



The Tempest

*An Extract from Charles Lamb's
Tales From Shakespeare*

Supplementary

There was an island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, named Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic. By virtue of his art, he had released many good spirits from a witch called Sycorax who had them imprisoned in the bodies of large trees. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

Ariel took rather too much pleasure in **tormenting** an ugly monster called Caliban, because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. Caliban was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

With the help of these spirits, Prospero could command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "Oh my dear

father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this **dreadful** storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish."



"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."



“Twelve years ago, Miranda,” continued Prospero, “I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the **duke** indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to **deprive** me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy.”

“Wherefore,” said Miranda, “did they not that hour destroy us?”

“My child,” answered her father, “they dared not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.”

“O my father,” said Miranda, “what a trouble must I have been to you then!”

“No, my love,” said Prospero, “you were a little angel that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.”

“Heaven thank you, my dear father,” said Miranda. “Now tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?”

“Know then,” said her father, “that by means of this storm, my enemies, the King of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.”

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship’s company, and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding conversation (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

“Well, my brave spirit,” said Prospero to Ariel, “how have you performed your task?”

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king’s son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. “But he is safe,” said Ariel, “in a corner of the isle, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father.”

“That’s my delicate Ariel,” said Prospero. “Bring him here: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?”

“I left them,” answered Ariel, “searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw



him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

Ariel then went to fetch Ferdinand.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! How it looks about! Believe me, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders,

thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist this" and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

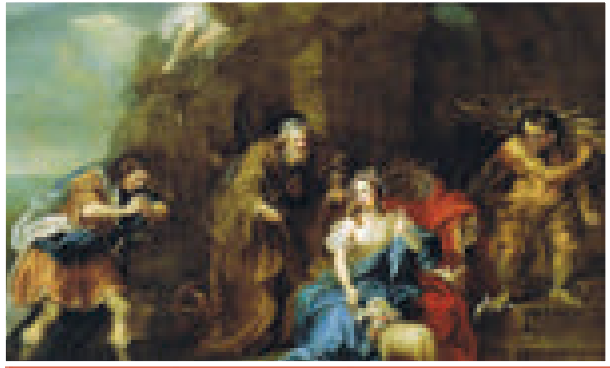
Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father: "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! An advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."



Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found him almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."



"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

And then Ferdinand, in a fine long speech, told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

Prospero then appeared before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, take my daughter."

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero.

"Then bring them here, Ariel," said Prospero.

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and

provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

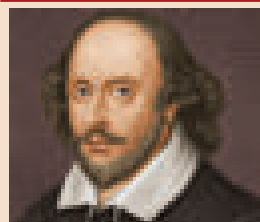
The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady," said Ferdinand

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit.

About the author



William Shakespeare

(1564–1616) was

born in Stratford-upon-Avon, England.

He was an English

poet, playwright and actor. Widely regarded as both the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. His surviving body of work includes 37 plays, 154 sonnets and two narrative poems, the majority of which he penned between 1589 and 1613.



❖ The play 'The Tempest' was written between 1610 and 1611.

❖ Many critics and historians believe it to be one of the last plays of William Shakespeare.

❖ It is considered as one of Shakespeare's well-written plays.

❖ It is believed that the play 'The Tempest' was based on an actual wreck of a ship called Sea Venture off Bermuda that was headed to Virginia. There is a strong evidence that Shakespeare used elements of the story of the wreck.



Glossary

tormenting (v) – making someone suffer or worry a lot

dreadful (adj.) - extremely bad or unpleasant

duke (n) - a man of very high social rank in some European countries; a king

deprive (v) - to take something important or necessary away from someone

resistance (n) - the act of fighting against something

fatigue (n) - extreme tiredness

vexation (n) - worry or anger

famished (adj.) - extremely hungry

voracious (adj.) - very eager for something

repent (v) - to be very sorry for something bad you have done.

A. Choose the correct answer

1. _____ was the chief of all spirits.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| a. Sycorax | b. Caliban |
| c. Ariel | d. Prospero |

2. _____ raised a dreadful storm.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| a. Ariel | b. Prospero |
| c. Miranda | d. Sycorax |

3. Miranda was brought to the island _____ years ago.

- | | |
|-------------|---------|
| a. fourteen | b. ten |
| c. twelve | d. five |

4. Prospero ordered Ariel to bring _____ to his place.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| a. Gonzalo | b. Ferdinand |
| c. King of Naples | d. Antonio |

5. _____ had provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| a. Antonio | b. Ferdinand |
| c. Gonzalo | d. Antonio |

6. The second human being that Miranda saw on the island was _____.

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| a. Ariel | b. Prospero |
| c. Ferdinand | d. Gonzalo |

B. Identify the character or speaker

1. He imprisoned the spirits in the bodies of large trees.

2. He was the chief of all spirits.

3. It seems to me like the recollection of a dream.

4. I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess.

5. What a trouble must I have been to you then!

6. Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?

7. I will soon move you.

8. I will tie you neck and feet together.

9. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

10. He repented and implored his brother's forgiveness.





C. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences.

1. Who were the inhabitants of the island?
2. What powers did Prospero possess?
3. Who was Caliban? What was he employed for?
4. Who were on the ship? How were they related to Prospero?
5. Why had Prospero raised a violent storm in the sea?
6. How did Miranda feel when her father raised the storm to destroy the ship?
7. What was Ariel ordered to do with the people on the ship?
8. Give two reasons why Miranda was so concerned about Ferdinand.
9. Why did Prospero set Ferdinand a severe task to perform?
10. How was Gonzalo helpful to Prospero when he left Milan?

D. Answer the questions in a paragraph of about 100 – 150 words.

1. Write a detailed character sketch of Prospero.
2. Narrate how Prospero made his enemies repent to restore his dukedom.

E. Rearrange the following sentences in coherent order

- ☐ He ordered Ariel to torment the inmates of the ship.
- ☐ Miranda was attracted by Ferdinand and had more concern towards him.
- ☐ Prospero and Miranda came to an island and lived in a cave.
- ☐ Prospero forgave them and restored his dukedom, Milan.
- ☐ He raised a violent storm in the sea to wreck the ship of his enemies.
- ☐ Prospero wanted to test Ferdinand and gave a severe task to perform.
- ☐ Using his powers, Prospero released the good spirits from large bodies of trees.
- ☐ The King of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero.
- ☐ Ariel was instructed to bring Ferdinand, the prince of Naples to his cave.
- ☐ Ferdinand was the second human whom Miranda had seen after her father.



ICT CORNER

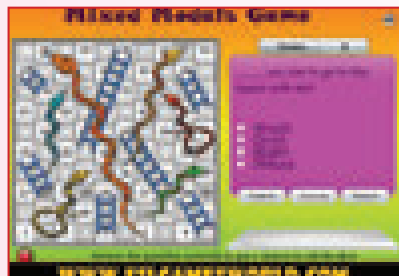
Grammar – Modals

- ❖ To learn the usage of Modals
- ❖ To use appropriate modals



Steps

1. Type the URL link given below in the browser or scan the QR code.
2. Enable flash to play the game
3. Click the correct modals by choosing right option
4. Roll the dice and play until you win the snake and ladder game.



Step 1



Step 2



B370_10_ENGLISH

Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website.

http://www.eslgamesworld.com/members/games/grammar/New_Snakes_%20Ladders/Mixed_Modals.html

** Images are indicatives only.



Unit - 2

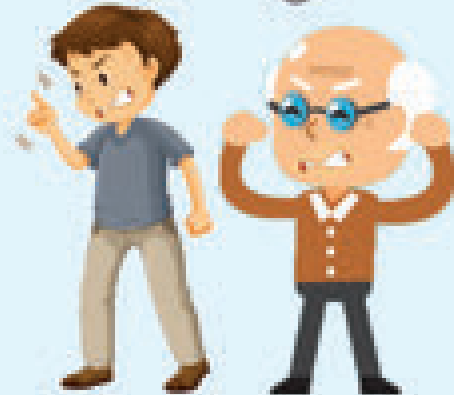


Warm Up



Use the following tongue twisters in a 'Game of Telephone', where each student whispers the phrase to the next. The student who finishes the last says it aloud to the class. Let the students fill in the table given with what they listen to. They can get the help of their teacher.

1. Six sleek swans swam swiftly southwards.
2. Four furious friends fought for the phone.
3. Green glass globes glow greenly.
4. Six slimy snails sailed silently.
5. Scissors sizzle, thistles sizzle.
6. He threw three free throws.
7. Tommy Tucker tried to tie Tammy's Turtles tie.
8. I wish you were a fish in my dish.
9. Five frantic frogs fled from fifty fierce fishes.
10. Big black bugs bleed blue black blood but baby black bugs bleed blue blood.



Hope you ended with a delightfully tangled whole new tongue twisters.



Zigzag

Asha Nehemiah

Supplementary

The family that shelters a new pet is totally taken up by the commotions it creates at home. Read on the story to find out there is a turn of events when the get to know the reality



Dr. Ashok T. Krishnan's clinic usually sounded more like an ancient Chinese torture chamber than a child specialist's clinic. This was because the tiny children who were his patients left out a variety of blood –curdling yells and ear-splitting sobs.

'It's all because my patients were making so much noise and crying so loudly, ' he apologized to his wife one evening, 'that Somu couldn't hear me properly. He rang me in the clinic to ask whether we could keep zigzag with us when he leaves for Alaska. And now Somu thinks I said "yes", even though I clearly said "no" ! I know you are busy getting your painting ready for your exhibition next w...'

'Zigzag!' interrupted their nine-year-old daughter Maya.

Isn't that Uncle Somu's prized giant green-and -gold fighting beetle. The one that spits deadly poison straight into its opponent's eye?'

'No , no,' corrected her older brother Arvind, eyes shining in pure delight. 'The beetle is called Spitfire. Zigzag must

be Uncle Somu's pet snake. The African sidewinder! You know, the one that slithers zigzag all over his house!'

'You're both quite mistaken,' their father hastened to explain, seeing his wife's horrified expression. 'Zigzag is a most harmless, unusual and lovable bird. Apparently, it was bred by a genuine African witch doctor, who gifted it to Somu when he-----being a child specialist like me -----cured the witch doctor's son while he was touring the deepest jungles of equatorial Africa last month. Somu says the bird is an absolute treasure and a real help. It's his favourite pet, you know.'

