroplane

THE moon was coming up in the east, behind me, and stars were shining in the clear sky above me. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. I was happy to be alone high up above the sleeping countryside. I was flying my old Dakota aeroplane over France back to England. I was dreaming of my holiday and looking forward to being with my family. I looked at my watch: one thirty in the morning.

'I should call Paris Control soon,' I thought. As I looked down past the nose of the aeroplane, I saw the lights of a big city in front of me. I switched on the radio and said, "Paris Control, Dakota DS 088 here. Can you hear me? I'm on my way to England. Over."

The voice from the radio answered me immediately: "DS 088, I can hear you. You ought to turn twelve degrees west now, DS 088. Over."

I checked the map and the compass, switched over to my second and last fuel tank, and turned the Dakota twelve degrees west towards England.

'I'll be in time for breakfast,' I thought. A good big English breakfast! Everything was going well — it was an easy flight.

Paris was about 150 kilometres behind me when I saw the clouds. Storm clouds. They were huge. They looked like black mountains standing in front of me across the sky. I knew I could not fly up and over them, and I did not have enough fuel to fly around them to the north or south.

"I ought to go back to Paris," I thought, but I wanted to get home. I wanted that breakfast.

'I'll take the risk,' I thought, and flew that old Dakota straight into the storm.

Inside the clouds, everything was suddenly black. It was impossible to see anything outside the aeroplane. The old aeroplane jumped and twisted in the air. I looked at the compass. I couldn't believe



my eyes: the compass was turning round and round and round. It was dead. It would not work! The other instruments were suddenly dead, too. I tried the radio.

"Paris Control? Paris Control? Can you hear me?"

There was no answer. The radio was dead too. I had no radio, no compass, and I could not see where I was. I was lost in the storm. Then, in the black clouds quite near me, I saw another aeroplane. It had no lights on its wings, but I could see it flying next to me through the storm. I could see the pilot's face — turned towards me. I was very glad to see another person. He lifted one hand and waved.

"Follow me," he was saying. "Follow me."

'He knows that I am lost,' I thought. 'He's trying to help me.'

He turned his aeroplane slowly to the north, in front of my Dakota, so that it would be easier for me to follow him. I was very happy to go behind the strange aeroplane like an obedient child.

After half an hour the strange black aeroplane was still there in front of me in the clouds. Now



there was only enough fuel in the old Dakota's last tank to fly for five or ten minutes more. I was starting to feel frightened again. But then he started to go down and I followed through the storm.

Suddenly I came out of the clouds and saw two long straight lines of lights in front of me. It was a runway! An airport! I was safe! I turned to look for my friend in the black aeroplane, but the sky was empty. There was nothing there. The black aeroplane was gone. I could not see it anywhere.

I landed and was not sorry to walk away from the old Dakota near the control tower. I went and asked a woman in the control centre where I was and who the other pilot was. I wanted to say 'Thank you'.

She looked at me very strangely, and then laughed.

"Another aeroplane? Up there in this storm? No other aeroplanes were flying tonight. Yours was the only one I could see on the radar."

So who helped me to arrive there safely without a compass or a radio, and without any more fuel in my tanks? Who was the pilot on the strange black aeroplane, flying in the storm, without lights?

Thinking about the Text

1. "I'll take the risk." What is the risk? Why does the narrator take it?
2. Describe the narrator's experience as he flew the aeroplane into the storm.
3. Why does the narrator say, "I landed and was not sorry to walk away from the old Dakota..."?
4. What made the woman in the control centre look at the narrator strangely?
5. Who do you think helped the narrator to reach safely? Discuss this among yourselves and give reasons for your answer.

Thinking about Language

I. Study the sentences given below.

- (a) They looked like black mountains.
- (b) Inside the clouds, everything was suddenly black.
- (c) In the black clouds near me, I saw another aeroplane.
- (d) The strange black aeroplane was there.

The word 'black' in sentences (a) and (c) refers to the very darkest colour. But in (b) and (d) (here) it means without light/with no light.

'Black' has a variety of meanings in different contexts. For example:

- (a) 'I prefer *black* tea' means 'I prefer tea without milk'.
- (b) 'With increasing pollution the future of the world is *black*' means 'With increasing pollution the future of the world is very depressing/without hope'.

Now, try to guess the meanings of the word 'black' in the sentences given below. Check the meanings in the dictionary and find out whether you have guessed right.

1. Go and have a bath; your hands and face are absolutely *black*. _____
2. The taxi-driver gave Ratan a *black* look as he crossed the road when the traffic light was green. _____
3. The bombardment of Hiroshima is one of the *blackest* crimes against humanity. _____
4. Very few people enjoy Harold Pinter's *black* comedy. _____
5. Sometimes shopkeepers store essential goods to create false scarcity and then sell these in *black*. _____
6. Villagers had beaten the criminal *black* and blue. _____



II. Look at these sentences taken from the lesson you have just read:

- (a) I was flying my old Dakota aeroplane.
- (b) The young seagull had been afraid to fly with them.

In the first sentence the author was controlling an aircraft in the air. Another example is: Children are flying kites. In the second sentence the seagull was afraid to move through the air, using its wings.

Match the phrases given under Column A with their meanings given under Column B:

A	B
1. Fly a flag	– Move quickly/suddenly
2. Fly into rage	– Be successful
3. Fly along	– Display a flag on a long pole
4. Fly high	– Escape from a place
5. Fly the coop	– Become suddenly very angry

III. We know that the word 'fly' (of birds/insects) means to move through air using wings. Tick the words which have the same or nearly the same meaning.

swoop	flit	paddle	flutter
ascend	float	ride	skim
sink	dart	hover	glide
descend	soar	shoot	spring
stay	fall	sail	flap

Writing

Have you ever been alone or away from home during a thunderstorm? Narrate your experience in a paragraph.

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Provided two stories about flying — one about a bird, another about a human being in a plane.

WHAT YOU CAN Do

- As they read the story of the seagull, students can be asked to imagine how a baby learns to walk, and compare and contrast the two situations.

- After they read the second story students should be asked for their ideas about the phantom plane: Was it really there or did the pilot imagine it? If the students feel it was really there, who could have been piloting it?
- Ask students to narrate their own stories about flying. It could be about flying in an airplane, or flying a kite, or about watching a bird flying — in short, anything to do with flight. Give students ten minutes to think quietly about the topic — during this time, they can make notes about what they want to say. Then ask for volunteer speakers.

Compound Words Whose Parts Mean Just the Opposite or Something Else

- Quicksand works slowly
- There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple.
- Boxing rings are square

How to Tell Wild Animals

This humorous poem suggests some dangerous ways to identify (or 'tell') wild animals! Read it aloud, keeping to a strong and regular rhythm.

If ever you should go by chance
To jungles in the east;
And if there should to you advance
A large and tawny beast,
If he roars at you as you're dyin'
You'll know it is the Asian Lion...



Or if some time when roaming round,
A noble wild beast greets you,
With black stripes on a yellow ground,
Just notice if he eats you.
This simple rule may help you learn
The Bengal Tiger to discern.

If strolling forth, a beast you view,
Whose hide with spots is peppered,
As soon as he has lept on you,
You'll know it is the Leopard.
'Twill do no good to roar with pain,
He'll only lep and lep again.





If when you're walking round your yard
You meet a creature there,
Who hugs you very, very hard,
Be sure it is a Bear.
If you have any doubts, I guess
He'll give you just one more caress.



Though to distinguish beasts of prey
A novice might nonplus,
The Crocodile you always may
Tell from the Hyena thus:
Hyenas come with merry smiles;
But if they weep they're Crocodiles.



The true Chameleon is small,
A lizard sort of thing;
He hasn't any ears at all,
And not a single wing.
If there is nothing on the tree,
'Tis the chameleon you see.



CAROLYN WELLS

Glossary

ground: background

discern: make out; identify

hide: animal skin

peppered: here, covered with spots

caress: a gentle, loving touch

novice: someone new to a job

(be) nonplus (sed) (usually only in the passive): (be) puzzle(d), confuse(d), surprise(d)

Thinking about the Poem

1. Does 'dyin' really rhyme with 'lion'? Can you say it in such a way that it does?
2. How does the poet suggest that you identify the lion and the tiger? When can you do so, according to him?
3. Do you think the words 'lept' and 'lep' in the third stanza are spelt correctly? Why does the poet spell them like this?
4. Do you know what a 'bearhug' is? It's a friendly and strong hug — such as bears are thought to give, as they attack you! Again, hyenas are thought to laugh, and crocodiles to weep ('crocodile tears') as they swallow their victims. Are there similar expressions and popular ideas about wild animals in your own language(s)?
5. Look at the line "A novice might nonplus". How would you write this 'correctly'? Why is the poet's 'incorrect' line better in the poem?
6. Can you find other examples of poets taking liberties with language, either in English or in your own language(s)? Can you find examples of humorous poems in your own language(s)?
7. Much of the humour in the poem arises from the way language is used, although the ideas are funny as well. If there are particular lines in the poem that you especially like, share these with the class, speaking briefly about what it is about the ideas or the language that you like or find funny.

45

How to Tell Wild Animals

English is funny, because...

We have noses that run and feet that smell

The Ball Poem

A boy loses a ball. He is very upset. A ball doesn't cost much, nor is it difficult to buy another ball. Why then is the boy so upset? Read the poem to see what the poet thinks has been lost, and what the boy has to learn from the experience of losing something.

What is the boy now, who has lost his ball,
What, what is he to do? I saw it go
Merrily bouncing, down the street, and then
Merrily over — there it is in the water!
No use to say 'O there are other balls':
An ultimate shaking grief fixes the boy
As he stands rigid, trembling, staring down
All his young days into the harbour where
His ball went. I would not intrude on him;
A dime, another ball, is worthless. Now
He senses first responsibility
In a world of possessions. People will take
Balls, balls will be lost always, little boy.
And no one buys a ball back. Money is external.
He is learning, well behind his desperate eyes,
The epistemology of loss, how to stand up
Knowing what every man must one day know
And most know many days, how to stand up.

JOHN BERRYMAN



- O there are other balls:** The words suggest that the loss is not important enough to worry about
- shaking grief:** sadness which greatly affects the boy
- rigid:** stiff

(to) intrude on: here, to enter a situation where one is not welcome

a dime: ten cents (U.S.)

desperate: hopeless

epistemology of loss: understanding the nature of loss — what it means to lose something

epistemology: The Greek word *episteme* means ‘knowledge’ (it comes from a word meaning ‘to understand, to know’). Epistemology is the study of the nature of knowledge itself.

Thinking about the Poem

In pairs, attempt the following questions.

1. Why does the poet say, “I would not intrude on him”? Why doesn’t he offer him money to buy another ball?
2. “... staring down/All his young days into the harbour where/His ball went ...” Do you think the boy has had the ball for a long time? Is it linked to the memories of days when he played with it?
3. What does “in the world of possessions” mean?
4. Do you think the boy has lost anything earlier? Pick out the words that suggest the answer.
5. What does the poet say the boy is learning from the loss of the ball? Try to explain this in your own words.
6. Have you ever lost something you liked very much? Write a paragraph describing how you felt then, and saying whether — and how — you got over your loss.





1059CH04

4

From the Diary of Anne Frank

Anne Frank



"This is a photo as I would wish myself to look all the time. Then I would, maybe, have a chance to come to Hollywood."

- Anne Frank, 10 October 1942

BEFORE YOU READ

Anneliese Marie 'Anne' Frank (12 June 1929 – February/March 1945) was a German-born Jewish girl who wrote while in hiding with her family and four friends in Amsterdam during the German occupation of the Netherlands in World War II. Her family had moved to Amsterdam after the Nazis gained power in Germany but were trapped when the Nazi occupation extended into the Netherlands. As persecutions against the Jewish population increased, the family went into

hiding in July 1942 in hidden rooms in her father Otto Frank's office building. After two years in hiding, the group was betrayed and transported to the concentration camp system where Anne died of typhus in Bergen-Belsen within days of her sister, Margot Frank. Her father, Otto, the only survivor of the group, returned to Amsterdam after the war ended, to find that her diary had been saved. Convinced that it was a unique record, he took action to have it published in English under the name *The Diary of a Young Girl*.

The diary was given to Anne Frank for her thirteenth birthday and chronicles the events of her life from 12 June 1942 until its final entry of 1 August 1944. It was eventually translated from its original Dutch into many languages and became one of the world's most widely read books. There have also been several films, television and theatrical productions, and even an opera, based on the diary. Described as the work of a mature and insightful mind, the diary provides an intimate examination of daily life under Nazi occupation. Anne Frank has become one of the most renowned and discussed of the Holocaust victims.



Activity

1. Do you keep a diary? Given below under 'A' are some terms we use to describe a written record of personal experience. Can you match them with their descriptions under 'B'? (You may look up the terms in a dictionary if you wish.)

A	B
(i) Journal	- A book with a separate space or page for each day, in which you write down your thoughts and feelings or what has happened on that day
(ii) Diary	- A full record of a journey, a period of time, or an event, written every day
(iii) Log	- A record of a person's own life and experiences (usually, a famous person)
(iv) Memoir(s)	- A written record of events with times and dates, usually official

2. Here are some entries from personal records. Use the definitions above to decide which of the entries might be from a diary, a journal, a log or a memoir.

- (i) I woke up very late today and promptly got a scolding from Mum! I can't help it — how can I miss the FIFA World Cup matches?

Ans: _____

- (ii) 10:30 a.m. Went to the office of the Director
01:00 p.m. Had lunch with Chairman
05:45 p.m. Received Rahul at the airport
09:30 p.m. Dinner at home

Ans: _____

- (iii) The ride to Ooty was uneventful. We rested for a while every 50 km or so, and used the time to capture the magnificent landscape with my HandyCam. From Ooty we went on to Bangalore.

What a contrast! The noise and pollution of this once-beautiful city really broke my heart.

Ans: _____

- (iv) This is how Raj Kapoor found me — all wet and ragged outside R.K. Studios. He was then looking for just someone like this for a small role in Mera Naam Joker, and he cast me on the spot. The rest, as they say, is history!

Ans: _____

WRITING in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. Oh well, it doesn't matter. I feel like writing, and I have an even greater need to get all kinds of things off my chest.

'Paper has more patience than people.' I thought of this saying on one of those days when I was feeling a little depressed and was sitting at home with my chin in my hands, bored and listless, wondering whether to stay in or go out. I finally stayed where I was, brooding: Yes, paper *does* have more patience, and since I'm not planning to let anyone else read this stiff-backed notebook grandly referred to as a 'diary', unless I should ever find a real friend, it probably won't make a bit of difference.

Now I'm back to the point that prompted me to keep a diary in the first place: I don't have a friend.

Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a thirteen-year-old girl is completely alone in the world. And I'm not. I have loving parents and a sixteen-year-old sister, and there are about thirty people I can call friends. I have a family, loving aunts and a good home. No, on the surface I seem to have everything, except my one true friend. All I think about when I'm with friends is having a good time. I can't bring myself to talk about anything but ordinary everyday things. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, and that's the problem. Maybe it's my fault that we don't confide in each other. In any case, that's just how things are, and unfortunately they're not liable to change. This is why I've started the diary.

To enhance the image of this long-awaited friend in my imagination, I don't want to jot down the facts in this diary the way most people would do, but I want the diary to be my friend, and I'm going to call this friend 'Kitty'.

listless
with no energy or interest

confide
to tell personal things privately to a person that one trusts



51

Oral Comprehension Check

1. What makes writing in a diary a strange experience for Anne Frank?
2. Why does Anne want to keep a diary?
3. Why did Anne think she could confide more in her diary than in people?

Since no one would understand a word of my stories to Kitty if I were to plunge right in, I'd better provide a brief sketch of my life, much as I dislike doing so.

My father, the most adorable father I've ever seen, didn't marry my mother until he was thirty-six and she was twenty-five. My sister, Margot, was born in Frankfurt in Germany in 1926. I was born on 12 June 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I was four. My father emigrated to Holland in 1933. My mother, Edith Hollander Frank, went with him to Holland in September, while Margot and I were sent to Aachen to stay with our grandmother. Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I was plunked down on the table as a birthday present for Margot.

I started right away at the Montessori nursery school. I stayed there until I was six, at which time I started in the first form. In the sixth form my teacher was Mrs Kuperus, the headmistress. At the end of the year we were both in tears as we said a heartbreaking farewell.

In the summer of 1941 Grandma fell ill and had to have an operation, so my birthday passed with little celebration.

Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her. This birthday celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the other, and Grandma's candle was lit along with the rest.

The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of 20 June 1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary.

plunked down (an informal word)
put down in a casual way

Saturday, 20 June 1942

Dearest Kitty,

Our entire class is quaking in its boots. The reason, of course, is the forthcoming meeting in which the teachers decide who'll move up to the next form and who'll be kept back. Half the class is making bets. G.N. and I laugh ourselves silly at the two boys behind us, C.N. and Jacques, who have staked their entire holiday savings on their bet. From morning to night, it's "You're going to pass", "No, I'm not", "Yes, you are", "No, I'm not". Even G.'s pleading glances and my angry outbursts can't calm them down. If you ask me, there are so many dummies that about a quarter of the class should be kept back, but teachers are the most unpredictable creatures on earth.

quaking in its boots
shaking with fear
and nervousness

I'm not so worried about my girlfriends and myself. We'll make it. The only subject I'm not sure about is maths. Anyway, all we can do is wait. Until then, we keep telling each other not to lose heart.

I get along pretty well with all my teachers. There are nine of them, seven men and two women. Mr Keesing, the old fogey who teaches maths, was annoyed with me for ages because I talked so much. After several warnings, he assigned me extra homework. An essay on the subject, 'A Chatterbox'. A chatterbox — what can you write about that? I'd worry about that later, I decided. I jotted down the title in my notebook, tucked it in my bag and tried to keep quiet.

old fogey
an old-fashioned person

That evening, after I'd finished the rest of my homework, the note about the essay caught my eye. I began thinking about the subject while chewing the tip of my fountain pen. Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking. I thought and thought, and suddenly I had an idea. I wrote the three pages Mr Keesing had assigned me and was satisfied. I argued that talking is a student's trait and that I would do my best to keep it under control,

ramble on
talk or write
aimlessly for long

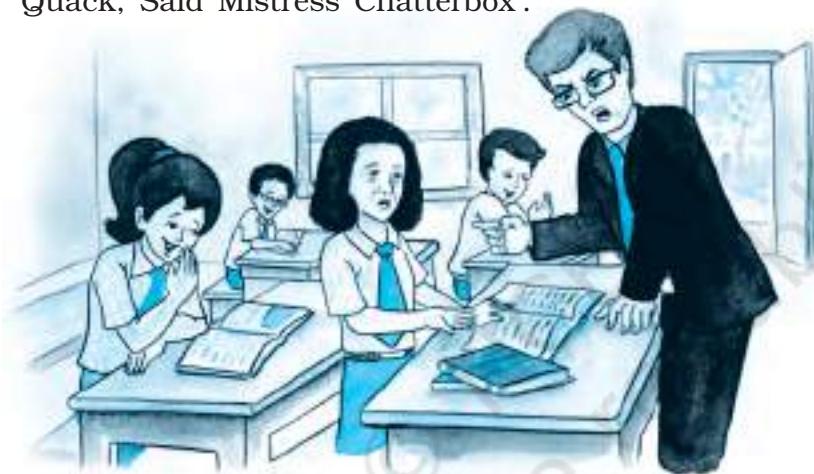
convincing argument
a statement made in
such a manner that
people believe it

but that I would never be able to cure myself of the habit since my mother talked as much as I did if not more, and that there's not much you can do about inherited traits.

Mr Keesing had a good laugh at my arguments, but when I proceeded to talk my way through the next lesson, he assigned me a second essay. This time it was supposed to be on 'An Incorrigible Chatterbox'. I handed it in, and Mr Keesing had nothing to complain about for two whole lessons. However, during the third lesson he'd finally had enough. "Anne Frank, as punishment for talking in class, write an essay entitled — 'Quack, Quack, Quack, Said Mistress Chatterbox'."

inherited traits
qualities (physical or mental) that one gets from one's parents

incorrigible
something that cannot be corrected (usually a bad quality)



The class roared. I had to laugh too, though I'd nearly exhausted my ingenuity on the topic of chatterboxes. It was time to come up with something else, something original. My friend, Sanne, who's good at poetry, offered to help me write the essay from beginning to end in verse and I jumped for joy. Mr Keesing was trying to play a joke on me with this ridiculous subject, but I'd make sure the joke was on him.

I finished my poem, and it was beautiful! It was about a mother duck and a father swan with three baby ducklings who were bitten to death by the father because they quacked too much. Luckily, Mr Keesing took the joke the right way. He read the

ingenuity
originality and inventiveness

poem to the class, adding his own comments, and to several other classes as well. Since then I've been allowed to talk and haven't been assigned any extra homework. On the contrary, Mr Keesing's always making jokes these days.

Yours,
Anne

*[Extracted from The Diary of a Young Girl,
with slight adaptation]*

Oral Comprehension Check

1. Why was Mr Keesing annoyed with Anne? What did he ask her to do?
2. How did Anne justify her being a chatterbox in her essay?
3. Do you think Mr Keesing was a strict teacher?
4. What made Mr Keesing allow Anne to talk in class?

Thinking about the Text

1. Was Anne right when she said that the world would not be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old girl?
2. There are some examples of diary or journal entries in the 'Before You Read' section. Compare these with what Anne writes in her diary. What language was the diary originally written in? In what way is Anne's diary different?
3. Why does Anne need to give a brief sketch about her family? Does she treat 'Kitty' as an insider or an outsider?
4. How does Anne feel about her father, her grandmother, Mrs Kuperus and Mr Keesing? What do these tell you about her?
5. What does Anne write in her first essay?
6. Anne says teachers are most unpredictable. Is Mr Keesing unpredictable? How?
7. What do these statements tell you about Anne Frank as a person?
 - (i) We don't seem to be able to get any closer, and that's the problem. Maybe it's my fault that we don't confide in each other.
 - (ii) I don't want to jot down the facts in this diary the way most people would, but I want the diary to be my friend.
 - (iii) Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I was plunked down on the table as a birthday present for Margot.
 - (iv) If you ask me, there are so many dummies that about a quarter of the class should be kept back, but teachers are the most unpredictable creatures on earth.

- (v) Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking.

Thinking about Language

I. Look at the following words.

headmistress	long-awaited	homework
notebook	stiff-backed	outbursts

These words are compound words. They are made up of two or more words. Compound words can be:

- nouns: *headmistress, homework, notebook, outbursts*
- adjectives: *long-awaited, stiff-backed*
- verbs: *sleep-walk, baby-sit*

Match the compound words under 'A' with their meanings under 'B'. Use each in a sentence.

A	B
1. Heartbreaking	- obeying and respecting the law
2. Homesick	- think about pleasant things, forgetting about the present
3. Blockhead	- something produced by a person, machine or organisation
4. Law-abiding	- producing great sadness
5. Overdo	- an occasion when vehicles/machines stop working
6. Daydream	- an informal word which means a very stupid person
7. Breakdown	- missing home and family very much
8. Output	- do something to an excessive degree

II. Phrasal Verbs

A phrasal verb is a verb followed by a preposition or an adverb. Its meaning is often different from the meanings of its parts. Compare the meanings of the verbs *get on* and *run away* in (a) and (b) below. You can easily guess their meanings in (a) but in (b) they have special meanings.

- (a) • She *got on* at Agra when the bus stopped for breakfast.
• Dev Anand *ran away* from home when he was a teenager.
- (b) • She's eager to *get on* in life. (succeed)
• The visitors *ran away* with the match. (won easily)

Some phrasal verbs have three parts: a verb followed by an adverb and a preposition.

- (c) Our car *ran out* of petrol just outside the city limits.
 - (d) The government wants to *reach out* to the people with this new campaign.
1. **The text you've just read has a number of phrasal verbs commonly used in English. Look up the following in a dictionary for their meanings (under the entry for the italicised word).**

(i) <i>plunge</i> (right) in	(iii) <i>ramble</i> on
(ii) <i>kept</i> back	(iv) <i>get along</i> with
 2. **Now find the sentences in the lesson that have the phrasal verbs given below. Match them with their meanings. (You have already found out the meanings of some of them.) Are their meanings the same as that of their parts? (Note that two parts of a phrasal verb may occur separated in the text.)**

(i) <i>plunge</i> in	– speak or write without focus
(ii) <i>kept</i> back	– stay indoors
(iii) <i>move up</i>	– make (them) remain quiet
(iv) <i>ramble</i> on	– have a good relationship with
(v) <i>get along</i> with	– give an assignment (homework) to a person in authority (the teacher)
(vi) <i>calm</i> down	– compensate
(vii) <i>stay in</i>	– go straight to the topic
(viii) <i>make up</i> for	– go to the next grade
(ix) <i>hand in</i>	– not promoted

III. Idioms

Idioms are groups of words with a fixed order, and a particular meaning, different from the meanings of each of their words put together. (Phrasal verbs can also be idioms; they are said to be 'idiomatic' when their meaning is unpredictable.) For example, do you know what it means to 'meet one's match' in English? It means to meet someone who is as good as oneself, or even better, in some skill or quality. Do you know what it means to 'let the cat out of the bag'? Can you guess?

1. **Here are a few sentences from the text which have idiomatic expressions. Can you say what each means? (You might want to consult a dictionary first.)**

- (i) Our entire class is *quaking in its boots*. _____
- (ii) Until then, we keep telling each other *not to lose heart*. _____



(iii) Mr Keesing was annoyed with me *for ages* because I talked so much.

(iv) Mr Keesing was trying to play a joke on me with this ridiculous subject, but I'd make sure *the joke was on him*.

2. **Here are a few more idiomatic expressions that occur in the text. Try to use them in sentences of your own.**

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| (i) caught my eye | (iii) laugh ourselves silly |
| (ii) he'd had enough | (iv) can't bring myself to |

IV. Do you know how to use a dictionary to find out the meanings of idiomatic expressions? Take, for example, the expression *caught my eye* in the story. Where — under which word — would you look for it in the dictionary?

Look for it under the first word. But if the first word is a 'grammatical' word like *a*, *the*, *for*, etc., then take the next word. That is, look for the first 'meaningful' word in the expression. In our example, it is the word *caught*.

But you won't find *caught* in the dictionary, because it is the past tense of *catch*. You'll find *caught* listed under *catch*. So you must look under *catch* for the expression *caught my eye*. Which other expressions with *catch* are listed in your dictionary?

Note that a dictionary entry usually first gives the meanings of the word itself, and then gives a list of idiomatic expressions using that word. For example, study this partial entry for the noun 'eye' from the *Oxford Advanced Learner's Dictionary*, 2005.

Eye

- Noun
- Part of Body 1 [C] either of the two organs on the face that you see with: *The suspect has dark hair and green eyes.*
- Ability to See 3 [sing.] the ability to see: *A surgeon needs a good eye and a steady hand.*
- Way of Seeing 4 [C, usually sing.] a particular way of seeing sth: *He looked at the design with the eye of an engineer.*
- Of Needle 5 [C] the hole in the end of a needle that you put the thread through.

IDM be all eyes to be watching sb/sth carefully and with a lot of interest **before/in front of sb's (very) eyes** in sb's presence; in front of sb: *He had seen his life's work destroyed before his very eyes. Be up to your eyes in sth* to have a lot of sth to deal with: *We're up to our eyes in work.*

You have read the expression 'not to lose heart' in this text. Now find out the meanings of the following expressions using the word 'heart'. Use each of them in a sentence of your own.

1. break somebody's heart
2. close/dear to heart
3. from the (bottom of your) heart
4. have a heart
5. have a heart of stone
6. your heart goes out to somebody

V. Contracted Forms

When we speak, we use 'contracted forms' or short forms such as these:

can't (for *can not* or *cannot*) I'd (for *I would* or *I had*) she's (for *she is*)

Notice that contracted forms are also written with an apostrophe to show a shortening of the spelling of *not*, *would*, or *is* as in the above example.

Writing a diary is like speaking to oneself. Plays (and often, novels) also have speech in written form. So we usually come across contracted forms in diaries, plays and novels.

1. **Make a list of the contracted forms in the text. Rewrite them as full forms of two words.**

For example:

I've = I have

2. **We have seen that some contracted forms can stand for two different full forms:**

I'd = I had or I would

Find in the text the contracted forms that stand for two different full forms, and say what these are.

Speaking

Here is an extract adapted from a one-act play. In this extract, angry neighbours who think Joe the Inventor's new spinning machine will make them lose their jobs come to destroy Joe's model of the machine.

You've just seen how contracted forms can make a written text sound like actual speech. Try to make this extract sound more like a real conversation by changing some of the verbs back into contracted forms. Then speak out the lines.

[*The door is flung open, and several men tramp in. They carry sticks, and one of them, HOB, has a hammer.*]

MOB : Now where is your husband, mistress?

MARY : In his bed. He is sick, and weary. You would not harm him!



HOB : We are going to smash his evil work to pieces. Where is the machine?

SECOND : On the table yonder.

MAN

HOB : Then here is the end of it!

[*HOB smashes the model. MARY screams.*]

HOB : And now for your husband!

MARY : Neighbours, he is a sick man and almost a cripple. You would not hurt him!

HOB : He is planning to take away our daily bread... We will show him what we think of him and his ways!

MARY : You have broken his machine... You have done enough...

Writing

Now you know what a diary is and how to keep one. Can you keep a diary for a week recording the events that occur? You may share your diary with your class, if you wish to. Use the following hints to write your diary.

- Though your diary is very private, write as if you are writing for someone else.
- Present your thoughts in a convincing manner.
- Use words that convey your feelings, and words that 'paint pictures' for the reader. Be brief.

'Diary language' has some typical features such as subjectless sentences (Got up late in the morning), sentence fragments without subjects or verbs (...too bad, boring, not good), contracted forms (they're, I've, can't, didn't, etc.), and everyday expressions which people use in speech. Remember not to use such language in more formal kinds of writing.

59

Listening

Your teacher will read out an extract from *The Diary of Samuel Pepys* (given on the next page) about the great fire of London. As you listen complete this summary of the happenings.

Summary

This entry in the diary has been made on _____ by _____. The person who told Pepys about the fire was called _____. She called at _____ in the morning. Pepys went back to sleep because _____. Pepys rose again at _____ in the morning. By then about _____ houses had been burned down. The fire had spread to _____ by London Bridge. Pepys then walked to the _____ along with Sir J. Robinson's _____.

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

1. Diary writing is one of the best ways to practise writing. Students do not have to think up or imagine what to write about; they only have to find words to write about what has happened. Initiate your students into the habit of keeping a diary.
2. Anne Frank's diary became a public document after World War II. Discuss with your students diaries which became historical documents, such as Samuel Pepys's diary. You may draw students' attention to different types of diaries, e.g. private diary, general diary. Army officers, businessmen, doctors, executives, lawyers, motorists, police officers keep a general diary to record events that happen during the day and events that are scheduled for the day, such as appointments, meetings, things to be done, etc.
3. Passage for listening exercise:

The Great Fire of London [1666]

September 2nd (Lord's Day). Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the backside of Marke-Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fire as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again and to sleep.

About seven rose again to dress myself, and then looked out of the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge.

So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the bridge.

[From The Diary of Samuel Pepys]

WHAT YOU CAN Do

After they have completed the lesson, including the writing exercise, students can be asked to make a diary jotting for the previous day. Perhaps you could also write a diary entry describing what happened in school/class on the previous day, to share with the class — try and make it amusing and interesting! Collect students' pages (they may be allowed to sign their names or make it anonymous, as they wish) and put them up on the class notice board, together with your page, for everyone to read.

Amanda!

Every child feels that she/he is controlled and instructed not to do one thing or another. You too may feel that your freedom is curtailed. Write down some of the things you want to do, but your parents/elders do not allow you to. To read the poem aloud, form pairs, each reading alternate stanzas. You are in for a surprise!

Don't bite your nails, Amanda!
Don't hunch your shoulders, Amanda!
Stop that slouching and sit up straight,
Amanda!

(There is a languid, emerald sea,
where the sole inhabitant is me—
a mermaid, drifting blissfully.)

Did you finish your homework, Amanda?
Did you tidy your room, Amanda?
I thought I told you to clean your shoes,
Amanda!

(I am an orphan, roaming the street.
I pattern soft dust with my hushed, bare feet.
The silence is golden, the freedom is sweet.)

Don't eat that chocolate, Amanda!
Remember your acne, Amanda!
Will you please look at me when I'm speaking to you,
Amanda!

(I am Rapunzel, I have not a care;
life in a tower is tranquil and rare;
I'll certainly *never* let down my bright hair!)

Stop that sulking at once, Amanda!
You're always so moody, Amanda!
Anyone would think that I nagged at you,
Amanda!

