

UNIT - I

THE IMP AND THE CRUST

-Leo Tolstoy

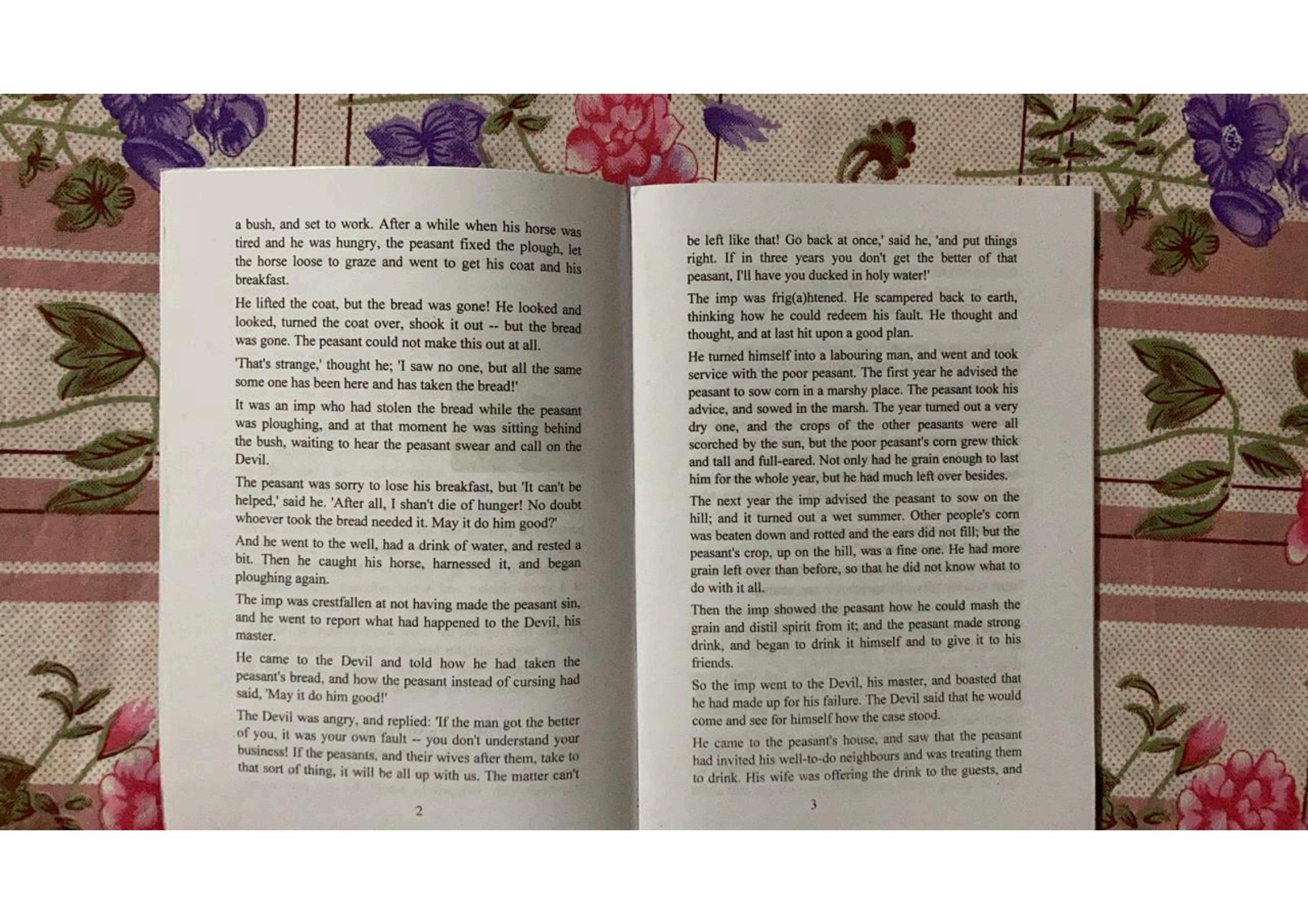


Author: Leo Nikolayevich Tolstoy (September 9, 1828–November 20, 1910) was a Russian writer, who primarily wrote novels and short stories. Later in life, he also wrote plays and essays. His two most famous works, the novels '*War and Peace*' and '*Anna Karenina*', are acknowledged as two of the greatest novels of all times and a pinnacle of realistic fiction. Tolstoy is equally known for his complicated and paradoxical persona and his moralistic and ascetic views, which he adopted after a moral crisis and spiritual awakening in the 1870's, after which he also became noted as a moral thinker and social reformer. Many consider Tolstoy to have been one of the world's greatest novelists.

