

Interact in English

LITERATURE READER

*A Textbook for English Course
(Communicative)*

COMPETITIVE
BOOK
GOVT. Board
and NCERT

All Books With Solutions

Class-IX



CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

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and NCERT

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Foreword - 2009

The English Communicative Curriculum was implemented in Class-IX in the academic session 1993-94. The books were revised in 1995, 1997 and 2003 as a result of the feedback received from students, teachers and ELT professionals.

After more than 15 years in use, it was felt that the course needs a revision to make it more relevant and attuned to the needs of today's students.

The Board received feedback from teachers teaching in various school systems i.e. independent schools, Kendriya Vidyalaya Sangathan and Navodaya Vidyalaya Sangathan in large numbers which suggested that a change was already overdue.

This revision, unlike the other revisions, has been more comprehensive and in case of the three books for students i.e. the Literature Reader, Main Course Book and the Work Book, many chapters have been changed.

In the Literature Book, the four stories in the Fiction Section have been changed and five new stories have been added. Two poems have been changed and one play has been replaced.

The extracts selected have been taken with the purpose of making students think on their own and inculcating in them the life skills necessary for facing the challenges of the present as well as the future.

It has been ensured that pieces of literary merit and interest are included in the selection. The overall approach and design has been retained. However the number of exercises has been increased. Exercises have been modified to cater to the new revised Continuous and Comprehensive Evaluation scheme that has been introduced by the CBSE this year.

In the Main Course Book most of the units have been revised. Though the units remain the same, topics have been changed. Topics with resonance in contemporary society like the story about the first female pilot, conservation of species in the wild etc have been added in the Main Course Book.

The Workbook too has been revised comprehensively and now includes more exercises. Multiple Choice Questions have been added wherever necessary.

The Board would like to acknowledge with thanks the guidance provided by Professor Kapil Kapoor, Convenor of the English Subject Committee for the revision work. I'd like to thank the members of the revision team who have consistently helped in revising and producing the material for this book. I'd also like to express my appreciation for the guidance and support provided by Dr. Sadhana Parashar, Education Officer and Ms Menaxi Jain, Assistant Education Officer for coordinating the revision work.

Vineet Joshi (IAS)

Chairman & Secretary
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We express our gratitude to the writers and publishers whose contributions have been included in this book. Copyright permission for use of this material has been applied for, however information on copyright permission for some of the material could not be found. We would be grateful for information for the same.

FICTION

"How I Taught My Grandmother To Read", by Sudha Murty

"A Dog Named Duke", by William D Ellis

"The Man Who Knew Too Much", by Alexander Baron.

"Keeping It From Harold", by P.G. Wodehouse from **'The Funny Bone'**
New Humorous Stories compiled by Lady Cynthia Asquith, Jurdus Publishers, London

"Best Seller", by O. Henry

POETRY

"The Brook", by Alfred Lord Tennyson

"The Road Not Taken", by Robert Frost

"The Solitary Reaper", by William Wordsworth.

"Lord Ullin's Daughter", by Thomas Campbell

"Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth", by Pam Ayres from **Poetry Magic Book 6**,
Edited by Keki N Daruwalla, Ratna Sagar, 2005

"Song of the Rain", by Kahlil Gibran

DRAMA

"Villa for Sale", by Sacha Guitry from **Six One Act Plays**, Edited by Maurice Stanford, Orient Longman, 1997

"The Bishop's Candlesticks", by Norman Mckinnell

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THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a **SOVEREIGN SOCIALIST SECULAR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC** and to secure to all its citizens :

JUSTICE, social, economic and political;

LIBERTY of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

EQUALITY of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all

FRATERNITY assuring the dignity of the individual and the ¹[unity and integrity of the Nation];

IN OUR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY this twenty-sixth day of November, 1949, do **HEREBY ADOPT, ENACT AND GIVE TO OURSELVES THIS CONSTITUTION.**

1. Subs. by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendment) Act. 1976, sec. 2, for "Sovereign Democratic Republic (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)
2. Subs. by the Constitution (Forty-Second Amendment) Act. 1976, sec. 2, for "unity of the Nation (w.e.f. 3.1.1977)

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

Chapter IV A

Fundamental Duties

ARTICLE 51A

Fundamental Duties - It shall be the duty of every citizen of India-

- (a) to abide by the Constitution and respect its ideals and institutions, the National Flag and the National Anthem;
- (b) to cherish and follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom;
- (c) to uphold and protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India;
- (d) to defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so;
- (e) To promote harmony and the spirit of common brotherhood amongst all the people of India transcending religious, linguistic and regional or sectional diversities; to renounce practices derogatory to the dignity of women;
- (f) to value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture;
- (g) to protect and improve the natural environment including forests, lakes, rivers, wild life and to have compassion for living creatures;
- (h) to develop the scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform;
- (i) to safeguard public property and to abjure violence;
- (j) to strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement.

भारत का संविधान

उद्देशिका

हम, भारत के लोग, भारत को एक [सम्पूर्ण प्रभुत्व-संपन्न समाजवादी पंथनिरपेक्ष लोकतंत्रात्मक गणराज्य] बनाने के लिए, तथा उसके समस्त नागरिकों को:

सामाजिक, आर्थिक और राजनैतिक न्याय,

विचार, अभिव्यक्ति, विश्वास, धर्म

और उपासना की स्वतंत्रता,

प्रतिष्ठा और अवसर की समता

प्राप्त कराने के लिए, तथा उन सब में, व्यक्ति की गरिमा और [राष्ट्र की एकता और अखण्डता] सुनिश्चित करने वाली बंधुता बढ़ाने के लिए दृढ़संकल्प होकर अपनी इस संविधान सभा में आज तारीख 26 नवम्बर, 1949 ई० को एतद्वारा इस संविधान को अंगीकृत, अधिनियमित और आत्मार्पित करते हैं।

1. संविधान (बयालीसवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 1976 की धारा 2 द्वारा (3.1.1977) से “प्रभुत्व-संपन्न लोकतंत्रात्मक गणराज्य” के स्थान पर प्रतिस्थापित।
2. संविधान (बयालीसवां संशोधन) अधिनियम, 1976 की धारा 2 द्वारा (3.1.1977 से), “राष्ट्र की एकता” के स्थान पर प्रतिस्थापित।

भाग 4 क

मूल कर्तव्य

51 क. मूल कर्तव्य - भारत के प्रत्येक नागरिक का यह कर्तव्य होगा कि वह -

- (क) संविधान का पालन करे और उसके आदर्शों, संस्थाओं, राष्ट्रध्वज और राष्ट्रगान का आदर करे;
- (ख) स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे राष्ट्रीय आंदोलन को प्रेरित करने वाले उच्च आदर्शों को हृदय में संजोए रखे और उनका पालन करे;
- (ग) भारत की प्रभुता, एकता और अखंडता की रक्षा करे और उसे अक्षुण्ण रखे;
- (घ) देश की रक्षा करे और आह्वान किए जाने पर राष्ट्र की सेवा करे;
- (ङ) भारत के सभी लोगों में समरसता और समान भ्रातृत्व की भावना का निर्माण करे जो धर्म, भाषा और प्रदेश या वर्ग पर आधारित सभी भेदभाव से परे हों, ऐसी प्रथाओं का त्याग करे जो स्त्रियों के सम्मान के विरुद्ध हैं;
- (च) हमारी सामासिक संस्कृति की गौरवशाली परंपरा का महत्त्व समझे और उसका परीक्षण करे;
- (छ) प्राकृतिक पर्यावरण की जिसके अंतर्गत वन, झील, नदी, और वन्य जीव हैं, रक्षा करे और उसका संवर्धन करे तथा प्राणिमात्र के प्रति दयाभाव रखे;
- (ज) वैज्ञानिक दृष्टिकोण, मानववाद और ज्ञानार्जन तथा सुधार की भावना का विकास करे;
- (झ) सार्वजनिक संपत्ति को सुरक्षित रखे और हिंसा से दूर रहे;
- (ञ) व्यक्तिगत और सामूहिक गतिविधियों के सभी क्षेत्रों में उत्कर्ष की ओर बढ़ने का सतत प्रयास करे जिससे राष्ट्र निरंतर बढ़ते हुए प्रयत्न और उपलब्धि की नई उंचाइयों को छू ले।

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Dear Students

Why do you think we read Literature?

Have you ever wondered why we read Literature? We do so in order to understand, appreciate and enjoy what immensely talented men and women over the centuries have put in writing for our benefit - emotions, moving experiences, suspense, creative use of language, great issues etc. As we read, we make a personal response to the piece of Literature concerned - relating its substance to our own personal experience, or to laugh, to cry, or simply to enjoy. With this in mind, the selections of poetry, fiction and drama in this Literature Reader by a variety of authors writing in English, are on a variety of themes and in a variety of literary styles. Through this Reader, we hope that you will develop your interest in such pieces, and will develop your skills in reading and appreciating poetry, fiction and drama. In particular, you will learn the essential features of these different types of Literature - for example, you will learn to study character, how a plot develops, and "*what makes poetry poetry*".

Like the Main Coursebook, this Literature Reader also carries pieces which have been identified and selected with a bearing on social issues and universal values. In other words, the literary pieces remind us all of the importance of values such as telling the truth, good health, respect for older people, and the role of law and order.

It is our hope that your reading of Literature will not be restricted to the Literature Reader alone, but that you will be stimulated to read poetry, fiction and drama outside the classroom, and also later in adult life.

What does this Literature Reader contain?

- * poetry - seven poems
- * fiction - five short stories
- * drama - two plays

These are merely a sample, the basic purpose of the Reader is to facilitate young readers to develop a love for reading and literature which is sustained for life long learning.

How much time should be spent on this Literature Reader?

Since Literature forms 25% of the Class IX assessment, it will take about 25% of your English classes and related homework. In particular, at times your teacher may ask you to read some of the longer pieces for home work, a day or so before they are introduced in class.

What types of questions and activities are there in the Literature Reader and in the examination?

The question-types and activities for each piece in the Literature Reader are largely

1. fairly simple comprehension questions and other activities, to activate and develop your understanding.
2. activities that lead you to infer, analyse and evaluate what you are reading.
3. activities that ask you to make a personal and/or a creative response to what you have just been reading.

In fact, these are the types of questions and activities you will meet in the examination. The Literature Reader thus helps to develop your enjoyment and appreciation of Literature in English.

What is the teacher's role?

We have said earlier that this Reader is to help you "*to understand, appreciate and enjoy*" Literature. But your teacher alone cannot make you understand, appreciate and enjoy: you have to develop these skills yourself, by the way you approach the pieces selected. Your teacher will certainly encourage, stimulate and support you, and will manage class activities to assist in every way possible. But your understanding, appreciation and enjoyment will not grow if your teacher simply explains to you everything about the literary piece concerned. You must personally explore and interpret the piece, express a point of view, and justify it. Your teacher will frequently set up activities, monitor them and hold a class review. This does not mean that he or she will never give explanations: they will be given whenever there is a need to do so.

But you should be prepared to take as much personal responsibility as you can for your own learning.

This will be more effective and more enjoyable for you!

What do we mean by "personal response"?

Personal response means how we, as individuals, interpret and react to something in a piece of Literature. This is particularly true of poetry, where the poet's choice of language and treatment of theme can give rise to a variety of shades of interpretation -depending on who we are, our previous experiences, what we feel about the subject-matter etc. With this in mind, do not look for a fixed "right or wrong" response to certain questions and activities. Remember that it is your personal response to the poem, short story or play that makes reading Literature so enjoyable.

If you turn to your workbook, and look at Question 16 in the Literature Section of the two sample papers, you will understand more clearly what is meant by "personal response".

The CD

All the poems have been recorded. As you listen you will gain a greater understanding and appreciation of a poem - particularly features such as rhythm, rhyme and mood. It is therefore hoped that the effect will be more striking and longer-lasting.

The Fiction Pieces

The five short stories are by Indian and non-Indian writers and have been chosen for their interest-level and for the values and social issues that they portray.

The Importance of Dramatising the Plays

Plays, of course, are intended to be dramatised, not simply read. Therefore, the final activity for each is a dramatisation. If you can memorise your lines, so much the better; if not, then a dramatised reading will do. Often the audience will be the rest of the class. There are three principal features in drama

**** How you speak your part***

In drama, voice is very important. For example, emotions are expressed by raising or lowering the voice, by speaking with more force or less force, by varying the pace at which you speak. To use your voice appropriately, you will need to "know" your character thoroughly, through careful study of the character's line and study of stage directions.

**** How you move***

Drama is mobile - involving physical movement, gestures, facial expressions, etc. All these should be done in as natural a manner as possible. Stage directions will give you appropriate advice.

**** Costumes, Props, Lights and Music***

These are also important features of a dramatisation. Even simple clothes and props can make a significant contribution in making the play "come alive" for the audience.

We very much hope that you enjoy this Literature Reader.

Editors

ପ୍ରଥମ ରୁ ଦ୍ଵାଦଶ

ANNEXURE

and NCERT

All Books With Solutions

OBS

KNOW - AS YOU GROW

Text for Listening Tasks

F.1 How I Taught My Grandmother to Read, by Sudha Murthy

7. *Now you are going to listen to the story of a young girl about a special day.*

One day our teacher announced that there was a surprise awaiting us the next day. We were asked to get whatever little pocket money we could.

The next day our teacher said, 'Today is 'Grand Parents Day' and you all will be meeting many grandparents who have no family with them. Yes, we were going to an Old Age Home. On the way we bought a nice big Cake, Chart Paper and Balloons. We all entered an old, big building. Later we were taken into a Hall and were allowed to decorate it.