Somu might be your best friend, but most of these so called "favourite" possessions that he has given us were absolute nuisances!' countered Mrs. Krishnan angrily. A talented artist, she applied a dab of yellow-ochre paint onto her painting titled Sunset at Marina, paused for a moment to survey the effect and then continued, 'Remember the rare insect-eating plant he brought back from the wettest corner of the Amazonian rainforest! He insisted that we keep it because it would eat the mosquitoes in the house and now that wretched plant requires a room heater to keep it alive in Chennai!'

'Ma!' protested Arvind, 'That's not really true. Uncle Somu's given us some really fabulous gifts.'



‘Right! Remember the tiny penknife he gave me last year, the one with a genuine shark’s tooth blade. That’s been really useful,’ Maya joined the protest.

‘No one but you, Maya,’ Mrs. Krishnan told her daughter sternly, ‘would describe a penknife that has cut open the pockets of three skirts and two pairs of jeans as *really useful*.’

‘And what about the **aboriginal** boomerang Uncle Somu brought us all the way from Australia?’ demanded Arvind. ‘You can’t deny that it was a great hit with everyone.’

‘Great hit indeed!’ Mrs. Krishnan didn’t bother to hide her **sarcasm** and continued, ‘Considering that the boomerang sliced through all the TV aerials in the neighbourhood, caused permanent damage to several cars in the parking lot, and knocked out our watchman cold, with the force you threw it.’

‘But Zigzag is different. Somu says we are sure to love Zigzag,’ soothed Dr. Krishnan, ‘because the bird can talk and sing in about twenty-one different language — mostly African languages, of course. When it sings, it moves the listeners to tears.’

‘It’s Somu’s thoughtless ways that reduce me to tears!’ Mrs. Krishnan said irritably. ‘What a time to dump this multilingual, talking-singing bird on us. Here I’m tied up in knots trying to get my paintings together for the exhibition next week.’

‘May I take Zigzag to school, Papa?’ Arvind, as always, was planning ahead. ‘I want to display him in the science exhibition.’

‘When is Zigzag coming, Papa?’ Maya was jumping up and down, all excited.

‘Uncle Somu said he would send Zigzag with his old cook, Visu, sometime today. I’ll have to leave for my clinic now. There,’ he added as the doorbell rang, ‘that’s probably them!’

And indeed it was!

‘Come in, Zigzag, come in, dear!’ coaxed Visu, and in tottered the strangest, weirdest-looking bird the Krishnan family had ever seen.

About a foot and a half tall, its bald head was **fringed** with a crown of shocking pink feathers while the rest of its **plumage** was in various shades of the muddiest **sludgiest** brown. Its curved beak was sunflower-yellow and its eyes were the colour of cola held to sunlight.

‘This is Zigzag! Announced Visu with a flourish. ‘His full name is Ziggy-Zagga-king-of-the-Tonga. How I’m going to miss him! So beautifully he talks! He can even recite French Poetry!’

The object of all this praise was standing cool and unmoved, with an expression of almost-human **grumpiness** in his cola-coloured eyes.

Arvind, finding that Zigzag was sulkily refusing to say a word despite all



their efforts at striking a conversation, dashed into the kitchen to return with a plate heaped hurriedly with juicy fruit slices and some nuts.

Bored eyes brightened momentarily as Zigzag picked up a walnut. But refusing to speak, he dropped one wrinkled eyelid in a solemn wink and flew clumsily to deposit the nut on the enormous chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Bit by bit, and in total silence, all the fruit on the plate was transferred to the chandelier and on to the blades of the ceiling fan (now switched off).

Then perching comfortably on a curtain rod, Zigzag dropped one wizened eyelid in another solemn wink as he sank his beak into a plump guava.

‘Don’t worry, children,’ Visu comforted as he left, noticing how disappointed they looked when Zig zag stubbornly refused to say a single word to them even though they tried speaking to him in English, Hindi, Tamil and French. ‘Just wait till Zigzag settles down in this new home, then you can have a great time listening to him.’

As it happened, the children didn’t have to wait more than ten minutes to have a great time listening to Zigzag. For as soon as Visu left, Zigzag, still perched on the curtain rod, went off to sleep. And the moment he fell asleep, he began to SNORE!

And what a snore it was Kngrrwheeze!!! It began as a soft

grumbly sort of rumble, much like that which the stomach of a mildly hungry dinosaur might have made. Then it grew louder, and louder, and LOUDER until it sounded as if a herd of elephants with cold was trumpeting angrily in the room. KNGRRDRRWHEEZE!!!

Zigzag’s snore pounded their eardrums till their heads ached.

In vain did they try to wake the snoring bird. ‘Twenty-one languages, he’s supposed to know!’ snorted Mrs.Krishnan. ‘Yet this bird chooses to communicate only in snorish, snorese, snorian, snorihili, snoralu...’

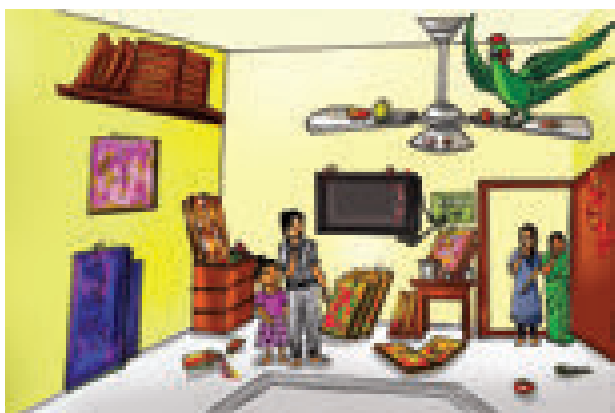
‘I thought it was scientific fact that birds couldn’t snore,’ said Maya, trying to squirt water from a small water pistol at Zigzag to wake him and wetting most of the curtains, the walls and a sofa instead.

‘African witch doctor’s birds don’t obey scientific rules.’ Arvind was annoyed that his best imitations of a raging lion, a hungry hyena and a ferocious dog had failed to draw Zigzag out of his deep slumber. Now he tried his loudest, most frightening coyote call.

But Zigzag slept on undisturbed. And snored on.

In total despair at their failure to wake Zigzag, or at least stop him snoring, they shut themselves in the bedroom that was furthest away from Mrs.Krishnan’s studio where Zigzag was creating the terrible din. Mrs.Krishnan was just unraveling a roll of cotton wool to stuff in her ears, when they heard their maid,

Lakshmi, shrieking as if she had been electrocuted.



Hearts hammering, they rushed to the studio to find Lakshmi dancing and clapping her hands excitedly as she yelled, 'We' ve been blessed! We've been truly blessed! It's raining papayas and bananas in this room!'

They froze in horror. Lakshmi had apparently switched on the fan on which Zigzag had left some fruit and nuts. Half-pecked fruit streamed off the fan, dampening even Lakshmi's enthusiasm as a guava landed on her cheek with a soft squish and one walnut hit her forehead with a loud smack. One slice of over-ripe papaya came whizzing off the fan and, as they watched it helplessly, it oh horrors splattered all over Mrs.Krishnan's unfinished masterpiece, sunset at Marina, spreading streaks of gooey orange pulp and shiny black seeds all over it.

Mrs.Krishnan groaned tragically and looked ready to shoot Zigzag, but he was saved by the bell. The telephone bell! They answered one call after another as all the neighbours rang upto demand what the awful kngrrrrrwheeze sound was and if they could please have some peace.

And through all this commotion, Zigzag slept on unconcerned. And snored on.

Finally, an exhausted Mrs.Krishnan rang up her husband. 'I'm going crazy with the sound of Zigzag snoring, plus all these angry telephone calls. And my beautiful painting...' Here her voice cracked. 'You know Mrs.Jhunjhunwala, the art critic who lives upstairs, well, she heard Zigzag snoring and had the cheek to telephone and ask me whether I could sing a little softly when I took my singing lessons. Please contact Somu and find out what we should do.'

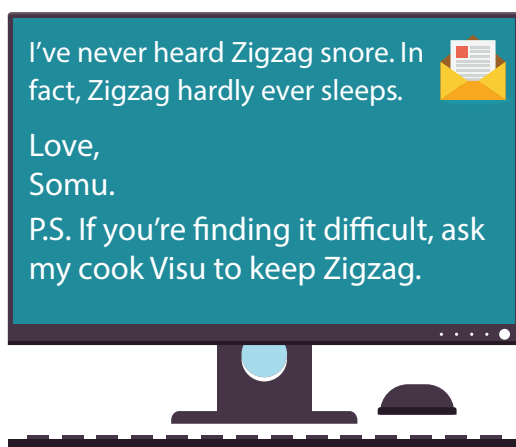
Dr.Krishnan came home as fast as he could after he had left an e-mail message for Somu, asking him for clear instructions on how to stop Zigzag from snoring.'

'Don't worry,' he reassured his downcast family. 'Somu will reply soon and we'll discover there's some ridiculously simple way to stop Zigzag from snoring.'

Six days passed. Six frantic days of checking their e-mail day and night. Six torturous days of having the deafeningly loud KNGRRDRRWHEEZE resound in their home, most nerve wrackingly. Maya complained that she heard a permanent rumbling sound in her ears even when she was miles away from home and that her ears ached all the time. Arvind confessed that, for the first time in his life, he was actually looking forward to going to school considering it was as calm as a monastery compared to their house. Mrs. Krishnan had lost interest in painting. Zigzag would sometimes wake up briefly when he wanted to eat some fruit, and

sometimes he would sit on the veranda looking sulky and bored as he stared at the sunset at Marina beach- the real view, not the painting lying forlorn in one corner, ruined by **streaks** of hardening papaya. Zigzag never spoke to anyone, though everyone tried several times, and in several languages, to speak to him kindly. He only slept. And snored.

On the seventh day, Dr.Somu's e-mail arrived. It was, as Dr.Krishnan predicted, ridiculously simple. It read:



'That does it,' said Mrs.Krishnan. 'Find Visu! I will not keep Zigzag here another minute!'

'Calm down, dear, I'm leaving for my clinic now. Can't it wait till...'

'No, it's now!' Mrs.Krishnan was adamant. 'I've invited some friends and are experts to come home and choose my paintings for the exhibition. This feathered, snoring monster will drive us all mad!'

'Come on then, Zigzag,' called Dr.Krishnan nervously, wondering how he would locate Somu's cook, Visu.

'Er, why don't you wait in the car, Zigzag?' he suggested. When they reached his clinic, his heart sinking at the thought of Zigzag's ear-shatteringly loud snore adding to the din of the sobs and shrieks produced by the tiny patients waiting for him.

