



State Council of Educational Research & Training  
Andhra Pradesh



Honeycomb

Textbook in English

Class VII



7

# Honeycomb

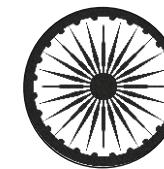
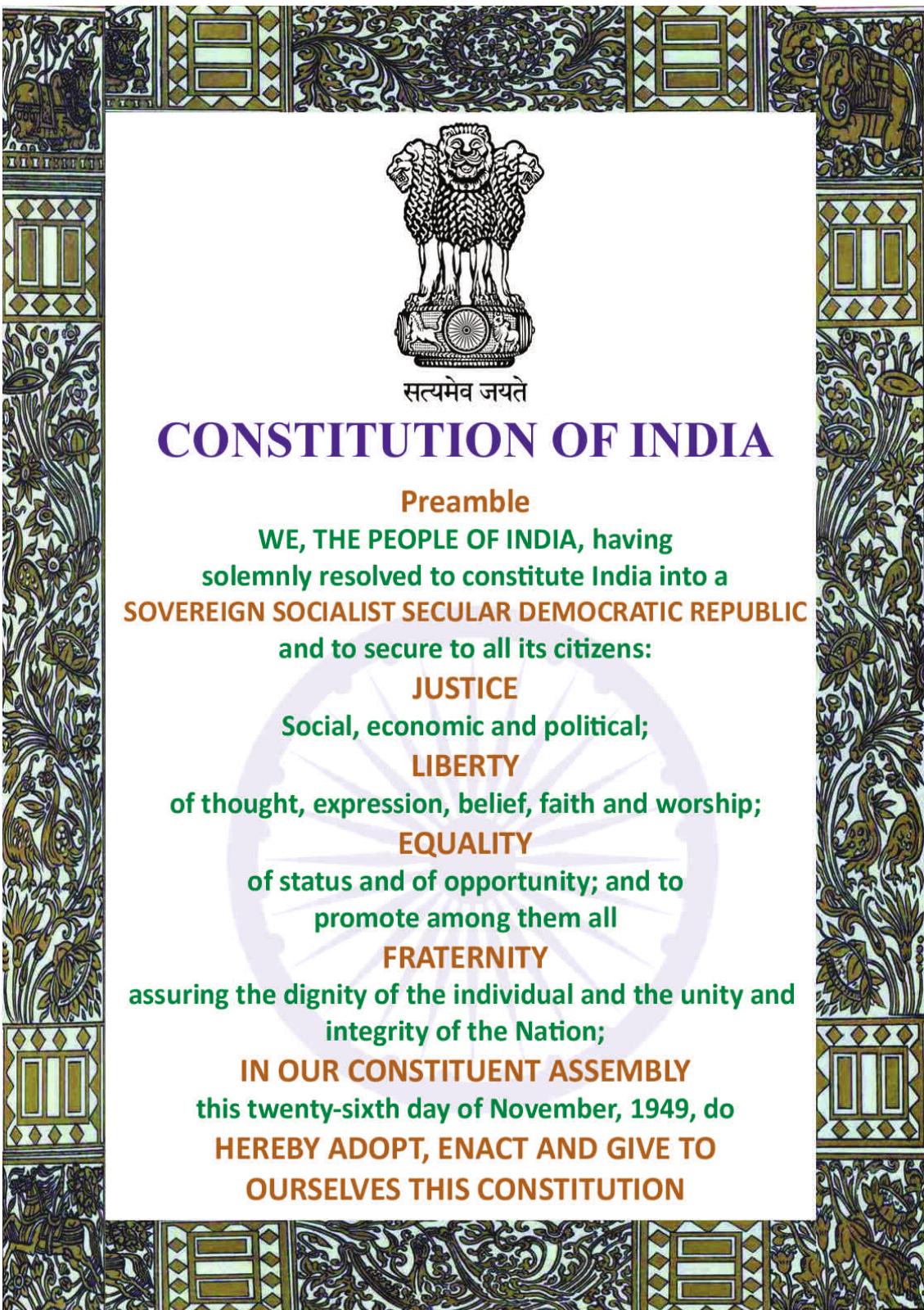
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TEXTBOOK IN ENGLISH  
FOR CLASS VII



0753



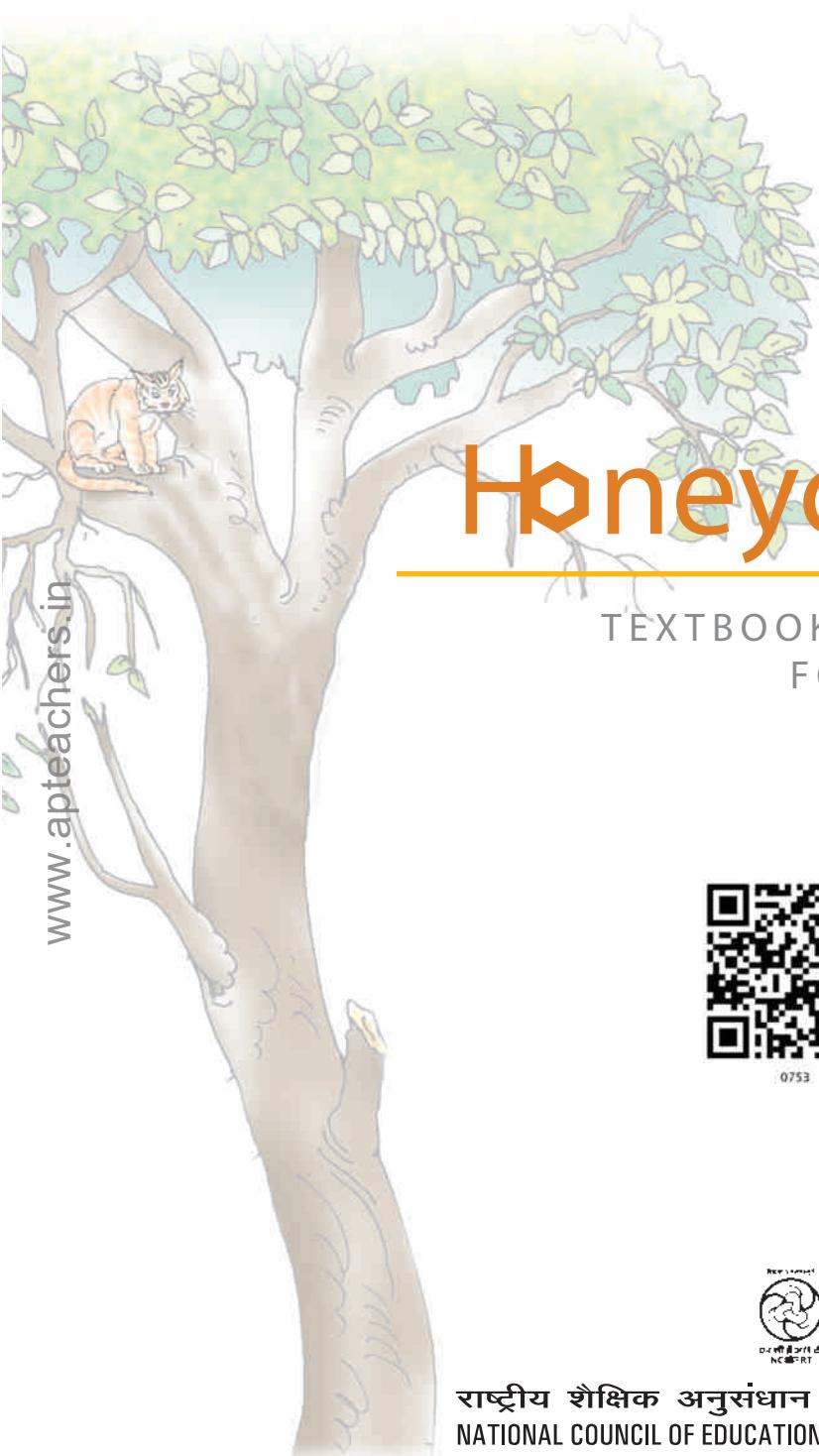


## FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES

**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 and wild life, and to have compassion for living creatures;
- (h) to develop the scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform;
- (i) to safeguard public property and to abjure violence.
- (j) to strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;
- (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;

- Constitution of India,  
Part IV A (Article 51 A)



# Honeycomb

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TEXTBOOK IN ENGLISH  
FOR CLASS VII



0753



राष्ट्रीय शैक्षिक अनुसंधान और प्रशिक्षण परिषद्  
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**753 – HONEYCOMB**

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# HONEY COMB

Text book in English For Class VII

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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 committee 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*

National Council of Educational  
Research and Training

New Delhi  
20 November 2006



## Foreword

The Government of Andhra Pradesh has unleashed a new era in school education by introducing extensive curricular reforms from the academic year 2021-22. The Government has taken up curricular reforms intending to enhance the learning outcomes of the children with focus on building solid foundational learning and to build up an environment conducive for an effective teaching-learning process. To achieve this objective, special care has been taken in designing the textbooks to achieve global standards.

As a part of curricular reforms Andhra Pradesh State Govt adopted NCERT Text Books for VII class from the academic year 2023-24. This English TB is a good source of learning but don't treat this text book as sole basis of examination. Language acquisition should be encouraged through different sources. Hence teachers are requested to encourage joyful learning through different activities and integrating technology. Activities like group discussions and for hands on experience should be encouraged to develop communication skills.

We are grateful to the Honourable Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh Sri Y.S.Jagan Mohan Reddy for being our source of inspiration to carry out such an extensive reforms in the field of education. We extend our gratitude to our Honourable Minister of Education Sri Botcha Satyanarayana for striving towards qualitative education. Our special thanks to Sri Praveen Prakash, IAS, Principal Secretary, School Education Sri S. Suresh Kumar IAS, Commissioner of School Education & State Project Director, Samagra Shiksha A.P, for their constant motivation and guidance.

Our sincere thanks to the Director NCERT, for designing the textbook and issueing copyrights to govt of Andhra Pradesh, we also thank our textbook writers, editors, artists and layout designers for their contribution and dedication in the development of this textbook.

Constructive feedback from the teachers and parents is invited for the refinement of the textbook.

Dr. B. Pratap Reddy  
Director  
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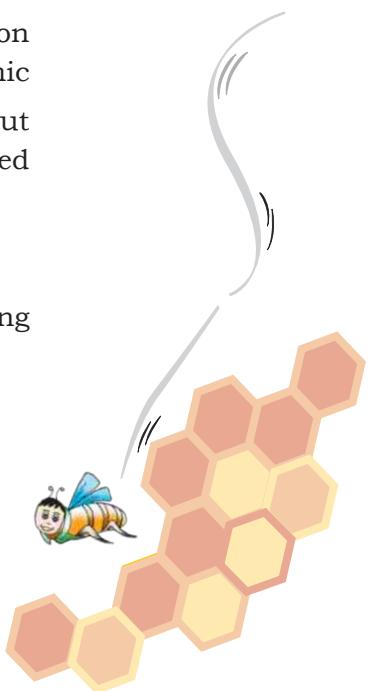
## Rationalisation of Content in the Textbooks

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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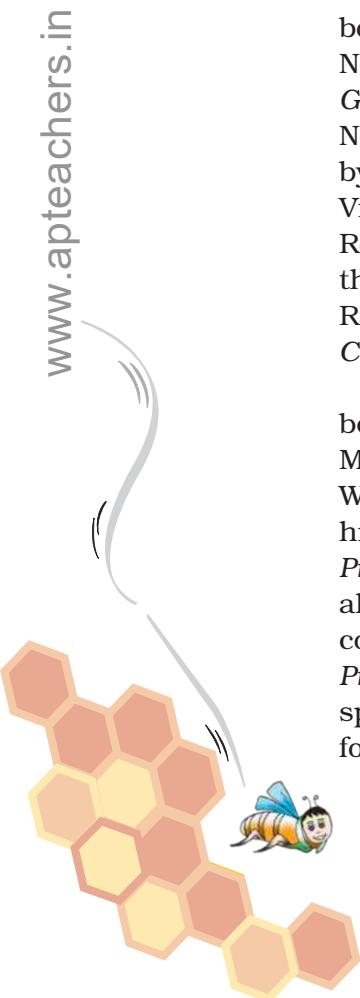


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For permission to reproduce copyright material in this book NCERT would like to thank the following: Rupa & Co., New Delhi for 'A Gift of Chappals' from *Mridu in Madras—Goruchaka Turns Up* by Vasantha Surya; Penguin Books, New Delhi for 'Expert Detectives' from *The Broken Flute* by Sharada Dwivedi; Puffin Books for 'The Invention of Vita-Wonk' from *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator* by Roald Dahl; Longman Group, UK Limited, for 'Gopal and the Hilsa Fish' from *Longman English 1* by R.B. Heath; and Ramachandra Guha for the 'The Story of Cricket' from *A Corner of a Foreign Field*, Picador.

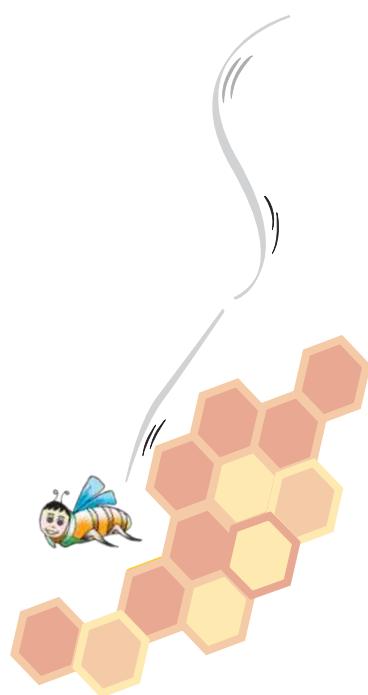
At the behest of the Ministry of Defence a chapter has been included in this textbook about the National War Memorial. We thank MoD for their support and guidance. We sincerely thank D.P. Saklani, *Director*, NCERT for his vision and motivation. We thank Gouri Srivastava, *Professor & Head*, DESS for coordinating with MoD. We also thank Sandhya Singh, *Professor & Head*, DEL for her constant support. Our sincere thanks go to Saryug Yadav, *Professor of English*, DEL, for giving valuable inputs. Our special thanks go to Kirti Kapur, *Professor of English*, DEL, for developing the content of the chapter. Thanks are also



due to Rekha Sharma and Naresh Kumar for type setting the chapter.

Every effort has been made to trace all copyright holders. We apologise for some omissions, and will gratefully acknowledge them as soon as they can be traced.

Special thanks are also due to the Publication Division, NCERT, for their support. NCERT also acknowledges the contributions made by Parash Ram Kaushik, *Incharge*, Computer Station; Razi Ahmad and Arvind Sharma, *DTP Operators*; and Mathew John and Shahzad Husain, *Proofreaders*.



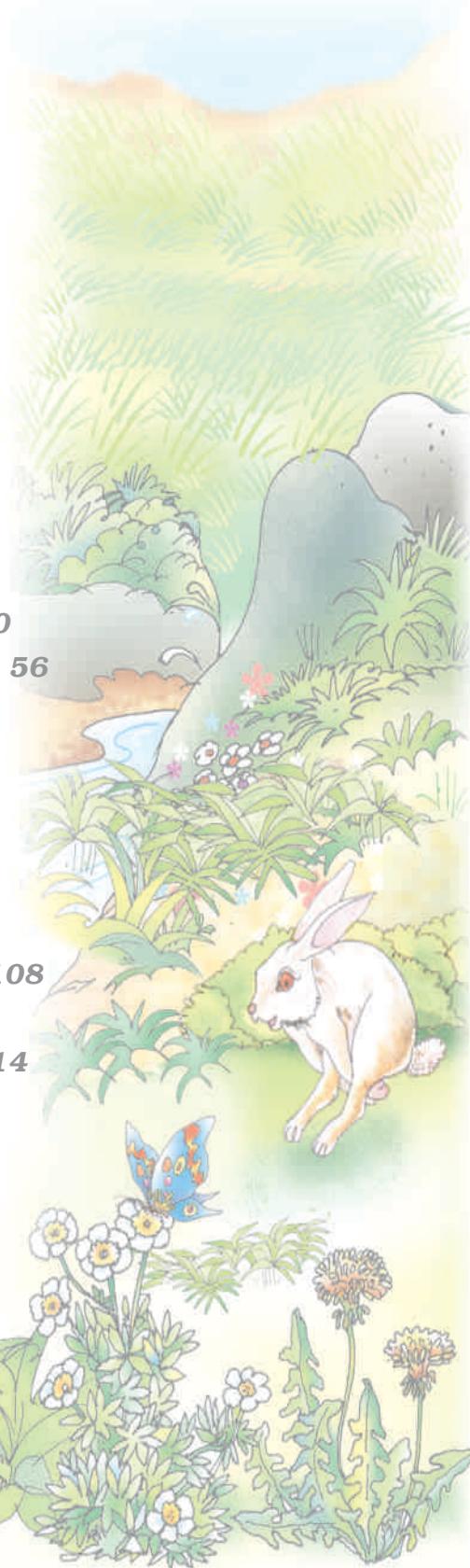
## Our National Anthem

*Jana-gana-mana adhinayaka, jaya he  
Bharata-bhagya-vidhata.  
Punjab-Sindh-Gujarat-Maratha  
Dravida-Utkala-Banga  
Vindhya-Himachala-Yamuna-Ganga  
Uchchhala-jaladhi-taranga.  
Tava shubha name jage,  
Tava shubha asisa mage,  
Gahe tava jaya gatha.  
Jana-gana-mangala-dayaka jaya he  
Bharata-bhagya-vidhata.  
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he,  
Jaya jaya jaya, jaya he!*

Our National Anthem, composed originally in Bangla by Rabindranath Tagore, was adopted in its Hindi version by the Constituent Assembly as the national anthem of India on 24 January 1950.

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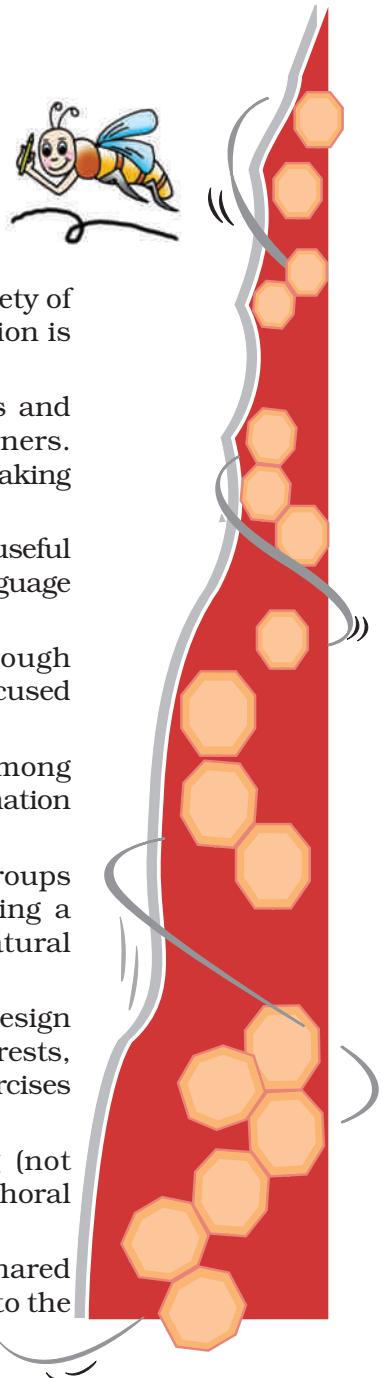
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## NOTES FOR THE TEACHER

### General

- ❖ Learning a language means using it for a wide variety of purposes. Language is best acquired when attention is focused on meaning, not on form.
- ❖ Words and phrases not closely related to objects and action remain empty and lifeless to young learners. Language comes alive when presented in meaning-making contexts.
- ❖ Words/phrases that are used to accomplish many useful purposes follow a certain system inherent in the language itself.
- ❖ Learners become familiar with the system through continuous exposure to the language in meaning-focused situations.
- ❖ Interaction, discussion and sharing of ideas among learners provide opportunities that elicit 'real' information about them and their experiences and opinions.
- ❖ Encourage learners to work in pairs and small groups and let them go beyond the textbook by providing a variety of language inputs for spontaneous and natural use of language.
- ❖ Build on the exercises given in the textbook and design more tasks/activities in keeping with learners' interests, needs and surroundings. Employ free-response exercises (with more than one possible response).
- ❖ Promote reading habits through story-reading (not merely teaching stories as texts), story-retelling, choral reading, shared reading, etc.
- ❖ Create class libraries for exchange of books and shared reading. The library may also move with children to the next higher class.





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- ❖ Introduce advertisement as a genre and discuss with the learners about advertisements on social concerns such as educating the girl child, protecting the environment, saving water.
- ❖ Poems need not be taught line by line, word by word. You may give a model reading but let every child read the poem on her/his own to feel the richness of language, rhythm and music of words. Exercises accompanying the poem are more for understanding the poem as a whole than for teaching language items.
- ❖ Encourage learners to tell new stories, narrate anecdotes, compose short poems in English or their own language, talk about pictures, illustrations in the book and cartoons in newspapers/magazines. Don't get anxious about the errors they will make. Constant exposure, practice and correction in the form of feedback will help them improve themselves by and by.
- ❖ Every page has a column for words and meanings. Encourage children to write down other words they find difficult, along with their meanings, in this column.

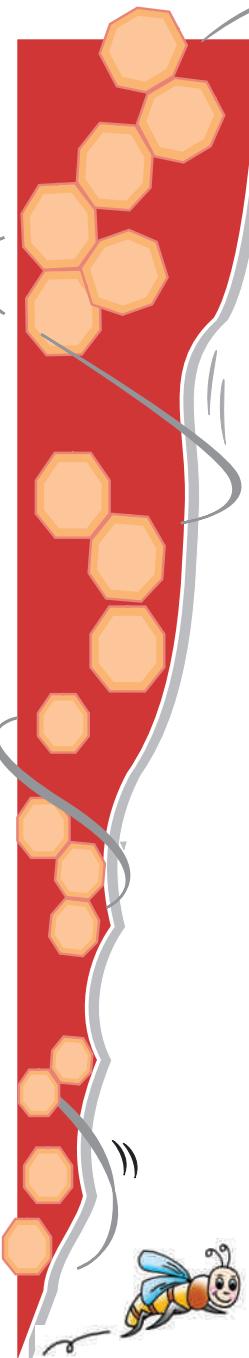
**UNITS 1–3**



**Three Questions**

Some suggestions given below are applicable to all prose lessons in the book.

