



## BSC/BCA English textbook

English (Bangalore University)

## CONFLATIONS-I

*General English Course Book & Comprehension*

### I Semester B.Sc/BCA

(Other Courses Under the Faculty of Science)



**Prasaranga**  
**BANGALORE UNIVERSITY**  
**Bengaluru - 560 056.**

**CONFLATIONS:** General English Course Book & Comprehension for I Semester B.Sc/BCA and other courses under faculty of Science, Degree Course, prepared by the Members of the Text Book Committee, Bangalore University, Bangalore; Published by Prasaranga, Bangalore University, Bangalore. Pp:

© **Bangalore University 2018**  
**First Edition 2018**

**Price :**

**Published by:**  
Dr. B. Gangadhar  
Director  
Prasaranga and Printing Press  
Bangalore University,  
Bengaluru - 560 056.

## **FOREWORD**

The General English text book for I semester B.Sc/BCA (other courses coming under the Faculty of Science) has been designed with the dual-objective of inducing literary sensibility and developing linguistic skills in students. Both of these have been combined in a single text instead of two separate texts. This may prove a little economical to students.

I congratulate the textbook committee on its efforts in the selection of the literary pieces and preparation of the material for grammar and usage. I thank the Director of Prasaranga and Printing Press, the Assistant Director of Prasaranga and their personnel for bringing out the textbook neatly and on time.

I hope the text will motivate the teachers and the students to make the best use of it and develop literary sensibility as well as linguistic skills.

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## **PREFACE**

The course book of General English for I semester B.Sc/BCA ushers the learners into a pleasant literary world that presents an array of stories, poems and prose pieces written by masters of literature from various parts of the world. The texts envelope relevant issues haunting the present world. As the text caters to the first semester students, it involves pieces on inspiring personalities who are legends of this century. Hope the texts motivate the students and propel them to pinnacle of success. Well-chosen texts also play a vital role in exposing the students to various nuances of the English language. Moreover, a committed learning of these may help enrich culture and literary sensibility in students. So is the case with grammar and usage and the entailing exercises which are intended to strengthen the linguistic skills of students and make them confident to use English, the significance of which in a student's career can hardly be over emphasized.

The Textbook Committee has spared no efforts in selecting the suitable literary pieces, giving a brief introduction as a brainstorm, preparing the required glossary, suggesting further reading and setting exhaustive questions on the selected pieces. The Committee has left no stone unturned to introduce

useful topics of grammar and comprehension which will, when properly used, enhance the student's linguistic skills.

I hope that students will make use of this text through the able guidance of their teachers and equip themselves better for their career challenges.

**Dr. Geetha Bhasker**  
Editor & Chairperson  
Department of English  
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## NOTE TO THE TEACHER

'**Conflations**', the text on hand, is, evidently for I semester B.Sc/BCA. The text comprises –

- a. 8 literary pieces of different genres
- b. English grammar and usage
- c. Extended Reading

Askeleton structure of the question paper has also been provided at the end as a pointer to paper setters and teachers while focusing on the examination.

The literary pieces are from an assortment of poetry, prose and fiction. Every lesson begins with a pre-reading section called brainstorming, followed by a brief introduction to the author of the piece. Glossary has been provided for the difficult words and this is not exhaustive. The teacher concerned may have to prepare it according to the needs of the class. The questions given at the end have been classified as 'Short answer', 'Paragraph' and 'Essay Type' based on the scope of the question and the length of the expected answer and the pattern of the question paper. The suggested reading is on broad similarity between the themes and may not be

very close. However, they do add to the perception and may be handy in explaining the dimensions.

Instead of a separate text for grammar, the topics have been integrated into the text itself. The topics have been graded on their complexity and the nature of dealing with them.

The note given here, the brainstorming section, the glossary or suggested reading are all merely indicative by nature and their use depends on the teacher's potential and preparation.

This has been an outcome of the collective effort of all the Members of the Committee who have toiled day and night, have spared even their weekends and holidays to bring it out. They deserve our acknowledgement. While thanking all the authorities of the University, BOS and the officials concerned.

We wish to thank **Dr. Geetha Bhaskar**, Chair, English Department, Bangalore University for her support and co-operation. We are equally grateful to Prof. Gangadhar of Prasaraanga for printing the texts.

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## **I Shall Go Back in The New Year**

### **Brainstorming**

- Why are resolutions made and what were your New Year resolutions? Do you follow them?
- What does coming of a new year signify in various cultures? Do we anticipate a bright future or do we look back on the days gone by? Discuss.

### **About the poet**



Nilim Kumar, a physician, lives in Guwahati. He has written 17 collections of poems, 3 novels and a collection of essays. His works are translated to French, Bangla, Nepali including many regional languages of India. He has participated in many literary festivals of National and International repute like SAARC, IORA, BLF. His poems are included in the anthology of “Signatures – One Hundred Indian Poets” edited by K.Satchidanandan .

He is a recipient of UdayBharati National Award, Raza Foundation Award, Sabda Award , EkaEbongKayekjon Award, etc.

**This New Year**

**I shall go back**

**Everyone thinks about stepping forward**

**In the New Year**

**This New Year I shall go backward.**

**In the New Year**

**Many people think of buying new vehicle**

**And I have decided**

**This time I shall sell my two cars**

**And to buy a bicycle.**

**In the New Year**

**Many would perhaps think**

**To build a new house**

**Someone may think of buying a flat**

**But to go back from all these**

**I'd demolish the concrete walls of my compound**

**And build a bamboo fence**

**So that air may pass through the squares of bamboo  
mesh**

**To my home**

**Like in the past.**

**Everyone thinks of going forward**

**I shall only think of going back in the New Year**

**Everyone would think of buying a lot of new things**

**In the New Year**

**At least an Android mobile handset**

**And, what'd I do?**

**Just change the cracked screen**

**Of my old handset**

**That I bought at rupees eight hundred only**

**No, wouldn't get my eyes tested**

**Would arrange to get a Chinese reading glasses**

**At just hundred and fifty rupees**

**From the footpath of Fancy Bazaar**

**That's to say**

**I'd rush backward from civilization this time on.**

**Would not take food in porcelain utensils**

**Would not drink from glass tumbler**

**Would get plantain leaves from the backyard**

**Would throw away the steel spoons**

**Would eat everything by hand- mixing with fingers**

**That's to say, I'd go back**

**Would take off shoes and sandals**

**And stay bare-footed.**

**In the New Year**

**Everyone thinks of going forward**

**This time I shall go back**

**Taste going back from civilization.**

**The number of lies would increase in the New Year**

**In every work lies would be essential**

**Else the flag of civilization would be closed**

**To march ahead one has to tell**

**Lies, lies and lies.**

**I swear**

**Shall not tell a single lie**

**Because this time I shall not go forward**

**In this New Year**

**I would rush back from civilization**

**Turn back turn back**

**There is fun in going back.**

### **Glossary**

**Android:** operating system used for smartphones

**Porcelain:** a hard, white substance that is very delicate and that is made by baking clay.

### **Comprehension**

**I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:**

1. Who thinks about going backwards?
2. Why does the poet want to sell his two cars?

3. Why does the poet prefer bamboo fence?
4. Mention any two resolutions the poet makes for New Year
5. What old things does the poet prefer?
6. Why does the poet promise that he would not lie?
7. What makes the poet go back from civilization?
8. Where does the writer wish to go?
9. What does the poet demolish?
10. Where does the air pass through?
11. How much money does the writer spend on old handset?
12. Where did the writer pick the plantain leaves?

**II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each:**

1. Why does the poet want to go back?
2. People always have to look forward, but in the poem why do you think the poet wants to look back?
3. What are the decisive resolutions taken by the poet in this New Year?
4. Why does the poet think he is different from others?

5. Why does the poet say “There is a fun in going back”?
6. Do you believe “There is fun in going back”? Substantiate your answer.

**III. Answer the following questions in about a page each:**

1. What does the concept of “going back in this new year” elucidate in the poem?
2. Explain all the activities that the poet wants to do in the process of going back from civilization.
3. According to the poet, why do people make resolutions every year? Elaborate.
4. Comment on the title of the poem “I shall go back in the New Year.”

**Language Activity:**

**Skimming**

Skimming is reading rapidly in order to get a general overview of the text/paragraph/passage. Skimming tells you what general information is within the section. It is the process of determining the main idea from a given passage.

**Advantages of skimming**

1. Saves lot of time in reading
2. Can be used as a preview before a detailed study or while reading dense content texts.
3. Skimming can be used to determine whether one should read the text at all.
4. Can be useful in extracting the general idea and tone of the text.
5. It is useful in assessing the similarities and differences between texts.

**Caution:**

Skimming is always faster than your normal reading speed. One should be cautious of the factors given below:

- a. The introductory and concluding paragraphs
- b. The main idea of a paragraph
- c. Unfamiliar words and jargons
- d. Dense and complicated material

**Example**

Books are a great treasure house of knowledge. They are the living example of man’s march on the path to higher and higher civilization. The great men who died long ago, live in their books. We feel their very

personality and existence when we read their books. We feel as if they were conversing with us.

- Books are treasures of knowledge
- Leads to higher civilization
- Great men live in books
- Reading their books is conversing with them

### **Exercises**

**Skim the following passages:**

#### **Passage 2:**

Men, animals, birds, plants and insects of this planet are each of them a link in the great chain of life. They are interdependent for their survival. If they are at peace with one another and their surroundings, they may be said to sustain a state of equilibrium. This, the ecologists say, is conducive to the growth of all species. Population explosion and rapid advances in technology have disrupted this ecological balance. Most vulnerable to these influences are plants whose extinction sets off chain reaction exterminating other species. A knowledge of the relations of living organisms to each other and to their surrounding is essential to save the earth from turning it into a lifeless desert.

#### **Passage 3:**

Just because there is no atmosphere on the moon there can be no seas, rivers or waters of any kind. We are

accustomed to think of water as a liquid which doesn't boil away until it reaches a temperature of  $212^{\circ}\text{C}$ , but if ever we picnic high up on a mountain, we find out our mistakes. We soon discover water boils more easily and at a lower temperature there than on the plain below. The reason is that there is less weight of air to keep the molecules of the liquid pressed down and so prevent them flying off by evaporation. If there were no air pressure at all, the water would evaporate no matter how low its temperature and this is precisely what would happen on the moon.

## SONNET

(My Father)

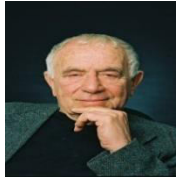
– Yehuda Amichai

### Brainstorming

**Listen up- there's no war that will end all wars-  
Haruki Murakami**

- Every generation that goes to war hopes that the next generation will not have to do likewise. Is their hope misplaced? Discuss in groups
- Many wars are fought for freedom and peace. Do wars achieve such noble objectives? Discuss
- What is collateral damage? Discuss in groups.
- What is a sonnet? Discuss

### About the Poet



Yehuda Amichai(1924-2000) is one of the most celebrated modern poets of Israel. His poem written in Hebrew, have been translated into forty languages.

Yehuda Amichai is so widely read and translated that he has been remarked as the most translated Hebrew poet since King David. Born in Germany in 1924, Amichai left that country at age twelve with his family and journeyed to Palestine. During the 1948 Arab-Israeli war, he fought with

the Israeli defense forces. In 1956, Amichai served in the Sinai War, and in 1973 he served in the Yom Kippur War. The rigors and horrors of his service in this conflict inform his poetry, although he is never ideological. Amichai believed that all poetry was political as real poems deal with a human response to reality, and politics is part of reality, history in the making. He remarked, “Even if a poet writes about sitting in a glass house drinking tea, it reflects politics.” It was during the war that Amichai began to be interested in poetry. He was influenced by the poems of Dylan Thomas, W.H. Auden, and T.S. Eliot.

**My father fought their war four years or so,**

**And did not hate or love his enemies.**

**Already he was forming me, I Know,**

**Daily, out of his tranquilities;**

**Tranquilities, so few, which he had gleaned**

**Between the bombs and smoke, for his son's sake,**

**And put into his ragged knapsack with**

**The leftovers of my mother's hardening cake.**

**He gathered with his eyes the nameless dead,**

**The many dead for my sake unforsaken,**

**So that I shouted not die like them in dread,**

**But love them, seeing them as once he saw.**

**He filled his eyes with them; he was mistaken.**

**Like them, I must go out to meet my war.**

## **Glossary**

**Tranquility:** quiet and peaceful, free from agitation of the mind

**Glean:** to gather, collect, search carefully

**Ragged:** in bad condition especially because of being torn

**Knapsack:** A bag of canvas strapped on the back and used for carrying supplies or personal belongings

**Unforsaken:** Reclaim

**Theme:** The poem is understatedly tragic, as many of Amichai's poems are. All wars are fought with a noble intent of heralding an era of infinite peace and wisdom. Contrary to the expectations, wars are seldom replaced by a lethal and much tragic sequel. Hopes are dashed and desperation, dejections and disappointments do make a triumphant comeback. Yehuda Amichai's father fought World War I on the side of Germans; the poet himself had to fight many wars for his people – the Jews. There is a very obvious difference between fighting *their* war and *his* war. The father had hoped to pass on to his son the wisdom, the understanding that all human beings are in some sense to be loved – a love which his son was to experience by seeing through his father's gaze. Yet the son cannot afford to accept that wisdom and vision. Like the leftovers of mother's cake in father's knapsack, such understanding can no longer give sustenance. There is no place for universal love now, as he goes off to fight for his people. The son can

never develop an understanding like that of his father in the war he goes to. Father had fought “their” war thus he could see the enemy combatants in a detached way. On the contrary, the son fighting for his own people is forced to have a different perspective. The son can never have the wisdom of forbearance which his forefathers had nor can he impart the same to the next generation.

### Comprehension questions

#### I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. Who fought the war for four years?
2. What does “their” in first line refer to?
  - a. Israeli
  - b. Palestinian
  - c. German
  - d. French
3. When did the father find moments of tranquility?
4. What was the condition of the knapsack carried by the father to the war field?
5. What had become of the cake sent by the mother?
6. The father’s eyes were filled with
  - a. Hatred
  - b. Love
  - c. Envy
  - d. Anger
7. Did the son share the same wisdom as of his father’s?