We blew balloons and hung them around the hall. We cut out Chart Papers, wrote quotes, drew pictures and stuck them on the wall. Then came in all the grey haired sweethearts, some alone some couples, some in groups. They all got themselves seated on the chairs.

Then it was our turn. Robert, who was a good speaker, greeted them and told them that we had come along to make their day a little special. We all gathered in front and started singing songs for them. Most of the people were Single Grandparents whose spouses had expired. The other few were couples; many of them were smiling and singing along too. But there were few, who sat without any expression. While some of us sang the others sat beside them and spoke to them.

Two of us cut the cake into several pieces to be distributed. But we were informed by the caretaker that there were diabetic people amongst them and they couldn't have sweet. But we coaxed him so much that he eventually agreed. We distributed the cakes to everybody. Most of them had sparkling eyes and were so excited on seeing the forbidden delicacy. Many of them almost missed their grand children. One of them told me that her son was in the U.S. and found it difficult to look after her, so left her at this Home.

While returning home we realized that our grandparents spend an old age of loneliness and insecurity. They spend their second childhood in their old age. Most of the ones in old age Homes do not complain. It is left to us to decide how happy their old age can be. We do not need any special day to make them feel their worth. If you have never told them how much you love them, say it before it's too late.



F.2 A Dog Named Duke, by William D. Ellis

8. *Listen to an excerpt from a news telecast on a national channel carefully and complete the table given below.*

Brave Hearts

Manish Bansal of Jind in Haryana, who along with his older brother helped nab armed miscreants who had broken into their home, and Kritika Jhanwar of Rajasthan who also fought off robbers are among the 20 who will be hosted by President Pratibha Patil at a reception in Rashtrapati Bhavan. As part of the awards, financial assistance under the Indira Gandhi Scholarship Scheme is provided to those undertaking professional courses. For others, this assistance is provided till they complete their graduation. The centre has reserved some seats for awardees in medical and engineering colleges and polytechnics.

A 12-year-old boy who played a vital role in identifying the terrorists who planted bombs in Delhi, a 13-year-old who saved lives by raising an alarm over a faulty railway track, and a 14-year-old who dodged marriage to a 40-year-old are among the 20 children chosen to receive the National Bravery Awards for 2008.

The names of these brave-hearts, who will be felicitated by the Prime Minister later this month, were announced by the Indian Council for Child Welfare's President, Gita Siddharth, here on Saturday.

The prestigious Sanjay Chopra and Geeta Chopra Awards have gone to young saumik Mishra from Uttar Pradesh, who foiled a theft attempt, and Prachi Santosh Sen of Madhya Pradesh, who saved four children from electrocution. Prachi, however, was grievously injured and had her fingers amputated.

Kavita Kanwar from Chhattisgarh gets the Bapu Gaidhani Award posthumously. Along with Seema Kanwar, Kavita had saved the lives of three inmates who were caught in a kitchen fire in the Adivasi Kanya Ashram.

Asu Kanwar of Jodhpur in Rajasthan was also selected for the Bapu Gaidhani Award. Asu put up a stiff fight against being married off to a 40-year-old farmer in exchange for money. The girl opposed the match for two years and was finally saved by the intervention of a self-help group that in turn approached the District Women Development Agency to get the wedding called off.

Balloon seller Rahul, who hit the headlines after he identified the men who planted bombs on Barakhamba Road in the national Capital on September 13 last year, was awarded for his exemplary courage. Rahul, a prime eyewitness to the blasts, provided vital information about the suspects to the police. His statement helped the police make sketches of the suspects.

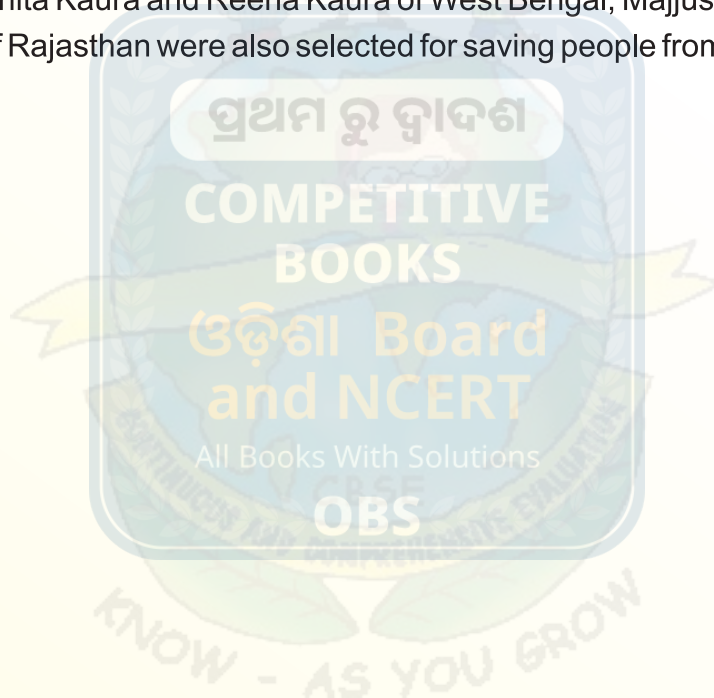


M. Marudu Pandi of Dindigul in Tamil Nadu was chosen for the honour for showing presence of mind and alerting railway officials about a fracture in the rail track and averting an accident.

Six-year-old twins from Bangalore, Gagan and Bhoomika J. Murthy, were rewarded for saving the life of a baby caught in a bull fight. The children, unmindful of the threat to their own lives, rescued the baby even as the crowds watched the bull fight.

Silver Kharbani of Meghalaya, who saved the life of her young cousin trapped in a fire, will also be one of the 20 children who will get pride of place in the Republic Day Parade here on January 26 atop an elephant.

Yumkhaibam Addison Singh from Manipur was chosen for rescuing an eight-year-old from drowning in a pond, while Vishal Suryaji Patil from Maharashtra was awarded for rescuing a woman and her child from drowning. Shahanshah of Uttar Pradesh, Dinu K.G. of Kerala, Anita Kaura and Reena Kaura of West Bengal, Majjusha A of Kerala and Hina Quereshi of Rajasthan were also selected for saving people from drowning.



F.4 Keeping it from Harold, by P.G. Wodehouse

7. *IGN Interviews Kane*

Chris: Do you spend any of your free time playing Xbox Live?

Kane: Not so much online anymore, because I live in an area where I don't get broadband, I get satellite. I used to play Halo 2 and Ghost Recon online quite a bit.

Chris: What other games do you play?

Kane: Right now I'm playing THQ's Raw vs. Smackdown! 2006, our game on the PSP. I'm not actually playing all that much console stuff because I've been on the road quite a bit...

Chris: Do you always play as yourself?

Kane: Yeah.

Chris: Are you going to be at the Wrestlemania?

Kane: Oh yeah.

Chris: Do you know who you're going to face?

Kane: Not yet.

Chris: Seems to be back in the day, there used to be a lot of tag teams, especially back in the Eighties. It seems like that's fallen off. Why do you think that is?

Kane: I don't know. You're right, I think. I was watching a videotape of I'm not sure what year it was... I think it was Summer Slam. It was The Rock and Shawn Michaels and Marty Jannetty and stuff, The Quebecers. It was just different, because it was a tag team match and you don't see that much anymore. I don't know the reason for that. I just don't know. I think you're right to some extent.

Chris: When you were in college, were you always aspiring to be a wrestler?

Kane: Yeah. I remember when I was a kid, I was a wrestling fan, and then actually my local stations didn't broadcast it for awhile, and then when I got back into college that's when Hulk Hogan was at the height of his career, so I became a wrestling fan again. I was very active in college. I wanted to play athletics and then I looked at wrestling as being a viable option to do that.

Chris: Was Hogan the person who inspired you, or were there others?

Kane: Oh no. You had Hulk Hogan, Randy Savage, Ricky Steamboat, Ric Flair and the Four Horsemen, all those guys. Actually, when I was first getting into wrestling, the Undertaker was my favourite. Remember when he was building caskets for people and things like that. That was just classic... just awesome.

Chris: Did that play any role in being cast as his half-brother?



Kane: No, that didn't. But I think it did play a role in the success that Kane has had, especially the way that I was introduced as the Undertaker's brother and all that, because I could relate to that. It was pretty natural for me.

Chris: **How has the WWE changed in the past ten years?**

Kane: In some ways, we've gone through an evolution. Actually, the biggest thing I see, from when I first started with the company is that our television product—we've become more and more television driven, and our television products have become stronger. When I first started with the company, the format of the show was a lot different than it is now. A lot of that was because of competition from formerly WCW. You know, we were able to overcome that... I think our television product's stronger. We've gone on to some of the best years the business has ever seen and it'll continue. I think the striking thing for me is that the television product has gone through such an evolution.

Chris: **Are you happy with the way your character is shaping up?**

Kane: Yeah, I've always been happy. Infact, it's been tremendous; more than I can ever hope for.

Chris: **Were you scarier with the mask?**

Kane: I get that question all the time. Actually I prefer it without the mask because as a performer I'm unlimited in what I can do, whereas with the mask I rely a lot more on body language. But, by the same token, the mask had a certain aura about it, there was mystery and all that stuff. I like it without the mask, but like you said, a lot of people like the mask, so it just depends... Of course, there are days, too, where I like the mask better. [Laughter]

Chris: Bret Hart is being inducted into the Hall of Fame. What's your favourite Bret Hart memory?

Kane: Oh wow! I guess it would be the culmination when he beat Ric Flair for the World Championship, because that's the accumulation of someone's career. I'm glad to see Bret going into the Hall of Fame; I'm glad to see that happening.

Chris: **With everything you've done in the world of wrestling, what more do you think you have left to accomplish?**

Kane: I don't think I have anything left to accomplish, but the important thing for me is that I'm still having fun and that the people are entertained, and it's really gratifying for me now that our fans come up to me, and because I've stood the test of time, they have a respect for me. I may not be the hottest wrestler at the time, but I always know that people are going to be with me because they've sort of grown up with me. So, I don't necessarily know that I've got a whole lot left to accomplish, but I'm still enjoying myself and I'm still entertaining the people, which to me is something basically you need to accomplish every night.



F.5 Best Seller, by O. Henry

LISTENING TASK

4. **The teacher will read out a book review to you. Pay careful attention and answer the questions given below**

- a. The name of the book.
- b. Number in book series
- c. Genre
- d. Main characters
- e. Plot.....
- f. Events
- g. Language

I confess to not (yet) having read the first "*Harry Potter*" book, '*Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone*', and so I can say with certainty that it is not necessary to read that book in order to fully enjoy the second one. This book has sturdy enough legs to more than ably stand on its own. It is a book filled with the writer's imagination, so much so that it cannot help but in turn spur the imagination of the young who read it. I enjoyed it as an adult but found myself wondering how much more I would enjoy it if I was as old as its "*target*" audience. Perhaps much more. I recall reading (and being enraptured by) the old "*Wizard of Oz*" books by L. Frank Baum (there are many, not just one), feeling that I was right there in Oz beside all the wonderful characters, sharing fully in their adventures. There's no doubt that the youngsters reading *Harry Potter* feel that they, too, are walking the halls of Hogwarts (Harry's school) beside him. I'm a bit jealous of that power of young imagination, much of which we shed as we get older.

'*Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*' opens with Harry pining for the end of summer recess so that he can return to Hogwarts. It is there where his friends are, and it is there that he is happy. There is no happiness in the home in which he lives with his uncle and aunt, the Dursleys, where he is in general looked down upon and mistreated. Harry's own parents are deceased and he has been taken in by his uncle and aunt, who treat him as a second-rate citizen, shades of Cinderella. They might even treat him worse than they do except that they fear his powers of magic.

There is as much humour in '*Chamber of Secrets*' as there is imagination. Harry is told by his uncle (on Harry's birthday no less) to go to his room and there remain perfectly quiet while the Dursleys entertain some guests. While in his room, Harry is visited by Dobby, an elf-like creature who warns Harry not to return to Hogwarts as danger awaits everyone there.



Dobby, not the quiet type, begins to make a racket, much to Harry's profound dismay. Harry attempts (and fails) to keep him quiet. Needless to say, the Dursleys are ultimately not happy with Harry as much (humorous) destruction occurs.

With Dobby's warning to Harry that danger awaits him in Hogwarts, the book becomes as much a mystery as a fantasy. Once in school again, there are signs (literally scrawled messages on the wall) that the Chamber of secrets will again be opened and the evil contained therein again set loose. Children are later frozen (shades of Medusa) and very nearly killed by something unseen crawling the halls of the school. It is up to Harry and his friends, Ron and Hermione, to discover what it is and to stop it.

As with most good mysteries, the culprit is a surprise. The battle that occurs in the hidden chamber of secrets at the end is quite intense and might be extremely frightening to sensitive (and younger) children. It feels almost as though Stephen King donated a few lethal paragraphs to the book's ending. Still, the "classic" fairytales have children almost eaten by wolves or thrown into ovens to be cooked and so it could be said that J.K. Rowling is merely returning to the classic form of children's storytelling. But for those parents who might not want their children to read such intense scenes, be forewarned.