But Ziggy-Zagga-King-of-the-Tonga was not accustomed to being kept waiting and was already making his way to the clinic where he perched himself on the nurse's reception table.



'Don't you dare sleep!' Dr.Krishnan warned Zigzag fiercely as he went towards his room.

He had hardly walked through the swinging half-door that separated his clinic from the waiting room when he heard a strange voice say, 'You there in the blue T-shirt, don't jump on the sofa. And you in the red dress, don't swing on the curtain.'

It was Zigzag's voice, clear and commanding. There was pin-drop silence in the room as everyone waited, open-mouthed, for Zigzag's next sentence.

Dr.Krishnan was amazed! Gone was Zigzag's bored and grumpy expression. Instead the bird looked happy and alert as



it went about the job it had been trained for, first with the African witch doctor and then with Dr.Somu. Dr.Krishnan's clinic, usually a noisy sea of tears and **tantrums**, was transformed into a calm, orderly place as Zigzag efficiently soothed the frightened patients, scolded the naughty ones and made the crying ones smile. And if his yam-digging song and recitation of French poetry reduced the children to helpless laughter instead of tears, he didn't look as though he minded. And best of all, Zigzag never slept. Or snored. Even for a second!

Never had a morning passed so quietly and peacefully for Dr.Krishnan. When the last patient had left, he called Zigzag to his room. Zigzag flew in and sat on the table. Scratching the bird under its beak, Dr.Krishnan sighed and said, 'Somu was right, after all. You are an absolute treasure. I never realized what he meant when he called you *a great help*. Why didn't you tell me you'd prefer to be at my clinic instead of snoring like that to show you were bored? What do we do now? No one wants you back at home now; they want me to leave you with Visu.'

Just then the telephone rang. It was Mrs.Krishnan, sounding very pleased with herself. 'You know Mrs.Jhunjhunwula, the art critic?' she chuckled. 'She doesn't want me to exhibit sunset at marina. She's bought it for herself, for ₹ 5,000!'

Isn't that the painting the papaya fell on?

'Yes.' Mrs.Krishnan was laughing heartily now. I had left it in one corner and she chose to buy it, saying she loved

my new technique of painting! She simply adored those streaky orangey bits! She launched into fresh gales of laughter. 'By the way,' she said when she sobered down, 'I don't think we were fair to Zigzag. Shall we keep him with us at home, just on trial for another week?'

'Sure!,' agreed a delighted Dr.Krishnan before he cleverly added. 'And I could always take him to the clinic every morning so that you can paint in peace at home.'

'My boy!' he confided to Zigzag after matters were satisfactorily settled, giving the bird a toffee from his desk. 'You have your own strange way of showing your genius. A Zigzag way, I'd call it, wouldn't you?'

But Ziggy - Zagga - King - of - the -Tonga, brought up on compliments as he was, didn't bother to reply. He just ate the toffee, paper wrapper and all, and then lowered one **crinkly** eyelid in a knowing wink.

About the author



Asha Nehemiah born in 1958 at Chennai has lived, studied and worked in 8 different cities and small towns and is now a resident of Bangalore. She has always been interested in writing. Her love for reading, led her to study Literature in college. If she had not been a writer, she would have been a teacher. Humour, fantasy mystery and adventure are the strong elements in her work. She loves baking, walking, reading and travelling.



Glossary

aboriginal (adj.) - native, local

sarcasm (n) - use of irony to mock or convey contempt

fringed (v) - bordered

plumage (n) - a bird's feather collectively

sludgiest (adj.) - wet mud

grumpiness (adj.) - bad tempered

squirt (n) - spray

coyote (n) - a wolf like wild dog native to North America.

streaks (n) - line, strap.

tantrum (n) - outburst, flare-up.

crinkly (adj.) - wrinkly.

A. Identify the speaker / character.

1. 'Even though I clearly said no!'
2. 'The one that spits deadly poison straight into its opponent's eyes.'
3. 'Remember the tiny penknife he gave me last year.'
4. 'It's Somu's thoughtless ways that reduce me to tears'
5. 'Come in, Zigzag, come in dear!'

B. Read the story again and write how these characters reacted in these situations:

1. You're both quite mistaken.

Dr. Krishnan

Mrs. Krishnan

2. It's Somu's thoughtless ways that reduce me to tears.

Mrs. Krishnan

Dr. Krishnan

3. Just wait till zigzag settles down in this new home.

Visu

Aravind and Maya

4. Zigzag hardly ever sleeps.

Somu

Dr. Krishnan

5. You are an absolute treasure

Dr. Krishnan

Zigzag



C. Complete the given tabular column.

Arrival of Zigzag	Somu requested Dr. Krishnan to take care of his pet.	Mrs.Krishnan was not.....	She was worried about her
Life of Zigzag at Dr. Krishnan's residence	Zigzag perched on the curtain rod and	When their maid switched on the fan.....	Mrs. Krishnan was annoyed and called Mr. Krishnan to.....
The email about Zigzag	Dr. Krishnan	Somu's reply surprised the Krishnans.	The reply was.....
Zigzag at the clinic	When Zigzag entered the clinic he.....	Gone was Zigzag's bored and grumpy expression. The bird looked happy and alert.	After the family knew that zigzag must be kept busy they.....

D. Answer the following question in one or two sentences:

1. Why did Dr. Ashok's cousin call him ?
2. Mention atleast two expressions which shows that Mrs. Krishnan was not willing to have Zigzag at home?
3. What other various pets did Somu have?
4. What was Mrs.Krishnan busy with?
5. What commotion did the boomerang cause in the neighborhood?
6. What happened when Somu left Zigzag with the Krishnans?
7. How did Zigzag communicate with the Krishnans?
8. What was the e-mail message sent to Somu by Dr.Krishnan?
9. What did Aravind confess?
10. Why did Mrs. Jhunjhunwalla buy the painting?

E. Answer the following questions in about 100 - 150 words:

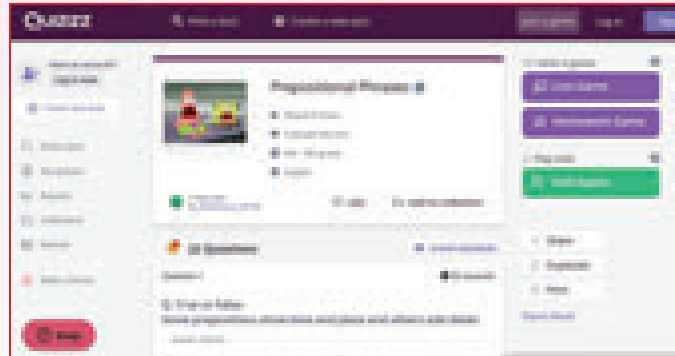
1. Write in your own words the various commotions caused by zigzag at Dr. Krishnan's residence.
2. What was the turn of events when Zigzag was taken to the clinic.
3. Narrate the story Zigzag in a own words.



ICT CORNER

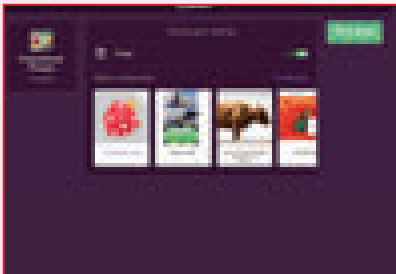
Grammar –Prepositional Phrases

- ❖ To learn the usage of prepositional phrases
- ❖ To practise prepositional phrases

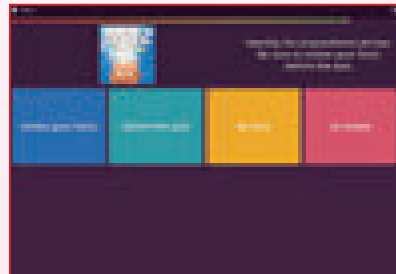


Steps

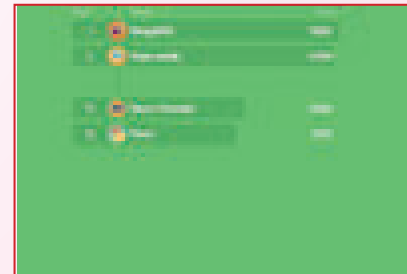
1. Type the URL link given below in the browser or scan the QR code.
2. Select solo , live or homework game.
3. Click Start Game then read the questions and select the correct option.
4. This Quiz can be played in teams or used as homework game.



Step 1



Step 2



Step 3



B370_10_ENGLISH

Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website.

<https://quizizz.com/admin/quiz/5c6d6beda26635001acac238/prepositional-phrases>

** Images are indicatives only.

Unit - 3

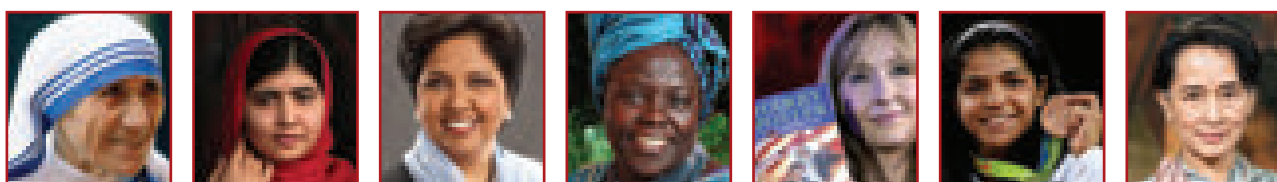


Read the statements given below and match the issues accordingly.

1. The marriage of a young girl below 18.
2. A transfer of durable goods / property that the bride's family gives to the bridegroom as a condition of the marriage.
3. The intentional killing of a baby girl due to the preference for male babies in the family.
4. Repeated and unwelcome sexual comments, looks, or physical contact at work place made by men that could offend women.
5. A women deciding to remarry despite opposition from relatives /society.
6. Women excelling in many fields overcoming many hurdles.

Dowry System	Sexual Harassment	Child Marriage	Remarriage	Female Infanticide	Women Empowerment

- ❖ Discuss with your friend the role of a women in building a family. What are the roles played by her.
- ❖ What do you think of the status of women in the modern society.
- ❖ Compare the status of women in the past with the present.
- ❖ What is the role of women in the modern society discuss.
- ❖ Divide the class into small groups, choose any one eminent women personality of the world. List out her characters, achievements, etc and speak a minute about her



3

The Story of Mulan

Supplementary

This is the classic story of Mulan based on the legend of Hua Mulan. A legend is a story from long ago that is believed to be true, or mostly true.