- ❖ A Tolstoy story — the three questions in the opening paragraph, though philosophical in nature, may be of practical significance to individuals in self-realisation and value inculcation.
- ❖ Spend about 10 minutes discussing the questions the king asks. Let children express their views. Even if their observations do not reveal any understanding of the questions, the discussion session will provide an excellent base for the work to follow.
- ❖ The story is sectioned in two parts. Each part may be sectioned further according to convenience and time available.
- ❖ 'Comprehension Check' at the end of each section is a recall of what they have read so far. Design while-reading comprehension exercises in the form of factual





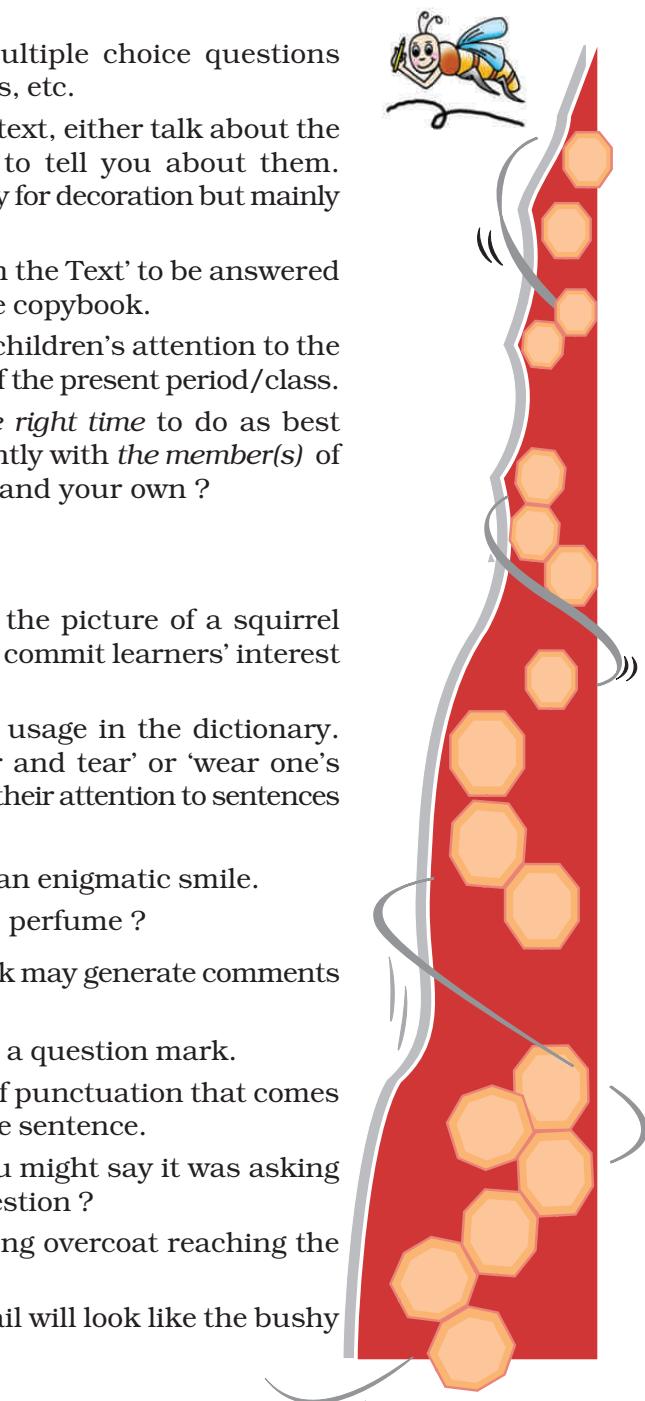
comprehension questions, multiple choice questions and/or completion of sentences, etc.

- ❖ While covering portions of the text, either talk about the illustrations or ask children to tell you about them. Illustrations are there not merely for decoration but mainly for comprehension.
- ❖ Questions under 'Working with the Text' to be answered orally, later to be written in the copybook.
- ❖ At the end of the lesson, draw children's attention to the three questions in the context of the present period/class.

Isn't the present period *the right time* to do as best you can the task in hand jointly with *the member(s)* of the group for her/his *good* and your own ?

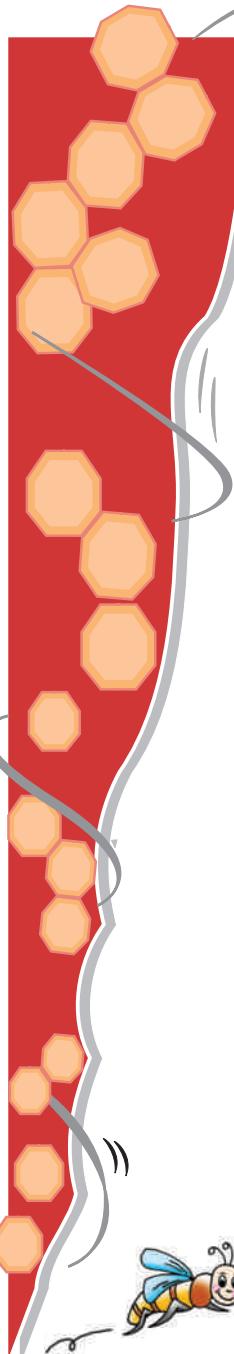
### **The Squirrel**

- ❖ Drawing a squirrel or finding the picture of a squirrel and describing it variously will commit learners' interest to the poem they are reading.
- ❖ Help them find 'wear' and its usage in the dictionary. Avoid fixed phrases like 'wear and tear' or 'wear one's heart on one's sleeve', etc. Draw their attention to sentences like the following.
  - She *wore* a plain dress but an enigmatic smile.
  - Should a man *wear* a lady's perfume ?
- ❖ The illustration given in the book may generate comments such as the following.
  - The squirrel's tail looks like a question mark.
  - It reminds me of the mark of punctuation that comes at the end of an interrogative sentence.
  - Looking at this squirrel, you might say it was asking a question. What is the question ?
  - The squirrel is wearing a long overcoat reaching the tip of its tail.
  - If it begins to run now, its tail will look like the bushy end of a painter's brush.





## 4/HONEYCOMB



- ❖ Speak the words given below. Ask children to write the word and against it two new words that rhyme.

gray	<hr/> <hr/>
mark	<hr/> <hr/>
went	<hr/> <hr/>
nut	<hr/> <hr/>



### A Gift of Chappals

- ❖ Children's world — their spontaneity and imagination, ability to see contradictions in normal behaviour and moving acts of charity.
- ❖ While covering sections and sub-sections of the text, focus on situations in which children see themselves.
- ❖ Elicit their comments on, and reactions to, Ravi's exaggerations about the kitten's ancestry, children cleverly feeding the kitten and Mridu and Meena's final act of charity. Focus on values such as sincerity, care and compassion as exemplified in the episodes.
- ❖ Under 'Working with Language', highlight some points about the use of if-clauses.
  - (i) An if-clause, also known as a conditional clause, expresses a condition or cause whose result/effect is felt in the second part of the sentence.
  - (ii) If the verb in the if-clause is in the present tense, the other clause normally has 'will + verb'.
  - (iii) An if-clause can be placed either at the beginning or at the end of the main clause.
    - I'll come to your house if it doesn't rain.  
Or
    - If it doesn't rain, I'll come to your house.
- ❖ Activity 2 under 'Speaking and Writing' lends itself to picking up appropriate language to learn and practise life skills such as decision-making, negotiating, persuading, etc. Let all the children in pairs/groups perform this activity. Help them, wherever necessary, with appropriate language use.



### The Rebel

- ❖ Activity 1 is a combination of open-ended as well as text-based responses. Items (ii) and (iii) entail recalling/looking at the appropriate lines in the poem whereas (i), (iv), (v) and (vi) are discussion points.
- ❖ Let children read Introduction to the poem silently and find the desired word. The significance of the title will, then, become amply clear.
- ❖ The poem contains 15 couplets. Each couplet may be recited as an independent unit.
- ❖ Ask children if they think the last couplet expresses the poet's own opinion and comment.
- ❖ Relate the last couplet to the discussion item (vi) under Activity 1.

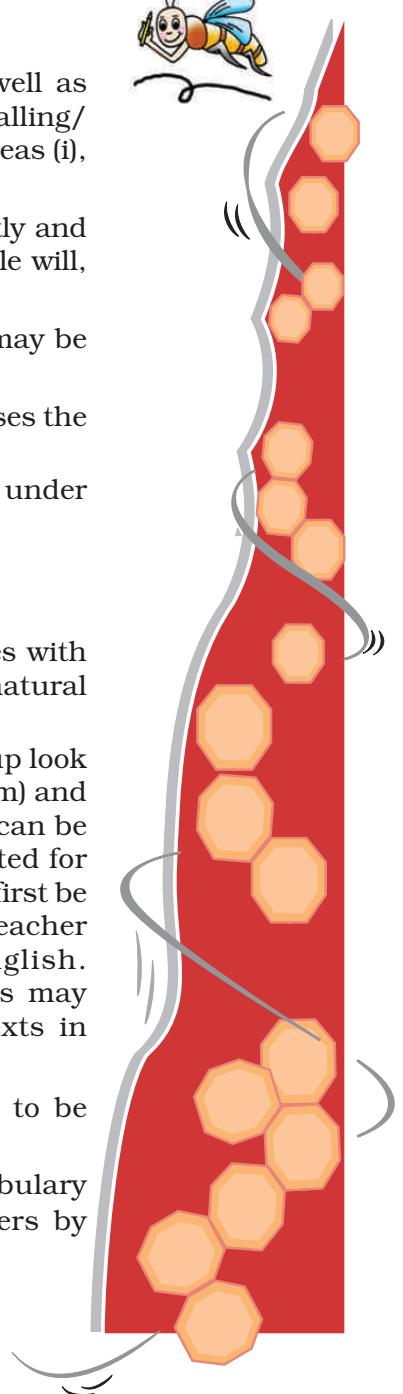


### Gopal and the Hilsa Fish

- ❖ A comic story to be understood through pictures with strips of text for support. Children will have a natural enthusiasm for this new kind of material.
- ❖ Divide the class into small groups. Let each group look at and describe a set of pictures (assigned to them) and construct their own text. Texts thus produced can be put together to form a complete story, to be edited for coherence and accuracy. If necessary, texts may first be produced in the child's own language, and the teacher can help them to reformulate these in English. Conversely, for children fluent in English, this may be an opportunity to formulate equivalent texts in their own languages.
- ❖ Picture reading under 'Speaking and Writing' to be attempted in the same manner.
- ❖ Word ladder provides an opportunity for vocabulary building. Elicit the required word from learners by providing a set of synonyms for it.

cross: angry, annoyed, displeased

tiny: small, little, negligible





# The Shed

- ❖ Ask children to look for words/phrases in the poem suggesting the neglected state of the shed like “spider’s web hanging”, “rusty” in the first stanza. There are four more in the second stanza.
  - ❖ Let children cull out three or four pairs of rhyming words that come at the end of lines.
  - ❖ Activity 2 will generate a lot of individual contributions. Children may even make up spooky stories and quote them as ‘real’ experiences. Show interest and belief in each anecdote.

## **For the Teacher**

Have a discussion in the class on the wordle given below. Sensitise the learners towards digital mode of payment.





1

**Before you read**

**A king has three questions and he is seeking answers to them. What are the questions? Does the king get what he wants?**



## Three Questions

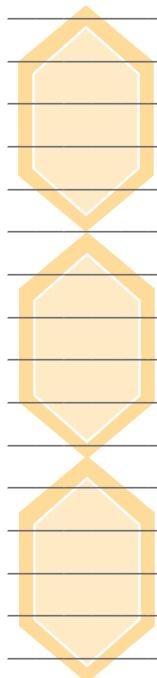
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**T**he thought came to a certain king that he would never fail if he knew three things. These three things were: What is the right time to begin something? Which people should he listen to? What is the most important thing for him to do?

The king, therefore, sent messengers throughout his kingdom, promising a large sum of money to anyone who would answer these three questions.

Many wise men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

In reply to the first question, some said the king must prepare a timetable, and then follow it strictly. Only in this way, they said, could he do everything at its proper time. Others said that it was impossible to decide in advance the right time for doing something. The king should notice all that was going on, avoid foolish pleasures, and





**council:** a group of people chosen to give advice or to make rules



**councillors:** members of the council



**hermit:** a person who lives alone and leads a simple life

**wood/woods:** a small forest

always do whatever seemed necessary at that time. Yet others said that the king needed a council of wise men who would help him act at the proper time. This was because one man would find it impossible to decide correctly, without help from others, the right time for every action.

But then others said that there were some things which could be urgent. These things could not wait for the decision of the council. In order to decide the right time for doing something, it is necessary to look into the future. And only magicians could do that. The king, therefore, would have to go to magicians.

In their answers to the second question, some said that the people most necessary to the king were his councillors; others said, the priests. A few others chose the doctors. And yet others said that his soldiers were the most necessary.

To the third question, some said science. Others chose fighting, and yet others religious worship.

As the answers to his questions were so different, the king was not satisfied and gave no reward. Instead, he decided to seek the advice of a certain hermit, who was widely known for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never left. He saw no one but simple people, and so the king put on ordinary clothes. Before he reached the hermit's hut the king left his horse with his bodyguard, and went on alone.

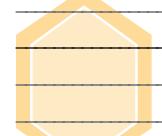
As the king came near the hermit's hut, he saw the hermit digging the ground in front of his



hut. He greeted the king and continued digging. The hermit was old and weak, and as he worked, he breathed heavily.



The king went up to the hermit and said, "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I need most? And what affairs are the most important?"



**affairs:**  
things;  
matters;  
business



The hermit listened to the king, but did not speak. He went on digging. "You are tired," said the king. "Let me take the spade and work in your place."

"Thanks," said the hermit, giving the king his spade. Then he sat down on the ground.





**beds :** small patches of ground for plants



**fainted:** lost consciousness

When the king had dug two beds, he stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit gave no answer, but stood up, stretching out his hand for the spade, and said, "Now you rest, and let me work."

But the king did not give him the spade and continued to dig.

One hour passed, then another. The sun went down behind the trees, and at last the king stuck the spade into the ground and said, "I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me no answer, tell me so and I will return home."

"Here comes someone running," said the hermit.



### Comprehension Check

1. Why did the king want to know answers to three questions?
2. Messengers were sent throughout the kingdom
  - (i) to fetch wise men.
  - (ii) to find answers to the questions.
  - (iii) to look for the wise hermit.
  - (iv) to announce a reward for those who could answer the questions.

Mark your choice.

## II

The king turned round and saw a bearded man running towards them. His hands were pressed against his stomach, from which blood was flowing. When he reached the king he fainted and fell to the ground. The king and the hermit

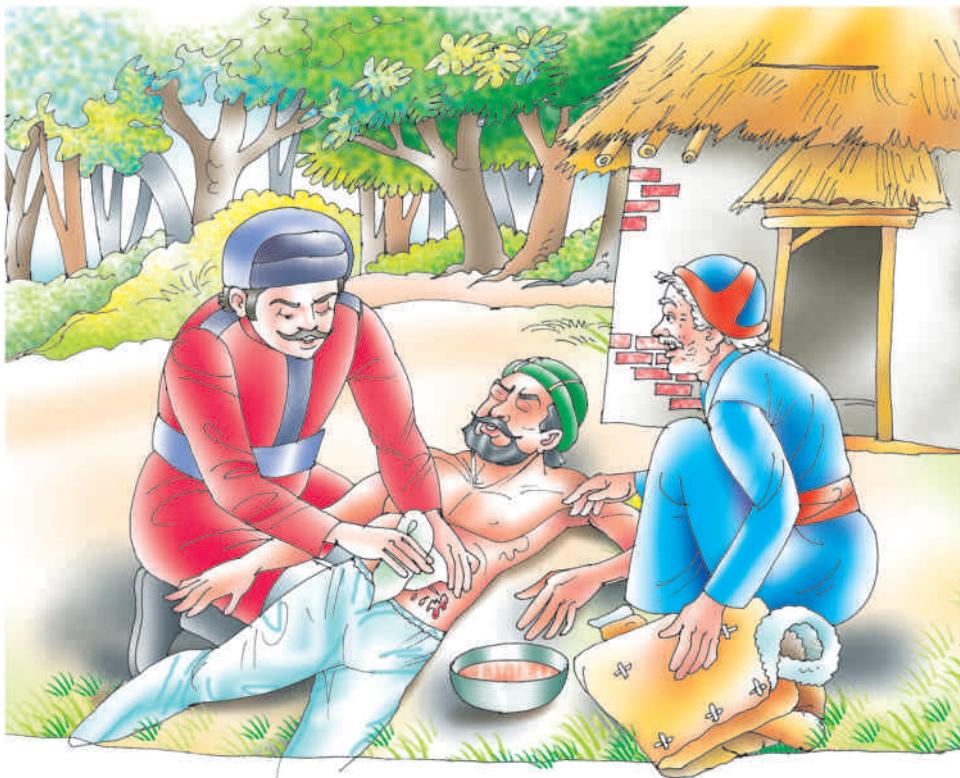


removed the man's clothing and found a large wound in his stomach. The king washed and covered it with his handkerchief, but the blood would not stop flowing. The king re-dressed the wound until at last the bleeding stopped.

The man felt better and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. By this time the sun had set and the air was cool. The king with the hermit's help carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. The man closed his eyes and lay quiet. The king, tired by his walk and the work he had done, lay down on the floor and slept through the night. When he awoke, it was several minutes before he could remember



**re-dressed:**  
dressed  
again





**seized:** took by force

**faithful:** loyal and true

where he was or who the strange bearded man lying on the bed was.

“Forgive me!” said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake.

“I do not know you and have nothing to forgive you for,” said the king.

“You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore revenge on you, because you put my brother to death and seized my property. I knew you had gone alone to see that hermit, and I made up my mind to kill you on your way home. But the day passed and you did not return. So I left my hiding-place, and I came upon your bodyguard, who recognised me and wounded me. I escaped from him but I should have died if you had not dressed my wounds. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, I will serve you as your most faithful servant and will order my sons to do the same. Forgive me!”

The king was very happy to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have won him over as a friend. He not only forgave him but said he would send his servants and his own doctor to look after him, and he promised to give back the man his property.

Leaving the wounded man, the king went out of the hut and looked round for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to get answers to his questions. The hermit was on his knees sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before. The king went up to the hermit and said, “For the last time I beg you to answer my questions, wise man.”



“You have already been answered!” said the hermit still bending down to the ground and looking up at the king as he stood before him.

“How have I been answered? What do you mean?”

“Do you not see?” replied the hermit. “If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday and had not dug these beds for me, you would have gone away. Then that man would have attacked you and you would have wished you had stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds. And I was the most important man, and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when the man ran to us, the most important time was when you were caring for him, because if you had not dressed his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business.

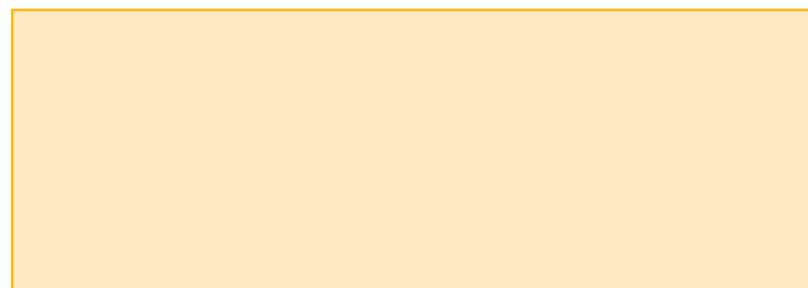
“Remember then, there is only one time that is important and that time is ‘Now’. It is the most important time because it is the only time we have any power to act.

“The most necessary person is the person you are with at a particular moment, for no one knows what will happen in the future and whether we will meet anyone else. The most important business is to do that person good, because we were sent into this world for that purpose alone.”

LEO TOLSTOY  
*[retold]*



14/HONEYCOMB





THREE QUESTIONS / 15



16/HONEYCOMB



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## 2

***Before you read***

0753CH02

Mridu is a young girl growing up in Madras (now called Chennai) with Tapi, her grandmother, and Thatha, her grandfather. One afternoon Tapi takes her to her aunt Rukku Manni's house to meet her cousins Lalli, Ravi and Meena.

## A Gift of Chappals



## I

**A** smiling Rukku Manni threw open the door. Ravi and Meena rushed out, and Ravi pulled Mridu into the house. "Wait, let me take off my slippers," protested Mridu. She set them out neatly near a pair of large black ones. Those were grey, actually, with dust. You could see the clear mark of every toe on the front part of each slipper. The marks for the two big toes were long and scrawny.

Mridu didn't have much time to wonder about whose slippers they were, because Ravi dragged her to the backyard, behind a thick bitter-berry bush. There, inside a torn football lined with sacking and filled with sand, lay a very small kitten, lapping up milk from a coconut half-shell.

"We found him outside the gate this morning. He was mewing and mewing, poor thing," said

**scrawny:**  
thin  
(suggesting  
skinny toes)

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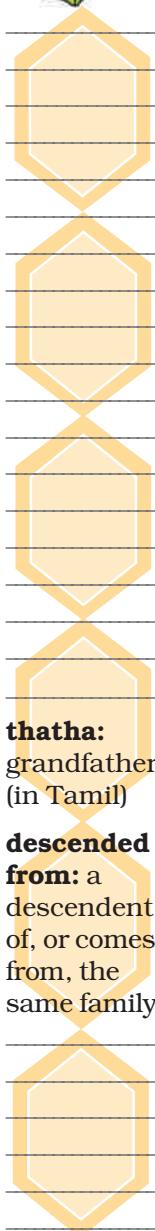
Meena. "It's a secret. Amma says Paati will leave for our Paddu Mama's house if she knows we have a cat."

"People are always telling us to be kind to animals, but when we are, they scream. 'Ooh, don't bring that dirty creature here!'" said Ravi. "Do you know how hard it is just to get a little milk from the kitchen? Paati saw me with a glass in my hand just now. I told her I'm very hungry, I want to drink it, but the way she looked at me! I had to drink most of it to throw her off the scent. Then she wanted the tumbler back. 'Paati, Paati, I'll wash it myself, why should I put you to trouble', I told her. I had to run and pour the



**Paati:**  
grandmother  
(in Tamil)

**throw her off the scent:**  
mislead her so that she won't understand the real purpose



**thatha:**  
grandfather  
(in Tamil)

**descended from:** a  
descendent of, or comes  
from, the  
same family

milk into this coconut shell and then run back and wash the tumbler and put it back before she got really suspicious. Now we have to think of some other way to feed Mahendran.”

“Mahendran? This little kitty’s name is Mahendran?” Mridu was impressed! It was a *real* name—not just a cute kitty-cat name.

“Actually his full name is Mahendravarma Pallava Poonai. M.P. Poonai for short if you like. He’s a fine breed of cat. Just look at his fur. Like a lion’s mane! And you know what the emblem of the ancient Pallava kings was, don’t you?” he looked expectantly at Mridu.

Mridu giggled.