Theme: The Imp and the Crust was published in 1886. The story highlights how the devil transforms a humble peasant into a selfish uncaring individual by appealing to the greed in him.

THE IMP AND THE CRUST

A POOR peasant set out early one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a crust of bread. He got his plough ready, wrapped the bread in his coat, put it under



a bush, and set to work. After a while when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant fixed the plough, let the horse loose to graze and went to get his coat and his breakfast.

He lifted the coat, but the bread was gone! He looked and looked, turned the coat over, shook it out -- but the bread was gone. The peasant could not make this out at all.

'That's strange,' thought he; 'I saw no one, but all the same some one has been here and has taken the bread!'

It was an imp who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant swear and call on the Devil.

The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast, but 'It can't be helped,' said he. 'After all, I shan't die of hunger! No doubt whoever took the bread needed it. May it do him good?'

And he went to the well, had a drink of water, and rested a bit. Then he caught his horse, harnessed it, and began ploughing again.

The imp was crestfallen at not having made the peasant sin, and he went to report what had happened to the Devil, his master.

He came to the Devil and told how he had taken the peasant's bread, and how the peasant instead of cursing had said, 'May it do him good!'

The Devil was angry, and replied: 'If the man got the better of you, it was your own fault -- you don't understand your business! If the peasants, and their wives after them, take to that sort of thing, it will be all up with us. The matter can't

be left like that! Go back at once,' said he, 'and put things right. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you ducked in holy water!'

The imp was frig(a)htened. He scampered back to earth, thinking how he could redeem his fault. He thought and thought, and at last hit upon a good plan.

He turned himself into a labouring man, and went and took service with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a marshy place. The peasant took his advice, and sowed in the marsh. The year turned out a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all scorched by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and full-eared. Not only had he grain enough to last him for the whole year, but he had much left over besides.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill; and it turned out a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and rotted and the ears did not fill; but the peasant's crop, up on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain left over than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could mash the grain and distil spirit from it; and the peasant made strong drink, and began to drink it himself and to give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and boasted that he had made up for his failure. The Devil said that he would come and see for himself how the case stood.

He came to the peasant's house, and saw that the peasant had invited his well-to-do neighbours and was treating them to drink. His wife was offering the drink to the guests, and

as she handed it round she tumbled against the table and spilt a glassful.

The peasant was angry, and scolded his wife: 'What do you mean, you slut? Do you think it's ditchwater, you cripple, that you must go pouring good stuff like that over the floor?'

The imp nudged the Devil, his master, with his elbow: 'See,' said he, 'that's the man who did not grudge his last crust!'

The peasant, still railing at his wife, began to carry the drink round himself. Just then a poor peasant returning from work came in uninvited. He greeted the company, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. Tired with his day's work he felt that he too would like a drop. He sat and sat, and his mouth kept watering, but the host instead of offering him any only muttered: 'I can't find drink for everyone who comes along.'

This pleased the Devil; but the imp chuckled and said, 'Wait a bit, there's more to come yet!'

The rich peasants drank, and their host drank too. And they began to make false, oily speeches to one another.

The Devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

'If,' said he, 'the drink makes them so foxy that they begin to cheat each other, they will soon all be in our hands.'

'Wait for what's coming,' said the imp. 'Let them have another glass all round. Now they are like foxes, wagging their tails and trying to get round one another; but presently you will see them like savage wolves.'

The peasants had another glass each, and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of oily speeches they began to

abuse and snarl at one another. Soon they took to fighting, and punched one another's noses. And the host joined in the fight, and he too got well beaten.

The Devil looked on and was much pleased at all this. 'This is first-rate!' said he.