ROBIN KLEIN

Glossary

languid: relaxed

drifting: moving slowly

pattern: make patterns

tranquil: calm

Thinking about the Poem

1. How old do you think Amanda is? How do you know this?
2. Who do you think is speaking to her?
3. Why are Stanzas 2, 4 and 6 given in parenthesis?
4. Who is the speaker in Stanzas 2, 4 and 6? Do you think this speaker is listening to the speaker in Stanzas 1, 3, 5, and 7?
5. What could Amanda do if she were a mermaid?
6. Is Amanda an orphan? Why does she say so?
7. Do you know the story of Rapunzel? Why does she want to be Rapunzel?
8. What does the girl yearn for? What does this poem tell you about Amanda?
9. Read the last stanza. Do you think Amanda is sulking and is moody?

5

Glimpses of India



I. A Baker from Goa

Lucio Rodrigues

II. Coorg

Lokesh Abrol

III. Tea from Assam

Arup Kumar Datta

BEFORE YOU READ

Activity

Discuss in class

1. What images — of people and of places — come to your mind, when you think of our country?
2. What parts of India have you lived in, or visited? Can you name some popular tourist destinations?
3. You may know that apart from the British, the Dutch and the French, the Portuguese have also played a part in the history of our country. Can you say which parts of India show French and Portuguese influences?
4. Can you say which parts of India grow (i) tea, (ii) coffee?

I

A Baker from Goa

This is a pen-portrait of a traditional Goan village baker who still has an important place in his society.

OUR elders are often heard reminiscing nostalgically about those good old Portuguese days, the Portuguese and their famous loaves of bread. Those eaters of loaves might have vanished but the makers are still there. We still have amongst us the mixers, the moulders and those who bake the loaves. Those age-old, time-tested furnaces still exist. The fire in the furnaces has not yet been extinguished. The thud and jingle of

**reminiscing
nostalgically**
thinking fondly of
the past

the traditional baker's bamboo, heralding his arrival in the morning, can still be heard in some places. Maybe the father is not alive but the son still carries on the family profession. These bakers are, even today, known as *pader* in Goa.

heralding
announcing

During our childhood in Goa, the baker used to be our friend, companion and guide. He used to come at least twice a day. Once, when he set out in the morning on his selling round, and then again, when he returned after emptying his huge basket. The jingling thud of his bamboo woke us up from sleep and we ran to meet and greet him. Why was it so? Was it for the love of the loaf? Not at all. The loaves were bought by some Paskine or Bastine, the maid-servant of the house! What we longed for were those bread-bangles which we chose carefully. Sometimes it was sweet bread of special make.

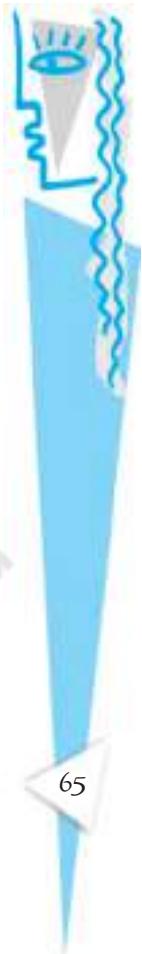
The baker made his musical entry on the scene with the 'jhang, jhang' sound of his specially made bamboo staff. One hand supported the basket on his head and the other banged the bamboo on the ground. He would greet the lady of the house with "Good morning" and then place his basket on the vertical bamboo. We kids would be pushed aside with a mild rebuke and the loaves would be delivered to the servant. But we would not give up. We would climb a bench or the parapet and peep into the basket, somehow. I can still recall the typical fragrance of those loaves. Loaves for the elders and the bangles for the children. Then we did not even care to brush our teeth or wash our mouths properly. And why should we? Who would take the trouble of plucking the mango-leaf for the toothbrush? And why was it necessary at all? The tiger never brushed his teeth. Hot tea could wash and clean up everything so nicely, after all!

rebuke
an expression of disapproval; a scolding

fragrance
scent

Oral Comprehension Check

1. *What are the elders in Goa nostalgic about?*
2. *Is bread-making still popular in Goa? How do you know?*
3. *What is the baker called?*
4. *When would the baker come everyday? Why did the children run to meet him?*



Marriage gifts are meaningless without the sweet bread known as the *bol*, just as a party or a feast loses its charm without bread. Not enough can be said to show how important a baker can be for a village. The lady of the house must prepare sandwiches on the occasion of her daughter's engagement. Cakes and *bolinhas* are a must for Christmas as well as other festivals. Thus, the presence of the baker's furnace in the village is absolutely essential.

The baker or bread-seller of those days had a peculiar dress known as the *kabai*. It was a single-piece long frock reaching down to the knees. In our childhood we saw bakers wearing a shirt and trousers which were shorter than full-length ones and longer than half pants. Even today, anyone who wears a half pant which reaches just below the knees invites the comment that he is dressed like a *pader*!

The baker usually collected his bills at the end of the month. Monthly accounts used to be recorded on some wall in pencil. Baking was indeed a profitable profession in the old days. The baker and his family never starved. He, his family and his servants always looked happy and prosperous. Their **plump physique** was an open testimony to this. Even today any person with a jackfruit-like physical appearance is easily compared to a baker.

plump physique
pleasantly fat body

open testimony
public statement
about a character or
quality

Oral Comprehension Check

1. Match the following. What is a must
 - (i) as marriage gifts? - cakes and bolinhas
 - (ii) for a party or a feast? - sweet bread called bol
 - (iii) for a daughter's engagement? - bread
 - (iv) for Christmas? - sandwiches
2. What did the bakers wear: (i) in the Portuguese days? (ii) when the author was young?
3. Who invites the comment — “he is dressed like a pader”? Why?
4. Where were the monthly accounts of the baker recorded?
5. What does a ‘jackfruit-like appearance’ mean?

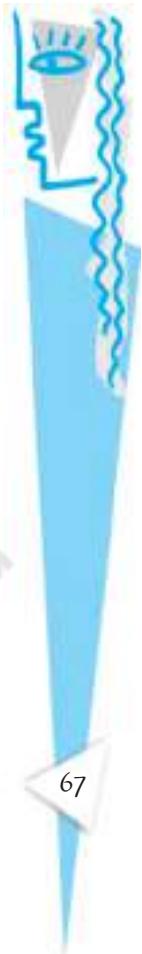
Thinking about the Text

1. Which of these statements are correct?
 - (i) The *pader* was an important person in the village in old times.
 - (ii) *Paders* still exist in Goan villages.
 - (iii) The *paders* went away with the Portuguese.
 - (iv) The *paders* continue to wear a single-piece long frock.
 - (v) Bread and cakes were an integral part of Goan life in the old days.
 - (vi) Traditional bread-baking is still a very profitable business.
 - (vii) *Paders* and their families starve in the present times.
2. Is bread an important part of Goan life? How do you know this?
3. Tick the right answer. What is the tone of the author when he says the following?
 - (i) The thud and the jingle of the traditional baker's bamboo can still be heard in some places. (nostalgic, hopeful, sad)
 - (ii) Maybe the father is not alive but the son still carries on the family profession. (nostalgic, hopeful, sad)
 - (iii) I still recall the typical fragrance of those loaves. (nostalgic, hopeful, naughty)
 - (iv) The tiger never brushed his teeth. Hot tea could wash and clean up everything so nicely, after all. (naughty, angry, funny)
 - (v) Cakes and *bolinhas* are a must for Christmas as well as other festivals. (sad, hopeful, matter-of-fact)
 - (vi) The baker and his family never starved. They always looked happy and prosperous. (matter-of-fact, hopeful, sad)

Writing

- I. In this extract, the author talks about traditional bread-baking during his childhood days. Complete the following table with the help of the clues on the left. Then write a paragraph about the author's childhood days.

Clues	Author's childhood days
the way bread was baked	
the way the <i>pader</i> sold bread	
what the <i>pader</i> wore	
when the <i>pader</i> was paid	
how the <i>pader</i> looked	



- II. 1. Compare the piece from the text (on the left below) with the other piece on Goan bakers (on the right). What makes the two texts so different? Are the facts the same? Do both writers give you a picture of the baker?

Our elders are often heard reminiscing nostalgically about those good old Portuguese days, the Portuguese and their famous loaves of bread. Those eaters of loaves might have vanished but the makers are still there. We still have amongst us the mixers, the moulders and those who bake the loaves. Those age-old, time-tested furnaces still exist. The fire in the furnaces had not yet been extinguished. The thud and the jingle of the traditional baker's bamboo, heralding his arrival in the morning, can still be heard in some places.

May be the father is not alive but the son still carries on the family profession.

After Goa's liberation, people used to say nostalgically that the Portuguese bread vanished with the *paders*. But the *paders* have managed to survive because they have perfected the art of door-to-door delivery service. The *paders* pick up the knowledge of bread-making from traditions in the family. The leavened, oven-baked bread is a gift of the Portuguese to India.

[Adapted from Nandakumar Kamat's 'The Unsung Lives of Goan Paders']

2. Now find a travel brochure about a place you have visited. Look at the description in the brochure. Then write your own account, adding details from your own experience, to give the reader a picture of the place, rather than an impersonal, factual description.

Group Discussion

1. In groups, collect information on how bakeries bake bread now and how the process has changed over time.
2. There are a number of craft-based professions which are dying out. Pick one of the crafts below. Make a group presentation to the class about the skills required, and the possible reasons for the decline of the craft. Can you think of ways to revive these crafts?

(i) Pottery	(v) Carpentry
(ii) Batik work	(vi) Bamboo weaving
(iii) <i>Dhurri</i> (rug) weaving	(vii) Making jute products
(iv) Embroidery	(viii) Handloom

II

Coorg

Coorg is coffee country, famous for its rainforests and spices.

MIDWAY between Mysore and the coastal town of Mangalore sits a piece of heaven that must have drifted from the kingdom of god. This land of rolling hills is inhabited by a proud race of martial men, beautiful women and wild creatures.

Coorg, or Kodagu, the smallest district of Karnataka, is home to evergreen rainforests, spices and coffee plantations. Evergreen rainforests cover thirty per cent of this district. During the monsoons, it pours enough to keep many visitors away. The season of joy commences from September and continues till March. The weather is perfect, with

some showers thrown in for good measure. The air breathes of invigorating coffee. Coffee estates and colonial bungalows stand tucked under tree canopies in prime corners.

The fiercely independent people of Coorg are possibly of Greek or Arabic descent. As one story goes, a part of Alexander's army moved south along the coast and settled here when return became impractical. These people married amongst the locals and their culture is apparent in the martial traditions, marriage and religious rites, which are distinct from the Hindu mainstream. The theory of Arab origin draws support from the long, black coat

drifted from
been carried along gently by air

martial
having to do with war

canopies
roof-like coverings that form shelters

prime
here, best

mainstream
a tradition which most people follow



Traditional Coorgi dress

with an embroidered waist-belt worn by the Kodavus. Known as *kuppia*, it resembles the *kuffia* worn by the Arabs and the Kurds.

Coorgi homes have a tradition of hospitality, and they are more than willing to recount numerous tales of valour related to their sons and fathers. The Coorg Regiment is one of the most decorated in the Indian Army, and the first Chief of the Indian Army, General Cariappa, was a Coorgi. Even now, Kodavus are the only people in India permitted to carry firearms without a licence.

The river, Kaveri, obtains its water from the hills and forests of Coorg. Mahaseer — a large freshwater fish — abound in these waters. Kingfishers dive for their catch, while squirrels and langurs drop partially eaten fruit for the mischief of enjoying the splash and the ripple effect in the clear water. Elephants enjoy being bathed and scrubbed in the river by their mahouts.

The most laidback individuals become converts to the life of high-energy adventure with river rafting, canoeing, rappelling, rock climbing and mountain

tales of valour
stories of courage and bravery, usually in war

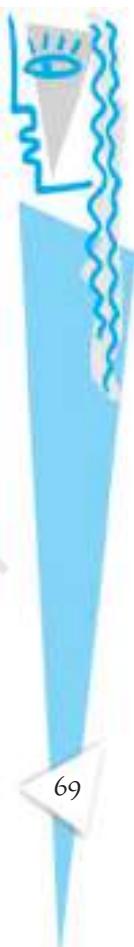
most decorated
having received the maximum number of awards for bravery in war

laidback
relaxed; not in a hurry

rafting
travelling in a river in a raft (a floating platform made by tying planks together)

canoeing
travelling in a river in a canoe (a large, narrow boat)

rappelling
going down a cliff by sliding down a rope



69

Glimpses of India

Basket-seller from Coorg

biking. Numerous walking trails in this region are a favourite with trekkers.

Birds, bees and butterflies are there to give you company. Macaques, Malabar squirrels, langurs and slender loris keep a watchful eye from the tree canopy. I do, however, prefer to step aside for wild elephants.

The climb to the Brahmagiri hills brings you into a panoramic view of the entire misty landscape of Coorg. A walk across the rope bridge leads to the sixty-four-acre island of Nisargadhamma. Running into Buddhist monks from India's largest Tibetan settlement, at nearby Bylakuppe, is a bonus. The monks, in red, ochre and yellow robes, are amongst the many surprises that wait to be discovered by visitors searching for the heart and soul of India, right here in Coorg.

trails
paths created by walking

panoramic view
a view of a wide area of land

FACT FILE

How to Reach

Madikeri, the district headquarters, is the only gateway to Coorg. The misty hills, lush forests and coffee plantations will cast a spell on you. Find a resort, coffee estate or stay in a home for a truly Coorgi experience.

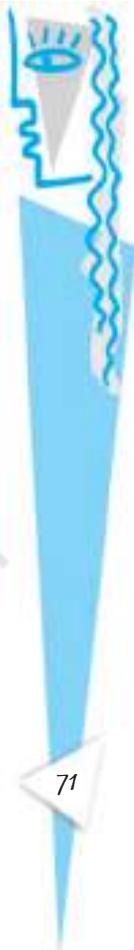
By Air: The nearest airports are Mangalore (135 km) and Bangalore (260 km). There are flights to Mangalore from Mumbai, and to Bangalore from Ahmedabad, Chennai, Delhi, Goa, Hyderabad, Kochi, Kolkata, Mumbai and Pune.

By Rail: The nearest railheads are at Mysore, Mangalore and Hassan.

By Road: There are two routes to Coorg from Bangalore. Both are almost the same distance (around 250-260 km). The route via Mysore is the most frequented one. The other route is via Neelamangal, Kunigal, Chanrayanapatna.

Thinking about the Text

1. Where is Coorg?
2. What is the story about the Kodavu people's descent?
3. What are some of the things you now know about
 - (i) the people of Coorg?
 - (ii) the main crop of Coorg?
 - (iii) the sports it offers to tourists?

- 
- (iv) the animals you are likely to see in Coorg?
(v) its distance from Bangalore, and how to get there?
4. Here are six sentences with some words in italics. Find phrases from the text that have the same meaning. (Look in the paragraphs indicated)
- During monsoons it rains so heavily *that tourists do not visit Coorg.* (para 2)
 - Some people say that* Alexander's army moved south along the coast and settled there. (para 3)
 - The Coorg people *are always ready to tell* stories of their sons' and fathers' valour. (para 4)
 - Even people who normally lead an easy and slow life* get smitten by the high-energy adventure sports of Coorg. (para 6)
 - The theory of the Arab origin *is supported by* the long coat with embroidered waist-belt they wear. (para 3)
 - Macaques, Malabar squirrels *observe you carefully* from the tree canopy. (para 7)

Thinking about Language

Collocations

Certain words 'go together'. Such 'word friends' are called *collocations*. The collocation of a word is 'the company it keeps'.

For example, look at the paired sentences and phrases below. Which is a common collocation, and which one is odd? Strike out the odd sentence or phrase.

- | | |
|--|--|
| (a) • 'How old are you?'
• 'How young are you?' | (b) • a pleasant person
• a pleasant pillow |
|--|--|

1. Here are some nouns from the text.

culture monks surprise experience weather tradition

Work with a partner and discuss which of the nouns can collocate with which of the adjectives given below. The first one has been done for you.

unique terrible unforgettable serious ancient wide sudden

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------------|
| (i) culture: | unique culture, ancient culture |
| (ii) monks: | _____ |
| (iii) surprise: | _____ |
| (iv) experience: | _____ |
| (v) weather: | _____ |
| (vi) tradition: | _____ |

2. Complete the following phrases from the text. For each phrase, can you find at least one other word that would fit into the blank?

- (i) tales of _____ (ii) coastal _____
(iii) a piece of _____ (iv) evergreen _____
(v) _____ plantations (vi) _____ bridge
(vii) wild _____

You may add your own examples to this list.

III

Tea from Assam

Pranjol, a youngster from Assam, is Rajvir's classmate at school in Delhi. Pranjol's father is the manager of a tea-garden in Upper Assam and Pranjol has invited Rajvir to visit his home during the summer vacation.

"CHAI-GARAM... garam-chai," a vendor called out in a high-pitched voice.

He came up to their window and asked, "Chai, sa'ab?"

"Give us two cups," Pranjol said.

They sipped the steaming hot liquid. Almost everyone in their compartment was drinking tea too.

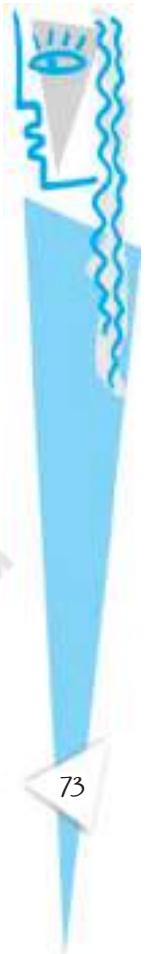
"Do you know that over eighty crore cups of tea are drunk every day throughout the world?" Rajvir said.

"Whew!" exclaimed Pranjol. "Tea really is very popular."

The train pulled out of the station. Pranjol buried his nose in his detective book again. Rajvir too was an ardent fan of detective stories, but at the moment he was keener on looking at the beautiful scenery.

It was green, green everywhere. Rajvir had never seen so much greenery before. Then the soft green paddy fields gave way to tea bushes.

It was a magnificent view. Against the backdrop of densely wooded hills a sea of tea bushes stretched as far as the eye could see. Dwarfing the tiny tea plants were tall sturdy shade-trees and amidst the orderly rows of bushes busily moved doll-like figures.



In the distance was an ugly building with smoke billowing out of tall chimneys.

"Hey, a tea garden!" Rajvir cried excitedly.

Pranjol, who had been born and brought up on a plantation, didn't share Rajvir's excitement.

"Oh, this is tea country now," he said. "Assam has the largest concentration of plantations in the world. You will see enough gardens to last you a lifetime!"

"I have been reading as much as I could about tea," Rajvir said. "No one really knows who discovered tea but there are many legends."

"What legends?"

"Well, there's the one about the Chinese emperor who always boiled water before drinking it. One day a few leaves of the twigs burning under the pot fell into the water giving it a delicious flavour. It is said they were tea leaves."

"Tell me another!" scoffed Pranjol.

"We have an Indian legend too. Bodhidharma, an ancient Buddhist ascetic, cut off his eyelids because he felt sleepy during meditations. Ten tea plants grew out of the eyelids. The leaves of these plants when put in hot water and drunk banished sleep."

"Tea was first drunk in China," Rajvir added, "as far back as 2700 B.C.! In fact words such as tea, 'chai' and 'chini' are from Chinese. Tea came to Europe only in the sixteenth century and was drunk more as medicine than as beverage."

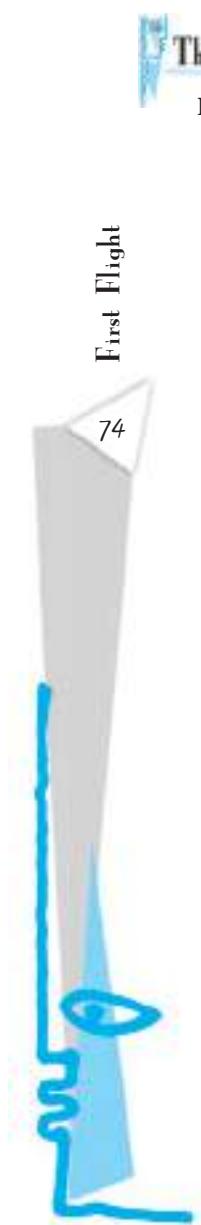
The train clattered into Mariani junction. The boys collected their luggage and pushed their way to the crowded platform.

Pranjol's parents were waiting for them.

Soon they were driving towards Dhekiabari, the tea-garden managed by Pranjol's father.

An hour later the car veered sharply off the main road. They crossed a cattle-bridge and entered Dhekiabari Tea Estate.

On both sides of the gravel-road were acre upon acre of tea bushes, all neatly pruned to the same height. Groups of tea-pluckers, with bamboo baskets on their backs, wearing plastic aprons, were plucking the newly sprouted leaves.



Pranjol's father slowed down to allow a tractor, pulling a trailer-load of tea leaves, to pass.

"This is the second-flush or sprouting period, isn't it, Mr Barua?" Rajvir asked. "It lasts from May to July and yields the best tea."

"You seem to have done your homework before coming," Pranjol's father said in surprise.

"Yes, Mr Barua," Rajvir admitted. "But I hope to learn much more while I'm here."

Thinking about Language

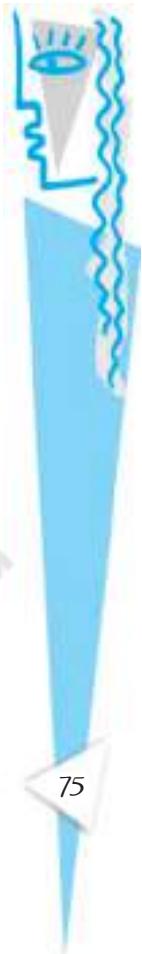
- I. 1. Look at these words: *upkeep, downpour, undergo, dropout, walk-in*. They are built up from a verb (*keep, pour, go, drop, walk*) and an adverb or a particle (*up, down, under, out, in*).

Use these words appropriately in the sentences below. You may consult a dictionary.

- (i) A heavy _____ has been forecast due to low pressure in the Bay of Bengal.
 - (ii) Rakesh will _____ major surgery tomorrow morning.
 - (iii) My brother is responsible for the _____ of our family property.
 - (iv) The _____ rate for this accountancy course is very high.
 - (v) She went to the Enterprise Company to attend a _____ interview.
2. **Now fill in the blanks in the sentences given below by combining the verb given in brackets with one of the words from the box as appropriate.**

over by through out up down

- (i) The Army attempted unsuccessfully to _____ the Government. (throw)
- (ii) Scientists are on the brink of a major _____ in cancer research. (break)
- (iii) The State Government plans to build a _____ for Bhubaneswar to speed up traffic on the main highway. (pass)
- (iv) Gautama's _____ on life changed when he realised that the world is full of sorrow. (look)
- (v) Rakesh seemed unusually _____ after the game. (cast)



II. Notice how these *-ing* and *-ed* adjectives are used.

- | | |
|---|---|
| (a) Chess is an <i>interesting</i> game. | I am very <i>interested</i> in chess. |
| (b) Going trekking in the Himalayas this summer is an <i>exciting</i> idea. | We are very <i>excited</i> about the trek. |
| (c) Are all your school books this <i>boring</i> ? | He was <i>bored</i> as he had no friends there. |

The *-ing* adjectives show the *qualities* that chess, trekking, or these books have: they *cause* interest, excitement, or boredom in you. The *-ed/-en* adjectives show your mental state, or your physical state: how you feel in response to ideas, events or things.

1. Think of suitable *-ing* or *-ed* adjectives to answer the following questions. You may also use words from those given above.

How would you describe

- (i) a good detective serial on television? _____
- (ii) a debate on your favourite topic 'Homework Should Be Banned'?

- (iii) how you feel when you stay indoors due to incessant rain?

- (iv) how you feel when you open a present? _____
- (v) how you feel when you watch your favourite programme on television? _____
- (vi) the look on your mother's face as you waited in a queue?

- (vii) how you feel when tracking a tiger in a tiger reserve forest?

- (viii) the story you have recently read, or a film you have seen?

2. Now use the adjectives in the exercise above, as appropriate, to write a paragraph about Coorg.

Speaking and Writing

1. Read the following passage about tea.

India and tea are so intertwined together that life without the brew is unimaginable. Tea entered our life only in the mid-nineteenth century when the British started plantations in Assam and Darjeeling! In the beginning though, Indians shunned the drink as they thought it was a poison that led to umpteen diseases. Ironically, tea colonised Britain where it became a part of their social diary and also led to the establishment of numerous tea houses.

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Given a picture of three different regions of India, giving an idea of how varied and charming and beautiful our country is.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Get your students to arrange an exhibition of photographs of different places in India — good sources are travel articles in Sunday newspapers, or in travel magazines, or in brochures available at travel agents. Ask students to bring in two or three pictures each, accompanied by a short, neatly hand-written write-up on the place shown in the pictures. Arrange them on your classroom walls. Let the students study them. They can then discuss, and later vote on the place they would most like to see.

Today, scientific research across the world has attempted to establish the beneficial qualities of tea — a fact the Japanese and the Chinese knew anyway from ancient times, attributing to it numerous medicinal properties.

[Source: 'History: Tea Anytime' by Ranjit Biswas from Literary Review, The Hindu, 1 October 2006]

Collect information about tea, e.g. its evolution as a drink, its beneficial qualities. You can consult an encyclopedia or visit Internet websites. Then form groups of five and play the following roles: Imagine a meeting of a tea planter, a sales agent, a tea lover (consumer), a physician and a tea-shop owner. Each person in the group has to put forward his/her views about tea. You may use the following words and phrases.

- I feel ...
- It is important to know ...
- I disagree with you ...
- I think that tea ...
- I would like you to know ...
- I agree with ...
- It is my feeling ...
- I suggest ...
- May I know why you ...
- I am afraid ...

2. You are the sales executive of a famous tea company and you have been asked to draft an advertisement for the product. Draft the advertisement using the information you collected for the role play. You can draw pictures or add photographs and make your advertisement colourful.



The Trees

Can there be a forest without trees? Where are the trees in this poem, and where do they go?

The trees inside are moving out into the forest,
the forest that was empty all these days
where no bird could sit
no insect hide
no sun bury its feet in shadow
the forest that was empty all these nights
will be full of trees by morning.

All night the roots work
to disengage themselves from the cracks
in the veranda floor.
The leaves strain toward the glass
small twigs stiff with exertion
long-cramped boughs shuffling under the roof
like newly discharged patients
half-dazed, moving
to the clinic doors.

I sit inside, doors open to the veranda
writing long letters
in which I scarcely mention the departure
of the forest from the house.
The night is fresh, the whole moon shines
in a sky still open
the smell of leaves and lichen
still reaches like a voice into the rooms.

My head is full of whispers
which tomorrow will be silent.
Listen. The glass is breaking.
The trees are stumbling forward
into the night. Winds rush to meet them.
The moon is broken like a mirror,
its pieces flash now in the crown
of the tallest oak.

ADRIENNE RICH

Adrienne Rich was born in Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A. in 1929. She is the author of nearly twenty volumes of poetry, and has been called a feminist and a radical poet.

Glossary

to disengage themselves: to separate themselves

strain: make efforts to move

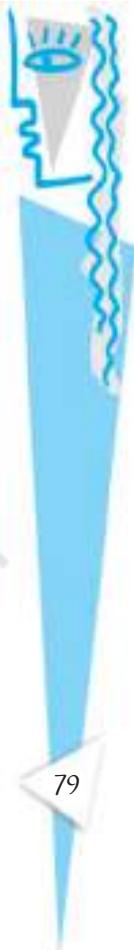
bough: branch

shuffling: moving repeatedly from one position to another

lichen: crusty patches or bushy growth on tree trunks/bare ground formed by association of fungus and alga.

Thinking about the Poem

1. (i) Find, in the first stanza, three things that cannot happen in a treeless forest.
(ii) What picture do these words create in your mind: "... sun bury its feet in shadow..."? What could the poet mean by the sun's 'feet'?
2. (i) Where are the trees in the poem? What do their roots, their leaves, and their twigs do?
(ii) What does the poet compare their branches to?
3. (i) How does the poet describe the moon: (a) at the beginning of the third stanza, and (b) at its end? What causes this change?
(ii) What happens to the house when the trees move out of it?
(iii) Why do you think the poet does not mention "the departure of the forest from the house" in her letters? (Could it be that we are often silent about important happenings that are so unexpected that they embarrass us? Think about this again when you answer the next set of questions.)

- 
4. Now that you have read the poem in detail, we can begin to ask what the poem might mean. Here are two suggestions. Can you think of others?
 - (i) Does the poem present a conflict between man and nature? Compare it with *A Tiger in the Zoo*. Is the poet suggesting that plants and trees, used for 'interior decoration' in cities while forests are cut down, are 'imprisoned', and need to 'break out'?
 - (ii) On the other hand, Adrienne Rich has been known to use trees as a metaphor for human beings; this is a recurrent image in her poetry. What new meanings emerge from the poem if you take its trees to be symbolic of this particular meaning?
 5. You may read the poem 'On Killing a Tree' by Gieve Patel (*Beehive – Textbook in English for Class IX*, NCERT). Compare and contrast it with the poem you have just read.

Homophones

Can you find the words below that are spelt similarly, and sometimes even pronounced similarly, but have very different meanings? Check their pronunciation and meaning in a dictionary.

- The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
- The insurance was invalid for the invalid.

79

The Trees



7

Madam Rides the Bus

Vallikkannan

BEFORE YOU READ

In this sensitive story, an eight-year old girl's first bus journey into the world outside her village is also her induction into the mystery of life and death. She sees the gap between our knowing that there is death, and our understanding of it.

Activity

1. Look at the words and phrases given below. Then put a tick against the ones you think you will find in the text.

<input type="checkbox"/> a set of passengers	<input type="checkbox"/> get on the bus
<input type="checkbox"/> get off the bus	<input type="checkbox"/> platform
<input type="checkbox"/> Tickets, please	<input type="checkbox"/> a roar and a rattle
<input type="checkbox"/> a row of seats	<input type="checkbox"/> slowing down to a crawl
<input type="checkbox"/> blowing a whistle	

2. You must have travelled by bus more than once. What can you see from a fast-moving bus? Given below are some suggestions. Speak briefly about some of these scenes, or about other such scenes that you have seen; or write a sentence or two about them.

rivers	green fields	hills
roadside shops	market places	railway tracks
moving trains	vehicles on the road	trees
a crowd	clothes in shops	animals

I

THERE was a girl named Valliammai who was called Valli for short. She was eight years old and very curious about things. Her favourite pastime was standing in the front doorway of her house, watching what was happening in the street outside. There were no playmates of her own age on her street, and this was about all she had to do.

But for Valli, standing at the front door was every bit as enjoyable as any of the elaborate games other children played. Watching the street gave her many new unusual experiences.



The most fascinating thing of all was the bus that travelled between her village and the nearest town. It passed through her street each hour, once going to the town and once coming back. The sight of the bus, filled each time with a new set of passengers, was a source of unending joy for Valli.

Day after day she watched the bus, and gradually a tiny wish crept into her head and grew there: she wanted to ride on that bus, even if just once. This wish became stronger and stronger, until it was an overwhelming desire. Valli would stare wistfully at the people who got on or off the bus when it stopped at the street corner. Their faces would kindle in her longings, dreams, and hopes. If one of her friends happened to ride the bus and tried to describe the sights of the town to her, Valli would be too jealous to listen and would shout, in English: "Proud! proud!" Neither she nor her friends really understood the meaning of the word, but they used it often as a slang expression of disapproval.

Over many days and months Valli listened carefully to conversations between her neighbours and people who regularly used the bus, and she also asked a few discreet questions here and there. This way she picked up various small details about the bus journey. The town was six miles from her village. The fare was thirty paise one way — "which is almost nothing at all," she heard one well-dressed man say, but to Valli, who scarcely saw that much money from one month to the next, it seemed a fortune. The trip to the town took forty-five minutes. On reaching town, if she stayed in her seat and paid another thirty paise, she could return home on the same bus. This meant that she could take the one-o'clock afternoon bus, reach the town at one forty-five, and be back home by about two forty-five...

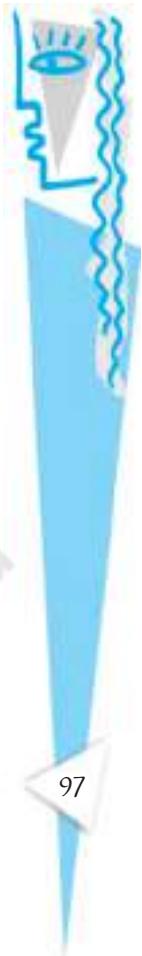
On and on went her thoughts as she calculated and recalculated, planned and replanned.

wistfully
longingly

kindle
set alight (a fire),
here, feelings

a slang expression
informal words,
often used within a
close group

discreet questions
careful questions



Oral Comprehension Check

1. *What was Valli's favourite pastime?*
2. *What was a source of unending joy for Valli? What was her strongest desire?*
3. *What did Valli find out about the bus journey? How did she find out these details?*
4. *What do you think Valli was planning to do?*

II

Well, one fine spring day the afternoon bus was just on the point of leaving the village and turning into the main highway when a small voice was heard shouting: "Stop the bus! Stop the bus!" And a tiny hand was raised commandingly.