#### II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each:

1. What is the difference between the wars fought by the father and the son?
2. What is the wisdom the father intends to pass on to his son?
3. Why is the wisdom imparted by the father unsustainable as the cake in the knapsack?
4. What is the son’s perspective about war?

#### III. Answer the following questions in about a page each:

1. Comment on the different perspectives on wars shared by the father and the son.
2. The son can never have the wisdom of forbearance which his forefathers had nor can he impart the same to the next generation. Substantiate.
3. Dreadful wars and its horrors can never work as a deterrent for the next generation. Comment.

#### Suggested Reading:

1. The Poem “The Son” by Clifford Dymont
2. The Poem “Dulce et Decorum Est” by Wilfred Owen
3. Watch the documentary *Waltz with Basheer* and *The Wall*

#### Language Activity

#### Prepositions



Prepositions are grammatical words that generally occur before a noun/noun phrase/ noun clause. Prepositions have a connecting or relating function and generally indicate the relationship between two entities. The types of relation that prepositions indicate are varied. The following examples illustrate few of the many relations indicated by prepositions.

1. My friends live *in* a hostel. (Place)
2. I met the Principal *on* Monday. (Time)
3. Thousands of people have died *of* plague. (Cause)
4. The students have gone *on* a study tour. (Activity)
5. The results *of* this contest will be announced next month. (Association)
6. We were shocked *at* the changes made in examination schedule. (State/condition)

Some of the frequently used prepositions are – to, at, of, by, on, up, off, near, over, through, under, outside, around, between, among, above, across, after, against, along, below, since, till, with, about, behind, during, inside, into, over.

### Exercise 1

#### a) Use appropriate prepositions and fill in the blanks:

1. Ramesh is..... the habit of rising late.
2. What is the name ..... your cute daughter?
3. Meet me ..... the café. We will have some cold coffee.

4. Go....the garden and pluck some leaves.
5. We adore him.....his honesty and humility.
6. I will go.... the court and plead .... you.
7. Ravi returned home..... noon and had his lunch.
8. Have faith ..... the constitution.

#### b) Use the prepositions (in, into, on, over, under, above and below) suitably in the blanks given below:

1. There was great rejoicing..... the assembly when the Prime Minister walked .....the parliament hall.
2. The ceiling is directly ..... our heads while the floor is.....
3. The man who stood.....the bridge, watched the river flowing.....
4. The aircraft flew..... the mighty Himalayas.

#### c) Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions:

There lived a saint.....a hermitage. The saint would sit.....the shade.....a banyan tree and meditate. One day, a man jumped.....the wall and got ..... the garden. He went and stood.....two trees wondering which one to cut. Actually, he just wanted one branch....a tree. He climbed a tree and was about to cut a branch when the saint saw him.

“Can’t you let the tree sleep..... peace? Just because a tree cannot speak, doesn’t mean that you can do anything ....it!”  
The man realized his mistake. He fell.... the saint’s feet and begged ....his mercy.Don’t cut trees. They are our friends too.

### Adjectives

An adjective is a describing word. It describes a noun or a pronoun. It makes our language interesting and colourful. Consider these sentences:

- The children are building sand castles on a beach.
- **Four cute** children are building sand castles on a **bright** and **pristine** beach.

The second sentence sounds more interesting and evokes vivid imageries because of the adjectives – four, cute, bright and pristine.

### Few more adjectives

Greedy, kingly, courageous, dangerous, expensive, skillful, tasty, rainy, foolish, hasty, dusty, gutsy, beautiful, idle, positive, negative, healthy, old, modern, torn, tattered, wobbly, handsome, white, dark, ugly, short, fat, dwarf, windy.

### Exercise

Choose the right adjective and fill in the blanks:

(long, brave, vast, blonde, happy, huge, nutritious, valuable, ancient, tiring, polite, blue)

1. We wish you a .....Ugadi.
2. Paris is a .....city.
3. The .....soldier fought with enemies.
4. He had a ..... and .....day at work.
5. “What a .....child she is!” exclaimed the smiling granny.
6. An ocean is a ..... expanse of water
7. Alice has .....hair and .....eyes.
8. On the ground lay an..... coin.
9. A wise man gave us ..... advice.
10. Mother gives us ..... food.

# The Wolf

Farooq Sarwar

## Brainstorming

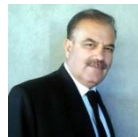
**“I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear.”**

**-- Nelson Mandela**

Many a time we create our comfort zone and prefer to stay in it, never venturing out with courage and constantly fearing the non-existent threat, thus never realizing one's potential or tasting the delicious fruits of freedom and success. He who is not courageous enough to take risks will accomplish nothing in life.

- What do you fear the most in life?
- Is the fear imaginary or a real? Discuss in groups.

## About the author



Farooq Sarwar is one of the Pakistani writers, who writes in English, Urdu and Pashto languages. He belongs to Quetta. He is a noted columnist, lawyer, novelist and short story writer. He has authored twelve books. He has won literary awards

from Academy of Letters, Pakistan, Government of Balochistan and Pakistan television.

**I** have taken shelter on a tree for quite sometimes. I am tired now and want to come down but the vicious wolf is standing below, looking at me threateningly. He is waiting for me to get down when he can tear me to shreds.

The tree that harbours me is a strange one. I could even call it a magical tree. Here, all my wishes are immediately fulfilled. If I think about a soft, warm bed I find it lying beside me the next moment. When I feel bored, I find a magnificent TV set before me with stereo speakers and worldwide channels. Any food that I wish for appears there in no time. I have everything here – all sorts of comforts. But what I lack, and for which I'm pining away, is freedom. This freedom demands its price. In the present case it demands that I get down and kill the wolf. But I don't have the courage. I'm afraid of the wolf as he is stronger than me.

Sometimes when I remember the time when the wolf was chasing me, I get into a cold sweat. I feel a peculiar

sensation coursing through my body and my heart begins to sink. I thank God for finding the tree that gave me shelter. Otherwise the wolf would have killed me long ago. In the enveloping gloom of despair, I often take solace from the thought that the tree is a tall one, that I am totally safe here and the wolf cannot harm me in any way.

During the day I manage rather well, doing one thing or the other. But as the night comes my sufferings begin. If I fall asleep, nightmares trouble me and I go through hell. Every limb of my body aches badly, as though someone has thrashed me with a whip. I feel totally exhausted.

Often I wonder how long I'll have to undergo this agony. How shall I wait for the wolf to die from hunger? Instead of dying he now looks stronger than before.

One morning when I open my eyes I sense somebody else hiding in the foliage. I scream in fright, thinking that the wolf has eventually succeeded in his motive. However, I am amazed to see that he is a man like me, worried and afraid. He has taken refuge in the tree to escape from another wolf that is standing below the tree, growling and clawing its trunk. The wolf, however much it tried, is not able to climb up the tree.

We two are afraid of the wolves pursuing us. We have all means of comfort here but we are not happy. The

feeling of boredom and oppression is eating into us every passing day. We cannot sleep at night. The moment we close our eyes; the frightful image of the wolf haunts us. It has even entered our dream, so that there is no peace for us there also.

The wolves usually keep sitting at their places quietly. However, often a kind of madness overtakes them and they attack the tree, cutting their teeth in its huge trunk and clawing it with their paws as they growl furiously. This sudden fit of insanity in the wolves frightens us more. However, there's one thing that's rather strange. The wolf in my pursuit relates to me only; similarly, the other wolf relates only to the other fellow. My companion's wolf doesn't bother me, and my wolf doesn't bother him. Something that amazes us even more is the fact that the wolves themselves do not relate to each other in any way.

After long deliberations one day we decide that we would get down and face our wolves, come what may. We are not ready to put up with our oppressive lives anymore. We decide to close our eyes and jump. My companion jumps down, but coward that I am, I keep sitting where I am.

His wolf leaps at him as it finds him on the ground. My wolf is also alerted by this and pricks up his ears. But when I don't get down it goes wild with rage and attacks the trunk of the tree with all ferocity. Before his

wolf can get him down on the ground, my companion hits it with the small branch that he has broken from the tree. The wolf falls down and dies in a few moments.

My friend is free now. He has achieved his freedom by the dint of his courage. But I'm still undergoing the pangs of my life and cursing myself. My wolf has grown more desperate now, striking at the trunk of the tree all the time. Probably he thinks that if he keeps at it, either I will fall down from the tree or the tree itself will fall. I clutch the branch of the tree firmly as my whole body is bathed in sweat because of fear. I curse the wolf day and night but he does not let up.

My companion keeps on calling out to me encouragingly: 'Come down. The wolf can't do anything. He's really very weak, you can kill him easily.'

But I can't trust his words, and keep shivering in fear. Then several incidents begin to occur that definitely signal to me that I am going to die. Suddenly the tree begins to shake. I look down to see if the wolf is shaking it, but I see him lying down in his place. Then I am startled to see that the tree is shrinking smaller and smaller. Frightened, I begin to jump on the big branches of the tree in an effort to restrain its movement, but in vain. Another spectacle frightens me. I see the wolf getting bigger and in seconds he grows as big as a bull. I yell and scream, running up and down the tree. But

there is no relief. I prepare myself for the imminent death, bidding goodbye to everything around me. The wolf and I are getting closer to each other with every passing moment.

My mind has gone numb. My eyes are closed, and like a criminal about to be hanged I'm greeting death even before the hangman's noose is being put around my neck. I'm waiting for the time when the executioner will pull the lever. The only sound I can hear now is that of my companion who is desperately urging me to come down, saying that I am stronger than the wolf. 'The wolf is just an embodiment of imaginary fear. It's like a windbag that you can remove from your path with a single kick.'

Eventually I gather courage and jump down. My wolf leaps at me immediately. But before he could kill me I strike him with the small and delicate twig that I have ripped from the tree. The wolf which had reached elephantine proportions tumbles down on the ground and dies right before my eyes.

Now I am free. What a beautiful word is freedom! And how pleasurable is the feeling of being free! I cry out in joy and begin to dance. And I dance like one gone mad. After sometime when my enthusiasm cools a bit I look for my companion so that I can thank him, but he is not to be found in his place. I'm amazed as I look around. I find innumerable trees all around me. One human being

has taken shelter in each tree and a wolf is growling beneath each tree.

I break into a peal of laughter. I go on laughing and advancing towards those simple, innocent people who are afraid of their wolves for no reason!

**Translated** into English from the Urdu Version by  
M.Asaduddin -- *Short stories from Pakistan* edited by  
Intizar Hussain, Asif Farrukhi published by Sahitya  
academy.

### Glossary

**Vicious:** very violent and cruel

**Enveloping:** to completely enclose or surround

**Solace:** to give comfort during grief or misfortune

**Nightmare:** bad dream, a dream that frightens a sleeping person

**Agony:** extreme mental or physical pain

**Foliage:** the leaves of a plant or of many plants

**Growl:** to make a low sound in an angry way

**Claw:** a sharp curved part on the toe of an animal used to scratch, grip, or dig with

**Furious:** angry

**Deliberation:** careful thought or discussion done in order to make a decision

**Oppressive:** cruel and unfair

**Ferocity:** very fierce or violent quality

**Pangs:** a sudden strong feeling of physical or emotional pain

**Spectacle:** an impressive show, unusual or very shocking

**Imminent:** happen very soon

**Embodiment:** something that is a perfect representative or example of a quality, idea

**Twig:** a small shoot or branch usually without its leaves

**Elephantine:** very large like an elephant

### Comprehension

**I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:**

1. \_\_\_\_\_ was standing below the tree?
2. What would the wolf do if the author got down from the tree?
3. Why is the tree magical?
4. The author lacks
  - a. Happiness
  - b. Freedom
  - c. Vision
  - d. ambition
5. What does freedom demand?
6. The assumption of the poet about the wolf is
  - a. Wolf is weaker than the poet
  - b. Wolf can be engaged in a combat and defeated
  - c. Wolf is strong, so it cannot be defeated
  - d. Wolf and the poet are in equal terms
7. How does the author take solace?
8. Why is the night a suffering for the author?
9. What amazed the sight of the author one day?
10. What do the wolves do standing below the tree?
11. What is peculiar about the wolves?
12. How does the author's companion kill the wolf?
13. How does the friend gain his freedom?
14. Why does the author sweat while sitting on the tree?
15. How does the companion urge the author to get down from the tree?
16. The wolf is just an embodiment of \_\_\_\_\_

17. Why is the author amazed at the end of the story?

**II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each:**

1. What were the facilities offered by the magical tree?
2. Why is the author grateful to God?
3. How does the author and the man suffer on the tree?
4. What is the primary difference between the two men on the tree?
5. What are the signals that prompt the author to think about his death? Is he right in thinking so? Elaborate.
6. What does the author eventually do and how does he kill the wolf?
7. How does the author react on gaining freedom?

**III. Answer the following questions in a page each:**

1. Being comfortable is not being happy. The author and the man on the tree though comfortably placed are not happy. Explain.
2. The story can be read as an allegory of everyman staying in his comfort zone, leading a life of boredom, frightened, haunted and constantly oppressed, never tasting the fruits of freedom. Discuss.

3. We all have to fight our demons and wolves individually. Wolves are as strong as one imagines them to be. Substantiate.

### Suggested Reading

1. *Long walk to Freedom* by Nelson Mandela
2. Watch the movies *King's Speech*, *Shawshank Redemption*, *Escape from Alcatraz*, *Black Swan*.

### Language Activity

#### Paragraph Writing

Paragraphs comprise of sentences, but not random sentences. A paragraph is a group of sentences organized around a central topic. In fact, the cardinal rule of paragraph writing is to focus on one idea. A solidly written paragraph takes its readers on a clear path, without detours. Master the paragraph, and you'll be on your way to writing "gold-star" essays, term papers, and stories.