“Think I’m joking? Well, just wait. I’ll show you sometime. It’s clear you don’t know a thing about history. Haven’t been to Mahabalipuram, have you?” he said mysteriously. “Well, when our class went to Mahabalipuram, I saw a statue of his thatha’s thatha’s thatha’s thatha’s thatha’s... etcetera, etcetera... Fact is, Mahendran here is descended from that very same ancient cat. A close relative, scientifically speaking, of none other than the lion. The Pallava lion, emblem of the Pallava dynasty!” Ravi went on, walking around the bitter-berry bush, waving a twig up and down, his eyes sparkling. “This cat is a descendant of none other than the Mahabalipuram Rishi-Cat! And if I may just remind you, they worshipped cats in ancient Egypt!”



How he loved the sound of his own voice!  
Meena and Mridu exchanged looks.

"What does that have to do with anything?"  
Mridu demanded.

"Huh! I'm telling you this cat is descended...  
from the Egyptian cat-god... no, goddess! Bastet!  
Ya! That's it!"

"So?"

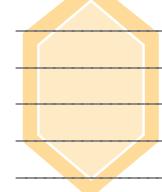
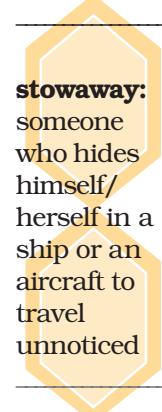
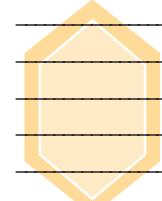
"Well, one of the descendants of that cat-goddess  
was a stowaway in one of the Pallava ships, and *his*  
descendant was the Mahabalipuram Rishi-Cat,  
whose descendant is—" Ravi flourished his twig at  
Mahendran "—M.P. Poonai here... whoop EEK!" he  
shrieked, very pleased with himself.

Mahendran looked up, alarmed. He had just  
been sharpening his claws on the edge of the  
coconut shell. But worse than Ravi's awful  
whoop EEK was a 'Kreech...!' from the window.  
What a weird sound! If Mridu was startled,  
M.P. Poonai was frightened out of his wits.  
Hair standing on end, he bounced up and  
scurried towards a bamboo tray of red chillies  
that had been set out to dry. Trying to hide  
beneath it, he tipped a few chillies over himself.  
"Mi-a-aw!" he howled miserably.

The 'kreeching' went on and on. "What's that  
noise?" said Mridu.

"That's Lalli learning to play the violin,"  
grunted Ravi.

"She'll never learn a thing. The music-  
master just goes on playing like a train  
whizzing on and on, while Lalli's all the time  
derailing! Going completely off track!"





### Comprehension Check

1. What is the secret that Meena shares with Mridu in the backyard?
2. How does Ravi get milk for the kitten?
3. Who does he say the kitten's ancestors are? Do you believe him?
4. Ravi has a lot to say about M.P.Poonai. This shows that
  - (i) he is merely trying to impress Mridu.
  - (ii) his knowledge of history is sound.
  - (iii) he has a rich imagination.
  - (iv) he is an intelligent child.
 Which of these statements do you agree/disagree to?
5. What was the noise that startled Mridu and frightened Mahendran?

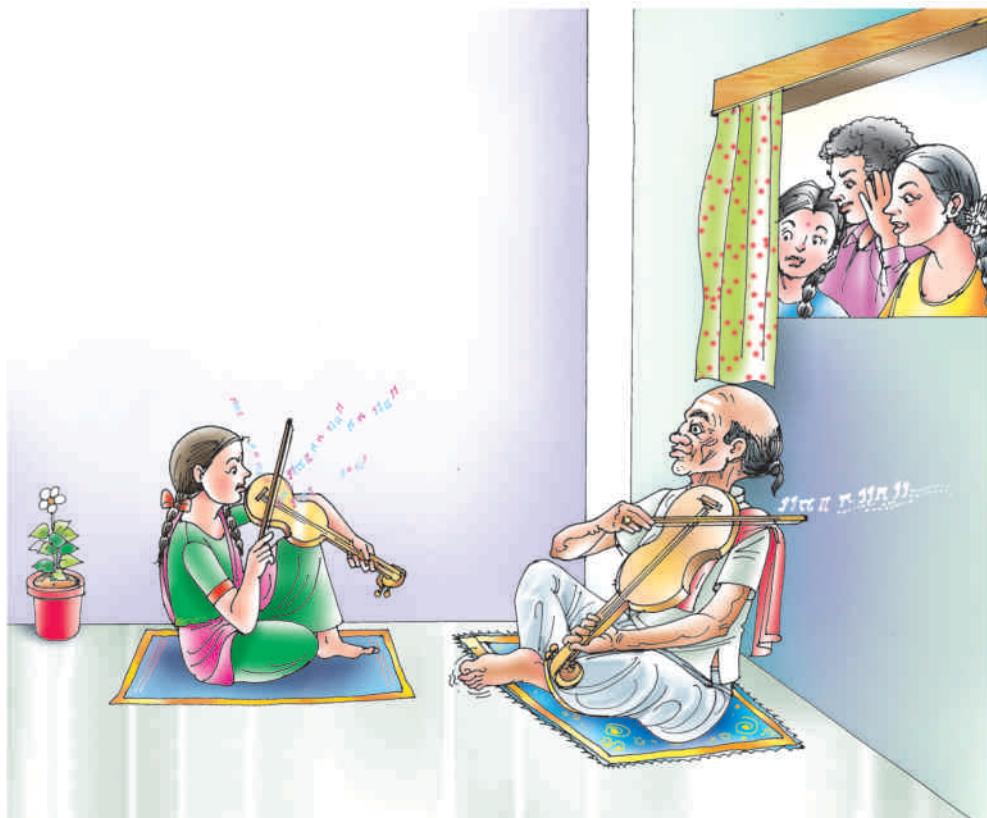
## II

Mridu crept up to the window. Lalli was sitting a little distance away, awkwardly holding her violin and bowstring, her elbows jutting out and her eyes glazed with concentration. In front of her, with most of his back to the window, was the bony figure of the music-master. He had a mostly bald head with a fringe of oiled black hair falling around his ears and an old-fashioned tuft. A gold chain gleamed around his leathery neck, and a diamond ring glittered on his hand as it glided up and down the stem of the violin. A large foot stuck out from beneath his gold-bordered *veshti* edge, and he was beating time on the floor with the scrawny big toe.

He played a few notes. Lalli stumbled behind him on her violin, which looked quite helpless

**glided:**  
moved along smoothly

**veshti:**  
dhoti (in Tamil)  
**stumbled:**  
followed haltingly



and unhappy in her hands. What a difference! The music-master's notes seemed to float up and settle perfectly into the invisible tracks of the melody. It was like the wheels of a train fitting smoothly into the rails and whizzing along, as Ravi said. Mridu stared at that huge, beringed hand moving effortlessly up the violin's stem, making lovely music.

*Squawk!* There was Lalli derailing again!

“Amma!” came a wail from the gate. “Amma-oh!”

“Ravi, send that beggar away!” cried his mother from the back verandah, where she was chatting



**beringed:**  
The music-  
master is  
wearing a  
ring.



with Tapi. “He has been coming here every day for the past week, and it’s time he found another house to beg from!” Paati explained to Tapi.

Mridu and Meena followed Ravi out. The beggar was already in the garden, making himself quite at home. He had spread his upper cloth under the neem tree, and was leaning against its trunk, apparently prepared to take a little snooze while he waited for the alms to appear. “Go away!” said Ravi sternly. “My Paati says it’s time you found another house to beg from!”

The beggar opened his eyes very wide and gazed at each of the children one by one. “The ladies of this house,” he said, at last, in a voice choked with feeling, “are very kind souls. I have kept my body and soul together on their generosity for a whole week. I cannot believe that they would turn me away.” He raised his voice. “Amma! Amma-oh!” Sad his wail might be, but it certainly wasn’t feeble. It began in a deep, strong rumble somewhere in his withered belly, and came booming out of his mouth, with its few remaining teeth stained brown with betel-chewing.

“Ravi, tell him there’s nothing left in the kitchen!” called Rukku Manni. “And he’s not to come again—tell him that!” She sounded fed up.

Ravi didn’t have to repeat it all to the beggar. What his mother said had been easy for them all to hear, there under the neem tree. The beggar sat up and sighed.

“I’ll go, I’ll go!” he said wearily. “Only let me have a rest here under this tree. The sun is so hot, the tar has melted on the road. My feet are already



blistered.” He stretched out his feet to show large, pink, peeling blisters on the soles of his bare feet.

“I suppose he doesn’t have the money to buy chappals,” Mridu whispered to Meena–Ravi. “Have you got an old pair in the house somewhere?”

“I don’t know,” said Ravi. “Mine are too small to fit his feet, or I’d have given them to him.” And his feet were larger than Mridu’s and Meena’s.

The beggar was shaking out his upper cloth and tightening his dhoti. He raised his eyes and looked fearfully at the road, gleaming in the afternoon heat.

“He needs something on his feet!” Meena said, her big eyes filling. “It’s not fair!”

“Ssh!” said Ravi. “I’m thinking about it! Blubbering, ‘it’s not fair, it’s not fair’ isn’t going to help. In two minutes he’ll be frying his feet on that road. What he needs is a pair of chappals. So where do we get them? Come, let’s search the house.” He pushed Mridu and Meena into the house.

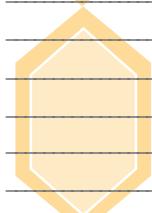
Just as she stepped into the verandah, Mridu’s eyes fell on the odd-looking chappals she had noticed when she arrived.

“Ravi!” she whispered to him. “Whose are those?”

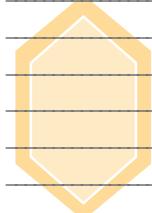
Ravi turned and glanced at the shabby-looking, but sturdy old slippers. He beamed and nodded. “These are just the right size,” he said, picking them up. Mridu and Meena followed him nervously back into the garden.



**blisters:**  
boils/  
bubbles on  
the skin,  
from burns  
or rubbing



**eyes**  
**filling:** with  
tears





**unappreciative:**  
disapproving

"Here!" said Ravi to the beggar, dropping the slippers in front of the old man. "Wear these and don't come back!" The beggar stared at the slippers, hurriedly flung his towel over his shoulder, pushed his feet into them and left, muttering a blessing to the children. In a minute he had vanished around the corner of the street.

The music-master came out of the house and took an unappreciative look at the three of them sitting quietly under the tree, playing marbles. Then he searched for his chappals in the verandah, where he had put them.

"Lalli!" he called, after a few moments. She hurried up to him. "Have you seen my chappals, my dear? I remember having kept them here!"

Ravi, Mridu, and Meena silently watched Lalli and the music-master search every corner of the verandah. He scurried around, looking over the railing and crouching near the flower pots to look between them. "Brand new, they were! I went all the way to Mount Road to buy them!" he went on saying. "They cost a whole month's fees, do you know?"

Soon Lalli went in to tell her mother. Rukku Manni appeared, looking harassed, with Paati following her.

"Where could they be? It's really quite upsetting to think someone might have stolen them. So many vendors come to the door," worried Paati.

Rukku Manni caught sight of Ravi, Mridu, and Meena sitting under the tree. "Have you children..." she began, and then, seeing they were



curiously quiet, went on more slowly, “seen anyone lurking around the verandah?” A sharp V-shaped line had formed between her eyebrows. Another straight, tighter one appeared in place of her usually soft, pleasant mouth. Rukku Manni was angry! thought Mridu with a shiver. She wouldn’t be so upset if she knew about the poor beggar with sores on his feet, she tried to tell herself.

Taking a deep breath, she cried, “Rukku Manni, there was a beggar here. Poor thing, he had such boils on his feet!”

“So?” said Rukku Manni grimly, turning to Ravi. “You gave the music-master’s chappals to that old beggar who turns up here?”

“Children these days...!” groaned Paati.

“Amma, didn’t you tell me about Karna who gave away everything he had, even his gold earrings, he was so kind and generous?”

“Silly!” snapped Rukku Manni. “Karna didn’t give away other people’s things, he only gave away his own.”

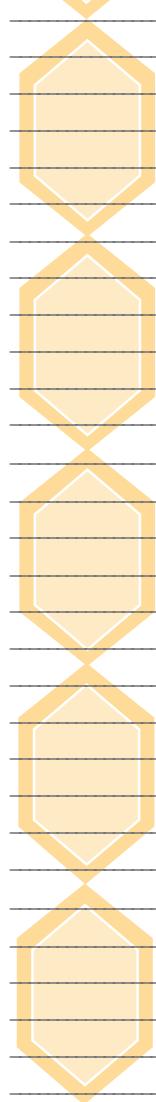
“But my chappals wouldn’t have fitted the beggar’s feet...” Ravi rushed brashly on, “And Amma, if they did fit, would you really not have minded?”

“Ravi!” said Rukku Manni, very angry now. “Go inside this minute.”

She hurried indoors and brought out Gopu Mama’s hardly worn, new chappals. “These should fit you, Sir. Please put these on. I am so sorry. My son has been very naughty.” The music-master’s eyes lit up. He put them on, trying not to look too happy. “Well, I suppose these will have



**lurking:**  
waiting  
quietly  
(without  
attracting  
attention)




**clattered**

**off:** gone off noisily (with the noise or clatter of chappals)

to do... These days children have no respect for elders, what to do? A Hanuman incarnate... only Rama can save such a naughty fellow!" Rukku Manni's eyes flashed. She didn't seem to like Ravi being called a monkey, even a holy monkey. She stood stiff and straight by the front door. It was clear she wanted him to leave quickly.

When he had clattered off in his new chappals, she said, "Mridu, come in and have some tiffin. Honestly, how do you children think of such things? Thank God your Gopu Mama doesn't wear his chappals to work..." As she walked towards the kitchen with Mridu and Meena, she suddenly began to laugh. "But he's always in such a hurry to throw off his shoes and socks and get into his chappals as soon as he comes home. What's your Mama going to say this evening when I tell him I gave his chappals to the music-master?"

VASANTHA SURYA

[from Mridu in Madras:  
Goruchaka Turns Up]


**Comprehension Check**

1. The music master is making lovely music. Read aloud the sentence in the text that expresses this idea.
2. Had the beggar come to Rukku Manni's house for the first time? Give reasons for your answer.
3. "A sharp V-shaped line had formed between her eyebrows." What does it suggest to you about Rukku Manni's mood?



A GIFT OF CHAPPALS/29



30/HONEYCOMB





A GIFT OF CHAPPALS/31



- (ii) What do you like in general?  
*I like...*
- (iii) Do you play any game?  
*I don't like...*
- (iv) Would you mind if I listened to music after dinner?  
*I wouldn't...*
- (v) Will it be all right if I...?  
*It's fine with me...*
- (vi) Is there anything you dislike, particularly?  
*Well, I can't share...*
- (vii) Do you like to attend parties?  
*Oh, I...*
- (viii) Would you say you are...?  
*I think...*



## The Rebel

*Do you know anyone who always disagrees with you or your friends, or likes to do the opposite of what everyone thinks they should do? Think of a word to describe such a person. Discuss with your partner some of the things such a person generally does.*

*Now read the poem.*

When everybody has short hair,  
The rebel lets his hair grow long.

When everybody has long hair,  
The rebel cuts his hair short.

When everybody talks during the lesson,  
The rebel doesn't say a word.

When nobody talks during the lesson,  
The rebel creates a disturbance.

When everybody wears a uniform,  
The rebel dresses in fantastic clothes.

When everybody wears fantastic clothes,  
The rebel dresses soberly.

In the company of dog lovers,  
The rebel expresses a preference for cats.

In the company of cat lovers,  
The rebel puts in a good word for dogs.





2. Find in the poem an antonym (a word opposite in meaning) for each of the following words.

- (i) long \_\_\_\_\_
- (ii) grow \_\_\_\_\_
- (iii) quietness \_\_\_\_\_
- (iv) sober \_\_\_\_\_
- (v) lost \_\_\_\_\_

3. Find in the poem lines that match the following. Read both one after the other.

- (i) The rebel refuses to cut his hair.
- (ii) He says cats are better.
- (iii) He recommends dogs.
- (iv) He is unhappy because there is no sun.
- (v) He is noisy on purpose.

### **Tutor Tooted**

A Tutor who tooted a flute  
 Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.  
 Said the two to their tutor,  
 "Is it harder to toot  
 Or to tutor two tooters to toot?"

3

**Before you read**



0753CH03

Have you ever read a comic book? A comic book contains stories told mainly through pictures.



## Gopal and the Hilsa-fish



IT WAS THE SEASON FOR  
HILSA-FISH. FISHERMEN COULD  
THINK OF NOTHING BUT  
HILSA-FISH







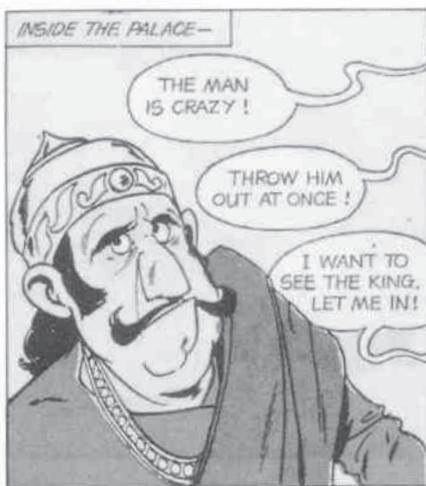
38/HONEYCOMB







40/HONEYCOMB





42/HONEYCOMB





- (i) How much did you pay for that hilsa?

*The woman asked the man how much he had paid for that hilsa.*

- (ii) Why is your face half-shaven?

*Gopal's wife asked him* \_\_\_\_\_

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- (iii) I accept the challenge, Your Majesty.

*Gopal told the king* \_\_\_\_\_

---

- (iv) I want to see the king.

*Gopal told the guards* \_\_\_\_\_

---

- (v) Bring the man to me at once.

*The king ordered the guard* \_\_\_\_\_

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2. Find out the meaning of the following words by looking them up in the dictionary. Then use them in sentences of your own.

challenge

mystic

comical

courtier

smearing



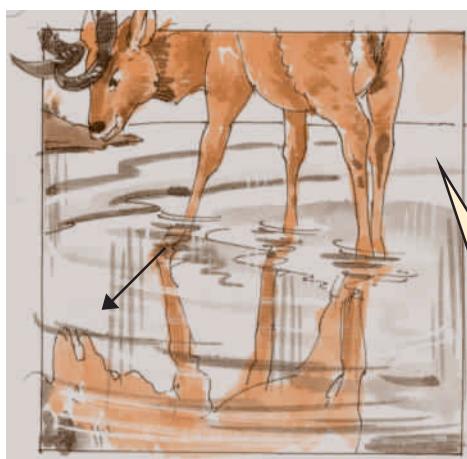
## Picture Reading

1. Look at the pictures and read the text aloud.



Stag by the side of a pond.

*How beautiful my horns are!*



*But my legs are so thin and ugly!*



*Hunters! Run for your life!*



*Let me hide somewhere.*



*These branches... Oh, no !*



*They are too close.  
Get out of here!*



***I was proud of my horns. They could have caused my death. I was ashamed of my legs. They saved me.***



2. Now ask your partner questions about each picture.
- (i) Where is the stag?
  - (ii) What is he doing?
  - (iii) Does he like his antlers (horns)?
  - (iv) Does he like his legs?
  - (v) Why is the stag running?
  - (vi) Is he able to hide in the bushes?
  - (vii) Where are the hunters now?
  - (viii) Are they closing in on the stag?
  - (ix) Is the stag free?
  - (x) What does the stag say about his horns and his legs?
3. Now write the story in your own words. Give it a title.

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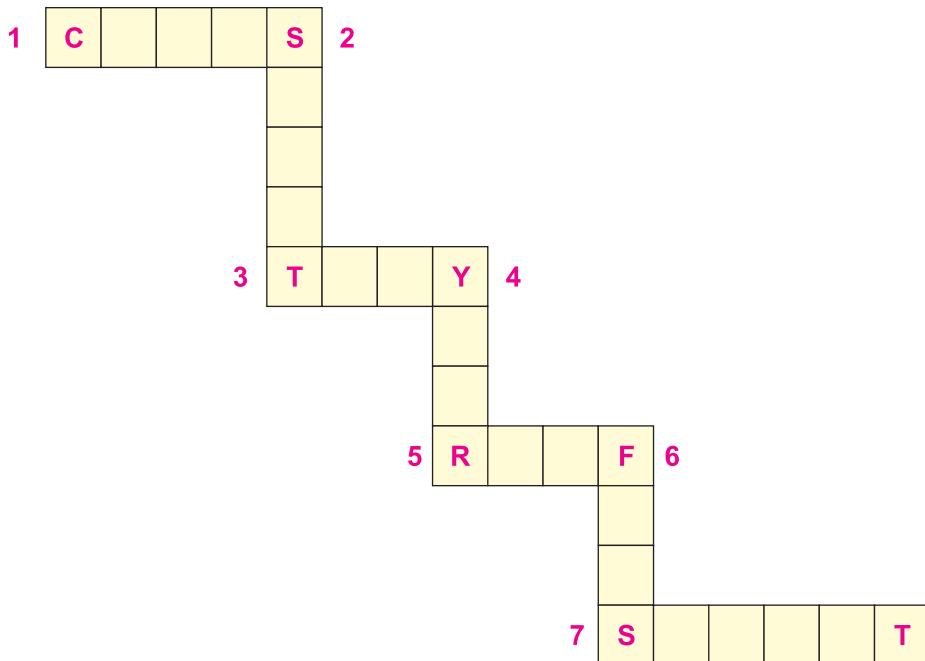
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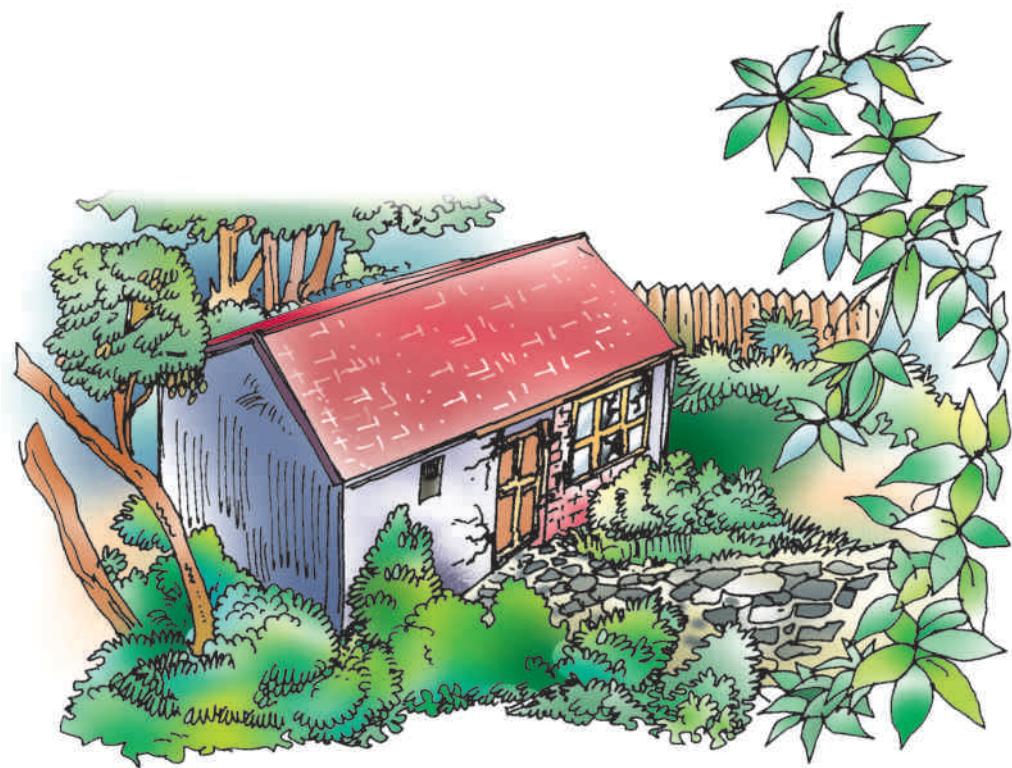


4. Complete the following word ladder with the help of the clues given below.

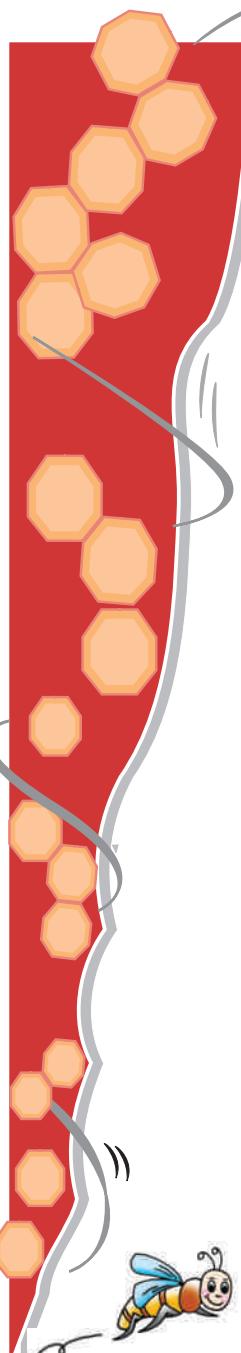


### **Clues**

1. Mother will be very \_\_\_\_\_ if you don't go to school.
2. As soon as he caught \_\_\_\_\_ of the teacher, Mohan started writing.
3. How do you like my \_\_\_\_\_ kitchen garden? Big enough for you, is it?
4. My youngest sister is now a \_\_\_\_\_ old.
5. Standing on the \_\_\_\_\_, he saw children playing on the road.
6. Don't make such a\_\_\_\_\_. Nothing will happen.
7. Don't cross the\_\_\_\_\_ till the green light comes on.