Many years ago, China was in the middle of a great war. The Emperor said that one man from each Chinese family must leave his family to join the army. Mulan, a teenage girl who lived in a faraway village of China, heard the news when she was outside, washing clothes.

Mulan ran into the house. Her father was sitting in a chair, **carving** a piece of wood. "Father!" she said. "Did you hear what the Emperor says each family must do?"

"Yes," said her old father, "I heard about it in town. Well, I may as well go pack up." He put down his carving, stood up and walked very slowly to his room.

"Wait!" said Mulan, "Father, you have not been well. If I may say so, why at your age must you keep up with all those young men?"

"What else can be done?" said her father. "Your brother is a child. He cannot go."

"Of course that's true," said Mulan. "He is too little. But I have an idea." She poured her father a cup of tea and handed it to him. "Father, have some tea. Please sit for a minute. I will be right back."

"Very well, dear," said the father.

Mulan went into her room. With her sword, she cut off her long, black hair. She put on her father's **robe**. Going back to her father, Mulan said, "Look at me. I am your son now. I will go in your place. I will do my part for China."

"No, my daughter!" said the old man. "You cannot do this!"





"Father, listen please," said Mulan. "For years, you trained me in **Kung Fu**. You showed me how to use a sword." Mulan swung the sword back and forth with **might**.

"Only so that you could stay safe!" said her father. "I never meant for you to go to war. If they find out you are a woman, you know as well as I do that you will die!"

"No one will find out, Father," said Mulan. She picked up her sword.

"Mulan!" said the Father. He tried to get up but had to hold on to his chair.

The daughter kissed him goodbye. "I love you, Father," she said. "Take care of yourself. Tell my brother I said goodbye." She climbed on a family horse. And off she went to join the Emperor's army.

In the army, Mulan proved to be a brave soldier. In time, she was put in charge of other soldiers. Her battles went so well that she was put in charge of more soldiers. Her battles kept on going well. After a few years Mulan was given the top job – she would be General of the entire army.

Not long after that, a very bad fever swept through the army. Many soldiers were sick. And Mulan, the General of the army, became sick, too.

When the doctor came out of Mulan's tent, he knew the truth.

"The General is a woman?" yelled the soldiers. "How can this be?" Some called out, "She tricked us!" and "We will not fight for a woman!" They said, "Punish her! Make her pay! The cost is for her to die!" But others called out, in voices just as

loud, "With Mulan, we win every battle!" They said, "Stay away from our General!"

Just then, a soldier ran up. "Everyone!" he called. "A surprise attack is coming!"

Mulan heard this from inside her tent. She got dressed and went outside. She was not yet strong, but stood tall. She told the soldiers where they must go to hide so they could attack when the enemy came. But they must get there fast! The soldiers, even those who did not like that their General was a woman, could tell that Mulan knew what she was talking about.

It worked! The battle was won. It was such a big victory that the enemy gave up, at last. The war was over, and China was saved! You can be sure that after that last battle, no one cared anymore that Mulan was a woman.

The Emperor was so glad that Mulan had ended the long war, he set aside the rule about being a woman. "Mulan, stay with me in the palace," he said. "Someone as smart as you would be a fine royal adviser."

Mulan **bowed** deeply. "You are too kind, Sire," she said. "But if you please, what I wish most of all is to return home to my family."

"Then at least take these fine gifts," said the Emperor. "So everyone at your home and village will know how much the Emperor of China thinks of you."

Mulan returned to her village with six fine horses and six fine swords. Everyone cheered that she was safe. The person who had saved China was their very own Mulan!



Glossary

carving (v) : an act of cutting a shape or pattern into wood or stone.

robe (n) : a long, loose outer garment reaching the ankles

kung fu (n) : a chinese method of fighting that involves using your hands and feet and not using weapons

might (n) : great and impressive power or strength, especially of a nation, large organization, or natural force

bowed(adj) : bending the body forwards from the waist, especially to show respect for someone

A. Choose the best answers.



1. Mulan goes to the battle instead of her father because _____
 - a. she wants to be a soldier.
 - b. she was asked to join the army.
 - c. her father is old.
 - d. her brother is sick.
2. What did Mulan do before leaving the house?
 - a. took leave from her mother
 - b. cut off her hair
 - c. prayed
 - d. made a dress for war
3. What is the story about?
 - a. winning
 - b. friendship
 - c. women empowerment
 - d. patriotism
4. The emperor asked Mulan to stay with him in the palace as his _____
 - a. wife.
 - b. royal advisor.
 - c. army general.
 - d. friend.
5. The emperor gave Mulan _____
 - a. six horses and six swords.
 - b. a death sentence.
 - c. gold.
 - d. six camels
6. How did people of the village react to Mulan after her return from the battle?
 - a. cheered her
 - b. mocked her
 - c. punished her
 - d. scolded her

B. Identify the character or speaker of the following lines.

1. I heard about it in town.
2. I am your son now.
3. The General is a woman?
4. Mulan, stay with me in the palace.
5. You are too kind sire.



C. Answer the following questions in a sentence or two.

1. What was the emperor's order?
2. Where did Mulan's father hear about the emperor's order?
3. Why couldn't Mulan's brother go to war?
4. Why did Mulan disguise herself as a man?
5. How did the soldiers become sick?
6. How would she be punished if found guilty?
7. Why did the emperor give her fine gifts?
8. How did the soldiers come to know about Mulan's real identity?

D. Answer the following questions in a paragraph.

1. Sketch the character of Mulan.
2. Do you agree with Mulan's decision to go to war? Justify.



- Breakdancing is a style of street dance consisting of improvised acrobatic moves. The pioneers of this dance credit kung fu as one of its influences. Moves such as the crouching low leg sweep and “up rocking” (standing combat moves) are influenced by choreographed kung-fu fights.
- Many people have a misconception that Chinese Kung Fu is about fighting and killing. It is actually based on Chinese philosophy and is about improving wisdom and intelligence. Taoist philosophy is deeply rooted in and had a profound influence on the culture of Chinese martial arts.
- The five traditional animal styles of Shaolin Kung Fu are the dragon, the snake, the tiger, the leopard and the crane. The union of the five animal forms clearly displayed the efficacy of both hard and soft movements, of both internal and external energy – this form of Chinese martial arts was known as Shaolin Kung Fu, named after the temple in which it was developed.
- Kung fu – ‘kung’ meaning ‘energy’ and ‘fu’ meaning ‘time’ – is a Chinese martial art whose recorded history dates back to around 525 CE, during the Liang dynasty. The man credited with introducing martial arts to China is said to be an Indian monk known as Bodhidharma.
- Hua Mulan is a legendary Chinese warrior from the Northern and Southern dynasties (420–589) period of Chinese history, originally described in the Ballad of Mulan. In the ballad, Hua Mulan, disguised as a man, takes her aged father's place in the army. Mulan fought for twelve years and gained high merit, but she refused any reward and retired to her hometown.



ICT CORNER

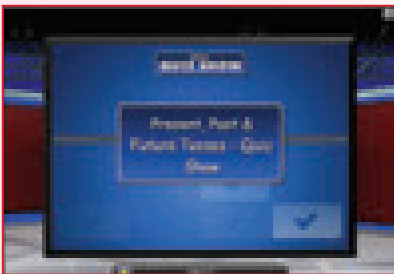
Grammar –Tenses

- ❖ To learn the usage of tenses
- ❖ To practise all types of tenses

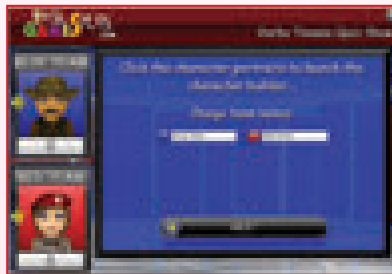


Steps

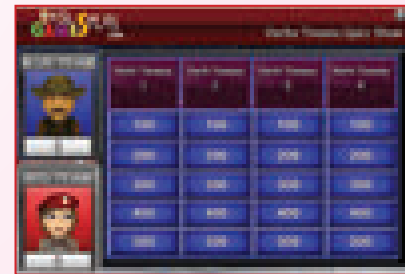
1. Type the URL link given below in the browser or scan the QR code.
2. Enable 'flash' to play the game.
3. Select 2 to 10 teams and start selecting the number tiles to play.
4. After the completion of all the tiles, the winning team will be displayed.



Step 1



Step 2



Step 3



B370_10_ENGLISH

Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website

<https://www.eslgamesplus.com/verb-tenses-interactive-grammar-game-for-esl-jeopardy-quiz-game/>

** Images are indicatives only.

Unit - 4



Warm Up



Look at the image given below.



- ❖ Pick out the qualities that you possess and qualities that you expect from your siblings / friends.
- ❖ Working in pairs, find out the mutual qualities that you and your friends share. Justify your top priority with his / hers.
- ❖ Discuss in groups the need for human values.

4

The Aged Mother

Matsuo Basho

Supplementary

This Japanese folktale is also known as ‘The Story of the Aged Mother’. It highlights that the aged are sharp witted. It describes the love and affection a son and his mother have for one another.



Long, long ago there lived at the foot of the mountain a poor farmer and his aged, widowed mother. They owned a bit of land which supplied them with food, and they were humble, peaceful, and happy.

The country Shining was governed by a **despotic** leader who though a warrior, had a great and cowardly shrinking from anything suggestive of failing health and strength. This caused him to send out a cruel **proclamation**. The entire province was given strict orders to immediately put to death all aged people. Those were **barbarous** days, and the custom of **abandoning** old people to die was not uncommon. The poor farmer loved his aged mother with tender **reverence**, and the order filled his heart with sorrow. But no one ever thought twice about obeying the **mandate** of the governor, so with many deep and hopeless sighs, the youth prepared for what at that time was considered the kindest mode of death.

Just at sundown, when his day’s work was ended, he took a quantity of unwhitened rice which was the principal

food for the poor, and he cooked, dried it, and tied it in a square cloth, which he swung in a bundle around his neck along with a gourd filled with cool, sweet water.



Then he lifted his helpless old mother to his back and started on his painful journey up the mountain. The road was long and steep; the narrow road was crossed and re-crossed by many paths made by the hunters and woodcutters. In some place, they lost and confuses, but he gave no heed. One path or another, it mattered not. On he went, climbing blindly upward -- ever upward towards the high bare **summit** of what is known as Obatsuyama, the mountain of the “abandoning of the aged”.