Along the way, there are enough surprises and imaginative details thrown in as would normally fill five lesser books. There is the magic way Harry is supposed to travel to school (on the subway platform) and then, when he fails to make his train, the adventure with the flying car, culminating with the Whomping Willow's distress. The subjects of portraits on the walls in Hogwarts now and then disappear to have their hair done or spruce themselves up in some other way. One ghost haunts nothing else but a girl's bathroom in the school, and a wonderful diary that can write back to you as you make entries - like having a friend in your pocket, as one character says. A broken wand creates (inadvertently) many incorrect (and funny) circumstances as magic spells backfire, and one egotistical teacher's lack of talent quite often does the same. There is the magic of "Floo powder," by which a wizard can travel anywhere through the fireplaces of buildings as long as one states the destination clearly (if not, who knows where you'll end up, what hearth you'll tumble out of?) and clocks that have no numbers but rather say things like: "time to make tea" or simply "you're late". It is all of the details (those mentioned here and many more) that truly make 'Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets' a wonderful book, a book that is a pleasure for adults to read but which will for a child prove to be a true and memorable joy.



P.6 Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth, by Pam Ayres

6. *Listen to the Conversation between Doki and his sister, Moki. As you listen, complete the idioms listed below.*

Toothache

Doki : Oh! I'm in agony. I didn't sleep a wink last night!

Moki : Why don't you go to a dentist?

Doki : Even thinking about the dentist's waiting room gives me the willies.

Moki : It's because you haven't been to a dentist for ages.

Doki : What a reassuring person you are!

Moki : I'm now going to get mum. She'll only crack the whip and make you go to the dentist.

Doki : No, No! I'd better go with you. At least you'd save me from going into the surgery.

Moki : I can only take the horse to the water but I can't make it drink! I'm sure, you're going to turn tail and go home.

Doki : Don't worry, I shall be led quietly into the dentist like a lamb because my tooth is so sore.

Moki : If that happens, I would believe that wonders will never cease!

Doki : I wish I had taken proper care of my teeth!

Moki : I wish you had paid attention to the discipline that mom had laid for all of us!

Doki : Yeah! But past can't be undone. I have to reap what I had sown.



P.7 Song of the Rain, by Kahlil Gibran

6. 'Ode to Autumn' is a beautiful poem written by the famous poet John Keats. Listen to an excerpt from the poem and pick phrases which personify autumn.

Ode to Autumn

John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

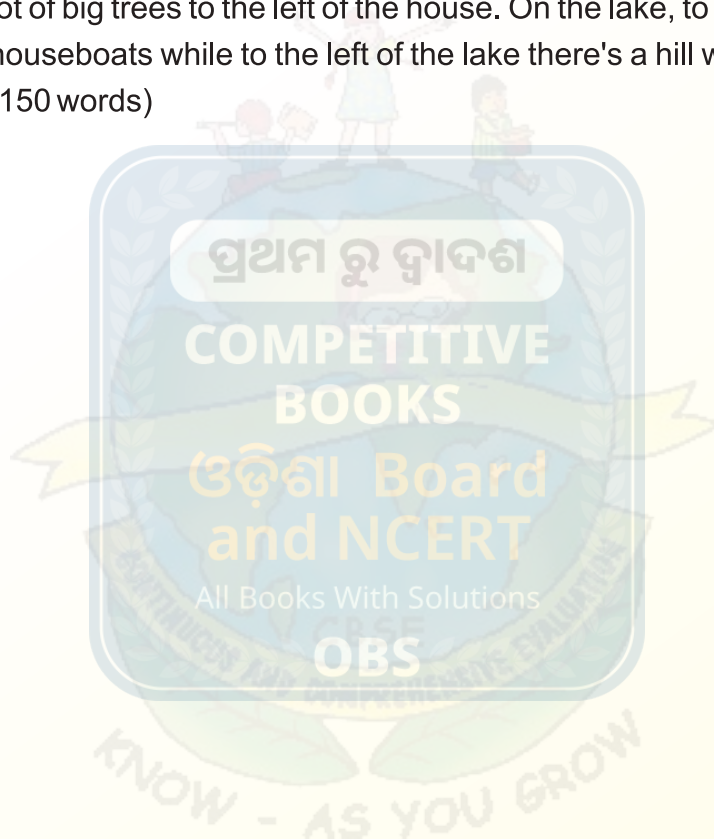


D.1 Villa for Sale, by Sacha Guitry

8. *Listen carefully to the description of a villa on sale. Based on the information, draw the sketch of the villa being described.*

There's an island in the middle of a lake. In the middle of the island there's a two floor villa. The stark white color of the villa is toned by the rows of palm trees and shrubs in the front lawn. The red roof with a green chimney compliments the multi-colored flowers that greet a person as the big door and four windows on the ground floor open. In the corner of the lawn, there is an enclosed area for the birds. In the backyard there is a huge tree, beside the small pool, under which I have placed a relaxing chair.

There're a lot of big trees to the left of the house. On the lake, to the right of island there is a row of houseboats while to the left of the lake there's a hill with a lighthouse on the top. (About 150 words)



FICTION

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OBS

KNOW - AS YOU GROW

F. 1 How I Taught My Grandmother To Read

by Sudha Murty

1. **Write about the following memories or experiences. Share your views with the class.**

- i) A memorable holiday spent with your grandmother
- ii) A story told by your grandmother
- iii) The things you admire the most about your grandmother
- iv) The difference between your mother and your grandmother

2. **Have you ever been on a trip to any place in India, where you didn't know the language spoken locally? How did you feel? How did you manage to communicate?**

3. **Now read the text**

1. When I was a girl of about twelve, I used to stay in a village in north Karnataka with my grandparents. Those days, the transport system was not very good, so we used to get the morning paper only in the afternoon. The weekly magazine used to come one day late. All of us would wait eagerly for the bus, which used to come with the papers, weekly magazines and the post.
2. At that time, Triveni was a very popular writer in the Kannada language. She was a wonderful writer. Her style was easy to read and very convincing. Her stories usually dealt with complex psychological problems in the lives of ordinary people and were always very interesting. Unfortunately for Kannada literature, she died very young. Even now, after forty years, people continue to appreciate her novels.
3. One of her novels, called *Kashi Yatre*, was appearing as a serial in the Kannada weekly *Karmaveera* then. It is the story of an old lady and her **ardent** desire to go to Kashi or Varanasi. Most Hindus believe that going to Kashi and worshipping Lord Vishweshwara is the ultimate *punya*. This old lady also believed in this, and



her struggle to go there was described in that novel. In the story, there was also a young orphan girl who falls in love but there was no money for the wedding. In the end, the old lady gives away all her savings without going to Kashi. She says, 'The happiness of this orphan girl is more important than worshipping Lord Vishweshwara at Kashi.'

4. My grandmother, Krishtakka, never went to school so she could not read. Every Wednesday, the magazine would come and I would read the next episode of this story to her. During that time, she would forget all her work and listen with the greatest concentration. Later, she could repeat the entire text by heart. My grandmother too never went to Kashi, and she identified herself with the novel's protagonist. So more than anybody else she was the one most interested in knowing what happened next in the story and used to insist that I read the serial out to her.
5. After hearing what happened next in *Kashi Yatre*, she would join her friends at the temple courtyard where we children would also gather to play hide and seek. She would discuss the latest episode with her friends. At that time, I never understood why there was so much of debate about the story.
6. Once I went for a wedding with my cousins to the neighbouring village. In those days, a wedding was a great event. We children enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We would eat and play endlessly, **savouring** the freedom because all the elders were busy. I went for a couple of days but ended up staying there for a week.
7. When I came back to my village, I saw my grandmother in tears. I was surprised, for I had never seen her cry even in the most difficult situations. What had happened? I was worried.
8. 'Avva, is everything all right? Are you ok?'
9. I used to call her Avva, which means mother in the Kannada spoken in north Karnataka.
10. She nodded but did not reply. I did not understand and forgot about it. In the night, after dinner, we were sleeping in the open terrace of the house. It was a summer night and there was a full moon. Avva came and sat next to me. Her affectionate hands touched my forehead. I realized she wanted to speak. I asked her, 'What is the matter?'
11. 'When I was a young girl I lost my mother. There was nobody to look after and guide me. My father was a busy man and got married again. In those days people never considered education essential for girls, so I never went to school. I got



married very young and had children. I became very busy. Later I had grandchildren and always felt so much happiness in cooking and feeding all of you. At times I used to regret not going to school, so I made sure that my children and grandchildren studied well ...'

12. I could not understand why my sixty-two-year-old grandmother was telling me, a twelve-year-old, the story of her life in the middle of the night. But I knew I loved her immensely and there had to be some reason why she was talking to me. I looked at her face. It was unhappy and her eyes were filled with tears. She was a good-looking lady who was usually always smiling. Even today, I cannot forget the worried expression on her face. I leaned forward and held her hand.
13. 'Avva, don't cry. What is the matter? Can I help you in any way?'
14. 'Yes, I need your help. You know when you were away, *Karmaveera* came as usual. I opened the magazine. I saw the picture that accompanies the story of *Kashi Yatre* and I could not understand anything that was written. Many times, I rubbed my hands over the pages wishing they could understand what was written. But I knew it was not possible. If only I was educated enough. I waited eagerly for you to return. I felt you would come early and read for me. I even thought of going to the village and asking you to read for me. I could have asked somebody in this village but I was too embarrassed to do so. I felt so very dependent and helpless. We are well-off, but what use is money when I cannot be independent?'
15. I did not know what to answer. Avva continued.
16. 'I have decided I want to learn the Kannada alphabet from tomorrow onwards. I will work very hard. I will keep *Saraswati Pooja* day during *Dassara* as the deadline. That day I should be able to read a novel on my own. I want to be independent.'
17. I saw the determination on her face. Yet I laughed at her.
18. 'Avva, at this age of sixty-two you want to learn the alphabet? All your hair is grey, your hands are wrinkled, you wear spectacles and you work so much in the kitchen...'
19. Childishly I made fun of the old lady. But she just smiled.
20. 'For a good cause if you are determined, you can overcome any obstacle. I will work harder than anybody but I will do it. For learning there is no age bar.'
21. The next day onwards, I started my tuition. Avva was a wonderful student. The amount of homework she did was amazing. She would read, repeat, write and recite. I was her only teacher and she was my first student. Little did I know then that one day I would become a teacher in Computer Science and teach hundreds of students.



22. The *Dassara* festival came as usual. Secretly I bought *Kashi Yatre* which had been published as a novel by that time. My grandmother called me to the *pooja* place and made me sit down on a stool. She gave me a gift of a frock material. Then she did something unusual. She bent down and touched my feet. I was surprised and taken aback. Elders never touch the feet of youngsters. We have always touched the feet of God, elders and teachers. We consider that as a mark of respect. It is a great tradition but today the reverse had happened. It was not correct.



23. She said, "I am touching the feet of a teacher, not my granddaughter; a teacher who taught me so well, with so much of affection that I can read any novel confidently in such a short period. Now I am independent. It is my duty to respect a teacher. Is it not written in our **scriptures** that a teacher should be respected, irrespective of the gender and age?"
24. I did return *namaskara* to her by touching her feet and gave my gift to my first student. She opened it and read immediately the title *Kashi Yatre* by Triveni and the publisher's name.
25. I knew then that my student had passed with flying colours.

About the Author

Sudha Murty was born in 1950 in Shiggaon in North Karnataka. A prolific writer in Kannada, she has written seven novels, four technical books, three travelogues and two collections of short stories. Her previous English book 'Wise and Otherwise' has been translated into thirteen Indian languages. Her stories deal with common lives and human values such as charity, kindness and self-realisation. As a sensitive writer, she writes about the suffering of the people. The main characters in all her books are highly educated, non compromising, highly principled women.

4. Now that you have enjoyed reading the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct option

- (a) The grandmother could relate to the central character of the story '*Kashi Yatre*' as

- (i) both were old and uneducated.

scriptures : holy writings



- (ii) both had granddaughters who read to them.
 - (iii) both had a strong desire to visit Kashi.
 - (iv) both were determined to learn to read.
- (b) Why did the women at the temple discuss the latest episode of '*Kashi Yatre*'?
- (i) to pass their time.
 - (ii) the writer, Triveni. was very popular
 - (iii) they could relate with the protagonist of the serial.
 - (iv) women have a habit of discussing serials.
- (c) The granddaughter found her grandmother in tears on her return as _____
- (i) the grandmother had been unable to read the story '*Kashi Yatre*' on her own.
 - (ii) the grandmother had felt lonely.
 - (iii) the grandmother wanted to accompany her granddaughter.
 - (iv) she was sad she could not visit Kashi.
- (d) Why did the grandmother touch her granddaughter's feet?
- (i) As a mark of respect to her teacher.
 - (ii) It was a custom in their family.
 - (iii) Girls should be respected.
 - (iv) She had read the story of '*Kashi Yatre*' to her.

5. Answer the following questions briefly

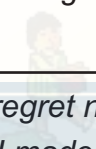
- (a) What made Triveni a popular writer?
- (b) Why did the grandmother depend on her granddaughter to know the story?
- (c) Pick out two sentences which state that the grandmother was desperate to know what happened in the story.
- (d) Could the grandmother succeed in accomplishing her desire to read? How?
- (e) Which of the following traits would be relevant to the character of the narrator's grandmother?
 - (i) determined
 - (ii) selfish
 - (iii) emotional
 - (iv) mean

Give reasons for your choice.