## NOTES FOR THE TEACHER

### UNITS 4–8



#### The Ashes That Made Trees Bloom

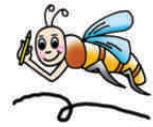
- ❖ A Japanese story — underscores values such as honesty, compassion, diligence, etc. with a hint of magical realism. The spirit of the dog is the old couple's make-believe determination to get past personal setbacks and begin anew.
- ❖ Activity II under 'Working with Language' is about the use of articles. The following explanatory notes may be useful.
  - the indefinite article 'a' is used before a singular countable noun when it is used for the first time. When the same item is referred to again, the definite article 'the' is used before it.
  - 'the' is also used before an adjective like 'poor' or 'rich' to refer to the whole class.
    - the poor and the weak
    - the rich and the prosperous
    - the down-trodden
- ❖ Articles used in connected sentences are better understood than when used in isolated examples. Here is an additional exercise. Use 'a'/'an'/'the' appropriately.

My neighbour is moving into \_\_\_\_\_ new house next month. He is taking some furniture from \_\_\_\_\_ old house, and is also buying some new furniture because \_\_\_\_\_ new house is bigger than \_\_\_\_\_ old house.



### Chivvy

- ❖ Groups of children jointly discuss the question without going through the Introduction (Ask the question or write it on the blackboard).
- ❖ Spend a few minutes to find out their real responses.
- ❖ Let them now read the Introduction silently. You may ask the following questions about the joke given in the Introduction.
  - What was the child's name?
  - If it was Michael, why did he say it was Michael Don't?
- ❖ Children will be keenly interested to discuss questions 2 and 3 in particular. Here is an excellent opportunity for them (a) to assess the practical value of rules/prescriptions, and (b) to get a bit of their own back by laying down instructions for grown-ups.



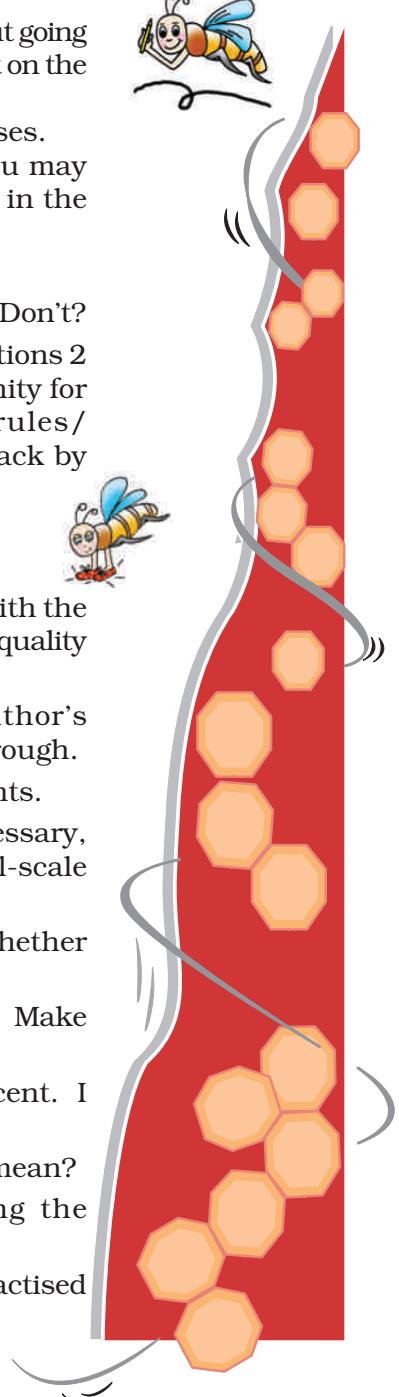
### Quality

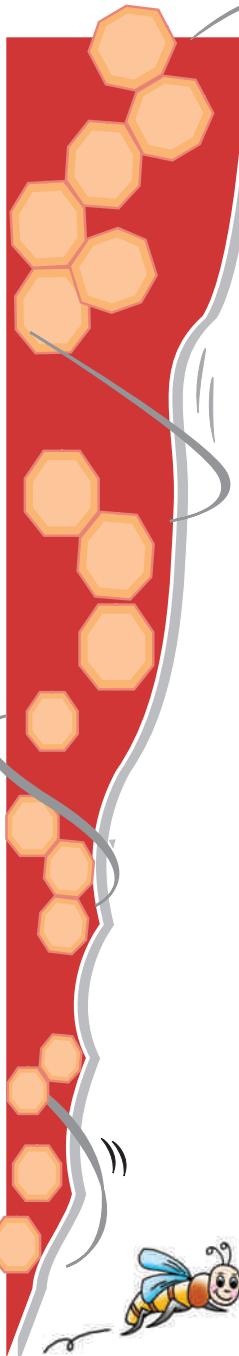
- ❖ A story about dedication to work of high quality with the passion of an artist and the eventual loss of art and quality in a world of competition and consumerism.
- ❖ Re-read and discuss episodes where the author's admiration for Mr Gessler and his craft comes through.
- ❖ Using simple language, discuss the following points.
  - Production of goods on a large scale is necessary, though it goes against the interests of small-scale industry.
  - It is necessary to maintain quality of goods whether they are produced on a big or small scale.
- ❖ Explain 'accent' with reference to spoken language. Make a distinction between 'accent' and (word) 'stress'.
  - Mr Gessler speaks English with a German accent. I speak it with an Indian accent.



What does 'with a German/Indian accent' really mean?

- Minimal pairs to be said clearly maintaining the distinction between the two vowel sounds.
- The sound 'sh' as in *shine*, *ashes* and *fish* to be practised carefully in the activity under 'Speaking'.





### Trees

- ❖ Before reciting the poem, explain the phrase ‘to rake this fall’.
  - ‘Fall’ (in American English) means the same as autumn, when trees shed their leaves.
  - ‘To rake’ is to sweep or put away. (It is quite a job to *rake* heaps of dead leaves day after day to keep the place clean.)
- ❖ Looking at trees shedding their leaves,
  - (i) what will “mothers” want to do ?
  - (ii) what will “fathers” want to do ?
- ❖ Why has ‘timber’ been written as **TIMBER-R-R** ? (Perhaps it is related to the act of chopping down trees for timber! There may be other ideas in children’s minds.)
- ❖ Take children round to show them different trees and shrubs growing in the vicinity.



### Expert Detectives

- ❖ Two detectives in the making with a talent for spotting evidence, more imaginary than incriminating, against a polite recluse with a health problem, Nishad and Maya represent a special dimension of the children’s world of curiosity and creativity.
- ❖ Tasks 1 and 3 under ‘Working with Language’ merit more time and attention. Ask children to separate idiomatic expressions with ‘tip’ from its non-idiomatic uses.
  - She has the entire chemistry book *at her finger tips*. (idiomatic : knows it thoroughly)
  - You don’t have to go to the Beauty Parlour to clean your *finger tips*. (non-idiomatic)
  - She is an artist *to her finger tips*. (in every way)
  - His name is *on the tip of my tongue*, but I just can’t think of it. (almost but not quite spoken or coming to mind)
  - Over a hundred thefts are reported every month, but that’s just the *tip of the iceberg*. (small but evident part of a bigger but hidden problem)



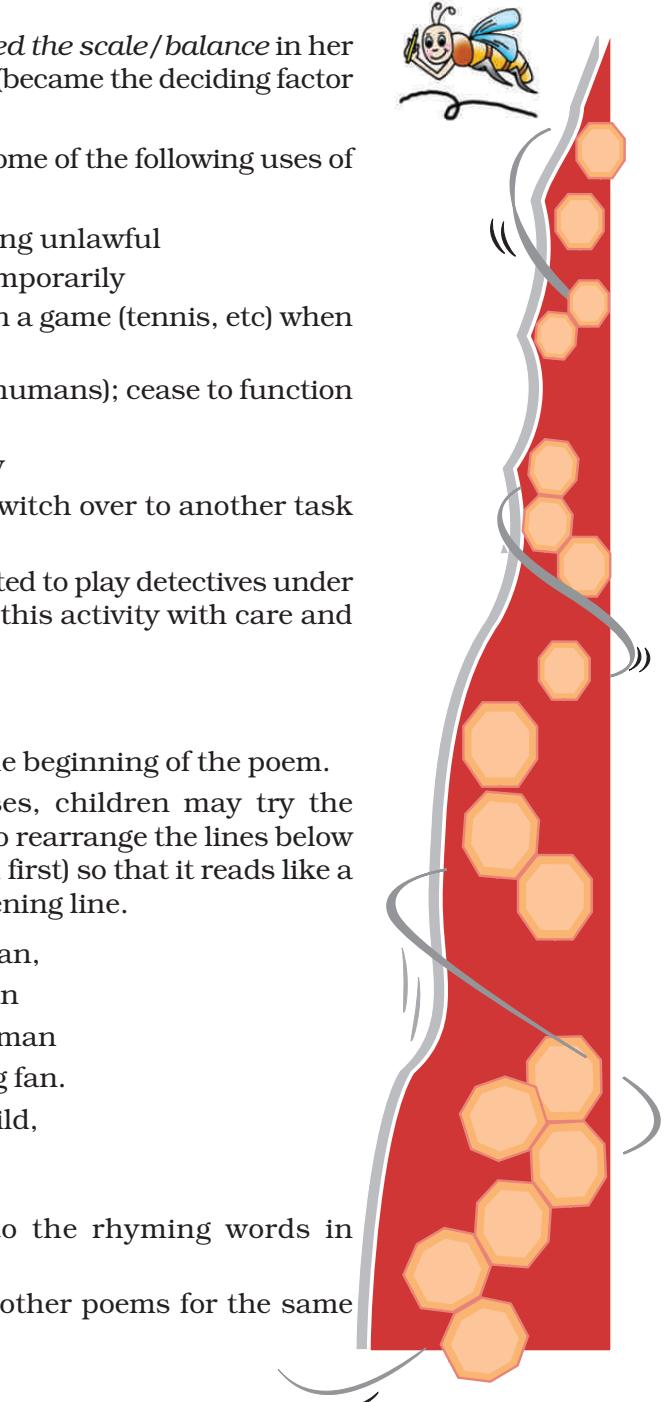
- Her greater experience *tipped the scale/balance* in her favour, and she got the job. (became the deciding factor in her favour)
- ❖ Draw children's attention to some of the following uses of 'break'.
  - break the law: do something unlawful
  - break the journey: halt temporarily
  - break ... serve/service: win a game (tennis, etc) when the opponent is serving
  - break down: start crying (humans); cease to function (machines)
  - break into: enter stealthily
- Now give children a *break*. Switch over to another task after a short *break*.
- ❖ Children will be keenly interested to play detectives under 'Speaking'. Prepare them for this activity with care and necessary caution.

### **Mystery of the Talking Fan**

- ❖ Discuss the points given at the beginning of the poem.
- ❖ After completing the exercises, children may try the following activity. Ask them to rearrange the lines below (write them on the blackboard first) so that it reads like a poem. The first line is the opening line.

Once there was a talking fan,  
Could with confidence scan  
And the way it talked, no man  
The message of the talking fan.  
However quiet, crazy or wild,  
Or woman or child,

- ❖ Draw children's attention to the rhyming words in re-ordering lines.
- ❖ Provide simple stanzas from other poems for the same activity for further practice.





### The Invention of Vita-Wonk

- ❖ A fantasy depicting children's fanciful wishes/ideas. Wonka-Vite, an exotic potion invented by Mr Willy Wonk, enables people to become old, older, oldest at will. He is now trying to invent something of counter effect.
- ❖ The piece is short, and need not take up more than two periods for both parts. Names of people, plants and other items may be difficult to pronounce, but the weirdness of the recipe speaks for itself.
- ❖ Activities that follow are numerous and of different types, and it is expected that they will evoke the desired response. Spend sufficient time on each activity under 'Speaking and Writing'.
- ❖ Recipe for Easy Palak-Dal may actually be tried at home. Children should be encouraged to bring other recipes, preferably area-specific, from home.
- ❖ A recipe can also be used to demonstrate the use of the passive voice in class.

### Dad and the Cat and the Tree

- ❖ In the lines that come after

The Cat gave a yell  
And sprang to the ground,  
Pleased as Punch...

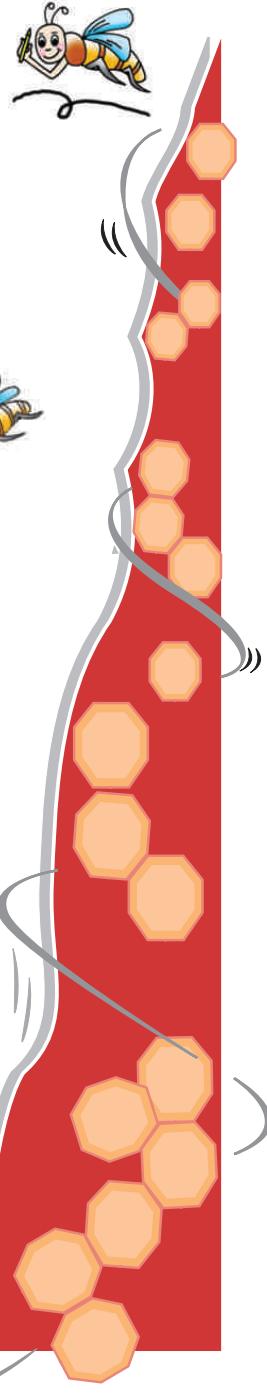
there are five words beginning with the letter S. Each refers to the cat. Find these words.

- ❖ Draw children's attention to the vertical arrangement of the last five words of the poem. Does the vertical order suggest something? Does it remind them of the tree in which Dad is stuck?
- ❖ Dad in this poem is somewhat like Uncle Podger in Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*. Read aloud an appropriate excerpt from the book and discuss who creates greater confusion — Dad or Uncle Podger. Highlight parallels between them.



### Garden Snake

- ❖ Recite the poem with correct pauses.
- ❖ Draw children's attention to the following.
  1. That *snake in the grass* reported me to the Headmistress.  
Does 'snake' refer to a snake in the meadow/grass or to a treacherous person who pretends to be a friend?  
'A snake in the grass' is an idiom.
  2. 'Snake' can be used as a verb.
    - The road *snakes* its way through the mountains.  
(follows a twisting, winding course)
    - The river *snaked* away into the distance. (moving like a snake, disappeared)
  3. 'snaky' (like a snake)
    - the *snaky* movements of the young dancers
    - narrow *snaky* paths through the hill



### A Homage to our Brave Soldiers

- ❖ Encourage children to share their observation or interesting experiences about brave soldiers that they may have come across.
- ❖ Let Children find picture of monuments of historical and educational interest.
- ❖ Focus on the duties and responsibilities as citizens of a nation.

### Meadow Surprises

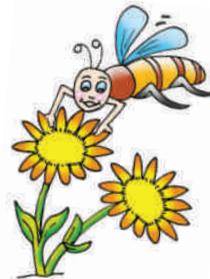
- ❖ Let children find pictures of a butterfly and other insects/birds, a buttercup and other flowers that they know, a rabbit and/or a running brook and arrange the pictures in a patchwork design of their choice.
- ❖ Activity 4 can be taken up as a mini project. Involve groups of children in doing it. The paragraph(s) or poem(s) written at the end of the week may be put up on the class bulletin board.
- ❖ Encourage children to share with their peers any interesting 'surprise' that they may have come across.



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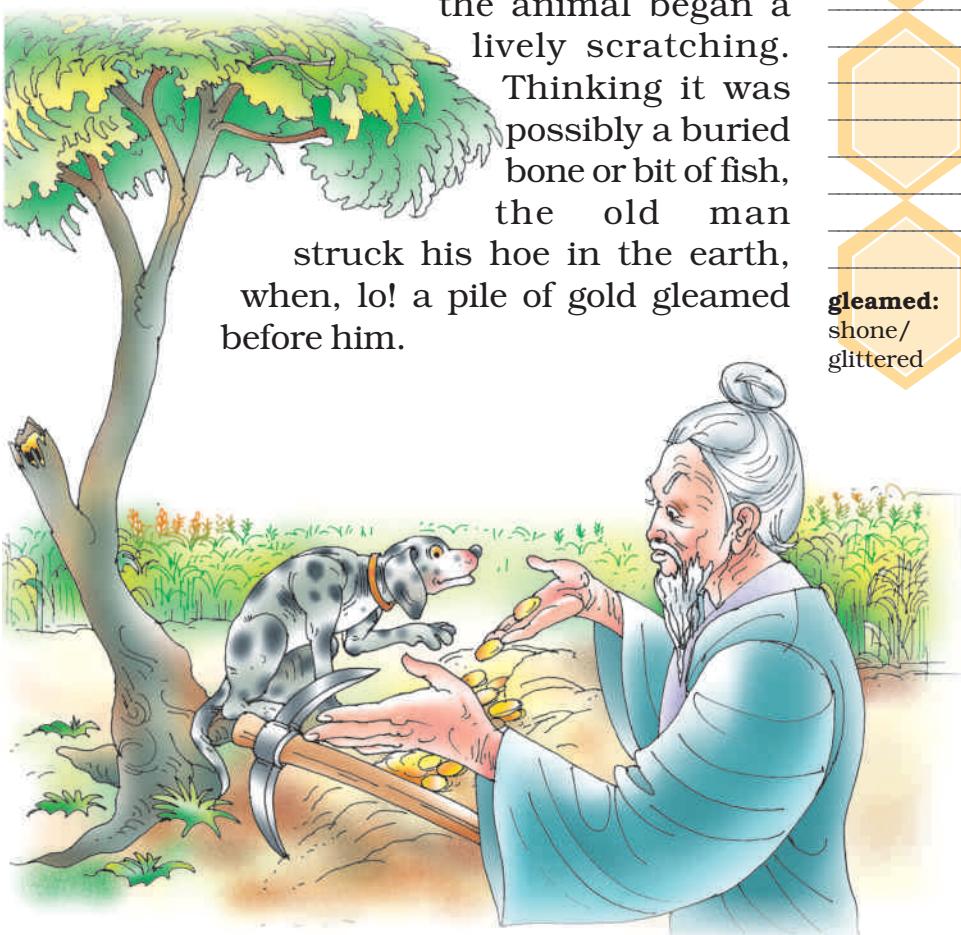


harming the white heron that walked in the footsteps of the old man to pick up the worms. For the old fellow was patient and kind to everything that had life, and often turned up a sod on purpose to give food to the birds.

One day the dog came running to him, putting his paws against his legs and motioning with his head to some spot behind. The old man at first thought his pet was only playing and did not mind it. But the dog kept on whining and running to and fro for some minutes. Then the old man followed the dog a few yards to a place where

the animal began a lively scratching.

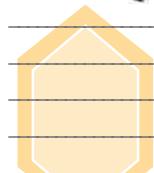
Thinking it was possibly a buried bone or bit of fish, the old man struck his hoe in the earth, when, lo! a pile of gold gleamed before him.



**turned up:**  
dug up

**on purpose:**  
intentionally

**gleamed:**  
shone/  
glittered



**coaxed:**  
persuaded;  
enticed

**dainties:**  
tasty food

**covetous:**  
greedy  
**crone:** old  
woman (old  
man's wife)

**flung:** threw  
**carcass:**  
dead body

Thus in an hour the old couple were made rich. The good souls bought a piece of land, made a feast for their friends, and gave plentifully to their poor neighbours. As for the dog, they petted him till they nearly smothered him with kindness.

Now in the same village there lived a wicked old man and his wife, not a bit sensitive and kind, who had always kicked and scolded all dogs whenever any passed their house. Hearing of their neighbours' good luck, they coaxed the dog into their garden and set before him bits of fish and other dainties, hoping he would find treasure for them. But the dog, being afraid of the cruel pair, would neither eat nor move.

Then they dragged him out of doors, taking a spade and hoe with them. No sooner had the dog got near a pine tree growing in the garden than he began to paw and scratch the ground, as if a mighty treasure lay beneath.

"Quick, wife, hand me the spade and hoe!" cried the greedy old fool, as he danced with joy.