The eyes of the old mother were not so dim but that they noted the reckless hastening from one path to another, and her loving heart grew anxious. Her son did not know the mountain’s many paths and his return might be one of danger, so she stretched forth her hand and snapping the twigs from brushes as they passed, she quietly dropped a handful every few steps of the way so that as they climbed,



the narrow path behind them was dotted at frequent intervals with tiny piles of twigs. At last the summit was reached. Weary and heart sick, the youth gently released his burden and silently prepared a place of comfort as his last duty to the loved one. Gathering fallen pine needles, he made a soft cushion and tenderly lifted his old mother onto it. He wrapped her padded coat more closely about the stooping shoulders and with tearful eyes and an aching heart he said farewell.

The trembling mother's voice was full of unselfish love as she gave her last **injunction**. "Let not thine eyes be blinded, my son." She said. "The mountain road is full of dangers. LOOK carefully and follow the path which holds the piles of twigs. They will guide you to the familiar path farther down". The son's surprised eyes looked back over the path, then at the poor old, **shriveled** hands all scratched and soiled by their work of love. His heart broke within and bowing to the ground, he cried aloud: "Oh, honorable mother, your kindness breaks my heart! I will not leave you. Together we will follow the path of twigs, and together we will die!"

Once more he shouldered his burden (how light it seemed now) and hastened down the path, through the shadows and the moonlight, to the little hut in the valley. Beneath the kitchen floor was a walled closet for food, which was covered and hidden from view. There the son hid his mother, supplying her with everything she needed, continually watching and fearing she would be discovered. Time passed, and he was beginning to feel safe when again the governor sent forth heralds

bearing an unreasonable order, seemingly as a boast of his power. His demand was that his subjects should present him with a rope of ashes.



The entire province trembled with dread. The order must be obeyed yet who in all Shining could make a rope of ashes? One night, in great distress, the son whispered the news to his hidden mother. "Wait!" she said. "I will think. I will think" On the second day she told him what to do. "Make rope of twisted straw," she said. "Then stretch it upon a row of flat stones and burn it on a windless night." He called the people together and did as she said and when the blaze died down, there upon the stones, with every twist and fiber showing perfectly, lay a rope of ashes.

The governor was pleased at the wit of the youth and praised greatly, but he demanded to know where he had obtained his wisdom. "Alas! Alas!" cried the farmer, "the truth must be told!" and with deep bows he related his story. The governor listened and then meditated in silence. Finally he lifted his head. "Shining needs more than strength of youth," he said **gravely**. "Ah, that I should have forgotten the well-known saying, 'with the crown of snow, there cometh wisdom!'" That very hour the cruel law was abolished, and

custom drifted into as far a past that only legends remain.

About the Author:

Matsuo Basho (1644-1694) is one of the most famous poets of Japan. In Japan, many of his poems are seen on monuments and traditional sites. Basho was introduced to poetry at a young age, and he quickly became well known throughout Japan. He made a living as a teacher but later travelled throughout the country to gain inspiration for his writing.



Glossary

despotic (adj.) – tyrannical, cruel

proclamation (n) – announcement

barbarous (adj.) – extremely brutal or mercilessly harsh

abandon (v) – desert, give up completely

reverence (n) – deep respect

mandate (n) – an official order

summit (n) – the topmost point of a hill or mountain

injunction (n) – an order restraining someone from performing an act

shriveled (adj.) – wrinkled and contracted due to old age or due to strain

gravely (adv.) – seriously

A. Rearrange the sentences given below in the correct sequence.



1. The son made up his mind to take back his mother home.
2. A farmer decided to leave his old mother on top of a mountain.
3. The governor realized his mistake and abolished the law.
4. Once in Shining, a cruel ruler declared that all old people must be put to death.
5. Using the clever idea of his mother, the farmer made a rope of ashes.
6. When the farmer bade farewell, she advised him to return home with the aid of twigs.
7. Filled with dread, he hid his mother in his home.
8. The mother dropped the small twigs as markers on the way to help her son return.

B. Answer the following questions in one or two sentences.

1. What was the cruel announcement made by the leader?
2. Why was the farmer filled with sorrow?
3. What were the things carried by the farmer to the summit of the mountain?
4. Why did the mother become anxious as they climbed up the mountain?
5. What did the mother drop along the way?



6. What was the advice given by his mother for the safe return of her son?
7. Why did the farmer's burden seem to be light on his way back home?
8. Where did the farmer hide his mother?
9. How did the farmer make the rope of ashes? On whose suggestion did he do it?
10. How did the Governor realize his mistake?

C. Answer each of the following in a paragraph of 120 to 150 words.

1. Narrate the circumstances that led to the abandoning of the aged in Shining.
2. Describe the farmer's painful journey up the mountain.
3. 'The old are wise'. Prove this with reference to the story 'The Aged Mother'.

D. Identify the character/speaker.

1. He gave orders for the aged to be put to death.
2. He considered the order to be the kindest mode of death.
3. She quietly dropped some twigs on the way.
4. Let not thine eyes be blinded.
5. Together we will follow the path , together we will die.
6. I will think. I will think.
7. The truth must be told.

8. He listened and meditated in silence.
9. Shining needs more than the strength of the youth.
10. With the crown of snow there cometh wisdom.

E. Choose the appropriate answer and fill in the blanks.

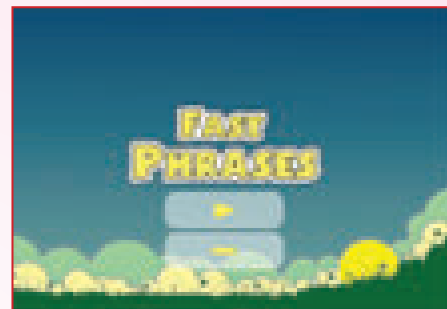
1. Shining was governed by a _____ leader.
a) strict b) kind
c) cruel d) diplomatic.
2. The _____ was the principal food for the poor.
a) wheat b) brown rice
c) unwhitened rice d) millet.
3. The road was crossed and re-crossed by many path made by the _____.
a) hunters and woodcutters
b) robbers and thieves
c) vendors and tradesmen
d) wildlife photographers and trekkers
4. Gathering _____ he made a soft cushion and tenderly lifted his old mother onto it.
a) dry leaves b) fallen pine
c) broken twigs d) flowers
5. The governor demanded that his subjects should present him with a _____.
a) basket of fruits
b) rope of ashes
c) flesh of animals
d) bag of silverwares



ICT CORNER

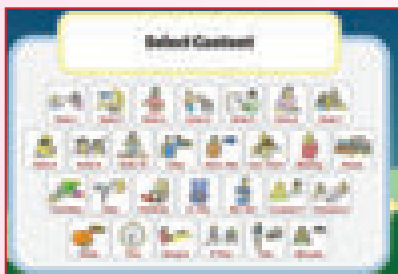
Grammar – Phrases And Clauses

- ❖ To learn the Phrases
- ❖ To use appropriate verbs and create phrases

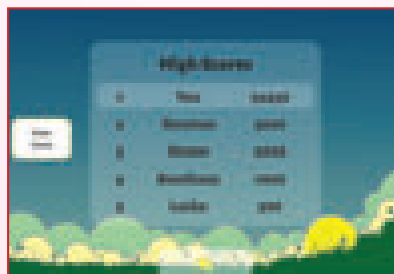


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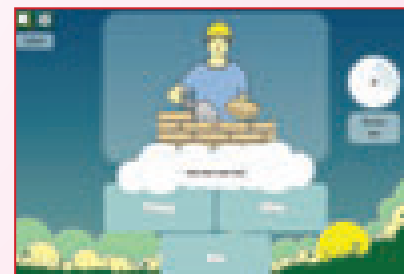
1. Type the URL link given below in the browser or scan the QR code.
2. Enable flash to play the game
3. Select any one content and start playing
4. Click the correct parts of sentences and frame meaningful sentences
5. Check your scores at the end of the game



Step 1



Step 2



Step 3



B370_10_ENGLISH

Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website.

<https://www.gamestolearnenglish.com/fast-phrases/>

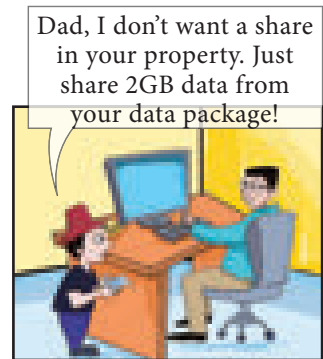
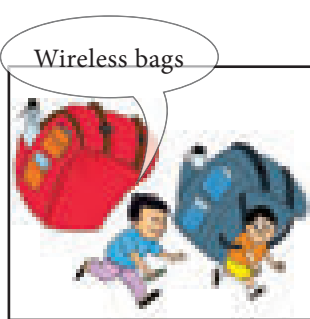
** Images are indicatives only.



Unit - 5



Warm Up



What do you infer from the above pictures?



Look at the above electronic gadgets. If you were given a chance to remodel a device, in which device you would bring in changes and what would be those changes ?



A day in 2889 of an American Journalist

Jules Verne

Supplementary

This story speaks about the people of the twenty-ninth century who live in fairyland. Surfeited as they are with marvels, they are indifferent to the presence of each new marvel. To them all seem natural.

The year is 2889, the date 25th July and the place is the office block of the Managing Editor of the Earth Herald, the world's largest newspaper. In this futuristic story written in 1889, the writer describes how he visualizes the world a thousand years later – a world of technological advancements where newspapers are not printed but 'spoken'.

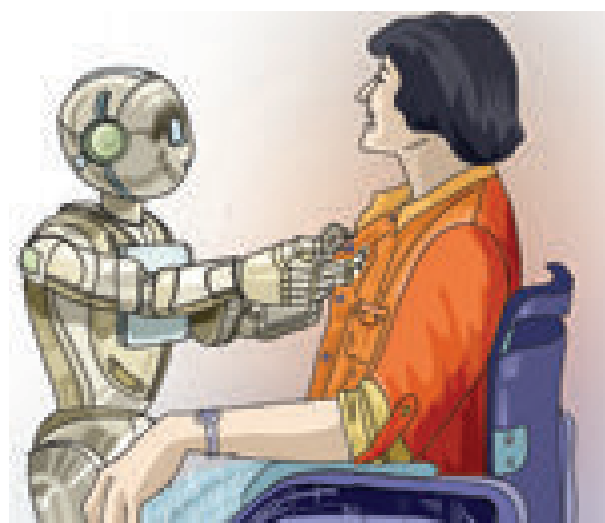


Read the following excerpt for a glimpse of this future world.

