



A Letter to God



1059CH01

G.L.Fuentes

BEFORE YOU READ

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

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

Activity

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

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

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

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

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

Take back the MO acknowledgement counterfoil
for your record

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

M.O. - 8.
भारतीय डाक

DEPARTMENT OF POSTS, INDIA
MONEY ORDER

INDIA POST

PAY RUPEES.....

To..... Rs.

Date PIN

Date **Sender's Signature**

M.O. No. **Date** **Rupees.**

Rs.....

Combined Oblong Stamp **Assistant** **Postmaster**

Received Rupees.....

.....

Round M. O. Stamp **Signature of Payee**

Signature of witness / identifier

Oblong Stamp **Signature of paying official**

M. O. ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

M. O. No. **Date** **423**
Sender's Name & Address

PIN

Received Rupees.....

.....on.....

Date Stamp **Signature of Payee**

(Space for Communication)

First Flight

2



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

Now complete the following statements.

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

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

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

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

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

crest
top of a hill

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

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

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

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

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

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

draped
covered (with cloth)

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



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

That night was a sorrowful one.

"All our work, for nothing."

"There's no one who can help us."

"We'll all go hungry this year."

Oral Comprehension Check

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

conscience

an inner sense of right and wrong

peso

currency of several Latin American countries

amiable

friendly and pleasant

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

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

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

Oral Comprehension Check

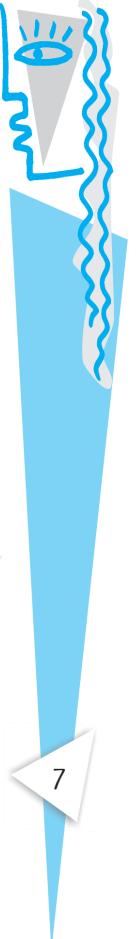
1. Who or what did Lencio have faith in? What did he do?
2. Who read the letter?
3. What did the postmaster do then?

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

contentment
satisfaction

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

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



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

Oral Comprehension Check

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

Thinking about the Text

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

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

greedy naive stupid ungrateful
selfish comical unquestioning

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

Thinking about Language



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

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

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

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

gale, whirlwind, cyclone,
hurricane, tornado, typhoon

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

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

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

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

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

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

III. Relative Clauses

Look at these sentences

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

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

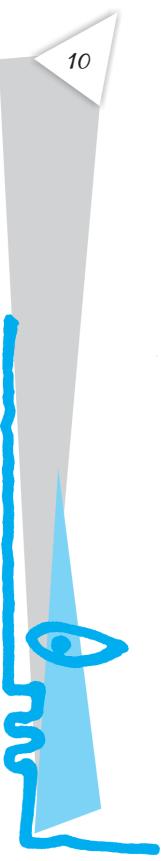
The italicised parts of the sentences give us more information about Lencho and the woman. We call them **relative clauses**. Notice that they begin with a **relative pronoun** *who*. Other common relative pronouns are *whom*, *whose*, and *which*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We can rewrite this sentence as:

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

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

IV. Using Negatives for Emphasis

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

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

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

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

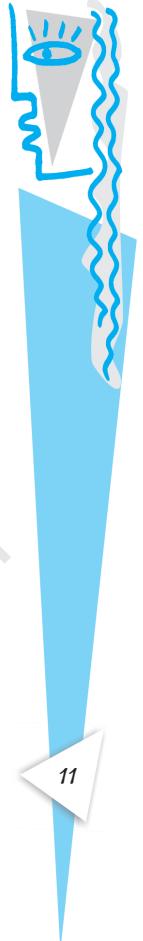
Now look back at example (c). Notice that the contradiction in fact serves to emphasise the value or usefulness of the rain to the farmer.

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

- 1. The trees lost all their leaves.

- 2. The letter was addressed to God himself.