The bus slowed down to a crawl, and the conductor, sticking his head out the door, said, "Hurry then! Tell whoever it is to come quickly."

"It's me," shouted Valli. "I'm the one who has to get on."

By now the bus had come to a stop, and the conductor said, "Oh, really! You don't say so!"

"Yes, I simply have to go to town," said Valli, still standing outside the bus, "and here's my money." She showed him some coins.

"Okay, okay, but first you must get on the bus," said the conductor, and he stretched out a hand to help her up.

"Never mind," she said, "I can get on by myself. You don't have to help me."

The conductor was a jolly sort, fond of joking. "Oh, please don't be angry with me, my fine madam," he said. "Here, have a seat right up there in front. Everybody move aside please — make way for madam."

It was the slack time of day, and there were only six or seven passengers on the bus. They were all looking at Valli and laughing with the conductor. Valli was overcome with shyness. Avoiding everyone's eyes, she walked quickly to an empty seat and sat down.

slack time

a time when there is not much work



"May we start now, madam?" the conductor asked, smiling. Then he blew his whistle twice, and the bus moved forward with a roar.

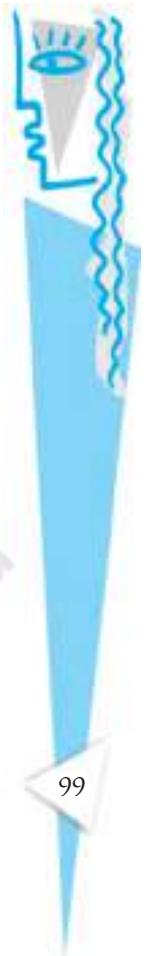
It was a new bus, its outside painted a gleaming white with some green stripes along the sides. Inside, the overhead bars shone like silver. Directly in front of Valli, above the windshield, there was a beautiful clock. The seats were soft and luxurious.

Valli devoured everything with her eyes. But when she started to look outside, she found her view cut off by a canvas blind that covered the lower part of her window. So she stood up on the seat and peered over the blind.

The bus was now going along the bank of a canal. The road was very narrow. On one side there was the canal and, beyond it, palm trees, grassland, distant mountains, and the blue, blue sky. On the other side was a deep ditch and then acres and acres of green fields — green, green, green, as far as the eye could see.

Oh, it was all so wonderful!

Suddenly she was startled by a voice. "Listen, child," said the voice, "you shouldn't stand like that. Sit down."



Sitting down, she looked to see who had spoken. It was an elderly man who had honestly been concerned for her, but she was annoyed by his attention.

"There's nobody here who's a child," she said haughtily. "I've paid my thirty paise like everyone else."

The conductor chimed in. "Oh, sir, but this is a very grown-up madam. Do you think a mere girl could pay her own fare and travel to the city all alone?"

Valli shot an angry glance at the conductor and said, "I am not a madam. Please remember that. And you've not yet given me my ticket."

"I'll remember," the conductor said, mimicking her tone. Everyone laughed, and gradually Valli too joined in the laughter.

The conductor punched a ticket and handed it to her. "Just sit back and make yourself comfortable. Why should you stand when you've paid for a seat?"

"Because I want to," she answered, standing up again.

"But if you stand on the seat, you may fall and hurt yourself when the bus makes a sharp turn or hits a bump. That's why we want you to sit down, child."

"I'm not a child, I tell you," she said irritably. "I'm eight years old."

"Of course, of course. How stupid of me! Eight years — my!"

The bus stopped, some new passengers got on, and the conductor got busy for a time. Afraid of losing her seat, Valli finally sat down.

An elderly woman came and sat beside her. "Are you all alone, dear?" she asked Valli as the bus started again.

Valli found the woman absolutely repulsive — such big holes she had in her ear lobes, and such ugly earrings in them! And she could smell the betel nut the woman was chewing and see the betel juice that was threatening to spill over her lips at any moment.

haughtily
proudly

mimicking
copying

99

Madam Rides the Bus

repulsive
causing strong dislike

Ugh! — who could be sociable with such a person?

“Yes, I’m travelling alone,” she answered curtly.
“And I’ve got a ticket too.”

“Yes, she’s on her way to town,” said the conductor. “With a thirty-paise ticket.”

“Oh, why don’t you mind your own business,” said Valli. But she laughed all the same, and the conductor laughed too.

But the old woman went on with her drivel. “Is it proper for such a young person to travel alone? Do you know exactly where you’re going in town? What’s the street? What’s the house number?”

“You needn’t bother about me. I can take care of myself,” Valli said, turning her face towards the window and staring out.

curtly

showing displeasure

drivel

silly nonsense

Oral Comprehension Check

III

Her first journey — what careful, painstaking, elaborate plans she had had to make for it! She had thriftily saved whatever stray coins came her way, resisting every temptation to buy peppermints, toys, balloons, and the like, and finally she had saved a total of sixty paise. How difficult it had been, particularly that day at the village fair, but she had resolutely stifled a strong desire to ride the merry-go-round, even though she had the money.

thrifitily

spend money carefully

After she had enough money saved, her next problem was how to slip out of the house without her mother’s knowledge. But she managed this without too much difficulty. Every day after lunch her mother would nap from about one to four or so. Valli always used these hours for her ‘excursions’ as she stood looking from the doorway of her house

resolutely stifled

suppressed/
controlled with
determination

or sometimes even ventured out into the village; today, these same hours could be used for her first excursion outside the village.

ventured out
went cautiously,
courageously

The bus rolled on now cutting across a bare landscape, now rushing through a tiny hamlet or past an odd wayside shop. Sometimes the bus seemed on the point of gobbling up another vehicle that was coming towards them or a pedestrian crossing the road. But lo! somehow it passed on smoothly, leaving all obstacles safely behind. Trees came running towards them but then stopped as the bus reached them and simply stood there helpless for a moment by the side of the road before rushing away in the other direction.

Suddenly Valli clapped her hands with glee. A young cow, tail high in the air, was running very fast, right in the middle of the road, right in front of the bus. The bus slowed to a crawl, and the driver sounded his horn loudly again and again. But the more he honked, the more frightened the animal became and the faster it galloped — always right in front of the bus.



101

Madam Rides the Bus

Somehow this was very funny to Valli. She laughed and laughed until there were tears in her eyes.

"Hey, lady, haven't you laughed enough?" called, the conductor. "Better save some for tomorrow."

At last the cow moved off the road. And soon the bus came to a railroad crossing. A speck of a train could be seen in the distance, growing bigger and bigger as it drew near. Then it rushed past the crossing gate with a tremendous roar and rattle, shaking the bus. Then the bus went on and passed the train station. From there it traversed a busy, well-laid-out shopping street and, turning, entered a wider thoroughfare. Such big, bright-looking shops! What glittering displays of clothes and other merchandise! Such big crowds!

Struck dumb with wonder, Valli gaped at everything.

Then the bus stopped and everyone got off except Valli.

"Hey, lady," said the conductor, "aren't you ready to get off? This is as far as your thirty paise takes you."

"No," Valli said, "I'm going back on this same bus." She took another thirty paise from her pocket and handed the coins to the conductor.

"Why, is something the matter?"

"No, nothing's the matter. I just felt like having a bus ride, that's all."

"Don't you want to have a look at the sights, now that you're here?"

"All by myself? Oh, I'd be much too afraid."

Greatly amused by the girl's way of speaking, the conductor said, "But you weren't afraid to come in the bus."

"Nothing to be afraid of about that," she answered.

"Well, then, why not go to that stall over there and have something to drink? Nothing to be afraid of about that either."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that."

"Well, then, let me bring you a cold drink."

thoroughfare
a busy public road

merchandise
things for sale

"No, I don't have enough money. Just give me my ticket, that's all."

"It'll be my treat and not cost you anything."

"No, no," she said firmly, "please, no."

The conductor shrugged, and they waited until it was time for the bus to begin the return journey. Again there weren't many passengers.

Oral Comprehension Check

1. *How did Valli save up money for her first journey? Was it easy for her?*
2. *What did Valli see on her way that made her laugh?*
3. *Why didn't she get off the bus at the bus station?*
4. *Why didn't Valli want to go to the stall and have a drink? What does this tell you about her?*

IV

"Won't your mother be looking for you?" the conductor asked when he gave the girl her ticket.

"No, no one will be looking for me," she said.

The bus started, and again there were the same wonderful sights.

Valli wasn't bored in the slightest and greeted everything with the same excitement she'd felt the first time. But suddenly she saw a young cow lying dead by the roadside, just where it had been struck by some fast-moving vehicle.

"Isn't that the same cow that ran in front of the bus on our trip to town?" she asked the conductor.

The conductor nodded, and she was overcome with sadness. What had been a lovable, beautiful creature just a little while ago had now suddenly lost its charm and its life and looked so horrible, so frightening as it lay there, legs spreadeagled, a fixed stare in its lifeless eyes, blood all over...

The bus moved on. The memory of the dead cow haunted her, dampening her enthusiasm. She no longer wanted to look out the window.

She sat thus, glued to her seat, until the bus reached her village at three forty. She stood up and

spreadered
spread out

haunted
returned repeatedly
to her mind; was
impossible to forget

stretched herself. Then she turned to the conductor and said, "Well, sir, I hope to see you again."

"Okay, madam," he answered her, smiling. "Whenever you feel like a bus ride, come and join us. And don't forget to bring your fare."

She laughed and jumped down from the bus. Then away she went, running straight for home.

When she entered her house she found her mother awake and talking to one of Valli's aunts, the one from South Street. This aunt was a real chatterbox, never closing her mouth once she started talking.

"And where have you been?" said her aunt when Valli came in. She spoke very casually, not expecting a reply. So Valli just smiled, and her mother and aunt went on with their conversation.

"Yes, you're right," her mother said. "So many things in our midst and in the world outside. How can we possibly know about everything? And even when we do know about something, we often can't understand it completely, can we?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Valli.

"What?" asked her mother. "What's that you say?"

"Oh," said Valli, "I was just agreeing with what you said about things happening without our knowledge."

"Just a chit of a girl, she is," said her aunt, "and yet look how she pokes her nose into our conversation, just as though she were a grown lady."

Valli smiled to herself. She didn't want them to understand her smile. But, then, there wasn't much chance of that, was there?

pokes her nose
takes an interest in
something that
doesn't concern her

*[Translated from the Tamil
by K. S. Sundaram
Illustrated by R. K. Laxman]*

Thinking about the Text

1. What was Valli's deepest desire? Find the words and phrases in the story that tell you this.
2. How did Valli plan her bus ride? What did she find out about the bus, and how did she save up the fare?
3. What kind of a person is Valli? To answer this question, pick out the following sentences from the text and fill in the blanks. The words you fill in are the clues to your answer.
 - (i) "Stop the bus! Stop the bus!" And a tiny hand was raised _____.
 - (ii) "Yes, I _____ go to town," said Valli, still standing outside the bus.
 - (iii) "There's nobody here _____," she said haughtily. "I've paid my thirty paise like everyone else."
 - (iv) "Never mind," she said, "I can _____. You don't have to help me. "I'm not a child, I tell you," she said, _____.
 - (v) "You needn't bother about me. I _____," Valli said, turning her face toward the window and staring out.
 - (vi) Then she turned to the conductor and said, "Well, sir, I hope _____."
4. Why does the conductor refer to Valli as 'madam'?
5. Find the lines in the text which tell you that Valli was enjoying her ride on the bus.
6. Why does Valli refuse to look out of the window on her way back?
7. What does Valli mean when she says, "I was just agreeing with what you said about things happening without our knowledge."
8. The author describes the things that Valli sees from an eight-year-old's point of view. Can you find evidence from the text for this statement?

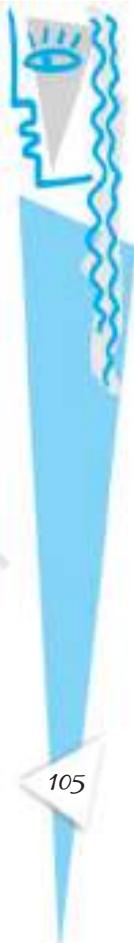
Speaking

This story has a lot of people talking in it. The conductor jokes and laughs with Valli, some passengers try to show their concern for her, and her mother and her aunt spend time chatting.

Read the conversations carefully. Then think of similar people, or similar situations that you have experienced. Mimic a person or persons who spoke to you, saying what they said, along with your replies.

105

Madam Rides the Bus



Writing

Write a page — about three paragraphs — on one of the following topics.

1. Have you ever planned something entirely on your own, without taking grown-ups into your confidence? What did you plan, and how? Did you carry out your plan?
2. Have you made a journey that was unforgettable in some way? What made it memorable?
3. Are you concerned about traffic and road safety? What are your concerns? How would you make road travel safer and more enjoyable?

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Related the story of Valli's first bus ride.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. The students should be given two or three days to collect old (used) tickets from their friends, relatives and acquaintances: they could be bus tickets, train tickets, plane tickets, cinema tickets, tickets to cultural events, etc. By the time they finish the lesson they should be able to get a good collection in place. Get them to make a collage using as many as possible of the tickets collected, on a sheet of poster paper. This can then form the basis for many interesting activities: classification according to type of tickets (for what?) or price (how much?), etc; the most desirable tickets, the tickets no one wants, etc. — let students think of more ways to classify them. Get students to write a paragraph with the collage as base, and their imagination as guide.
2. You can also ask the students do the following.
 - (i) In the story Valli has to save money and make plans to be able to ride the bus. In pairs, discuss how you spent your pocket money last month. Did you spend it on yourself, or on someone dear to you?
 - (ii) Valli's enthusiasm is damped and the memory of the dead cow haunts her. In groups, discuss an incident which may have troubled or discouraged you.

Fog

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbour and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

Glossary

on haunches: sitting with knees bent

Thinking about the Poem

1.
 - (i) What does Sandburg think the fog is like?
 - (ii) How does the fog come?
 - (iii) What does 'it' in the third line refer to?
 - (iv) Does the poet actually say that the fog is like a cat? Find three things that tell us that the fog is like a cat.
2. You know that a metaphor compares two things by transferring a feature of one thing to the other (See Unit 1).
 - (i) Find metaphors for the following words and complete the table below. Also try to say how they are alike. The first is done for you.

Storm	tiger	pounces over the fields, growls
Train		
Fire		
School		
Home		

- (ii) Think about a storm. Try to visualise the force of the storm, hear the sound of the storm, feel the power of the storm and the sudden calm that happens afterwards. Write a poem about the storm comparing it with an animal.
3. Does this poem have a rhyme scheme? Poetry that does not have an obvious rhythm or rhyme is called 'free verse'.



The Sermon at Benares



BEFORE YOU READ

Activity

Use a dictionary or ask for your teacher's help as you discuss the following questions in groups.

1. What is a sermon? Is it different from a lecture or a talk? Can this word also be used in a negative way or as a joke (as in "my mother's sermon about getting my work done on time...")?
2. Find out the meanings of the words and phrases given in the box.

afflicted with be composed desolation
lamentation procure be subject to

3. Have you heard of the Sermon on the Mount? Who delivered it? Who do you think delivered a sermon at Benares?

GAUTAMA Buddha (563 B.C.–483 B.C.) began life as a prince named Siddhartha Gautama, in northern India. At twelve, he was sent away for schooling in the Hindu sacred scriptures and four years later he returned home to marry a princess. They had a son and lived for ten years as befitting royalty. At about the age of twenty-five, the Prince, heretofore shielded from the sufferings of the world, while out hunting chanced upon a sick man, then an aged man, then a funeral procession, and finally a monk begging for alms. These sights so moved him that he at once went out into the world to seek enlightenment concerning the sorrows he had witnessed. He wandered for seven years and finally sat down under a peepal tree, where he vowed to stay

chanced upon
came across by chance

enlightenment
a state of high spiritual knowledge

until enlightenment came. Enlightened after seven days, he renamed the tree the Bodhi Tree (Tree of Wisdom) and began to teach and to share his new understandings. At that point he became known as the Buddha (the Awakened or the Enlightened). The Buddha preached his first sermon at the city of Benares, most holy of the dipping places on the River Ganges; that sermon has been preserved and is given here. It reflects the Buddha's wisdom about one inscrutable kind of suffering.

Kisa Gotami had an only son, and he died. In her grief she carried the dead child to all her neighbours, asking them for medicine, and the people said, "She has lost her senses. The boy is dead."

At length, Kisa Gotami met a man who replied to her request, "I cannot give thee medicine for thy child, but I know a physician who can."

And the girl said, "Pray tell me, sir; who is it?" And the man replied, "Go to Sakyamuni, the Buddha."

Kisa Gotami repaired to the Buddha and cried, "Lord and Master, give me the medicine that will cure my boy."

The Buddha answered, "I want a handful of mustard-seed." And when the girl in her joy promised to procure it, the Buddha added, "The mustard-seed must be taken from a house where no one has lost a child, husband, parent or friend."

Poor Kisa Gotami now went from house to house, and the people pitied her and said, "Here is mustard-seed; take it!" But when she asked, "Did a son or daughter, a father or mother, die in your family?" they answered her, "Alas! the living are few, but the dead are many. Do not remind us of our deepest grief." And there was no house but some beloved one had died in it.

Kisa Gotami became weary and hopeless, and sat down at the wayside watching the lights of the city, as they flickered up and were extinguished again. At last the darkness of the night reigned everywhere. And she considered the fate of men, that their lives flicker up and are extinguished again. And she thought to herself, "How selfish am I in my grief! Death is common to all; yet in this valley of desolation there is a path that leads him to immortality who has surrendered all selfishness."

The Buddha said, "The life of mortals in this world is troubled and brief and combined with pain. For there

sermon

religious or moral talk

dipping places

bathing

inscrutable

something which cannot be understood

repaired (a stylistic use) went to

valley of desolation

an area which is filled with deep sorrow

mortals

those bound to die



is not any means by which those that have been born can avoid dying; after reaching old age there is death; of such a nature are living beings. As ripe fruits are early in danger of falling, so mortals when born are always in danger of death. As all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so is the life of mortals. Both young and adult, both those who are fools and those who are wise, all fall into the power of death; all are subject to death.

"Of those who, overcome by death, depart from life, a father cannot save his son, nor kinsmen their relations. Mark! while relatives are looking on and lamenting deeply, one by one mortals are carried off, like an ox that is led to the slaughter. So the world is afflicted with death and decay, therefore the wise do not grieve, knowing the terms of the world.

"Not from weeping nor from grieving will anyone obtain peace of mind; on the contrary, his pain will be the greater and his body will suffer. He will make himself sick and pale, yet the dead are not saved by his lamentation. He who seeks peace should draw out the arrow of lamentation, and complaint, and grief. He who has drawn out the arrow and has become composed will obtain peace of mind; he who has overcome all sorrow will become free from sorrow, and be blessed."

[Source: Betty Renshaw
Values and Voices: A College Reader (1975)

afflicted with
affected by suffering,
disease or pain

lamentation
expression of sorrow

113

The Sermon at Benares

Thinking about the Text

- When her son dies, Kisa Gotami goes from house to house. What does she ask for? Does she get it? Why not?
- Kisa Gotami again goes from house to house after she speaks with the Buddha. What does she ask for, the second time around? Does she get it? Why not?
- What does Kisa Gotami understand the second time that she failed to understand the first time? Was this what the Buddha wanted her to understand?
- Why do you think Kisa Gotami understood this only the second time? In what way did the Buddha change her understanding?
- How do you usually understand the idea of 'selfishness'? Do you agree with Kisa Gotami that she was being 'selfish in her grief'?

Thinking about Language

I. This text is written in an old-fashioned style, for it reports an incident more than two millennia old. Look for the following words and phrases in the text, and try to rephrase them in more current language, based on how you understand them.

- give *thee* medicine for *thy* child
- *Pray* tell me
- Kisa *repaired* to the Buddha
- there was *no* house *but* someone had died in it
- kinsmen
- *Mark!*

II. You know that we can combine sentences using words like *and*, *or*, *but*, *yet* and *then*. But sometimes no such word seems appropriate. In such a case we can use a semicolon (;) or a dash (—) to combine two clauses.

She has no interest in music; I doubt she will become a singer like her mother.

The second clause here gives the speaker's opinion on the first clause.

Here is a sentence from the text that uses semicolons to combine clauses. Break up the sentence into three simple sentences. Can you then say which has a better rhythm when you read it, the single sentence using semicolons, or the three simple sentences?

For there is not any means by which those who have been born can avoid dying; after reaching old age there is death; of such a nature are living beings.

Speaking

The Buddha's sermon is over 2500 years old. Given below are two recent texts on the topic of grief. Read the texts, comparing them with each other and with the Buddha's sermon. Do you think the Buddha's ideas and way of teaching continue to hold meaning for us? Or have we found better ways to deal with grief? Discuss this in groups or in class.

I. A Guide to Coping with the Death of a Loved One

Martha is having difficulty sleeping lately and no longer enjoys doing things with her friends. Martha lost her husband of 26 years to cancer a month ago.

Anya, age 17, doesn't feel like eating and spends the days in her room crying. Her grandmother recently died.

Both of these individuals are experiencing grief. Grief is an emotion natural to all types of loss or significant change.



Feelings of Grief

Although grief is unique and personal, a broad range of feelings and behaviours are commonly experienced after the death of a loved one.

- **Sadness.** This is the most common, and it is not necessarily manifested by crying.
- **Anger.** This is one of the most confusing feelings for a survivor. There may be frustration at not being able to prevent the death, and a sense of not being able to exist without the loved one.
- **Guilt and Self-reproach.** People may believe that they were not kind enough or caring enough to the person who died, or that the person should have seen the doctor sooner.
- **Anxiety.** An individual may fear that she/he won't be able to care for herself/himself.
- **Loneliness.** There are reminders throughout the day that a partner, family member or friend is gone. For example, meals are no longer prepared the same way, phone calls to share a special moment don't happen.
- **Fatigue.** There is an overall sense of feeling tired.
- **Disbelief.** This occurs particularly if it was a sudden death.

Helping Others Who Are Experiencing Grief

When a friend, loved one, or co-worker is experiencing grief—how can we help? It helps to understand that grief is expressed through a variety of behaviours.

Reach out to others in their grief, but understand that some may not want to accept help and will not share their grief. Others will want to talk about their thoughts and feelings or reminisce.

Be patient and let the grieving person know that you care and are there to support him or her.

II. Good Grief

AMITAI ETZIONI

Soon after my wife died — her car slid off an icy road in 1985 — a school psychologist warned me that my children and I were not mourning in the right way. We felt angry; the proper first stage, he said, is denial.

In late August this year, my 38-year-old son, Michael, died suddenly in his sleep, leaving behind a 2-year-old son and a wife expecting their next child.

There is no set form for grief, and no 'right' way to express it. There seems to be an expectation that, after a great loss, we will progress systematically through the well-known stages of grief. It is wrong, we are told, to jump to anger — or to wallow too long in this stage before moving towards acceptance.

Writing

Write a page (about three paragraphs) on one of the following topics. You can think about the ideas in the text that are relevant to these topics, and add your own ideas and experiences to them.

1. Teaching someone to understand a new or difficult idea
2. Helping each other to get over difficult times
3. Thinking about oneself as unique, or as one among billions of others

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Narrated the story of the Buddha, and the advice he gave to the grief-stricken woman.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

1. Read and discuss the following extract from Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* with the students.

Joy and Sorrow

Then a woman said, "Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow."

And he answered:

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.

And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears.

And how else can it be?

The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.

Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven?



And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that was hollowed out with knives?

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow," and others say, "Nay, sorrow is the greater."

But I say unto you, they are inseparable.

Together they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board, remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.

2. Help students to read and memorise the following extract from Tagore.

Say not in grief that she is no more
but say in thankfulness that she was.
A death is not the extinguishing of a light,
but the putting out of the
lamp because the dawn has come.

The Tale of Custard the Dragon

This poem is written in the style of a ballad — a song or poem that tells a story. You must be familiar with ballads that narrate tales of courage or heroism. This poem is a humorous ballad close to a parody.

Read it aloud, paying attention to the rhythm.

Belinda lived in a little white house,
With a little black kitten and a little grey mouse,
And a little yellow dog and a little red wagon,
And a realio, trulio, little pet dragon.

Now the name of the little black kitten was Ink,
And the little grey mouse, she called him Blink,
And the little yellow dog was sharp as Mustard,
But the dragon was a coward, and she called him Custard.

Custard the dragon had big sharp teeth,
And spikes on top of him and scales underneath,
Mouth like a fireplace, chimney for a nose,
And realio, trulio daggers on his toes.

Belinda was as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chased lions down the stairs,
Mustard was as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful,
Ink, Blink and Mustard, they rudely called him Percival,
They all sat laughing in the little red wagon
At the realio, trulio, cowardly dragon.

Belinda giggled till she shook the house,
And Blink said Weeck! which is giggling for a mouse,
Ink and Mustard rudely asked his age,
When Custard cried for a nice safe cage.

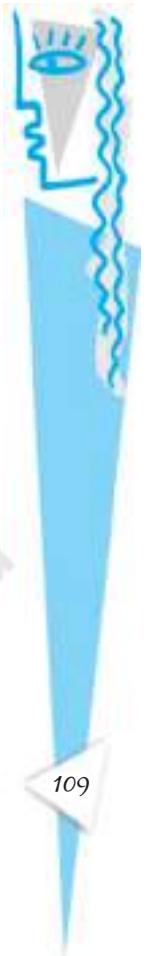
Suddenly, suddenly they heard a nasty sound,
And Mustard growled, and they all looked around.
Meowch! cried Ink, and ooh! cried Belinda,
For there was a pirate, climbing in the winda.

Pistol in his left hand, pistol in his right,
And he held in his teeth a cutlass bright,
His beard was black, one leg was wood;
It was clear that the pirate meant no good.

Belinda paled, and she cried Help! Help!
But Mustard fled with a terrified yelp,
Ink trickled down to the bottom of the household,
And little mouse Blink strategically mouseholed.

But up jumped Custard, snorting like an engine,
Clashed his tail like irons in a dungeon,
With a clatter and a clank and a jangling squirm,
He went at the pirate like a robin at a worm.

The pirate gaped at Belinda's dragon,
And gulped some grog from his pocket flagon,
He fired two bullets, but they didn't hit,
And Custard gobbled him, every bit.



Belinda embraced him, Mustard licked him,
No one mourned for his pirate victim.
Ink and Blink in glee did gyrate
Around the dragon that ate the pirate.

But presently up spoke little dog Mustard,
I'd have been twice as brave if I hadn't been flustered.
And up spoke Ink and up spoke Blink,
We'd have been three times as brave, we think,
And Custard said, I quite agree
That everybody is braver than me.

Belinda still lives in her little white house,
With her little black kitten and her little grey mouse,
And her little yellow dog and her little red wagon,
And her realio, trulio little pet dragon.

Belinda is as brave as a barrel full of bears,
And Ink and Blink chase lions down the stairs,
Mustard is as brave as a tiger in a rage,
But Custard keeps crying for a nice safe cage.

OGDEN NASH

109

The Tale of Custard the Dragon

Ogden Nash wrote over four hundred pieces of comic verse. The best of his work was published in 14 volumes between 1931 and 1972. His work is perhaps best described in this poetic tribute by Anthony Burgess:

...he brought a new kind of sound to our literary diversions.
And didn't care much about breaking the poetic laws of the Medes
and the Persians.
He uses lines, sometimes of considerable length that are colloquial
and prosy.
And at the end presents you with a rhyme...
This bringing together of the informal and the formal is what his
genius chiefly loves.
I am trying to imitate him here, but he is probably quite inimitable.

Glossary

grog: a drink typically drunk by sailors

gyrate: to move around in circles

Thinking about the Poem

1. Who are the characters in this poem? List them with their pet names.
2. Why did Custard cry for a nice safe cage? Why is the dragon called “cowardly dragon”?
3. “Belinda tickled him, she tickled him unmerciful...” Why?
4. The poet has employed many poetic devices in the poem. For example: “Clashed his tail like iron in a dungeon” — the poetic device here is a simile. Can you, with your partner, list some more such poetic devices used in the poem?
5. Read stanza three again to know how the poet describes the appearance of the dragon.
6. Can you find out the rhyme scheme of two or three stanzas of the poem?
7. Writers use words to give us a picture or image without actually saying what they mean. Can you trace some images used in the poem?
8. Do you find *The Tale of Custard the Dragon* to be a serious or a light-hearted poem? Give reasons to support your answer.
9. This poem, in ballad form, tells a story. Have you come across any such modern song or lyric that tells a story? If you know one, tell it to the class. Collect such songs as a project.

Writing

Have fun writing your ballad. Gather information (choose/decide an idea/theme), organise your materials under characters and story and then write. Revise and edit your ballad to make it entertaining. Use the following guidelines to write your ballad.

- *Purpose of writing the ballad:* to entertain and interest
- *To whom I am writing:* decide for whom you are writing
- *How should I structure features?:*
 - Tell a simple narrative
 - A few major characters
 - A strong rhythm and rhyme
 - May have a refrain (single or two line(s) repeated often)
 - Divide into verses



9

The Proposal

Anton Chekov

BEFORE YOU READ

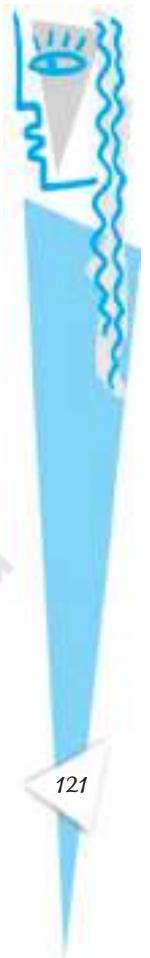
Activity

1. The word 'proposal' has several meanings. Can you guess what sort of proposal the play is about?
 - (i) a suggestion, plan or scheme for doing something
 - (ii) an offer for a possible plan or action
 - (iii) the act of asking someone's hand in marriage

A Russian Wedding

Do you know anything about a Russian marriage ceremony? Read this article about a Russian wedding.

Preparations for a Russian Wedding: A Russian wedding is very simple. The planning only includes arranging for rings, brides' dress, cars, and a reception. Earlier, the bride's family paid for the reception, but now-a-days brides' and grooms' families usually share expenses. A Russian wedding lasts for two days; some weddings last as long as a week, and the occasion becomes something to remember for years. The necessary part of the wedding ceremony is a wedding procession of several cars. The best friends of the groom/bride meet before the wedding a few times, make posters, write speeches and organise contests. When the groom arrives to fetch the bride for the registration, he has to fight to get her! Russians usually live in apartments in tall buildings, and the groom has to climb several stairs to reach his bride. But at each landing he must answer a question to be allowed to go up. The bride's friends ask difficult questions (sometimes about the bride, sometimes just difficult riddles), and the groom must answer with the help of his friends. For example, he may be shown a few photos of baby girls and he must say which one his bride is. If he guesses wrong, he must pay cash to move ahead. After the



marriage registration, the newly-married couple leaves the guests for a tour of the city sights. After two or three hours of the city tour the couple arrives at the reception. The couple sits at a specially arranged table with their family, friends and invited guests. The reception starts with toasts to the couple. A wedding toast is a custom where a close friend or relative of the groom or the bride says a few words to wish the couple, then everyone raises their glass of wine, and drink it up at the same moment. The groom is then asked to kiss the bride. After a few toasts, people start eating and drinking, and generally have fun. After some time, the bride gets 'stolen'! She disappears, and when the groom starts looking for her, he is asked to pay a fee. Usually it is his friends who 'steal' the bride. Then there are the bride's friends — they steal the bride's shoe. The groom must pay money for the shoe too. The guests enjoy watching these tussles, and continue partying.

2. Do you think Indian and Russian weddings have any customs in common? With the help of a partner, fill in the table below.

Wedding Ceremonies in Russia and India

<i>Customs similar to Indian ones</i>	<i>Customs different from Indian ones</i>

"The Proposal" (originally titled "A Marriage Proposal") is a one-act play, a farce, by the Russian short story writer and dramatist Anton Chekhov. It was written in 1888–89.

The play is about the tendency of wealthy families to seek ties with other wealthy families, to increase their estates by encouraging marriages that make good economic sense. Ivan Lomov, a long time wealthy neighbour of Stepan Chubukov, also wealthy, comes to seek the hand of Chubukov's twenty-five-year-old daughter, Natalya. All three are quarrelsome people, and they quarrel over petty issues. The proposal is in danger of being forgotten amidst all this quarrelling. But economic good sense ensures that the proposal is made, after all — although the quarrelling perhaps continues!