6. Here are some direct quotations from the story. Identify the speaker and write what each quotation suggests about the speaker. You can use the adjectives given in the box and may also add your own.

amiable, tender, gentle, sympathetic, understanding, determined, diligent, kind, concerned, systematic, wise, helpful, enthusiastic, selfish, cruel, humble, religious, prudent

	Speaker	Quotation	Quality Highlighted
a.		'Avva, is everything all right? Are you O.K.?' 	
b.		'At times, I used to regret not going to school, so I made sure that my children and grandchildren studied well.'	
c.		'Avva, don't cry. What is the matter? Can I help you in anyway?'	
d.		'We are well-off, but what use is money when I cannot be independent.'	
e.		'I will keep Saraswati Pooja day during Dassara as the deadline.'	
f.		'For a good cause if you are determined you can overcome any obstacle.'	
g.		I am touching the feet of a teacher not my granddaughter.'	



LISTENING TASK

7. **Now you are going to listen to the story of a young girl about a special day.**

(a) Based on your listening of the story complete the boxes given below.

(i)	(ii)
What did the children do for the old people?	
(iii)	(iv)

(b) List any three feelings of the old people in this story

- i. _____
- ii. _____
- iii. _____

(c) Complete the following

- i) We can make our grandparents happy by _____.
- ii) We can avoid constructing more and more Old Age Homes by _____.

8. **After having read the story, you realise the anguish of the illiterate adults. You want to make your friends aware of it and contribute something in bringing about a change in the lives of the illiterate adults. Deliver a speech in the morning assembly at your school about the Importance of Adult Education and ways to implement it.**

Read the following to make your speech effective.

The introduction of a speech is like the nose of an airplane. The nose sets the course and leads the plane off in a specific direction. A good introduction sets the direction of your speech by

- getting the attention of your audience
- introducing your topic
- stating your central idea or purpose



- briefly identifying the main points
- making your audience eager to hear what you have to say

WRITING TASK

9. ***You are the grandmother. How did you feel when your granddaughter gave you the novel 'Kashi Yatre'? Write your feelings in your diary.***

To make your diary entry interesting, read the following information about what is a diary entry.

A diary entry is a purely personal piece of writing. The writer expresses his/her thoughts and feelings. Reactions to incidents are generally poured out in a diary. Hence expressions that are emotionally charged are used.

For example - When you are happy about something, you could start like this -

8th July 20xx, Wednesday

8 pm

Today I am very happy as:

.....

10. ***Here is a story about Swami and his grandmother. After reading the excerpt, change it into a conversation between Swami and his Grandmother.***

After the night meal with his head on his granny's lap, nestling close to her, Swaminathan felt very snug and safe in the faint atmosphere of cardamom and cloves.

'Oh, Granny!' he cried ecstatically. 'You don't know what a great fellow Rajam is.' He told her the story of the first enmity between Rajam and Mani and the subsequent friendship.

'You know, he has a real police dress,' said Swaminathan.

'Is it? What does he want a police dress for?' asked Granny.

'His father is the Police Superintendent. He is the master of every policeman here.' Granny was impressed. She said that it must be a tremendous office indeed. She then recounted the days when her husband, Swaminathan's grandfather, was a powerful sub-magistrate, in which office he made the police force tremble before him and the fiercest dacoits of the place flee. Swaminathan waited impatiently for her to finish the story. But she went on, rambled, confused, mixed up various incidents that took place at different times. 'That will do, Granny,' he said ungraciously. 'Let me tell you something about Rajam. Do you know how many marks he gets in arithmetic?'



'He gets all the marks, does he, child?' asked Granny.

'No silly. He gets ninety marks out of one hundred.'

'Good. But you must also try and get marks like him.... You know, Swami, your grandfather used to frighten the examiners with his answers sometimes. When he answered a question, he did it in a tenth of the time that others took to do it. And then, his answers would be so powerful that his teachers would give him two hundred marks sometimes.

'Oh, enough, Granny! You go on bothering about old unnecessary stories. Won't you listen to Rajam?'

'Yes, dear, yes.'

'Granny, when Rajam was a small boy, he killed a tiger.'

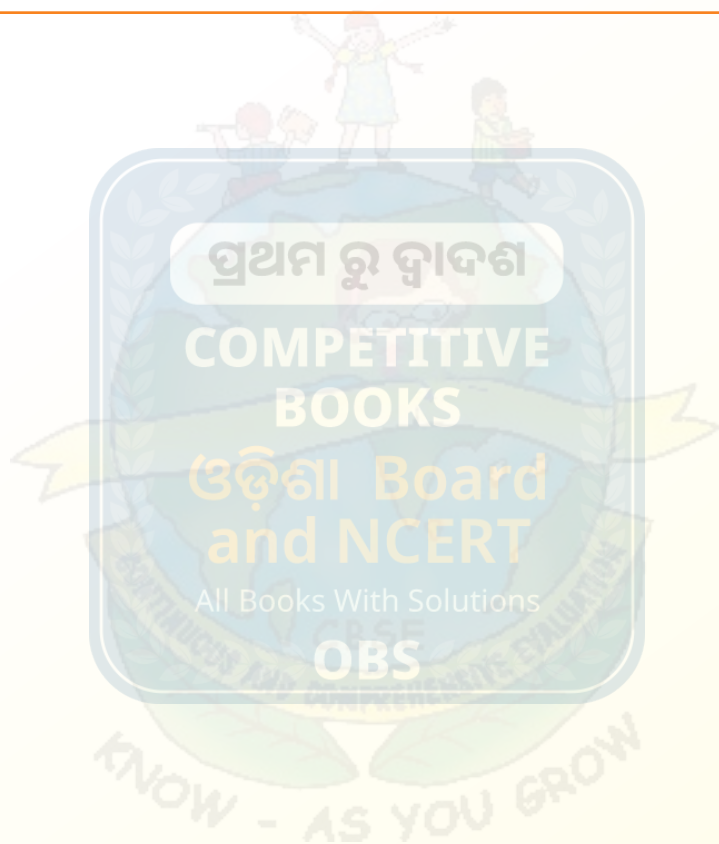
Swaminathan started the story enthusiastically: Rajam's father was camping in a forest. He had his son with him. Two tigers came upon them suddenly, one knocking down the father from behind. The other began chasing Rajam, who took shelter behind a bush and shot it dead with his gun.

'Granny, are you asleep?' Swaminathan asked at the end of the story.

Now read the dialogue and complete the conversation

- Swami: You don't know what a great fellow Rajam is! In the beginning I could not get along with him but now he is my good friend. And you know, he has a real police dress.
- Grandmother: Is it? What does he want a police dress for?
- Swami: His father is the Police Superintendent. He is the master of every policeman here.
- Grandmother: I think, it must be a tremendous office. Do you know, your grandfather was a powerful sub-magistrate and the Police Force trembled before him? Even the fiercest dacoits of the place fled.
- Swami: That will do, Granny. It's so boring. Let me tell you something about Rajam. Do you know how many marks he gets in arithmetic?
- Grandmother: He gets all the marks doesn't he, child?





F.2 A Dog Named Duke

by William D. Ellis

The only part of this story which is not known for certain is whether or not the dog knew what he was doing for Charles - "Chuck"- Hooper. Most, who are familiar with the story, believe he knew what he was doing every step of the way. I'm one of those who believe, because I watched it day by day.

William D. Ellis

About the dog Duke

Duke was a rough-playing Doberman Pinscher, four year old, 23 kilos. His coat was red with a fawn vest. Chuck Hooper had doubts at first about buying him because his wife, Marcy, was not really a dog lover. She's a tiny blonde; Pomeranian was her idea of the right-size dog for a colonial house on a small plot. This Duke needed a hectare. Chuck visited Duke at the kennel several times before he made up his mind. After about three months, he decided he had to have the big Doberman. Duke's appeal for Chuck was his rambunctiousness. It took a long time before Marcy was more than polite to the dog.

1. **Duke is a Doberman. What are the other known breeds of dogs?**
2. **Match the words in the boxes with their explanations given below:**

rampageous

blonde

grin

quivering

subdural haemorrhage

taut

critical

shimmied

bellow

rambunctiousness

confinement



- a. This is the other word for trembling. _____
- b. This is used for smile. _____
- c. You call a person this if he/she has pale gold coloured hair. _____
- d. This is a quality which relates to high energy and noise. _____
- e. This is related to dancing or moving in a way that involves shaking your hips and shoulders. _____
- f. This is to express a tendency to show violent and wild behaviour often causing damage. _____
- g. We use it for a condition which is serious, uncertain and dangerous. _____
- h. This is a state in which one is forced to stay in a closed space. _____
- i. This is a medical condition involving bleeding in the brain. _____
- j. It is a loud, deep shout to show anger. _____
- k. This is a condition when the rope or leash is stretched tightly. _____

3. Now read the following account

1. In 1953, Hooper was a favoured young man. A big genuine grin civilized his highly competitive nature. Standing six-foot-one, he'd played on the university football team. He was already a hard-charging zone sales manager for a chemical company. Everything was going for him.
2. Then, when he was driving home one autumn twilight, a car pulled out in front of him without warning. Hooper was taken to the hospital with a subdural **haemorrhage** in the motor section of the brain, completely paralysing his left side.
3. One of Chuck's district managers drove Marcy to the hospital. Her husband couldn't talk; he could only breathe and see, and his vision was double. Marcy phoned a neighbour, asking him to put Duke in a kennel.
4. Hooper remained on the critical list for a month. After the fifth week some men from his company came to the hospital and told Hooper to take a year off. They would create a desk job for him at headquarters.
5. About six weeks after the accident, the hospital put him in a wheelchair. Every day there was someone working his paralysed arm and leg followed by baths, exercise, a wheeled walker. But Chuck didn't make much headway.
6. In March, they let him out of the hospital. After the excitement of the homecoming wore off, Chuck hit a new low. At the hospital there had been other injured people, but now, each morning when Marcy quietly went to work, it was a gate slamming



- down. Duke was still in the kennel, and Chuck was alone with his thoughts.
7. Finally they decided to bring Duke home. Chuck said he wanted to be standing when Duke came in, so they stood him up. Duke's nails were long from four months' confinement, and when he spied Chuck he stood quivering like 5000 volts; then he let out a bellow, spun his long-nailed wheels, and launched himself across three metres of air. He was a 23-kilo missile of joy. He hit Chuck above the belt, causing him to fight to keep his balance.
 8. Those who saw it said the dog knew instantly. He never jumped on Chuck again. From that moment, he took up a post beside his master's bed around the clock.
 9. But even Duke's presence didn't reach Chuck. The once-iron muscles slacked on the rangy frame. Secretly, Marcy cried as she watched the big man's grin fade away. Severe face lines set in like cement as Chuck stared at the ceiling for hours, then out of the window, then at Duke.
 10. When two fellows stare at each other day in, day out, and one can't move and the other can't talk, boredom sets in. Duke finally couldn't take it. From a motionless coil on the floor he'd spring to his feet, quivering with impatience.
 11. "Ya-ruff"
 12. "Lie down. Duke!"
 13. Duke stalked to the bed, poked his pointed nose under Chuck's elbow and lifted. He nudged and needled and snorted.
 14. "Go run around the house, Duke."
 15. But Duke wouldn't. He'd lie down with a **reproachful** eye on Hooper. An hour later he would come over to the bed again and yap and poke. He wouldn't leave but just sit there.
 16. One evening Chuck's good hand idly hooked the leash onto Duke's collar to hold him still. It was like lighting a fuse: Duke shimmied himself U-shaped in anticipation. Even Hooper can't explain his next move. He asked Marcy to help him to his feet. Duke pranced, Chuck fought for balance. With his good hand, he placed the leash in his left and folded the paralysed fingers over it, holding them there. Then he leaned forward. With Marcy supporting him by the elbow, he moved his right leg out in front. Straightening his right leg caused the left foot to drag forward, alongside the right. It could be called a step.
 17. Duke felt the sudden slack in the leash and pulled it taut. Chuck swayed forward again, broke the fall with his good right leg, then straightened. Thrice he did that, then collapsed into the wheelchair, exhausted.



18. Next day, the big dog started early; he charged around to Hooper's good side, jabbed his nose under the elbow and snapped his head up. The big man's good arm reached for the leash. With Hooper standing, the dog walked to the end of the leash and tugged steadily. Four so-called steps they took that day.
19. Leaning back against the pull, Hooper learned to keep his balance without Marcy at his elbow. Wednesday, he and Duke took five steps; Thursday, six steps; Friday, failure- two steps followed by exhaustion. But in two weeks they reached the front porch.
20. By mid-April neighbours saw a daily struggle in front of Marcy's house. Out on the sidewalk they saw the dog pull his leash taut then stand and wait. The man would drag himself abreast of the dog, then the dog would surge out to the end of the leash and wait again. The pair set daily goals; Monday, the sixth fence post, Tuesday, the seventh fence post, Wednesday
21. When Marcy saw what Duke could do for her husband, she told the doctor, who prescribed a course of physiotherapy with weights, pulleys and whirlpool baths and above all walking every day with Duke, on a limited, gradual scale.
22. By now neighbours on their street were watching the pattern of progress. On June 1, news spread that Hooper and Duke had made it to an intersection quite far away.
23. Soon Duke began campaigning for two trips a day, and they lengthened the targets, one driveway at a time. Duke no longer waited at each step.
24. On January 4, Hooper made his big move. Without Duke, he walked the 200 metres from the clinic to the local branch office of his company. This had been one of the district offices under his jurisdiction as zone manager. The staff was amazed by the visit. But to Gordon Doule, the manager, Chuck said, "Gordon, this isn't just a visit. Bring me up to date on what's happened, will you - -so I can get to work?" Doule gaped. "It'll just be an hour a day for a while," Hooper continued. "I'll use that empty desk in the warehouse. And I'll need a dictating machine."