Then the covetous old fellow, with a spade, and the old crone, with a hoe, began to dig; but there was nothing but a dead kitten, the smell of which made them drop their tools and shut their noses. Furious at the dog, the old man kicked and beat him to death, and the old woman finished the work by nearly chopping off his head with the sharp hoe. They then flung him into the hole and heaped the earth over his carcass.

The owner of the dog heard of the death of his pet and, mourning for him as if he had been his own child, went at night under the pine tree. He

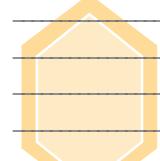


set up some bamboo tubes in the ground, such as are used before tombs, in which he put fresh flowers. Then he laid a cup of water and a tray of food on the grave and burned several costly sticks of incense. He mourned a great while over his pet, calling him many dear names, as if he were alive.

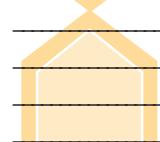
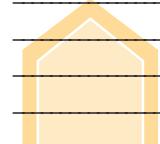
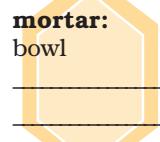
That night the spirit of the dog appeared to him in a dream and said, "Cut down the pine tree over my grave, and make from it a mortar for your rice pastry and a mill for your bean sauce."



**mortar:**  
bowl

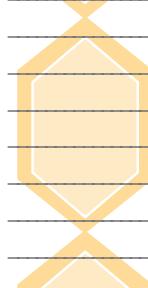


**mortar:**  
bowl





**pounding:**  
crushing;  
grinding



**stingy:**  
miserly



So the old man chopped down the tree and cut out of the middle of the trunk a section about two feet long. With great labour, partly by fire, partly by the chisel, he scraped out a hollow place as big as a small bowl. He then made a long-handled hammer of wood, such as is used for pounding rice. When New Year's time drew near, he wished to make some rice pastry. When the rice was all boiled, granny put it into the mortar, the old man lifted his hammer to pound the mass into dough, and the blows fell heavy and fast till the pastry was all ready for baking. Suddenly the whole mass turned into a heap of gold coins. When the old woman took the hand-mill, and filling it with beans began to grind, the gold dropped like rain.

Meanwhile the envious neighbour peeped in at the window when the boiled beans were being ground.

“Goody me!” cried the old hag, as she saw each dripping of sauce turning into yellow gold, until in a few minutes the tub under the mill was full of a shining mass of gold.

So the old couple were rich again. The next day the stingy and wicked neighbour came and borrowed the mortar and magic mill. They filled one with boiled rice and the other with beans. Then the old man began to pound and the woman to grind. But at the first blow and turn, the pastry and sauce turned into a foul mass of worms. Still more angry at this, they chopped the mill into pieces, to use as firewood.



### Comprehension Check



1. Why did the neighbours kill the dog?
2. Mark the right item.
  - (i) The old farmer and his wife loved the dog
    - (a) because it helped them in their day-to-day work.
    - (b) as if it was their own baby.
    - (c) as they were kind to all living beings.
  - (ii) When the old couple became rich, they
    - (a) gave the dog better food.
    - (b) invited their greedy neighbours to a feast.
    - (c) lived comfortably and were generous towards their poor neighbours.
  - (iii) The greedy couple borrowed the mill and the mortar to make
    - (a) rice pastry and bean sauce.
    - (b) magic ash to win rewards.
    - (c) a pile of gold.

## II

Not long after that, the good old man dreamed again, and the spirit of the dog spoke to him, telling him how the wicked people had burned the mill made from the pine tree. "Take the ashes of the mill, sprinkle them on the withered trees, and they will bloom again," said the dog-spirit.

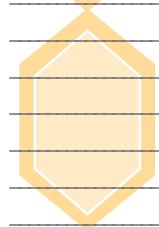
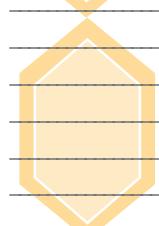
The old man awoke and went at once to his wicked neighbour's house, where he found the miserable old pair sitting at the edge of their square fireplace, in the middle of the floor, smoking and spinning. From time to time they warmed their hands and feet with the blaze from



**withered:**  
bare and dry



**turned up  
their noses:**  
treated him  
with contempt



some bits of the mill, while behind them lay a pile of the broken pieces.

The good old man humbly asked for the ashes. Though the covetous couple turned up their noses at him and scolded him as if he were a thief, they let him fill his basket with the ashes.

On coming home, the old man took his wife into the garden. It being winter, their favourite cherry tree was bare. He sprinkled a pinch of ashes on it, and, lo! it sprouted blossoms until it became a cloud of pink blooms which perfumed the air. The news of this filled the village, and everyone ran out to see the wonder.

The covetous couple also heard the story, and, gathering up the remaining ashes of the mill, kept them to make withered trees blossom.

The kind old man, hearing that his lord, the daimio, was to pass along the high road near the





village, set out to see him, taking his basket of ashes. As the train approached, he climbed up into an old withered cherry tree that stood by the wayside.

Now, in the days of the daimios, it was the custom, when their lord passed by, for all the loyal people to shut up their high windows. They even pasted them fast with a slip of paper, so as not to commit the impertinence of looking down on his lordship. All the people along the road would fall upon their hands and knees and remain prostrate until the procession passed by.

The train drew near. One tall, competent man marched ahead, crying out to the people by the way, "Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees!" And every one kneeled down while the procession was passing.

Suddenly the leader of the van caught sight of the aged man up in the tree. He was about to call out to him in an angry tone, but, seeing he was such an old fellow, he pretended not to notice him and passed him by. So, when the daimio's palanquin drew near, the old man, taking a pinch of ashes from his basket, scattered it over the tree. In a moment it burst into blossom.

The delighted daimio ordered the train to be stopped and got out to see the wonder. Calling the old man to him, he thanked him and ordered presents of silk robes, sponge-cake, fans and other rewards to be given him. He even invited him to his castle.

So the old man went gleefully home to share his joy with his dear old wife.



**train:**  
procession

**prostrate:**  
lying on the  
ground face  
downward

**palanquin:**  
royal van/  
cart

**gleefully:**  
happily





4. Why did the daimio reward the farmer but punish his neighbour for the same act?

### Working with Language

1. Read the following conversation.

RAVI : *What* are you doing?  
 MRIDU : I'm reading a book.  
 RAVI : *Who* wrote it?  
 MRIDU : Ruskin Bond.  
 RAVI : *Where* did you find it?  
 MRIDU : In the library.



Notice that '*what*', '*who*', '*where*', are **question words**. Questions that require information begin with question words. Some other question words are '*when*', '*why*', '*where*', '*which*' and '*how*'.

Remember that

- *What* asks about actions, things, etc.
- *Who* asks about people.
- *Which* asks about people or things.
- *Where* asks about place.
- *When* asks about time.
- *Why* asks about reason or purpose.
- *How* asks about means, manner or degree.
- *Whose* asks about possessions.

Read the following paragraph and frame questions on the italicised phrases.

Anil is *in school*. I am in school too. Anil is sitting *in the left row*. He is *reading a book*. Anil's friend is sitting *in the second row*. He is *sharpening his pencil*. The teacher is writing on the blackboard. Children are writing in their copybooks. Some children are *looking out of the window*.



- (i) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (ii) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (iii) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (iv) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (v) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (vi) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (vii) \_\_\_\_\_

2. Write appropriate question words in the blank spaces in the following dialogue.

NEHA : \_\_\_\_\_ did you get this book?

SHEELA : Yesterday morning.

NEHA : \_\_\_\_\_ is your sister crying?

SHEELA : Because she has lost her doll.

NEHA : \_\_\_\_\_ room is this, yours or hers?

SHEELA : It's ours.

NEHA : \_\_\_\_\_ do you go to school?

SHEELA : We walk to school. It is near by.

3. Fill in the blanks with the words given in the box.

how      what      when      where      which

- (i) My friend lost his chemistry book. Now he doesn't know \_\_\_\_\_ to do and \_\_\_\_\_ to look for it.
- (ii) There are so many toys in the shops. Neena can't decide \_\_\_\_\_ one to buy.
- (iii) You don't know the way to my school. Ask the policeman \_\_\_\_\_ to get there.
- (iv) You should decide soon \_\_\_\_\_ to start building your house.
- (v) Do you know \_\_\_\_\_ to ride a bicycle? I don't remember \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ I learnt it.
- (vi) "You should know \_\_\_\_\_ to talk and \_\_\_\_\_ to keep your mouth shut," the teacher advised Anil.



4. Add im- or in- to each of the following words and use them in place of the italicised words in the sentences given below.

patient    proper    possible    sensitive    competent

- (i) The project appears *very difficult* at first sight but it can be completed if we work very hard.
- (ii) He *lacks competence*. That's why he can't keep any job for more than a year.
- (iii) "Don't *lose patience*. Your letter will come one day," the postman told me.
- (iv) That's *not a proper* remark to make under the circumstances.
- (v) He appears to be *without sensitivity*. In fact, he is very emotional.

5. Read the following sentences.

It was *a* cold morning and stars still glowed in *the* sky.  
An old man was walking along *the* road.

*The words in italics are articles. 'A' and 'an' are indefinite articles and 'the' is the definite article. 'A' is used before a singular countable noun. 'An' is used before a word that begins with a vowel.*

- a boy                      • an actor
- a mango                  • an apple
- a university               • an hour

Use *a*, *an* or *the* in the blanks.

There was once \_\_\_\_\_ play which became very successful. \_\_\_\_\_ famous actor was acting in it. In \_\_\_\_\_ play his role was that of \_\_\_\_\_ aristocrat who had been imprisoned in \_\_\_\_\_ castle for twenty years. In \_\_\_\_\_ last act of \_\_\_\_\_ play someone would come on \_\_\_\_\_ stage with \_\_\_\_\_ letter which he would hand over to \_\_\_\_\_ prisoner. Even though \_\_\_\_\_ aristocrat was not expected to read \_\_\_\_\_ letter at each performance, he always insisted that \_\_\_\_\_ letter be written out from beginning to end.





2. Put each of the following in the correct order. Then use them appropriately to fill the blanks in the paragraph that follows. Use correct punctuation marks.

- English and Hindi/both/in/he writes
- and only/a few short stories/many books in English/in Hindi
- is/my Hindi/than my English/much better

Ravi Kant is a writer, and \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_. Of course, he is much happier writing in English than in Hindi. He has written

\_\_\_\_\_. I find his books a little hard to understand.

\_\_\_\_\_

3. Are you fond of reading stories? Did you read one last month? If not, read one or two and then write a paragraph about the story. Use the following hints.

- title of the story
- name of author
- how many characters
- which one you liked
- some details of the story
- main point(s) as you understand it



Tell your friends why they should also read it.

### Thought What?

*I thought a thought.  
But the thought I thought wasn't  
the thought  
I thought I thought.*



## Chivvy

*Ask yourself as well as your partner: Do you like to be always told what to do or not to do? Do grown-ups do this, in your experience?*

*When Michael was five years old, his mother took him to a nearby school for admission. The teacher asked, "What does your mother call you at home, child?" "Michael Don't," came the confident reply.*

**Note:** To chivvy is to nag, "to continuously urge someone to do something, often in an annoying way", according to the dictionary.

*Read the poem now.*

Grown-ups say things like:

Speak up

Don't talk with your mouth full

Don't stare

Don't point

Don't pick your nose

Sit up

Say please

Less noise

Shut the door behind you

Don't drag your feet

Haven't you got a hankie ?

Take your hands out of  
your pockets





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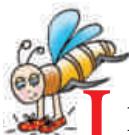


5

**Before you read**

*Can a shoemaker be called an artist? Yes, if he has the same skill and pride in his trade as any other artist, and the same respect for it too. Mr Gessler, a German shoemaker settled in London, is a perfect artist. Read this story to see how he devotes his life to his art.*

## Quality



I knew him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots. He lived with his elder brother in his shop, which was in a small by-street in a fashionable part of London.

The shop had a certain quiet distinction. There was no sign upon it other than the name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. He made only what was ordered, and what he made never failed to fit. To make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

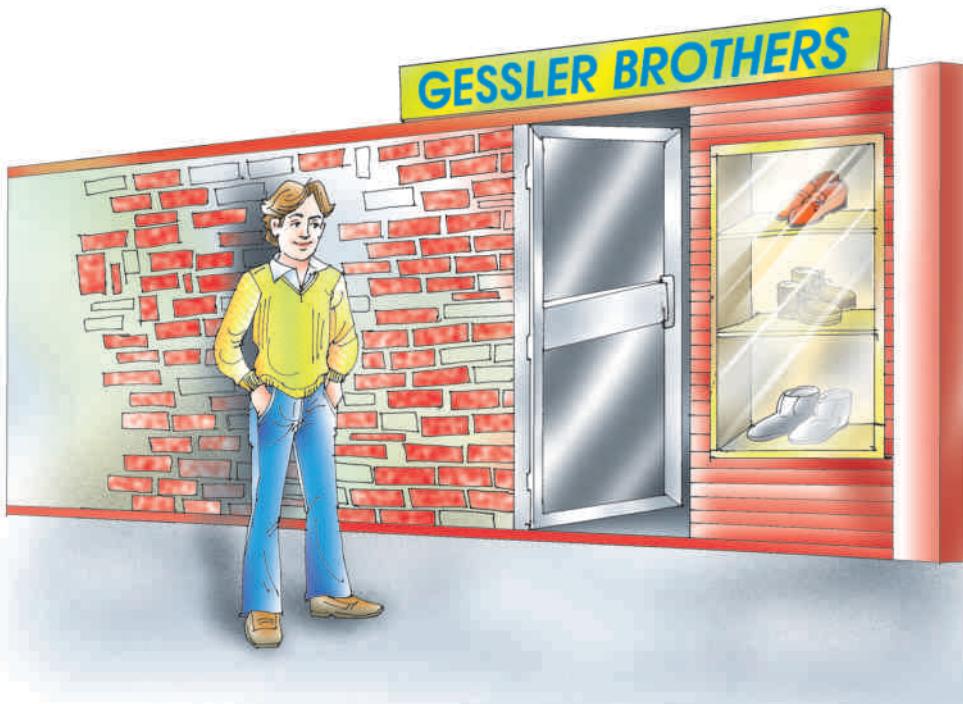
I remember well my shy remarks, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot. "Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr Gessler?" And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the redness of his beard: "*Id is an ardt!*"

It was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something



*"It is an art."*  
(said with a  
German  
accent)

**lasted**  
**terribly:**  
lasted very  
long



beyond the temporary, some essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, but restfully, as one enters a church, and sitting on the single wooden chair, waited. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of his slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots.

And I would say, "How do you do, Mr Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russian-leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the



**guttural:**  
harsh and  
grating




**incense:** The smell of leather is compared to the smell of incense in a church.

"What a beautiful piece!"

"When do you want them?"

"fortnight"  
"brother"

shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it he would remark, "*What a beautiful piece!*" When I too had admired it, he would speak again. "*When do you want them?*" And I would answer, "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say, "*Tomorrow fortnighd?*" Or if he were his elder brother: "*I will ask my brudder.*"

Then I would murmur, "Thank you! Good morning, Mr Gessler." "Good morning" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his slippers going up the stairs: to his dream of boots.





I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him, "Mr Gessler, that last pair of boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said, "*Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked.*"

"It did, I'm afraid."

*"You god dem wed before dey found themselves."*

"I don't think so."

"At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing. *"Zend dem back,"* he said, *"I will look at dem."*

*"Zome boods,"* he continued slowly, *"are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem I take dem off your bill."*

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm. He took my order without showing me any leather and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior covering of my foot. At last he said, *"Dose are nod my booods."*

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot was not quite comfortable.

*"Id 'urds' you dere,"* he said, *"Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect."* And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.



*"It shouldn't have creaked."*  
*"You got them wet before they found themselves."*

*"Send them back. I will look at them"*

*"Some boots are bad from birth. If I can do nothing with them, I take them off your bill."*

*"Those are not my boots."*

*"It hurts you there. Those big firms have no self-respect."*



"They get it all.  
They get it by  
advertisement,  
not by work.  
They take it  
away from us,  
who love our  
boots. It comes  
to this—  
presently I  
have no work.  
Every year it  
gets less."



"I am pretty  
well, but my  
elder brother  
is dead."



"Do you want  
any boots?"  
"It's a beautiful  
piece."

"Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by advertisement, nod by work. Dey take id away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to dis—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less. You will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle and what a lot of grey hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made so deep an impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. They lasted longer than ever. And I was not able to go to him for nearly two years.

It was many months before my next visit to his shop. This time it appeared to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr Gessler," I said, "how are you?" He came close, and peered at me. "I am breddy well," he said slowly "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured, "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood. But he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of his death. "Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand. "Id's a beaudiful biece."



I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty; I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

*“Do you want any boots?” he said. “I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime.”*

I answered, “Please, please! I want boots all around—every kind.”

I had given those boots up when one evening they came. One by one I tried them on. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather they were the best he had ever made. I flew downstairs, wrote a cheque and posted it at once with my own hand.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone.

I went in very much disturbed. In the shop, there was a young man with an English face.

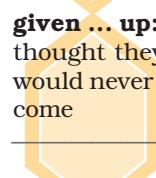
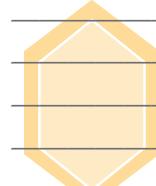
“Mr Gessler in?” I said.

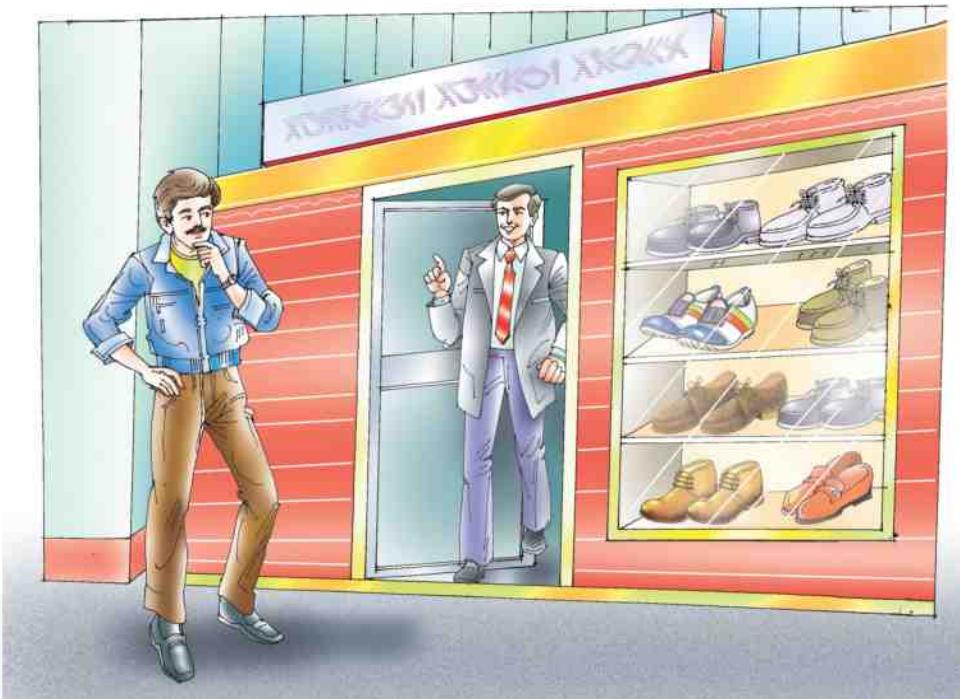
“No, sir,” he said. “No, but we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over.”

“Yes. yes,” I said, “but Mr Gessler?”

“Oh!” he answered, “dead.”

“Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week.”






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"Ah!" he said, "poor old man starved himself. Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, going on and on. I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot. But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would have the best leather too, and do it all himself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

"But starvation!"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the saying is—but I know myself he was sitting over his boots day and night, to the very last you see, I used to



watch him. Never gave himself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regularly let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

JOHN GALSWORTHY  
[simplified and abridged]



### **Working with the Text**

Answer the following questions.



1. What was the author's opinion about Mr Gessler as a bootmaker?
2. Why did the author visit the shop so infrequently?
3. What was the effect on Mr Gessler of the author's remark about a certain pair of boots?
4. What was Mr Gessler's complaint against "big firms"?
5. Why did the author order so many pairs of boots? Did he really need them?

### **Working with Language**

- I. Study the following phrases and their meanings. Use them appropriately to complete the sentences that follow.

**look after:** take care of

**look down on:** disapprove or regard as inferior

**look in (on someone):** make a short visit

**look into:** investigate

**look out:** be careful

**look up:** improve

**look up to:** admire





- (i) After a very long spell of heat, the weather is \_\_\_\_\_ at last.
- (ii) We have no right to \_\_\_\_\_ people who do small jobs.
- (iii) Nitin has always \_\_\_\_\_ his uncle, who is a self-made man.
- (iv) The police are \_\_\_\_\_ the matter thoroughly.
- (v) If you want to go out, I will \_\_\_\_\_ the children for you.
- (vi) I promise to \_\_\_\_\_ on your brother when I visit Lucknow next.
- (vii) \_\_\_\_\_ when you are crossing the main road.
2. Read the following sets of words loudly and clearly.