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



V. Metaphors

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

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

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

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

Speaking

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

Listening



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

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

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Writing

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

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

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

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

Given below is the passage for listening activity

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

25 January 2006

Dear Arti,

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

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

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

Do write back. Love,

Jaya

WHAT You CAN Do

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

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

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

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

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

Dust of Snow

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

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

ROBERT FROST

Glossary

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

rued: held in regret

Thinking about the Poem

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

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

Fire and Ice

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

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

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

ROBERT FROST

Glossary

perish: die

suffice: be sufficient

Thinking about the Poem

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

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

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



1059CH02

2 Nelson Mandela Long Walk to Freedom

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

BEFORE YOU READ

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

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

Mandela Becomes South Africa’s First Black President

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

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

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



Activity

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

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

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

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

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

(to be) besieged by
to be surrounded closely by

amphitheatre

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

Let freedom reign. God bless Africa!

confer (a formal word)
here, give

We, who were outlaws

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

emancipation
freedom from restriction

deprivation

state of not having one's rightful benefits

discrimination
being treated differently or unfavourably

Oral Comprehension Check

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

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

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

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

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

spectacular array

an impressive display (colourful and attractive)

not unmindful of

conscious of; aware of

chevron

a pattern in the shape of a V

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

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

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

wrought (old fashioned, formal word)
done, achieved

profound
deep and strong



Oliver Tambo



Walter Sisulu



Chief Luthuli



Yusuf Dadoo



Bram Fischer



Robert Sobukwe

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

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

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

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

Oral Comprehension Check

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

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



resilience

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

21

pushed to our limits

pushed to the last point in our ability to bear pain



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

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

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

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

inclinations
natural tendencies
of behaviour

inevitably
unavoidably

illusion
something that
appears to be real
but is not

transitory
not permanent

curtailed
reduced



23

Nelson Mandela: Long Walk to Freedom



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

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

prejudice

a strong dislike
without any good
reason

Oral Comprehension Check

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

Thinking about the Text

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

Thinking about Language

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

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

Noun	Verb
rebellion	rebel
constitution	constitute



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

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

II. Using the Definite Article with Names

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

III. Idiomatic Expressions

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

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

Speaking

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

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

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

Writing

I. Looking at Contrasts

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

Use the following phrases to complete the sentences given below.

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



1. It requires such depths of oppression _____
2. Courage was not the absence of fear _____
3. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid _____
4. If people can learn to hate _____
5. I was not born with a hunger to be free. _____

II. This text repeatedly contrasts the past with the present or the future. We can use coordinated clauses to contrast two views, for emphasis or effect.

Given below are sentences carrying one part of the contrast. Find in the text the second part of the contrast, and complete each item. Identify the words which signal the contrast. This has been done for you in the first item.

1. *For decades* the Union Buildings had been the seat of white supremacy, *and now* ...
2. Only moments before, the highest generals of the South African defence force and police ... saluted me and pledged their loyalty. ... not so many years before they would not have saluted _____
3. Although that day neither group knew the lyrics of the anthem ..., they would soon _____
4. My country is rich in the minerals and gems that lie beneath its soil, _____
5. The Air Show was not only a display of pinpoint precision and military force, but _____
6. It was this desire for the freedom of my people ... that transformed _____ into a bold one, that drove _____ to become a criminal, that turned _____ into a man without a home.

III. Expressing Your Opinion

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

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

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

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

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

WHAT YOU CAN DO

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

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

Homophones

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

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

A Tiger in the Zoo

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

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

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

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

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

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

LESLIE NORRIS

Glossary

snarls: makes an angry, warning sound

Thinking about the Poem

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

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

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

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

What do you think is the effect of this repetition?

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

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

The Tiger

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

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

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

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

And...

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

PETER NIBLETT



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A Tiger in the Zoo

The Panther

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

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

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

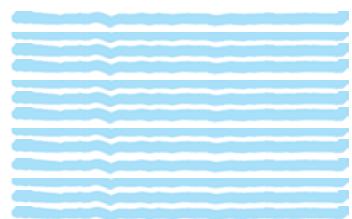
RAINER MARIA RILKE

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



The Greater Cats

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



VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST



1059CH03

3

Two Stories about Flying

I. His First Flight

Liam O' Flaherty

II. Black Aeroplane

Frederick Forsyth

BEFORE YOU READ

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

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

I

His First Flight

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

ledge

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

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

upbraiding
scolding

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

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

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

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

herring
a soft-finned sea fish

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Two Stories about Flying



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

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

preening

making an effort to maintain feathers

(to) whet

to sharpen

derisively

in a manner showing someone that she/he is stupid



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

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

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

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

dizzy

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

curveting

leaping like a horse

banking

flying with one wing higher than the other

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Two Stories about Flying



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

He had made his first flight.