25. Back in the company's headquarters, Chuck's move presented problems -- tough ones. When a man fights that hard for a comeback, who wants to tell him he can't handle his old job? On the other hand, what can you do with a salesman who can't move around, and can work only an hour a day? They didn't know that Hooper had already set his next objective: March 1, a full day's work.
26. Chuck hit the target, and after March 1, there was no time for the physiotherapy programme; he turned completely to Duke, who pulled him along the street faster and faster, increasing his stability and endurance. Sometimes, walking after dark, Hooper would trip and fall. Duke would stand still as a post while his master struggled to get up. It was as though the dog knew that his job was to get Chuck back on his feet.
27. Thirteen months from the moment he worked full days. Chuck Hooper was promoted to regional manager covering more than four states.
28. Chuck, Marcy and Duke moved house in March 1956. The people in the new suburb where the Hoopers bought a house didn't know the story of Chuck and Duke. All they knew was that their new neighbour walked like a struggling mechanical giant and that he was always pulled by a rampageous dog that acted as if he owned the man.
29. On the evening of October 12, 1957, the Hoopers had guests. Suddenly over the babble of voices, Chuck heard the screech of brakes outside. Instinctively, he looked for Duke.
30. They carried the big dog into the house. Marcy took one look at Duke's breathing, at his brown eyes with the stubbornness gone. "Phone the vet," she said. "Tell him, I'm bringing Duke." Several people jumped to lift the dog. "No, please," she said. And she picked up the big Duke, carried him gently to the car and drove him to the animal hospital.
31. Duke was drugged and he made it until 11 o'clock the next morning, but his injuries were too severe.
32. People who knew the distance Chuck and Duke had come together, one fence post at a time, now watched the big man walk alone day after day. They wondered: how long will he keep it up? How far will he go today? Can he go it alone?
33. A few weeks ago, worded as if in special tribute to Duke, an order came through from the chemical company's headquarters: "..... therefore, to advance our objectives step by step, Charles Hooper is appointed Assistant National Sales Manager."



About the Author

William D. Ellis was born in Concord, Massachusetts. He began writing at the age of 12, at the urging of an elementary-school teacher who early on discerned his talent. Ellis's study of the history of Ohio provided him material that he eventually used as the foundation for a trilogy of novels: **Bounty Lands**, **Jonathan Blair: Bounty Lands Lawyer**, and **The Brooks Legend**. Each of his novels appeared on best-seller lists, and the trilogy itself eventually earned its author a Pulitzer Prize nomination. The most important recurring theme in his works is the triumph of survival.

4. Based on your reading of the story answer the following questions by choosing the correct option

- (a) With reference to Hooper, the author says, "Everything was going for him", What does it imply?
- (i) he had everything that a man aspires for.
 - (ii) people admired him.
 - (iii) he did what he wanted.
 - (iv) he was capable of playing games.
- (b) Duke never jumped on Chuck again because _____
- (i) Duke was paralysed and unable to jump.
 - (ii) Chuck was angry with Duke for jumping at him.
 - (iii) Duke realized that Chuck was not well and could not balance himself.
 - (iv) Marcy did not allow Duke to come near Chuck.
- (c) The author says that Duke 'knew his job'. The job was _____
- (i) to look after Chuck.
 - (ii) to get Chuck on his feet.
 - (iii) to humour Chuck
 - (iv) to guard the house.
- (d) "_____ even Duke's presence didn't reach Chuck ". Why?
- (i) Duke was locked in his kennel and Chuck couldn't see him.
 - (ii) Duke hid himself behind the bed post.
 - (iii) Duke had come to know that Hooper was not well.
 - (iv) Hooper was lost in his own grief and pain.



5. Answer the following questions briefly

- a) In 1953, Hooper was a favoured young man. Explain.
- b) They said that they would create a desk job for Hooper at headquarters.
 - i) Who are 'they'?
 - ii) Why did they decide to do this?
- c) Duke was an extraordinary dog. What special qualities did he exhibit to justify this? Discuss.
- d) What problems did Chuck present when he returned to the company headquarters?
- e) Why do you think Charles Hooper's appointment as Assistant National Sales Manager is considered to be a tribute to Duke?

6. Following dates were important in Charles Hooper's life in some way. Complete the table by relating the description with the correct dates.

January 4, March 1, June 1, October 12

Date	Description
	News spread that Hooper and Duke had made it to an intersection
	Hooper walked independently from the clinic to the branch office
	Hooper planned to start a full day's work at office
	Duke met with a fatal accident

7. Just A Minute

Given below are five qualities that Charles Hooper displayed during his struggle for survival.

courage

perseverance

determination

endurance

faith

Get into groups of four. Each team will choose one quality to talk about to the whole class for about one minute. But before you talk you have two minutes to think about it. You can make notes if you wish.



LISTENING TASK

8. Listen to an excerpt from a news telecast on a national channel carefully and complete the table given below.

BRAVE HEARTS

S.No.	Name of the Brave-heart	Place they belong to	Reason for Award
1.	Saumik Mishra	Uttar Pradesh	foiled theft
2.	Prachi Santosh Sen		saved a child
3.	Kavita Kanwar	Chattisgarh	
4.		Jodhpur	dodged marriage to 40 year old
5.	Rahul-balloon seller	Delhi/National Capital	
6.	M. Marudu Pandi	Tamil Nadu	averted rail disaster
7.		Bangalore	saved a baby caught in bull fight
8.	Silver Kharbani	Meghalaya	
9.	Yumkhaibam Addison Singh		saved an eight year old from drowning
10.		Uttar Pradesh	saved people from drowning
11.		Haryana/Jind	helped nab armed miscreants
12.	Kritika Jhanwar		fought off robbers



WRITING TASK

9. **Read the diary entry written by Charles Hooper on the day he received the order, ".....Charles Hooper is appointed Assistant National Sales Manager."**

March 1, 19.... Thursday

10 pm

Last four years have been eventful. The day I brought Duke home.... (Marcy was almost impolite to him because she would have preferred a Pomeranian to a Doberman) to a stage on October 12, 1957 (when she would not allow anyone else to carry the injured Duke to the vet)... much water has flowed under the bridge.

From being a very fit high-charging zone sales manager, I was reduced to a paralysed cripple forced to lie on a bed alone with my thoughts due to a small error by a car driver. Despair had led me on to helplessness... Was I to be a vegetable for the rest of my life? I never wanted to be a burden on Marcy.

Duke's re-entry into my life lifted my numb spirits. The day he made me take my first step, there was a rekindled hope. Duke assumed all the responsibility for leading me back to my office desk ... Life had taken a full circle. From shock to denial and helplessness to anger, Duke taught me to cope with the challenge and led me to accept the changed mode of life. I am happy to be living as well as working successfully.

The order that I have received today is my tribute to Duke who would always be alive with me and be a part of everything else I achieve in my life.

When a person loses something, he is shocked and gets into a state of denial leading to anger. In such a situation coping well leads to acceptance and a changed way of living in view of the loss. Taking cues from what happened or might have happened with Hooper, write your views in the form of an article about 'Coping with Loss' in 150-175 words.



Fiction

UNIT 2

F.3 The Man Who Knew Too Much

by Alexander Baron

1. With your partner, discuss and narrate an incident about a person who likes to show off.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Check whether your classmates agree with you.

2. Now, read about the "Professor" who knew too much and find out if he knew enough!

1. I first met **Private** Quelch at the training depot. A man is liable to acquire in his first week of Army life - together with his uniform, rifle and equipment- a nickname. Anyone who saw Private Quelch, lanky, stooping, frowning through horn-rimmed spectacles, understood why he was known as the Professor. Those who had any doubts on the subject lost them after five minutes' conversation with him.
2. I remember the first lesson we had in **musketry**. We stood in an attentive circle while a Sergeant, a man as dark and sun-dried as raisins, wearing **North-West Frontier ribbons**, described the mechanism of a service rifle.
3. "The muzzle velocity or speed at which the bullet leaves the rifle", he told us, "is well over two thousand feet per second."
4. A voice interrupted. "Two thousand, four hundred and forty feet per second." It was the Professor.
5. "That's right," the Sergeant said without enthusiasm, and went on lecturing. When he had finished, he put questions to us; and, perhaps in the hope of revenge, he

Private: soldier without rank

musketry: art of using the infantry soldier's handgun.

N.W. Frontier ribbons: decorations showing service in the N.W. province in British India, today a part of modern Pakistan.



turned with his questions again and again to the Professor. The only result was to enhance the Professor's glory. Technical definitions, the parts of the rifle, its use and care, he had them all by heart.

6. The Sergeant asked, "You had any training before?"
7. The Professor answered with a phrase that was to become familiar to all of us. "No, Sergeant. It's all a matter of intelligent reading."
8. That was our introduction to him. We soon learned more about him. He saw to that. He meant to get on, he told us. He had brains. He was sure to get a **commission**, before long. As a first step, he meant to get a **stripe**.
9. In pursuit of his ambition he worked hard. We had to give him credit for that. He borrowed training manuals and stayed up late at nights reading them. He badgered the instructors with questions. He drilled with enthusiasm, and on **route marches** he was not only miraculously tireless but infuriated us all with his horrible heartiness. "What about a song, chaps?" is not greeted politely at the end of thirty miles. His salute at the pay table was a model to behold. When officers were in sight he would swing his skinny arms and march to the canteen like a Guardsman.
10. And day in and day out, he lectured to us in his droning, remorseless voice on every aspect of human knowledge. At first we had a certain respect for him, but soon we lived in terror of his approach. We tried to hit back at him with clumsy sarcasms and practical jokes. The Professor scarcely noticed; he was too busy working for his stripe.
11. Each time one of us made a mistake the Professor would publicly correct him. Whenever one of us shone, the Professor outshone him. When, after a hard morning's work cleaning out our hut, we listened in silence to the **Orderly Officer's** praise, the Professor would break out with a ringing, dutifully beaming, "Thank you, sir!" And how superior, how **condescending** he was. It was always, "Let me show you, fellow," or, "No, you'll ruin your rifle, that way, old man."
12. We used to pride ourselves on aircraft recognition. Once, out for a walk, we heard the drone of a plane flying high overhead. None of us could even see it in the glare of the sun. Without even a glance upward the Professor announced, "That, of course, is a North American Harvard Trainer. It can be unmistakably identified by the harsh engine note, due to the high tip speed of the airscrew."

What could a gang of louts like us do with a man like that?

commission: become an army officer

stripe: V-shaped band to indicate the rank of a soldier.

route marches: training marches of battalions.

Orderly Officer: officer of the day

condescending : to look down on



13. None of us will ever forget the drowsy summer afternoon which was such a turning-point in the Professor's life.
14. We were **sprawling** contentedly on the warm grass while Corporal Turnbull was taking a lesson on the hand grenade.
15. Corporal Turnbull was a young man, but he was not a man to be **trifled with**. He had come back from Dunkirk with all his equipment correct and accounted for and his kitten in his pocket. He was our hero, and we used to tell each other that he was so tough that you could hammer nails into him without his noticing it.
16. _"The outside of a grenade, as you can see," Corporal Turnbull was saying, "is divided up into a large number of fragments to assist segmentation"
17. "Forty-four"
18. "What's that?" The Corporal looked over his shoulder
19. "Forty-four segments." The Professor beamed at him.
20. The Corporal said nothing, but his brow tightened. He opened his mouth to resume.
21. "And by the way, Corporal." We were all thunder-struck.
22. The Professor was speaking again. "Shouldn't you have started off with the five characteristics of the grenade? Our instructor at the other camp always used to, you know."
23. In the silence that followed a dark flush stained the tan of Corporal's face. "Here," he said at last, "you give this lecture". As if afraid to say any more, he tossed the grenade to the Professor. Quite **unabashed**, Private Quelch climbed to his feet and with the aid of a man coming into his birth-right gave us an unexceptionable lecture on the grenade.
24. The squad listened in a **cowed**, horrified kind of silence. Corporal Turnbull stood and watched, impassive except for a searching intentness of gaze. When the lecture was finished he said, "Thank you, Private Quelch. Fall in with the others now." He did not speak again until we had fallen in and were waiting to be dismissed. Then he addressed us.



sprawling: lying with arms and legs outstretched.
trifled with : to play with or fool around with, talk or act frivolously with.
unabashed: unashamed.
cowed: subdued

25. "As some of you may have heard," he began deliberately, "the platoon officer has asked me to nominate one of you for...." He paused and looked lingeringly up and down the ranks as if seeking final confirmation of decision.
26. So this was the great moment! Most of us could not help glancing at Private Quelch, who stood rigidly to attention and stared straight in front of him with an expression of self-conscious innocence.
27. _____ ".....for permanent cookhouse duties, I've decided that Private Quelch is just the man for the job."
28. Of course, it was a joke for days afterwards; a joke and joy to all of us.
29. I remember, though.....
30. My friend Trower and I were talking about it a few days later. We were returning from the canteen to our own hut.
31. Through the open door, we could see the three cooks standing against the wall as if at bay; and from within came the monotonous beat of a familiar voice.
32. "Really. I must protest against this abominably unscientific and unhygienic method of peeling potatoes. I need to only draw your attention to the sheer waste of vitamin values....."
33. We fled.

About the Author

Alexander Baron (1917-1999) has written many novels, including 'There's no Home', 'The Human Kind', 'Queen of the East', 'Seeing Life' and 'The How Life', film scripts and television plays. He started life as an Asstt. Editor of The Tribune and later edited 'New Theater.' He served during the Second World War.