That morning Francis Bennett awoke in rather a bad temper. This was eight days since his wife had been in France and he was feeling a little lonely. As soon as he awoke, Francis Bennett switched on his **phonotelephone** whose wires led to the house he owned in the **Champs-Elysees**.



The telephone, completed by the telephote, is another of our time's conquests! Though the transmission of speech by the electric current was already very old, it was only since yesterday that vision could also be transmitted. A valuable discovery, and Francis Bennett was by no means the only one to bless its inventor when, in spite of the enormous distance between them, he saw his wife appear in the telephotic mirror. 'Francis ... dear Francis!...'



His name, spoken by that sweet voice, gave a happier turn to Francis Bennett's mood. He quickly jumped out of bed and went into his mechanized dressing room. Two minutes later, without needing the help of a **valet**, the machine deposited



him, washed, shaved, shod, dressed and buttoned from top to toe, on the threshold of his office. The day's work was going to begin.

Francis Bennett went on into the reporters' room. His fifteen hundred reporters, placed before an equal number of telephones, were passing on to subscribers the news which had come in during the night from the four quarters of the earth. In addition to his telephone, each reporter has in front of him a series of **commutators**, which allow him to get into communication with this or that telephotic line.

Thus the subscribers have not only the story but the sight of these events.

Francis Bennett questioned one of the ten astronomical reporters – a service which was growing because of the recent discoveries in the stellar world.

‘Well, Cash, what have you got?’

‘**Phototelegrams** from Mercury, Venus and Mars, Sir.’

‘Interesting! And Jupiter?’

‘Nothing so far! We haven't been able to understand the signals the Jovians make. Perhaps ours haven't reached them? ...’

‘Aren't you getting some result from the moon, at any rate?’

‘Not yet, Mr Bennett.’

‘Well, this time, you can't blame optical science! The moon is six hundred times nearer than Mars, and yet our correspondence service is in regular operation with Mars. It can't be telescopes we need...’

‘No, it's the **inhabitants**,’ Corley replied.

‘You dare tell me that the moon is uninhabited?’

‘On the face it turns towards us, at any rate, Mr Bennett. Who knows whether on the other side...’

‘Well, there's a very simple method of finding out.’





‘And that is?’

‘To turn the moon round!’

And that very day, the scientists of the Bennett factory started working out some mechanical means of turning our satellite right round.

On the whole, Francis Bennett had reason to be satisfied. One of the Earth Herald’s astronomers had just determined the elements of the new planet Gandini. It is at a distance of 12,841,348,284,623 metres and 7 decimetres that this planet describes its orbit round the sun in 572 years, 194 days, 12 hours, 43 minutes, 9.8 seconds. Francis Bennett was delighted with such precision.

‘Good!’ he exclaimed. ‘Hurry up and tell the reportage service about it. You know what a passion the public has for these astronomical questions. I’m anxious for the news to appear in today’s issue!’

The next room, a broad gallery about a quarter of a mile long, was devoted to publicity, and it well may be imagined what the publicity for such a journal as the Earth Herald had to be. It brought in a daily average of three million dollars. They are gigantic signs reflected on the clouds, so large that they can be seen all over a whole country. From that gallery a thousand projectors were unceasingly employed in sending to the clouds, on which they were reproduced in colour, these inordinate advertisements.

At that moment the clock struck twelve. The director of the Earth Herald left the hall and sat down in a rolling armchair. In

a few minutes he had reached his dining room half a mile away, at the far end of the office.

The table was laid and he took his place at it. Within reach of his hand was placed a series of taps and before him was the curved surface of a phonotelephoto, on which appeared the dining room of his home in Paris. Mr and Mrs Bennett had arranged to have lunch at the same time – nothing could be more pleasant than to be face to face in spite of the distance, to see one another and talk by means of the phonotelephotic apparatus.



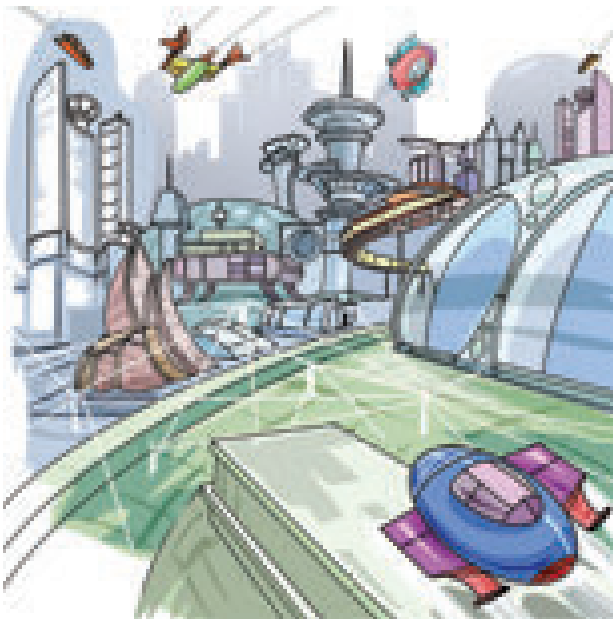
Like everybody else in easy circumstances nowadays, Francis Bennett, having abandoned domestic cooking, is one of the subscribers to the Society for Supplying Food to the Home, which distributes dishes of a thousand types through a network of pneumatic tubes. This system is expensive, no doubt, but the cooking is better. So, not without some regret, Francis Bennett was lunching in solitude. He was finishing his coffee when Mrs Bennett, having got back home, appeared in the telephoto screen.



When he had finished his lunch, he went across to the window, where his aero-car was waiting.

‘Where are we going, Sir?’ asked the aero-coachman. ‘Let’s see. I’ve got time...’ Francis Bennett replied. ‘Take me to my accumulator works at Niagara.’

The aero-car shot across space at a speed of about four hundred miles an hour. Below him were spread out the towns with their moving pavements which carry the wayfarers along the streets, and the countryside, covered, as though by an immense spider’s web, by the network of electric wires.



Within half an hour, Francis Bennett had reached his works at Niagara, where, after using the force of the cataracts to produce energy, he sold or hired it out to the consumers. Then he returned, by way of Philadelphia, Boston and New York, to Centropolis, where his aero-car put him down about five o’clock.

The waiting-room of the Earth Herald

was crowded. A careful lookout was being kept for Francis Bennett to return for the daily audience he gave to his petitioners. Among their different proposals he had to make a choice, reject the bad ones, look into the doubtful ones, and welcome the good ones.

He soon got rid of those who had only useless or impracticable schemes. A few of the others received a better welcome, and foremost among them was a young man whose broad brow indicated a high degree of intelligence.

‘Sir,’ he began, ‘though the number of elements used to be estimated at seventy-five, it has now been reduced to three, as no doubt you are aware?’

‘Perfectly,’ Francis Bennett replied.

‘Well, Sir, I’m on the point of reducing the three to one. If I don’t run out of money I’ll have succeeded in three weeks.’

‘And then?’

‘Then, Sir, I shall really have discovered the absolute.’

‘And the results of that discovery?’

‘It will be to make the creation of all forms of matter easy – stone, wood, metal, fibrin’

‘Are you saying you’re going to be able to construct a human being?’

‘Complete... The only thing missing will be the soul!’

Francis Bennett assigned the young fellow to the scientific editorial department





of his journal.

A second inventor, using as a basis some old experiments that dated from the 19th century, had the idea of moving a whole city in a single block. He suggested, as a demonstration, the town of Saaf, situated fifteen miles from the sea; after conveying it on rails down to the shore, he would transform it into a seaside resort. Francis Bennett, attracted by this project, agreed to take a half-share in it.

The proposals heard and dealt with, Francis Bennett went to stretch himself out in an easy-chair in the audition-room. Then, pressing a button, he was put into communication with the Central Concert. After so busy a day, what charm he found in the works of our greatest masters, based on a series of delicious harmonico-algebraic formulae! During his meal, phonotelephotic communication had been set up with Paris.

'When do you expect to get back to Centropolis, dear Edith?' asked Francis Bennett.

'I'm going to start this moment.'

'By tube or aero-train?'

'By tube.'

'Then you'll be here?'

'At eleven fifty-nine this evening.'

'Paris time?'

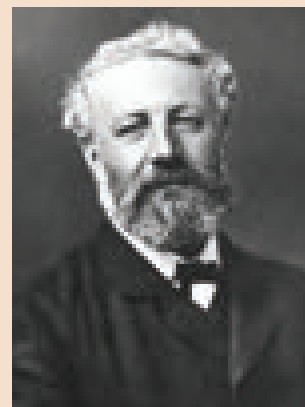
'No, no! ... **Centropolis** time.'

'Goodbye then, and above all don't miss the tube!'

These submarine tubes, by which one travels from Paris in two hundred and ninety-five minutes, are certainly much preferable to the aero-trains, which only manage six hundred miles an hour.

Francis Bennett, very tired after so very full a day, decided to take a bath before going to bed. There was always a bath already in the office. He touched the button. A rumbling sound began, got louder, increased ... Then one of the doors opened and the bath appeared, gliding along on its rails ...

About the author



Jules Verne (1828–1905) was a French poet, playwright and novelist but he earns his place on this list of great writers because of his futuristic adventure novels. He has been called the father of science fiction and has had an incalculable influence on the development of science fiction writing. More interesting, perhaps, is his place as a prophet or predictor of technology which wasn't to be invented until long after his death. He put a man on the moon, including its launch from a Florida launchpad to its splashdown in the Pacific; in 1863 he predicted the internet: *Paris in the 20th Century* (1863) depicts the details of modern life: skyscrapers, television, Maglev trains, computers, and a culture preoccupied with the Internet.



Glossary

- phonotelephote(n)** - A means of transmitting and receiving both voice and picture for a personal conversation
- Champs-Elysees(n)** - a prestigious avenue in Paris, famous for the Cafes, cinemas and shops
- phototelegrams (n)** - A telegraphic transmission including images
- jovians(n)** - inhabitants of planet Jupiter
- inhabitants(n)** - a person or animal that lives in or occupies a place.
- Centropolis (n)** - (in this story) the new name of New York in 2889
- valet(n)** - a man's personal male attendant, who is responsible for his clothes and appearance

A. Answer the following questions in two or three lines.

1. Why did Francis Bennett wake up with a bad temper?
2. What was a mechanized dressing room?
3. How was food served to him?
4. Why was Bennett curious about astronomy?
5. Why did he visit Niagara?
6. How did Bennett travel?
7. Give three instances of how mechanization has changed life at home in 2889?
8. How is advertising in this age different from what we have today?



