His pursuit of his passion gave him fulfillment and helped him to survive many upheavals in tipe. It gave him a new leave of life, an opportunity to do that which he mixed out on or had no time for earlier. And so, notirement became a happy phase of his like! In the same of the s e) Mr. X believed that publicity would take him away from his writing and pull him into the world of the internet, He did not wish for this to happen and preferred to follow his passion instead. Thus, he was not interested in seeking publicity. (a) (i) savings (b) (iv) upheavals (iii) passionate (i) nobust Section - B Please Twen over

Rising Prices

- Renu

There's never as busier day in the market than the day when the shops decide to have a sale crowds of people wirestly and fight for a simple item which costs not more than 710 than its original price on sale. Unbeknowst to the shopper is used plan of the businessman, the viene of overpricing Hidden under lowers and layers of advertising, assurances and entrancing exhibits, the prices of simple, exential goods rises steadily. It is high time for us, the commoners, the consumers, to question the puppeteer and close down this play. The rise in the prices of goods is apparent to all of us since the past few years. With MNCs [multinational corporations) receiving unhinged support of the government in the name of "development" and the spread of internet and home shopping the steady increase in prices is going unchecked. Several suports on the media and individual enquiries show popular companies making profits of shocking magnitude, an unjustifiable 2001. of profit or more. Fake prices are displayed and the so-called

sales are also a farce. The profit margin of the company remains at all time highs. This act of deceit continues to go unchecked. The impacts of sixing prices are extensive. It is not just a low of a few small notes from your pocket, it is nobbery in broad daylight of the nation. The rich businessman and those influential profit from this senseless exploitation while the middle classes and the poor continue to grow poorer. This breaks the society and give power and injurice to money-minded, corrupt people and stouly starts to push the rest of us down. This is no ordinary middle class problem. It has grown to become a threat to the very democracy that keeps the nation alive Such unethical practices must at once, come to a stop. It is time the real beneficiaries of the nation became the ones who worked for it. The only way to control the skyracketing prices is to question, understand and become aware as consumer and it has to be done today. home for the kind hearted

It had been a very long time since I united the park. After an entire week of being cooped up in my noon in preparation for my upwaring exams, my tired body, sick of the books and the sufficating walls, on the last day of the preparation holidays, pung itself outside the noom with a sudden burnt of energy. I didn't need to have much conversation to get out of the house. My father was never home and my mother who had over worked herself at the office once again was in no mood for disagreements. And so, with a nerworks churning in my stomach begging me to neturn to algebra, I silestly walked my way to the park. I am known to be quite the agric. I barely find anything amusing and heart-warming. I despise the fact that my unicism is something people want fixed." I know for a fact that my love for history and literature will take me nowhere Added to this is the sudden information that came glaring at me in the face as soon as the "career talk" at school was over. I, the day dreaming, dog-loving idiotic child had not one "outside school" talents to board I spent all my childhood indoors, reading books, listening to

while the rest of the Indian population spent time in competitions and summer camps, certificates and all. Now why would any reputed institution want to take me in ? Because I'm a good person? Because 9'm kind hearted? Certainly not so my question to my grandmother with wants me to expel my persimism, "Why shouldn't I be sad when there is literally nothing to be happy about?" With all these thoughts running through my hear If almost tripped over a little something on the foot path. I At fire sight I couldn't make out what it was, It tooked like a small, dirty clump of fur. Then I realised it was a little puppy, weak and showing. It was thin and pale but there was something in its eyes that outshone the sun about my heady a glithering hope. I stowly picked it up and held it in my arms, it shiwred violently and simily lifted its head, too scared to raise it any higher, I wondered what this poor puppy had done to deserve such a predicament. Aband scared and sick. As I slowly ran my fingers therough its fur I get its warmth. I couldn't leave it to die. Even if the world wouldn't allow it to live, even if it had nothing to give, there was perhaps some meaning for it to stay alive and healthy. And I realised the same Stood Frue for me. When I got home with Little Tabby (I'm good in

naming things quick) in my arms, I was welcomed with a weary glasse from my mother." I don't hate the puppy " my mother said defensively. "Kind orestures like that have no plane in the world. Only the stealthy and strong wall swewine" she said with a pale face. My mother who always made sure to help poor clients at the bank she worked in never managed to move up because she never had any time to attend important gatherings or meetings where good employees would get the attention of the higher-ups. But never for a second did 9 feel it was a foolish thing to do. I narrated to never the story now & found this puppy without a home, supposedly "useless" to the other passerbys. But it managed to change my mind and give me hope. "Even if the whole world gives us no place to live and pourish in" I said confidently. "This house can and aways will be a home to the kind hearted 's said. My nother was pleased. I gave her the confidence, the surprising optimin to continue and with us, Tabby who was now happily lapping up the milk from a dish, found a home in everybody's hearts.

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	him on the diff	13
	him on the diff.	
	couplin who had successfully escaped from his landword after so	ting his
	house on fine had run into a departmental store where	he
	dotted himself and decided to take a nap. Unfortunately,	11
	was discovered by the store clerks early morning the next of	ay,
	prompting him to once again have behind all his clother a	
	naked in the chill January air.	
	7	
(e)	Tricki was not suffering from any ailment in reality. In to	et, the
	cause of his suffering was his obesity caused by Madame	

(e) Tricki was not suffering from any ailment in reality. In fact, the cause of his suffering was his obesity caused by Madama.

Primphry's overly luxuriant treatment. Madam Primphry only fed Tricki lots of sweets and other foods instead of maintain -a a healthy diet for him. This caused him to grow fatter and fatter until he was so obese that he became inactive and rethargic.