A paragraph has:

#### The Topic Sentence

The topic sentence is usually the first sentence of a paragraph. It contains the main idea which is developed in the rest of the paragraph. A topic sentence must be a complete sentence, a statement of intent, opinion or a

mixture of both. It should be neither too broad (Football is very popular in the world) nor too narrow (Gold is very valuable). The topic tells us the subject (what the paragraph is about) and the controlling idea makes a specific comment about the topic (what the paragraph is going to say about the topic / the writer's attitude or idea about the topic). In other words, the controlling idea shows the reader what the rest of the paragraph will say about the topic; it limits the topic to a specific area to be discussed in a single paragraph.

#### The Concluding Sentence

The conclusion of a paragraph signals the end of the paragraph; summarizes the main points of the paragraph and relates them to the topic sentence; gives a final comment on the topic and leaves the reader with the most important ideas to think about; can make a suggestion or a prediction. The concluding sentence is not absolutely necessary, but it is very helpful to the reader since it signals the end of the paragraph and reminds the reader of the important points. The concluding sentence often closes the paragraph by returning the main idea. They do this by repeating a keyword or phrase from the topic sentence.

e.g.: **Topic sentence:** There are many good reasons to why people live in the country but not in cities.

**Conclusion:** In conclusion, living in the country is much better than living in the city.

**Topic Sentence:** Forests are important for life on earth.

**Conclusion:** To sum up, if there were no forests, there would be no life on this planet.



### Steps to Write a Good Paragraph

Step 1: Decide the Topic of Your Paragraph. ...

Step 2: Develop a Topic Sentence. ...

Step 3: Demonstrate Your Point. ...

Step 4: Make the Paragraph Coherent and Lucid. ...

Step 5: Conclude. ...

Step 6: Look Over and Proof read

A basic paragraph structure usually consists of the following five elements:

1. **Element #1: Unity.** Unity in a paragraph begins with the topic sentence. Every paragraph has one single, controlling idea that is expressed in its topic sentence, which is typically the first sentence of the paragraph. A paragraph is developed around this main idea, with the supporting sentences providing detail and discussion. In order to write a good topic sentence, think about your theme and all the points you want to make. Decide which point drives the rest, and then write it as your topic sentence.
2. **Element #2: Order.** Order refers to the way you organize your supporting sentences. Whether you choose chronological order, order of importance,

or another logical presentation of detail, a solid paragraph always has a definite organization. In a well-ordered paragraph, the reader follows along easily, aided by the pattern you've established. Order helps the reader grasp your meaning and avoid confusion.

3. **Element #3: Coherence.** Coherence is the quality that makes your writing understandable. Sentences within a paragraph need to connect to each other and work together as a whole. One of the best ways to achieve coherence is to use transition words. These words create bridges from one sentence to the next. You can use transition words that show order (first, second, third); spatial relationships (above, below) or logic (furthermore, in addition, in fact). Also, in writing a paragraph, using a consistent verb tense and point of view are important ingredients for coherence.
4. **Element #4: Completeness.** Completeness means a paragraph is well-developed. If all sentences clearly and sufficiently support the main idea, then your paragraph is complete. If there are not enough sentences or enough information to prove your thesis, then the paragraph is incomplete. Usually three supporting sentences, in addition to the topic sentence and the concluding sentence, are needed for a paragraph to be complete. The concluding sentence or last sentence of the paragraph should summarize your main idea by reinforcing your topic sentence.

## Types of Paragraphs

- **Expository paragraphs** have three important elements common to most paragraphs: *flow*, or *unity* and *development* (detailed, specific support or elaboration of the main idea); and *coherence* (each sentence clearly relates to the previous and next sentence in an understandable and sensible manner).
- **Persuasive paragraphs** focus on developing a strong argument that would convince someone who disagrees with the writer's position.
- **Narrative paragraphs** have similar features of flow (or unity) and coherence. However, the development might be more related to the action or events narrated in the paragraph than to supporting an argument. Coherence in a narrative paragraph usually comes from the chronological order of the "story" or narrative.
- **Descriptive paragraphs** might find their development through giving a series of sensory details or of abstract ideas that describe an object (or concept or theory), rather than through support.

## Where do you get ideas for paragraphs?

- From brainstorming
- From questions
- From reading/note taking

- Key words/phrases can become main ideas

## Sample Paragraphs

### Problems in Big Cities

All around the world living in big cities creates serious problems for people. The first problem is air pollution. For example, in Istanbul, many people have cars and cars are one reason why the air is polluted. Secondly, traffic is a major problem for the people living in big cities. Nowadays there are more and more cars on roads, and this causes traffic jams in many parts of the cities. For this reason, many inhabitants waste their time in traffic, and they are negatively affected by this situation. To sum up, air pollution and traffic jams are two major problems that people living in big cities have.

### Bicycles

Bicycles are popular today in many countries for three reasons. First, most of the people use bicycles to exercise. To illustrate, in Holland, people think riding a bicycle is a better way of keeping fit and staying healthy than other sports. The second reason is money. Generally bikes are not expensive to buy, and they are quite cheap to fix. Finally, they are suitable for city

life. In cities, many people prefer bikes to cars because unlike cars, with a bicycle, they never have to wait in traffic. In brief, having a bicycle is beneficial for people for different reasons.

4. Patriarchal mindset plays a vital role in the subjugation of women.

**Write a topic sentence:**

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\_\_\_\_\_. First of all, you must consider the quality of the university's academic program. The university's size and location should also be given a careful thought. Finally, you must always be sure to consider the tuition before you decide which university to attend. In short, a good education is important, so before choosing a university, the quality of the education given, the size, the location and the tuition of a university should be taken into consideration.

**Exercise:**

Using the topic sentence given below & write a paragraph each:

1. India is a developing country.
2. Coorg is one of the famous tourist destinations.
3. Education is one of the important factors for the emancipation of the poor.

# Leaving

- M.G.Vassanji

## Brainstorming

- Why do people migrate? Discuss in groups the effects of migration.
- Why is parting from the loved ones a heart wrenching experience?
- What is a diaspora? Can you think of few diaspora and their origin? Discuss.

### About the author



M.G. Vassanji (b.1950) is a Toronto based novelist of Indian origin. He was born in Nairobi, Kenya. He left Africa to study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Pennsylvania in the US where he received his doctorate in Nuclear Physics, in 1978 he moved to Toronto and was a Research Associate at the University of Toronto. During this period, he developed a keen interest in medieval Indian literature and history. A gifted writer his works represent the convergence of cultures that characterized both East Africa and North America. His writings focus on issues of diaspora, migration, citizenship, gender and ethnicity.

Kichwele Street was now Uhuru Street. My two sisters had completed school and got married and Mother missed them sometimes. Mehroon, after a succession of woovers, had settled for a former opening batsman of our school team and was in town. Razia was a wealthy housewife in Tanga, the coastal town north of Dar. Firoz dropped out in his last year at school, and everyone said that it was a wonder he had reached that far. He was assistant book-keeper at Oriental Emporium, and brought home stationery sometimes.

Mother had placed her hopes on the youngest two of us, Aloo and me, and she didn't want us distracted by the chores that always needed doing around the store. One evening she secured for the last time the half a dozen assorted padlocks on the sturdy paneled doors and sold the store. This was exactly one week after the wedding party had driven off with a tearful Razia, leaving behind a distraught mother in the stirred-up dust of Uhuru Street.

We moved to the residential area of Upanga. After the bustle of Uhuru Street, our new neighborhood seemed quiet. Instead of the racket of buses, bicycles and cars on the road, we now heard the croaking of frogs and the chirping of insects. Nights were haunting, lonely and desolate and took some getting used to. Upanga Road emptied after seven in the evening and the side streets became pitch dark, with no illumination. Much of the area was as yet uninhabited and behind the housing developments there were overgrown bushes, large, scary baobab trees, and mango and coconut groves.

Sometimes in the evenings, when Mother felt sad, Aloo and I would play two-three-five with her, a variation of whist for three people. I had entered the university by then and came back at weekends. Aloo was in his last year at school. He had turned out to be exceptionally bright in his studies—more so than we realized.

That year MrDattoo, a former teacher from our school who was also a former student, returned from America for a visit. MrDattoo had been a favorite with the boys. When he came he received a tumultuous welcome. For the next few days he toured the town like the Pied Piper followed by a horde of adulating students, one of whom was Aloo.

The exciting event inspired in Aloo the hope that not only might he be admitted to an American university, but he could also win a scholarship to go there. Throughout the rest of the year, therefore, he wrote to numerous universities, culling their names from books at the USIS, often simply at random or even only by the sounds of their names.

Mother's response to all these efforts was to humor him. She would smile. 'Your uncles in America will pay thousands of shillings just to send you to college,' she would say. Evidently she felt he was wasting his time, but he would never be able to say that he did not have all the support she could give him.

Responses to his enquiries started coming within weeks and a handful of them were guardedly encouraging. Gradually Aloo found out which were the better places,

and which among them the truly famous. Soon a few catalogues arrived, all looking impressive. It seemed that the more involved he became with the application process; the more tantalizing was the prospect of going to an American University. Even the famous places did not discourage him. He learnt of subjects he had never heard of before: genetics, cosmology, artificial intelligence: a whole universe was out there waiting for him if only he could reach it. He was not sure if he could, if he was good enough. He suffered periods of intense hope and hopeless despair.

Of course, Aloo was entitled to a place at the local university. At the end of the year, when the selections were announced in the papers, his name was on the list. But some bureaucratic hand, probably also corrupt, dealt out a future prospect for him that came as a shock. He had applied to study medicine; he was given a place in agriculture. An agricultural officer in a rural district somewhere was not what he wanted to become however patriotic he felt. He had never left the city except to go to the national parks once on a school trip.

When Aloo received a letter from the California Institute of Technology offering him a place with a scholarship, he was stupefied at first. He read and reread the letter, not believing what it seemed to be saying, afraid that he might be reading something into it. He asked me to read it for him. When he was convinced there was no possibility of a mistake he became elated.

‘The hell I’ll do agriculture!’ he grinned.

But first he had to contend with Mother.

Mother was incredulous. ‘Go, go,’ she said, ‘don’t you eat my head, don’t tease me!’.

‘But it’s true!’ he protested. ‘They’re giving me a scholarship!’

We were at the table – the three of us – and had just poured tea from the thermos. Mother sitting across from me stared at her saucer for a while then she looked up.

‘Is it true?’; she asked me.

‘Yes, it’s true,’ I said. ‘All he needs is to take 400 dollars’ pocket money with him.’

“How many shillings would that make?” She asked.

‘About three thousand.’

‘And how are we going to raise this three thousand shillings? Have you bought a lottery? And what about the ticket? Are they going to send you a ticket too?’

As she said this Aloo’s prospects seemed to get dimmer. She was right, it was not a little money that he needed.

‘Can’t we raise a loan?’ he asked. ‘I’ll work there. Yes, I’ll work as a waiter. A waiter!’ I know you can do it; I’ll send the money back!’

‘You may have uncles in America who would help you,’ Mother told him, ‘but no one here will.’

Aloo’s shoulders sagged and he sat there toying with his cup, close to tears. Mother sat drinking from her saucer and frowning. The evening light came in from the window behind me and gave a glint to her spectacles. Finally, she set her saucer down. She was angry.

‘And why do you want to go away, so far from us? Is this what I raised you for – so you could leave me to go away to a foreign place? Won’t you miss us, where you want to go? Do we mean so little to you? If something happens...’

Aloo was crying. A tear fell into his cup; his nose was running. ‘So many kids go and return, and nothing happens to them... Why did you mislead me, then? Why did you let me apply if you didn’t want me to go... why did you raise my hopes if only to dash them?’ He had raised his voice to her, the first time I saw him do it, and he was shaking.

He did not bring up the question again and he prepared himself for the agricultural college, waiting for the term to begin. At home he would slump on the sofa putting away a novel a day.

If the unknown bureaucrat at the Ministry of Education had been less arbitrary, Aloo would not have been so broken and Mother would not have felt compelled to try and do something for him.

A few days later, on a Sunday morning, she looked up from her sewing machine and said to the two of us: 'Let's go and show this letter to Mr. Velji. He is experienced in these matters. Let's take his advice.'

MrVelji was a former administrator of our school. He had a large egg-shaped head and a small compact body. With his large forehead and big black spectacles, he looked the caricature of the archetypal wise man. He also had the bearing of one. The three of us were settled in his sitting room chairs staring about us and waiting expectantly when he walked in stiffly, like a toy soldier, to welcome us.

'How are you, sister?' he said. 'What can I do for you?'

Aloo and I stood up respectfully as he sat down.

'We have come to you for advice...' Mother began.

'Speak, then,' he said jovially and sat back, joining his hands behind his head.

She began by giving him her history. She told him which family she was born in, when our father died. Common relations were discovered between our families, 'Now this one here,' she pointed at me, 'goes to university here, and that one wants to go to America. Show him the documents,' she commanded Aloo.

As if with an effort, Aloo pushed himself out of the sofa and slowly made his way to place the documents in MrVelji's hands. Before he looked at them MrVelji asked Aloo his result in the final exam.

At Aloo's answer, his eyes widened. 'Henh?' he said. 'All A's?'

'Yes,' replied Aloo, a little too meekly.

MrVelji flipped the papers one by one, cursorily at first. Then he went over them more carefully. He looked at the long visa form with the carbon copies neatly bound behind the original; he read over the friendly letter from the Foreign Student Adviser; he was charmed by the letters of invitation from the fraternities. Finally, he looked up, a little humbled.

'The boy is right,' he said. 'The university is good, and they are giving him a bursary. I congratulate you.'

'But what should I do?' asked Mother anxiously. 'What is your advice? Tell us what we should do.'

'Well,' said Mr. Velji, 'it would be good for his education.' He raised his hand to clear his throat. Then he said a little slowly: 'But if you send him, you will lose your son.'

'It's a far place, America,' he concluded, wiping his hands briskly at the finished business. 'Now what will you have—tea? Orange squash?'

His wife appeared magically to take orders.