But the imp replied: 'Wait a bit -- the best is yet to come. Wait till they have had a third glass. Now they are raging like wolves, but let them have one more glass, and they will be like swine.'

The peasants had their third glass, and became quite like brutes. They muttered and shouted, not knowing why, and not listening to one another.

Then the party began to break up. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all staggering down the street. The host went out to speed his guests, but he fell on his nose into a puddle, smeared himself from top to toe, and lay there grunting like a hog.

This pleased the Devil still more.

'Well,' said he, 'you have hit on a first-rate drink, and have quite made up for your blunder about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. You must first have put in fox's blood: that was what made the peasants sly as foxes. Then, I suppose, you added wolf's blood: that is what made them fierce like wolves. And you must have finished off with swine's blood, to make them behave like swine.'

'No,' said the imp, 'that was not the way I did it. All I did was to see that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of the beasts is always in man; but as long as he has only enough corn for his needs, it is kept in bounds. While that was the case, the peasant did not grudge his last

crust. But when he had corn left over, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it. And I showed him a pleasure -- drinking! And when he began to turn God's good gifts into spirits for his own pleasure -- the fox's, wolf's and swine's blood in him all came out. If only he goes on drinking, he will always be a beast!"

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him for his former blunder, and advanced him to a post of high honour.

Glossary

Imp	- a mischievous child (here) a small demon
Crust	- the hard outer portion or surface area of bread
Graze	- to feed on (herbage) in a field or in pasture land
Swear	- vow, pledge
Crestfallen	- disappointed, dejected
Ducked	- to submerge the head or body briefly in water
Scampered	- to run or go quickly and lightly
Nudged	- to push against gently, especially in order to gain attention
Snarl	- to speak angrily or threateningly
Brute	- a violent person
Puddle	- a small pool of water
Sly	- cunning

COMPREHENSION

Answer the following in one or two sentences (2 marks)

1. What did the peasant take with him for breakfast?
2. What did the peasant do after his bread was stolen?
3. Why was the Imp sitting behind the bush?
4. How did the peasant react when he found his crust of bread?
5. Why was the devil angry?
6. How did the devil reprimand the imp?
7. Why did the peasant scold his wife?

Answer the following in a paragraph (5 marks)

1. What advice did the imp (in the guise of the pilgrim) give the peasant?
2. Describe the change that overcame the peasant.
3. How did the peasant and his guests behave under the influence of the wine?
4. What do you mean by "the blood of the beast is always in man"?

Essay questions (10 marks)

1. How does the Imp succeed in making the peasant fall into his design?
2. What is the moral of the story?
3. The Imp was finally successful in making the peasant commit the sin. How did he succeed in his evil intentions?

UNIT - 2

SWEETS FOR ANGELS

R. K. Narayan



Author: R.K. Narayan is a noted Indian writer, who is widely considered as India's celebrated author writing in English. Narayan was born into an aristocratic Brahmin family. He learned English at school level and received his Bachelor's Degree (BA) from Maharaja's College at the age of 24. While he was searching for a job, he got involved in writing and began contributing articles to a well-known English Newspaper 'The Hindu'. Narayan is widely recognised for his creation of Malgudi, a fictitious village set in Southern India. In 1935 Narayan published his first novel, 'Swami and Friends: A Novel of Malgudi'. The fame of his writing spread all over the world and received great appreciation. The critics from abroad received Narayan's novel warmly and he gained the appreciation from Graham Greene.

R.K.Narayan wrote 12 novels and numerous short stories, essays and travel guides. In 1992 Narayan was awarded Literary Prize for life time achievement in India.

R.K.Narayan uses ironic, sympathetic humour to examine the situations and conflicts of the place. His stories focus on

ordinary characters who seek self-awareness through their struggles with ethical dilemma.

Theme: Kali, a daily wager with no family, had two friends Kuppan, a rickshaw puller and Pachai, a beggar at the bus stand pretending to be blind. Kali earned by carrying bags of rice from lorry to grain store at the market. He loved watching small children coming from the school and adored them by offering sweets. The sweets he offered invite trouble and he is accused of kidnapping children. Kali's affection towards children landed him in trouble and he was admitted in the hospital. Kali's kindness and innocence is overpowered by corrupt human intentions.