Thinking about the Text

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

Speaking

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

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

Writing

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



II

The Black Aeroplane

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

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

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

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

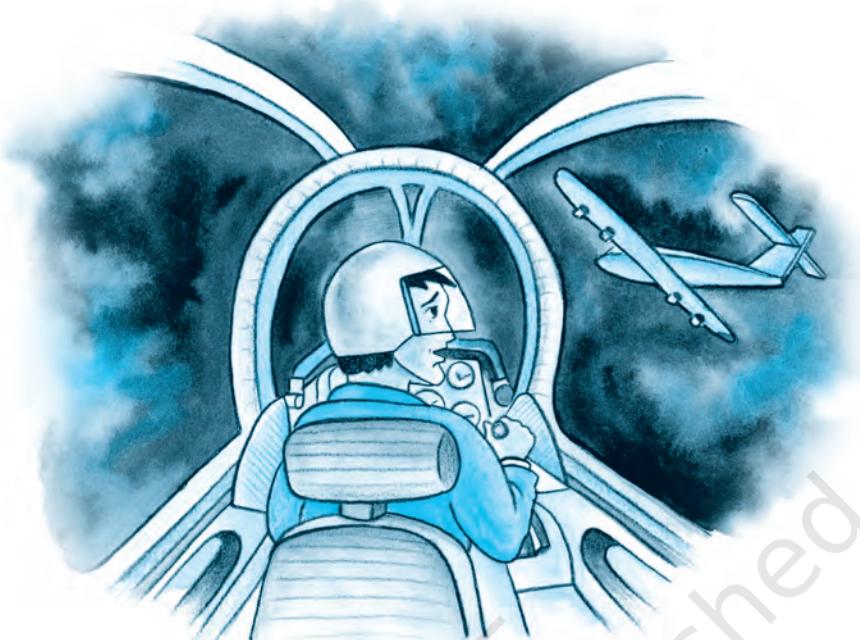
'I'll be in time for breakfast,' I thought. A good big English breakfast! Everything was going well — it was an easy flight.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

She looked at me very strangely, and then laughed.

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

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

Thinking about the Text

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

Thinking about Language

I. Study the sentences given below.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Writing

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

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

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

WHAT YOU CAN Do

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

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

First Flight

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Compound Words Whose Parts Mean Just the Opposite or Something Else

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

How to Tell Wild Animals

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

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



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

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





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



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



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



CAROLYN WELLS

Glossary

ground: background

discern: make out; identify

hide: animal skin

peppered: here, covered with spots

caress: a gentle, loving touch

novice: someone new to a job

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

Thinking about the Poem

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

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How to Tell Wild Animals

English is funny, because...

We have noses that run and feet that smell

The Ball Poem

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

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

JOHN BERRYMAN

Glossary

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

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

a dime: ten cents (U.S.)

desperate: hopeless

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

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

Thinking about the Poem

In pairs, attempt the following questions.

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



1059CH04

4 From the Diary of Anne Frank

Anne Frank



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

- Anne Frank, 10 October 1942

BEFORE YOU READ

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

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

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



Activity

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

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

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

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

Ans: _____

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

Ans: _____

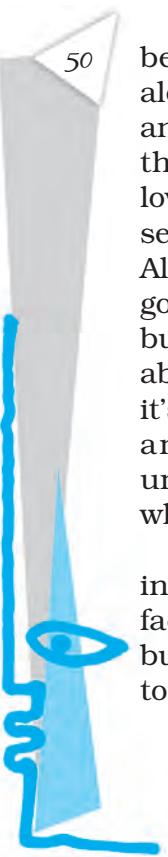
- (iii) The ride to Ooty was uneventful. We rested for a while every 50 km or so, and used the time to capture the magnificent landscape with my HandyCam. From Ooty we went on to Bangalore.