Characters

STEPAN STEPANOVITCH CHUBUKOV	: a landowner
NATALYA STEPANOVNA	: his daughter, twenty-five years old
IVAN VASSILEVITCH LOMOV	: a neighbour of Chubukov, a large and hearty, but very suspicious, landowner

A drawing-room in Chubukov's house.

Lomov enters, wearing a dress-jacket and white gloves. Chubukov rises to meet him.

CHUBUKOV : My dear fellow, whom do I see! Ivan Vassilevitch! I am extremely glad! [Squeezes his hand] Now this is a surprise, my darling... How are you?

LOMOV : Thank you. And how may you be getting on?

CHUBUKOV : We just get along somehow, my angel, thanks to your prayers, and so on. Sit down, please do... Now, you know, you shouldn't forget all about your neighbours, my darling. My dear fellow, why are you so formal in your get-up! Evening dress, gloves, and so on. Can you be going anywhere, my treasure?

LOMOV : No. I've come only to see you, honoured Stepan Stepanovitch.

CHUBUKOV : Then why are you in evening dress, my precious? As if you're paying a New Year's Eve visit!

LOMOV : Well, you see, it's like this. [Takes his arm] I've come to you, honoured Stepan Stepanovitch, to trouble you with a request. Not once or twice have I already had the privilege of applying to you for help, and you have always, so to speak... I must ask your pardon, I am getting excited. I shall drink some water, honoured Stepan Stepanovitch.

[Drinks.]

CHUBUKOV : [aside] He's come to borrow money. Shan't give him any! [aloud] What is it, my beauty?

LOMOV : You see, Honour Stepanitch... I beg pardon Stepan Honouritch... I mean, I'm awfully excited, as you will please notice... In short, you alone can help me, though I don't deserve it, of course... and haven't any right to count on your assistance...

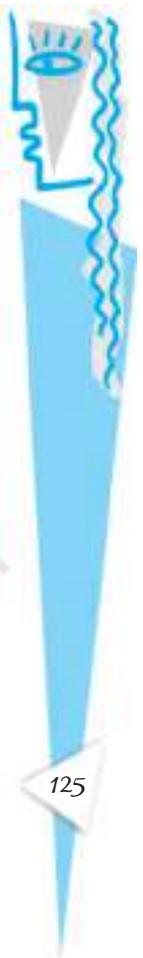
CHUBUKOV : Oh, don't go round and round it, darling! Spit it out! Well?

LOMOV : One moment... this very minute. The fact is I've come to ask the hand of your daughter, Natalya Stepanovna, in marriage.



- CHUBUKOV : [joyfully] By Jove! Ivan Vassilevitch! Say it again — I didn't hear it all!
- LOMOV : I have the honour to ask...
- CHUBUKOV : [interrupting] My dear fellow... I'm so glad, and so on... Yes, indeed, and all that sort of thing. [Embraces and kisses Lomov] I've been hoping for it for a long time. It's been my continual desire. [Sheds a tear] And I've always loved you, my angel, as if you were my own son. May God give you both — His help and His love and so on, and so much hope... What am I behaving in this idiotic way for? I'm off my balance with joy, absolutely off my balance! Oh, with all my soul... I'll go and call Natasha, and all that.
- LOMOV : [greatly moved] Honour Stepan Stepanovitch, do you think I may count on her consent?
- CHUBUKOV : Why, of course, my darling, and... as if she won't consent! She's in love; egad, she's like a lovesick cat, and so on. Shan't be long!
[Exit.]
- LOMOV : It's cold... I'm trembling all over, just as if I'd got an examination before me. The great thing is, I must have my mind made up. If I give myself time to think, to hesitate, to talk a lot, to look for an ideal, or for real love, then I'll never get married. Brr... It's cold! Natalya

- NATALYA : Stepanovna is an excellent housekeeper, not bad-looking, well-educated. What more do I want? But I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. [Drinks] And it's impossible for me not to marry. In the first place, I'm already 35 — a critical age, so to speak. In the second place, I ought to lead a quiet and regular life. I suffer from palpitations, I'm excitable and always getting awfully upset; at this very moment my lips are trembling, and there's a twitch in my right eyebrow. But the very worst of all is the way I sleep. I no sooner get into bed and begin to go off, when suddenly something in my left side gives a pull, and I can feel it in my shoulder and head... I jump up like a lunatic, walk about a bit and lie down again, but as soon as I begin to get off to sleep there's another pull! And this may happen twenty times... [Natalya Stepanovna comes in.]
- NATALYA : Well, there! It's you, and papa said, "Go; there's a merchant come for his goods." How do you do, Ivan Vassilevitch?
- LOMOV : How do you do, honoured Natalya Stepanovna?
- NATALYA : You must excuse my apron and *neglige*. We're shelling peas for drying. Why haven't you been here for such a long time? Sit down... [They seat themselves.] Won't you have some lunch?
- LOMOV : No, thank you, I've had some already.
- NATALYA : Then smoke. Here are the matches. The weather is splendid now, but yesterday it was so wet that the workmen didn't do anything all day. How much hay have you stacked? Just think, I felt greedy and had a whole field cut, and now I'm not at all pleased about it because I'm afraid my hay may rot. I ought to have waited a bit. But what's this? Why, you're in evening dress! Well, I never! Are you going to a ball or what? Though I must say you look better... Tell me, why are you got up like that?
- LOMOV : [excited] You see, honoured Natalya Stepanovna... the fact is, I've made up my mind to ask you to hear me out... Of course you'll be surprised and perhaps even angry, but a... [aside] It's awfully cold!
- NATALYA : What's the matter? [pause] Well?
- LOMOV : I shall try to be brief. You must know, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, that I have long, since my childhood, in fact,



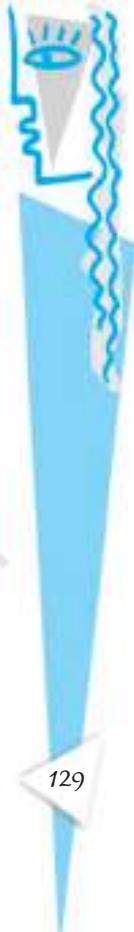
- had the privilege of knowing your family. My late aunt and her husband, from whom, as you know, I inherited my land, always had the greatest respect for your father and your late mother. The Lomovs and the Chubukovs have always had the most friendly, and I might almost say the most affectionate, regard for each other. And, as you know, my land is a near neighbour of yours. You will remember that my Oxen Meadows touch your birchwoods.
- NATALYA : Excuse my interrupting you. You say, "my Oxen Meadows". But are they yours?
- LOMOV : Yes, mine.
- NATALYA : What are you talking about? Oxen Meadows are ours, not yours!
- LOMOV : No, mine, honoured Natalya Stepanovna.
- NATALYA : Well, I never knew that before. How do you make that out?
- LOMOV : How? I'm speaking of those Oxen Meadows which are wedged in between your birchwoods and the Burnt Marsh.
- NATALYA : Yes, yes... they're ours.
- LOMOV : No, you're mistaken, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, they're mine.
- NATALYA : Just think, Ivan Vassilevitch! How long have they been yours?
- LOMOV : How long? As long as I can remember.
- NATALYA : Really, you won't get me to believe that!
- LOMOV : But you can see from the documents, honoured Natalya Stepanovna. Oxen Meadows, it's true, were once the subject of dispute, but now everybody knows that they are mine. There's nothing to argue about. You see my aunt's grandmother gave the free use of these Meadows in perpetuity to the peasants of your father's grandfather, in return for which they were to make bricks for her. The peasants belonging to your father's grandfather had the free use of the Meadows for forty years, and had got into the habit of regarding them as their own, when it happened that...
- NATALYA : No, it isn't at all like that! Both grandfather and great-grandfather reckoned that their land extended to Burnt Marsh — which means that Oxen Meadows were ours. I don't see what there is to argue about. It's simply silly!

- LOMOV : I'll show you the documents, Natalya Stepanovna!
- NATALYA : No, you're simply joking, or making fun of me. What a surprise! We've had the land for nearly three hundred years, and then we're suddenly told that it isn't ours! Ivan Vassilevitch, I can hardly believe my own ears. These Meadows aren't worth much to me. They only come to five dessiatins, and are worth perhaps 300 roubles, but I can't stand unfairness. Say what you will, I can't stand unfairness.
- LOMOV : Hear me out, I implore you! The peasants of your father's grandfather, as I have already had the honour of explaining to you, used to bake bricks for my aunt's grandmother. Now my aunt's grandmother, wishing to make them a pleasant...
- NATALYA : I can't make head or tail of all this about aunts and grandfathers and grandmothers. The Meadows are ours, that's all.
- LOMOV : Mine.
- NATALYA : Ours! You can go on proving it for two days on end, you can go and put on fifteen dress jackets, but I tell you they're ours, ours, ours! I don't want anything of yours and I don't want to give anything of mine. So there!
- LOMOV : Natalya Stepanovna, I don't want the Meadows, but I am acting on principle. If you like, I'll make you a present of them.
- NATALYA : I can make you a present of them myself, because they're mine! Your behaviour, Ivan Vassilevitch, is strange, to say the least! Up to this we have always thought of you as a good neighbour, a friend; last year we lent you our threshing-machine, although on that account we had to put off our own threshing till November, but you behave to us as if we were gypsies. Giving me my own land, indeed! No, really, that's not at all neighbourly! In my opinion, it's even impudent, if you want to know.
- LOMOV : Then you make out that I'm a landgrabber? Madam, never in my life have I grabbed anybody else's land and I shan't allow anybody to accuse me of having done so. [*Quickly steps to the carafe and drinks more water*] Oxen Meadows are mine!
- NATALYA : It's not true, they're ours!
- LOMOV : Mine!



- NATALYA : It's not true! I'll prove it! I'll send my mowers out to the Meadows this very day!
- LOMOV : What?
- NATALYA : My mowers will be there this very day!
- LOMOV : I'll give it to them in the neck!
- NATALYA : You dare!
- LOMOV : [Clutches at his heart] Oxen Meadows are mine! You understand? Mine!
- NATALYA : Please don't shout! You can shout yourself hoarse in your own house but here I must ask you to restrain yourself!
- LOMOV : If it wasn't, madam, for this awful, excruciating palpitation, if my whole inside wasn't upset, I'd talk to you in a different way! [Yells] Oxen Meadows are mine!
- NATALYA : Ours!
- LOMOV : Mine!
- NATALYA : Ours!
- LOMOV : Mine!
- [Enter Chubukov]
- CHUBUKOV : What's the matter? What are you shouting for?
- NATALYA : Papa, please tell this gentleman who owns Oxen Meadows, we or he?
- CHUBUKOV : [to Lomov] Darling, the Meadows are ours!

- LOMOV : But, please, Stepan Stepanovitch, how can they be yours? Do be a reasonable man! My aunt's grandmother gave the Meadows for the temporary and free use of your grandfather's peasants. The peasants used the land for forty years and got accustomed to it as if it was their own, when it happened that...
- CHUBUKOV : Excuse me, my precious. You forget just this, that the peasants didn't pay your grandmother and all that, because the Meadows were in dispute, and so on. And now everybody knows that they're ours. It means that you haven't seen the plan.
- LOMOV : I'll prove to you that they're mine!
- CHUBUKOV : You won't prove it, my darling —
- LOMOV : I shall
- CHUBUKOV : Dear one, why yell like that? You won't prove anything just by yelling. I don't want anything of yours, and don't intend to give up what I have. Why should I? And you know, my beloved, that if you propose to go on arguing about it, I'd much sooner give up the Meadows to the peasants than to you. There!
- LOMOV : I don't understand! How have you the right to give away somebody else's property?
- CHUBUKOV : You may take it that I know whether I have the right or not. Because, young man, I'm not used to being spoken to in that tone of voice, and so on. I, young man, am twice your age, and ask you to speak to me without agitating yourself, and all that.
- LOMOV : No, you just think I'm a fool and want to have me on! You call my land yours, and then you want me to talk to you calmly and politely! Good neighbours don't behave like that, Stepan Stepanovitch! You're not a neighbour, you're a grabber!
- CHUBUKOV : What's that? What did you say?
- NATALYA : Papa, send the mowers out to the Meadows at once!
- CHUBUKOV : What did you say, sir?
- NATALYA : Oxen Meadows are ours, and I shan't give them up, shan't give them up, shan't give them up!
- LOMOV : We'll see! I'll have the matter taken to court, and then I'll show you!
- CHUBUKOV : To court? You can take it to court, and all that! You can! I know you; you're just on the look-out for a chance to go

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- to court, and all that. You pettifogger! All your people were like that! All of them!
- LOMOV : Never mind about my people! The Lomovs have all been honourable people, and not one has ever been tried for embezzlement, like your grandfather!
- CHUBUKOV : You Lomovs have had lunacy in your family, all of you!
- NATALYA : All, all, all!
- CHUBUKOV : Your grandfather was a drunkard, and your younger aunt, Nastasya Mihailovna, ran away with an architect, and so on...
- LOMOV : And your mother was hump-backed. [*Clutches at his heart*] Something pulling in my side... My head.... Help! Water!
- CHUBUKOV : Your father was a guzzling gambler!
- NATALYA : And there haven't been many backbiters to equal your aunt!
- CHUBUKOV : My left foot has gone to sleep... You're an intriguer.... Oh, my heart! And it's an open secret that before the last elections you bri... I can see stars... Where's my hat?
- NATALYA : It's low! It's dishonest! It's mean!
- CHUBUKOV : And you're just a malicious, doublefaced intriguer! Yes!
- LOMOV : Here's my hat. My heart! Which way? Where's the door? Oh I think I'm dying! My foot's quite numb...
[Goes to the door.]
- CHUBUKOV : [following him] And don't set foot in my house again!
- NATALYA : Take it to court! We'll see!
[Lomov staggers out.]
- CHUBUKOV : Devil take him!
[Walks about in excitement.]
- NATALYA : What a rascal! What trust can one have in one's neighbours after that!
- CHUBUKOV : The villain! The scarecrow!
- NATALYA : The monster! First he takes our land and then he has the impudence to abuse us.
- CHUBUKOV : And that blind hen, yes, that turnip-ghost has the confounded cheek to make a proposal, and so on! What? A proposal!
- NATALYA : What proposal?
- CHUBUKOV : Why, he came here to propose to you.
- NATALYA : To propose? To me? Why didn't you tell me so before?
- CHUBUKOV : So he dresses up in evening clothes. The stuffed sausage! The wizen-faced frump!

- NATALYA : To propose to me? Ah! [Falls into an easy-chair and wails] Bring him back! Back! Ah! Bring him here.
- CHUBUKOV : Bring whom here?
- NATALYA : Quick, quick! I'm ill! Fetch him!
[Hysterics.]
- CHUBUKOV : What's that? What's the matter with you? [Clutches at his head] Oh, unhappy man that I am! I'll shoot myself! I'll hang myself! We've done for her!
- NATALYA : I'm dying! Fetch him!
- CHUBUKOV : Tfoo! At once. Don't yell!
[Runs out. A pause.]
- NATALYA : [Natalya Stepanovna wails.] What have they done to me? Fetch him back! Fetch him!
[A pause. Chubukov runs in.]
- CHUBUKOV : He's coming, and so on, devil take him! Ouf! Talk to him yourself; I don't want to...
- NATALYA : [wails] Fetch him!
- CHUBUKOV : [yells] He's coming, I tell you. Oh, what a burden, Lord, to be the father of a grown-up daughter! I'll cut my throat I will, indeed! We cursed him, abused him, drove him out; and it's all you... you!
- NATALYA : No, it was you!
- CHUBUKOV : I tell you it's not my fault. [Lomov appears at the door] Now you talk to him yourself.
[Exit.]
- LOMOV : [Lomov enters, exhausted.] My heart's palpitating awfully. My foot's gone to sleep. There's something that keeps pulling in my side....
- NATALYA : Forgive us, Ivan Vassilevitch, we were all a little heated. I remember now: Oxen Meadows... really are yours.
- LOMOV : My heart's beating awfully. My Meadows... My eyebrows are both twitching....
- NATALYA : The Meadows are yours, yes, yours. Do sit down. [They sit] We were wrong.
- LOMOV : I did it on principle. My land is worth little to me, but the principle...
- NATALYA : Yes, the principle, just so. Now let's talk of something else.
- LOMOV : The more so as I have evidence. My aunt's grandmother gave the land to your father's grandfather's peasants...
- NATALYA : Yes, yes, let that pass. [aside] I wish I knew how to get him started. [aloud] Are you going to start shooting soon?



- LOMOV : I'm thinking of having a go at the blackcock, honoured Natalya Stepanovna, after the harvest. Oh, have you heard? Just think, what a misfortune I've had! My dog Guess, who you know, has gone lame.
- NATALYA : What a pity! Why?
- LOMOV : I don't know. Must have got his leg twisted or bitten by some other dog. *[sighs]* My very best dog, to say nothing of the expense. I gave Mironov 125 roubles for him.
- NATALYA : It was too much, Ivan Vassilevitch.
- LOMOV : I think it was very cheap. He's a first-rate dog.
- NATALYA : Papa gave 85 roubles for his Squeezier, and Squeezier is heaps better than Guess!
- LOMOV : Squeezier better than Guess? What an idea! *[laughs]* Squeezier better than Guess!
- NATALYA : Of course he's better! Of course, Squeezier is young, he may develop a bit, but on points and pedigree he's better than anything that even Volchanetsky has got.
- LOMOV : Excuse me, Natalya Stepanovna, but you forget that he is overshot, and an overshot always means the dog is a bad hunter!
- NATALYA : Overshot, is he? The first time I hear it!
- LOMOV : I assure you that his lower jaw is shorter than the upper.
- NATALYA : Have you measured?
- LOMOV : Yes. He's all right at following, of course, but if you want to get hold of anything...
- NATALYA : In the first place, our Squeezier is a thoroughbred animal, the son of Harness and Chisels while there's no getting at the pedigree of your dog at all. He's old and as ugly as a worn-out cab-horse.
- LOMOV : He is old, but I wouldn't take five Squeezers for him. Why, how can you? Guess is a dog; as for Squeezier, well, it's too funny to argue. Anybody you like has a dog as good as Squeezier... you may find them under every bush almost. Twenty-five roubles would be a handsome price to pay for him.
- NATALYA : There's some demon of contradiction in you today, Ivan Vassilevitch. First you pretend that the Meadows are yours; now, that Guess is better than Squeezier. I don't like people who don't say what they mean, because you know perfectly well that Squeezier is a hundred times better than your silly Guess. Why do you want to say he isn't?

- LOMOV : I see, Natalya Stepanovna, that you consider me either blind or a fool. You must realise that Squeezee is overshot!
- NATALYA : It's not true.
- LOMOV : He is!
- NATALYA : It's not true!
- LOMOV : Why shout madam?
- NATALYA : Why talk rot? It's awful! It's time your Guess was shot, and you compare him with Squeezee!
- LOMOV : Excuse me, I cannot continue this discussion, my heart is palpitating.
- NATALYA : I've noticed that those hunters argue most who know least.
- LOMOV : Madam, please be silent. My heart is going to pieces.
[shouts] Shut up!
- NATALYA : I shan't shut up until you acknowledge that Squeezee is a hundred times better than your Guess!
- LOMOV : A hundred times worse! Be hanged to your Squeezee! His head... eyes... shoulder...
- NATALYA : There's no need to hang your silly Guess; he's half-dead already!
- LOMOV : [weeps] Shut up! My heart's bursting!
- NATALYA : I shan't shut up.
[Enter Chubukov.]
- CHUBUKOV : What's the matter now?
- NATALYA : Papa, tell us truly, which is the better dog, our Squeezee or his Guess.
- LOMOV : Stepan Stepanovitch, I implore you to tell me just one thing: is your Squeezee overshot or not? Yes or no?
- CHUBUKOV : And suppose he is? What does it matter? He's the best dog in the district for all that, and so on.
- LOMOV : But isn't my Guess better? Really, now?
- CHUBUKOV : Don't excite yourself, my precious one. Allow me. Your Guess certainly has his good points. He's purebred, firm on his feet, has well-sprung ribs, and all that. But, my dear man, if you want to know the truth, that dog has two defects: he's old and he's short in the muzzle.
- LOMOV : Excuse me, my heart... Let's take the facts. You will remember that on the Marusinsky hunt my Guess ran neck-and-neck with the Count's dog, while your Squeezee was left a whole verst behind.
- CHUBUKOV : He got left behind because the Count's whipper-in hit him with his whip.



- LOMOV : And with good reason. The dogs are running after a fox, when Squeezie goes and starts worrying a sheep!
- CHUBUKOV : It's not true! My dear fellow, I'm very liable to lose my temper, and so, just because of that, let's stop arguing. You started because everybody is always jealous of everybody else's dogs. Yes, we're all like that! You too, sir, aren't blameless! You no sooner begin with this, that and the other, and all that... I remember everything!
- LOMOV : I remember too!
- CHUBUKOV : [teasing him] I remember, too! What do you remember?
- LOMOV : My heart... my foot's gone to sleep. I can't...
- NATALYA : [teasing] My heart! What sort of a hunter are you? You ought to go and lie on the kitchen oven and catch black beetles, not go after foxes! My heart!
- CHUBUKOV : Yes really, what sort of a hunter are you, anyway? You ought to sit at home with your palpitations, and not go tracking animals. You could go hunting, but you only go to argue with people and interfere with their dogs and so on. Let's change the subject in case I lose my temper. You're not a hunter at all, anyway!
- LOMOV : And are you a hunter? You only go hunting to get in with the Count and to intrigue. Oh, my heart! You're an intriguer!
- CHUBUKOV : What? I am an intriguer? [shouts] Shut up!
- LOMOV : Intriguer!
- CHUBUKOV : Boy! Pup!
- LOMOV : Old rat! Jesuit!
- CHUBUKOV : Shut up or I'll shoot you like a partridge! You fool!
- LOMOV : Everybody knows that — oh, my heart! — your late wife used to beat you... My feet... temples... sparks... I fall, I fall!
- CHUBUKOV : And you're under the slipper of your house-keeper!
- LOMOV : There, there, there... my heart's burst! My shoulders come off! Where is my shoulder? I die. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor!
- CHUBUKOV : Boy! Milksop! Fool! I'm sick! [Drinks water] Sick!
- NATALYA : What sort of a hunter are you? You can't even sit on a horse! [To her father] Papa, what's the matter with him? Papa! Look, Papa! [screams] Ivan Vassilevitch! He's dead!
- CHUBUKOV : I'm sick! I can't breathe! Air!

- NATALYA : He's dead. [Pulls Lomov's sleeve] Ivan Vassilevitch! Ivan Vassilevitch! What have you done to me? He's dead. [Falls into an armchair] A doctor, a doctor! [Hysterics.]
- CHUBUKOV : Oh! What is it? What's the matter?
- NATALYA : [wails] He's dead... dead!
- CHUBUKOV : Who's dead? [Looks at Lomov] So he is! My word! Water! A doctor! [Lifts a tumbler to Lomov's mouth] Drink this! No, he doesn't drink. It means he's dead, and all that. I'm the most unhappy of men! Why don't I put a bullet into my brain? Why haven't I cut my throat yet? What am I waiting for? Give me a knife! Give me a pistol! [Lomov moves] He seems to be coming round. Drink some water! That's right.
- LOMOV : I see stars... mist... where am I?
- CHUBUKOV : Hurry up and get married and — well, to the devil with you! She's willing! [He puts Lomov's hand into his daughter's] She's willing and all that. I give you my blessing and so on. Only leave me in peace!
- LOMOV : [getting up] Eh? What? To whom?
- CHUBUKOV : She's willing! Well? Kiss and be damned to you!
- NATALYA : [wails] He's alive... Yes, yes, I'm willing.
- CHUBUKOV : Kiss each other!
- LOMOV : Eh? Kiss whom? [They kiss] Very nice, too. Excuse me, what's it all about? Oh, now I understand ... my heart... stars... I'm happy. Natalya Stepanovna... [Kisses her hand] My foot's gone to sleep.
- NATALYA : I... I'm happy too...
- CHUBUKOV : What a weight off my shoulders, ouf!
- NATALYA : But, still you will admit now that Guess is worse than Squeezier.
- LOMOV : Better!
- NATALYA : Worse!
- CHUBUKOV : Well, that's a way to start your family bliss! Have some champagne!
- LOMOV : He's better!
- NATALYA : Worse! Worse! Worse!
- CHUBUKOV : [trying to shout her down] Champagne! Champagne!

CURTAIN

Thinking about the Play

1. What does Chubukov at first suspect that Lomov has come for? Is he sincere when he later says "And I've always loved you, my angel, as if you were my own son"? Find reasons for your answer from the play.
2. Chubukov says of Natalya: "... as if she won't consent! She's in love; egad, she's like a lovesick cat..." Would you agree? Find reasons for your answer.
3. (i) Find all the words and expressions in the play that the characters use to speak about each other, and the accusations and insults they hurl at each other. (For example, Lomov in the end calls Chubukov an intriguer; but earlier, Chubukov has himself called Lomov a "malicious, doublefaced intriguer." Again, Lomov begins by describing Natalya as "an excellent housekeeper, not bad-looking, well-educated.")
(ii) Then think of five adjectives or adjectival expressions of your own to describe each character in the play.
(iii) Can you now imagine what these characters will quarrel about next?

Thinking about Language

- I. 1. This play has been translated into English from the Russian original. Are there any expressions or ways of speaking that strike you as more Russian than English? For example, would an adult man be addressed by an older man as *my darling* or *my treasure* in an English play?

Read through the play carefully, and find expressions that you think are not used in contemporary English, and contrast these with idiomatic modern English expressions that also occur in the play.

2. Look up the following words in a dictionary and find out how to pronounce them. Pay attention to how many syllables there are in each word, and find out which syllable is stressed, or said more forcefully.

palpitations	interfere	implore	thoroughbred
pedigree	principle	evidence	misfortune
malicious	embezzlement	architect	neighbours
accustomed	temporary	behaviour	documents

3. Look up the following phrases in a dictionary to find out their meaning, and then use each in a sentence of your own.
 - (i) You may take it that
 - (ii) He seems to be coming round
 - (iii) My foot's gone to sleep

II. Reported Speech

A sentence in reported speech consists of two parts: a *reporting clause*, which contains the *reporting verb*, and the *reported clause*. Look at the following sentences.

(a) "I went to visit my grandma last week," said Mamta.

(b) Mamta said that she had gone to visit her grandma the previous week.

In sentence (a), we have Mamta's exact words. This is an example of *direct speech*. In sentence (b), someone is reporting what Mamta said. This is called *indirect speech* or *reported speech*. A sentence in reported speech is made up of two parts — a *reporting clause* and a *reported clause*.

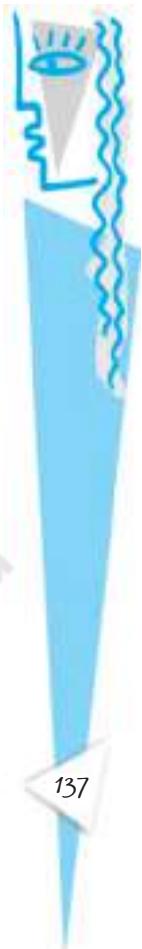
In sentence (b), *Mamta said* is the *reporting clause* containing the *reporting verb said*. The other clause — *that she had gone to visit her grandma last week* — is the *reported clause*.

Notice that in sentence (b) we put the reporting clause first. This is done to show that we are not speaking directly, but reporting someone else's words. The tense of the verb also changes; past tense (*went*) becomes past perfect (*had gone*).

Here are some pairs of sentences in direct and reported speech. Read them carefully, and do the task that follows:

1. (i) LOMOV : Honoured Stepan Stepanovitch, do you think I may count on her consent? (Direct Speech)
(ii) Lomov asked Stepan Stepanovitch respectfully if he thought he might count on her consent. (Reported Speech)
2. (i) LOMOV : I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. (Direct Speech)
(ii) Lomov said that he was getting a noise in his ears from excitement. (Reported Speech)
3. (i) NATALYA : Why haven't you been here for such a long time? (Direct Speech)
(ii) Natalya Stepanovna asked why he hadn't been there for such a long time. (Reported Speech)
4. (i) CHUBUKOV : What's the matter? (Direct Speech)
(ii) Chubukov asked him what the matter was. (Reported Speech)
5. (i) NATALYA : My mowers will be there this very day! (Direct Speech)
(ii) Natalya Stepanovna declared that her mowers would be there that very day. (Reported Speech)

You must have noticed that when we report someone's exact words, we have to make some changes in the sentence structure. In the following sentences fill in the blanks to list the changes that have occurred in the above pairs of sentences. One has been done for you.



1. To report a question, we use the reporting verb asked (as in Sentence Set 1).
2. To report a statement, we use the reporting verb _____.
3. The adverb of place *here* changes to _____.
4. When the verb in direct speech is in the present tense, the verb in reported speech is in the _____ tense (as in Sentence Set 3).
5. If the verb in direct speech is in the present continuous tense, the verb in reported speech changes to _____ tense. For example, _____ changes to *was getting*.
6. When the sentence in direct speech contains a word denoting respect, we add the adverb _____ in the reporting clause (as in Sentence Set 1).
7. The pronouns *I*, *me*, *our* and *mine*, which are used in the first person in direct speech, change according to the subject or object of the reporting verb such as _____, _____, _____ or _____ in reported speech.

III. **Here is an excerpt from an article from the *Times of India* dated 27 August 2006. Rewrite it, changing the sentences in direct speech into reported speech. Leave the other sentences unchanged.**

"Why do you want to know my age? If people know I am so old, I won't get work!" laughs 90-year-old A. K. Hangal, one of Hindi cinema's most famous character actors. For his age, he is rather energetic. "What's the secret?" we ask. "My intake of everything is in small quantities. And I walk a lot," he replies. "I joined the industry when people retire. I was in my 40s. So I don't miss being called a star. I am still respected and given work, when actors of my age are living in poverty and without work. I don't have any complaints," he says, adding, "but yes, I have always been underpaid." Recipient of the Padma Bhushan, Hangal never hankered after money or materialistic gains. "No doubt I am content today, but money is important. I was a fool not to understand the value of money earlier," he regrets.

Speaking and Writing

1. **Anger Management:** As adults, one important thing to learn is how to manage our temper. Some of us tend to get angry quickly, while others remain calm. Can you think of three ill effects that result from anger? Note them down. Suggest ways to avoid losing your temper in such situations. Are there any benefits from anger?
2. In pairs, prepare a script based on the given excerpt from *The Home and the World* by Rabindranath Tagore. You may write five exchanges between the characters with other directions such as movements on stage and way of speaking, etc.

One afternoon, when I happened to be specially busy, word came to my office room that Bimala had sent for me. I was startled.

"Who did you say had sent for me?" I asked the messenger.

"The *Rani* Mother".

"The *Bara Rani*?"

"No, sir, the *Chota Rani* Mother."

The *Chota Rani*! It seemed a century since I had been sent for by her. I kept them all waiting there, and went off into the inner apartments. When I stepped into our room I had another shock of surprise to find Bimala there with a distinct suggestion of being dressed up. The room, which from persistent neglect, had latterly acquired an air of having grown absent-minded, had regained something of its old order this afternoon. I stood there silently, looking enquiringly at Bimala.

She flushed a little and the fingers of her right hand toyed for a time with the bangles on her left arm. Then she abruptly broke the silence. "Look here! Is it right that ours should be the only market in all Bengal which allows foreign goods?"

"What, then, would be the right thing to do?" I asked.

"Order them to be cleared out!"

"But the goods are not mine."

"Is not the market yours?"

"It is much more theirs who use it for trade."

"Let them trade in Indian goods, then."

"Nothing would please me better. But suppose they do not?"

"Nonsense! How dare they be so insolent? Are you not..."

"I am very busy this afternoon and cannot stop to argue it out. But I must refuse to tyrannise."

"It would not be tyranny for selfish gain, but for the sake of the country."

"To tyrannise for the country is to tyrannise over the country. But that I am afraid you will never understand." With this I came away.

3. In groups, discuss the qualities one should look for in a marriage partner. You might consider the following points.

- *Personal qualities*
 - Appearance or looks
 - Attitudes and beliefs
 - Sense of humour
- *Value system*
 - Compassion and kindness
 - Tolerance, ambition
 - Attitude to money and wealth
- *Education and professional background*

4. Are there parts of the play that remind you of film scenes from romantic comedies? Discuss this in groups, and recount to the rest of the class episodes similar to those in the play.

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

Given you a play by the famous Russian writer, Anton Chekhov.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Dictate the biographical information given below. Students should then guess the name of the playwright.