3. The 'Professor' knew too much. How did he prove himself? Fill up the space with suitable examples from the story, using the given clues:

- (a) about muzzle velocity: _____

- (b) after a thirty mile walk: _____

- (c) his salute on payday: _____



- (d) the loud sound of a high flying invisible aeroplane: _____

- (e) about hand grenades: _____

- (f) during cook house duties: _____

4. Based on your reading of the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct options.

- (a) Private Quelch was nick-named 'Professor' because of _____
- (i) his appearance.
 - (ii) his knowledge.
 - (iii) his habit of reading.
 - (iv) his habit of sermonising.
- (b) One could *hammer nails* into Corporal Turnbull without his noticing it because _____
- (i) he was a strong and sturdy man.
 - (ii) he was oblivious to his surroundings.
 - (iii) he was a brave corporal.
 - (iv) he was used to it.
- (c) The author and his friend Trower fled from the scene as _____
- (i) they had to catch a train
 - (ii) they could not stand Private Quelch exhibiting his knowledge
 - (iii) they felt they would have to lend a helping hand.
 - (iv) they did not want to meet the cooks.

5. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) What is a 'nickname'? Can you suggest another one for Private Quelch?
- (b) Private Quelch looked like a 'Professor' when the author first met him at the training depot. Why?
- (c) What does the dark, sun-dried appearance of the Sergeant suggest about him?
- (d) How was Private Quelch's knowledge exposed even further as the Sergeant's classes went on?



- (e) What did the Professor mean by "intelligent reading"?
- (f) What were the Professor's ambitions in the army?
- (g) Did Private Quelch's day to day practices take him closer towards his goal? How can you make out?
- (h) Describe Corporal Turnbull.
- (i) How did Private Quelch manage to anger the Corporal?
- (j) Do you think Private Quelch learnt a lesson when he was chosen for cookhouse duties? Give reasons for your answer.

6. ***At first, Private Quelch was a hero in the eyes of his fellow soldiers. Support this observation with suitable examples from the story in about 100 words.***
7. ***Private Quelch knew 'too much'. Give reasons to prove that he was unable to win the admiration of his superior officers or his colleagues in about 100 words.***
8. (a) ***Write down the positive and negative traits of Private Quelch's character instances from the story.***

Positive traits

Instances from the story

- i) _____
- ii) _____
- iii) _____
- iv) _____

Negative traits

Instances from the story

- i) _____
- ii) _____
- iii) _____
- iv) _____

(b) ***Now, share your notes with the class. Add details if you need to.***

(c) ***Attempt a character sketch of Private Quelch using your notes in about 100 words.***

WRITING TASK

9. ***You are the 'Professor'. Write a diary entry after your first day at the cookhouse, describing the events that led to this assignment, also express your thoughts and feelings about the events of the day in about 175 words.***



F.4 Keeping It From Harold

by P.G. Wodehouse

1. **Before you read "Keeping It From Harold", the teacher will encourage you to answer or discuss the following.**

- What are the different weight categories in Boxing?
- Have you ever heard the song whose lyrics go like.... "He floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee"? Who does 'he' refer to? He is also known as 'The Greatest' boxer of all time. What was his original name? How many times did he win the World Heavyweight Belt?
- Find out from your friend if he /she watches WWE and who is his/her favourite wrestler. Also find out why he/she likes this wrestler.
- Discuss with your friend as to why these wrestlers have such a large fan following. Has the perception of people changed over the century with respect to those who fight in the ring?

2. **Now read the story**

1. "Ma!" Mrs. Bramble looked up, beaming with a kind of amiable **fat-headedness**. A domestic creature, wrapped up in Bill, her husband, and Harold, her son. At the present moment only the latter was with her. He sat on the other side of the table, his lips gravely pursed and his eyes a trifle cloudy behind their spectacles. Before him on the red tablecloth lay an open book. His powerful brain was plainly busy.
2. "Yes, dearie?"
3. "Will you hear me?"
4. Mrs. Bramble took the book.
5. "Yes, mother will hear you, precious."
6. A slight frown, marred the smoothness of Harold Bramble's brow. It jarred upon him, this habit of his mother's of referring to herself in the third person, as if she were addressing a baby, instead of a young man of ten who had taken the spelling and dictation prize last term on his head.



7. He cleared his throat and fixed his eyes upon the cut-glass hangings of the chandelier.
8. "Be good, sweet maid," he began, with the toneless rapidity affected by youths of his age when reciting poetry.....
9. "You do study so hard, dearie, you'll give yourself a headache. Why don't you take a nice walk by the river for half an hour, and come back nice and fresh?"
10. The spectacled child considered the point for a moment gravely. Then, nodding, he arranged his books in readiness for his return and went out. The front door closed with a **decorous** softness.
11. It was a constant source of amazement to Mrs. Bramble that she should have brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world. Harold was so different from ordinary children, so devoted to his books, such a model of behaviour, so altogether admirable. The only drawback was that his very 'perfection' had made necessary a series of evasions and even deliberate falsehoods on the part of herself and her husband, highly distasteful to both. They were lovers of truth, but they had realized that there are times when truth must be sacrificed. At any cost, the facts concerning Mr. Bramble's profession must be kept from Harold.
12. While he was a baby it had not mattered so much. But when he began to move about and take notice, Mrs. Bramble said to Mr. Bramble, "Bill, we must keep it from Harold." A little later, when the child had begun to show signs of being about to become a model of goodness and intelligence, and had already taken two prizes at the Sunday-school, the senior curate of the parish, meeting Mr. Bramble one morning, said nervously-for, after all, it was a delicate subject to broach, "Er-Bramble, I think, on the whole, it would be as well to-er-keep it from Harold."
13. And only the other day, Mrs. Bramble's brother, Major Percy Stokes, dropping in for a cup of tea, had said, "I hope you are keeping it from Harold. It is the least you can do", and had gone on to make one or two remarks about men of **wrath** which, considering that his cheek-bones were glistening with Mr. Bramble's buttered toast, were in poor taste. But Percy was like that. Enemies said that he liked the sound of his own voice.



decorous : polite, calm and sensible behaviour

wrath : intense anger



14. Certainly he was very persuasive. Mr. Bramble had fallen in with the suggestion without **demur**. In private life he was the mildest and most obliging of men, and always yielded to everybody. The very naming of Harold had caused a sacrifice on his part.
15. When it was certain that he was about to become a father, he had expressed a desire that the child should be named John, if a boy, after **Mr John L. Sullivan**, or, if a girl, Marie, after **Miss Marie Lloyd**. But Mrs Bramble saying that Harold was such a sweet name, he had withdrawn his suggestions with the utmost good-humour.
16. Nobody could help liking this excellent man; which made it all the greater pity that his walk in life was of such a nature that it simply had to be kept from Harold.
17. He was a professional boxer. That was the trouble.
18. Before the coming of Harold, he had been proud of being a professional boxer. His ability to paste his fellow-man in the eye while apparently meditating an attack on his stomach, and vice versa, had filled him with that genial glow of self-satisfaction which comes to **philanthropists** and other benefactors of the species. It had seemed to him a thing on which to congratulate himself that of all London's teeming millions there was not a man, weighing eight stone four, whom he could not overcome in a twenty-round contest. He was delighted to be the possessor of a left hook which had won the approval of the newspapers.
19. And then Harold had come into his life, and changed him into a **furtive** practiser of shady deeds. Before, he had gone about the world with a match-box full of press-notices, which he would extract with a pin and read to casual acquaintances. Now, he **quailed** at the sight of his name in print, so thoroughly had he become imbued with the necessity of keeping it from Harold.
20. With an ordinary boy it would have mattered less. But Harold was different. Secretly proud of him as they were, both Bill and his wife were a little afraid of their wonderful child. The fact was, as Bill himself put it, Harold was showing a bit too much class for them. He had **formed a corner** in brains, as far as the Bramble family was concerned. They had come to regard him as being of a superior order.
21. Yet Harold, defying the laws of heredity, had run to intellect as his father had run to

demur : reluctance / objection

Mr John L. Sullivan : American Boxing legend (1858-1918), lasting the bare-knuckled boxing championship, World heavyweight boxing champion from 1882-1892

Miss Marie Lloyd : Music hall artist 1870-1922

philanthropist : people who give donations or care about others

furtive : cautious or secretive

quailed : showed fear

formed a corner : attained mastery in; gained a monopoly



- muscle. He had learned to read and write with amazing quickness. He sang in the choir.
22. And now, at the age of ten, a pupil at a local private school where they wore mortar boards and generally **comported** themselves like young dons, he had already won a prize for spelling and dictation. You simply couldn't take a boy like that aside and tell him that the father whom he believed to be a **commercial traveller** was affectionately known to a large section of the inhabitants of London, as "Young Porky." There were no two ways about it. You had to keep it from him.
 23. So, Harold grew in stature and intelligence, without a suspicion of the real identity of the square-jawed man with the irregularly-shaped nose who came and went mysteriously in their semi-detached, red-brick home. He was a self-centred child, and, accepting the commercial traveller fiction, dismissed the subject from his mind and busied himself with things of more **moment**. And time slipped by.
 24. Mrs. Bramble, left alone, resumed work on the sock which she was darning. For the first time since Harold had reached years of intelligence she was easy in her mind about the future. A week from tonight would see the end of all her anxieties. On that day Bill would fight his last fight, the twenty-round contest with that American Murphy at the National Sporting Club for which he was now training at the White Hart down the road. He had promised that it should be the last. He was getting on. He was thirty-one, and he said himself that he would have to be chucking the game before it chucked him. His idea was to retire from active work and try for a job as instructor at one of these big schools or colleges. He had a splendid record for respectability and sobriety and all the other qualities which headmasters demanded in those who taught their young gentlemen to box and several of his friends who had obtained similar posts described the job in question as extremely soft. So that it seemed to Mrs. Bramble that all might now be considered well. She smiled happily to herself as she darned her sock.
 25. She was interrupted in her meditations by a knock at the front door. She put down her sock and listened.
 26. Martha, **the general**, pattered along the passage, and then there came the sound of voices speaking in an undertone. Footsteps made themselves heard in the passage. The door opened. The head and shoulders of Major Percy Stokes **insinuated** themselves into the room.
 27. The Major cocked a mild blue eye at her.

comported : conducted oneself; behaved

a commercial traveller: firm's representative visiting shops etc to get orders.

moment: importance

the general : (here) the only servant who serves as an all purpose help/maid.

insinuated : suggested something bad indirectly



28. "Harold anywhere about?"
29. "He's gone out for a nice walk. Whatever brings you here, Percy, so late? "
30. Percy made no answer. He withdrew his head.
31. He then reappeared, this time in his entirety, and remained holding the door open. More footsteps in the passage, and through the doorway in a sideways fashion suggestive of a diffident crab, came a short, sturdy, red-headed man with a broken nose and a **propitiatory** smile, at the sight of whom Mrs. Bramble, dropping her sock, rose as if propelled by powerful machinery, and exclaimed, "Bill!"
32. Mr. Bramble - for it was he - scratched his head, grinned feebly, and looked for assistance to the Major.
33. "The scales have fallen from his eyes."
34. "What scales?" demanded Mrs. Bramble, a literal-minded woman. "And what are you doing here, Bill, when you ought to be at the White Hart, training?"
35. "That's just what I'm telling you," said Percy. "I been wrestling with Bill, and I been **vouchsafed** the victory."
36. "You!" said Mrs. Bramble, with uncomplimentary astonishment, letting her gaze wander over her brother's **weedy** form.
37. "Jerry Fisher's a hard nut," said Mr. Bramble, apologetically. "He don't like people coming round talking to a man he's training, unless he introduces them or they're newspaper gents."
38. "After that I kept away. But I wrote the letters and I sent the tracts. Bill, which of the tracts was it that snatched you from the **primrose path**?"
39. "It wasn't so much the letters, Perce. It was what you wrote about Harold. You see, Jane---"
40. "Perhaps you'll kindly allow me to get a word in edgeways, you two," said Mrs. Bramble, her temper for once becoming ruffled. "You can stop talking for half an instant, Percy, if you know how, while Bill tells me what he's doing here when he ought to be at the White Hart with Mr. Fisher, doing his bit of training."
41. Mr. Bramble met her eye and blinked awkwardly.
42. "Percy's just been telling you, Jane. He wrote---"
43. "I haven't made head or tail of a word that Percy's said, and I don't expect to. All I

propitiatory : appeasing
vouchsafed : guaranteed
weedy : thin or weak
primrose path : pursuit of pleasure

want is a plain answer to a plain question. What are you doing here, Bill, instead of being at the White Hart? "

44. "I've come home, Jane."
45. "Glory!" exclaimed the Major.
46. "Percy, if you don't keep quiet, I'll forget I'm your sister and let you have one. What do you mean, Bill, you've come home? Isn't there going to be the fight next week, after all?"
47. "The fight's over," said the unsuppressed Major, joyfully, "and Bill's won, with me seconding him."
48. "Percy!"
49. Mr. Bramble pulled himself together with a visible effort.
50. "I'm not going to fight, Jane," he said, in a small voice.
51. "You're not going--!"
52. "He's seen the error of his ways," cried Percy, the resilient. "That's what he's gone and done. At the eleventh hour."
53. "Oh! I have waited for this joyful moment. I have watched for it. I---"
54. "You're not going to fight!"
55. Mr. Bramble, avoiding his wife's eye, shook his head.
56. "And how about the money?"
57. "What's money?" said the Major, scornfully.
58. "You ought to know," snapped Mrs. Bramble, turning on him. "You've borrowed enough of it from me in your time."
59. The Major waved a hand in wounded silence. He considered the remark in poor taste.
60. "How about the money?" repeated Mrs. Bramble. "Goodness knows I've never liked your profession, Bill, but there is this to be said for it, that it's earned you good money and made it possible for us to give Harold as good an education as any duke ever had, I'm sure. And you know, you yourself said that the five hundred pounds you were going to get if you beat this Murphy, and even if you lost it would be a hundred and twenty, was going to be a blessing, because it would let us finish him off proper and give him a better start in life than you or me ever had, and now you let this Percy come over you with his foolish talk, and now I don't know what will happen."