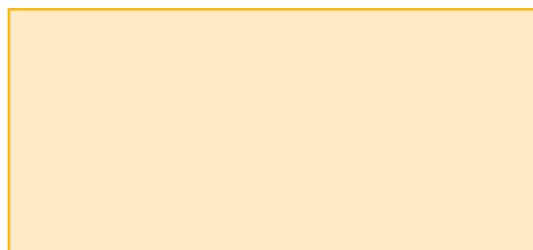
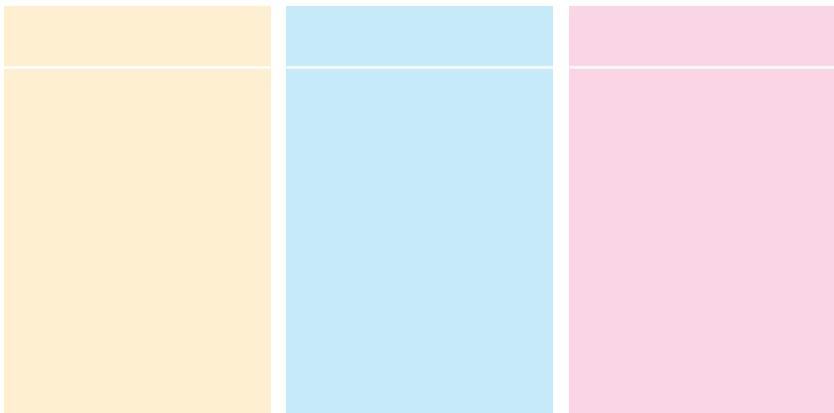
cot	—	coat
cost	—	coast
tossed	—	toast
got	—	goat
rot	—	rote
blot	—	bloat
knot	—	note

3. Each of the following words contains the sound ‘sh’ (as in *shine*) in the beginning or in the middle or at the end. First speak out all the words clearly. Then arrange the words in three groups in the table on page 80.

sheep	trash	marsh	fashion
anxious	shriek	shore	fish
portion	ashes	sure	nation
shoe	pushing	polish	moustache

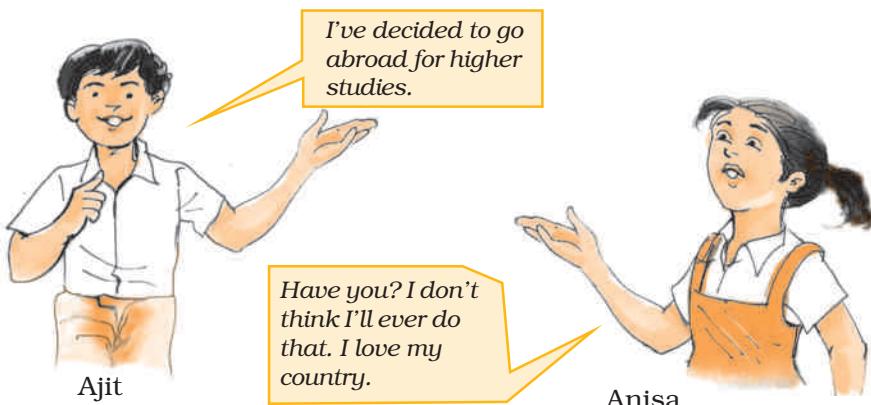


QUALITY/81





3. • Notice the way Mr Gessler speaks English. His English is influenced by his mother tongue. He speaks English with an *accent*.
  - When Mr Gessler speaks, p,t,k, sound like b,d,g. Can you say these words as Mr Gessler would say them?  
It comes and never stops. Does it bother me? Not at all. Ask my brother, please.
4. Speak to five adults in your neighbourhood. Ask them the following questions (in any language they are comfortable in). Then come back and share your findings with the class.
  - (i) Do they buy their provisions packed in plastic packets at a big store, or loose, from a smaller store near their house?
  - (ii) Where do they buy their footwear? Do they buy branded footwear, or footwear made locally? What reasons do they have for their preference?
  - (iii) Do they buy ready-made clothes, or buy cloth and get their clothes stitched by a tailor? Which do they think is better?
5. Look at the picture.



Let pairs of students talk to each other about leaving the country. One student repeats Ajit's statement. The other





## Trees

*Take a few minutes to tell one another the names of trees that you know or have heard of. Mention the things trees give us. Then read this poem about trees.*

Trees are for birds.

Trees are for children.

Trees are to make tree houses in.

Trees are to swing swings on.

Trees are for the wind to blow through.

Trees are to hide behind in 'Hide and Seek.'

Trees are to have tea parties under.

Trees are for kites to get caught in.

Trees are to make cool shade in summer.

Trees are to make no shade in winter.

Trees are for apples to grow on, and pears;

Trees are to chop down and call, "TIMBER-R-R!"

Trees make mothers say,

"What a lovely picture to paint!"

Trees make fathers say,

"What a lot of leaves to rake this fall!"

SHIRLEY BAUER



QUALITY / 85





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6

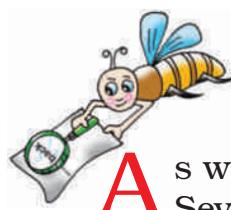
***Before you read***

Nishad, a boy of seven (also called Seven because his name means the seventh note on the musical scale) and his ten-year-old sister Maya are very curious about one Mr Nath. Then one day the children's marble rolls into Mr Nath's room, and Nishad gets a chance to see him. Is he a crook on the run? Why is his face badly scarred? Why has he no friends?

Nishad's mother, a doctor, knows Mr Nath as a patient, who is very polite.

## Expert Detectives

I

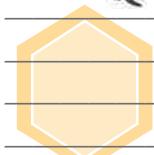


**A**s we walked back towards the clinic Seven said, "He doesn't look anything like a monster, Maya. But did you see how thin he is? Maybe he's very poor and can't afford to eat."

"He can't be poor if he's a crook on the run," I told him. "He's probably got millions of rupees stashed away somewhere in that room."

"Do you really think he's a criminal, Maya? He doesn't look like one," Nishad looked doubtful.

"Of course he's one, Seven," I said, "and he certainly isn't starving. Mr Mehta told us that Ramesh brings his meals up from the restaurant downstairs."



**stashed away:**  
hidden away





"But Maya, Mr Mehta told us he doesn't work anywhere, so how can he possibly have money to pay for food?" Nishad said.

"Exactly!" I exclaimed. "He must have lots of money hidden somewhere, maybe in that trunk in his room. It's probably full of silver and gold and jewels and..."

"What rubbish," Nishad interrupted.

"I know I'm right, stupid," I told him. "By the way, Seven, did you see his scars? I couldn't, it was too dark, but I bet he got them during a shoot-out with the police or something."

"Mummy told us quite clearly they were burn scars," Nishad said firmly.



**following:**  
coming  
after

**gaunt:** sickly

**peek:** look  
quickly and  
secretively

"Perhaps the police had to set his house on fire to force him out," I suggested. Seven looked unsure.

On the Monday following Mamma's birthday, Seven went alone with her to the clinic at Girgaum as I was spending the evening with a schoolfriend. When they returned, Nishad told me he'd been to see Mr Nath and I felt most annoyed that I hadn't been there.

Seven had been quite upset about Mr Nath's gaunt appearance and was sure that he was starving. He told me that he had knocked loudly on Mr Nath's door that evening and said, "Open the door quickly, Mr Nath."

The man had opened it and asked him, "Lost another marble?"

He had obviously recognised my brother.

"No," said Nishad. He had taken the man's hand in his own, and thrust a bar of chocolate into it.

"Did you get a chance to peek into the trunk, Seven?" I asked.

Nishad looked disappointed. "He didn't even ask me in," he said. Then he smiled. "But I did find out something, Maya. I went down to the restaurant where Ramesh works and talked to him."

"Good for you, Mr Detective," I said, patting him on the back, "I hope you questioned him properly."

Seven looked pleased. "Ramesh told me that he takes two meals for Mr Nath every morning and evening, and two cups of tea, one in the



morning and one in the afternoon. Ramesh says he's not very particular about what he eats, it's always the same food — two *chapattis*, some *dal* and a vegetable. Mr Nath pays cash and tips well.

"Ramesh told me something very strange, Maya," Seven added. "Almost every Sunday, he carries two lunches to Mr Nath's room and the same man is with him each time. He's tall, fair, stout and wears spectacles. Ramesh says his visitor talks a lot, unlike Mr Nath who hardly speaks."

"Well done, Nishad," I told him. "Now that we've made some progress with our inquiries, we'll have to sort out all the facts like expert detectives so that we can trap the crook."

"How you do go on, Maya," Seven sighed. "How can you possibly imagine he's a crook? He looks so ordinary!"

"Criminals can look quite ordinary, smarty," I retorted. "Did you see the picture of the Hyderabadi housebreaker in the papers yesterday? He looked like any man on the street." Nishad looked doubtful.

The monsoons broke the next day. Dark clouds accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning and roaring rolls of thunder burst with all their fury, flooding the streets with a heavy downpour. School was to have reopened after the summer holidays, but no traffic could move through the flooded roads and there was an unexpected holiday.

I thought I'd spend the time usefully. I sat at my desk in our bedroom with a sheet of paper before me.



**tips well:**  
gives a  
generous tip  
(money in  
thanks for  
services)

**sort out:**  
arrange  
systematically

**crook:**  
criminal  
(informal)



by appointment to:  
officially  
chosen (by  
someone  
important)



### Comprehension Check

1. What did Nishad give Mr Nath? Why?
2. What is “strange” about Mr Nath’s Sundays?
3. Why did Nishad and Maya get a holiday?

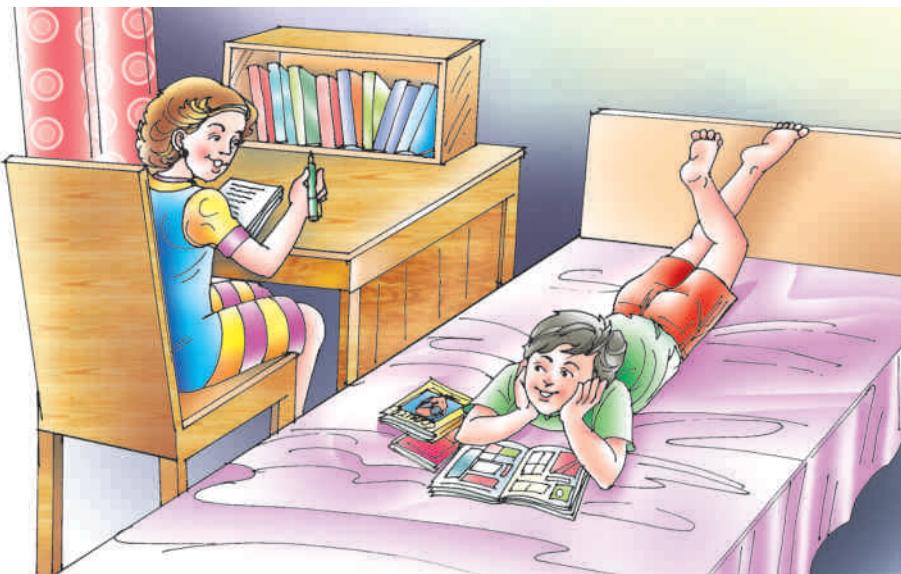
## II

I wrote in large block letters:

### CATCHING A CROOK

Expert Detectives: Nishad and Maya Pandit  
By Appointment to the Whole World

Then I began writing. About half an hour later, I turned towards Seven who was lying on his tummy, chin cupped in his palms, reading comics. “Want to hear what I’ve written?” I asked.





He looked up questioningly. "I've listed all the facts we know about Mr Nath which might help us to trap him," I said. "Want to hear?"

Seven nodded.

"Fact Number 1," I read, "his name is Mr Nath. We must discover his first name."

"Do you think that's his real name, Maya?" Nishad asked.

"Probably not," I said. "Most crooks have an alias." I added a big question mark after Nath.

"Fact Number 2," I read on, "the tenants at Shankar House say he's mad, strange and unfriendly."

"Number 3, he doesn't talk to anyone and is mannerless."

"But he did talk to us, Maya, and Mamma says he's very polite," Nishad interrupted.

"He only talked to us because he had to," I said, "and since he was under Mamma's medical treatment, he had to be polite."

"Fact number 4, he doesn't receive any letters."

Seven nodded.

"Number 5, he's been living in Room 10 of Shankar House for more than a year," I continued.

"Number 6, he doesn't work and sits in his room all day."

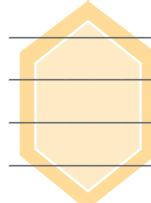
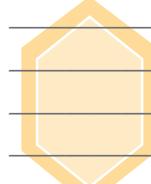
"Number 7, the kids in Shankar House and even some of the grown-ups are scared of him."

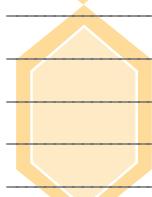
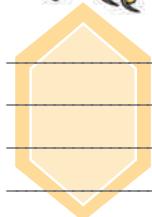
"Number 8, he has no visitors except for a spectacled, fair, fat man who visits him on Sundays for lunch."

"Number 9, food and tea are taken to his room by Ramesh from the restaurant downstairs. He

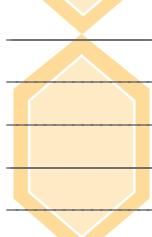
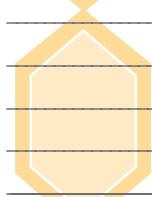
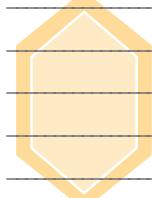


**alias:** an alternate name





**accomplice:**  
a helper in  
crime



doesn't care what he eats, pays his bill immediately and tips well. That ends my list. Have I forgotten anything, Seven?"

Nishad had obviously not been paying too much attention to my list of facts. All he could say was, "Poor man, Maya, he must be so lonely if he doesn't have any friends."

"How can a crook have friends, idiot?" I almost shouted.

"At least he has one friend, the one who meets him on Sundays," said Nishad.

A brilliant thought occurred to me just then. "That man must be Mr Nath's accomplice in crime," I said. "Maybe he keeps all the loot and he comes now and then to give part of it to his partner, Mr Nath, for expenses. That's it! I'm sure I'm right."

"If you insist on calling him a criminal, I don't think I want to discuss anything with you, Maya," said Nishad angrily. "He can't be such a bad man if he gives Ramesh such generous tips."

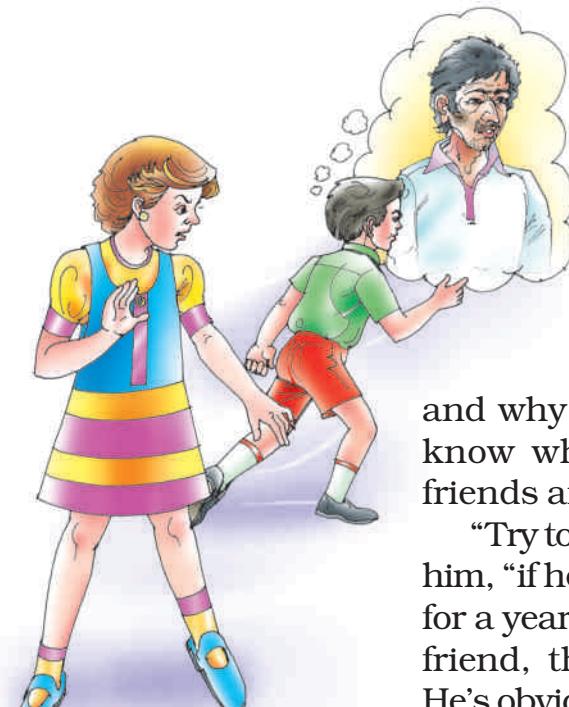
"Ramesh probably knows something about his past, so Mr Nath must be bribing him to keep quiet," I said.

Nishad glared at me with his arms tightly crossed across his chest. I was beginning to get fed up with him.

"How can we make any progress with our investigations if you take that attitude, Seven?" I asked.

"I'll cooperate only if you give up this idea about him being an escaped crook," said Seven. "You really make me angry."

I almost hit him. "I make you angry, you stupid oaf," I shouted. "You make me mad! What is the



point of all these enquiries if he's not a crook? If you think he's a nobody, what's the idea of bothering about him, please tell me?"

Nishad looked thoughtful. "I'd like to find out why he's so thin and why he's so lonely. I want to know why he doesn't have any friends and lives alone."

"Try to understand, Seven," I told him, "if he's lived in Shankar House for a year and hasn't made a single friend, there's something wrong. He's obviously scared that someone will recognise him and give him up to the cops."

"Maybe no one's tried to make friends with him,"

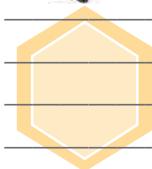
Nishad protested.

"Why should anyone bother? You've seen what a nasty bear he is," I said.

"I don't care," said Nishad stubbornly, "I like him and I'm going to try and be his friend."

"Friends with a crook! Ha! You're crazy, Seven," I said. "The cops will take you to jail with him. Do you want that to happen, you idiot?"

Nishad merely glared at me and quietly walked out of the room. My theories seemed to have made no impression on him at all.



SHARADA DWIVEDI

[from *The Broken Flute*]





2. The words *helper*, *companion*, *partner* and *accomplice* have very similar meanings, but each word is typically used in certain phrases. Can you fill in the blanks below with the most commonly used words? A dictionary may help you.

- (i) business \_\_\_\_\_
- (ii) my \_\_\_\_\_ on the journey
- (iii) I'm mother's little \_\_\_\_\_.
- (iv) a faithful \_\_\_\_\_ such as a dog
- (v) the thief's \_\_\_\_\_
- (vi) find a good \_\_\_\_\_
- (vii) tennis/ golf / bridge \_\_\_\_\_
- (viii) his \_\_\_\_\_ in his criminal activities

3. Now let us look at the uses of the word *break*. Match the word with its meanings below. Try to find at least three other ways in which to use the word.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| (i) The storm broke                                       | - could not speak; was too sad to speak |
| (ii) daybreak   | - this kind of weather ended            |
| (iii) His voice is beginning to break                     | - it began or burst into activity       |
| (iv) Her voice broke and she cried                        | - the beginning of daylight             |
| (v) The heat wave broke                                   | - changing as he grows up               |
| (vi) broke the bad news                                   | - end it by making the workers submit   |
| (vii) break a strike                                      | - gently told someone the bad news      |
| (viii) (Find your own expression. Give its meaning here.) |   |

96/HONEYCOMB





*Step I:* Study the following questionnaire and discuss the points in small groups.

**Step II:** Collect information. Contact people in the school/your locality and put these questions to them. Tick-mark (✓) their answers in the relevant column.

*Step III:* Analyse the results in the group by asking

- How many people think that a home is a place where you feel secure and happy?
  - How many people think that a home isn't a place where you feel secure and happy?
  - How many people don't know about it?

**Step IV:** Present a brief oral report on the result of your survey. Use phrases such as the following

- Most people think that...
  - Few people think that...
  - Hardly anyone thinks that...
  - No one thinks that...



2. Complete the following sentences.

(i) The chatter is electrical because \_\_\_\_\_

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(ii) It is mysterious because \_\_\_\_\_

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3. What do you think the talking fan was demanding?

4. How does an electric fan manage to throw so much air when it is switched on?

5. Is there a ‘talking fan’ in your house? Create a dialogue between the fan and a mechanic.

### **Sell Waid, My Friend !**

*When you want to say ‘a well-oiled bicycle,’ and actually say ‘a well-boiled icicle’, you have spoken a spoonerism—changing round, accidentally, the initial sounds of two or more words when speaking.*

*Rahul’s teacher was angry. Rahul had failed twice in term examinations. The teacher thundered, “You have tasted two worms already.” What was the teacher trying to say?*



0753CH07



7

## Before you read

Who are the oldest people you know? What are the oldest things you have (i) in your house, (ii) in your city, town or village? How old are they?

Have you ever wished that you were older? Have you wished that you could grow up in a hurry?



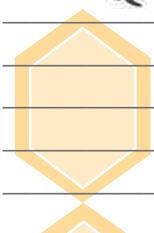
## The Invention of Vita-Wonk

Mr Willy Wonka begins by inventing Wonka-Vite, which makes people younger. But Wonka-Vite is too strong. So some people disappear, because their age becomes Minus! One person actually becomes minus eighty-seven, which means he's got to wait eighty-seven years before he can come back.

Mr Willy Wonka must invent a new thing...

I

**M**r Wonka said, "So once again I rolled up my sleeves and set to work. Once again I squeezed my brain, searching for the new recipe... I had to create age... to make people old... old, older, oldest... 'Ha-ha!' I cried, for now the ideas were beginning to come. 'What is the oldest living thing in the world? What lives longer than anything else?'"



**set to work:**  
began to work

**recipe:**  
instructions  
for making  
something



"A tree," Charlie said.

"Right you are, Charlie! But what kind of a tree? Not the Douglas fir. Not the oak. Not the cedar. No, no, my boy. It is a tree called the Bristlecone pine that grows upon the slopes of Wheeler Peak in Nevada, U.S.A. You can find Bristlecone Pines on Wheeler Peak today that are over 4000 years old! This is fact, Charlie. Ask any dendrochronologist you like (and look that word up in the dictionary when you get home, will you please?). So that started me off. I jumped into the Great Glass Elevator and rushed all over the world collecting special items from the oldest living things..."

- A PINT OF SAP FROM A 4000-YEAR-OLD BRISTLEcone PINE
- THE TOE-NAIL CLIPPINGS FROM A 168-YEAR-OLD RUSSIAN FARMER CALLED PETROVITCH GREGOROVITCH
- AN EGG LAID BY A 200-YEAR-OLD TORTOISE BELONGING TO THE KING OF TONGA
- THE TAIL OF A 51-YEAR-OLD HORSE IN ARABIA
- THE WHISKERS OF A 36-YEAR-OLD CAT CALLED CRUMPETS
- AN OLD FLEA WHICH HAD LIVED ON CRUMPETS FOR 36 YEARS
- THE TAIL OF A 207-YEAR-OLD GIANT RAT FROM TIBET
- THE BLACK TEETH OF A 97-YEAR-OLD GRIMALKIN LIVING IN A CAVE ON MOUNT POPOCATEPETL
- THE KNUCKLEBONES OF A 700-YEAR-OLD CATTALOO FROM PERU..."



**fir:** a tree with needle-like leaves, and cones



**oak:** a family of large trees with a hard wood. The Chinar in Kashmir is a kind of oak tree.

**cedar:** an evergreen tree with hard, red sweet-smelling wood, used for making boxes, pencils, fences, etc.



**pine:** an evergreen tree with needle-shaped leaves, and cones

**flea:** a small insect living on the skin of animals, for their blood




### Comprehension Check

1. Choose the right answer.
  - (i) Mr Willy Wonka is (a) a cook, (b) an inventor, (c) a manager.
  - (ii) Wonka-Vite makes people (a) older, (b) younger.
  - (iii) Mr Wonka wants to invent a new thing which will make people (a) younger, (b) older.
2. Can anyone's age be a minus number? What does "minus 87" mean?
3. Mr Wonka begins by asking himself two questions. What are they?
  - (i) What is \_\_\_\_\_?
  - (ii) What lives \_\_\_\_\_?

**tracked down:** found, by searching for it

## II

"All over the world, Charlie," Mr Wonka went on "I tracked down very old and ancient animals and took an important little bit of something from each one of them — a hair or an eyebrow or sometimes it was no more than an ounce or two of the jam scraped from between its toes while it was sleeping. I tracked down THE WHISTLE-PIG, THE BOBOLINK, THE SKROCK, THE POLLYFROG, THE GIANT CURLICUE, THE STINGING SLUG AND THE VENOMOUS SQUERKLE who can spit poison right into your eye from fifty yards away. But there's no time to tell you about them all now, Charlie. Let me just say quickly that in the end, after lots of boiling and bubbling and mixing and testing in



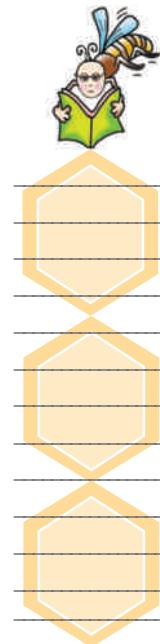
my Inventing Room, I produced one tiny cupful of oily black liquid and gave four drops of it to a brave twenty-year-old Oompa-Loompa volunteer to see what happened."

"What did happen?" Charlie asked.

"It was fantastic!" cried Mr Wonka. "The moment he swallowed it, he began wrinkling and shrivelling up all over and his hair started dropping off and his teeth started falling out and, before I knew it, he had suddenly become an old fellow of seventy-five! And thus, my dear Charlie, was Vita-Wonk invented!"