'All the rich kids go every year and they are not lost,' muttered Aloo bitterly as we walked back home. Mother was silent.

That night she was at the sewing machine and Aloo was on the couch, reading. The radio was turned low and through the open front door a gentle breeze blew in to cool the sitting room. I was standing at the door. The banana tree and its offspring rustled outside, a car zoomed on the road, throwing shadows on neighboring houses. A couple out for a stroll, murmuring, came into sight over the uneven hedge; groups of boys or girls chattered before dispersing for the night. The intermittent buzz of an electric motor escaped from Mother's sewing machine. It was a little darker where she sat at the other end of the room from us.

Presently she looked up and said a little nonchalantly, 'At least show me what this university looks like—bring that book, will you?'

Mother had never seen the catalogue. She had always dismissed it, had never shown the least bit of curiosity about the place Aloo wanted so badly to visit. Now the three of us crowded around the glossy pages, pausing at pictures of the neoclassic facades and domes, columns towering over humans, students rushing about in a dither of activity, classes held on lush lawns in ample shade. It all looked so awesome and yet inviting.

'It's something, isn't it?' whispered Aloo, hardly able to hold back his excitement. 'They teach hundreds of courses there,' he said. 'They send rockets into space... to other worlds... to the moon.'

'If you go away to the moon, my son, what will become of me?' she said humorously, her eyes gleaming as she looked up at us.

Aloo went back to his book and Mother to her sewing.

A little later I looked up and saw Mother deep in thought, brooding, and as she often did at such times she was picking her chin absent-mindedly. It was, I think, the first time I saw her as a person and not only as our mother. I thought of what she must be going through in her mind, what she had gone through in bringing us up. She had been thirty-three when Father died, and she had refused several offers of marriage because they would all have entailed one thing: sending us all to the 'boarding' – the orphanage. Pictures of her before his death showed her smiling and in full bloom: plump but not excessively fat, hair puffed fashionably, wearing high heels and make-up. There was one picture, posed at a studio, which Father had had touched up and enhanced, which now hung beside his. In it she stood against a black background, holding a book stylishly, the nylon pachedi painted a light green, the folds falling gracefully down, the borders decorated with sequins. I had never seen her like that. All I had seen of her was the stern face getting sterner with time as the lines set permanently and the hair thinned, the body turned squat, the voice thickened.

I recalled how Aloo and I would take turns sleeping with her at night on her big bed; how she would squeeze me in her chubby arms, drawing me up closer



to her breast until I could hardly breathe – and I would control myself and hope she would soon release me and let me breathe.

She looked at me looking at her and said, not to me, ‘Promise me... promise me that if I let you go, you will not marry a white woman.’

‘Oh Mother, you know I won’t!’ said Aloo.

‘And promise me that you will not smoke or drink.’

‘You know, I promise!’ He was close to tears.

Aloo’s first letter came a week after he left, from London where he’d stopped over to see a former classmate. It flowed over with excitement. ‘How can I describe it,’ he wrote, ‘the sight from the plane... mile upon mile of carefully tilled fields, the earth divided into neat green squares... even the mountains are clean and civilized. And London... Oh London! It seemed that it would never end... blocks and blocks of houses, squares, parks, monuments... could any city be large?... How many of our Dar-es-Salaams would fit here, in this one gorgeous city...?’

A bird flapping its wings: MrVelji nodding wisely in his chair, Mother staring into the distance.

## **GLOSSARY:**

**Uhuru** : independence

**Distraught**: upset, agitated

**Baobab**: a short African tree with thick trunk

**Whist**: card game played by four

**Tumultuous**: excited

**Culling**: to select from a wide range

**Tantalizing**: teasingly out of reach

**Stupefied**: astonish

**Bursary**: scholarship

**Pachedi**: a veil worn over a dress, or used to cover head and face.

## **Comprehension**

I      **Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:**

1. Who is the narrator of the story?
2. Why did the family shift from Uhuru street?
3. Why was MrDattoo given a tumultuous welcome?

4. What motivated Aloo to seek admission to an American University?
5. What advice did MrVelji give to the Mother?
- 6.What promise does the Mother take from Aloo?
- 7.What are Aloo's first impressions of London?

**II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each.**

1. Describe the narrator's family.
2. Why is Aloo not keen to pursue his studies at the local university like his peers?
- 3.Despite the obstacles he faced, how did Aloo succeed in his dream of studying abroad?
- 4.How does the Mother ensure that Aloo leaves for further studies with a happy frame of mind?
- 5.Aloo promised to work his way through college to repay the loan & to not let his mother down. Comment on the mixed emotions of the mother.
- 6.It is a story of generations new and old. Have you experienced a similar situation regarding your career options?

**III. Answer the following questions in a page each.**

1. "A whole universe was out there waiting for him if only he could reach it. He was not sure if he could, if he was good enough." How is hope and hopelessness juxtaposed?
- 2.The story dwells on family relations and kinship. Elaborate.
- 3."A bird flapping its wings MrVelji nodding wisely in his chair, Mother staring into the distance".
  - a. What does 'bird 'signify? Elaborate
  - b. The sense of loss can be realized through the Mother's eyes. Discuss.

**Suggested reading**

Bharti Mukherjee's. *The Middleman and Other Stories*.  
Uma Parameswaran. *The Door I Shut Behind Me*.

**Language Activity**

**Concord: Subject – Verb agreement**

The agreement of certain grammatical items with each other in number and person is called concord.

Concord follows a set of rules.

Concord of number is the most important. Singular subject goes with singular Verb phrases. Plural subject goes with plural verb phrases.

The door is shut.

The doors are shut.

- When we are talking about the present, we add –s to a verb if one person or thing (he/she/it) is performing the action or being described by the verb.
- If there is a vowel in front of –y, the –y does not change when we add-s

Say – he says

Play – he plays

- If there is a consonant in front of –y, the ending becomes –ies

Try – tries, worry - worries

- We add –es to verbs ending in –o, –ss, –ch, –sh and –x

Go – goes, miss – misses, watch – watches, fix - fixes

- Some plurals nouns are always used with a singular verb

a) **Games** : Billiards, Olympics, Aerobics, Athletics

b) **Sciences**: Phonetics, Physics, Economics

c) Nouns denoting amounts

- Six months is a long time to be off school
- This thousand-rupee note is a counterfeit

- In set expressions

➤ More than one... is used with a singular verb.

More than one person was appointed.

➤ Organizations and countries.

The Association of farmers has pleaded for subsidy.

Eg: Club, team, public, government, crew, firm

- We use a singular verb with neither...nor/either... or if there are just two people or things involved. If one of the nouns is plural, then the verb agrees with the nearer noun.

Eg: Neither my mother nor my father was invited to the party.

Neither the captain nor his officers were awarded

Neither the players nor the captain was felicitated

- We use a plural verb with scissors, trousers, people, police.
- We use a plural verb with “a number of” (=some) and a singular verb with “the number of...”

## EXERCISES:

### Select the correct alternative in brackets

1. The crew (was/were) tired after the contest.

2. Each of my students (has/have) his own computer.

3. There (are/is) many avenues. You should not worry.

4. My family (were/was) travelling by that train.

5. One of the children (have/has) caught fever.

6. War and peace (is/are) a great novel by Tolstoy.

7. What he means to do with his money (is, are) what I'd like to know.

## Language Activity – II

### SENTENCES

There are **three types** of sentences:

**Simple sentence:** It contains only one (main) independent clause and has no dependent clause.

Eg: I still remember the joys of my childhood.

People living in glass houses should not throw stones at others.

I was glad to know of his success

**Compound Sentence:** It has at least two independent clauses joined by a comma, semicolon or conjunction.

Eg: Attend your classes regularly, or you will fall short of attendance.

You must take rich diet, or you will not gain weight.

He gave me not only useful advice but financial help also.

**Complex Sentence:** It is made up of an independent clause and one or more dependent clause connected to it.

Eg: Although my father was poor, he gave me the best possible education.

I am responsible for what I do.

When I have finished the book, I shall return it.

5. He was inexperienced, so he suffered loss in business
6. She is very ill but she goes to work
7. I cannot afford to buy many books, therefore I study in the library
8. He is more a poet than a statesman
9. I shall buy it at any cost
10. The boy in the blue shirt is the captain

## Exercise

### I. Identify the type of the sentence:

1. Ann is cleverer of the two sisters
2. He stayed at home on account of his illness
3. He is working day and night so that he may improve his prospects in life
4. As soon as I got the letter, I left for Delhi

## Real Food

### Brainstorming

- Have you noticed that during festivals, specific food items are prepared? Can you list out the food items prepared during specific festivals? Do you find any specific reason as to why only those items are prepared? Which ones do you like/dislike and Why?
- Food is a cultural marker. Can you identify other cultural markers?

### About the author



**Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie (2003-Present)** is a Nigerian writer of short fiction, novels and non fiction. She was born on 15 September in 1977 in the Enugu State of Nigeria. She was awarded the Mac Arthur Genius Grant in 2008 and was described by the Times Literary Supplement as the “most prominent” among a list of critically acclaimed young Anglophone authors successful in attracting a new generation of readers to African literature. Her other works include her first novel, *Purple Hibiscus*, *Half of a Yellow Sun* and *The Thing Around Your Neck*. Her novel *Americanah* (2013) was selected by the New York Times as one of “The 10 Best Books of 2013”.

In **Real Food**, the author writes about her childhood dislike of garri, a Nigerian staple. Through the story she

reveals how food is an important aspect of one’s culture and how food indicates one’s belonging to a culture.

I was nine years old, sitting stiffly at the dining table in my blue-and-white school uniform, and across from me sat my mother, who had come home from work at the university registry, elegant in her swishy skirt, smelling of Poison perfume and saying she wanted to watch me eat. I still do not know who told her that I was skipping lunch before school. Perhaps it was the houseboy, Fide. Perhaps it was my little brother Kenekwue, who went to school in the morning and came home just before I left. The firm set of her mouth told me that I had no choice but to eat the *garri* and soup placed on the table. I made the sign of the cross. I plucked a morsel from the soft lump of *garri*. I swallowed. My throat itched. I disliked all the variants of this quintessential Nigerian food, whether made from corn, cassava, or yams, whether cooked or stirred or pounded in a mortar until they became a soft mash. It was jokingly called “swallow”, because one swallowed the morsels without chewing; it was easy to tell that a person chewing *garri* was a foreigner.

“Hurry up” my mother said. “You will be late for school.” We had *garri* for lunch every day except Sunday, when we had rice and stew and sometimes a lush salad that contained everything from baked beans to boiled eggs and was served with dollops of creamy dressing. The soups gave some variety to lunch: the

yellowish *egusi*, made of ground melon seeds and vegetables; *onugbu*, rich with dark-green bitterleaf; *okro*, with its sticky sauce; *nsala*, with beef chunks floating in a thick herb-filled broth. I disliked them all.

That afternoon, it was *egusi* soup. My mother's eyes were steady behind her glasses. "Are you playing with that food or eating it?" she asked. I said I was eating. Finally, I finished and said, "Mummy, thank you," as all well-brought-up Igbo children were supposed to after a meal. I had just stepped outside the carpeted dining area and onto the polished concrete floor of the passage when my stomach churned and recoiled and the *garri* and soup rushed up my throat.

"Go upstairs and rinse your mouth," my mother said.

When I came down, Fide was cleaning up the watery yellowish mess, and I was sorry he had to and I was too disgusted to look. After I told my mother that I never ate *garri* before school, that on Saturdays I waited until nobody was looking to wrap my *garri* in a piece of paper and slip it into the dustbin, I expected her to scold me. But she muttered in Igbo, "You want hunger to kill you," and then told me to get a Fanta from the fridge.

Years later, she asked me, "What does *garri* really do to you?" "It scratches my throat," I told her, and she laughed. It became a standing line of family teasing. "Does this scratch your throat?" my brothers would ask. Following that afternoon, my mother had boiled yams,

soft and white and crumbly, made for my lunch; I ate them dipped in palm oil. Sometimes she would come home with a few wraps of warm *okpa*, which remains my favorite food: a simple, orange-colored, steamed pie of white beans and palm oil that tastes best cooked in banana leaves. We didn't make it at home, perhaps because it was not native to our part of Igboland. Or perhaps because those we bought on the roadside from the women who carried them in large basins on their heads were too good to surpass.

I wish I ate *garri*. It is important to the people I love: My late grandmother used to want to have *garri* three times a day. My brother's idea of perfect meal is pounded yam. My father once came home from a conference in Paris, and when I asked how it had gone he said that he had missed real food. In Igbo, another word for "swallow" is simply "food", so that one might overhear a sentence like "The food was well pounded, but the soup was not tasty." My brothers, with affectionate mockery, sometimes ask whether it is possible for a person who does not eat swallow to be authentically Igbo, Nigerian, African.

On New Year's Day of the year I turned thirteen, we went to my Aunt Dede's house for lunch. "Did you remember?" my mother asked my aunt while gesturing towards me. My aunt nodded. There was a small bowl of *jollof* rice, soft-cooked in an oily tomato sauce, for me. My brothers praised the *onugbu* soup - "Auntie,

this is soup that you washed your hands well before cooking” - and I wished that I, too, could say something. Then my boisterous Auntie Rosa arrived, her wrapper always seeming to be just about to slip off her waist. After she had exchanged hugs with everyone, she settled down with her pounded yam and noticed that I was eating rice. “Why are you not eating food?” she asked in Igbo. I said I did not eat swallow. She smiled and said to my mother, “Oh, you know she is not like us local people. She is foreign.”

### Glossary

**Staple:** a food/product/activity that is important in people’s everyday lives

**Registry:** administrative unit maintaining registers and records

**Quintessential:** perfect, typical

**Mortar:** a cup shaped vessel in which ingredients are crushed or ground

### Comprehension questions

#### I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each.

1. What is *garri*?
2. What is the other name of *garri*? Why is it called so?
3. Why did the young girl always skip lunch before school?