61. There was an uncomfortable silence. Even Percy seemed at a loss for words. Mrs. Bramble sat down and began to sob. Mr. Bramble shuffled his feet.
62. "Talking of Harold," said Mr. Bramble at last, "that's , really what I'm driving at. It was him only what I was thinking of when I hopped it from the White Hart. It would be written up in all the papers, instead of only in the sporting ones. As likely as not there would be a piece about it in the Mail, with a photograph of me. And you know Harold reads his Mail regularly. And then, don't you see, **the fat would be in the fire**." That's what Percy pointed out to me, and I seen what he meant, so I hopped it."
63. "At the eleventh hour," added the Major, rubbing in the point.
64. "You see, Jane---" Mr. Bramble was beginning, when there was a knock at the door, and a little, **ferret**-faced man in a woollen sweater and cycling **knickerbockers** entered, removing as he did so a somewhat battered bowler hat.
65. " Beg pardon, Mrs. Bramble," he said, " coming in like this. Found the front door ajar, so came in, to ask if you'd happened to have seen-"
66. He broke off and stood staring wildly at the little group.
67. "I thought so!" he said, and shot through the air towards Percy.
68. "Jerry !" said Bill.
69. "Mr. Fisher!" said Mrs. Bramble,
70. "Be reasonable," said the Major, diving underneath the table and coming up the other side like a performing seal.
71. "Let me get at him," begged the intruder, struggling to free himself from Bill's restraining arms.
72. Mrs. Bramble rapped on the table.
73. "Kindly remember there's a lady present, Mr. Fisher."
74. The little man's face became a battlefield on which rage, misery, and a respect for the decencies of social life struggled for mastery.
75. "It's hard," he said at length, in a choked voice. "I just wanted to break his neck for him, but I suppose it's not to be. I know it's him that's at the bottom of it. And here I find them together, so I know it's him. Well, if you say so, Mrs. B., I suppose I mustn't put a hand on him. But it's hard. Bill, you come back along of me to the White Hart. I'm surprised at you. Ashamed of you, I am. All the time you and me



the fat would be in the fire : there would be trouble

ferret : a small yellowish white animal related to the weasel

knickerbockers : loose-fitting trousers or knickers gathered at the knee or calf.

have known each other, I've never known you do such a thing. You such a pleasure to train as a rule. It all comes of getting with bad companions."

76. Mr. Bramble looked at his brother-in-law miserably.
77. "You tell him," he said.
78. "You tell him, Jane," said the Major.
79. "I won't," said Mrs. Bramble.
80. "Tell him what?" asked the puzzled trainer.
81. "Well?"
82. "It's only that I'm not going to fight on Monday."
83. "What!"
84. "Bill has seen a sudden bright light," said Percy, edging a few inches to the left, so that the table was exactly between the trainer and himself. "At the eleventh hour, he has turned from his wicked ways. You ought to be singing with joy, Mr. Fisher, if you really loved Bill. This ought to be the happiest evening you've ever known. You ought to be singing like a little child."
85. A strange, **guttural** noise escaped the trainer. It may have been a song, but it did not sound like it.
86. "It's true, Jerry," said Bill, unhappily. "I have been thinking it over, and I'm not going to fight on Monday."
87. "Glory!" said the Major, tactlessly.
88. Jerry Fisher's face was a study in violent emotions. His eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets like a snail's. He clutched the tablecloth.
89. "I'm sorry, Jerry," said Bill. "I know it's hard on you. But I've got to think of Harold. This fight with Jimmy Murphy being what you might call a kind of national affair, in a way of speaking, will be reported in the Mail as like as not, with a photograph of me, and Harold reads his Mail regular. We've been keeping it from him all these years that I'm in the profession, and we can't let him know now. He would die of shame, Jerry."
90. Tears appeared in Jerry Fisher's eyes.
91. "Bill," he cried, "you're off your head. Think of the purse!"
92. "Ah!" said Mrs. Bramble.



93. "Think of all the swells that'll be coming to see you. Think of what the papers'll say. Think of me."
94. "I know, Jerry, it's chronic. But Harold---"
95. "Think of all the trouble you've taken for the last weeks getting yourself into condition."
96. "I know. But Har---"
97. "You can't not fight on Monday."
98. "But Harold, Jerry. He'd die of the disgrace of it. He ain't like you and me, Jerry. He's a little gentleman. I got to think of Harold"
99. "What about me, pa?" said a youthful voice at the door; and Bill's honest blood froze at the sound. His jaw fell, and he goggled dumbly.
100. There, his spectacles gleaming in the gaslight, his cheeks glowing with the exertion of the nice walk, his eyebrows slightly elevated with surprise, stood Harold himself.
101. "Halloa, pa! Halloa, Uncle Percy! Somebody's left the front door open. What were you saying about thinking about me, pa? Ma, will you hear me, my piece of poetry again? I think I've forgotten it."
102. The four adults surveyed the innocent child in silence.
103. On the faces of three of them **consternation** was written. In the eyes of the fourth, Mr. Fisher, there glittered that nasty, steely expression of the man, who sees his way to getting a bit of his own back, Mr. Fisher's was not an un-mixedly chivalrous nature. He considered that he had been badly treated, and what he wanted most at the moment was revenge. He had been fond and proud of Bill Bramble, but those emotions belonged to the dead past. Just at present, he felt that he disliked Bill rather more than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of Major Percy Stokes.
104. "So you're Harold, are you, Tommy? " he said, in a metallic voice." Then just you listen here a minute."
105. "Jerry," cried Bill, advancing, "you keep your mouth shut, or I'll dot you one."
106. Mr. Fisher retreated and, grasping a chair, swung it above his head.
107. "You better! " he said, curtly.
108. "Mr. Fisher, do be a gentleman," entreated Mrs. Bramble.



109. "My dear sir." There was a crooning winningness in Percy's voice.

"My dear sir, do nothing hasty. Think before you speak. Don't go and be so silly as to act like a mutton-head. I'd be ashamed to be so spiteful. Respect a father's feelings."

110. "Tommy," said Mr. Fisher, ignoring them all, "you think your pa's a commercial. He ain't. He's a fighting-man, doing his eight-stone-four ringside, and known to all the heads as 'Young Porky.'"

111. Bill sank into a chair. He could see Harold's round eyes staring at him.

112. "I'd never have thought it of you, Jerry," he said, miserably. "If anyone had come to me and told me that you could have acted so raw I'd have dotted him one."

113. "And if anyone had come to me and told me that I should live to see the day when you broke training a week before a fight at the National, I'd given him one for himself."

114. "Harold, my lad," said Percy, "you mustn't think none the worse of your pa for having been a man of wrath. He hadn't seen the bright light then. It's all over now. He's given it up for ever, and there's no call for you to feel ashamed."

115. Bill seized on the point.

116. "That's right, Harold," he said, reviving, "I've given it up. I was to have fought an American named Murphy at the National next Monday, but I ain't going to now, not if they come to me on their bended knees. Not if the King of England come to me on his bended knees."

117. Harold drew a deep breath.

118. "Oh!" he cried, shrilly. "Oh, aren't you? Then what about my two bob? What about my two bob, I've betted Dicky Saunders that Jimmy Murphy won't last ten rounds?"

119. He looked round the room wrathfully.

120. "It's thick," he said in the crisp, gentlemanly, voice of which his parents were so proud. "It's jolly thick. That's what it is. A chap takes the trouble to study form and saves up his pocket-money to have a bet on a good thing, and then he goes and gets let down like this. It may be funny to you, but I call it rotten. And another thing I call rotten is you having kept it from me all this time that you were. 'Young Porky,' pa. That's what I call so jolly rotten! There's a fellow at our school who goes about **swanking** in the most rotten way because he once got Phil Scott's autograph."



Fellows look up to him most awfully, and all the time they might have been doing it to me. That's what makes me so jolly sick. How long do you suppose they'd go on calling me, 'Goggles' if they knew that you were my father? They'd chuck it tomorrow, and look up to me like anything, I do call it rotten. And chucking it up like this is the limit. What do you want to do it for? It's the silliest idea, I've ever heard. Why, if you beat Jimmy Murphy they'll have to give you the next chance with Sid Sampson for the Lonsdale belt. Jimmy beat Ted Richards, and Ted beat the Ginger Nut, and the Ginger Nut only lost on a foul to Sid Sampson, and you beat Ted Richards, so they couldn't help letting you have next go at Sid."

121. Mr. Fisher beamed approval.
122. "If I've told your pa that once, I've told him twenty times," he said. "You certainly know a thing or two, Tommy."
123. "Well, I've made a study of it since I was a kid, so I jolly well ought to. All the fellows at our place are frightfully keen on it. One chap's got a snapshot of Jimmy Wilde. At least, he says it's Jimmy Wilde, but I believe it's just some ordinary fellow. Anyhow, it's jolly blurred, so it might be anyone. Pa, can't you give me a picture of yourself boxing? I could swank like anything. And you don't know how sick a chap gets of having chaps call him, 'Goggles.'"
124. "Bill," said Mr. Fisher, "you and me had better be getting back to the White Hart."
125. Bill rose and followed him without a word.
126. Harold broke the silence which followed their departure. The animated expression which had been on his face as he discussed the relative merits of Sid Sampson and the Ginger Nut had given place to the abstracted gravity of the student.
127. "Ma!"
128. Mrs. Bramble started **convulsively**.
129. "Yes, dearie?"
130. "Will you hear me? "
131. Mrs. Bramble took the book.
132. "Yes, mother will hear you, precious," she said, mechanically.
133. Harold fixed his eyes upon the cut-glass hangings of the chandelier.
134. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever'-clever. 'Do noble things..'"



About the Author

Sir Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, KBE (15 October 1881 - 14 February 1975) was a comic writer who enjoyed enormous popular success during a career of an acknowledged master of English prose. Wodehouse has been admired both by contemporaries such as Hilaire Belloc, Evelyn Waugh and Rudyard Kipling and by modern writers such as Douglas Adams, Salman Rushdie, Zadie Smith and Terry Pratchett.

Best known today for the Jeeves and Blandings Castle novels and short stories, Wodehouse was also a playwright and lyricist who was part author and writer of 15 plays and of 250 lyrics for some 30 musical comedies. He worked with **Cole Porter** on the musical '**Anything Goes**' (1934) and frequently collaborated with **Jerome Kern** and Guy Bolton. He wrote the lyrics for the hit song "**Bill**" in Kern's **Show Boat** (1927), wrote the lyrics for the **Gershwin - Romberg** musical **Rosalie** (1928) and collaborated with Rudolf Friml on a musical version of **The Three Musketeers** (1928).

3. Based on your reading of the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct option.

- (a) Mrs Bramble was a proud woman because _____
- (i) she was the wife of a famous boxer.
 - (ii) she had motivated her husband.
 - (iii) she was a good housewife
 - (iv) she was the mother of a child prodigy.
- (b) "The very naming of Harold had caused a sacrifice on his part." The writer's tone here is _____
- (i) admiring
 - (ii) assertive
 - (iii) satirical
 - (iv) gentle
- (c) Harold had defied the laws of heredity by _____
- (i) becoming a sportsman.
 - (ii) being good at academics.
 - (iii) being well-built and muscular
 - (iv) respecting his parents



- (d) Harold felt that he was deprived of the respect that his classmates would give him as _____
- (i) they did not know his father was the famous boxer, 'Young Porky'.
 - (ii) his hero, Jimmy Murphy had not won the wrestling match.
 - (iii) he had not got Phil Scott's autograph.
 - (iv) Sid Simpson had lost the Lonsdale belt.

4. Answer the following questions

- (a) What was strange about the manner in which Mrs. Bramble addressed her son? What did he feel about it?
- (b) Why was it necessary to keep Harold's father's profession a secret from him?
- (c) When Mr. Bramble came to know that he was to become a father what were some of the names he decided upon? Why?
- (d) Describe Mr. Bramble as he has been described in the story.
- (e) Why was Mrs. Bramble upset when she came to hear that Bill had decided not to fight?
- (f) Who was Jerry Fisher? What did he say to try and convince Bill to change his mind?
- (g) How did Harold come to know that his father was a boxer?
- (h) Why was Harold upset that his father had not told him about his true identity? Give two reasons.
- (i) Do you agree with Harold's parents decision of hiding from him the fact that his father was a boxer? Why / Why not?

5. The sequence of events has been jumbled up. Rearrange them and complete the given flowchart.

- 1) Major Percy and Bill come to the house.
- 2) Harold comes to know that his father is a boxer.
- 3) Bill tells his wife that he is doing it for Harold.
- 4) Jerry Fisher tries to convince Bill to reconsider.
- 5) Mrs. Bramble is amazed to think that she has brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world.
- 6) Harold wants to know what will happen to the money he had bet on Murphy losing.
- 7) Mrs. Bramble is informed that Bill had decided not to fight.
- 8) Mrs. Bramble resumes work of darning the sock.
- 9) Harold is alone with his mother in their home.



Mrs. Bramble is amazed to think that she has brought such a prodigy as Harold into the world.