ROALD DAHL

[from Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator]



### Working with the Text

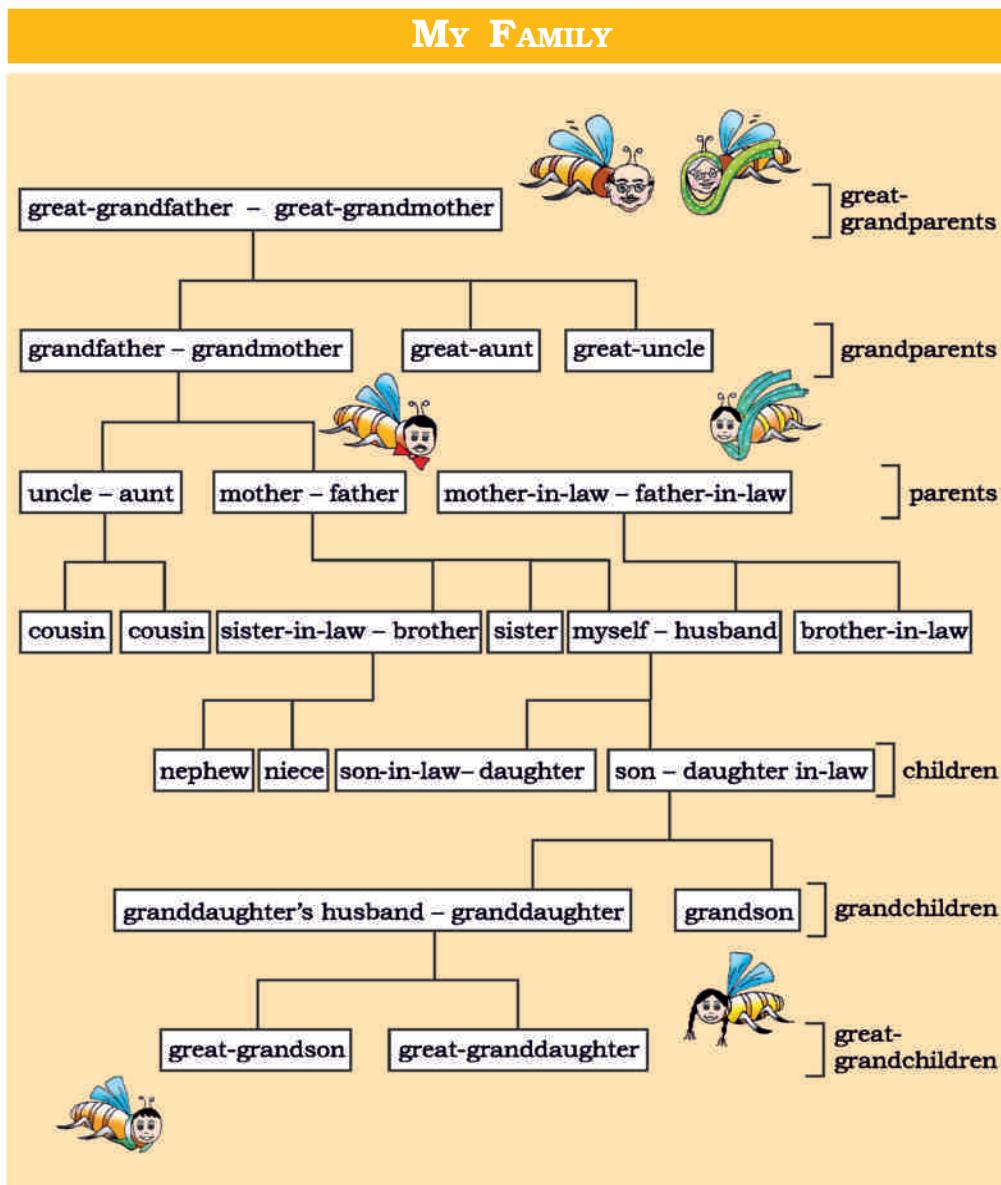


1. (i) What trees does Mr Wonka mention? Which tree does he say lives the longest?  
 (ii) How long does this tree live? Where can you find it?
2. How many of the oldest living things can you remember from Mr Wonka's list? (Don't look back at the story!) Do you think all these things really exist, or are some of them purely imaginary?
3. Why does Mr Wonka collect items from the oldest things? Do you think this is the right way to begin his invention?
4. What happens to the volunteer who swallows four drops of the new invention? What is the name of the invention?





3. A 'family tree' is a diagram that shows the relationship between the different members of a family. Fill in the family tree below with names, ages, and other details you think are relevant (you may even stick photographs, if you have them). Put your family trees up in the class.







## Writing

1. (i) Make a list of the trees Mr Wonka mentions. Where do these trees grow? Try to find out from an encyclopaedia. Write a short paragraph about two or three of these trees.  
(ii) Name some large trees commonly found in your area. Find out something about them (How old are they? Who planted them? Do birds eat their fruit?), and write two or three sentences about each one of them.
2. Find out something interesting about age, or growing old, and write a paragraph about it. Following are a few topics, suggested as examples.
  - The age profile of a country's population — does it have more young people than old people, or vice versa? What are the consequences of this?
  - How can we tell how old a tree, a horse, or a rock is?
  - What is the 'life expectancy' of various living things, and various populations (how long can they reasonably expect to live)?

### ***Delivery Delayed***

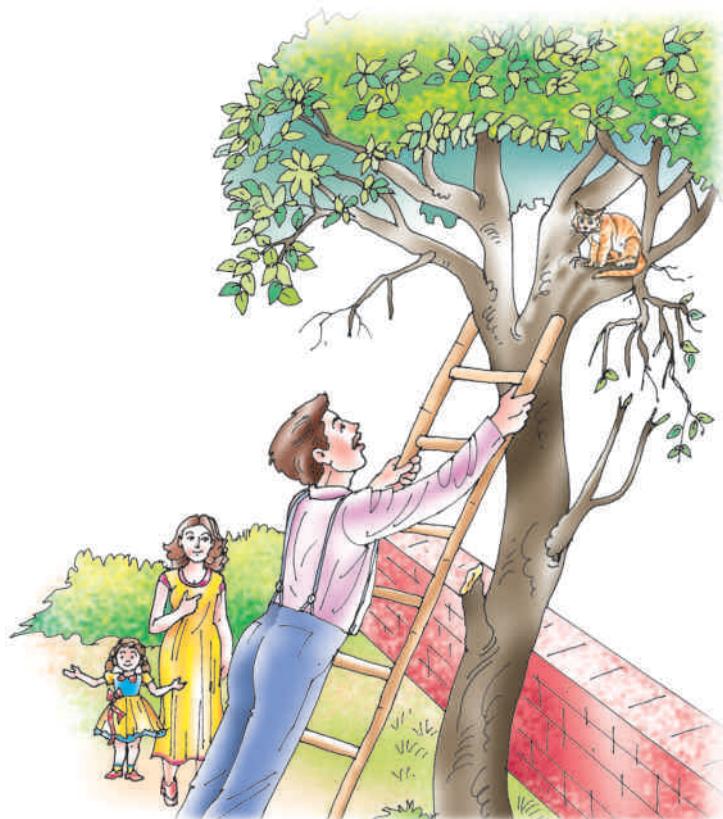
*When the postman arrived at the Roy household to deliver the mail, he was surprised to find a new vicious dog. The dog was fastened to a tree by a leash just long enough to reach the front door. The dog growled and bared its teeth. But the postman managed to outwit the dog and reach the front door safely. How?*

*Answer on page 139*



## Dad and the Cat and the Tree

Have you ever seen a cat climbing a tree? Sometimes a cat may climb too high and get stuck in the tree. The poor thing can't come down without help. How would you help it? Surely, not like Dad in the poem. Is Dad a good climber? What were his plans? Read the poem to find out.





“Never mind,” said Dad,  
Brushing the dirt  
Off his hair and his face  
And his trousers and his shirt,

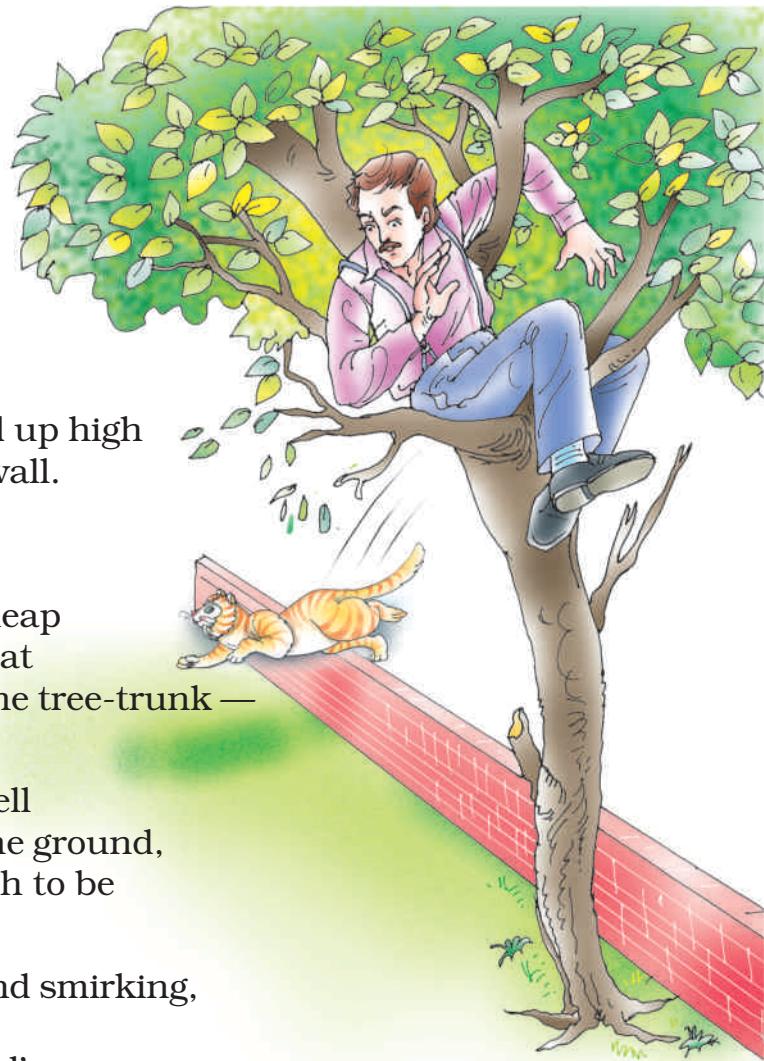
“We’ll try Plan B. Stand  
Out of the way!”  
Mum said, “Don’t fall  
Again, O.K.?”

“Fall again?” said Dad.  
“Funny joke!”  
Then he swung himself up  
On a branch. It broke.

Dad landed wallop  
Back on the deck.  
Mum said, “Stop it,  
You’ll break your neck!”

“Rubbish!” said Dad.  
“Now we’ll try Plan C.  
Easy as winking  
To a climber like me!”





Then he climbed up high  
On the garden wall.  
Guess what?  
He didn't fall!

He gave a great leap  
And he landed flat  
In the crook of the tree-trunk —  
Right on the cat!

The cat gave a yell  
And sprang to the ground,  
Pleased as Punch to be  
Safe and sound.

So it's smiling and smirking,  
Smug as can be,  
But poor old Dad's  
Still

Stuck  
Up  
The  
Tree!

KIT WRIGHT



## GLOSSARY

**wobbly:** unsteady

**for goodness' sake:** an exclamation expressing protest

**scoffed:** laughed mockingly

**child's play:** very easy to do

**landed wallop:** fell heavily

**pleased as Punch:** very pleased

**safe and sound:** unhurt

## Working with the Poem

1. Why was Dad sure he wouldn't fall?
2. Which phrase in the poem expresses Dad's self-confidence best?
3. Describe Plan A and its consequences.
4. Plan C was a success. What went wrong then?
5. The cat was very happy to be on the ground. Pick out the phrase used to express this idea.
6. Describe the Cat and Dad situation in the beginning and at the end of the poem.
7. Why and when did Dad say each of the following?
  - (i) Fall?
  - (ii) Never mind
  - (iii) Funny joke
  - (iv) Rubbish
8. Do you find the poem humorous? Read aloud lines which make you laugh.

### Do you know...

*If you show love to plants or expose them to classical music, they grow well. Is this true ?*

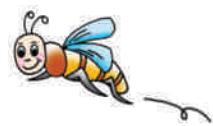
*Answer on page 113*



## Garden Snake

*Have you ever seen a snake fighting a mongoose, or getting into a hole, or swimming in the river? Everyone, almost everyone, believes that snakes are dangerous. Some are, most are not. Read this poem on a harmless garden snake.*

I saw a snake and ran away...  
Some snakes are dangerous, they say;  
But mother says that kind is good,  
And eats up insects for his food.  
So when he wiggles in the grass  
I'll stand aside and watch him pass,  
And tell myself, "There's no mistake,  
It's just a harmless garden snake!"



MURIEL L. SONNE

### Working with the Poem

1. Answer the following questions.
  - (i) Pick out the line that suggests that the child is afraid of snakes.



- (ii) Which line shows a complete change of the child's attitude towards snakes? Read it aloud.
- (iii) "But mother says that kind is good..." What is mother referring to?
2. Find the word that refers to the snake's movements in the grass.
  3. There are four pairs of rhyming words in the poem. Say them aloud.
  4. A snake has no legs or feet, but it moves very fast. Can you guess how? Discuss in the group.
  5. Can you recall the word used for a cobra's long sharp teeth? Where did you come across this word first?

### ***Do you know...***

#### *Answer*

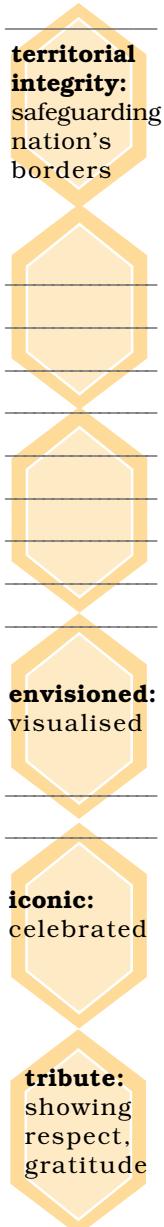
*According to some botanists, plants are able to sense the vibrations of music through their stomata. How this occurs is not yet known. Yields of some crops are reported to have increased substantially when the plants were exposed to music. Many plant lovers, including Prince Charles of Britain, believe that talking to plants makes them grow better.*

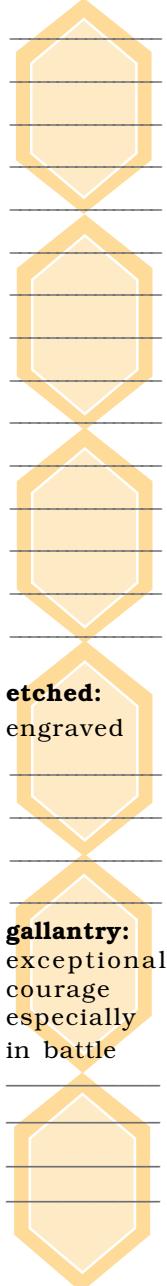


for many centuries. Post-independence our country has had to fight several wars to protect its borders, territorial integrity, and its people. This made me wonder, who were these brave Indian people? They fought to protect our country and sacrificed their lives so that we could lead our lives in peace. What were their names? Where did they come from? Does anyone remember anything about them?

Last week I got the answers to some of my questions during an educational trip to New Delhi organised by our school. You may recall, I was looking forward to this trip and our visit to many places of historical and educational significance. I learnt several new and interesting things, and I am excited to share them with you.

Let me begin by asking you to guess the name of the monument that I found most inspiring. Let's see if you can guess? The construction of this monument started in April 2018 and was completed in February 2019. It was envisioned and then inaugurated by India's Prime Minister Shri Narendra Modi in February 2019. In terms of location and size, it is spread over 40 acres of land near the iconic India Gate. But more importantly, it is a tribute to some of the bravest Indians. I'm sure you've guessed! It's the 'National War Memorial'. Won't you say, a long desired aspiration was fulfilled?





Our visit to the National War Memorial began with our teacher explaining that even after independence, India has had to fight many wars to protect itself, and the freedom and security we enjoy today is because of the many brave men and women who have served in the Indian Armed Forces over decades. Sadly, she said, war always takes its toll, and therefore, many brave soldiers have had to sacrifice their lives for the country even after our independence in 1947. This is what makes monuments like the National War Memorial extremely important so that we should never forget the cost of freedom. We are aware, always, of the pain and horrors of war. We learnt that each brick of the memorial is called a tablet, and it bears the names of soldiers who fought for India and made the supreme sacrifice in different wars from 1947 till date, including the Indo-China conflict of 1962, the Indo-Pak Wars in 1965 & 1971 and the Kargil War in 1999. There are 29,000 tablets on which more than 26,000 names of fallen soldiers have been etched.

It was heartening to know that our government has recognised the sacrifice of brave soldiers. Our teacher told us about the 21 bravehearts who were awarded the Param Vir Chakra (PVC), India's highest wartime gallantry medal, for their service to the nation. She also told us about *Maha Vir Chakra* (MVC), *Kirti Chakra* (KC), *Vir Chakra* (VrC) and *Shaurya Chakra* (SC).

Major Somnath Sharma was posthumously awarded India's first PVC, in the Battle of Badgam in 1947. Later some more PVCs were awarded for exceptional gallantry during the India-China Conflict of 1962, and the India-Pakistan War of 1965. Besides, a PVC was also awarded for service during the U.N. Peace Keeping Operations in Congo.

In the 1971 war, some of the heroes who were awarded the PVC (posthumously) includes Lance Naik Albert Ekka, Flying Officer Nirmal Jit Singh Sekhon, Second Lieutenant Arun Khetarpal and Major Hoshiar Singh. Some Navy personnel including Captain Mahendra Nath Mulla were also awarded MVC for their exemplary courage and leadership.

Then the teacher shared with us the citation of *Param Vir Chakra* awardee Lance Naik Albert Ekka. It touched my heart and also motivated me. We were awestruck and humbled by his bravery. I aspire to be courageous like him when I join the army!



<https://www.indiatimes.com/hindi/frontlines/param-vir-chakra-awardee-lance-naik-albert-ekka-503475.html>

**posthumously:**  
after death

**citation:**  
meritorious performance of duty

**awestruck:**  
amazed

### CITATION



Lance Naik Albert Ekka,  
(No. 4239746), 14 Guards

Lance Naik Albert Ekka was in the left forward company of a Battalion of the Brigade of Guards during their attack on the enemy defence at Gangasagar on the eastern front. This was a well-fortified position held in strength by the enemy. The assaulting troops were subjected to intense shelling and heavy small arms fire, but they charged on to the objective and were locked in bitter hand-to-hand combat. Lance Naik Albert Ekka noticed an enemy Light Machine Gun inflicting heavy casualties on his company. With complete disregard to his personal safety, he charged the enemy bunker, bayoneted two enemy soldiers and silenced the Light Machine Gun. Though seriously wounded in this encounter, he continued to fight alongside his comrades through the mile deep objective, clearing bunker after bunker with undaunted courage. Towards the northern end of the objective, one enemy Medium Machine Gun opened up from the second storey of a well-fortified building inflicting heavy casualties and holding up the attack. Once again, this gallant soldier without worrying about his personal safety, despite his serious injury and the heavy volume of enemy fire, crawled forward

till he reached the building and lobbed a grenade through the loophole of the bunker, killing one enemy and injuring the other. The Medium Machine Gun, however, continued to fire. With outstanding courage and grim determination, Lance Naik Albert Ekka scaled a side wall and entering the bunker, bayoneted the enemy who was still firing and thus silenced the Machine Gun, saving further casualties to his company and ensured the success of the attack. In this process, however, he received serious injuries and succumbed to them after the capture of the objective. In this action, Lance Naik Albert Ekka displayed the most conspicuous valour, determination and made the supreme sacrifice in the best traditions of the Army. (*Gazette of India* Notification No. 7– Pres./72)

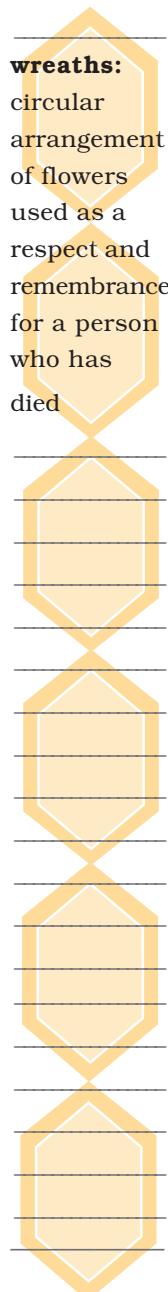
As we continued our visit around the National War Memorial, we came across another important installation called *Amar Jawan Jyoti* that commemorates our soldiers. The name, as you may have guessed, represents an immortal flame that is kept ablaze all through the day and night to revere the sacrifices of our soldiers. Earlier the *Amar Jawan Jyoti* which also displayed a rifle and a helmet was alighted under the arch of India Gate in January 1972 to commemorate India's victory in the India-Pakistan War of 1971.

The National War Memorial now includes *Amar Jawan Jyoti* in the obelisk which is



**commemorate:**  
remember  
officially and  
give respect

**obelisk:**  
tapering  
stone pillar



surrounded by four *chakras*. During the inauguration, the Prime Minister lit a new flame to commemorate the fallen heroes. Later, the old flame at India Gate was also merged with the new flame at the National War Memorial. Here is a picture of the new *Amar Jawan Jyoti* if you haven't seen it. You can see the obelisk surrounded by wreaths that have been placed as a mark of respect. The lighting design is planned in such a way that it transforms the monument's landscape as sunlight changes from dawn to dusk. It truly is a majestic site that filled me with pride for our nation. I was also overwhelmed by the interminable flame as a metaphor for eternal stories of courage and valour.



<https://nationalwarmemorial.gov.in/>

Our teacher also explained the significance of the *Chakras* to us. I found it interesting and hence sharing with you.

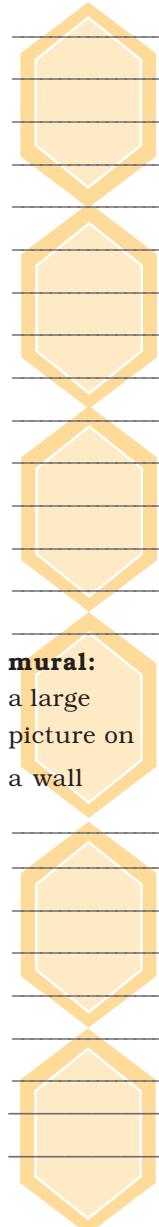
The National War Memorial consists of 4 concentric circles which are known as *Amar Chakra*, *Veerta Chakra*, *Tyag Chakra* and *Raksha Chakra* around a 15-meter-tall central obelisk with the eternal flame—the *Amar Jawan Jyoti*. It also houses bronze and stone murals and graphic panels. Isn't it amazing!