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

Ans: _____

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

Ans: _____



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

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

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

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

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

listless
with no energy or interest

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



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Oral Comprehension Check

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oral Comprehension Check

1. Why does Anne provide a brief sketch of her life?
2. What tells you that Anne loved her grandmother?

Saturday, 20 June 1942

Dearest Kitty,

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

quaking in its boots
shaking with fear
and nervousness

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

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

old fogey
an old-fashioned person

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

ramble on
talk or write
aimlessly for long

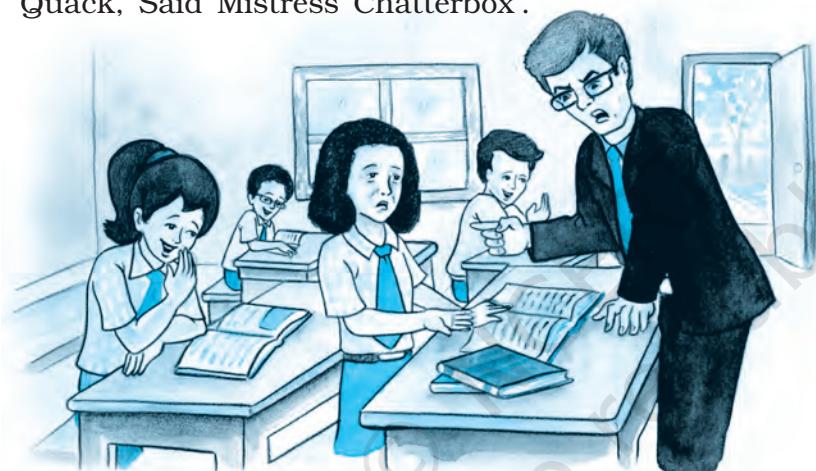
convincing argument
a statement made in
such a manner that
people believe it

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

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

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

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



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

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

ingenuity
originality and inventiveness

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

Yours,
Anne

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

Oral Comprehension Check

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

Thinking about the Text

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

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

Thinking about Language

I. Look at the following words.

headmistress	long-awaited	homework
notebook	stiff-backed	outbursts

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

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

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

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

II. Phrasal Verbs

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

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

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

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

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

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

III. Idioms

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eye

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

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

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

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

V. Contracted Forms

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

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

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

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

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

For example:

I've = I have

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

I'd = I had or I would

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

Speaking

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

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

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

MOB : Now where is your husband, mistress?

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



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

SECOND : On the table yonder.

MAN

HOB : Then here is the end of it!
[*HOB smashes the model. MARY screams.*]

HOB : And now for your husband!

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

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

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

Writing

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

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

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

Listening

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

Summary

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

In This Lesson

WHAT WE HAVE DONE

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

The Great Fire of London [1666]

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

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

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

[From The Diary of Samuel Pepys]

WHAT YOU CAN Do

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

Amanda!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROBIN KLEIN

Glossary

languid: relaxed

drifting: moving slowly

pattern: make patterns

tranquil: calm

Thinking about the Poem

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

5

Glimpses of India



I. A Baker from Goa

Lucio Rodrigues

II. Coorg

Lokesh Abrol

III. Tea from Assam

Arup Kumar Datta

BEFORE YOU READ

Activity

Discuss in class

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

I

A Baker from Goa

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

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

**reminiscing
nostalgically**
thinking fondly of
the past

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

heralding
announcing

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

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

rebuke
an expression of disapproval; a scolding

fragrance
scent

Oral Comprehension Check

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



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

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

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

plump physique
pleasantly fat body

open testimony
public statement
about a character or
quality

Oral Comprehension Check

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

Thinking about the Text

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

Writing

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Group Discussion

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

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

II

Coorg

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

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

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

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

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

drifted from
been carried along gently by air

martial
having to do with war

canopies
roof-like coverings that form shelters

prime
here, best

mainstream
a tradition which most people follow



Traditional Coorgi dress

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

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

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

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

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

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

laidback
relaxed; not in a hurry

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

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

rappelling
going down a cliff by sliding down a rope

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Glimpses of India

Basket-seller from Coorg

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

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

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

trails
paths created by walking

panoramic view
a view of a wide area of land

FACT FILE

How to Reach

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

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

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

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

Thinking about the Text

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