SWEETS FOR ANGELS

Kali's home was brick pyol attached to a locked up deserted house in Royapuram. There were two fellow-occupants of the same pyol: Kuppan the rickshaw-puller who dropped in at unexpected hours of the day for rest, sometimes bringing in, just for display, lolling on the back cushion of the rickshaw, a drunken sailor wanting to return to the harbor. Kali's other companion was Pachai, who begged at bus stands pretending to be blind. None of these was hampered by a family. He lived quite contentedly from moment to moment, having no reason whatever to brood or be bitter. All that he needed a day was about a rupee and that he earned by hauling bags of rice from a lorry to grain store at the market. At other times he liked to sprawl on the pyol and watch little children go to a school

nearby. It filled him with delight. He often remarked to Pachai, How these babies read so much! What is the use of wooden dummies like you and me! We cannot really count even our own earnings. He looked admiringly at the children, at their pencils, books and slates, and often thought, I wish they had taught me how to use these. Even a tiny tot among them holds a pencil and scrawls so confidently.

The children were unaware that there was a man fervently worshipping them as he sometimes softly walked behind them, and stood at the school gate, staring far into it. The hum emanating from the yellow building was music to his ears. It filled him with a mystic joy. I call it mystic purposely; it was an emotion that could not be satisfactorily explained. Today he felt elated. He had hauled several sacks of grains on the previous evening and as a result his little money-purse bulged with coins. He would not go near the market today. He kept his coins hidden within the stuffing of an old pillow; otherwise the rickshaw man might declare a holiday for himself too, and drag him to a grog shop; and his other friend might stick close and pester him for a loan. It was on the whole safer not to reveal one's assets to one's friends. At about eleven Kali felt hungry. He went to a street tap; some women were waiting to fill their pots. After they left he threw himself under the tap. It was exhilarating. He sat looking through the blur of water trickling over his eyes at the bright sub-lit street, and the lazy figures of pedestrians moving about. He sat there forgetful of existence till the water suddenly ceased to flow. He got up, dried his body with a piece of cloth, and combed back his straggling hair with his fingers. He felt hungry. He sniffed

the air the smell of clove, cinnamon and strange spices frying in ghee floated down with the breeze. It reminded him of The Great Mahratta Hotel a smoke stained shack beyond a couple of lanes, which was a heaven to those that had a taste for biriyani or pulav. When he emerged from its portals he could hardly stand erect, being heavy with food. He returned to his pyol, flung himself on it, and slept instantly. He opened his eyes at about four-o'clock in the afternoon. He got down from the pyol and slouched along till he came to a coffee hotel on the main road. He felt proud that he could afford to sit in a chair and order coffee. He touched his money bag tenderly. After two cups of coffee he felt refreshed and came out. While receiving change at the counter, he heard the school bell ring. This put him in mind of the children. Let me run back to the place: they will soon be passing down. His eye fell on a display of sweet and edible of all fascinating colours and shapes in a shelf beside the counter. He asked for a packet of sweets and the vendor made a neat parcel of it. He saw school children already coming down the road. He held out the package towards three children who came chattering among themselves. They did not notice him. He felt disappointed. He felt somewhat shy in the presence of these angels. Then came a pair, a young fellow wearing shorts and carrying a broken slate under his arm, and his sister flying green ribbons in a pigtail. He stepped up before them and asked, Sweets? He opened and held up the package. The younger of the two snatched up a piece and ate it with great relish. Meanwhile more children arrived and surrounded Kali. He was delighted. They pressed forward, and very soon the package was snatched away from Kali's hand and children shouted and scrambled. The street

presented a scene of wild revelry. Traffic came to a standstill. Passer-by stood around, wondering what all the commotion was about. Somebody asked a child, what's all this? The child answered Sweets. That bearded man gave us sweets. Who? That fellow! The man dashed forward and caught Kali by the wrist. Kali was taken aback and shook the other off at which he shrieked out, Help! Help! Here is the kidnapper of children. Soon a big crowd collected. Various persons held up the children and asked excitedly, did he give you sweets? Oh why did you accept? Don't you know what is happening? Babble broke out: You know five children are missing in a school, and ten children have died of poisoned sweets in our street. I saw with my own eyes children dying on the roadside. Over this another shouted, it is a regular gang. They are from the Himalayas. It is a monstrous sect; every member of it has vowed to sacrifice a hundred children. See how he looks! He is not of these parts.