_____ (1564 –1616). He was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April 1564. His father was an important public figure in Stratford. People believe that he received a decent grammar-school education in literature, logic, and Latin (mathematics and natural science did not form part of the curriculum). When he was eighteen, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years his senior. He seems to have prospered in the London theatre world. He probably began his career as an actor in London, and he earned enough as author to acquire landed property.

When he was forty-seven, he retired to a large house in Stratford. He died in 1616, leaving behind a body of work that still stands as a pinnacle in world literature.



139

The Proposal

Homophones

Can you find the words below that are spelt similarly, and sometimes even pronounced similarly, but have very different meanings? Check their pronunciation and meaning in a dictionary.

- They were too close to the door to close it.
- Since there is no time like the present, she thought it was time to present the present.

For Anne Gregory

This poem is a conversation between a young man and a young woman. What are they arguing about?

“Never shall a young man,
Thrown into despair
By those great honey-coloured
Ramparts at your ear,
Love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.”

“But I can get a hair-dye
And set such colour there,
Brown, or black, or carrot,
That young men in despair
May love me for myself alone
And not my yellow hair.”

“I heard an old religious man
But yesternight declare
That he had found a text to prove
That only God, my dear,
Could love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.”

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS



William Butler Yeats (1865–1939) was an Irish nationalist. He was educated in London and Dublin, and was interested in folklore and mythology. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923.

Glossary

ramparts: the high, wide walls around a castle or fort, for example, *the ramparts of the Red Fort*

Thinking about the Poem

1. What does the young man mean by “great honey-coloured /Ramparts at your ear?” Why does he say that young men are “thrown into despair” by them?
2. What colour is the young woman’s hair? What does she say she can change it to? Why would she want to do so?
3. Objects have qualities which make them desirable to others. Can you think of some objects (a car, a phone, a dress...) and say what qualities make one object more desirable than another? Imagine you were trying to sell an object: what qualities would you emphasise?
4. What about people? Do we love others because we like their qualities, whether physical or mental? Or is it possible to love someone “for themselves alone”? Are some people ‘more lovable’ than others? Discuss this question in pairs or in groups, considering points like the following.
 - (i) a parent or caregiver’s love for a newborn baby, for a mentally or physically challenged child, for a clever child or a prodigy
 - (ii) the public’s love for a film star, a sportsperson, a politician, or a social worker
 - (iii) your love for a friend, or brother or sister
 - (iv) your love for a pet, and the pet’s love for you.
5. You have perhaps concluded that people are not objects to be valued for their qualities or riches rather than for themselves. But elsewhere Yeats asks the question: How can we separate the dancer from the dance? Is it possible to separate ‘the person himself or herself’ from how the person looks, sounds, walks, and so on? Think of how you or a friend or member of your family has changed over the years. Has your relationship also changed? In what way?

119

For Anne Gregory

CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

Part III (Articles 12 – 35)

(Subject to certain conditions, some exceptions
and reasonable restrictions)

guarantees these

Fundamental Rights

Right to Equality

- before law and equal protection of laws;
- irrespective of religion, race, caste, sex or place of birth;
- of opportunity in public employment;
- by abolition of untouchability and titles.

Right to Freedom

- of expression, assembly, association, movement, residence and profession;
- of certain protections in respect of conviction for offences;
- of protection of life and personal liberty;
- of free and compulsory education for children between the age of six and fourteen years;
- of protection against arrest and detention in certain cases.

Right against Exploitation

- for prohibition of traffic in human beings and forced labour;
- for prohibition of employment of children in hazardous jobs.

Right to Freedom of Religion

- freedom of conscience and free profession, practice and propagation of religion;
- freedom to manage religious affairs;
- freedom as to payment of taxes for promotion of any particular religion;
- freedom as to attendance at religious instruction or religious worship in educational institutions wholly maintained by the State.

Cultural and Educational Rights

- for protection of interests of minorities to conserve their language, script and culture;
- for minorities to establish and administer educational institutions of their choice.

Right to Constitutional Remedies

- by issuance of directions or orders or writs by the Supreme Court and High Courts for enforcement of these Fundamental Rights.



Footprints without Feet

Supplementary Reader in English
for Class X



राष्ट्रीय शैक्षिक अनुसंधान और प्रशिक्षण परिषद्
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH AND TRAINING

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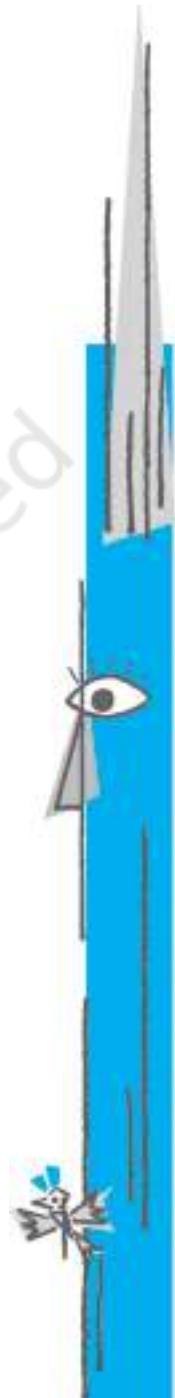
Nidhi Wadhwa and Anuranjani Pegu

Foreword

The National Curriculum Framework (NCF), 2005, recommends that children's life at school must be linked to their life outside the school. This principle marks a departure from the legacy of bookish learning which continues to shape our system and causes a gap between the school, home and community. The syllabi and textbooks developed on the basis of NCF signify an attempt to implement this basic idea. They also attempt to discourage rote learning and the maintenance of sharp boundaries between different subject areas. We hope these measures will take us significantly further in the direction of a child-centred system of education outlined in the National Policy of Education (1986).

The success of this effort depends on the steps that school principals and teachers will take to encourage children to reflect on their own learning and to pursue imaginative activities and questions. We must recognise that, given space, time and freedom, children generate new knowledge by engaging with the information passed on to them by adults. Treating the prescribed textbook as the sole basis of examination is one of the key reasons why other resources and sites of learning are ignored. Inculcating creativity and initiative is possible if we perceive and treat children as participants in learning, not as receivers of a fixed body of knowledge.

These aims imply considerable change in school routines and mode of functioning. Flexibility in the daily time-table is as necessary as rigour in implementing the annual calendar so that the required number of teaching days are actually devoted to teaching. The methods used for teaching and evaluation will also determine how effective this book proves for making children's life at school a happy experience, rather than a source of stress or boredom. Syllabus designers have tried to address the problem of curricular burden by restructuring and reorienting knowledge at different stages with greater consideration for child psychology and the time available for





teaching. The supplementary reader attempts to enhance this endeavour by giving higher priority and space to opportunities for contemplation and wondering, discussion in small groups, and activities requiring hands-on experience.

The National Council of Educational Research and Training (NCERT) appreciates the hard work done by the textbook development committee responsible for this book. We wish to thank the Chairperson of the advisory committee for textbooks in languages for the secondary stage, Professor Namwar Singh, and the Chief Advisor for this book, Professor R. Amritavalli for guiding the work of this committee. Several teachers contributed to the development of this supplementary reader; we are grateful to their principals for making this possible. We are indebted to the institutions and organisations which have generously permitted us to draw upon their resources, materials and personnel. We are especially grateful to the members of the National Monitoring Committee, appointed by the Department of Secondary and Higher Education, Ministry of Human Resource Development under the Chairpersonship of Professor Mrinal Miri and Professor G.P. Deshpande for their valuable time and contribution. As an organisation committed to systemic reform and continuous improvement in the quality of its products, NCERT welcomes comments and suggestions which will enable us to undertake further revision and refinements.

New Delhi
20 November 2006

Director
National Council of Educational
Research and Training

Rationalisation of Content in the Textbooks

In view of the COVID-19 pandemic, it is imperative to reduce content load on students. The National Education Policy 2020, also emphasises reducing the content load and providing opportunities for experiential learning with creative mindset. In this background, the NCERT has undertaken the exercise to rationalise the textbooks across all classes. Learning Outcomes already developed by the NCERT across classes have been taken into consideration in this exercise.

Contents of the textbooks have been rationalised in view of the following:

- Content based on genres of literature in the textbooks and supplementary readers at different stages of school education.
- Content that is meant for achieving Learning Outcomes for developing language proficiency and is accessible at different stages.
- For reducing the curriculum load and examination stress in view of the prevailing condition of the Pandemic.
- Content, which is easily accessible to students without much interventions from teachers and can be learned by children through self-learning or peer-learning.
- Content, which is irrelevant in the present context.

This present edition, is a reformatted version after carrying out the changes given above.

not to be republished
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A Note to the Teacher

Footprints without Feet, a supplementary reader in English for Class X, is based on the new syllabus prepared as a follow-up to the National Curriculum Framework, 2005. The curriculum envisages language learning opportunities that are rich in comprehensible input, and adopts a language-across-the-curriculum, multilingual perspective on English in the school. Input-rich communicational environments are a prerequisite for language learning. Therefore, learners must be exposed to a variety of texts.

The supplementary reader is meant for students to read on their own; it aims at developing their reading skills. Learners need to develop the habit of reading for information and pleasure, drawing inferences from what they read, and relating texts to their previous knowledge. They need to learn to read critically and to develop the confidence to ask and answer questions.

The selections in the supplementary reader take into account the interests of young learners while making them aware of issues that they need to reflect on: personal relationships, the neighbourhood, and the community. Thematic variety has been taken care of and there is a good representation of a variety of genres as well as of writers from across the world—Indian, British, French, American and Japanese. This supplementary reader has ten pieces including a play and a factual prose piece, as well as science fiction.

Each piece begins with questions under the head 'Read and Find Out' to guide learners in their reading and comprehension of the text, which is divided into two to three sections, each section prefaced with relevant questions. Thus the texts do not need to be read out or explained by the teacher in class. Word glosses have similarly been kept to the minimum so as to encourage inferences about meaning from sentential and discourse contexts. The teacher, after a quick oral comprehension check, if necessary, can progress to the questions





under the head 'Think About It' at the end of each unit. These are meant to take the learner beyond factual comprehension to contemplate on the issues that the texts raise; the questions are open ended and thought provoking.

The questions given under 'Talk About It' are intended to encourage the learners to express their own ideas in a creative and coherent way. It is hoped that the topics suggested for discussion will encourage learners to develop a constructive analysis of the relevant issues, involving critical thinking, reasoning, and previous knowledge as well as new knowledge.

The list of suggested readings given at the end of each story is meant to encourage learners to read further on their own. The idea is to promote the habit of self-learning and reduce dependence on the teacher.

Language learning is essentially a matter of acquiring in an integrated way the skills of listening, speaking, reading and writing; and of honing these skills for effective communication in the classroom, and later in real life. This book offers an opportunity for taking learners in that direction.

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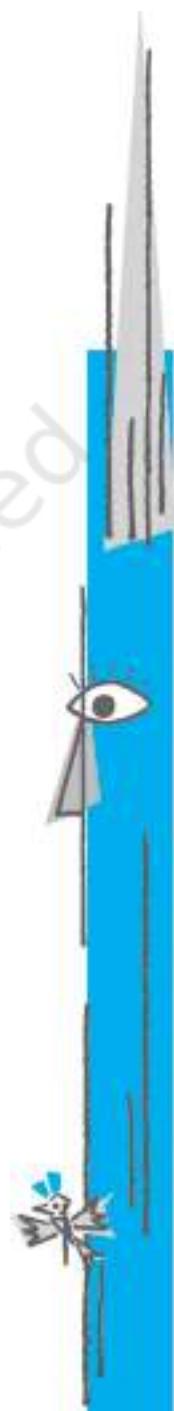
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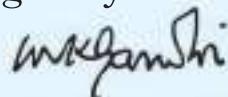
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Gandhiji's Talisman

I will give you a talisman. Whenever you are in doubt or when the self becomes too much with you, apply the following test: Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest man whom you may have seen and ask yourself if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he gain anything by it? Will it restore him to a control over his own life and destiny? In other words, will it lead to Swaraj for the hungry and spiritually starving millions? Then you will find your doubts and your self melting away.



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The Council is grateful to the review committee constituted by the Curriculum Group for the rationalisation of this edition in which the representatives of CBSE and the member of faculty of English from the Department of Education in Language participated.





Nirmalya Chakraborty, College of Art, New Delhi

Contents

<i>Foreword</i>	iii
<i>Rationalisation of Content in the Textbooks</i>	v
<i>A Note to the Teacher</i>	vii
1. A Triumph of Surgery JAMES HERRIOT	1
2. The Thief's Story RUSKIN BOND	8
3. The Midnight Visitor ROBERT ARTHUR	14
4. A Question of Trust VICTOR CANNING	20
5. Footprints without Feet H.G. WELLS	26
6. The Making of a Scientist ROBERT W. PETERSON	32
7. The Necklace GUY DE MAUPASSANT	39
8. Bholi K.A. ABBAS	47
9. The Book That Saved the Earth CLAIRE BOIKO	56

Constitution of India

Part IV A (Article 51 A)

Fundamental Duties

It shall be the duty of every citizen of India —

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

Note: The Article 51A containing Fundamental Duties was inserted by the Constitution (42nd Amendment) Act, 1976 (with effect from 3 January 1977).

*(k) was inserted by the Constitution (86th Amendment) Act, 2002 (with effect from 1 April 2010).

A Triumph of Surgery



1060CH01

Tricki, a small dog, is pampered and overfed by his rich mistress. He falls seriously ill and his mistress consults a veterinary surgeon. Does he perform an operation? Does the dog recover?

READ AND FIND OUT

- Why is Mrs Pumphrey worried about Tricki?
- What does she do to help him? Is she wise in this?
- Who does 'I' refer to in this story?

I WAS really worried about Tricki this time. I had pulled up my car when I saw him in the street with his mistress and I was shocked at his appearance. He had become hugely fat, like a bloated sausage with a leg at each corner. His eyes, bloodshot and rheumy, stared straight ahead and his tongue lolled from his jaws.

Mrs Pumphrey hastened to explain, "He was so listless, Mr Herriot. He seemed to have no energy. I thought he must be suffering from malnutrition, so I have been giving him some little extras between meals to build him up, some malt and cod-liver oil and a bowl of Horlicks at night to make him sleep — nothing much really."

"And did you cut down on the sweet things as I told you?"

"Oh, I did for a bit, but he seemed to be so weak I had to relent. He does love cream cakes and chocolates so. I can't bear to refuse him."

I looked down again at the little dog. That was the trouble. Tricki's only fault was greed. He had never been known to refuse food; he would tackle a meal at any hour of the day or night. And I wondered about all the things Mrs Pumphrey hadn't mentioned.

"Are you giving him plenty of exercise?"

"Well, he has his little walks with me as you can see, but Hodgkin, the gardener, has been down with lumbago, so there has been no ring-throwing lately."



I tried to sound severe: "Now I really mean this. If you don't cut his food right down and give him more exercise he is going to be really ill. You must harden your heart and keep him on a very strict diet."

Mrs Pumphrey wrung her hands. "Oh I will, Mr Herriot. I'm sure you are right, but it is so difficult, so very difficult." She set off, head down, along the road, as if determined to put the new regime into practice immediately.

I watched their progress with growing concern. Tricki was tottering along in his little tweed coat; he had a whole wardrobe of these coats — for the cold weather and a raincoat for the wet days. He struggled on, drooping in his harness. I thought it wouldn't be long before I heard from Mrs Pumphrey.

The expected call came within a few days. Mrs Pumphrey was distraught. Tricki would eat nothing. Refused even his favourite dishes; and besides, he had bouts of vomiting. He spent all his time lying on a rug, panting. Didn't want to go for walks, didn't want to do anything.

I had made my plans in advance. The only way was to get Tricki out of the house for a period. I suggested that he be hospitalised for about a fortnight to be kept under observation.

The poor lady almost swooned. She was sure he would pine and die if he did not see her every day.

But I took a firm line. Tricki was very ill and this was the only way to save him; in fact, I thought it best to take him without delay and,

2 Footprints without Feet

followed by Mrs Pumphrey's wailings, I marched out to the car carrying the little dog wrapped in a blanket.

The entire staff was roused and maids rushed in and out bringing his day bed, his night bed, favourite cushions, toys and rubber rings, breakfast bowl, lunch bowl, supper bowl. Realising that my car would never hold all the stuff, I started to drive away. As I moved off, Mrs Pumphrey, with a despairing cry, threw an armful of the little coats through the window. I looked in the mirror before I turned the corner of the drive; everybody was in tears.

Out on the road, I glanced down at the pathetic little animal gasping on the seat by my side. I patted the head and Tricki made a brave effort to wag his tail. "Poor old lad," I said. "You haven't a kick in you but I think I know a cure for you."

READ AND FIND OUT

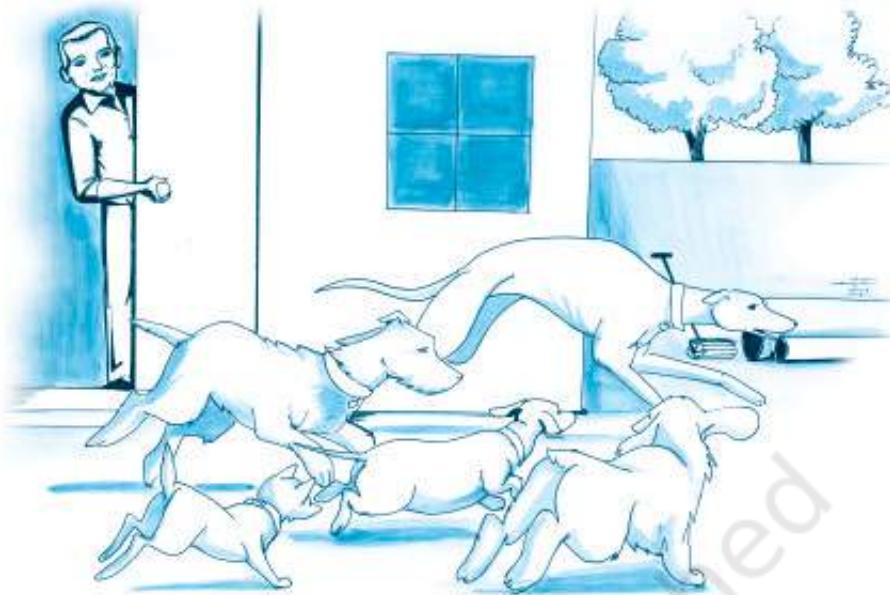
- Is the narrator as rich as Tricki's mistress?
- How does he treat the dog?
- Why is he tempted to keep Tricki on as a permanent guest?
- Why does Mrs Pumphrey think the dog's recovery is "a triumph of surgery"?

At the surgery, the household dogs surged round me. Tricki looked down at the noisy pack with dull eyes and, when put down, lay motionless on the carpet. The other dogs, after sniffing round him for a few seconds, decided he was an uninteresting object and ignored him.

I made up a bed for him in a warm loose box next to the one where the other dogs slept. For two days I kept an eye on him, giving him no food but plenty of water. At the end of the second day he started to show some interest in his surroundings and on the third he began to whimper when he heard the dogs in the yard.

When I opened the door, Tricki trotted out and was immediately engulfed by Joe, the greyhound, and his friends. After rolling him over and thoroughly inspecting him, the dogs moved off down the garden. Tricki followed them, rolling slightly with his surplus fat.

Later that day, I was present at feeding time. I watched while Tristan slopped the food into the bowls. There was the usual headlong rush followed by the sounds of high-speed eating; every dog knew that if he fell behind the others he was liable to have some competition for the last part of his meal.



When they had finished, Tricki took a walk round the shining bowls, licking casually inside one or two of them. Next day, an extra bowl was put out for him and I was pleased to see him jostling his way towards it.

From then on, his progress was rapid. He had no medicinal treatment of any kind but all day he ran about with the dogs, joining in their friendly scrimmages. He discovered the joys of being bowled over, tramped on and squashed every few minutes. He became an accepted member of the gang, an unlikely, silky little object among the shaggy crew, fighting like a tiger for his share at mealtimes and hunting rats in the old henhouse at night. He had never had such a time in his life.

All the while, Mrs Pumphrey hovered anxiously in the background, ringing a dozen times a day for the latest bulletins. I dodged the questions about whether his cushions were being turned regularly or his correct coat worn according to the weather; but I was able to tell her that the little fellow was out of danger and convalescing rapidly.

The word 'convalescing' seemed to do something to Mrs Pumphrey. She started to bring round fresh eggs, two dozen at a time, to build up Tricki's strength. For a happy period my partners and I had two eggs each for breakfast, but when the bottles of wine began to arrive, the real possibilities of the situation began to dawn on the household.

It was to enrich Tricki's blood. Lunch became a ceremonial occasion with two glasses of wine before and several during the meal.

4 Footprints without Feet

We could hardly believe it when the brandy came to put a final edge on Tricki's constitution. For a few nights the fine spirit was rolled around, inhaled and reverently drunk.

They were days of deep content, starting well with the extra egg in the morning, improved and sustained by the midday wine and finishing luxuriously round the fire with the brandy.

It was a temptation to keep Tricki on as a permanent guest, but I knew Mrs Pumphrey was suffering and after a fortnight, felt compelled to phone and tell her that the little dog had recovered and was awaiting collection.

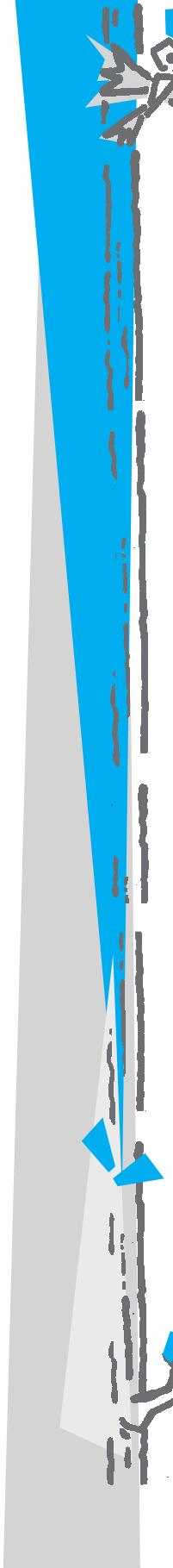
Within minutes, about thirty feet of gleaming black metal drew up outside the surgery. The chauffeur opened the door and I could just make out the figure of Mrs Pumphrey almost lost in the interior. Her hands were tightly clasped in front of her; her lips trembled. "Oh, Mr Herriot, do tell me the truth. Is he really better?"

"Yes, he's fine. There's no need for you to get out of the car — I'll go and fetch him."

I walked through the house into the garden. A mass of dogs was hurtling round and round the lawn and in their midst, ears flapping, tail waving, was the little golden figure of Tricki. In two weeks he had been transformed into a lithe, hard-muscled animal; he was keeping up well with the pack, stretching out in great bounds, his chest almost brushing the ground.

I carried him back along the passage to the front of the house. The chauffeur was still holding the car door open and when Tricki saw his





mistress he took off from my arms in a tremendous leap and sailed into Mrs Pumphrey's lap. She gave a startled "Ooh!" And then had to defend herself as he swarmed over her, licking her face and barking.

During the excitement, I helped the chauffeur to bring out the beds, toys, cushions, coats and bowls, none of which had been used. As the car moved away, Mrs Pumphrey leaned out of the window. Tears shone in her eyes. Her lips trembled.

"Oh, Mr Herriot," she cried, "how can I ever thank you? This is a triumph of surgery!"

JAMES HERRIOT

GLOSSARY

sausage: finely minced meat stuffed into long cylindrical cases and divided into small lengths by twisting or tying

rheumy: a watery discharge from a mucous membrane especially of the nose or eyes

listless: lacking energy and enthusiasm

lumbago: muscular pain in the lower part of the back (lumbar region)

regime: prescribed course of exercise and diet

distraught: extremely worried

surgery: a place where a doctor, a dentist or a veterinary surgeon treats patients

scrimmage: rough or confused struggle

convalescing: recovering from an illness

lithe: flexible

Think about it

1. What kind of a person do you think the narrator, a veterinary surgeon, is? Would you say he is tactful as well as full of common sense?
2. Do you think Tricki was happy to go home? What do you think will happen now?
3. Do you think this is a real-life episode, or mere fiction? Or is it a mixture of both?

6 Footprints without Feet

Talk about it

1. This episode describes the silly behaviour of a rich woman who is foolishly indulgent, perhaps because she is lonely. Do you think such people are merely silly, or can their actions cause harm to others?
2. Do you think there are also parents like Mrs Pumphrey?
3. What would you have done if you were: (i) a member of the staff in Mrs Pumphrey's household, (ii) a neighbour? What would your life have been like, in general?
4. What would you have done if you were in the narrator's place?

Suggested reading

- 'Rikki Tikki Tawi' by Rudyard Kipling
- *Dog Stories* by James Herriot
- 'A Zoo in My Luggage' by Gerald Durrell
- 'A Tiger Comes to Town' by R.K. Narayan

Time

*The butterfly counts not months but moments,
and has time enough.*

*Time is a wealth of change, but the clock in its
parody makes it mere change and no wealth.*

*Let your life lightly dance on the edges of Time
like dew on the tip of a leaf.*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The Thief's Story



1060CH02

A young boy makes friends with Anil. Anil trusts him completely and employs him. Does the boy betray his trust?

READ AND FIND OUT

- Who does 'I' refer to in this story?
- What is he "a fairly successful hand" at?
- What does he get from Anil in return for his work?

I WAS still a thief when I met Anil. And though only 15, I was an experienced and fairly successful hand.

Anil was watching a wrestling match when I approached him. He was about 25 — a tall, lean fellow — and he looked easy-going, kind and simple enough for my purpose. I hadn't had much luck of late and thought I might be able to get into the young man's confidence.

"You look a bit of a wrestler yourself," I said. A little flattery helps in making friends.

"So do you," he replied, which put me off for a moment because at that time I was rather thin.

"Well," I said modestly, "I do wrestle a bit."

"What's your name?"

"Hari Singh," I lied. I took a new name every month. That kept me ahead of the police and my former employers.

After this introduction, Anil talked about the well-oiled wrestlers who were grunting, lifting and throwing each other about. I didn't have much to say. Anil walked away. I followed casually.

"Hello again," he said.

I gave him my most appealing smile. "I want to work for you," I said. "But I can't pay you."

I thought that over for a minute. Perhaps I had misjudged my man. I asked, "Can you feed me?"

"Can you cook?"

"I can cook," I lied again.

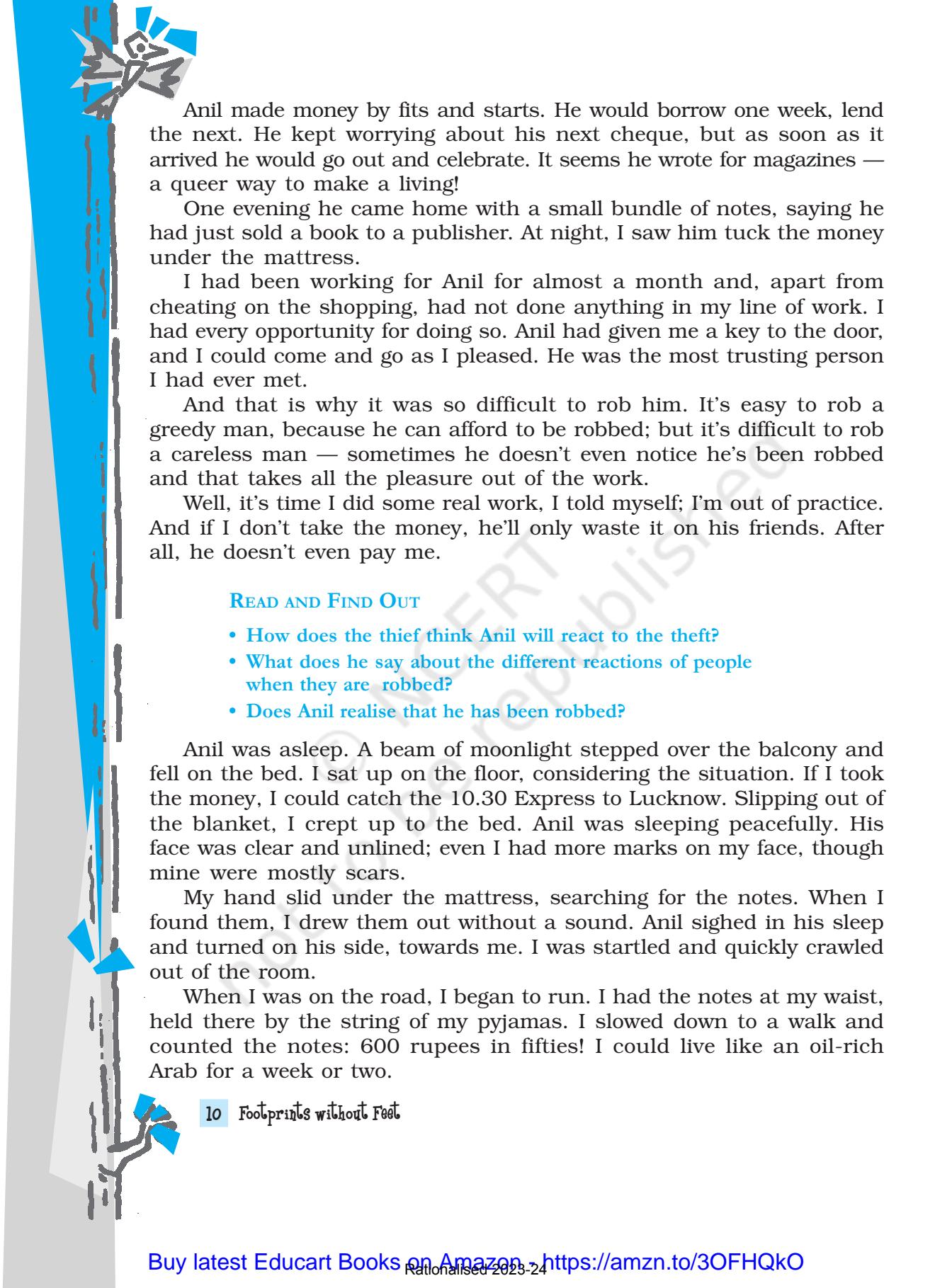
"If you can cook, then may be I can feed you."

He took me to his room over the Jumna Sweet Shop and told me I could sleep on the balcony. But the meal I cooked that night must have been terrible because Anil gave it to a stray dog and told me to be off. But I just hung around, smiling in my most appealing way, and he couldn't help laughing.

Later, he patted me on the head and said never mind, he'd teach me to cook. He also taught me to write my name and said he would soon teach me to write whole sentences and to add numbers. I was grateful. I knew that once I could write like an educated man there would be no limit to what I could achieve.

It was quite pleasant working for Anil. I made the tea in the morning and then would take my time buying the day's supplies, usually making a profit of about a rupee a day. I think he knew I made a little money this way but he did not seem to mind.





Anil made money by fits and starts. He would borrow one week, lend the next. He kept worrying about his next cheque, but as soon as it arrived he would go out and celebrate. It seems he wrote for magazines — a queer way to make a living!

One evening he came home with a small bundle of notes, saying he had just sold a book to a publisher. At night, I saw him tuck the money under the mattress.

I had been working for Anil for almost a month and, apart from cheating on the shopping, had not done anything in my line of work. I had every opportunity for doing so. Anil had given me a key to the door, and I could come and go as I pleased. He was the most trusting person I had ever met.

And that is why it was so difficult to rob him. It's easy to rob a greedy man, because he can afford to be robbed; but it's difficult to rob a careless man — sometimes he doesn't even notice he's been robbed and that takes all the pleasure out of the work.

Well, it's time I did some real work, I told myself; I'm out of practice. And if I don't take the money, he'll only waste it on his friends. After all, he doesn't even pay me.

READ AND FIND OUT

- How does the thief think Anil will react to the theft?
- What does he say about the different reactions of people when they are robbed?
- Does Anil realise that he has been robbed?

Anil was asleep. A beam of moonlight stepped over the balcony and fell on the bed. I sat up on the floor, considering the situation. If I took the money, I could catch the 10.30 Express to Lucknow. Slipping out of the blanket, I crept up to the bed. Anil was sleeping peacefully. His face was clear and unlined; even I had more marks on my face, though mine were mostly scars.

My hand slid under the mattress, searching for the notes. When I found them, I drew them out without a sound. Anil sighed in his sleep and turned on his side, towards me. I was startled and quickly crawled out of the room.

When I was on the road, I began to run. I had the notes at my waist, held there by the string of my pyjamas. I slowed down to a walk and counted the notes: 600 rupees in fifties! I could live like an oil-rich Arab for a week or two.