4. The narrator’s family had \_\_\_\_\_ for lunch every Sunday.  
i. *garri* ii. soup iii. boiled eggs iv. rice and stew
5. What according to the narrator, happened to her when she ate *garri*?
6. Looking at the text, match the following:  
*garri*—bitter leaf soup  
*egusi*---soup with beef  
*onugbo*---steamed pie  
*okro*---soup of ground melon seeds  
*nsala*---soup of sticky sauce  
*okpa*--- powdered cereal/foodstuff
7. In the end, why does the narrator wish that she ate *garri*?
8. How could one tell from one’s way of eating *garri* that one was a foreigner?

#### II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each

1. Describe the circumstances which led the mother to make food for her daughter separately?
2. Why does the narrator say that *garri* is important for her people?
3. Why does the narrator’s family call her a foreigner?



4. Do you find any similarities between the food culture of the narrator's family and yours? Note the similarities and differences.
5. Why does the author title the piece as "Real Food"?

**III. Answer the following questions in about a page each**

1. The author seems to suggest that food habits signify one's sense of belonging and identity. Do you agree? Discuss in detail with reference to the story and your own experiences.
2. Cosmopolitan food habits are taking the present generation away from their own food culture. Elaborate with examples.

**Suggested Reading/Activity**

- Do a small project on the food items from local cultures that have disappeared or are disappearing.
- Watch the Ted Talks video by Adichie titled, "The Danger of a Single Story".

**Language Activity:**

In the text that you read above, you have come across groups of words which form a meaningful unit. They are called phrases. They are the parts of sentences.

e.g. the dining table, the university, the houseboy, my mother, my little brother, this food, that afternoon

These groups of words are called noun phrases.

**Noun phrase**

A Noun phrase is a group of words consisting of a noun or a pronoun. The chief word in such a phrase is a noun or pronoun. It can have a determiner, preposition, adjective etc.

In this unit let's look at the noun phrase with a determiner

- i. Noun Phrase =Determiner +Noun

an accident

that person

our parents

my friend

**Determiners**

What are determiners?

Words which come at the beginning of a noun phrase are determiners. The following are the chief determiners in a noun phrase.

- Articles
- Possessives
- Demonstratives
- Interrogatives

### I. Articles

**A, an** and **the** are the main determiners in a phrase. They could be definite or indefinite. *A* and *an*, the indefinite articles, are used to refer to a single and unspecified entity. *A* is used with nouns that start with a consonant sound, as in *a car*, while *an* is used with words that start with a vowel sound, as in *an engine*. *The*, the definite article refers to a specific entity or entities. The single entity may also be made up of multiple individual entities, as in, for example, the class of 1999, the Beatles or the Mains. When determiners are used with nouns, they become noun phrases. E.g. a car, an engine, the class of 1999 are all noun phrases.

### Exercise 1

Directions: Fill in the blank with the appropriate article, **a**, **an**, or **the**, or leave the space blank if no article is needed.

1. I want \_\_\_\_ apple from that basket.
2. \_\_\_\_ temple is right across the corner.
3. Sujatha can speak \_\_\_\_ Arabic.
4. I borrowed \_\_\_\_ pencil from your pile of pencils and pens.
5. One of the students said, " \_\_\_\_ professor is late today."
6. Pavan likes to play \_\_\_\_ volleyball.
7. I bought \_\_\_\_ umbrella to go out in the rain.
8. My daughter is learning to play \_\_\_\_ violin at her school.
9. Please give me \_\_\_\_ cake that is on the counter.
10. I lived on \_\_\_\_ Main Street when I first came to town.
11. Wellington is the capital of \_\_\_\_ New Zealand.

12. My husband's family speaks \_\_\_\_ Telugu.

13. \_\_\_\_ apple a day keeps the doctor away.

14. \_\_\_\_ ink in my pen is red.

15. Our neighbors have \_\_\_\_ cat and \_\_\_\_ dog.

## II. Possessives

Possessives, as the name itself says suggests ownership. Nouns and pronouns become possessive when they refer to something that belongs to someone or something. E.g. Kavya's, his, hers etc. When you use a possessive with a noun, it becomes a noun phrase. E.g. his bicycle, her salary etc.

The following guidelines will help you with spellings where possessives are involved. Look at the following examples.

The *cat's* fur looked shiny after the bath.

To show possession in case of a singular noun or a plural noun that does not end in *s*, add an apostrophe and an *s*.

My *family's* ancestral house is in Punjab.

If the plural noun ends in *s*, add an apostrophe after the *s*

I can't find the *boys'* pajamas

All the different *companies'* parking lots are on the south side of the building

One error that most learners make is when they use the possessive pronouns. They confuse them with the contractions. Look at the following example.

INCORRECT: My mom told me she wants her car back in it's normal spot in the garage by midnight.

CORRECT: My mom told me she wants her car back in its normal spot in the garage by midnight.

In the first sentence, *it's* is a contraction of *it is* while the in the second sentence *its* indicates possession.

Similarly examine the following errors.

- Incorrect: Is this towel mine, or is it your's?  
Correct: Is this towel mine, or is it yours?
- Incorrect: Kiran said that this is her sweater, so it must be her's.  
Correct: Kiran said that this is her sweater, so it must be hers.

## Exercise 2

Punctuate the following sentences with apostrophes according to the rules for using the apostrophe.

1. Whose the partys candidate for vice president this

year?

2. The fox had its right foreleg caught securely in the traps jaws.
3. Our neighbors car is an old Chrysler, and its just about to fall apart.
4. In three weeks time well have to begin school again.
5. Its important that the kitten learns to find its way home.
6. She did not hear her childrens cries.
7. My address has three 7s, and Deepak's phone number has four 2s.
8. Its such a beautiful day that Ive decided to take a sun bath.
9. She said the watch Adi found was hers, but she couldnt identify the manufacturers name on it.
10. Little girls clothing is on the first floor, and the mens department is on the second.

### Exercise 3

From exercises 1 and 2, write down 20 noun phrases.

### Exercise 4

Now coming back to noun phrases, try to make at least 10 noun phrases on your own

## WINGS OF FIRE

**Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam**

### Brainstorming

1. Do you know the various facets of Dr. A P J Abdul Kalam? Share your views with one another in the class.
2. In this age of animosity, the harmonious rapport between Hindus and Muslims in this text gives us a sense of wonder and a hope for future. Discuss.
3. This excerpt from Dr. Kalam's autobiography gives an insight into the life and thoughts of a great icon our country has found. Read the best seller 'Wings of Fire'.

#### *About the author*



**AvulPakirJainulabdeen Abdul Kalam** (15 October 1931-27 July 2015) better known as A P J Abdul Kalam was the 11th President of India from 2002 to 2007. He was a scientist turned statesman. Born and brought up in Rameshwaram, Tamilnadu, he studied physics and aerospace engineering. He left his footprints as science administrator at DRDO and ISRO. He worked in India's space programme. He came to be called 'Missile Man of India'. He played a pivotal role in Pokhran—II nuclear tests in 1998.

This extract is taken from 'Wings of Fire', an autobiography of APJ Abdul Kalam with Arun Tiwari. He worked under Kalam for over a decade in the Defence Research and Development Laboratory (DRDL), Hyderabad.

This extract gives us an introductory insight into Kalam's life, his

childhood, and the people who influenced him, his family, his upbringing and early days of struggle. Also could be noticed the cultural and religious milieu Rameshwaram offered young Kalam.

**I** was born into a middle-class Tamil family in the island town of Rameswaram in the erstwhile Madras State. My father, Jainulabdeen, had neither much formal education nor much wealth; despite these disadvantages, he possessed great innate wisdom and a true generosity of spirit. He had an ideal helpmate in my mother, Ashiamma. I do not recall the exact number of people she fed every day, but I am quite certain that far more outsiders ate with us than all the members of our own family put together.

My parents were widely regarded as an ideal couple. My mother's lineage was the more distinguished, one of her forebears having been bestowed the title of 'Bahadur' by the British.

I was one of many children—a short boy with rather undistinguished looks, born to tall and handsome parents. We lived in our ancestral house, which was built in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was a fairly pucca house, made of limestone and brick, on the Mosque Street in Rameswaram. My austere father used to avoid all inessential comforts and luxuries. However, all necessities were provided for, in terms of food,

medicine or clothes. In fact, I would say mine was a very secure childhood, both materially and emotionally.

I normally ate with my mother, sitting on the floor of the kitchen. She would place a banana leaf before me, on which she then ladled rice and aromatic sambhar, a variety of sharp, home-made pickles and a dollop of fresh coconut chutney.

The famous Shiva temple, which made Rameswaram so sacred to pilgrims, was about a ten-minute walk from our house. Our locality was predominantly Muslim, but there were quite a few Hindu families too, living amicably with their Muslim neighbors. There was a very old mosque in our locality where my father would take me for evening prayers. I had not the faintest idea of the meaning of the Arabic prayers chanted, but I was totally convinced that they reached God. When my father came out of the mosque after the prayers, people of different religions would be sitting outside, waiting for him. Many of them offered bowls of water to my father who would dip his fingertips in them and say a prayer. This water was then carried home for invalids. I also remember people visiting our home to offer thanks after being cured. My father always smiled and asked them to thank Allah, the benevolent and merciful.

The high priest of Rameswaram temple, Pakshi Lakshmana Sastry, was a very close friend of my father's. One of the most vivid memories of my

childhood is of the two men, each in his traditional attire, discussing spiritual matters. When I was old enough to ask questions, I asked my father about the relevance of prayer. My father told me there was nothing mysterious about prayer. Rather, prayer made possible a communion of the spirit between people. 'Why you pray,' he said, 'you transcend your body and become a part of the cosmos, which knows no division of wealth, age, caste, or creed.'

My father could convey complex spiritual concepts in very simple, down-to-earth Tamil. He once told me, 'In his own time, in his own place, in what he really is, and in the stage he has reached—good or bad—every human being is a specific element within the whole of the manifest divine Being. So why be afraid of difficulties, sufferings and problems? When troubles come, try to understand the relevance of your sufferings. Adversity always presents opportunities for introspection.'

'Why don't you say this to the people who come to you for help and advice?' I asked my father. He put his hands on my shoulders and looked straight into my eyes. For quite some time he said nothing, as if he was judging my capacity to comprehend his words. Then he answered in a low, deep voice. His answer filled me with a strange energy and enthusiasm: 'Whenever human beings find themselves alone, as a natural reaction, they start looking for company. Whenever

they are in trouble, they look for someone to help them. Whenever they reach an impasse, they look to someone to show them the way out. Every recurrent anguish, longing, and desire finds its own special helper. For the people who come to me in distress, I am but a go-between in their effort to propitiate demonic forces with prayers and offerings. This is not a correct approach at all and should never be followed. One must understand the difference between a fear-ridden vision of destiny and the vision that enables us to seek the enemy of fulfilment within ourselves.'

I remember my father starting his day at 4 a.m. by reading the namaz before dawn. After the namaz, he used to walk down to a small coconut grove we owned, about 6 kilometers from our home. He would return, with about a dozen coconuts tied together thrown over his shoulder, and only then would he have his breakfast. This remained his routine even when he was in his late sixties.

I have throughout my life tried to emulate my father in my own world of science and technology. I have endeavored to understand the fundamental truths revealed to me by my father, and feel convinced that there exists a divine power that can lift one up from confusion, misery, melancholy and failure, and guide one to one's true place. And once an individual severs his emotional and physical bondage, he is on the road to freedom, happiness and peace of mind.

I was about six years old when my father embarked on the project of building a wooden sailboat to take pilgrims from Rameswaram to Dhanuskodi—also called Sethukkarai—and back. He worked at building the boat on the seashore, with the help of a relative, Ahmed Jallaluddin, who later married my sister, Zohara. I watched the boat take shape. The wooden hull and bulkheads were seasoned with the heat from wood fires. My father was doing good business with the boat when, one day, a cyclone bringing winds of over 160 kilometers per hour carried away our boat, along with some of the landmass of Sethukkarai. The Pamban Bridge collapsed with a train full of passengers on it. Until then, I had only seen the beauty of the sea, now its uncontrollable energy came as a revelation to me.

By the time the boat met its untimely end, Ahmed Jallaluddin had become a close friend of mine, despite the difference in our ages. He was about fifteen years older than I and used to call me Azad. We used to go for long walks together every evening. As we started from Mosque Street and made our way towards the sandy shores of the island, Jallaluddin and I talked mainly of spiritual matters. The atmosphere of Rameswaram, with its flocking pilgrims, was conducive to such discussion. Our first halt would be at the imposing temple of Lord Shiva. Circling around the temple with the reverence as any pilgrim from a distant

part of the country, we felt a flow of energy pass through us.

Jallaluddin would talk about God as if he had a working partnership with him. He would present all his doubts to God as if He were standing nearby to dispose of them. I would stare at Jallaluddin and then look towards the large groups of pilgrims around the temple, taking holy dips in the sea, performing rituals and reciting prayers with a sense of respect towards the same Unknown, whom we treat as the formless Almighty. I never doubted that the prayers in the temple reached the same destination as the ones offered in our mosque. I only wondered whether Jallaluddin had any other special connection to God. Jallaluddin's schooling had been limited, principally because of his family's straitened circumstances. This may have been the reason why he always encouraged me to excel in my studies and enjoyed my success vicariously. Never did I find the slightest trace of resentment in Jallaluddin for his deprivation. Rather, he was always full of gratitude for whatever life had chosen to give him.

Incidentally, at the time I speak of, he was the only person on the entire island who could write English. He wrote letters for almost anybody in need, be they letters of application or otherwise. Nobody of my acquaintance, either in my family or in the neighborhood even had Jallaluddin's level of education or any links of consequence with the outside world.

Jallaluddin always spoke to me about educated people, of scientific discoveries, of contemporary literature, and of the achievements of medical science. It was he who made me aware of a 'brave, new world' beyond our narrow confines.

In the humble environs of my boyhood, books were a scarce commodity. By local standards, however, the personal library of STR Manickam, a former 'revolutionary' or militant nationalist, was sizeable. He encouraged me to read all I could and I often visited his home to borrow books.