The children gazed on Kali from a distance and shuddered. Oh, how frightful he looks with his beard! The result of all this talk was that a crowd was pounding and tearing at Kali; the more he resisted, the more violent they grew. They chased him from place to place. The whole city seemed to be after him now. They pushed him down and sat on his chest. He tried to ask, what have I done? But nobody would let him speak. Blood trickled down and dripped on his tongue. He felt suffocated, the police arrived. They had to struggle their way through the crowd and get at Kali only by the use of their batons. Two weeks later, Kuppan and the blind beggar stood beside Kali's bed in a hospital. When the nurse moved away Kuppan leant over and whispered, you

can come back to our old pyol and people won't hurt you anymore because they will think you are someone else. The doctor shave shaved off your beard and every hair on your head. Did you know it? The blind man added, you will be all right soon. But hereafter leave children alone. What have you to do with them? Through the gaps in the bandage swathing his head, Kali's eyes twinkled as he looked.

Glossary:

Pyol	- Constructed platform in front of the house to rest
Hauling bags	- Carrying bags
Fervently	- passionately
Emanating	- originating
Slouched	- slumped
Babble	- jabber or talk nonsense
Shudder	- shake or tremble

Comprehension Questions:

I Answer the questions in one or two sentences: (2 Marks)

1. Who is Kali? What was his profession?
2. Name the other occupants of the Pyol.
3. The aroma of food reminded Kali of _____.
4. Why did Kali feel proud?
5. How did Kali react when the three children did not notice him?
6. Why was Kali delighted?
7. Who accompanied Kali in the hospital?

II Answer the questions in a paragraph: (5 marks)

1. Describe Kali's appearance.
2. Explain the enthusiasm found in Kali after his earnings.
3. Describe how Kali's friends were helpful at the end?

**III Answer the following in about two or three pages:
(10 marks)**

1. Write a note on Kali's admiration for children.
2. 'The love towards the children was mistaken by the Public' Discuss
3. Comment on the title of the story.

UNIT - 3

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

-Charles Dickens



Author: Charles Dickens "(Feb 7, 1812 to June 9, 1870). Was a British novelist, journalist, editor a prolific and highly influential 19 century British writer, who penned such acclaimed works as '*Oliver Twist*', '*David Copperfield*', '*Great Expectations*' and '*A Tale of Two Cities*'. He has been awarded for providing a stark portrait of the Victorian era underclass, helping to bring about societal change.

Theme: Pip is an orphan living on the Kent marshes with his abusive Sister and her husband Joe Gargery, the village blacksmith. While exploring in the churchyard near the tombstones of his parents, Pip is accosted by an escaped convict. The convict scares Pip into stealing food for him, as well as a metal file to saw off the convict's leg iron. Returning with these the next morning, Pip discovers the second escaped convict, an enemy of the first one. Shortly afterwards, both convicts are recaptured while fighting with each other.

THE GREAT EXPECTATIONS (Chapter 1)

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names

nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister,—Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "Also Georgiana Wife of the Above," I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine,—who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle,—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that

Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg, a man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself,—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet,—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Darn me if I couldn't eat em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with,—supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir.—Mrs. Joe Gargery,—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he, and looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

presented a scene of wild revelry. Traffic came to a standstill. Passer-by stood around, wondering what all the commotion was about. Somebody asked a child, what's all this? The child answered Sweets. That bearded man gave us sweets. Who? That fellow! The man dashed forward and caught Kali by the wrist. Kali was taken aback and shook the other off at which he shrieked out, Help! Help! Here is the kidnapper of children. Soon a big crowd collected. Various persons held up the children and asked excitedly, did he give you sweets? Oh why did you accept? Don't you know what is happening? Babble broke out: You know five children are missing in a school, and ten children have died of poisoned sweets in our street. I saw with my own eyes children dying on the roadside. Over this another shouted, it is a regular gang. They are from the Himalayas. It is a monstrous sect; every member of it has vowed to sacrifice a hundred children. See how he looks! He is not of these parts.