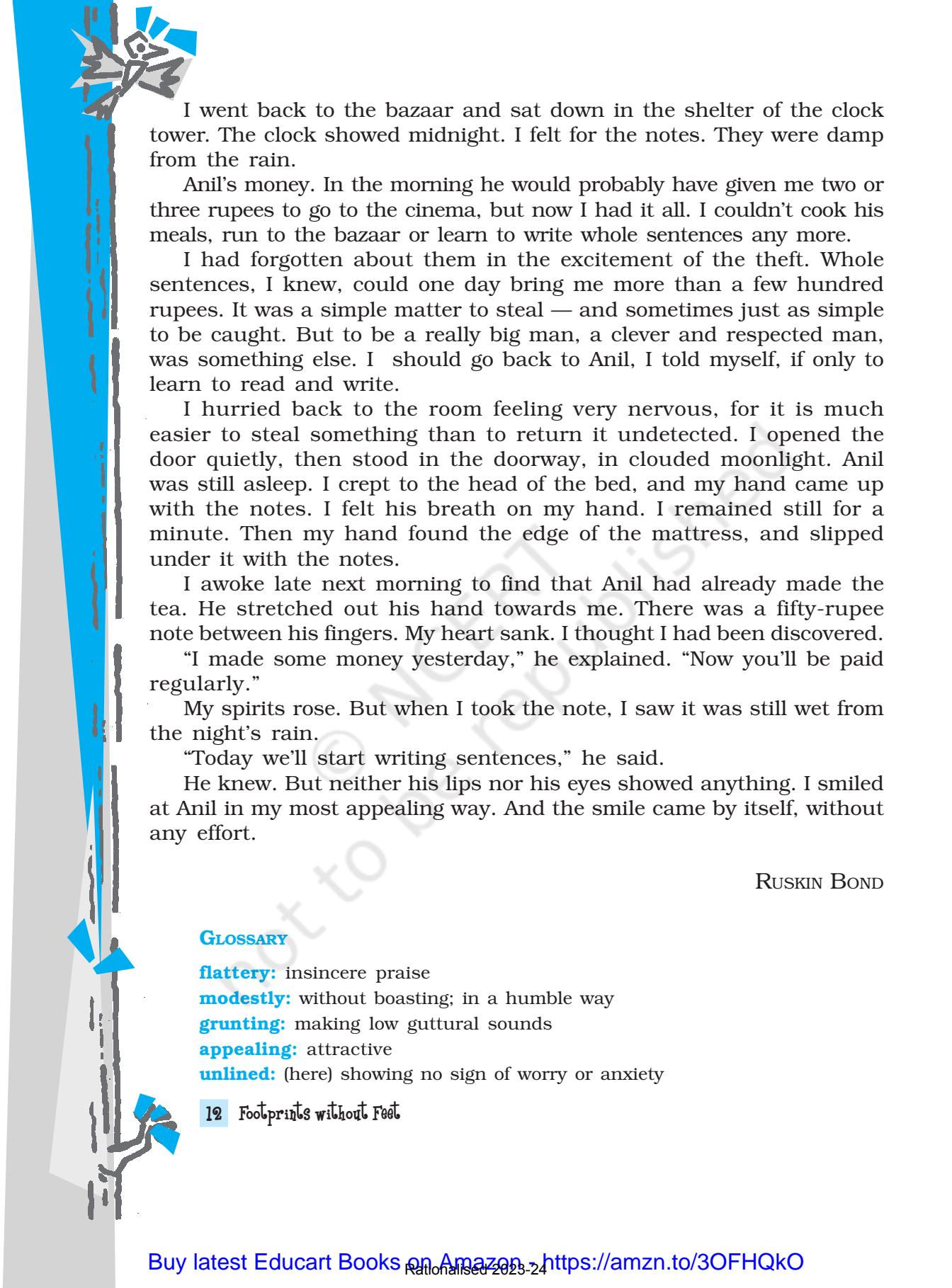


When I reached the station I did not stop at the ticket office (I had never bought a ticket in my life) but dashed straight to the platform. The Lucknow Express was just moving out. The train had still to pick up speed and I should have been able to jump into one of the carriages, but I hesitated — for some reason I can't explain — and I lost the chance to get away.

When the train had gone, I found myself standing alone on the deserted platform. I had no idea where to spend the night. I had no friends, believing that friends were more trouble than help. And I did not want to make anyone curious by staying at one of the small hotels near the station. The only person I knew really well was the man I had robbed. Leaving the station, I walked slowly through the bazaar.

In my short career as a thief, I had made a study of men's faces when they had lost their goods. The greedy man showed fear; the rich man showed anger; the poor man showed acceptance. But I knew that Anil's face, when he discovered the theft, would show only a touch of sadness. Not for the loss of money, but for the loss of trust.

I found myself in the *maidan* and sat down on a bench. The night was chilly — it was early November — and a light drizzle added to my discomfort. Soon it was raining quite heavily. My shirt and pyjamas stuck to my skin, and a cold wind blew the rain across my face.



I went back to the bazaar and sat down in the shelter of the clock tower. The clock showed midnight. I felt for the notes. They were damp from the rain.

Anil's money. In the morning he would probably have given me two or three rupees to go to the cinema, but now I had it all. I couldn't cook his meals, run to the bazaar or learn to write whole sentences any more.

I had forgotten about them in the excitement of the theft. Whole sentences, I knew, could one day bring me more than a few hundred rupees. It was a simple matter to steal — and sometimes just as simple to be caught. But to be a really big man, a clever and respected man, was something else. I should go back to Anil, I told myself, if only to learn to read and write.

I hurried back to the room feeling very nervous, for it is much easier to steal something than to return it undetected. I opened the door quietly, then stood in the doorway, in clouded moonlight. Anil was still asleep. I crept to the head of the bed, and my hand came up with the notes. I felt his breath on my hand. I remained still for a minute. Then my hand found the edge of the mattress, and slipped under it with the notes.

I awoke late next morning to find that Anil had already made the tea. He stretched out his hand towards me. There was a fifty-rupee note between his fingers. My heart sank. I thought I had been discovered.

"I made some money yesterday," he explained. "Now you'll be paid regularly."

My spirits rose. But when I took the note, I saw it was still wet from the night's rain.

"Today we'll start writing sentences," he said.

He knew. But neither his lips nor his eyes showed anything. I smiled at Anil in my most appealing way. And the smile came by itself, without any effort.

RUSKIN BOND

GLOSSARY

flattery: insincere praise

modestly: without boasting; in a humble way

grunting: making low guttural sounds

appealing: attractive

unlined: (here) showing no sign of worry or anxiety

Think about it

- What are Hari Singh's reactions to the prospect of receiving an education? Do they change over time? (*Hint:* Compare, for example, the thought: "I knew that once I could write like an educated man there would be no limit to what I could achieve" with these later thoughts: "Whole sentences, I knew, could one day bring me more than a few hundred rupees. It was a simple matter to steal — and sometimes just as simple to be caught. But to be a really big man, a clever and respected man, was something else.") What makes him return to Anil?
- Why does not Anil hand the thief over to the police? Do you think most people would have done so? In what ways is Anil different from such employers?

Talk about it

- Do you think people like Anil and Hari Singh are found only in fiction, or are there such people in real life?
- Do you think it a significant detail in the story that Anil is a struggling writer? Does this explain his behaviour in any way?
- Have you met anyone like Hari Singh? Can you think and imagine the circumstances that can turn a fifteen-year-old boy into a thief?
- Where is the story set? (You can get clues from the names of the persons and places mentioned in it.) Which language or languages are spoken in these places? Do you think the characters in the story spoke to each other in English?

Suggested reading

- 'He Said It with Arsenic' by Ruskin Bond
- 'Vanka' by Anton Chekhov
- 'A Scandal in Bohemia' by Arthur Conan Doyle

The Midnight Visitor



1060CH03

Ausable, a secret agent, is expecting to get a very important report. Another secret agent, Max, threatens him with a pistol, demanding the report. Does Ausable outwit him?

READ AND FIND OUT

- How is Ausable different from other secret agents?
- Who is Fowler and what is his first authentic thrill of the day?

AUSABLE did not fit any description of a secret agent Fowler had ever read. Following him down the musty corridor of the gloomy French hotel where Ausable had a room, Fowler felt let down. It was a small room, on the sixth and top floor, and scarcely a setting for a romantic adventure.

Ausable was, for one thing, fat. Very fat. And then there was his accent. Though he spoke French and German passably, he had never altogether lost the American accent he had brought to Paris from Boston twenty years ago.

"You are disappointed," Ausable said wheezily over his shoulder. "You were told that I was a secret agent, a spy, dealing in espionage and danger. You wished to meet me because you are a writer, young and romantic. You envisioned mysterious figures in the night, the crack of pistols, drugs in the wine."

"Instead, you have spent a dull evening in a French music hall with a sloppy fat man who, instead of having messages slipped into his hand by dark-eyed beauties, gets only a prosaic telephone call making an appointment in his room. You have been bored!" The fat man chuckled to himself as he unlocked the door of his room and stood aside to let his frustrated guest enter.

"You are disillusioned," Ausable told him. "But take cheer, my young friend. Presently you will see a paper, a quite important paper for



which several men and women have risked their lives, come to me. Some day soon that paper may well affect the course of history. In that thought is drama, is there not?"

As he spoke, Ausable closed the door behind him. Then he switched on the light.

And as the light came on, Fowler had his first authentic thrill of the day. For halfway across the room, a small automatic pistol in his hand, stood a man.

Ausable blinked a few times.

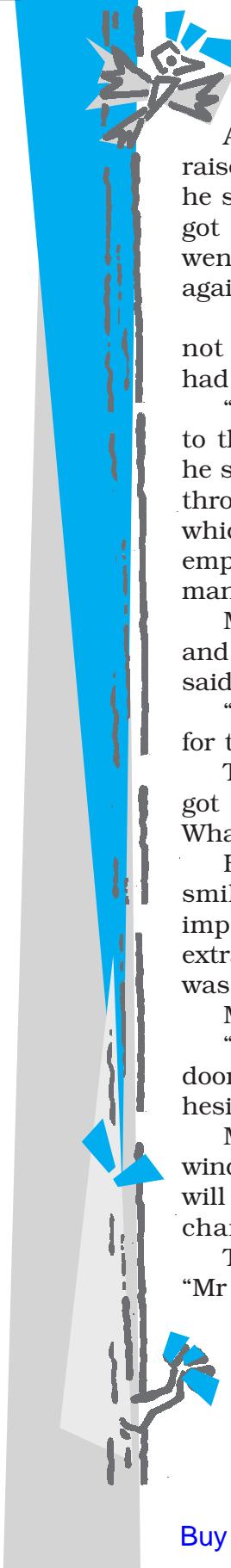
"Max," he wheezed, "you gave me quite a start. I thought you were in Berlin. What are you doing here in my room?"

READ AND FIND OUT

- How has Max got in?
- How does Ausable say he got in?

Max was slender, a little less than tall, with features that suggested slightly the crafty, pointed countenance of a fox. There was about him — aside from the gun — nothing especially menacing.

"The report," he murmured. "The report that is being brought to you tonight concerning some new missiles. I thought I would take it from you. It will be safer in my hands than in yours."



Ausable moved to an armchair and sat down heavily. "I'm going to raise the devil with the management this time, and you can bet on it," he said grimly. "This is the second time in a month that somebody has got into my room through that nuisance of a balcony!" Fowler's eyes went to the single window of the room. It was an ordinary window, against which now the night was pressing blackly.

"Balcony?" Max said, with a rising inflection. "No, a passkey. I did not know about the balcony. It might have saved me some trouble had I known."

"It's not my balcony," Ausable said with extreme irritation. "It belongs to the next apartment." He glanced explanatorily at Fowler. "You see," he said, "this room used to be part of a large unit, and the next room — through that door there — used to be the living room. It had the balcony, which extends under *my* window now. You can get onto it from the empty room two doors down — and somebody did, last month. The management promised to block it off. But they haven't."

Max glanced at Fowler, who was standing stiffly not far from Ausable, and waved the gun with a commanding gesture. "Please sit down," he said. "We have a wait of half an hour, I think."

"Thirty-one minutes," Ausable said moodily. "The appointment was for twelve-thirty. I wish I knew how you learned about the report, Max."

The little spy smiled evilly. "And we wish we knew how your people got the report. But no harm has been done. I will get it back tonight. What is that? Who is at the door?"

Fowler jumped at the sudden knocking at the door. Ausable just smiled. "That will be the police," he said. "I thought that such an important paper as the one we are waiting for should have a little extra protection. I told them to check on me to make sure everything was all right."

Max bit his lip nervously. The knocking was repeated.

"What will you do now, Max?" Ausable asked. "If I do not answer the door, they will enter anyway. The door is unlocked. And they will not hesitate to shoot."

Max's face was black with anger as he backed swiftly towards the window. He swung a leg over the sill. "Send them away!" he warned. "I will wait on the balcony. Send them away or I'll shoot and take my chances!"

The knocking at the door became louder and a voice was raised. "Mr Ausable! Mr Ausable!"



Keeping his body twisted so that his gun still covered the fat man and his guest, the man at the window grasped the frame with his free hand to support himself. Then he swung his other leg up and over the window-sill.

The doorknob turned. Swiftly Max pushed with his left hand to free himself from the sill and drop to the balcony. And then, as he dropped, he screamed once, shrilly.

The door opened and a waiter stood there with a tray, a bottle and two glasses. "Here is the drink you ordered for when you returned," he said, and set the tray on the table, deftly uncorked the bottle, and left the room.

White-faced, Fowler stared after him. "But..." he stammered, "the police..."

"There were no police." Ausable sighed. "Only Henry, whom I was expecting."

"But won't that man out on the balcony...?" Fowler began.

"No," said Ausable, "he won't return. You see, my young friend, there is no balcony."

ROBERT ARTHUR

GLOSSARY

romantic: imaginative; having a fantastic view of reality

passably: just well enough; tolerably well

espionage: spying

sloppy: (here) carelessly dressed

prosaic: ordinary

chuckled: laughed quietly, without opening his mouth

wheezed: spoke breathing noisily and heavily

missiles: weapons directed by remote control or automatically

shrilly: piercingly; in a high pitch

Think about it

1. "Ausable did not fit any description of a secret agent Fowler had ever read." What do secret agents in books and films look like, in your opinion? Discuss in groups or in class some stories or movies featuring spies, detectives and secret agents, and compare their appearance with that of Ausable in this story. (You may mention characters from fiction in languages other than English. In English fiction you may have come across Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot, or Miss Marple. Have you watched any movies featuring James Bond?)
2. How does Ausable manage to make Max believe that there is a balcony attached to his room? Look back at his detailed description of it. What makes it a convincing story?
3. Looking back at the story, when do you think Ausable thought up his plan for getting rid of Max? Do you think he had worked out his plan in detail right from the beginning? Or did he make up a plan taking advantage of events as they happened?

Talk about it

1. In this story, Ausable shows great 'presence of mind,' or the ability to think quickly, and act calmly and wisely, in a situation of danger and surprise. Give examples from your own experience, or narrate a story, which shows someone's presence of mind.
2. Discuss what you would do in the situations described below. Remember that presence of mind comes out of a state of mental preparedness. If you have thought about possible problems or

dangers, and about how to act in such situations, you have a better chance of dealing with such situations if they do arise.

- A small fire starts in your kitchen.
- A child starts to choke on a piece of food.
- An electrical appliance starts to hiss and gives out sparks.
- A bicycle knocks down a pedestrian.
- It rains continuously for more than twenty-four hours.
- A member of your family does not return home at the usual or expected time.

You may suggest other such situations.

Suggested reading

- 'After Twenty Years' by O. Henry
- 'The Stolen Bacillus' by H.G. Wells
- 'The Face on the Wall' by E.V. Lucas

Haiku

An old pond!
A frog jumps in —
The sound of water.



MATSUO BASHO



Right at my feet —
and when did you get here,
snail?

ISSA

The above two poems are examples of Haiku. Haiku is a poetic form and a type of poetry from the Japanese culture. Haiku combines form, content, and language in a meaningful, yet compact form. The most common form of Haiku is three short lines. The themes include nature, feelings, or experiences.

A Question of Trust

4



1060CH04

It is said that you must set a thief to catch a thief. But it is also said that there is honour among thieves. Which saying does this story illustrate?

READ AND FIND OUT

- What does Horace Danby like to collect?
- Why does he steal every year?

EVERYONE thought that Horace Danby was a good, honest citizen. He was about fifty years old and unmarried, and he lived with a housekeeper who worried over his health. In fact, he was usually very well and happy except for attacks of hay fever in summer. He made locks and was successful enough at his business to have two helpers. Yes, Horace Danby was good and respectable — but not completely honest.

Fifteen years ago, Horace had served his first and only sentence in a prison library. He loved rare, expensive books. So he robbed a safe every year. Each year he planned carefully just what he would do, stole enough to last for twelve months, and secretly bought the books he loved through an agent.

Now, walking in the bright July sunshine, he felt sure that this year's robbery was going to be as successful as all the others. For two weeks he had been studying the house at Shotover Grange, looking at its rooms, its electric wiring, its paths and its garden. This afternoon the two servants, who remained in the Grange while the family was in London, had gone to the movies. Horace saw them go, and he felt happy in spite of a little tickle of hay fever in his nose. He came out from behind the garden wall, his tools carefully packed in a bag on his back.

There were about fifteen thousand pounds' worth of jewels in the Grange safe. If he sold them one by one, he expected to get at least five

thousand, enough to make him happy for another year. There were three very interesting books coming up for sale in the autumn. Now he would get the money he wanted to buy them.

He had seen the housekeeper hang the key to the kitchen door on a hook outside. He put on a pair of gloves, took the key, and opened the door. He was always careful not to leave any fingerprints.

A small dog was lying in the kitchen. It stirred, made a noise, and moved its tail in a friendly way.

"All right, Sherry," Horace said as he passed. All you had to do to keep dogs quiet was to call them by their right names, and show them love.

The safe was in the drawing room, behind a rather poor painting. Horace wondered for a moment whether he should collect pictures instead of books. But they took up too much room. In a small house, books were better.

There was a great bowl of flowers on the table, and Horace felt his nose tickle. He gave a little sneeze and then put down his bag. He carefully arranged his tools. He had four hours before the servants returned.

The safe was not going to be hard to open. After all, he had lived with locks and safes all his life. The burglar alarm was poorly built. He went into the hall to cut its wire. He came back and sneezed loudly as the smell of the flowers came to him again.

How foolish people are when they own valuable things, Horace thought. A magazine article had described this house, giving a plan of all the rooms and a picture of this room. The writer had even mentioned that the painting hid a safe!

But Horace found that the flowers were hindering him in his work. He buried his face in his handkerchief.

Then he heard a voice say from the doorway, "What is it? A cold or hay fever?"

Before he could think, Horace said, "Hay fever," and found himself sneezing again.

The voice went on, "You can cure it with a special treatment, you know, if you find out just what plant gives you the disease. I think you'd better see a doctor, if you're serious about your work. I heard you from the top of the house just now."

READ AND FIND OUT

- Who is speaking to Horace Danby?
- Who is the real culprit in the story?

It was a quiet, kindly voice, but one with firmness in it. A woman was standing in the doorway, and Sherry was rubbing against her. She was young, quite pretty, and was dressed in red. She walked to the fireplace and straightened the ornaments there.

"Down, Sherry," she said. "Anyone would think I'd been away for a month!" She smiled at Horace, and went on, "However, I came back just in time, though I didn't expect to meet a burglar."

Horace had some hope because she seemed to be amused at meeting him. He might avoid trouble if he treated her the right way. He replied, "I didn't expect to meet one of the family."

She nodded. "I see what an inconvenience it is for you to meet me. What are you going to do?"

Horace said, "My first thought was to run."

"Of course, you could do that. But I would telephone the police and tell them all about you. They'd get you at once."



22 Footprints without Feet

Horace said, "I would, of course, cut the telephone wires first and then..." he hesitated, a smile on his face, "I would make sure that you could do nothing for some time. A few hours would be enough."

She looked at him seriously. "You'd hurt me?"

Horace paused, and then said, "I think I was trying to frighten you when I said that."

"You didn't frighten me."

Horace suggested, "It would be nice if you would forget you ever saw me. Let me go."

The voice was suddenly sharp. "Why should I? You were going to rob me. If I let you go, you'll only rob someone else. Society must be protected from men like you."

Horace smiled. "I'm not a man who threatens society. I steal only from those who have a lot of money. I steal for a very good reason. And I hate the thought of prison."

She laughed, and he begged, thinking that he had persuaded her, "Look, I have no right to ask you for anything, but I'm desperate. Let me go and I promise never to do this kind of thing again. I really mean it."

She was silent, watching him closely. Then she said, "You are really afraid of going to prison, aren't you?"

She came over to him shaking her head. "I have always liked the wrong kind of people."

She picked up a silver box from the table and took a cigarette from it. Horace, eager to please her and seeing that she might help him, took off his gloves and gave her his cigarette lighter.

"You'll let me go?" He held the lighter towards her.

"Yes, but only if you'll do something for me."

"Anything you say."

"Before we left for London, I promised my husband to take my jewels to our bank; but I left them here in the safe. I want to wear them to a party tonight, so I came down to get them, but..."

Horace smiled. "You've forgotten the numbers to open the safe, haven't you?"

"Yes," replied the young lady.

"Just leave it to me and you'll have them within an hour. But I'll have to break your safe."

"Don't worry about that. My husband won't be here for a month, and I'll have the safe mended by that time."



room, and no one believed him when he said that the wife of the owner of the house had asked him to open the safe for her. The wife herself, a gray-haired, sharp-tongued woman of sixty, said that the story was nonsense.

Horace is now the assistant librarian in the prison. He often thinks of the charming, clever young lady who was in the same profession as he was, and who tricked him. He gets very angry when anyone talks about 'honour among thieves'.

VICTOR CANNING

GLOSSARY

hay fever: a disorder affecting the nose and throat, caused by allergy to pollen or dust

And within an hour Horace had opened the safe, given her the jewels, and gone happily away.

For two days he kept his promise to the kind young lady. On the morning of the third day, however, he thought of the books he wanted and he knew he would have to look for another safe. But he never got the chance to begin his plan. By noon a policeman had arrested him for the jewel robbery at Shotover Grange.

His fingerprints, for he had opened the safe without gloves, were all over the

Think about it

1. Did you begin to suspect, before the end of the story, that the lady was not the person Horace Danby took her to be? If so, at what point did you realise this, and how?
2. What are the subtle ways in which the lady manages to deceive Horace Danby into thinking she is the lady of the house? Why doesn't Horace suspect that something is wrong?
3. "Horace Danby was good and respectable — but not completely honest". Why do you think this description is apt for Horace? Why can't he be categorised as a typical thief?
4. Horace Danby was a meticulous planner but still he faltered. Where did he go wrong and why?

Talk about it

1. Do you think Horace Danby was unfairly punished, or that he deserved what he got?
2. Do intentions justify actions? Would you, like Horace Danby, do something wrong if you thought your ends justified the means? Do you think that there are situations in which it is excusable to act less than honestly?

Suggested reading

- 'The Unexpected' by Ella Edkin
- 'The Confession' by Anton Chekhov
- 'A Case for the Defence' by Graham Greene

Footprints without Feet



1060CH05

Can a man become invisible? This is the story of a scientist who discovers how to make himself invisible. Does he use, or misuse, his discovery?

READ AND FIND OUT

- How did the invisible man first become visible?
- Why was he wandering the streets?

THE two boys started in surprise at the fresh muddy imprints of a pair of bare feet. What was a barefooted man doing on the steps of a house, in the middle of London? And where was the man?

As they gazed, a remarkable sight met their eyes. A fresh footmark appeared from nowhere!

Further footprints followed, one after another, descending the steps and progressing down the street. The boys followed, fascinated, until the muddy impressions became fainter and fainter, and at last disappeared altogether.

The explanation of the mystery was really simple enough. The bewildered boys had been following a scientist who had just discovered how to make the human body transparent.

Griffin, the scientist, had carried out experiment after experiment to prove that the human body could become invisible. Finally he swallowed certain rare drugs and his body became as transparent as a sheet of glass — though it also remained as solid as glass.

Brilliant scientist though he was, Griffin was rather a lawless person. His landlord disliked him and tried to eject him. In revenge Griffin set fire to the house. To get away without being seen he had to remove his clothes. Thus it was that he became a homeless wanderer, without clothes, without money, and quite invisible — until he happened to step in some mud, and left footprints as he walked!

He escaped easily enough from the boys who followed his footprints in London. But his adventures were by no means over. He had chosen a bad time of the year to wander about London without clothes. It was mid-winter. The air was bitterly cold and he could not do without clothes. Instead of walking about the streets he decided to slip into a big London store for warmth.

Closing time arrived, and as soon as the doors were shut Griffin was able to give himself the pleasure of clothing and feeding himself without regard to expense. He broke open boxes and wrappers and fitted himself out with warm clothes. Soon, with shoes, an overcoat and a wide-brimmed hat, he became a fully dressed and visible person. In the kitchen of the restaurant he found cold meat and coffee, and he followed up the meal with sweets and wine taken from the grocery store. Finally he settled down to sleep on a pile of quilts.

If only Griffin had managed to wake up in good time all might have been well. As it was, he did not wake up until the assistants were already arriving next morning. When he saw a couple of them





approaching, he panicked and began to run. They naturally gave chase. In the end he was able to escape only by quickly taking off his newly-found clothes. So once more he found himself invisible but naked in the chill January air.

This time he decided to try the stock of a theatrical company in the hope of finding not only clothes but also something that would hide the empty space above his shoulders. Shivering with cold he hurried to Drury Lane, the centre of the theatre world.

He soon found a suitable shop. He made his way, invisible, upstairs and came out a little later wearing bandages round his forehead, dark glasses, false nose, big bushy side-whiskers, and a large hat. To escape without being seen, he callously attacked the shopkeeper from behind, after which he robbed him of all the money he could find.

READ AND FIND OUT

- Why does Mrs Hall find the scientist eccentric?
- What curious episode occurs in the study?
- What other extraordinary things happen at the inn?

Eager to get away from crowded London he took a train to the village of Iping, where he booked two rooms at the local inn.

The arrival of a stranger at an inn in winter was in any case an unusual event. A stranger of such uncommon appearance set all tongues wagging. Mrs Hall, the landlord's wife, made every effort to be friendly. But Griffin had no desire to talk, and told her, "My reason for coming to Iping is a desire for solitude. I do not wish to be disturbed in my work. Besides, an accident has affected my face."

Satisfied that her guest was an eccentric scientist, and in view of the fact that he had paid her in advance, Mrs Hall was prepared to excuse his strange habits and irritable temper. But the stolen money did not last long, and presently Griffin had to admit that he had no more ready cash. He pretended, however, that he was expecting a cheque to arrive at any moment.

Shortly afterwards a curious episode occurred. Very early in the morning a clergyman and his wife were awakened by noises in the study. Creeping downstairs, they heard the chink of money being taken from the clergyman's desk.

Without making any noise and with a poker grasped firmly in his hand, the clergyman flung open the door.

"Surrender!"

Then to his amazement he realised that the room appeared to be empty. He and his wife looked under the desk, and behind the curtains, and even up the chimney. There wasn't a sign of anybody. Yet the desk had been opened and the housekeeping money was missing.

"Extraordinary affair!" the clergyman kept saying for the rest of the day.

But it was not as extraordinary as the behaviour of Mrs Hall's furniture a little later that morning.

The landlord and his wife were up very early, and were surprised to see the scientist's door wide open. Usually it was shut and locked, and he was furious if anyone entered his room. The opportunity seemed too good to be missed. They peeped round the door, saw nobody, and decided to investigate. The bedclothes were cold, showing that the scientist must have been up for some time; and stranger still, the clothes and bandages that he always wore were lying about the room.

All of a sudden Mrs Hall heard a sniff close to her ear. A moment later the hat on the bedpost leapt up and dashed itself into her face. Then the bedroom chair became alive. Springing into the air it charged straight at her, legs foremost. As she and her husband turned away in terror, the extraordinary chair pushed them both out of the room and then appeared to slam and lock the door after them.

Mrs Hall almost fell down the stairs in hysterics. She was convinced that the room was haunted by spirits, and that the stranger had somehow caused these to enter into her furniture.

"My poor mother used to sit in that chair," she moaned. "To think it should rise up against me now!"

The feeling among the neighbours was that the trouble was caused by witchcraft. But witchcraft or not, when news of the burglary at the clergyman's home became known, the strange scientist was strongly suspected of having had a hand in it. Suspicion grew even stronger when he suddenly produced some ready cash, though he had admitted not long before that he had no money.

The village constable was secretly sent for. Instead of waiting for the constable, Mrs Hall went to the scientist, who had somehow mysteriously appeared from his empty bedroom.

"I want to know what you have been doing to my chair upstairs," she demanded. "And I want to know how it is you came out of an empty room and how you entered a locked room."



The scientist was always quick-tempered; now he became furious. "You don't understand who or what I am!" he shouted. "Very well — I'll show you."

Suddenly he threw off bandages, whiskers, spectacles, and even nose. It took him only a minute to do this. The horrified people in the bar found themselves staring at a headless man!

Mr Jaffers, the constable, now arrived, and was quite surprised to find that he had to arrest a man without a head. But Jaffers was not easily prevented from doing his duty. If a magistrate's warrant ordered a person's arrest, then that person had to be arrested, with or without his head.

There followed a remarkable scene as the policeman tried to get hold of a man who was becoming more and more invisible as he threw off one garment after another. Finally a shirt flew into the air, and the constable found himself struggling with someone he could not see at

all. Some people tried to help him, but found themselves hit by blows that seemed to come from nowhere.

In the end Jaffers was knocked unconscious as he made a last attempt to hold on to the unseen scientist.

There were nervous, excited cries of "Hold him!" But this was easier said than done. Griffin had shaken himself free, and no one knew where to lay hands on him.

H.G. WELLS

Think about it

1. "Griffin was rather a lawless person." Comment.
2. How would you assess Griffin as a scientist?

Talk about it

1. Would you like to become invisible? What advantages and disadvantages do you foresee, if you did?
2. Are there forces around us that are invisible, for example, magnetism? Are there aspects of matter that are 'invisible' or not visible to the naked eye? What would the world be like if you could see such forces or such aspects of matter?
3. What makes glass or water transparent (what is the scientific explanation for this)? Do you think it would be scientifically possible for a man to become invisible, or transparent? (Keep in mind that writers of science fiction have often turned out to be prophetic in their imagination!)

Suggested reading

- *The Invisible Man* by H.G. Wells
- 'As Far As the Human Eye Can See' by Isaac Asimov
- *It Happened Tomorrow* (ed.) Bal Phondke

The Making of a Scientist

6



1060CH06

Richard Ebright has received the Searle Scholar Award and the Schering Plough Award for Biochemistry and Molecular Biology. It was his fascination for butterflies that opened the world of science to him.

READ AND FIND OUT

- How did a book become a turning point in Richard Ebright's life?
- How did his mother help him?

At the age of twenty-two, a former 'scout of the year' excited the scientific world with a new theory on how cells work. Richard H. Ebright and his college room-mate explained the theory in an article in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Science*.

It was the first time this important scientific journal had ever published the work of college students. In sports, that would be like making the big leagues at the age of fifteen and hitting a home run your first time at bat*. For Richard Ebright, it was the first in a long string of achievements in science and other fields. And it all started with butterflies.

An only child, Ebright grew up north of Reading, Pennsylvania. "There wasn't much I could do there," he said. "I certainly couldn't play football or baseball with a team of one. But there was one thing I could do — collect things."

So he did, and did he ever! Beginning in kindergarten, Ebright collected butterflies with the same determination that has marked all his activities. He also collected rocks, fossils, and coins. He became an eager astronomer, too, sometimes star-gazing all night.

* A home run in the game of baseball is when the batter scores a run after running safely around all bases and back to the home plate without stopping. A ball hit out of the playing field is also called a home run. Getting a paper published at the age of fifteen in a scientific journal is here compared to scoring a home run while batting for the first time.

From the first he had a driving curiosity along with a bright mind. He also had a mother who encouraged his interest in learning. She took him on trips, bought him telescopes, microscopes, cameras, mounting materials, and other equipment and helped him in many other ways.

"I was his only companion until he started school," his mother said. "After that I would bring home friends for him. But at night we just did things together. Richie was my whole life after his father died when Richie was in third grade."

She and her son spent almost every evening at the dining room table. "If he didn't have things to do, I found work for him — not physical work, but learning things," his mother said. "He liked it. He wanted to learn."

And learn he did. He earned top grades in school. "On everyday things he was just like every other kid," his mother said.

By the time he was in the second grade, Ebright had collected all twenty-five species of butterflies found around his hometown. (See following box.)