B. Identify the character/speaker.

1. As soon as he woke up, he switched on his phonotelephote.
2. Well, Cash, what have you got?
3. 'Phototelegrams from Mercury, Venus and Mars, Sir.'
4. 'Interesting! And Jupiter?'
5. 'Not yet, Mr.Bennett.'
6. 'No, it's the inhabitants.'
7. 'Where are we going, Sir?'
8. 'Then, Sir, I shall really have discovered the absolute.'
9. 'Are you saying you're going to be able to construct a human being?'
10. 'I'm going to start this moment.'

C. Choose the best answer.

1. Bennette's wife was in _____.
i) Germany ii) Australia iii) France iv) Holland
2. The data from the stellar world was gathered by _____.
i) Bennette ii) astronomical reporters iii) the computer iv) telephote
3. The food was being delivered through _____ tubes.
i) pneumatic ii) shallow iii) hollow iv) virtual
4. The wayfarers were carried to one place to another by the _____.
i) bullet train ii) jet iii) moving pavement iv) heli-taxi

D. Fill in the story map given below.

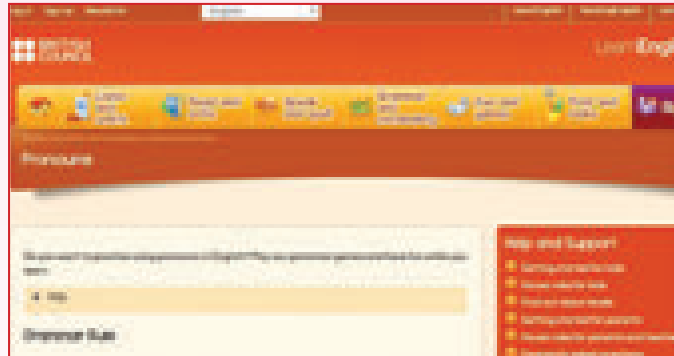
Title	<hr/> <hr/>
Setting	<hr/> <hr/>
Characters	<hr/> <hr/>
Problems	<hr/> <hr/>
Your Views	<hr/> <hr/>



ICT CORNER

Grammar – Pronouns

- ❖ To learn the usage of Pronouns
- ❖ To make meaningful sentences

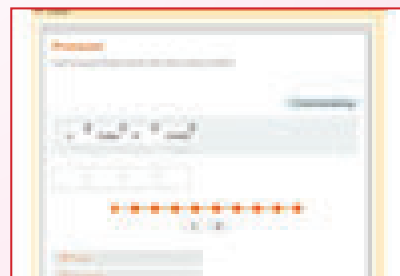


Steps

1. Type the URL link given below in the browser or scan the QR code.
2. Read the notes related to pronouns
3. Enable flash to play game 1.
4. Click the balloons in correct order to create sentences
5. Click the second game link and practice framing sentences using pronouns.



Step 1



Step 2



B370_10_ENGLISH

Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website.

<https://learnenglishkids.britishcouncil.org/grammar-practice/pronouns>

** Images are indicatives only.



Unit - 6



Warm Up

A. Fill the globe with an acrostic poem.



B. How can you make the world a better place?





C. What does the picture symbolise?

D. Find the names of the various UN organizations with the logo given below and fill in the blanks.















The Little Hero of Holland

Supplementary

This is a true story of a little boy with a brave heart and passionate love for his village. Read on the story to find what the little hero of Holland did to save his fellowmen.



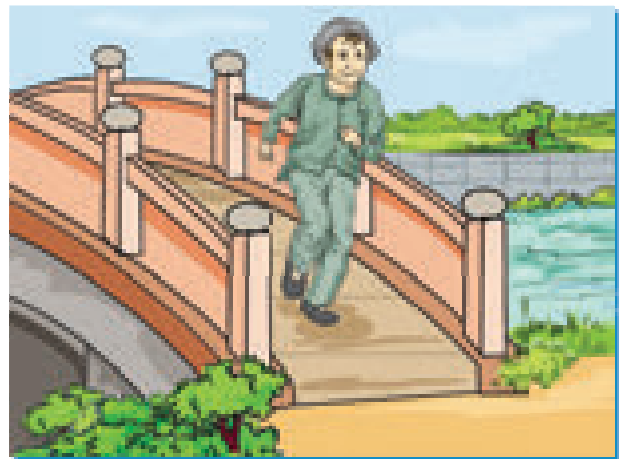
Holland is a country where much of the land lies below sea level. Only great walls called **dikes** keep the North Sea from rushing in and flooding the land. For centuries the people of Holland have worked to keep the walls strong so that their country will be safe and dry. Even the little children know the dikes must be watched every moment, and that a hole no longer than your finger can be a very dangerous thing.

Many years ago there lived in Holland a boy named Peter. Peter's father was one of the men who tended the gates in the dikes, called **sluices**. He opened and closed the sluices so that ships could pass out of Holland's canals into the great sea.

One afternoon in the early fall, when Peter was eight years old, his mother called him from his play. "Come, Peter," she said. "I want you to go across the dike and take these cakes to your friend, the blind man. If you go quickly, and do not stop to play, you will be home again before dark."

The little boy was glad to go on such an errand, and started off with a light heart. He stayed with the poor blind man a little while to tell him about his walk along the dike and about the sun and the flowers and the ships far out at sea. Then

he remembered his mother's wish that he should return before dark and, bidding his friend goodbye, he set out for home.



As he walked beside the canal, he noticed how the rains had swollen the waters, and how they beat against the side of the dike, and he thought of his father's gates.

"I am glad they are so strong," he said to himself. "If they gave way what would become of us? These pretty fields would be covered with water. Father always calls them the 'angry waters.' I suppose he thinks they are angry at him for keeping them out so long."

As he walked along he sometimes stopped to pick the pretty blue flowers that grew beside the road, or to listen to the rabbits' soft tread as they rustled through the grass. But oftener he smiled



as he thought of his visit to the poor blind man who had so few pleasures and was always so glad to see him.

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was setting, and that it was growing dark. "Mother will be watching for me," he thought, and he began to run toward home.

Just then he heard a noise. It was the sound of **trickling** water! He stopped and looked down. There was a small hole in the dike, through which a tiny stream was flowing,

Any child in Holland is frightened at the thought of a leak in the dike.

Peter understood the danger at once. If the water ran through a little hole it would soon make a larger one, and the whole country would be flooded. In a moment he saw what he must do. Throwing away his flowers, he climbed down the side of the dike and thrust his finger into the tiny hole.

The flowing of the water was stopped!

"Oho!" he said to himself. "The angry waters must stay back now. I can keep them back with my finger. Holland shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first, but soon it grew dark and cold. The little fellow shouted and screamed. "Come here; come here," he called. But no one heard him; no one came to help him.

It grew still colder, and his arm ached, and began to grow stiff and **numb**.

He shouted again. "Will no one come? Mother! Mother!"

But his mother had looked anxiously along the dike road many times since sunset for her little boy, and now she had closed and locked the cottage door, thinking that Peter was spending the night with his blind friend, and that she would scold him in the morning for staying away from home without permission. Peter tried to whistle, but his teeth **chattered** with the cold. He thought of his brother and sister in their warm beds, and of his dear father and mother. "I must not let them be drowned," he thought. "I must stay here until someone comes, if I have to stay all night."

The moon and stars looked down on the child **crouching** on a stone on the side of the dike. His head was bent, and his eyes were closed, but he was not asleep, for every now and then he rubbed the hand that was holding back the angry sea.

"I'll stand it somehow," he thought. So he stayed there all night keeping the sea out.





Early the next morning a man going to work thought he heard a **groan** as he walked along the top of the dike. Looking over the edge, he saw a child clinging to the side of the great wall.

“What’s the matter?” he called. “Are you hurt?”

“I’m keeping the water back!” Peter yelled. “Tell them to come quickly!”

The alarm was spread. People came running with **shovels** and the hole was soon mended.

They carried Peter home to his parents, and before long the whole town knew how he had saved their lives that night. To this day, they have never forgotten the brave little hero of Holland.

About the author



Mary Mapes Dodge (1831–1905) was an American children's author and editor, best known for her novel **Hans Brinker**. She was the recognized leader in juvenile literature for almost a third of the nineteenth century. Dodge conducted **St. Nicholas** for more than thirty years, and it became one of the most successful magazines for children. She was able to persuade many of the great writers of the world to contribute to her children's magazine – *Mark Twain, Louisa May Alcott, Robert Louis Stevenson, Tennyson* etc.



Glossary

dikes (n) - an embankment for controlling or holding back the waters of the sea or a river.

sluices (n) - a sliding gate or other device for controlling the flow of water, especially one in a lock gate.

trickling (v) - flowing in a small stream (a liquid)

numb (adj.) - deprived of the power of sensation.

chattered (v) - feeling cold and frightened that one can't stop the upper teeth from against ones lower teeth.

crouching (v) - adopting a position where the knees are bent and the upper body is brought forward and down.

groan (v) - make a deep inarticulate sound conveying pain

shovels (n) - tool resembling a spade with a broad blade and typically upturned side, used for moving earth, coal, snow etc.



A. Based on the understanding of the story, complete the Graphic Organiser suitably.

Title:		Plot:
Setting:		Climax:
Characters:		Values highlighted in the story:
Theme:		

B. Based on the understanding of the story answer the following questions in one or two sentences:



1. What are the little children of Holland, aware of?
2. What was the work assigned to Peter's father?
3. Why did Peter's mother call him?
4. How did Peter spend his time with his blind friend?
5. Why did the father always say 'angry waters'?
6. What did Peter see when he stopped near the dikes?
7. What were the thoughts of the mother when Peter didn't return home?
8. How did Peter spend his night at the dikes?

9. Who found Peter in the dikes and what did he do?
10. How did the villagers mend the hole?

C. Based on your understanding of the story answer the following question in about 100-150 words.

1. Narrate in your own words the circumstances that led Peter to be a brave little hero.

D. Identify the character/speaker:

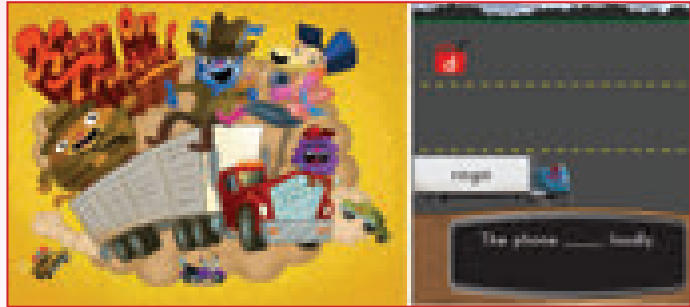
1. "I want you to go across the dike and take these cakes to your friend, the blind man."
2. "I am glad they are so strong".
3. "Holland shall not be drowned while I am here."
4. "What's the matter?" he called. "Are you hurt?"
5. "Tell them to come quickly!"