Another person who greatly influenced my boyhood was my first cousin, Samsuddin. He was the sole distributor for newspapers in Rameswaram. The newspapers would arrive at Rameswaram station by the morning train from Pamban. Samsuddin's newspaper agency was a one-man organization catering to the reading demands of the 1000—strong literate population of Rameswaram town. These newspapers were mainly bought to keep abreast of current developments in the National Independence Movement, for astrological reference or to check the bullion rates prevailing in Madras. A few readers with a more cosmopolitan outlook would discuss Hitler, Mahatma Gandhi and Jinnah; almost all would finally flow into the mighty political current of Periyar E V Ramaswamy's movement against high-caste Hindus. Dinamani was the most sought after newspaper. Since

reading the printed matter was beyond my capability, I had to satisfy myself with glancing at the pictures in the newspaper before Samsuddin delivered them to his customers.

The Second World War broke out in 1939, when I was eight years old. For reasons I have never been able to understand, a sudden demand for tamarind seeds erupted in the market. I used to collect the seeds and sell them to a provision shop on Mosque Street. A day's collection would fetch me the princely sum of one anna. Jallaluddin would tell me stories about the war which I would later attempt to trace in the headlines in Dinamani. Our area, being isolated, was completely unaffected by the war. But soon India was forced to join the Allied Forces and something like a state of emergency was declared. The first casualty came in the form of the suspension of the train halt at the Rameswaram Station. The newspapers now had to be bundled and thrown out from the moving train on the Rameswaram Road between Rameswaram and Dhanuskodi. That forced Samsuddin to look for helping hand to catch the bundles and, as if naturally, I filled the slot. Samsuddin helped me earn my first wages. Half a century later, I can still feel the surge of pride in earning my own money for the first time.

Every child is born, with some inherited characteristics, into a specific socio-economic and emotional environment, and trained in certain ways by



figures of authority. I inherited honesty and self-discipline from my father; from my mother, I inherited faith in goodness and deep kindness and so did my three brothers and sister. But it was the time I spent with Jallaluddin and Samsuddin that perhaps contributed most to the uniqueness of my childhood and made all the difference in my later life. The unschooled wisdom of Jallaluddin and Samsuddin was so intuitive and responsive to non-verbal messages that I can unhesitatingly attribute my subsequently manifested creativity to their company in my childhood.

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On the whole, the small society of Rameswaram was highly stratified and very rigid in terms of the segregation of different social groups. However, my science teacher SivasubramaniaIyer, though an orthodox Brahmin with a very conservative wife, was something of a rebel. He did his best to break social barriers so that people from varying backgrounds could mingle easily. He used to spend hours with me and would say, "Kalam, I want you to develop so that you are on par with the highly educated people of the big cities."

One day, he invited me to his home for a meal. His wife was horrified at the idea of a Muslim boy being invited to dine in her ritually pure kitchen. She refused to serve me in her kitchen. SivasubramaniaIyer was not

perturbed, nor did he get angry with his wife, but instead served with his own hands and sat down beside me to eat his meal. His wife watched us from behind the kitchen door. I wondered whether she had observed any difference in the way I ate rice, drank water or cleaned the floor after the meal. When I was leaving his house, SivasubramaniaIyer I vited me to join him for dinner again the next weekend. Observing my hesitation, he told me not to get upset, saying, 'Once you decide to change the system, such problems have to be confronted.' When I visited his house the next week, SivasubramaniaIyer's wife took me inside her kitchen and served me food with her own hands.

Then the Second World War was over and India's freedom was imminent. 'Indians will build their own India.' Declared Gandhiji. The whole country was filled with an unprecedented optimism. I asked my father's permission to leave Rameswaram and study at the district headquarters in Ramanathapuram.

He told me as if thinking aloud, 'Abul! I know you have to go away to grow. Does the seagull not fly across the Sun, alone and without a nest? You must forgo your longing for the land of your memories to move into the dwelling place of your greater desires; our love will not bind you nor will our needs hold you.' He quoted Khalil Gibran to my hesitant mother, 'Your children are not your children. They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself. They come

through you but not from you. You may give them your love but your thoughts. For they have their own thoughts.'

He took me and my three brothers to the mosque and recited the prayer 'Al Fatiha' from the Holy Koran. As he put me on the train at Rameswaram Station he said, 'This Island may be housing your body but not your soul. Your soul dwells in the house of tomorrow which none of us at Rameswaram can visit, not even in our dreams. May God bless you, my child!'

Samsuddin and Ahmed Jallaluddin travelled with me to Ramanathapuram to enroll me in Schwartz High School, and to arrange for my boarding there. Somehow, I did not take to the new setting. The town of Ramanathapuram was a thriving, factious town of some fifty thousand people, but the coherence and harmony of Rameswaram was absent. I missed my home and grabbed every opportunity to visit Rameswaram. The pull of educational opportunities at Ramanathapuram was not strong enough to nullify the attraction of bozhi, a South Indian sweet my mother made. In fact, she used to prepare twelve distinctly different varieties of it, bringing out the flavor of every single ingredient used in the best possible combinations.

Despite my homesickness, I was determined to come to terms with the new environment because I knew my

father had invested great hopes in my success. My father visualized me as a Collector in the making and I thought it my duty to realize my father's dream, although I desperately missed the familiarity, security and comforts of Rameswaram.

Jallaluddin used to speak to me about the power of positive thinking and I often recalled his words when I felt homesick or dejected. I tried hard to do as he said, which was to strive to control my thoughts and my mind and, through these, to influence my destiny. Ironically, that destiny did not lead me back to Rameswaram but, rather, swept me farther away from the home of my childhood.

### Glossary

**Innate:** existing or having existed since birth

**Lineage:** descent in a line of parentage

**Forebears:** ancestors

**Pucca:** superior or of high quality

**Austere:** strict, stern, severe in manner or appearance

**Ladled:** served

**Dollop:** considerable lump or quantity of something

**Attire:** one's dress

**Anguish:** extreme pain

**Namaz:** Islamic prayer

**Embarked:** to start, begin

**Emulate:** to attempt to copy or imitate or equal a person

**Vicariously:** indirectly

**Periyar EV Ramaswamy:** a noted social activist and politician who started self-respect movement and DravidarKazhagam

**Stratified:** having a class structure or arrangement in society

**Khalil Gibran:** a Lebanese writer, poet and visual artist who lived between 1883 and 1931

**Al Fatiha:** first chapter of the Holy Quran

**Factionous:** of factions and discordance

### Comprehension

**I- Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:**

1. Where was Kalam born?
2. Who were Kalam's parents?

3. What did Kalam observe in his parents, as a growing boy?
4. "My austere father used to avoid all inessential comforts and luxuries." The word 'austere' suggests he was
  - a) Strict
  - b) Handsome
  - c) Angry
5. What made Rameshwaram so sacred to pilgrims?
6. Why did people wait for Jainulabdeen outside the mosque?
7. Mention any two routine deeds Jainulabdeen did as he started his day.
8. What was Sethukkarai?
9. When did Kalam confront the uncontrollable energy of nature?
10. Who was Ahmed Jallaluddin? How did he help Jainulabdeen?
11. Kalam had a great companion and guide in Jallaluddin. Give an instance to support this statement.
12. What were the topics of discussion between Kalam and Jallaluddin?
13. Who was Samsuddin? How did he influence young Kalam?
14. What did newspapers of those days carry with them?
15. How did Kalam make his first earnings?

16. What was the impact of Second World War on the quiet life of Rameshwaram?
17. Which was the most widely read newspaper in Rameshwaram?
18. What was so unique about Kalam's Science teacher, ShivasubramaniaIyer?
19. Why did Kalam's father quote Khali Gibran?
20. What was Jainulabdeen's dream for his son, Kalam?

**II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each:**

1. How did Kalam's parents influence his childhood?
2. Jainulabdeen conveyed complex spiritual concepts in very simple Tamil to Kalam. How did he do that with reference to prayer ritual?
3. Why did Kalam consider Jainulabdeen and Jallaluddin as his childhood icons?
4. Samsuddin introduced the world to Kalam. Explain.
5. How did ShivasubramaniaIyer show his rebellious side being an orthodox Brahmin?
6. Write a note on Kalam's stint at Schwartz High School.

**III-Answer the following questions in about a page each:**

1. Write a brief note on the following people and their influence on young Kalam
  - a. Jainulabdeen
  - b. Ashiamma
  - c. Ahmed Jallaluddin
  - d. Samsuddin
  - e. ShivasubramaniaIyer
2. The amicable coexistence of Hindus and Muslims is observed by Kalam. Substantiate.
3. The World War showed Kalam a different world altogether. Explain with reference to the context.
4. Kalam was a teacher, a scientist, a scientific advisor and the President of India. Do you think his childhood and early days at school moulded his career?
5. After reading this excerpt, do you feel motivated to read more about Kalam? Give reasons.

**Suggested reading**

1. *Madam Curie* by Eve Curie
2. *Turning Points* by APJ Abdul Kalam
3. **Autobiographies of eminent people**

**Language Activity:**

**Letter Writing**

## 1. Letter of Complaint

A letter of complaint is a formal letter written on couple of occasions regarding specific issues. The issue could be personal or of public interest. The nature of complaint varies as the need arises. The letter should be clear, giving the specific complaint, suggesting remedies, making a formal request for immediate action and expressing gratitude with courteous ending.

## Format

----- } Sender's address  
-----  
-----  
  
----- Date  
  
----- }  
----- } Inside address  
-----  
-----

----- Salutation

(Subject could be optional)

Body of the letter

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----- Leave taking or Complimentary close

----- Signature

----- Name

----- Enclosure/s, if any

**Note that each line in the letter is vertically aligned with the one above. In other words, the letter is in 'blocked' format. The paragraphs are not indented. A line space between paragraphs is desirable.**

**Sample Letter**

# 201 Feathertouch Villa  
Prince Road  
Bengaluru

20 July 2018

The Commissioner  
BBMP  
Bengaluru

Dear Sir,

I am the Secretary of Feathertouch Villa Residents Association. I wish to tell you that in the vacant site adjacent to our villa, there are heaps of dirt and garbage that have been accumulating for one week now.

The heaps are creating tough time for the residents who are struggling to cope with the stench and mosquito menace. It is hazardous for health, particularly senior citizens who walk along.

Kindly take some measures to clear the garbage immediately. A regular service of garbage collection carts could be a quick solution.

In anticipation of quick action.

Thank you.

Yours faithfully

*Raju*

(Raju)

Encl:    Photos of heaps of dirt and garbage at the site.  
          Signatures of residents

## **2. Leave Letter**

A Leave Letter is also a formal letter requesting for leave of absence. Give reasons for leave and in a polite tone. Make the reader understand that you regret for the inconvenience. The body should be brief and simple yet clear. Politeness and courteousness could go a long way in shaping your career image.

### **Format**

- a.    Sender's address
- b.    Date
- c.    Inside address
- d.    Salutation  
          (Subject could be optional)
- e.    Body of the letter/ organization of the letter
- f.    Leave taking or complimentary close
- g.    Signature
- h.    Name

### **Sample Letter**

**Raju**  
**Junior Assistant**  
**Sun Technologies**  
**Bengaluru**

**20 July 2018**

**The Director**  
**Sun Technologies**  
**Bengaluru**

**Dear Sir,**

**I am working as Junior Assistant in 'C' division of Sun Technologies. Since I am going to attend family wedding in Mumbai, I will not be able to come to office on three days from 22 July 2018 to 24 July 2018.**

**I request you to grant leave for three days and oblige. As I have already completed the project given, I will be ready to give presentation once I come back.**

**I regret the inconvenience caused.**

**Thank you.**

**Yours faithfully**

*Raju*  
**(Raju)**

**Task I**

1. As the Student Coordinator of your college, write a letter of complaint to The Superintendent of Police, Bangalore South, about increasing number of drag race and wheeling episodes in front of the college. Use the hints given below
  - Name and address of your college
  - Particular incident of indiscipline and its impact
  - Your suggestions and request for immediate action
2. You are the owner of the house and the electric work in the building is unsatisfactory. Write a letter of complaint to The Manager of Shockfree Electric Company for supplying faulty material. Use the following hints
  - Details of the consignment sent by the company
  - Problems faced by you due to faulty material
  - Your request for immediate action and replacement of goods

## Task II

1. Write a letter of leave application to The HR of your company citing suitable reasons. You are The Junior Research Assistant at Solar Institute, Belagavi. You need two days leave to take bed rest as advised by the doctor. Write a leave letter to The Director of the Institute.

# Relations between Men and Women

Raja Ram Mohan Roy

## Brainstorming

- Can you name some social reformers of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century?
- What is patriarchy? Discuss.
- There are a lot of age old traditions which have existed over the centuries. Do you think that these traditions should have any significance in Modern India?

## About the author



**Raja Ram Mohan Roy** (May 22, 1772- September 27 1833) was an Indian socio-educational reformer who was also known as ‘Maker of Modern India’ and ‘Father of Modern India’ and ‘Father of the Bengal Renaissance.’ He lived during one of India’s darkest social phases but strived his best to make his motherland a better place for the future generations to come. Born into a prosperous Brahmin family of Bengal, he challenged the traditional Hindu culture and unorthodox religious



ideas at a very young age. A multilingual and a visionary, he wanted to combine the righteousness of Western and Indian culture. He was against traditional Hindu practices and echoed his voice against sati system, polygamy, caste rigidity and child marriage. He also wanted to modernize the education system and set up a lot of English medium schools. An extract from his writing taken from Ramachandra Guha's *Makers of Modern India* throws light on the abominable practices like sati, caste System and gender discrimination.