Species and Sub-species of Butterflies Collected in Six Weeks in Reading, Pennsylvania

Gossamer-Winged Butterflies

- white M hairstreak
- acadian hairstreak
- bronze copper
- bog copper
- purplish copper
- eastern-tailed blue
- melissa blue
- silvery blue

Snout Butterfly

Wood Nymphs and Satyrs

- eyed brown
- wood nymph (grayling)

Monarchs

- monarch or milkweed

Whites and Sulphurs

- olympia
- cloudless sulphur
- European cabbage

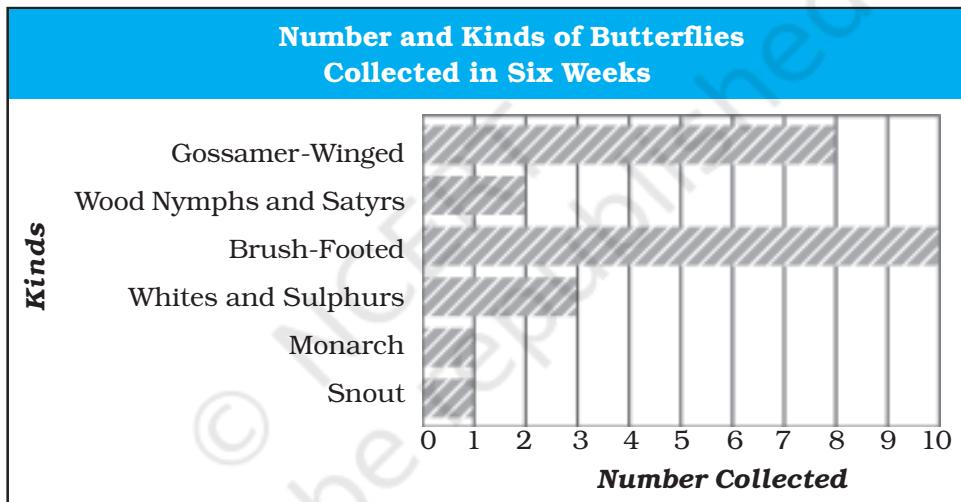
Brush-footed Butterflies

- variegated fritillary
- Harris's checkerspot
- pearl crescent
- mourning cloak
- painted lady
- buckeye
- viceroy
- white admiral
- red-spotted purple
- hackberry

"That probably would have been the end of my butterfly collecting," he said. "But then my mother got me a children's book called *The Travels of Monarch X.*" That book, which told how monarch butterflies migrate to Central America, opened the world of science to the eager young collector.

At the end of the book, readers were invited to help study butterfly migrations. They were asked to tag butterflies for research by Dr Frederick A. Urquhart of the University of Toronto, Canada. Ebright's mother wrote to Dr Urquhart, and soon Ebright was attaching light adhesive tags to the wings of monarchs. Anyone who found a tagged butterfly was asked to send the tag to Dr Urquhart.

The butterfly collecting season around Reading lasts six weeks in late summer. (See graph below.) If you're going to chase them one by one, you won't catch very many. So the next step for Ebright was to raise a flock of butterflies. He would catch a female monarch, take her eggs, and raise them in his basement through their life cycle, from egg to caterpillar to pupa to adult butterfly. Then he would tag the butterflies' wings and let them go. For several years his basement was home to thousands of monarchs in different stages of development.



"Eventually I began to lose interest in tagging butterflies. It's tedious and there's not much feedback," Ebright said. "In all the time I did it," he laughed, "only two butterflies I had tagged were recaptured — and they were not more than seventy-five miles from where I lived."

READ AND FIND OUT

- What lesson does Ebright learn when he does not win anything at a science fair?
- What experiments and projects does he then undertake?
- What are the qualities that go into the making of a scientist?

Then in the seventh grade he got a hint of what real science is when he entered a county science fair — and lost. “It was really a sad feeling to sit there and not get anything while everybody else had won something,” Ebright said. His entry was slides of frog tissues, which he showed under a microscope. He realised the winners had tried to do real experiments, not simply make a neat display.

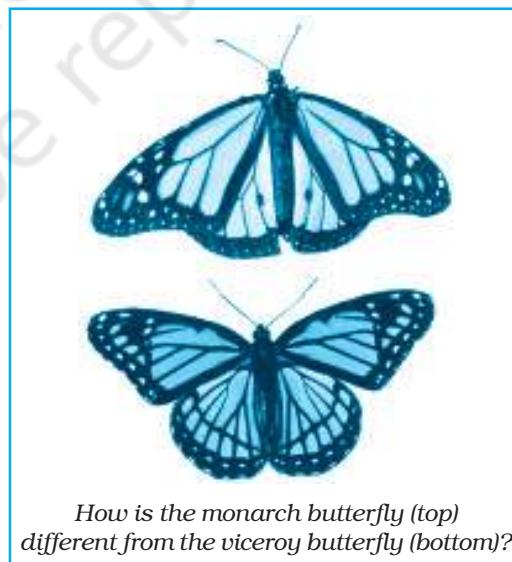
Already the competitive spirit that drives Richard Ebright was appearing. “I knew that for the next year’s fair I would have to do a real experiment,” he said. “The subject I knew most about was the insect work I’d been doing in the past several years.”

So he wrote to Dr Urquhart for ideas, and back came a stack of suggestions for experiments. Those kept Ebright busy all through high school and led to prize projects in county and international science fairs.

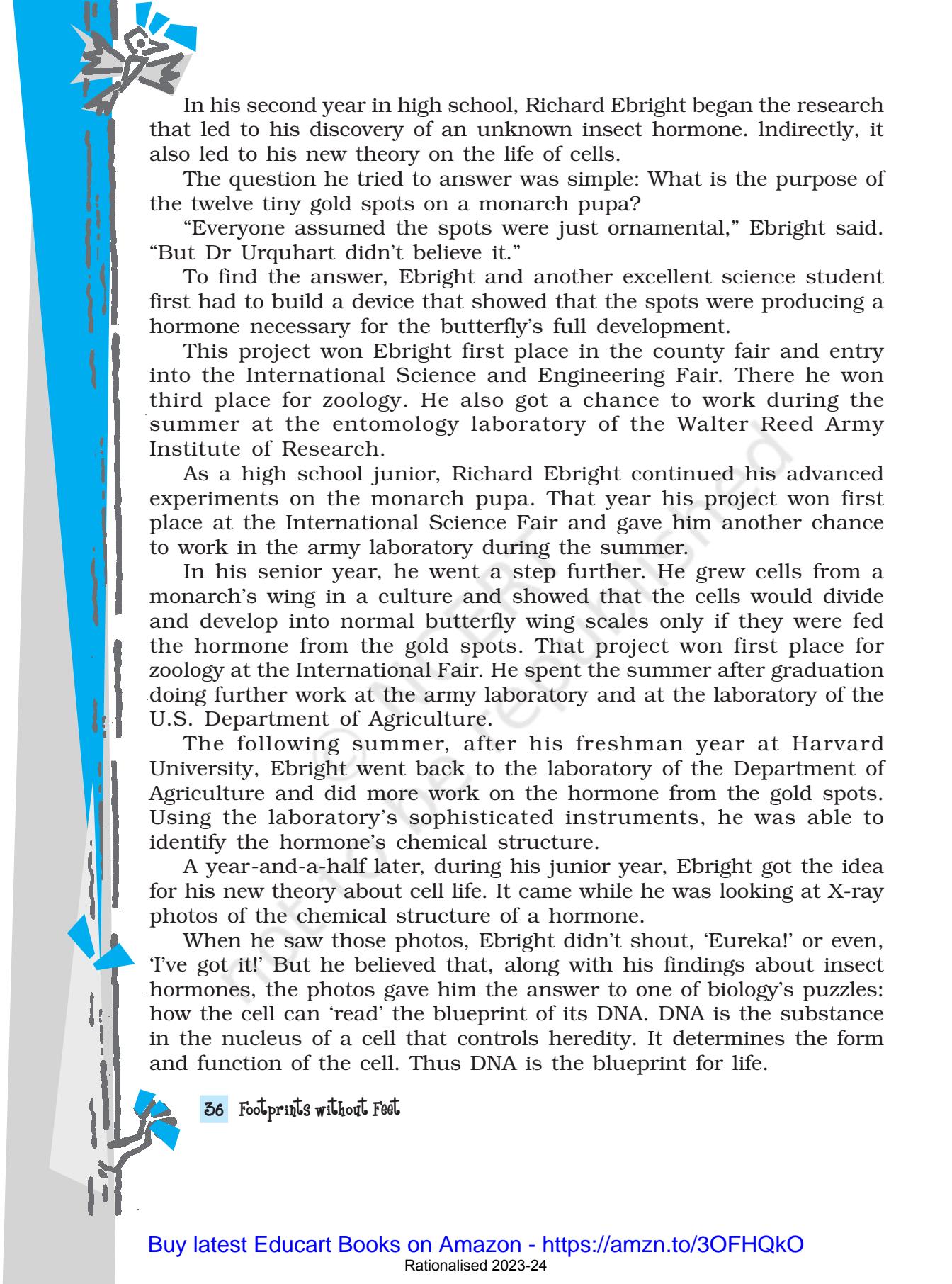
For his eighth grade project, Ebright tried to find the cause of a viral disease that kills nearly all monarch caterpillars every few years. Ebright thought the disease might be carried by a beetle. He tried raising caterpillars in the presence of beetles. “I didn’t get any real results,” he said. “But I went ahead and showed that I had tried the experiment. This time I won.”

The next year his science fair project was testing the theory that viceroy butterflies copy monarchs. The theory was that viceroys look like monarchs because monarchs don’t taste good to birds. Viceroys, on the other hand, do taste good to birds. So the more they look like monarchs, the less likely they are to become a bird’s dinner.

Ebright’s project was to see whether, in fact, birds would eat monarchs. He found that a starling would not eat ordinary bird food. It *would* eat all the monarchs it could get. (Ebright said later research by other people showed that viceroys probably do copy the monarch.) This project was placed first in the zoology division and third overall in the county science fair.



How is the monarch butterfly (top) different from the viceroy butterfly (bottom)?



In his second year in high school, Richard Ebright began the research that led to his discovery of an unknown insect hormone. Indirectly, it also led to his new theory on the life of cells.

The question he tried to answer was simple: What is the purpose of the twelve tiny gold spots on a monarch pupa?

"Everyone assumed the spots were just ornamental," Ebright said. "But Dr Urquhart didn't believe it."

To find the answer, Ebright and another excellent science student first had to build a device that showed that the spots were producing a hormone necessary for the butterfly's full development.

This project won Ebright first place in the county fair and entry into the International Science and Engineering Fair. There he won third place for zoology. He also got a chance to work during the summer at the entomology laboratory of the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research.

As a high school junior, Richard Ebright continued his advanced experiments on the monarch pupa. That year his project won first place at the International Science Fair and gave him another chance to work in the army laboratory during the summer.

In his senior year, he went a step further. He grew cells from a monarch's wing in a culture and showed that the cells would divide and develop into normal butterfly wing scales only if they were fed the hormone from the gold spots. That project won first place for zoology at the International Fair. He spent the summer after graduation doing further work at the army laboratory and at the laboratory of the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

The following summer, after his freshman year at Harvard University, Ebright went back to the laboratory of the Department of Agriculture and did more work on the hormone from the gold spots. Using the laboratory's sophisticated instruments, he was able to identify the hormone's chemical structure.

A year-and-a-half later, during his junior year, Ebright got the idea for his new theory about cell life. It came while he was looking at X-ray photos of the chemical structure of a hormone.

When he saw those photos, Ebright didn't shout, 'Eureka!' or even, 'I've got it!' But he believed that, along with his findings about insect hormones, the photos gave him the answer to one of biology's puzzles: how the cell can 'read' the blueprint of its DNA. DNA is the substance in the nucleus of a cell that controls heredity. It determines the form and function of the cell. Thus DNA is the blueprint for life.

Ebright and his college room-mate, James R. Wong, worked all that night drawing pictures and constructing plastic models of molecules to show how it could happen. Together they later wrote the paper that explained the theory.

Surprising no one who knew him, Richard Ebright graduated from Harvard with highest honours, second in his class of 1,510. Ebright went on to become a graduate student researcher at Harvard Medical School. There he began doing experiments to test his theory.

If the theory proves correct, it will be a big step towards understanding the processes of life. It might also lead to new ideas for preventing some types of cancer and other diseases. All of this is possible because of Ebright's scientific curiosity. His high school research into the purpose of the spots on a monarch pupa eventually led him to his theory about cell life.

Richard Ebright has been interested in science since he first began collecting butterflies — but not so deeply that he hasn't time for other interests. Ebright also became a champion debater and public speaker and a good canoeist and all-around outdoors-person. He is also an expert photographer, particularly of nature and scientific exhibits.

In high school Richard Ebright was a straight-A student. Because learning was easy, he turned a lot of his energy towards the Debating and Model United Nations clubs. He also found someone to admire — Richard A. Weiherer, his social studies teacher and adviser to both clubs. "Mr Weiherer was the perfect person for me then. He opened my mind to new ideas," Ebright said.

"Richard would always give that extra effort," Mr Weiherer said. "What pleased me was, here was this person who put in three or four hours at night doing debate research besides doing all his research with butterflies and his other interests."

"Richard was competitive," Mr Weiherer continued, "but not in a bad sense." He explained, "Richard wasn't interested in winning for winning's sake or winning to get a prize. Rather, he was winning because he wanted to do the best job he could. For the right reasons, he wants to be the best."

And that is one of the ingredients in the making of a scientist. Start with a first-rate mind, add curiosity, and mix in the will to win for the right reasons. Ebright has these qualities. From the time the book, *The Travels of Monarch X*, opened the world of science to him, Richard Ebright has never lost his scientific curiosity.

ROBERT W. PETERSON

The Making of a Scientist 37

GLOSSARY

- leagues:** groups of sports clubs or teams playing matches among themselves
- county:** region
- starling:** common European bird (with black, brown-spotted plumage) which nests near buildings and is a good mimic
- entomology:** the study of insects
- eureka:** a cry of triumph at a discovery (originally attributed to Archimedes)
- canoeist:** a person who paddles a canoe, a light boat

Think about it

1. How can one become a scientist, an economist, a historian... ? Does it simply involve reading many books on the subject? Does it involve observing, thinking and doing experiments?
2. You must have read about cells and DNA in your science books. Discuss Richard Ebright's work in the light of what you have studied. If you get an opportunity to work like Richard Ebright on projects and experiments, which field would you like to work on and why?

Talk about it

1. Children everywhere wonder about the world around them. The questions they ask are the beginning of scientific inquiry. Given below are some questions that children in India have asked Professor Yash Pal and Dr Rahul Pal as reported in their book, *Discovered Questions* (NCERT, 2006).
 - (i) What is DNA fingerprinting? What are its uses?
 - (ii) How do honeybees identify their own honeycombs?
 - (iii) Why does rain fall in drops?Can you answer these questions? You will find Professor Yash Pal's and Dr Rahul Pal's answers (as given in *Discovered Questions*) on page 75.
2. You also must have wondered about certain things around you. Share these questions with your class, and try and answer them.

Suggested reading

- 'Journey by Night' by Norah Burke
- *Children Who Made It Big* by Thangamani
- *School Days* by Tom Brown



7

The Necklace



1060CH07

Matilda is invited to a grand party. She has a beautiful dress but no jewellery. She borrows a necklace from a friend ... and loses it. What happens then?

READ AND FIND OUT

- What kind of a person is Mme Loisel — why is she always unhappy?
- What kind of a person is her husband?

SHE was one of those pretty, young ladies, born as if through an error of destiny, into a family of clerks. She had no dowry, no hopes, no means of becoming known, loved, and married by a man either rich or distinguished; and she allowed herself to marry a petty clerk in the office of the Board of Education. She was simple, but she was unhappy.

She suffered incessantly, feeling herself born for all delicacies and luxuries. She suffered from the poverty of her apartment, the shabby walls and the worn chairs. All these things tortured and angered her.

When she seated herself for dinner opposite her husband who uncovered the tureen with a delighted air, saying, "Oh! the good potpie! I know nothing better than that..." she would think of elegant dinners, of shining silver; she thought of the exquisite food served in marvellous dishes. She had neither frocks nor jewels, nothing. And she loved only those things.

She had a rich friend, a schoolmate at the convent, who she did not like to visit — she suffered so much when she returned. She wept for whole days from despair and disappointment.

One evening her husband returned elated bearing in his hand a large envelope.

"Here," he said, "here is something for you."

She quickly drew out a printed card on which were inscribed these words:

*The Minister of Public Instruction
and
Madame George Ramponneau
ask the honour of M. and Mme Loisel's company. Monday
evening, January 18, at the Minister's residence.*

Instead of being delighted, as her husband had hoped, she threw the invitation spitefully upon the table murmuring, "What do you suppose I want with that?"



"me..." He was silent, stupefied, in dismay, at the sight of his wife weeping. He stammered, "What is the matter? What is the matter?"

By a violent effort, she had controlled her vexation and responded in a calm voice, wiping her moist cheeks, "Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this affair. Give your card to some colleague whose wife is better fitted out than I."

He was grieved, but answered, "Let us see, Matilda. How much would a suitable costume cost, something that would serve for other occasions, something very simple?"

She reflected for some seconds thinking of a sum that she could ask for without bringing with it an immediate refusal and a frightened exclamation from the economical clerk. Finally she said, in a hesitating

"But, my dearie, I thought it would make you happy. You never go out, and this is an occasion, and a fine one! Everybody wishes one, and it is very select; not many are given to employees. You will see the whole official world there."

She looked at him with an irritated eye and declared impatiently, "What do you suppose I have to wear to such a thing as that?"

He had not thought of that; he stammered, "Why, the dress you wear when we go to the theatre. It seems very pretty to

voice, "I cannot tell exactly, but it seems to me that four hundred francs ought to cover it."

He turned a little pale, for he had saved just this sum to buy a gun that he might be able to join some hunting parties the next summer, with some friends who went to shoot larks on Sunday. Nevertheless, he answered, "Very well. I will give you four hundred francs. But try to have a pretty dress."

READ AND FIND OUT

- What fresh problem now disturbs Mme Loisel?
- How is the problem solved?

The day of the ball approached and Mme Loisel seemed sad, disturbed, anxious. Nevertheless, her dress was nearly ready. Her husband said to her one evening, "What is the matter with you? You have acted strangely for two or three days."

And she responded, "I am vexed not to have a jewel, nothing to adorn myself with. I shall have such a poverty-stricken look. I would prefer not to go to this party."

He replied, "You can wear some natural flowers. In this season they look very chic."

She was not convinced. "No", she replied, "there is nothing more humiliating than to have a shabby air in the midst of rich women."

Then her husband cried out, "How stupid we are! Go and find your friend Mme Forestier and ask her to lend you her jewels."

She uttered a cry of joy. "It is true!" she said. "I had not thought of that."

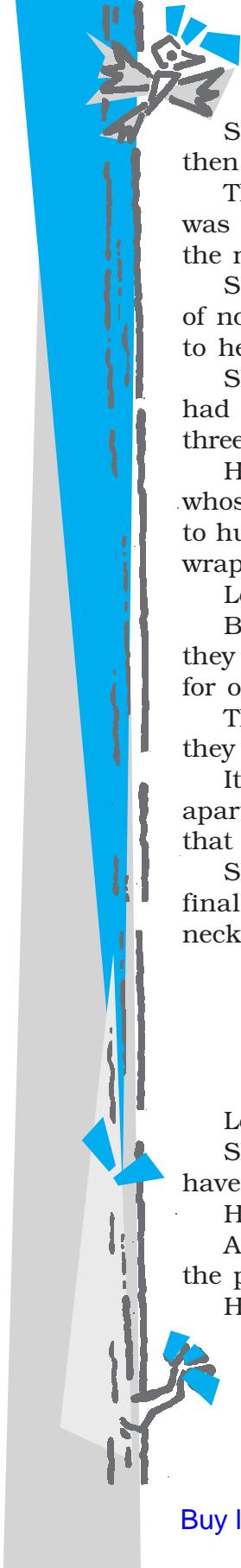
The next day she took herself to her friend's house and related her story of distress. Mme Forestier went to her closet, took out a large jewel-case, brought it, opened it, and said, "Choose, my dear."

She saw at first some bracelets, then a collar of pearls, then a Venetian cross of gold and jewels of admirable workmanship. She tried the jewels before the glass, hesitated, but could neither decide to take them nor leave them. Then she asked, "Have you nothing more?"

"Why, yes. Look for yourself. I do not know what will please you."

Suddenly she discovered, in a black satin box, a superb necklace of diamonds. Her hands trembled as she took it out. She placed it about her throat against her dress, and was ecstatic. Then she asked, in a hesitating voice, full of anxiety, "Could you lend me this? Only this?"

"Why, yes, certainly."



She fell upon the neck of her friend, embraced her with passion, then went away with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme Loisel was a great success. She was the prettiest of all — elegant, gracious, smiling and full of joy. All the men noticed her, asked her name, and wanted to be presented.

She danced with enthusiasm, intoxicated with pleasure, thinking of nothing but all this admiration, this victory so complete and sweet to her heart.

She went home towards four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been half asleep in one of the little salons since midnight, with three other gentlemen whose wives were enjoying themselves very much.

He threw around her shoulders the modest wraps they had carried whose poverty clashed with the elegance of the ball costume. She wished to hurry away in order not to be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in rich furs.

Loisel detained her, "Wait," said he. "I am going to call a cab."

But she would not listen and descended the steps rapidly. When they were in the street, they found no carriage; and they began to seek for one, hailing the coachmen whom they saw at a distance.

They walked along toward the river, hopeless and shivering. Finally they found one of those old carriages that one sees in Paris after nightfall.

It took them as far as their door and they went wearily up to their apartment. It was all over for her. And on his part, he remembered that he would have to be at the office by ten o'clock.

She removed the wraps from her shoulders before the glass, for a final view of herself in her glory. Suddenly she uttered a cry. Her necklace was not around her neck.

READ AND FIND OUT

- What do M. and Mme Loisel do next?
- How do they replace the necklace?

Loisel already half undressed, asked, "What is the matter?"

She turned towards him excitedly. "I have — I have — I no longer have Mme Forestier's necklace."

He arose in dismay, "What! How is that? It is not possible."

And they looked in the folds of the dress, in the folds of the cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find it.

He asked, "You are sure you still had it when we left the Minister's house?"

"Yes, I felt it as we came out."

"But if you had lost it in the street, we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, it is possible. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, did you notice what it was?"

"No."

They looked at each other utterly cast down. Finally Loisel dressed himself again.

"I am going," he said, "over the track where we went on foot, to see if I can find it."

And he went. She remained in her evening gown, not having the force to go to bed.

Toward seven o'clock her husband returned. He had found nothing.

He went to the police and to the cab offices, and put an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a reward.

She waited all day in a state of bewilderment before this frightful disaster. Loisel returned in the evening, his face pale; he had discovered nothing.

He said, "Write to your friend that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you will have it repaired. That will give us time."

She wrote as he dictated.

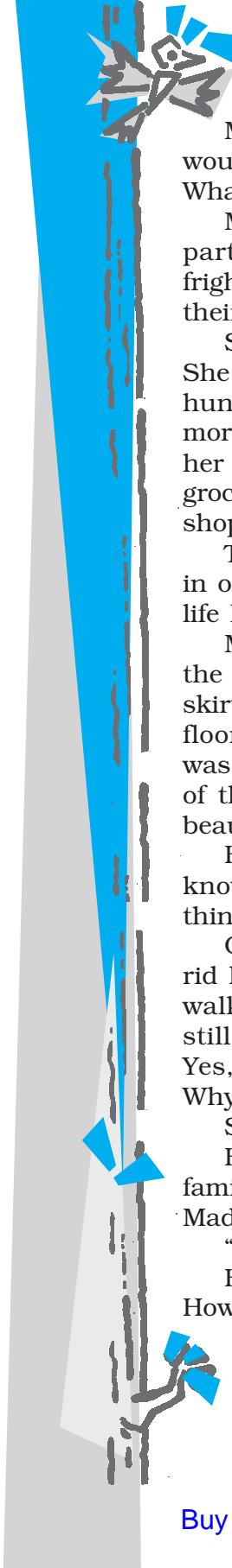
At the end of a week, they had lost all hope. And Loisel, older by five years, declared, "We must replace this jewel."

In a shop of the Palais-Royal, they found a chaplet of diamonds, which seemed to them exactly like the one they had lost. It was valued at forty thousand francs. They could get it for thirty-six thousand.

Loisel possessed eighteen thousand francs, which his father had left him. He borrowed the rest. He made ruinous promises, took money from usurers and the whole race of lenders. Then he went to get the new necklace, depositing on the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme Loisel took back the jewels to Mme Forestier, the latter said to her in a frigid tone, "You should have returned them to me sooner, for I might have needed them."





Mme Forestier did not open the jewel-box as Mme Loisel feared she would. What would she think if she should perceive the substitution? What should she say? Would she take her for a robber?

Mme Loisel now knew the horrible life of necessity. She did her part, however, completely, heroically. It was necessary to pay this frightful debt. She would pay it. They sent away the maid, they changed their lodgings; they rented some rooms in an attic.

She learned the odious work of a kitchen. She washed the dishes. She washed the soiled linen, their clothes and dishcloths, which she hung on the line to dry; she took down the refuse to the street each morning and brought up the water, stopping at each landing to catch her breath. And, clothed like a woman of the people, she went to the grocer's, the butcher's and the fruiterer's, with her basket on her arm, shopping, haggling to the last sou of her miserable money.

The husband worked evenings, putting the books of some merchants in order, and nights he often did copying at five sous a page. And this life lasted for ten years. At the end of ten years, they had restored all.

Mme Loisel seemed old now. She had become a strong, hard woman, the crude woman of the poor household. Her hair badly dressed, her skirts awry, her hands red, she spoke in a loud tone, and washed the floors with large pails of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she would seat herself before the window and think of that evening party of former times, of that ball where she was so beautiful and so flattered.

How would it have been if she had not lost the necklace? Who knows? How singular is life, and how full of changes! How small a thing will ruin or save one!

One Sunday as she was taking a walk in the Champs-Elysees to rid herself of the cares of the week, she suddenly perceived a woman walking with a child. It was Mme Forestier, still young, still pretty, still attractive. Mme Loisel was affected. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She approached her. "Good morning, Jeanne."

Her friend did not recognise her and was astonished to be so familiarly addressed by this common personage. She stammered, "But, Madame — I do not know — you must be mistaken—"

"No, I am Matilda Loisel."

Her friend uttered a cry of astonishment, "Oh! my poor Matilda! How you have changed!"



"Yes, I have had some hard days since I saw you; and some miserable ones — and all because of you ..."

"Because of me? How is that?"

"You recall the diamond necklace that you loaned me to wear to the Minister's ball?"

"Yes, very well."

"Well, I lost it."

"How is that, since you returned it to me?"

"I returned another to you exactly like it. And it has taken us ten years to pay for it. You can understand that it was not easy for us who have nothing. But it is finished and I am decently content."

Mme Forestier stopped short. She said, "You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?"

"Yes. You did not perceive it then? They were just alike."

And she smiled with proud and simple joy. Mme Forestier was touched and took both her hands as she replied, "Oh! My poor Matilda! Mine were false. They were not worth over five hundred francs!"

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

GLOSSARY

incessantly: continuously

tureen: covered dish from which soup is served at the table

M.: abbreviation for 'Monsieur' (form of address for a man in French)

Mme: abbreviation for 'Madame' (form of address for a woman in French)

vexation: state of being distressed

ruinous: disastrous

usurers: money-lenders, especially those who lend money on a high rate of interest

sou: a former French coin of low value

awry: not in the correct position or shape; twisted

Think about it

1. The course of the Loisel's life changed due to the necklace. Comment.
2. What was the cause of Matilda's ruin? How could she have avoided it?
3. What would have happened to Matilda if she had confessed to her friend that she had lost her necklace?
4. If you were caught in a situation like this, how would you have dealt with it?

Talk about it

1. The characters in this story speak in English. Do you think this is their language? What clues are there in the story about the language its characters must be speaking in?
2. Honesty is the best policy.
3. We should be content with what life gives us.

Suggested reading

- 'The Dowry' by Guy de Maupassant
- 'A Cup of Tea' by Katherine Mansfield
- 'The Bet' by Anton Chekov

Bholi



From her very childhood Bholi was neglected at home. Why did her teacher take special interest in her? Did Bholi measure up to her teacher's expectations?

READ AND FIND OUT

- Why is Bholi's father worried about her?
- For what unusual reasons is Bholi sent to school?

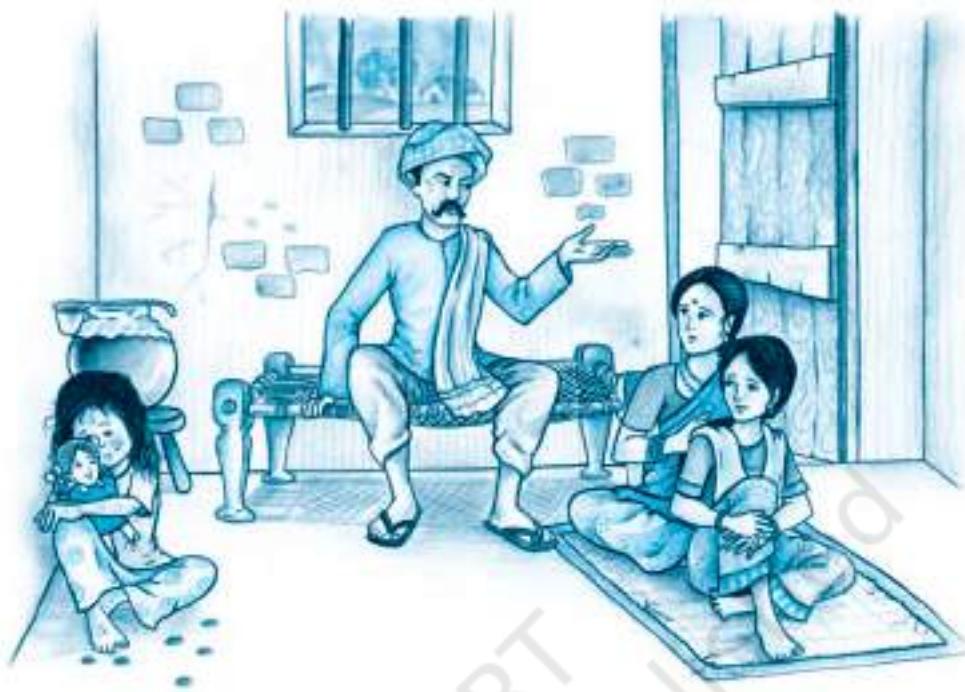
HER name was Sulekha, but since her childhood everyone had been calling her Bholi, the simpleton.

She was the fourth daughter of *Numberdar* Ramlal. When she was ten months old, she had fallen off the cot on her head and perhaps it had damaged some part of her brain. That was why she remained a backward child and came to be known as Bholi, the simpleton.

At birth, the child was very fair and pretty. But when she was two years old, she had an attack of small-pox. Only the eyes were saved, but the entire body was permanently disfigured by deep black pock-marks. Little Sulekha could not speak till she was five, and when at last she learnt to speak, she stammered. The other children often made fun of her and mimicked her. As a result, she talked very little.

Ramlal had seven children — three sons and four daughters, and the youngest of them was Bholi. It was a prosperous farmer's household and there was plenty to eat and drink. All the children except Bholi were healthy and strong. The sons had been sent to the city to study in schools and later in colleges. Of the daughters, Radha, the eldest, had already been married. The second daughter Mangla's marriage had also been settled, and when that was done, Ramlal would think of the third, Champa. They were good-looking, healthy girls, and it was not difficult to find bridegrooms for them.

But Ramlal was worried about Bholi. She had neither good looks nor intelligence.



Bholi was seven years old when Mangla was married. The same year a primary school for girls was opened in their village. The *Tehsildar sahib* came to perform its opening ceremony. He said to Ramlal, "As a revenue official you are the representative of the government in the village and so you must set an example to the villagers. You must send your daughters to school."

That night when Ramlal consulted his wife, she cried, "Are you crazy? If girls go to school, who will marry them?"

But Ramlal had not the courage to disobey the *Tehsildar*. At last his wife said, "I will tell you what to do. Send Bholi to school. As it is, there is little chance of her getting married, with her ugly face and lack of sense. Let the teachers at school worry about her."

READ AND FIND OUT

- Does Bholi enjoy her first day at school?
- Does she find her teacher different from the people at home?