The innermost circle represents the *Amar Chakra*, also known as the 'Circle of Immortality'. This has the Obelisk with Eternal Flame. The *Amar Jawan Jyoti* flame symbolises the immortality of the spirit of fallen soldiers with the assurance that the nation will never forget their sacrifice.

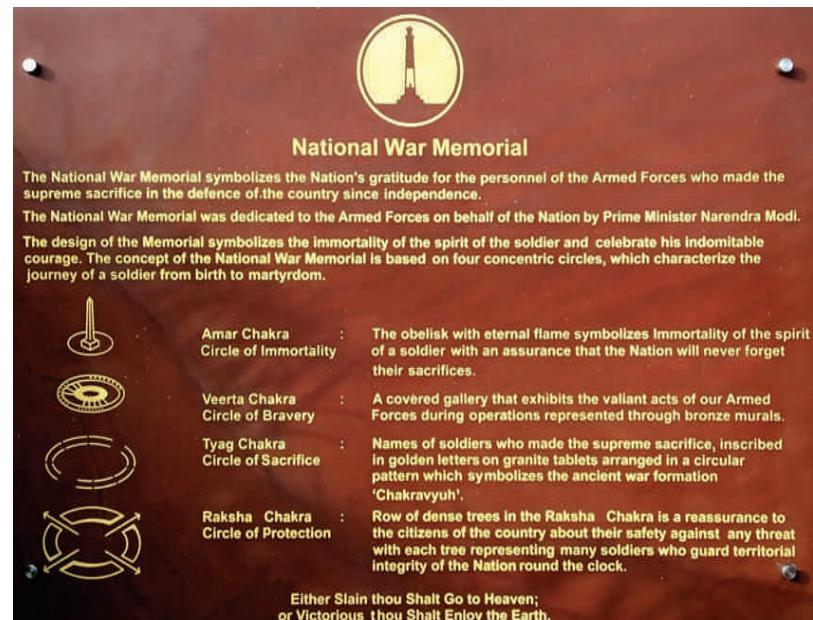
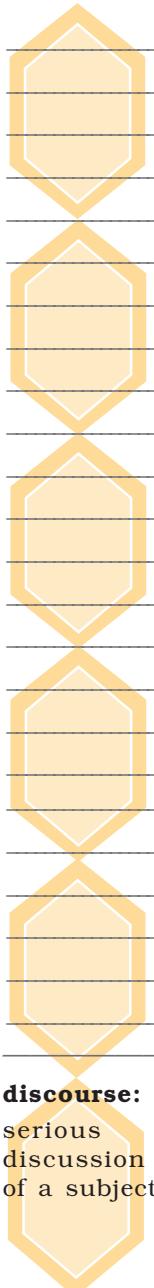
The second circle is called the *Veerta Chakra* which is also known as the 'Circle of Bravery'. There is a covered gallery that exhibits six murals crafted in bronze depicting valiant battle actions of our Armed Forces.

The third circle represents the *Tyag Chakra*, also known as the 'Circle of Sacrifice'. The circular concentric walls of honour symbolise the ancient war formation which is called *Chakravyuh*. The walls are covered with granite tablets and individual tablet is solely dedicated to each fallen hero of post-Independent India. Their names are etched in golden letters.

The outermost circle represents the *Raksha Chakra*, which is also known as the 'Circle of



Protection'. In this *chakra* the row of trees is a reassurance to the citizens of the country about their safety against any threat. Each tree represents the soldiers who ensure the territorial integrity of the nation.



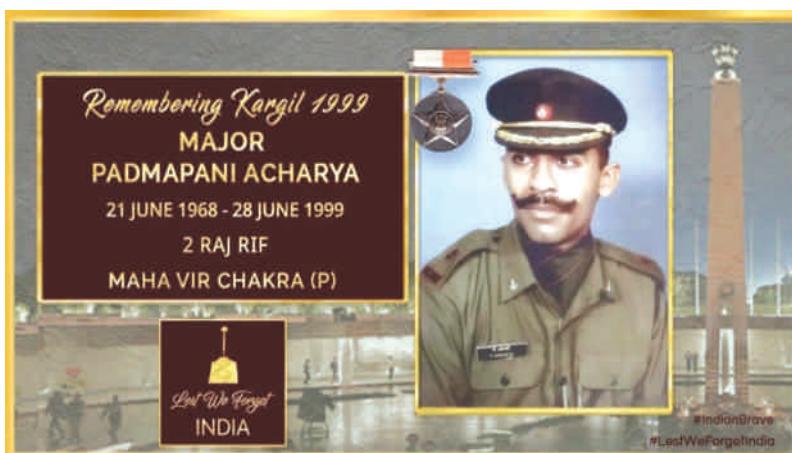
We spent the whole day, from morning to evening, at the National War Memorial and the surrounding areas, marked by majestic lawns and grand buildings of *Kartavyapath*. We were immersed in the ambience that was solemn and a reminder of what a free nation could achieve. The overall environment created an emotive experience that was visually inspiring. I felt as if I had developed bond with the place.

I learnt a lot. But I also have to admit that the various discourses on the day brought tears to

my eyes. It was sad to think about the massive devastation and loss of life caused by wars. It motivated me to live a life worthy of the sacrifices of our heroes.

After our visit, the class decided to make presentations on stories of valour of the brave hearts, we came across at the National War Memorial. We divided ourselves into five groups. We are choosing martyrs to make presentations depicting their courageous stories. Our teacher has also advised us to share our experience during the school assembly. I am delighted that all the students of our school will get to know about the National War Memorial and the soldiers it commemorates.

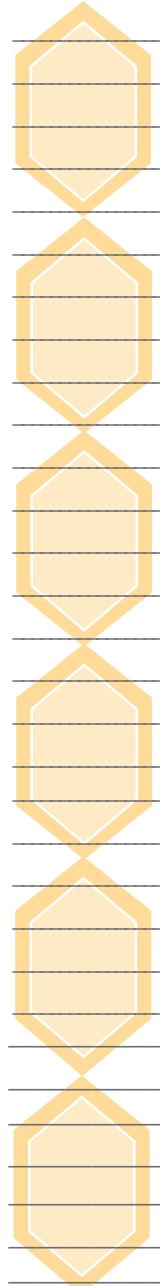
I am going to give a presentation on the story of Major Padmapani Acharya who fought for India in the 1999 Kargil War and was awarded the *Maha Vir Chakra*.



<https://www.facebook.com/RambanYouthPower/posts/-major-padmapani-acharya-was-awarded-the-mahavirchakra-posthumouslythe-gallant-i/870107096810810/>

**devastation:**  
 damage and destruction

The citation for the *Maha Vir Chakra* reads as follows:



Gazette Notification: 17 Pres/2000, 15.8.99  
Operation: Op Vijay- Kargil Date of Award: 15 Aug 1999

**CITATION**

**MAJOR PADMAPANI ACHARYA (IC-55072)**  
**2 RAJPUTANA RIFLES**  
**(POSTHUMOUS)**

On 28 June 1999, Major Padmapani Acharya as a Company Commander, was assigned the formidable task of capturing an enemy position which was heavily fortified, strongly held and covered with mines and sweeping machine gun and artillery fire.

Success of the battalion and brigade operation hinged on the early capture of this position. However, the company attack almost faltered at the very beginning when the enemy's artillery fire came down squarely on the leading platoon, inflicting large number of casualties.

With utter disregard to his personal safety, Major Padmapani Acharya took the reserve platoon of his company and led it through raining artillery shells. Even as his men were falling to the murderous enemy fire, he continued to encourage his men and charged at the enemy up the steep rock face with his reserve platoon.

Unmindful of the hail of bullets from the enemy's position, Major Padmapani Acharya crawled up to the enemy position and lobbed grenades. In this daring assault, Major Acharya was severely injured. Despite being seriously injured and unable to move, he ordered his men to leave him and charge at the enemy while he continued to fire at the enemy. The enemy position was finally over-run and the objective was captured.

After completion of the mission, the officer however, succumbed to his injuries.

Major Padmapani Acharya displayed exceptional courage, leadership and spirit of self-sacrifice in the face of the enemy.

<https://www.gallantryawards.gov.in/awards>

Before he went into battle, he wrote a letter to his father that he wasn't afraid or scared about losing his life while trying to protect the motherland. Quoting *Shrimad Bhagavad Gita* he went on to say:

हतो वा प्राप्स्यसि स्वर्गं जित्वा वा भोक्ष्यसे महीम्।  
तस्मादुत्तिष्ठ कौन्तेय युद्धाय कृतनिश्चयः॥२.३७॥

Hato vaa praapsyasi svargam jitvaa vaa bhokshyase mahiim  
Tasmaaduttishtha kaunteya yuddhaaya kritanischayah

If you fight, you will either be slain on the battlefield and go to the celestial abodes, or you will gain victory and enjoy the kingdom on earth. Therefore arise with determination. O, son of Kunti, and be prepared to fight.

Here is the website link for National War Memorial <https://nationalwarmemorial.gov.in/>. Share it with your friends to learn more about it.

We reached Bengaluru yesterday. I have written a long letter as I could not help sharing this inspiring experience with you.

Give my regards to your Mom and Dad. I miss your Mom's *Chhole Bhature*. You know I am a foodie! Say hello to Amit.

Your friend,

Soumya

### Comprehension Check

1. Where is the National War Memorial located and what is its significance?
2. What is the nation's highest gallantry award?
3. What do the walls of *Chakras* portray.
4. Find in the lesson the paragraph/s and the sentence that evoke the feelings given below.
  - (i) feeling of wonder
  - (ii) heartening
  - (iii) sense of motivation
  - (iv) pride
  - (v) visually inspiring
  - (vi) sadness
  - (vii) gratitude
  - (viii) inspiration

II

Ananda,  
House No...., Sector ...  
Chandigarh.

Date: 24 April 2022

Dear Soumya,

It was such a pleasure to receive your letter. I enjoyed reading your experience of the visit to the National War Memorial in Delhi, as well as your observations and feelings during the visit. You really have an eye for detail and being the sensitive person that you are, you have been able to capture the essence of the emotions associated with this Memorial.

I was happy to hear that you got an opportunity to visit the National War Memorial. I have heard a lot about it. Some people might see a war memorial as just a monument, statue, an edifice to celebrate a war or victory and commemorate those who were martyred or injured in war. In my view, it is also an expression of deep gratitude for the supreme sacrifice made by our brave soldiers defending the sovereignty and integrity of the country. I feel motivated and I am seriously thinking of joining the Armed Forces for serving my motherland.

I also feel it is our duty to periodically visit such places to honour our valiant soldiers, who





have made great sacrifices for us. Their sacrifices enable us to walk freely in our country without fear of enemy threats. It is nice of your teacher and school to arrange this visit to give you all a chance to learn about India's heroes and also pay your respect to them. The idea of your class to make a presentation at the school and making every one a part of your experience is wonderful! Best of luck for your presentation, I hope it goes well and motivates the school students to join the Indian Armed Forces.

Your letter has reminded me of a time when we visited the war memorial in our city. If I remember correctly, the day was National Martyrs Day. While visiting one of Chandigarh's gardens we saw a lot of activity around the Bougainvillea Garden in Sector 3. As we approached the garden, we saw people offering flowers and prayers. We joined the group out of curiosity and quickly realised that they were all there to pay respect to the soldiers at the War Memorial.

When I think back about my visit where everyone was dedicating flowers as a mark of respect to our soldiers, I was reminded of the following poem:

### ***Pushp ki Abhilasha***

*Chah Nahi, Main Sur Bala  
Ke Gehano Mein Goontha Jaaun,  
Chaah Nahi, Premi Mala Mein  
Bindh Pyaari Ko Lalchaun!*

*Chaah Nahi, Samraato Ke Shav  
Par, He Hari, Dala Jaaun,  
Chaah Nahi, Dewon Ke Sar Par  
Chadhoon, Bhagya Par Itraun!*

***Mujhe Tod Lena, Banmali!  
Us Path Mein Tum Dena Phaink,  
Matra Bhoomi Per Sheesh Chadhane  
Jis Path Jaayen Veer Anek!***

—Makhanlal Chaturvedi

### पुष्प की अभिलाषा

चाह नहीं, मैं सुरबाला के  
गहनों में गूँथा जाऊँ,  
चाह नहीं, प्रेमी-माला में  
बंध प्यारी को ललचाऊँ!

चाह नहीं, सम्राटों के शव  
पर, हे हरि, डाला जाऊँ,  
चाह नहीं, देवों के सिर पर  
चढ़ूँ, भाग्य पर इठलाऊँ!

मुझे तोड़ लेना, वनमाली!  
उस पथ पर देना तुम फेंक,  
मातृभूमि पर शीश चढ़ाने  
जिस पथ जावे वीर अनेक!

—माखनलाल चतुर्वेदी

I hope you like the poem. I must say, I was inspired by your idea of presenting the valourous stories of India's soldiers. There are so many

stories of courage, bravery, and sacrifice which remind us that many of the challenges we face in our lives are inconsequential. We can enjoy peace in our country and the luxury of exchanging ideas with our friends because our Armed Forces are alert and work hard to create that environment for us.



Captain Anuj Nayyar, MahaVir Chakra

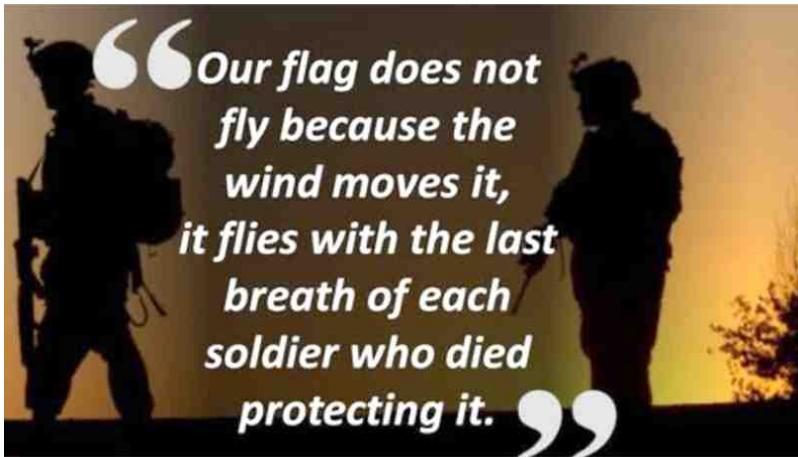
**memoir:**  
an account  
of one's  
personal  
life and  
experiences

Very recently I read in the newspaper that Captain Anuj Nayyar, MVC, an Indian Army officer of the 17 Jat regiment was posthumously awarded the *Maha Vir Chakra*, India's second highest gallantry award, for exemplary valour during the Kargil War in 1999. I look forward to learning more about him. Meanwhile, I learnt that his mother Meena Nayyar has written a memoir titled *Tiger of Drass– Capt. Anuj Nayyar – 23 – Kargil Hero* which I shall certainly go through. I am sharing with you an excerpt of her interview with IANS.

*“Writing about the smallest things about your child who is not with you really used to shake me but gradually I came to terms with it by telling myself that if I didn’t write about him no one in the world would or could, and no one will know about Anuj’s sacrifice,”*

Published on : 13 Apr, 2022, 1:59 pm

It is truly said:



<https://lifenlesson.com/wp-content/uploads/2016/07/Slide5-8.jpg>

I have shared your experience with many of my friends. We all wish to visit the National War Memorial, Delhi. We have found out a mobile app ‘National War Memorial and Museum’. This app is very interactive and provides answers to our queries in 21 languages. The murals on the walls are enchanting. A great learning experience indeed!

<https://nationalwarmemorial.gov.in/.>

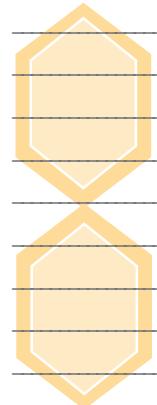


Next week, I am going to share this idea with my classmates and my teacher. I think it would be great to create a collage capturing the lives and stories of people that can inspire us each day.

I know that we can email each other. I really like to receive letters from you, not just because of the ideas that you share but also because the envelope of your letters often comes with beautiful stamps, that make me happy. I don't know if I ever shared it before, but collecting stamps is one of my favourite hobbies. I've been doing it for years. But I learnt recently that the act of collecting stamps is called 'philately'. This time I received a stamp that celebrates India's independence, a theme related to your letter.

Okay, that's all from me for now. But before I conclude, guess what we had for breakfast!—*fluffy idlies* and we all remembered you. Give my regards to your parents.

I am inspired by your letter!



Hope to hear from you soon about your new adventures and experiences.

Best wishes,

Ananda

### Comprehension Check

- Which book does Ananda want to read and why?
- How did Ananda feel after reading about the National War Memorial?
- Why was she reminded of the poem *Pushp ki Abhilasha*?
- Reading the letter from Soumya, Anada is inspired to act. What actions does she intend to take up.  
Fill in the table citing the sentences from the text.

(i)	visit	
(ii)	mobile app	
(iii)	sharing ideas	
(iv)	creating a collage	
(v)	joining the army	
(vi)	website	

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The medal is cast in bronze. In the centre, on a raised circle, is the state emblem, \_\_\_\_\_ (surround) by four replicas of Indra's Vajra are \_\_\_\_\_ (flank). The decoration is suspended from a straight swiveling suspension bar, and is held by a 32 mm purple ribbon.

3. Match the following words with their meanings.

(i) territorial integrity	(i) celebrated
(ii) iconic	(ii) engraved
(iii) envisioned	(iii) grand
(iv) etched	(iv) visualised
(v) posthumously	(v) a tapering stone pillar
(vi) awestruck	(vi) after death
(vii) obelisk	(vii) amazed
(viii) majestic	(viii) never dying flame
(ix) interminable flame	(ix) very brave
(x) valiant	(x) safeguarding nation's borders

4. Complete the story of an unknown soldier. Replace the words from the box with the underlined words given in the text below.

touched everyone's heart, territorial integrity, inspired, fallen soldiers, posthumously, valour, exemplary courage, awestruck

He was posted at the Indian border to safeguard our national boundary. He had been motivated by the hundreds of stories of the soldiers who had died in action and were celebrated after their deaths for bravery.

One night as the war intensified, he was asked to take his platoon to the place of action.

He displayed outstanding bravery and led from the front. All the fellow soldiers were amazed at his courage, especially as he made the supreme sacrifice without any hesitation. He too was awarded after he died in the war. His action affected everyone very deeply.

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## Meadow Surprises

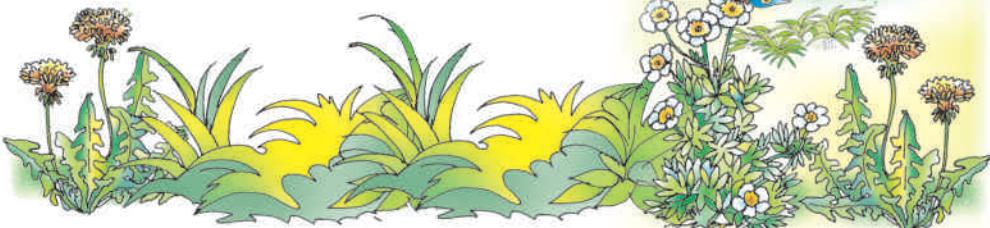
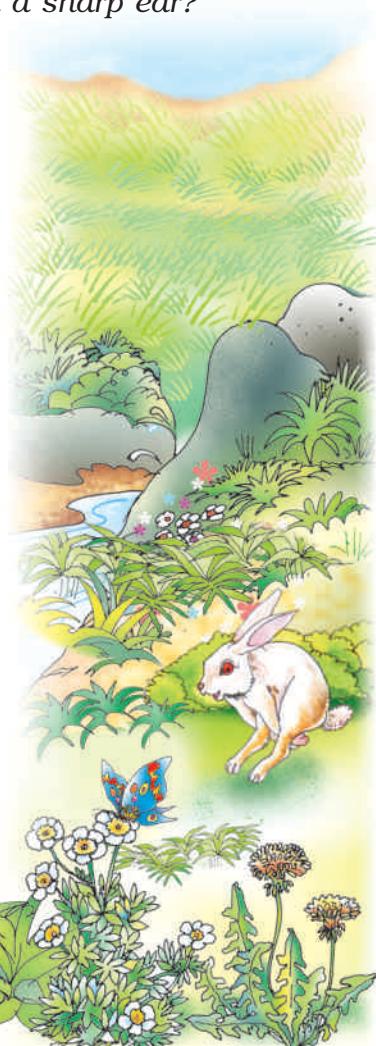
*Walk across a green field, a park or even under a clump of trees, and you will notice many wonderful things. What are some of the surprises a meadow has for someone with a keen eye and a sharp ear?*

Meadows have surprises,  
You can find them if you look;  
Walk softly through the velvet grass,  
And listen by the brook.

You may see a butterfly  
Rest upon a buttercup  
And unfold its drinking straws  
To sip the nectar up.

You may scare a rabbit  
Who is sitting very still;  
Though at first you may not see him,  
When he hops you will.

A dandelion whose fuzzy head  
Was golden days ago  
Has turned to airy parachutes  
That flutter when you blow.





Explore the meadow houses,  
The burrows in the ground,  
A nest beneath tall grasses,  
The ant's amazing mound.

Oh! Meadows have surprises  
And many things to tell;  
You may discover these yourself,  
If you look and listen well.

LOIS BRANDT PHILLIPS

### Working with the Poem

1. Read the lines in which the following phrases occur. Then discuss with your partner the meaning of each phrase in its context.
  - (i) velvet grass
  - (ii) drinking straws
  - (iii) meadow houses
  - (iv) amazing mound
  - (v) fuzzy head
2. Which line in the poem suggests that you need a keen eye and a sharp ear to enjoy a meadow? Read aloud the stanza that contains this line.
3. Find pictures of the kinds of birds, insects and scenes mentioned in the poem.
4. Watch a tree or a plant, or walk across a field or park at the same time everyday for a week. Keep a diary of what you see and hear. At the end of the week, write a short paragraph or a poem about your experiences. Put your writing up on the class bulletin board.





Read the following poem about the world of nature, which is as busy as the world of human beings.

### **Busy World**

Bees are buzzing, frogs are hopping,  
Moles are digging. There's no stopping  
Vines from climbing, grass from growing,  
Birds from singing, winds from blowing,  
Buds from blooming. Bees are humming,  
Sunbeams dancing, raindrops drumming.  
All the world is whirling, dizzy,  
Summertime is very busy!

FRANCES GORMAN RISSE

### ***Delivery Delayed***

*Answer*

*The postman started moving round the tree in circles. The dog followed him, but as he did so, his leash got wrapped around the tree. The postman then safely walked up to the front door.*

# Notes

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