Women are in general inferior to men in bodily strength and energy; consequently, the male part of the community, taking advantage of their corporeal weakness, have denied to them those excellent merits that they are entitled to by nature, and afterwards they are apt to say that women are naturally incapable of acquiring those merits. But if we give the subject consideration, we may easily ascertain whether or not your accusation against them is consistent with justice. As to their inferiority in point of understanding, when did you ever afford them a fair opportunity of exhibiting their natural capacity? How then can you accuse them of want of understanding? If after instruction in knowledge and wisdom, a person cannot comprehend or retain what has been taught him, we

may consider him as deficient; but as you keep women generally void of education and acquirements, you cannot therefore, in justice pronounce on their inferiority...Secondly. You charge them with want of resolution, at which I feel exceedingly surprised: for we constantly perceive, in a country where the name of death makes the male shudder, that the female, from her firmness of mind, offers to burn with the corpse of her deceased husband; and yet you accuse those women of deficiency in point of resolution.

Thirdly. With regard to their trustworthiness, let us look minutely into the conduct of both sexes, and we may be enabled to ascertain which of them is the most frequently guilty of betraying friends. If we enumerate such women in each village or town as have been deceived by men, and such men as have been betrayed by women, I presume that the number of the deceived women would be found ten times greater than that of the betrayed men. Men are, in general, able to read and write, and manage public affairs, by which means they easily promulgate such faults as women occasionally commit, but never consider as criminal the misconduct of men towards women. One fault they have, it must be acknowledged; which is, by considering others equally void of duplicity as themselves, to give their confidence too readily, from which they suffer much misery, even

so far that some of them are misled to suffer themselves to be burnt to death.

In the fourth place, with respect to their subjection to the passions, this may be judged of by the custom of marriage as to the respective sexes; or one man may marry two or three, sometimes even ten wives and upwards; while a woman, who marries but one husband; desires at his death to follow him, forsaking all worldly enjoyments, or to remain leading the austere life of an ascetic.

Fifthly. The accusation of their want of virtuous knowledge is an injustice. Observe what pain, what slighting, what contempt, and what afflictions their virtue enables them to support! How many Kulin Brahmans are there who marry ten or fifteen wives for the sake of money, that never see the greater number of them after the day of marriage, and visit others only three or four times in the course of their life. Still amongst those women, most, even without seeing or receiving any support from their husbands, living dependent on their fathers or brothers, and suffering much distress, continue to preserve their virtue; and when Brahmans, or those of other tribes, bring their wives to live with them, what misery do the women not suffer? At marriage the wife is recognized as half of her husband, but in after-conduct they are treated worse

than inferior animals. For the woman is employed to do the work of a slave in the house, such as, in her turn, to clean the place very early in the morning, whether cold or wet, to scour the dishes, to wash the floor, to cook night and day, to prepare and serve food for her husband, father, mother-in-law, sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law, and friends and connections! (for amongst Hindus more than in other tribe relations long reside together, and on this account quarrels are more common amongst brothers respecting their worldly affairs.) If in the preparation or serving up of the victuals they commit the smallest fault, what insult do they not receive from their husband, their mother-in-law, and the younger brothers of their husband? After all the male part of the family have satisfied themselves, the women content themselves with what may be left, whether sufficient in quantity or not. Where Brahmans or Kayasthas are not wealthy, their women are obliged to attend to their cows, and to prepare the cow-dung for firing. In the afternoon they fetch water from the river or tank, and at night perform the office of menial servants in making the beds. In case of any fault or omission in the performance of those labors they receive injurious treatment. Should the husband acquire wealth, he indulges in criminal amours to her perfect knowledge and almost under her eyes, and does not see her perhaps once a month. As

long as the husband is poor, she suffers every kind of trouble, and when he becomes rich, she is altogether heart-broken. All this pain and affliction their virtue alone enables them to support. Where a husband takes two or three wives to live with him, they are subjected to mental miseries and constant quarrels. Even this distressed situation they virtuously endure. Sometimes it happens that the husband, from a preference for one of his wives, behaves cruelly to another. Amongst the lower classes, and those even of the better class who have not associated with good company, the wife, on the slightest fault, or even on bare suspicion of her misconduct, is chastised as a thief. Respect to virtue and their reputation generally makes them forgive even this treatment. If unable to bear such cruel usage, a wife leaves her husband's house to live separately from him, then the influence of the husband with the magisterial authority is generally sufficient to place her again in his hands; when, in revenge for her quitting him, he seizes every pretext to torment her in various ways, and sometimes even puts her privately to death. These are facts occurring every day, and not to be denied. What I lament is, that, seeing the women thus dependent and exposed to every misery, you feel for them no compassion, that might exempt them from being tied down and burnt to death.

### **Glossary:**

**Advocate:** a person who publicly supports or recommends a particular cause or policy; champion; proponent

**Patriarch:** the male head of a family or tribe

**Corporeal:** relating to a person's body, especially as opposed to their spirit; human; mortal

**Deficient:** not having enough of a specified quality or ingredient

**Promulgate:** publicize; broadcast; announce

**Resolution:** firm decision

**Betray:** be disloyal to, be unfaithful to, break faith with; fail, let down

**Forsake:** abandon, desert, leave, quit

**Void:** empty

**Duplicity:** deceitfulness

**Subjection:** prone, liable, inclination

**Austere:** morally strict

**Ascetic:** having a strict and simple way of living that avoids physical pleasure.

**Victuals**(*yiṭ (a)ṭ*): food or provisions

**Scour:** scrub; clean, wash

**Kulin Brahmins:** Kulin Brahmins are the Bengali Brahmins belonging to Hindu religion, who can trace themselves to the five families of Kannauj who migrated to Bengal. The five families were of the five gotras (Shandilya, Bharadwaj, Kashyap, Vatsya and Saavarna).

### Comprehension

#### I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:

1. Who is the “you” in the text?
2. Women are inferior to men in\_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_
3. What has been denied to women from exhibiting their natural capacity?
4. Who is deceived more often?
5. What are the duties performed by women early in the morning?
6. Why are quarrels more common amongst Hindus?

7. When is a women insulted by the husband and the mother in law?

#### II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each:

1. Why can't women be considered inferior to men?
2. Comment on the female firmness of mind?
3. How is the misconception of women being unworthy of trust promulgated by men?
4. Are women subject to passion more than men? How does Roy dispel this misconception?
5. Women are treated worse than inferior animals. Elaborate
6. What are the distressing situation that women endure?

#### III. Answer the following questions in about a page each:

1. Comment on the five assumptions about women which Roy successfully demolishes through his scholarly arguments.
2. How does Roy establish women to be embodiment of all virtues? Discuss

#### Suggested Reading:

- Read the Kannada novel *Phaniyamma* by M.K. Indira, Malayali novel *Agnisakshi* by Lalithambika Antharjanam and short story *Inside Every Woman Writer* by Sarah Joseph
- *Hindu Widow Remarriage:* Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar
- *Annihilation of Caste:* BR Ambedkar
- *Sati: The Blessing and the Curse:* Edited by John Stratton Hawley
- Watch the movies *The Color Purple*, *The Help*.

### Language Activity:

#### Note of comprehension

Comprehension is the ability to understand and elicit the meaning from a written text or speech. To be able to understand the given material one must-

- decode what they read
- make connections between what they read and what they already know
- dwell into what they have read

Comprehension requires a sufficient vocabulary, ability to draw conclusions of what one has read/heard. It involves three processes-

- reading

- thinking
- reasoning

### Exercises

**Read the following comprehension passages and answer the questions:**

#### Passage 1

#### On Indian Women- Their Past, Present and Future.

“Then, have our women any problems at all, Swamiji?”

“Of course, they have many and grave problems, but none that are not be solved by that magic word “education.” The true education, however, is not yet conceived of amongst us.”

“And how would you define that?”

“I never define anything,” said Swamiji, smiling. “still, it may be described as a development of faculty, not an accumulation of words, or as a training of individuals to will rightly and efficiently. So shall we bring to the need of India great fearless women- women worthy to continue the traditions of Sanghamitta, Lila, Ahalya

Bai, and Mira Bai- Women fit to be mothers of heroes, because they are pure and selfless, strong with the strength that comes of touching the feet of God.” ...

“Are you then entirely satisfied with the position of women amongst us, Swamiji?”

“By no means,” said Swamiji, “but our right of interference is limited entirely to giving education. Women must be put in a position to solve their own problems in their own way. No one can or ought to do this for them. And our Indian women are as capable of doing it as any in the world.”

*The Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda, Volume V. Advaita Ashram, Calcutta, pp.231,229.*

#### Questions:

- 1) What is the magic word suggested by Swami Vivekananda that can solve women’s problems?
- 2) Does he say that “true education” has been defined in our society?
- 3) How does Swami Vivekananda describe “education”?
- 4) Who are the great fearless women mentioned by Swami Vivekananda in his interview?
- 5) “Women fit be mothers of heroes...” would you like to comment on this?

#### Passage 2:

During the Second World War, the coming and going of ships was vital for Britain’s survival. The Germans wanted to destroy ships coming to Britain with food and ammunition. So all around the coasts they dropped mines, which were bombs made so that they would go off when a ship came near them. Some of these were magnetic mines which exploded when a steel ship came near. Later the Germans invented a version called acoustic mines which went off at the sound of a ship’s engine. Sometimes, the mines were dropped on land by mistake- often in places where, if they exploded, they would kill many people and do an enormous amount of damage. There they had to be disarmed or taken to pieces quickly before they could explode. This was very dangerous work for the experts.

#### Questions

1. Why did the Germans lay mines around Britain?
2. What is a mine?
3. Why do mines on the land need urgent attention?
4. What are acoustic mines?
5. What dangerous work did the experts have to do?

### Passage 3:

Mr. Rajeev Sharma must realize that the PM was talking to the whole of India and not just the thinkers. In a speech that lasted about an hour, he touched upon subjects that he felt the people of India would like to listen to and probably act on his exhortations. On this he scored one hundred percent.

Sharma tore into the Indian psyche of being soft on male children as compared to female children. I am sure this will touch a chord in every set of parents and hopefully they will advise their male offspring to behave responsibly. All the other issues he touched upon would also directly affect the masses and the PM wanted positive action from his countrymen.

On internal security, defense and space, what could the people of India contribute if the PM had mentioned his plans? There is not much the Indian people can contribute directly in space and defense sectors. However, on internal security, he did indirectly touch upon it by exhorting all sections of society to shun all forms of violence, including communal. A lot of internal security issues would get sorted out if the communities live in peace and harmony among themselves. On defense and space, the PM would definitely talk to the people involved in those activities,

which he has done admirably so far. Also, there is no merit in outlining your strategies in critical sectors such as defense.

1. Who was the PM of India addressing?

The whole of India including the masses.

The thinkers of India.

The parents of India.

The space scientists.

2. What did the PM want the parents to do?

3. The length of the speech delivered by the PM was....

4. In what areas could Indian masses not contribute directly?

Shun all forms of violence.

Positive action from countrymen.

Parents advising their male children to behave responsibly.

In the defence and space sectors.

5. What was one of the PM's solutions to solve internal security issues?

6. Who felt 'there is no merit in outlining your strategies in critical sectors such as defence'?

Mr Rajeev Sharma.

The PM.

The writer.

The people of India.

**Stay Hungry, Stay foolish**  
(Commencement address delivered by CEO of Apple  
computers at Stanford University)

**-Steve Jobs**

**Brainstorming**

1. Can you think of the personalities hailing from the humble background, fighting against all the adversities of life reached the pinnacle of success?
2. The hardships of life shall not deter a person from pursuing his/her dreams. Discuss in groups.



**About the Author**

Steven Paul Jobs was an American inventor, designer and entrepreneur who was the co-founder, chief executive and chairman of Apple Computer. Apple's revolutionary products, which include the iPod, iPhone, iPad and famous Macintosh are now seen as dictating the evolution of modern technology. Steve Jobs, undoubtedly was the greatest uncompromising innovator of our times. He was born on February 24, 1955, in San Francisco, California. Joanne Schieble and Abdul fattah "John" Jandali, two University of Wisconsin graduate students, gave up

their unnamed son, Steve Jobs, for adoption. It was not until Jobs was 27 that he was able to uncover information on his biological parents. As an infant, Jobs was adopted by Clara and Paul Jobs and named Steven Paul Jobs. As a boy, Jobs and his father worked on electronics in the family garage. Paul showed his son how to take apart and reconstruct electronics, a hobby that instilled confidence, tenacity and mechanical prowess in young Jobs. All through his life he fought against all odds in his relentless pursuit of mind boggling innovations and succeeded in making his company a trillion-dollar company. He died at the age of 56 in 2011. The speech prescribed here is one of the most inspirational, only next to Martin Luther King's "I have a Dream."

I am honored to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. I never graduated from college. Truth be told, this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation. Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories.

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed College after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?



It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: "We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said: "Of course." My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college.

And 17 years later I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out I could stop taking the required classes

that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting.

It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms, I returned Coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and sans serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But 10 years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or

proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it's likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But it was very, very clear looking backward 10 years later.

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.

My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky — I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz and I started Apple in my parents' garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in 10 years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4,000 employees. We had just released our finest creation — the Macintosh — a year earlier, and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for

the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30 I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

I really didn't know what to do for a few months. I felt that I had let the previous generation of entrepreneurs down — that I had dropped the baton as it was being passed to me. I met with David Packard and Bob Noyce and tried to apologize for screwing up so badly. I was a very public failure, and I even thought about running away from the valley. But something slowly began to dawn on me — I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected, but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.

I didn't see it then, but it turned out that getting fired from Apple was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. The heaviness of being successful was replaced by the lightness of being a beginner again, less sure about everything. It freed me to enter one of the most creative periods of my life.

During the next five years, I started a company named NeXT, another company named Pixar, and fell in love with an amazing woman who would become my wife. Pixar went on to create the world's first computer

animated feature film, *Toy Story*, and is now the most successful animation studio in the world. In a remarkable turn of events, Apple bought NeXT, I returned to Apple, and the technology we developed at NeXT is at the heart of Apple's current renaissance. And Laurene and I have a wonderful family together.