10. Yes, I agree with the statement that the lady in red was eleverer than Horace Banky.

There's no denying of the fact that Horace was quite clever himself. He was quite the successful reddor and very observant

Horace only robbed the such to buy himself expensive, books and had his eyes on the shotouer birange for a way long time He carefully planned his breaking in after finding out the family was out holidaying and the serwants had left the keys to the house hanging after going to a movie themselves. Fren the pet dog warn't a bother for Horace who knew how to calm her down by calling her name. Fuen so, the lady in red smoothly outsmosted him and managed to make him the culprit in the and with a very well executed intricate plan. Upon hearing Horace sneeze because of his hay fever she made her way to upstains to the vault where he was Dressed attractively and with the dog by her side, she was easily able to convince Horace that she was the lady of the house She threatened to call the police and have him arrested, forcing Horace to beg and perform her a favour. Before she made him to do her favour, she quietly made him remove his groves by asking him to light a eigen. After this sly action, she promised to let him go unscatted and uncought if he broke open the vault for her, Her greasoning was that she had to go to a party for which she needed some jewels and had

unfortunately, forgotten the password to the safe. Horace who was wry much afraid to go to prison unquestioningly broke open the safe with an assurance from the lady that she'd name it fixed later. And thus, she escaped with the jewels while making sure Horace left his imprint as the culprit. Caught in the end, Horace promed to be desure; but just not as much as the lady in red.

Helen Keller is a bright, wouragrous and intelligent woman of very high character. Her brawery and her perseverance and more importantly her honest account of her life make her one of the greatest American autobiographers and achievers of her time. All of this is made crystal clear to us in her autobiography. "The Stony of My Life" where she recounts various incidents of her Life episodically in beautiful language. She shows the world through her achievements that people who are specially abled are just as capable, if not more, of managing to reach the greatest height of character.

Helen as a child was a confident child with a self

asserting disposition. Long before her illness took away her sight

and heaving, Helen was able to establish herself as a very strong presence in the house as noted by many of her relatives Helen could early say "How d'ye" by the age of six months and surprised her quests by quite plainly saying "tea, tea, tea". Itelen, even after losing her sight and hearing caused by "an acute congestion of the stomach and he brain" in February after spending 19 months as a happy infant, continued with the same dominant altitude. This we come across in her recollections of Martha Washington and Belle, her earliest priends. She made it a point that they submit to her will. However this playful dominance never grew to become toxic overogance. Helen grew to learn the language of lone with the help of her teacher, Anne Sulivan. An important jeature of Helen's character is her constant need to communicate. She jet like she was surrounded by silent darkness, her legs locked in heavy chains of despair The inability to communicate resulted in passionate outburst of temper and pustration. This began to prequent, sometimes on an hourly basis. To ouercome these prestrations Helen's parents search four and wide for a teacher, finally

finding the willing assistance of His Anne Sullivan. Anne Sullivan was to bring Helen into a world of knowledge, filled with light a tone. Anne Sullivan's patient companionship and her intelligent meltood of tracking Helen all her first tenons with noture made Helen develop a keen interest to learn. The knowledge of words was so liberating for Helen and the ability to speak gave her unimaginable freedom. She describes it as being given light and direction when one is stack like a ship in a wall of write mist.

Helen's some for nature are exemplified in her descriptions of the natural world. Even before the arrivat of her teacher Anne Sullivan, Helen had an unhinged love for nature. She some to get lost in the gardens of her southern home whenever she felt angry and helpless. She'd move from hidge to hedge until she'd come upon a familiar wine. She sowed the sweet pragrance of the roses that seemed to her pure and devoid of an earthy smell with Anne Sullivan she not only finds that beauty in nature but knowledge as well. Helen's sexons as a child all breather an earthy wood smell of the woods and carry with them the song of the birds and insects. Helen sous being outdoors.

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Exploring the woods of the Fern Quarry with Hildred and her cousins, visiting plymouth by water with her teacher, being at peace at the New York central park and spending a longly time in wrentham are all witness to this. Helen's most admirable characters are her perseugance her kindness and her loving, charming nature. Even with her disability and the huge upheavals that came her way, Helen brauely overcame all his obstacles and never lost hope. Her just obstacles were understanding words when they were spelled out to how. Even though she was prustrated and it took her several weeks, she never stopped trying. The devastating incident of plagiarism of a story "the Frost King" broke her heart but own so, she continued in her quest for knowledge. Passing her examinations with very few sources for Studying was nerve wracking but she moved forward and passed everything fearlessly. She always tried to compete with her peers who were all much more able and privileged and she succeeded in doing so Helen was kind and sowing as she never held any

hate or untempt for anybody in her heart. She modertly

acknowledges the efforts of everybody around her in her succe while never admitting on her own that her dedication a determination brought her jame. Though as a child she was jealous, Helen quickly grue to love her sister trildred and anie, regarded her deeply. ur At last, a very important character of Helen is her Len amazing determination and diligence. Helen as a student studied various subjects including English literature, history, uste physical geography, burman, Latin, French, and even advanted took mathematics. There were few textbooks to go on about and very little axistance that could be given. Let she pursued her interests tirelessly. Helen is well nead in the works of many important writers and is able to comment on their work critically as well. Even without any hearing or sight, thelen was able to reach the proficiency of a scholar. This is the new of her immense hard work and dedication. Itchen also shows Hebers herself to be a politically aware individual who bo Stands against unjust acts against the poor. All of these show us that Helen as an individual of a bright, Intelligent, hard working woman who pursued her dream

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