The next day Ramlal caught Bholi by the hand and said, "Come with me. I will take you to school." Bholi was frightened. She did not



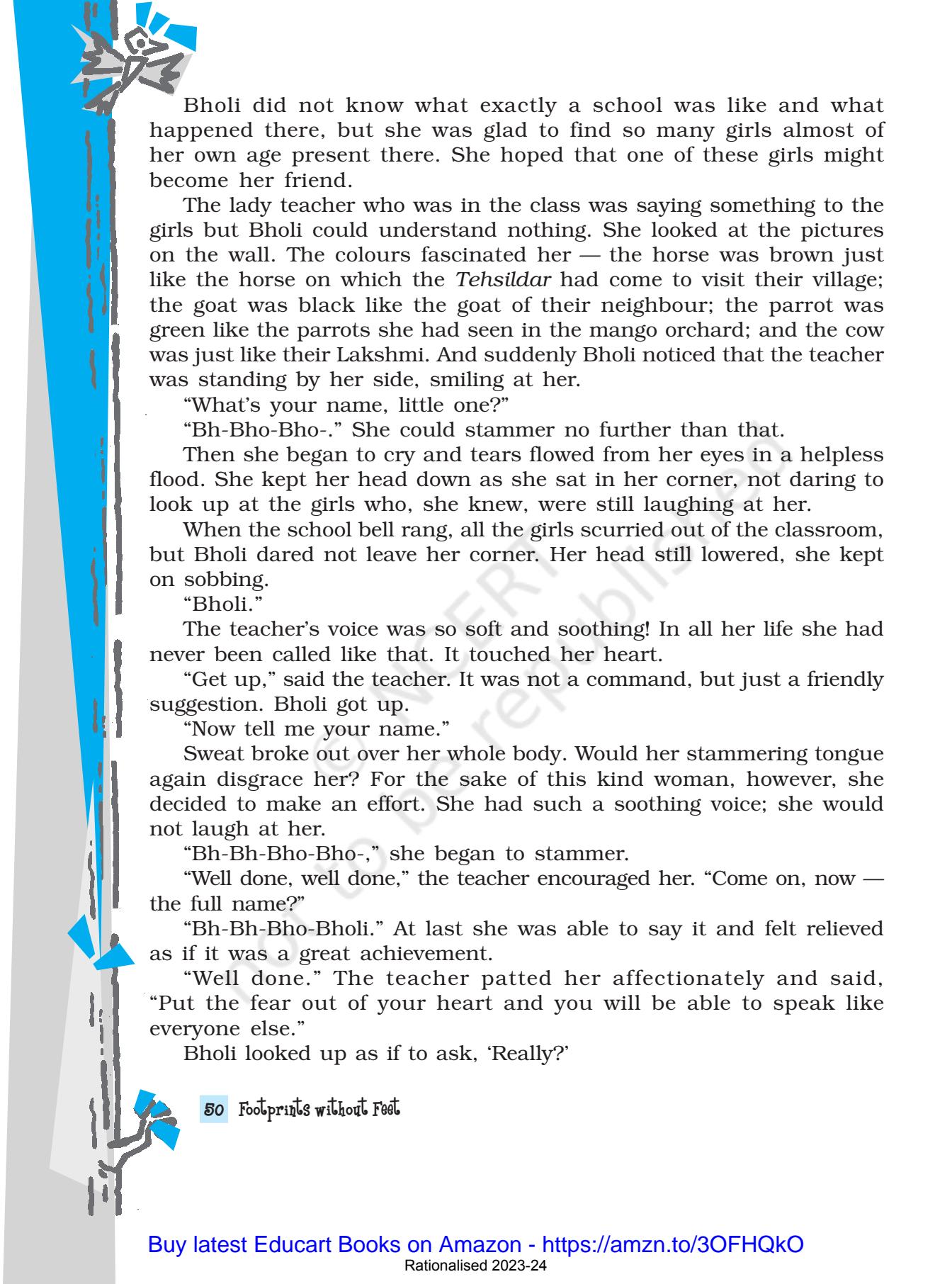
know what a school was like. She remembered how a few days ago their old cow, Lakshmi, had been turned out of the house and sold.

"N-n-n-n NO, no-no-no," she shouted in terror and pulled her hand away from her father's grip.

"What's the matter with you, you fool?" shouted Ramlal. "I am only taking you to school." Then he told his wife, "Let her wear some decent clothes today, or else what will the teachers and the other schoolgirls think of us when they see her?"

New clothes had never been made for Bholi. The old dresses of her sisters were passed on to her. No one cared to mend or wash her clothes. But today she was lucky to receive a clean dress which had shrunk after many washings and no longer fitted Champa. She was even bathed and oil was rubbed into her dry and matted hair. Only then did she begin to believe that she was being taken to a place better than her home!

When they reached the school, the children were already in their classrooms. Ramlal handed over his daughter to the headmistress. Left alone, the poor girl looked about her with fear-laden eyes. There were several rooms, and in each room girls like her squatted on mats, reading from books or writing on slates. The headmistress asked Bholi to sit down in a corner in one of the classrooms.



Bholi did not know what exactly a school was like and what happened there, but she was glad to find so many girls almost of her own age present there. She hoped that one of these girls might become her friend.

The lady teacher who was in the class was saying something to the girls but Bholi could understand nothing. She looked at the pictures on the wall. The colours fascinated her — the horse was brown just like the horse on which the Tehsildar had come to visit their village; the goat was black like the goat of their neighbour; the parrot was green like the parrots she had seen in the mango orchard; and the cow was just like their Lakshmi. And suddenly Bholi noticed that the teacher was standing by her side, smiling at her.

"What's your name, little one?"

"Bh-Bho-Bho-." She could stammer no further than that.

Then she began to cry and tears flowed from her eyes in a helpless flood. She kept her head down as she sat in her corner, not daring to look up at the girls who, she knew, were still laughing at her.

When the school bell rang, all the girls scurried out of the classroom, but Bholi dared not leave her corner. Her head still lowered, she kept on sobbing.

"Bholi."

The teacher's voice was so soft and soothing! In all her life she had never been called like that. It touched her heart.

"Get up," said the teacher. It was not a command, but just a friendly suggestion. Bholi got up.

"Now tell me your name."

Sweat broke out over her whole body. Would her stammering tongue again disgrace her? For the sake of this kind woman, however, she decided to make an effort. She had such a soothing voice; she would not laugh at her.

"Bh-Bh-Bho-Bho-," she began to stammer.

"Well done, well done," the teacher encouraged her. "Come on, now — the full name?"

"Bh-Bh-Bho-Bholi." At last she was able to say it and felt relieved as if it was a great achievement.

"Well done." The teacher patted her affectionately and said, "Put the fear out of your heart and you will be able to speak like everyone else."

Bholi looked up as if to ask, 'Really?'

"Yes, yes, it will be very easy. You just come to school everyday. Will you come?"

Bholi nodded.

"No, say it aloud."

"Ye-Ye-Yes." And Bholi herself was astonished that she had been able to say it.

"Didn't I tell you? Now take this book."

The book was full of nice pictures and the pictures were in colour — dog, cat, goat, horse, parrot, tiger and a cow just like Lakshmi. And with every picture was a word in big black letters.

"In one month you will be able to read this book. Then I will give you a bigger book, then a still bigger one. In time you will be more learned than anyone else in the village. Then no one will ever be able to laugh at you. People will listen to you with respect and you will be able to speak without the slightest stammer. Understand? Now go home, and come back early tomorrow morning."

Bholi felt as if suddenly all the bells in the village temple were ringing and the trees in front of the school-house had blossomed into big red flowers. Her heart was throbbing with a new hope and a new life.

READ AND FIND OUT

- Why do Bholi's parents accept Bishamber's marriage proposal?
- Why does the marriage not take place?

Thus the years passed.

The village became a small town. The little primary school became a high school. There were now a cinema under a tin shed and a cotton ginning mill. The mail train began to stop at their railway station.

One night, after dinner, Ramlal said to his wife, "Then, shall I accept Bishamber's proposal?"

"Yes, certainly," his wife said. "Bholi will be lucky to get such a well-to-do bridegroom. A big shop, a house of his own and I hear several thousand in the bank. Moreover, he is not asking for any dowry."

"That's right, but he is not so young, you know — almost the same age as I am — and he also limps. Moreover, the children from his first wife are quite grown up."

"So what does it matter?" his wife replied. "Forty-five or fifty — it is no great age for a man. We are lucky that he is from another village and does not know about her pock-marks and her lack of sense. If we don't accept this proposal, she may remain unmarried all her life."

"Yes, but I wonder what Bholi will say."

"What will that witless one say? She is like a dumb cow."

"May be you are right," muttered Ramlal.

In the other corner of the courtyard, Bholi lay awake on her cot, listening to her parents' whispered conversation.

Bishamber Nath was a well-to-do grocer. He came with a big party of friends and relations with him for the wedding. A brass-band playing a popular tune from an Indian film headed the procession, with the bridegroom riding a decorated horse. Ramlal was overjoyed to see such pomp and splendour. He had never dreamt that his fourth daughter would have such a grand wedding. Bholi's elder sisters who had come for the occasion were envious of her luck.

When the auspicious moment came the priest said, "Bring the bride."

Bholi, clad in a red silken bridal dress, was led to the bride's place near the sacred fire.

"Garland the bride," one of his friends prompted Bishamber Nath.

The bridegroom lifted the garland of yellow marigolds. A woman slipped back the silken veil from the bride's face. Bishamber took a quick glance. The garland remained poised in his hands. The bride slowly pulled down the veil over her face.

"Have you seen her?" said Bishamber to the friend next to him. "She has pock-marks on her face."

"So what? You are not young either."

"Maybe. But if I am to marry her, her father must give me five thousand rupees."

Ramlal went and placed his turban — his honour — at Bishamber's feet. "Do not humiliate me so. Take two thousand rupees."

"No. Five thousand, or we go back. Keep your daughter."

"Be a little considerate, please. If you go back, I can never show my face in the village."

"Then out with five thousand."

Tears streaming down his face, Ramlal went in, opened the safe and counted out the notes. He placed the bundle at the bridegroom's feet.

On Bishamber's greedy face appeared a triumphant smile. He had gambled and won. "Give me the garland," he announced.

Once again the veil was slipped back from the bride's face, but this time her eyes were not downcast. She was looking up, looking straight at her prospective husband, and in her eyes there was neither anger nor hate, only cold contempt.

Bishamber raised the garland to place it round the bride's neck; but before he could do so, Bholi's hand struck out like a streak of lightning and the garland was flung into the fire. She got up and threw away the veil.

"Pitaji!" said Bholi in a clear loud voice; and her father, mother, sisters, brothers, relations and neighbours were startled to hear her speak without even the slightest stammer.

"Pitaji! Take back your money. I am not going to marry this man."



Ramlal was thunderstruck. The guests began to whisper, "So shameless! So ugly and so shameless!"

"Bholi, are you crazy?" shouted Ramlal. "You want to disgrace your family? Have some regard for our *izzat*!"

"For the sake of your *izzat*," said Bholi, "I was willing to marry this lame old man. But I will not have such a mean, greedy and contemptible coward as my husband. I won't, I won't, I won't."

"What a shameless girl! We all thought she was a harmless dumb cow."

Bholi turned violently on the old woman, "Yes, Aunty, you are right. You all thought I was a dumb-driven cow. That's why you wanted to hand me over to this heartless creature. But now the dumb cow, the stammering fool, is speaking. Do you want to hear more?"

Bishamber Nath, the grocer, started to go back with his party. The confused bandsmen thought this was the end of the ceremony and struck up a closing song.

Ramlal stood rooted to the ground, his head bowed low with the weight of grief and shame.

The flames of the sacred fire slowly died down. Everyone was gone. Ramlal turned to Bholi and said, "But what about you, no one will ever marry you now. What shall we do with you?"

And Sulekha said in a voice that was calm and steady, "Don't you worry, *Pitaji!* In your old age I will serve you and Mother and I will teach in the same school where I learnt so much. Isn't that right, Ma'am?"

The teacher had all along stood in a corner, watching the drama. "Yes, Bholi, of course," she replied. And in her smiling eyes was the light of a deep satisfaction that an artist feels when contemplating the completion of her masterpiece.

K.A. ABBAS

GLOSSARY

simpleton: a foolish person easily tricked by others

numberdar: an official who collects revenue

matted: entangled

squatted: sat on their heels

scurried: ran or moved hurriedly

ginning: separating raw cotton from its seeds

downcast: looking downwards

Think about it

1. Bholi had many apprehensions about going to school. What made her feel that she was going to a better place than her home?
2. How did Bholi's teacher play an important role in changing the course of her life?
3. Why did Bholi at first agree to an unequal match? Why did she later reject the marriage? What does this tell us about her?
4. Bholi's real name is Sulekha. We are told this right at the beginning. But only in the last but one paragraph of the story is Bholi called Sulekha again. Why do you think she is called Sulekha at that point in the story?
5. Bholi's story must have moved you. Do you think girl children are not treated at par with boys? You are aware that the government has introduced a scheme to save the girl child as the sex ratio is declining. The scheme is called *Beti Bachao Beti Padhao*, Save the Girl Child. Read about the scheme and design a poster in groups of four and display on the school notice board.



Ministry of Women & Child Development
Government of India

Talk about it

1. Bholi's teacher helped her overcome social barriers by encouraging and motivating her. How do you think you can contribute towards changing the social attitudes illustrated in this story?
2. Should girls be aware of their rights, and assert them? Should girls and boys have the same rights, duties and privileges? What are some of the ways in which society treats them differently? When we speak of 'human rights', do we differentiate between girls' rights and boys' rights?
3. Do you think the characters in the story were speaking to each other in English? If not, in which language were they speaking? (You can get clues from the names of the persons and the non-English words used in the story.)

Suggested reading

- 'The Brass Gong' by Qazi Abdul Sattar
- 'Old Man at the Bridge' by Ernest Hemingway
- 'Gandhiji the Teacher' by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur

The Book That Saved the Earth



Mother Goose is a well-known book of nursery rhymes in English. Do you think such a book can save Planet Earth from a Martian invasion? Read this play, set four centuries in the future, and find out.

Characters

HISTORIAN

LIEUTENANT IOTA

GREAT AND MIGHTY THINK-TANK

SERGEANT OOP

APPRENTICE NOODLE

OFFSTAGE VOICE

CAPTAIN OMEGA

SCENE 1

READ AND FIND OUT

- Why was the twentieth century called the 'Era of the Book'?
- Who tried to invade the earth in the twenty-first century?

TIME : The twenty-fifth century

PLACE : The Museum of Ancient History: Department of the Twentieth Century on the Planet Earth

BEFORE RISE : Spotlight shines on Historian, who is sitting at a table down right, on which is a movie projector. A sign on an easel beside her reads: Museum of Ancient History: Department of the Twentieth Century. She stands and bows to audience.

HISTORIAN

: Good afternoon. Welcome to our Museum of Ancient History, and to my department — curiosities of the good old, far-off twentieth century. The twentieth century was often called the Era of the Book. In those days, there were books about everything, from ant eaters to Zulus. Books taught people how to, and when to, and where to, and why to. They illustrated, educated, punctuated, and even decorated. But the

strangest thing a book ever did was to save the Earth. You haven't heard about the Martian invasion of 2040? Tsk, tsk. What *do* they teach children nowadays? Well, you know, the invasion never really happened, because a single book stopped it. What was the book, you ask? A noble encyclopedia? A tome about rockets and missiles? A secret file from outer space? No, it was none of those. It was — but here, let me turn on the historiscope and show you what happened many centuries ago, in 2040. (*She turns on projector, and points it left. Spotlight on Historian goes out, and comes up down left on Think-Tank, who is seated on a raised box, arms folded. He has a huge, egg-shaped head, and he wears a long robe decorated with stars and circles. Apprentice Noodle stands beside him at an elaborate switchboard. A sign on an easel reads:*

MARS SPACE CONTROL

**GREAT AND MIGHTY THINK-TANK, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
(Bow low before entering)**

- NOODLE : (bowing) O Great and Mighty Think-Tank, most powerful and intelligent creature in the whole universe, what are your orders?
- THINK-TANK : (peevishly) You left out part of my salutation, Apprentice Noodle. Go over the whole thing again.
- NOODLE : It shall be done, sir. (*in a singsong*) O Great and Mighty Think-Tank, Ruler of Mars and her two moons, most powerful and intelligent creature in the whole universe — (*out of breath*) what-are-your-orders?
- THINK-TANK : That's better, Noodle. I wish to be placed in communication with our manned space probe to that ridiculous little planet we are going to put under our generous rulership. What do they call it, again?
- NOODLE : Earth, your Intelligence.
- THINK-TANK : Earth — of course. You see how insignificant the place is? But first, something important. My mirror. I wish to consult my mirror.



- NOODLE : It shall be done, sir. (*He hands Think-Tank a mirror.*)
- THINK-TANK : Mirror, mirror, in my hand. Who is the most fantastically intellectually gifted being in the land?
- OFFSTAGE VOICE : (after a pause) You, sir.
- THINK-TANK : (smacking mirror) Quicker. Answer quicker next time. I hate a slow mirror. (*He admires himself in the mirror.*) Ah, there I am. Are we Martians not a handsome race? So much more attractive than those ugly Earthlings with their tiny heads. Noodle, you keep on exercising your mind, and someday you'll have a balloon brain just like mine.
- NOODLE : Oh, I hope so, Mighty Think-Tank. I hope so.
- THINK-TANK : Now, contact the space probe. I want to invade that primitive ball of mud called Earth before lunch.
- NOODLE : It shall be done, sir. (*He adjusts levers on switchboard. Electronic buzzes and beeps are heard as the curtains open.*)

SCENE 2

READ AND FIND OUT

- What guesses are made by Think-Tank about the books found on earth?

TIME : A few seconds later

PLACE : Mars Space Control and the Centerville Public Library

AT RISE : Captain Omega stands at centre, opening and closing card catalogue drawers in a confused fashion. Lieutenant Iota is up left, counting books in a bookcase. Sergeant Oop is at right, opening and closing a book, turning it upside down, shaking it and then riffling the pages and shaking his head.

- NOODLE : (adjusting knobs) I have a close sighting of the space crew, sir.
(*Think-Tank puts on a pair of enormous goggles and turns towards the stage to watch.*) They seem to have entered some sort of Earth structure.
- THINK-TANK : Excellent. Make voice contact.



- NOODLE : (speaking into a microphone) Mars Space Control calling the crew of Probe One. Mars Space Control calling the crew of Probe One. Come in, Captain Omega, and give us your location.
- OMEGA : (speaking into a disk which is on a chain around her neck) Captain Omega to Mars Space Control. Lieutenant Iota, Sergeant Oop, and I have arrived on Earth without incident. We have taken shelter in this (*indicates room*) — this square place. Have you any idea where we are, Lieutenant Iota?
- IOTA : I can't figure it out, Captain. (*holding up a book*) I've counted two thousand of these peculiar items. This place must be some sort of storage barn. What do you think, Sergeant Oop?
- OOP : I haven't a clue. I've been to seven galaxies, but I've never seen anything like this. Maybe they're hats. (*He opens a book and puts it on his head.*) Say, maybe this is a haberdashery!
- OMEGA : (bowing low) Perhaps the Great and Mighty Think-Tank will give us the benefit of his thought on the matter.

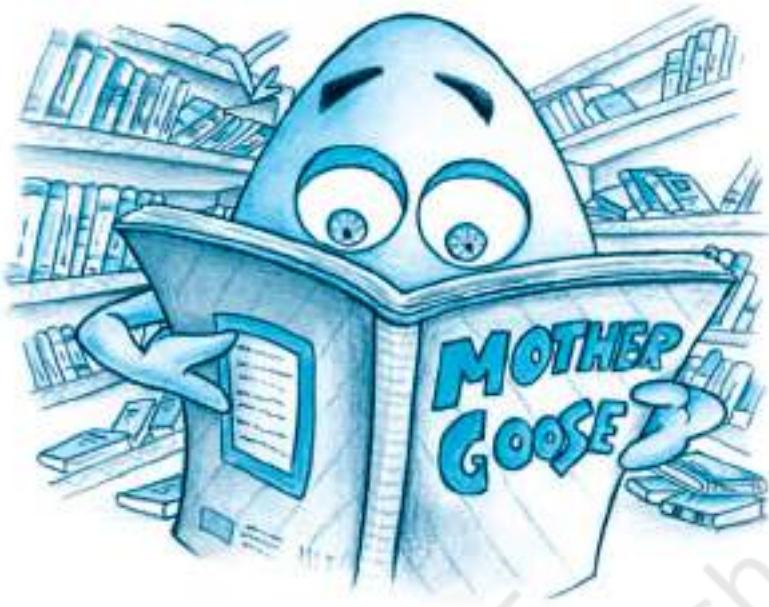


- THINK-TANK : Elementary, my dear Omega. Hold one of the items up so that I may view it closely. (*Omega holds a book on the palm of her hand.*) Yes, yes, I understand now. Since Earth creatures are always eating, the place in which you find yourselves is undoubtedly a crude refreshment stand.
- OMEGA : (to Iota and Oop) He says we're in a refreshment stand.
- OOP : Well, the Earthlings certainly have a strange diet.
- THINK-TANK : That item in your hand is called a sandwich.
- OMEGA : (nodding) A sandwich.
- IOTA : (nodding) A sandwich.
- OOP : (taking book from his head) A sandwich?
- THINK-TANK : Sandwiches are the main staple of Earth diet. Look at it closely. (*Omega squints at book.*) There are two slices of what is called bread, and between them is some sort of filling.
- OMEGA : That is correct, sir.
- THINK-TANK : To confirm my opinion, I order you to eat it.
- OMEGA : (gulp) Eat it?
- THINK-TANK : Do you doubt the Mighty Think-Tank?

- OMEGA : Oh, no, no. But poor Lieutenant Iota has not had her breakfast. Lieutenant Iota, I order you to eat this — this sandwich.
- IOTA : (*dubiously*) Eat it? Oh, Captain! It's a very great honour to be the first Martian to eat a sandwich, I'm sure, but — but how can I be so impolite as to eat before my Sergeant? (*handing Oop the book and saying brightly*) Sergeant Oop, I order you to eat the sandwich immediately.
- OOP : (*making a face*) Who, Lieutenant? Me, Lieutenant?
- IOTA and OMEGA : (*saluting*) For the glory of Mars, Oop!
- OOP : Yes, of course! (*unhappily*) Immediately. (*He opens his mouth wide. Omega and Iota watch him breathlessly. He bites down on a corner of the book, and pantomimes chewing and swallowing, while making terrible faces.*)
- OMEGA : Well, Oop?
- IOTA : Well, Oop? (*Oop coughs. Omega and Iota pound him on the back.*)
- THINK-TANK : Was it not delicious, Sergeant Oop?
- OOP : (*saluting*) That is correct, sir. It was *not* delicious. I don't know how the Earthlings can get those sandwiches down without water. They're dry as Martian dust.
- NOODLE : Sir, sir. Great and Mighty Think-Tank. I beg your pardon, but an insignificant bit of data floated into my mind about those sandwiches.
- THINK-TANK : It can't be worth much, but go ahead. Give us your trifling bit of data.
- NOODLE : Well, sir, I have seen surveyor films of those sandwiches. I noticed that the Earthlings did not *eat* them. They used them as some sort of communication device.
- THINK-TANK : (*haughtily*) Naturally. That was my next point. These are actually communication sandwiches. Think-Tank is never wrong. Who is never wrong?
- ALL : (*saluting*) Great and Mighty Think-Tank is never wrong.
- THINK-TANK : Therefore, I order you to listen to them.



- OMEGA : Listen to them?
- IOTA AND OOP : (*to each other, puzzled*) Listen to them?
- THINK-TANK : Do you have marbles in your ears? I said, listen to them. (*Martians bow very low.*)
- OMEGA : It shall be done, sir. (*They each take two books from the case, and hold them to their ears, listening intently.*)
- IOTA : (*whispering to Omega*) Do you hear anything?
- OMEGA : (*whispering back*) Nothing. Do you hear anything, Oop?
- OOP : (*loudly*) Not a thing! (*Omega and Iota jump in fright.*)
- OMEGA AND IOTA : Sh-h-h! (*They listen intently again.*)
- THINK-TANK : Well? Well? Report to me. What do you hear?
- OMEGA : Nothing, sir. Perhaps we are not on the correct frequency.
- IOTA : Nothing, sir. Perhaps the Earthlings have sharper ears than we do.
- OOP : I don't hear a thing. Maybe these sandwiches don't make sounds.
- THINK-TANK : What? Does somebody suggest the Mighty Think-Tank has made a mistake?
- OMEGA : Oh, no, sir; no, sir. We'll keep listening.
- NOODLE : Please excuse me, your Brilliance, but a cloudy piece of information is twirling around in my head.
- THINK-TANK : Well, twirl it out, Noodle, and I will clarify it for you.
- NOODLE : I seem to recall that the Earthlings did not *listen* to the sandwiches; they opened them and watched them.
- THINK-TANK : Yes, that is quite correct, I will clarify that for you, Captain Omega. Those sandwiches are not for ear communication, they are for eye communication. Now, Captain Omega, take that large, colourful sandwich over there. It appears to be important. Tell me what you observe.
(*Omega picks up a very large volume of Mother Goose, holding it so that the audience can see the title. Iota looks over her left shoulder, and Oop peers over her right shoulder.*)



- OMEGA : It appears to contain pictures of Earthlings.
- IOTA : There seems to be some sort of code.
- THINK-TANK : (*sharply interested*) Code? I told you this was important. Describe the code.
- OOP : It's little lines and squiggles and dots — thousands of them alongside the pictures.
- THINK-TANK : Perhaps the Earthlings are not as primitive as we have thought. We must break the code.
- NOODLE : Forgive me, your Cleverness, but did not the chemical department give our space people vitamins to increase their intelligence?
- THINK-TANK : Stop! A thought of magnificent brilliance has come to me. Space people, our chemical department has given you vitamins to increase your intelligence. Take them immediately and then watch the sandwich. The meaning of the code will slowly unfold before you.
- OMEGA : It shall be done, sir. Remove vitamins. (*Crew takes vitamins from boxes on their belts.*) Present vitamins. (*They hold vitamins out in front of them, stiffly.*) Swallow



vitamins. (*They pop the vitamins into their mouths and gulp simultaneously. They open their eyes wide, their heads shake, and they put their hands to their foreheads.*)

- THINK-TANK : Excellent. Now, decipher that code.
- ALL : It shall be done, sir. (*They frown over the book, turning pages.*)
- OMEGA : (*brightly*) Aha!
- IOTA : (*brightly*) Oho!
- OOP : (*bursting into laughter*) Ha, ha, ha.
- THINK-TANK : What does it say? Tell me this instant. Transcribe, Omega.
- OMEGA : Yes, sir. (*She reads with great seriousness.*)
Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells and silver bells
And pretty maids all in a row.
- OOP : Ha, ha, ha. Imagine that. Pretty maids growing in a garden.
- THINK-TANK : (*alarmed*) Stop! This is no time for levity. Don't you realise the seriousness of this discovery? The Earthlings have discovered how to combine agriculture and mining. They can actually *grow* crops of rare metals such as silver. And cockle shells. They can grow high explosives, too. Noodle, contact our invasion fleet.
- NOODLE : They are ready to go down and take over Earth, sir.
- THINK-TANK : Tell them to hold. Tell them new information has come to us about Earth. Iota, transcribe.
- IOTA : Yes, sir. (*She reads very gravely.*)
Hey diddle diddle! The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.
- OOP : (*laughing*) The dish ran away with the spoon!

THINK-TANK

: Cease laughter. Desist. This is more and more alarming. The Earthlings have reached a high level of civilisation. Didn't you hear? They have taught their domesticated animals musical culture and space techniques. Even their dogs have a sense of humour. Why, at this very moment, they may be launching an interplanetary attack of millions of cows! Notify the invasion fleet. No invasion today Oop, transcribe the next code.

OOP

: Yes, sir. (*reading*)

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men,
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Oh, look, sir. Here's a picture of Humpty Dumpty. Why, sir, he looks like — he looks like — (*turns large picture of Humpty Dumpty towards Think-Tank and the audience*)

THINK-TANK

: (*screaming and holding his head*) It's me! It's my Great and Mighty Balloon Brain. The Earthlings have seen me, and they're after me. "Had a great fall!" — That means they plan to capture Mars Central Control and me! It's an invasion of Mars! Noodle, prepare a space capsule for me. I must escape without delay. Space people, you must leave Earth at once, but be sure to remove all traces of your visit. The Earthlings must not know that I know. (*Omega, Iota, and Oop rush about, putting books back on shelves.*)

NOODLE

: Where shall we go, sir?

THINK-TANK

: A hundred million miles away from Mars. Order the invasion fleet to evacuate the entire planet of Mars. We are heading for Alpha Centauri, a hundred million miles away. (*Omega, Iota, and Oop run off right as Noodle helps Think-Tank off left and the curtain closes. Spotlight shines on Historian down right.*)

: (chuckling) And that's how one dusty old book of nursery rhymes saved the world from a Martian invasion. As you all know, in the twenty-fifth century, five hundred years after all this happened, we Earthlings resumed contact with Mars, and we even became very friendly with the Martians. By that time, Great and Mighty Think-Tank had been replaced by a very clever Martian — the wise and wonderful Noodle! Oh, yes, we taught the Martians the difference between sandwiches and books. We taught them how to read, too, and we established a model library in their capital city of Marsopolis. But as you might expect, there is still one book that the Martians can never bring themselves to read. You've guessed it — *Mother Goose!* (*She bows and exits right.*)

CURTAIN

CLAIRE BOIKO

GLOSSARY

easel: wooden frame to support a blackboard or a picture

Zulus: an African ethnic group belonging to South Africa

apprentice: learner of a trade who has agreed to work for a certain period of time in return for being taught

peevishly: irritably

riffling: quickly turning over the pages of a book

barn: covered building for storing hay

haberdashery: shop which sells clothing, small articles of dress, pins, cotton, etc.

squiggles: scrawls; illegible writing or markings

decipher: find the meaning of something which is puzzling or difficult to understand

transcribe: write in full form from short-hand

levity: tendency to treat serious matters without respect; lack of seriousness

Think about it

1. Noodle avoids offending Think-Tank but at the same time he corrects his mistakes. How does he manage to do that?
2. If you were in Noodle's place, how would you handle Think-Tank's mistakes?
3. Do you think books are being replaced by the electronic media? Can we do away with books altogether?
4. Why are books referred to as a man's best companion? Which is your favourite book and why? Write a paragraph about that book.

Talk about it

1. In what ways does Think-Tank misinterpret innocent nursery rhymes as threats to the Martians? Can you think of any incidents where you misinterpreted a word or an action? How did you resolve the misunderstanding?
2. The aliens in this play speak English. Do you think this is their language? What could be the language of the aliens?

Suggested reading

- 'Diamond Cuts Diamond' by J.H. Parker
- 'The Cinderella Story' by Kenneth Lillington
- 'The Fun They Had' by Isaac Asimov

Answers given by Professor Yash Pal and Dr Rahul Pal

(see questions on page 38)

- (i) DNA exists as strands of bases that carry genetic information specific to each living thing. The sequence of bases of DNA in each of our cells is the same, but differs from that of any other living thing except possibly an identical twin. This difference makes the DNA break at different places when certain proteins called enzymes are added to it, resulting in smaller DNA fragments of different sizes. These fragments migrate at different rates in an electric field, resulting in a unique pattern; this pattern is referred to as a DNA fingerprint.

Our DNA is inherited from our parents. Some parts come from the father and some from the mother. DNA fingerprinting can help identify parentage, since a son or a daughter would always exhibit a pattern identifiable as coming from both parents. DNA fingerprinting analysis is very useful in forensic science; from a single hair or a tiny spot of blood, it is possible to prove the innocence or guilt of a murder suspect. Similarly, it is also possible to identify human remains after violent accidents have caused disfigurement.

It has been suggested that in the not so distant future, a DNA fingerprinting profile of the individual will have to accompany applications for an ID card, a bank account and a driving license. Human right groups say this type of "genetic profiling" constitutes an invasion of privacy. As with a lot of new technology, DNA fingerprinting also has a potential for abuse.

- (ii) Honeybees are very sophisticated at position location and navigation. It is known that they use the sun as a guide. They also appear to have a good memory. They convey the information of a new find of food to the hive through an amazingly clever dance language. The dance indicates the direction and distance of the food source with respect to the direction of the sun in the sky! If it is dark inside the hive and a light bulb is switched on, the dance is modified to include the light bulb as a new reference direction! Since bees have pictorial memory of some sort, a direction-finding mechanism and a way of reckoning distance, they are probably better equipped for getting back home than any of us!
- (iii) Rain is the result of condensation of vapour when the air is cooled below the dew point. All the vapour in a cloud cannot condense at the same time and turn into a large pool of water. Pockets of air move up independently and slowly cool till condensation begins and water droplets form. It is believed that most raindrops start out as tiny ice crystals — so tiny that they float down, slowly accreting more moisture on the way; at lower altitudes, the crystals melt into water droplets. In colder climates, the crystals reach the ground as snowflakes.

Notes

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