I'm pretty sure none of this would have happened if I hadn't been fired from Apple. It was awful tasting medicine, but I guess the patient needed it. Sometimes life hits you in the head with a brick. Don't lose faith. I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me going was that I loved what I did. You've got to find what you love. And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on. So keep looking until you find it. Don't settle.

My third story is about death.

When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: "If you live each day as if it was your last, someday you'll most certainly be right." It made an impression on me, and since then, for the past 33 years, I have looked

in the mirror every morning and asked myself: "If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?" And whenever the answer has been "No" for too many days in a row, I know I need to change something.

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything — all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure — these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning, and it clearly showed a tumor on my pancreas. I didn't even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable, and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor's code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next 10 years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells from the tumor. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a microscope the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I'm fine now.

This was the closest I've been to facing death, and I hope it's the closest I get for a few more decades. Having lived through it, I can now say this to you with a bit more certainty than when death was a useful but purely intellectual concept:

No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new. Right now the new is you, but someday not too long from now, you will gradually become the old and be cleared away. Sorry to be so dramatic, but it is quite true. Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma — which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know

what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.

When I was young, there was an amazing publication called *The Whole Earth Catalog*, which was one of the bibles of my generation. It was created by a fellow named Stewart Brand not far from here in Menlo Park, and he brought it to life with his poetic touch. This was in the late 1960s, before personal computers and desktop publishing, so it was all made with typewriters, scissors and Polaroid cameras. It was sort of like Google in paperback form, 35 years before Google came along: It was idealistic, and overflowing with neat tools and great notions.

Stewart and his team put out several issues of *The Whole Earth Catalog*, and then when it had run its course, they put out a final issue. It was the mid-1970s, and I was your age. On the back cover of their final issue was a photograph of an early morning country road, the kind you might find yourself hitchhiking on if you were so adventurous. Beneath it were the words: "Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish." It was their farewell message as they signed off. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish. And I have always wished that for myself. And now, as you graduate to begin anew, I wish that for you.

Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.

Thank you all very much.

## **Glossary**

**Commencement:** a ceremony in which degrees or diplomas are conferred to University students.

**Figure out:** to understand or solve something

**Popped up:** a prominent burst of something, born.

**Relented:** give up a very strong/harsh attitude by yielding to a request.

**Naively:** Innocently

**Intuition:** the power of attaining direct knowledge without evident rational thought

**Typography:** the process of printing with type

**Calligraphy:** the art of making beautiful handwriting.

**Stumble:** to hit your foot on something when you are walking or running so that you fall or almost fall.

**Screwed up:** confused or messed up

**Dawned on me:** occurred to me

**Button up:** conclude satisfactorily

**Endoscope:** an illuminated usually fiber-optic flexible or rigid tubular instrument for visualizing the interior of a hollow organ for diagnosis.

**Dogma:** a belief that is accepted by the members of a group without being questioned or doubted

## **Comprehension**

### **I. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences each:**

1. What was the occasion Steve Jobs delivered the address on?
2. Jobs had to struggle without food many times. What was his attitude to such devastating situations?
  - a. Pessimistic
  - b. optimistic
  - c. Resigned.
3. Who was his mother? What did she want to do with her son?
4. What was her specification about the child's adoption?
5. Who adopted the child finally? Were they graduates?
6. Why did Steve Job's mother finally relent to sign the adoption papers?
7. He was really happy to drop out of the college he naively chose. True/false
8. What would he do to get one good meal a week?

9. After Jobs was fired, he was:
  - a. disheartened
  - b. pessimistic
  - c. determined to re-begin
  - d. none
10. where did Jobs apply his knowledge of calligraphy?
11. 'Heaviness of being successful' means -----
  - a. Success makes one arrogant
  - b. Success makes one complacent
  - c. Success stamps the motivation of being creative
  - d. All the above.
12. What was Jobs diagnosed with?
13. What the doctors do when they viewed Jobs cells under a microscope? Why?
14. Who according to Jobs is a fool?
15. Remembering death makes a person ----- of loss.
  - a. scared
  - b. fearful
  - c. none
16. What is the importance of listening to one's inner voice according to Jobs?

**II. Answer the following questions in a short paragraph each:**

1. Why did Jobs leave the college?
2. Why did Jobs evince interest in calligraphy?
3. How did calligraphy help in designing Mac?
4. Why does Jobs call the first story narrated as 'connecting the dots'? how does he do it?
5. Describe the story of love and loss in the second story.
6. Why was Jobs fired from the company?
7. "Passion for work is the key to success". Substantiate.
8. Explain Job's concept of death?

**III. Answer the following questions in about a page each:**

1. Mention the quote Jobs read when he was 17? How did it help him in making big choices? Explain.
2. "...so don't waste it (time) living someone else's life". How does this statement make us pursue our ideas independently?
3. How does Jobs connect the two stories as benchmarks of Apple's success?
4. Explain how hunger and concept of death made Jobs a role model to entrepreneurs.

## Language Activity

### Phrases

A phrase is a grammatical term referring to a group of words that does not include a subject and verb. A phrase is any group of words that does not contain a subject completing an action. When a group of words contains a subject doing an action (subject-verb), it becomes a clause. Phrases can be added to sentences to make them more complex.

Consider this:

Concepts can begin with a single word and develop into a compound sentence.

### Example:

- match (word)
- after the match (phrase)
- that Indian team played (clause)
- After the match that Indian team played I felt ecstatic. (sentence)

- After the match that Indian team played, I felt ecstatic because the team performed wonderfully. (complex sentence)

### Note:

A phrase is different from a sentence because it:

- does not make complete sense.
- does not have any signs of punctuation.
- is only part of a sentence
- does not have a verb.

### Few examples of Phrases

Under the table

During the day

So nice

In a minute

Everything to me

Near the bus stand

### Exercise:

- I. Use the phrases given in the brackets to complete these sentences.

(a lovely scent, on the table, last night, in a minute, for a picnic, Chinese food, full of fur, in a hurry.)

1. Mother was late for office so she left.....
2. Most of the flowers have.....
3. I left my keys.....
4. My family loves to have.....

5. My little golden retriever is.....
6. I'll get back to you.....
7. Last month, we had all gone.....
8. We returned home after dinner.....

II. Add suitable words to these phrases to make complete sentences.

1. .... with a sword.
2. .... in the east
3. .... by the college compound.
4. .... in the evening
5. .... near the bus stand.

### Clauses:

Clause is a group of words that act as a sentence which gives some meaning. A clause contains a subject (doer of action) and a predicate (verb), which tells about the action of the subject. Some clauses, as complete sentences, can stand alone with absolute meaning; while other clauses cannot convey full meaning.

Depending on the sentence and the meaning it conveys, a clause can be divided into two:

1. independent clause or main clause
2. dependent clause or subordinate clause

Example:

Hrithika left home.

Eric cracked civil services examination in one attempt.

In the above two examples, the subject and verb combination convey full meaning.

**Independent clause or main clause:** When the subject and verb make complete sense it is called an independent clause.

Example:

When she got a call from her mother

Because he made up his mind strongly

The above two examples are different, in the sense, they cannot communicate full meaning. After reading them one would be forced to ask 'what happened after she got a call from her mother', similarly, what next after 'because he made up his mind strongly'.

Now look at the following sentences:

Hrithika left home when she got a call from her mother

Eric cracked civil services examination in one attempt because he made up his mind strongly.

If you analyse these sentences, you understand that the second part of each sentence depends on the first part to express full meaning.



**Dependent or subordinate clause:** a subordinate clause begins with a conjunction like because, with, when, as if, etc and it depends on the main clause for complete thought.

After, because, who, whose, whom, what, whatever, before, since, until, when, that, if, while, whether...or not, unless, as although, even though, as if, which, so that.

**Exercise:**

**Identify the clauses—whether independent or dependent, in the given examples:**

Students participated actively in the exhibitions.

As they were talented

Yet he was denied entry

He bought the ticket to watch the match

As if he was innocent

He acted smart

You cannot reach in time

He was let off

Unless you start early

Since he was innocent

**Exercise:**

**Make use of the following conjunctions to make the dependent clauses:**

## LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

- JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

### (Extended Reading)

A friend of mine wrote to me the other day that 'the scepter has passed from literature to science.' He is, of course, a man of science himself. And it seemed rather strange that he should use such a very literary phrase to express his triumph. It would have been more appropriate if he had sent me an equation. I should not have known what the equation meant. Perhaps that was the reason why he sent me a metaphor instead.

While I pondered his phrase it began to look to me like a barefaced contradiction in terms, and I wondered what kind of an equation would adequately express his satisfaction that literature had at last to play second fiddle to science. Even if an equation could be discovered with the proper nuance of 'I told you so,' what would be the pleasure for him if I did not appreciate it? No enemy is stronger than one who does not know he is beaten. And, to compare large things with small, would not the effect upon literature of the victory of science be precisely the same as the effect upon me of my defeat by an equation I could not understand? Literature may be shorn of its scepter and its purple, but if there is no little boy to call out the emperor is naked, who will be the wiser? If nobody knows, who will care?

Nevertheless, since my friend is a brilliant man, I have done my best to extract a meaning from his phrase. I am sure that he means something more than to make my flesh creep. My flesh refuses to creep, but I want to know what he means. I suspect that his metaphor was badly chosen, and that he would have done better with two scepters instead of one. Probably, he meant that literature and science each had a scepter, but the scepter of science had of late become heavier and more imposing than the scepter of literature. Literature now rules a little kingdom, while science rules a big one. But the kingdom of literature has certainly not been incorporated into the kingdom of science, nor is it likely to be. You might as well try to marry Boyle's Law to a bookcase.

But even if we take my friend to mean that science is now become a more important activity of the human mind than literature, is he saying more than that Boyle's Law is more valuable than a bookcase? And is not that a judgment without import, as the logicians say? Is he not like a man who insists on comparing the values of logarithms and love? And if we suppose he means only that at the present time abler minds are engaged in scientific discovery than in literary creation—a question exceedingly difficult to judge—the issue is not affected. Quite possibly our bridges are better built than our poems nowadays. As Socrates would have said, our bridges have more of the goodness of bridges than our

poems have of the goodness of poems. But that does not mean that a bridge is more important than a poem, or a poem than a bridge.

I suspect that what my friend has in his head is that the Einstein Theory is a discovery of supreme philosophical importance; that for the first time the metaphysical doctrine of subjective idealism has been backed by a scientific proof; and that this will have a determining influence upon the future evolution of literature. The last of these propositions is the most doubtful. It is quite true that scientific theory does have an influence upon literary creation. But it has to be translated into emotional terms.

In order to affect literature it has to affect our attitude to life. The theory of Natural Selection, emotionally interpreted as handing man over to the play of blind and uncontrollable forces, certainly gave a pessimistic tinge to the literature of the nineteenth century. The Copernican Revolution no doubt contributed to that emphatic isolation of the individual which is the beginning of modern romanticism. But we cannot say that the literature of the nineteenth century is either more or less important than Darwinism or the Copernican Revolution. There is no means of comparing them. What we can say is that the literature may wear better. When those two scientific theories have been exploded, as we are told they are being exploded now, the great books created by minds

coloured by them will remain as fresh and valuable as ever.

For the truth of the matter surely is that there are very few emotional attitudes towards life which a man can truly and instinctively hold. He may believe life is painful and pitiful; he may believe it is glorious and splendid; he may confidently hope, he may continually despair, he may alternate between hope and despair. What his attitude will be is determined by many things: his heredity, his personal destiny, and to some degree by the scientific theories that obtain in his lifetime. A scientific theory which directly affects his hope of long life or immortality or better things to come, colours his mind and gives a twist to his sensibility. He becomes, if he is a writer, differently interested in life. In so far as either the Einstein theory or modern biology opens up new vistas of the significance or duration of human life, they will determine a change of tone in literature. Possibly the pessimism which still hangs about us like a cloud will be dissipated for a season. But it will return, simply because it is an external mode of the human spirit. And it may be dispelled without the cleansing wind of science, because optimism also is a natural mode of the human spirit.

Literature changes tone in obedience to these modes. But its substance is unchanged, for that is based on a delightful interest in human life and destinies. Science has no power over that interest, which is a gift of the

gods like the genius of communicating it. When the man of science has power to determine or to change the structure of our minds, then literature may begin to fear him. By that time ordinary men will fear him also, and there will be a massacre of biologists. But till that day science can do no more to literature than to help to decide whether its vision of life shall be tinged with pity or happiness, resignation or confidence.

This may equally be decided by the indifference of the writer's mistress or his happiness in love. Science is only one of the things which colour the glass through which the writer looks at life; at present it can neither give nor take away the gift of seeing clearly through the glass; neither can it increase or diminish the pleasure of those who take delight in what the writer can show them. The scepter of science may be the more majestic. Beside its massy steel the rod of literature may appear slight and slender. We do not expect a magician's wand to look otherwise.

**Question Paper Pattern**  
**BSc/BCA**  
**I and II Semester**  
**Time: 3Hrs**  
**Marks :70**  
**SECTION-A**  
**(Course Book - 40 marks)**

(Questions to be set on both prose and poetry)

- I. Answer in two or three sentences (5 questions out of 8)  
5X2=10
- II. Answer in about 80 to 100 words /a page each (4 questions out of 7)  
4X5=20
- II. Answer in about 200 to 250 words / 2 pages (1 out of 3)  
1X10=10

**SECTION- B**

**(Grammar and Communication Component - 30 marks)**

**I Semester B.Sc /B,C.A and other courses coming under the Faculty of Science**

IV. Close test -5

A short passage given with blanks at regular intervals to test nouns,pronouns,verbs, adjectives etc.

- V. 1. Combine two sentences using  
who, what, that, which etc to test clauses - 1
2. Fill in the blanks for SV agreement - 1
3. Word formation through a sentence- er, ion, ian, etc- 1
4. Error correction- article/preposition -1
5. Multiple choice to test spelling or word formation  
like they're, their, there etc -1
- VI. Unseen passage -5  
3 factual, 1 inferential, 1 interpretative
- VII. Paragraph writing with hints - 5
- VIII. Leave letter/ letter of complaint - 10

**J**