The children gazed on Kali from a distance and shuddered. Oh, how frightful he looks with his beard! The result of all this talk was that a crowd was pounding and tearing at Kali; the more he resisted, the more violent they grew. They chased him from place to place. The whole city seemed to be after him now. They pushed him down and sat on his chest. He tried to ask, what have I done? But nobody would let him speak. Blood trickled down and dripped on his tongue. He felt suffocated, the police arrived. They had to struggle their way through the crowd and get at Kali only by the use of their batons. Two weeks later, Kuppan and the blind beggar stood beside Kali's bed in a hospital. When the nurse moved away Kuppan leant over and whispered, you

can come back to our old pyol and people won't hurt you anymore because they will think you are someone else. The doctor shave shaved off your beard and every hair on your head. Did you know it? The blind man added, you will be all right soon. But hereafter leave children alone. What have you to do with them? Through the gaps in the bandage swathing his head, Kali's eyes twinkled as he looked.

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I Answer the questions in one or two sentences: (2 Marks)

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2. Name the other occupants of the Pyol.
3. The aroma of food reminded Kali of _____.
4. Why did Kali feel proud?
5. How did Kali react when the three children did not notice him?
6. Why was Kali delighted?
7. Who accompanied Kali in the hospital?

When he came to the low, church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered,—like an unhooped cask upon a pole,—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other, a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

Glossary:

- Tombstone** : a large, flat inscribed stone standing or laid over a grave.
- Freckled and Sickly** : brown spots that usually appear on the face, freckles make his mother look sick.
- Stone Lozenges**: Diamond shaped stones placed as tombstones.
- Nettles** : a herbaceous plant which has jagged leaves covered with stinging hair
- Dykes** : a wall built to prevent sea or river water flowing into town.
- Briars** : a number of prickly scrambling shrubs, especially a wild rose.
- Brambles** : a prickly scrambling shrub of the rose family, especially a blackberry
- Beacon** : signal, guide at sea
- Alder trees** : a widely distributed tree of the birch family which has toothed leaves.
- Pollards** : a tree whose top and branches have been cut or pollarded.
- Peculiar** : something that is cool and peculiar.
- Church porch** : Shelter in front of the entrance.

Comprehension Questions:

I. Answer the questions in one or two sentences each;
(2 marks)

1. When Pip returns from the churchyard, where is Mrs. Joe?
2. What does Pip mean when he says he was brought up 'by hand'?
3. What is the Tickler?
4. How are the people on shore warned when a convict has escaped from the hulks?
5. What are the Hulks?
6. Who does Pip think the second convict is?

II. Answer the following in a Paragraph each(5 marks)

1. Give a brief introduction to Pip's childhood?
2. Why does Pip feel terrified looking at the escaped convict?
3. Describe what happened on one dreary afternoon of Christmas Eve in the churchyard.

III. Answer the questions in two or three pages:

(10 marks)

1. How does the convict's behaviour introduce the theme of justice in the story?
2. Explain how Pip feels terrified as he runs back to his house. How does the story reflect the hardships faced by Philip?
3. Write briefly about the chapter from the reader's point view.

UNIT - IV

ON HABITS

Alfred George Gardiner

AUTHOR



Alfred George Gardiner (1865-1946), better known as *Alpha of the Plough*, was the editor of the 'Daily News' for many years. His essays reveal a delightful and charming personality, a man with broad sympathies and genial humour. Though written in a playful spirit, his essays often contain thought-provoking ideas. His ideas are made palatable with a fine coating of humour. His style is marked by a perfect clearness of expression, happy choice of words, lively humour and a wealth of literary and historical allusions.

This essay, 'On Habits' is taken from "Windfalls", a collection of essay. It is a typical example of essays, which is thought provoking.

Theme: You have heard many interesting anecdotes about great people's lives. Habits are usually both good and bad. This essay highlights how some bad habits can be overcome. What if, if these habits are bad. In the given essay you will come to know how to keep habits under one's control; if not what will happen and how to overcome it. The essay ends suggesting "Habits should be used as sticks and not as crutches".