ICT CORNER

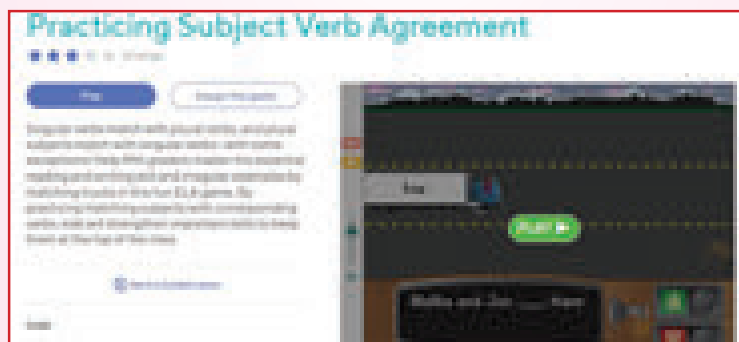
Grammar – Subject Verb Agreement

- ❖ To learn the subject verb agreement
- ❖ To use appropriate verbs



Steps

1. Type the URL link given below in the browser or scan the QR code.
2. Enable flash to play the game
3. Click the correct letters to join with the verb by pushing green and red buttons at right side corner.



Step 1



B370_10_ENGLISH

Download Link

Click the following link or scan the QR code to access the website.

<https://www.education.com/game/sv-agreement-game/#game-section>

** Images are indicatives only.

Unit - 7



Warm Up

Solve the crossword using the list of words and the clues.



Investigations



infer
observe
examine
revealed
inconceivable
aspects
link
detective
inquisitive
inspect
conclude
inquiry
analyze
mental
deduce
investigate

Across

2. a question
5. unimaginable
6. to examine all the parts of something in order to understand it
9. to look into a situation (often a crime, but it can also be a mystery)
12. a connection; one part of a chain
14. to notice or watch
15. to figure out something unknown by considering all its known aspects and reasoning it through
16. to consider the evidence and then decide what is true or correct (OR to end something)

Down

1. curious; wants to understand things
3. related to the mind
4. a person whose job is to find or recognize the hidden information needed to solve a crime
7. to look closely at something
8. shown or made known
10. different sides or ways of looking at something
11. to make a logical guess that something is true based on the evidence, although the evidence is not clear enough to be absolutely certain
13. to look at something carefully to find problems or specific information



A Dilemma

Silas Weir Mitchell

Supplementary

I was just thirty-seven when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother. He was an inventor, an able and **ingenious** mechanical engineer, and had much money by his improvement in turbine-wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies and pearls. From the time he made his first money he had this **mania**. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month and now and then took it out and looked at it. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.



At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.



When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a **malicious** grin:

"I suppose you think me **queer**. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, concentric half of my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my precious stones; they will be yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My jewels are in my safe. There is nothing else left".

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."



I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to put him away in the earth. As I rose to go, he said:

“The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trust company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box.” I thought this odd. “Don’t come back. It won’t hasten things.”

He died that day next week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide and ten inches high.



On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:



“DEAR TOM: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are hundreds of pearls—one the famous green pearl and a necklace of blue pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections.” I thought of Susan. “I wish you to continue to have expectations and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother’s son,—yes, rather more. “The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate man, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don’t forget your affectionate

UNCLE”

I stood **appalled**, the key in my hand. Was it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man’s **oddity**, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I began to feel how very likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the **closet**.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way.

After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer. For hours at a time I sat looking at that box and handling the key.

At last I hung the key on my watch-guard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this, I hid it, fearful that someone might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to that box. A burglar might come and boldly carry it away and force it open and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by the heavy vans in the street became at last a terror.

Worst of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch about my dilemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies. He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none that would not ruin the stones, especially the pearls, but that it was a silly tale and altogether **incredible**. I offered him the biggest ruby if he wished to test his opinion. He did not desire to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by this time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but **contrive** wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite.





Indeed, I talked of it until the library attendants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was “shadowed” as a suspicious, and possibly criminal, character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shake needed to explode my box.

The old doctor, when I saw him again, begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one **despotic** idea, I tried to take the good advice thus given me.

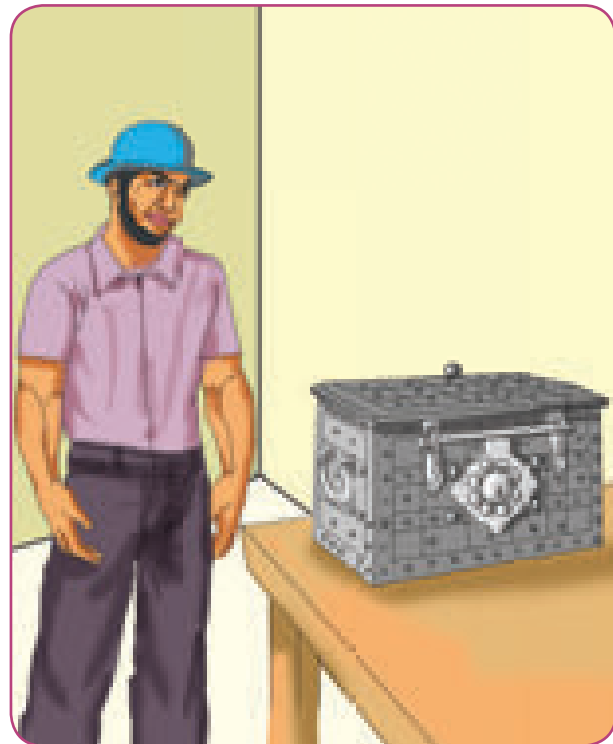
Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle’s Bible, a numbered list of the stones with their cost and much beside. It was dated two years before my uncle’s death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous “Sunset ruby,” which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the “Blood ruby,” not, as was explained, because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned. Now, as I read, it seemed again to threaten death.

The pearls were described with care as an unequalled collection. Concerning two of them my uncle had written what I

might call biographies—for, indeed, they seemed to have done much evil and some good. One, a black pearl, was mentioned in an old bill of sale as—She—which seemed queer to me.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth “beyond the dreams of **avarice**.” I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd about many of my notions as to how to solve this riddle.



At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject anyone else to the trial I dared not face? I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-bye to my rubies. Mine, indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable that, I at last carried my troubles to my father

confessor. He thought it simply a cruel **jest** of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box.

He, too, counselled me to cease thinking about it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it. Not to think about it was impossible. Neither my own thought nor science nor religion had been able to assist me.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I advertised in the Journal of Science, and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror in a safe, in a bank, I was promptly desired to withdraw it. I was in constant fear of burglars, and my landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the

house with that box. I am now advised to print my story and await advice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box and changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, they were reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's letter. Then I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. That man said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will and left my rubies and pearls to the Society for the Preservation of Human **Vivisection**. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation:

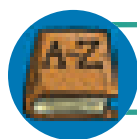


Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, and to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it – what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

About the author:



Silas Weir Mitchell (1829-1914) was a neurologist by profession. He was among the famous physicians of his time and a prolific writer of both scientific and literary works. He was born in Philadelphia, studied at the University of Pennsylvania and received the degree of M.D. in 1850. He is considered the father of neurology as well as a pioneer in scientific medicine. He published more than 25 literary titles and his medical experiences and background enabled him to write historical fiction with much psychological insight. Many honorary degrees were conferred upon him by several Universities at home and abroad. The American Academy of Neurology award for young researchers is named after him.



Glossary

ingenious (adj.) - clever, original and inventive

mania (n) - an extensive, persistent desire, an obsession

malicious (adj.) - spiteful, intended to harm or upset someone

queer (adj.) - strange, odd

appalled (adj.) - horrified, shocked

oddity (n) - the quality being strange or peculiar

closet (n) - cupboard

incredible (adj.) - impossible to believe

contrive (v) - cook up, hatch a plan by deliberate use of skills

despotic (adj.) - tyrannical, autocratic

avarice (n) - extreme greed for wealth

jest (n) - a joke

vivisection (n) - a surgery conducted on a living organism for experimental purposes.

A. Read the given lines carefully and identify the character / speaker:



1. I suppose you think me queer. I will explain.
2. Don't come back. It won't hasten things.
3. He thought it simply a cruel jest.
4. He did not desire to do so.
5. He would think it over and come back later.



B. Based on your understanding of the story, answer the following briefly.

1. What did the uncle do as soon as he bought a stone?
2. What did the uncle bequeath to the narrator?
3. What was the condition laid by the uncle to inherit his property?
4. Why do you think Tom happily looked forward to the expenditure for his uncle's funeral?
5. Write a few words about the mechanism used in the iron box.
6. What was the counsel offered to the narrator?
7. Why and when was the narrator shocked?
8. What was the doctor's warning to Tom?
9. Why didn't Tom dare to assign the task of unlocking the box to someone?

C. Answer the questions given below in a paragraph of 150 words.

1. Describe briefly the contents of the letter written by Tom's uncle.
2. Explain the efforts taken by Tom to open the iron box? Did he succeed? Why?

D. Fill in the blanks with the right option and write down the summary of the story 'A dilemma'.

1. The narrator was sent for, by his uncle when he was _____.
(on his deathbed / on his travels / in his workplace)

2. The uncle had collected precious _____. (jewels / stones / articles)
3. His uncle announced Tom as his heir and wanted him to pay for his _____. (rented house / marriage / funeral)
4. Leaving an iron box for Tom, his uncle instructed him not to _____ the box. (throw / carry / shake)
5. The letter read that the box contained _____.
(a sensitive dynamite / jewels / money)
6. He started thinking of all possible ways to open the box without being _____.
(wounded / killed / maimed)
7. He planned to explode the box at _____ but dropped the plan in fear of losing the rubies. (home / a safe distance / a waste land)
8. His consultation with _____ did not yield him any fruitful solution.
(Uncle Philip / Professor Clinch / Susan)
9. He failed in his attempts to open the box. His efforts to read about explosives led to (hopes / confusions / suspicions) and he had to change his _____.
(name and occupation / lodgings / appearance)
10. At last, he bequeathed the box to _____. (his offspring / his friends / the Society)