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6. Choose extracts from the story that illustrate the characters of these people in it.

Person	Extracts from the story	What this tells us about their characters
Mrs Bramble	(Para 12) "Bill we must keep it from Harold"	She was not honest and open with her son; concerned mother
Mr Bramble	(Para 33)	
Percy	(Para 109)	
Jerry Fisher	(Para 110)	



LISTENING TASK

7. *The teacher will ask the students to answer these questions based on an interview given by the legendary WWE wrestler, Kane to Chris Carle of IGN. The students are to listen to the interview.*

1. What were the video games that Kane liked playing earlier and which games later?

2. Who was Kane's favourite wrestler when he was first getting into wrestling and who were some of the other wrestlers who influenced him into taking up wrestling?

3. How according to Kane had the WWE changed in the past ten years?

4. Does Kane prefer performing with the mask or without the mask?

5. Why does Kane wrestle these days even though he has accomplished almost everything?

6. What is your impression of Kane as a person after you have heard this interview?

WRITING TASK

8. *Many people are of the opinion that violent, physical sports such as boxing, kick boxing and wrestling, to name a few should be banned while others think otherwise. Express your opinion on the topic by either writing in favour of banning these sports or against banning them. While writing, you should also include the rebuttal to your questions. Try not to go beyond 200 words.*

9. *A large part of the story is composed of conversation between the characters. Can you convert it into a play and in groups, present your version of the play before the class? Before that, decide on the members of cast, minimum props required and also the costumes.*



Fiction **5** **UNIT**

F. 5 Best Seller

by O. Henry

1. Before you read the story write down the answers to these questions.

- Which was the latest book that you read?
- Who was the author?
- Who were the main characters?
- When did you read the book?
- How long did you take to complete reading it?
- What genre did it belong to?
- Why would/wouldn't you recommend it?

2 Now read the story.

1. One day last summer, I went to Pittsburgh-well, I had to go there on business.
2. My chair-car was profitably well-filled with people of the kind one usually sees on chair-cars. Most of them were ladies in brown-silk dresses cut with square yokes, with lace insertion and dotted veils, who refused to have the windows raised. Then there was the usual number of men who looked as if they might be in almost any business and going almost anywhere. I leaned back idly in chair No. 7, and looked with tepidest curiosity at the small, black, bald-spotted head just visible above the back of No.9.
3. Suddenly No.9 hurled a book to the floor between his chair and the window, and, looking, I saw that it was "The Rose Lady and Trevelyan," one of the best-selling novels of the present day. And then the critic veered his chair toward the window, and I knew him at once for John A. Pescud of Pittsburgh, travelling salesman for a plate-glass company - an old acquaintance whom I had not seen in two years.
4. In two minutes we were faced, had shaken hands, and had finished with such topics as rain, prosperity, health, residence, and destination. Politics might have followed next; but I was not so ill-fated.



5. I wish you might know John A. Pescud. He is of the stuff that heroes are not often lucky enough to be made of. He is a small man with a wide smile, and an eye that seems to be fixed upon that little red spot on the end of your nose.
6. He believes that "our" plate-glass is the most important commodity in the world the Cambria Steel Works, the best company and that when a man is in his home town, he ought to be decent and law-abiding.
7. During my acquaintance with him earlier I had never known his views on life, romance, literature and ethics. We had browsed, during our meetings, on local topics and then parted.
8. Now I was to get more of his ideas. By way of facts, he told me that business had picked up since the party conventions and that he was going to get off at Coketown.
9. "Say," said Pescud, stirring his discarded book with the hand, "did you ever read one of these best-sellers? I mean the kind where the hero is an American **swell**-sometimes even from Chicago - who falls in love with a royal princess from Europe who is travelling under an **alias** and follows her to her father's kingdom or principality? I guess you have. They're all alike.
10. ____ "Well, this fellow chases the royal chair-warmer home as I said, and finds out who she is. He meets her in the evening and gives us ten pages of conversation. She reminds him of the difference in their stations and that gives him a chance to ring in three solid pages about America's uncrowned sovereigns.
11. "Well, you know how it runs on, if you've read any of 'em-he slaps the king's Swiss bodyguards around like every thing whenever they get in his way. He's a great fencer, too.
12. "Yes," said Pescud, "but these kind of love-stories are rank on-the-level. I know something about literature, even if I am in plate-glass.
13. "When people in real life marry, they generally hunt up somebody in their own station. A fellow usually picks out a girl who went to the same high-school and belonged to the same singing-society that he did."



14. Pescud picked up the best-seller and hunted his page.
15. "Listen to this," said he. "Trevelyan is sitting with the Princess Alwynna at the back end of the tulip-garden. This is how it goes:
16. "Say not so, dearest and sweetest of earth's fairest flowers. Would I aspire? You are a star set high above me in a royal heaven; I am only-myself. Yet I am a man and I have a heart to do and dare. I have no title save that of an uncrowned sovereign; but I have an arm and a sword that yet might free Schutzenfestenstein from the plots of traitors."
17. "Think of a Chicago man packing a sword, and talking about freeing anything that sounded as much like canned sardines!"
18. "I think I understand you, John," said I. "You want fiction- writers be consistent with their scenes and characters. They shouldn't mix **Turkish pashas** with **Vermont farmers**, or English dukes with Long Island **clamdiggers** or Cincinnati agents with the rajahs of India."
19. "Or plain business men with **aristocracy** high above 'em," added Pescud. "It doesn't jibe. I don't see why people go to work and buy hundreds of thousands of books which are best sellers. You don't see or hear of any such capers in real life."
20. "Well John," said I, "I haven't read a best-seller in a long time. May be I've had notions about them somewhat like yours. But tell me more about yourself. Getting along all right with the company?"
21. "Bully," said Pescud, brightening at once. "I've had my salary raised twice since I saw you, and I get a commission, too. I've bought a neat slice of real estate. Next year the firm is going to sell me some shares of stock. Oh, I'm in on the line of **General Prosperity**."
22. "Met your affinity yet, John?" I asked.
23. "Oh, I didn't tell you about that, did I?" said Pescud with a broader grin.
24. "O-ho!" I said. "So you've taken time enough off from your plate-glass to have a romance?"
25. "No, no," said John. "No romance-nothing like that! But I'll tell you about it,
26. "I was on the south-bound, going to Cincinnati, about eighteen months ago, when I saw, across the aisle, the finest looking girl I'd ever laid eyes on. Nothing spectacular, you know, but just the sort you want **for keeps**."

Turkish pashas : a high official of the Ottoman empire
Vermont : a state of north east US bordering Canada
clamdiggers : people who hunt for clams (edible shell fish)
aristocracy : class of people of high social rank
general prosperity : doing well
for keeps : for ever, permanently



27. She read a book and minded her business, which was to make the world prettier and better just by residing in it. I kept on looking out of the side-doors of my eyes, and finally the proposition got out of the carriage into a case of cottage with a lawn and vines running over the porch. I never thought of speaking to her, but I let the plate glass business go to smash for a while."
28. "She changed cars at Cincinnati and took a sleeper to Louisville. There she bought another ticket and went on through Shelbyville, Frankford, and Lexington. Along there, I began to have a hard time keeping up with her. The trains came along when they pleased, and didn't seem to be going anywhere in particular, except to keep on the track and the right of way as much as possible. Then they began to stop at junctions instead of towns, and at last they stopped altogether
29. "I contrived to keep out of her sight as much as I could, but I never lost track of her. The last station she got off at was away down in Virginia, about six in the evening. There were about fifty houses.
30. "The rest was red mud, mules, and speckled hounds.
31. "A tall old man, with a smooth face and white hair, looking as proud as Julius Caesar was there to meet her. His clothes were **frazzled** but I didn't notice that till later. He took her little satchel, and they started over the plank walks and went up a road along the hill. I kept along a piece behind 'em, trying to look like I was hunting a **garnet** ring in the sand that my sister had lost at a picnic the previous Saturday.
32. "They went in a gate on top of the hill. It nearly took my breath away when I looked up. Up there in the biggest grove, I had ever seen was a huge house with round white pillars about a thousand feet high, and the yard was so full of rose-bushes and box-bushes and lilacs that you couldn't have seen the house if it hadn't been as big as the Capitol at Washington.
33. "'Here's where I have to trail,' say I to myself. I thought before that she seemed to be in moderate circumstances, at least. This must be the Governor's mansion, or the Agricultural Building of a new World's Fair, anyhow. I'd better go back to the village and get posted by the postmaster, for some information.
34. "In the village, I found a fine hotel called the Bay View House. The only excuse for the name was a bay horse grazing in the front yard. I set my sample-case down, and tried to be ostensible. I told the landlord, I was taking orders for plate-glass".
35. "By-and-by, I got him down to local gossip and answering questions.
36. _""Why?'," says he, 'I thought everybody knew who lived in the big white house on the hill. It's Colonel Allyn, the biggest man and finest quality in Virginia, or



- anywhere else. They're the oldest family in the State. That was his daughter that got off the train. She's been up to Illinois to see her aunt, who is sick.'
37. "I registered at the hotel, and on the third day I caught the young lady walking in the front yard, down next to the paling fence. I stopped and raised my hat - there wasn't any other way.
 38. 'Excuse me,' says I, 'can you tell me where Mr. Hinkle lives?'
 39. "She looks at me as cool as if I was the man come to see about the weeding of the garden, but I thought I saw just a slight twinkle of fun in her eyes.
 40. 'No one of that name lives in Birchtown,' says she. 'That is,' she goes on, 'as far as I know'.
 41. "Well, that tickled me. 'No kidding,' says I. 'I'm not looking for smoke, even if I do come from Pittsburgh.'
 42. 'You are quite a distance from home,' says she.
 43. 'I'd have gone a thousand miles farther,' says I.
 44. 'Not if you hadn't woken up when the train started in Shelbyville,' says she; and then she turned almost as red as one of the roses on the bushes in the yard. I remembered I had dropped off to sleep on a bench in the Shelbyville station, waiting to see which train she took, and only just managed to wake up in time.
 45. "And then I told her why I had come, as respectful and earnest as I could. And I told her everything about myself, and what I was making, and how that all I asked was just to get acquainted with her and try to get her to like me.
 46. "She smiles a little, and blushes some, but her eyes never get mixed up. They look straight at whatever she's talking to.
 47. 'I never had any one talk like this to me before, Mr. Pescud,' says she. 'What did you say your name is-John?'
 48. 'John A.,' says I.
 49. " 'And you came mighty near missing the train at Powhatan Junction, too,' says she, with a laugh that sounded as good as a mileage-book to me."
 50. " 'How did you know?' I asked.
 51. " 'Men are very clumsy,' said she. 'I know you were on every train. I thought you were going to speak to me, and I'm glad you didn't.
 52. "Then we had more talk; and at last a kind of proud, serious look came on her face, and she turned and pointed a finger at the big house.



53. 'The Allyns,' says she, 'have lived in Elmcroft for a hundred years. We are a proud family. Look at that mansion. It has fifty rooms. See the pillars and porches and balconies. The ceilings in the reception-rooms and the ball-room are twenty-eight feet high. My father is lineal descendant of **belted earls**.'
54. "'Of course,' she goes on, 'my father wouldn't allow a drummer to set his foot in Elmcroft. If he knew that I was talking to one over the fence, he would lock me in my room.'
55. "'Would you let me come there?' says I. 'Would you talk to me if I was to call? For,' I goes on, 'if you said I might come and see you?'
56. "'I must not talk to you,' she says, 'because we have not been introduced. It is not exactly proper. So I will say good-bye, Mr.--'
57. "'Say the name,' says I. 'You haven't forgotten it.'"
58. "'Pescud,' says she, a little mad.
59. "'The rest of the name!' I demands, cool as could be."
60. "'John,' says she.
61. "'John-what?' I says.
62. "'John A.,' says she, with her head high. 'Are you through, now?'
63. "'I'm coming to see the belted earl tomorrow,' I says.
64. "'He'll feed you to his fox-hounds,' says she, laughing.
65. "'If he does, it'll improve their running,' says I. 'I'm something of a hunter myself.'"
66. "'I must be going in now,' says she. 'I oughtn't to have spoken to you at all. I hope you'll have a pleasant trip back to Minneapolis-or Pittsburgh, was it? Good-bye!'
67. "'Good-night,' says I, 'and it wasn't Minneapolis. What's your name, first, please?'
68. "She hesitated. Then she pulled a leaf off a bush, and said:
69. "'My name is Jessie,' says she.
70. "'Good-night, Miss Allyn', says I.
71. "The next morning at eleven, sharp, I rang the doorbell of that World's Fair main building. After about three quarters of an hour an old man about eighty showed up and asked what I wanted. I gave him my business card, and said I wanted to see the colonel. He showed me in.



Earl : a British nobleman between a viscount and a marquess
belted earl : until the 17th century, an earl was invested by the king with a sword he wore at his waist hence he was called a 'belted earl'



72. "Say, did you ever crack open a wormy English walnut? That's what that house was like. There wasn't enough furniture in it to fill an eight-dollar flat. Some old horsehair lounges and three-legged chairs and some framed ancestors on the walls were all that met the eye. But when Colonel Allyn comes in, the place seemed to light up. You could almost hear a band playing, and see a bunch of old-timers in wigs and white stockings dancing a **quadrille**. It was the style of him, although he had on the same shabby clothes I saw him wear at the station.

"For about nine seconds he had me **rattled**, and I came mighty near getting cold feet and trying to sell him some plate-glass. But I got my nerve back pretty quick. He asked me to sit down, and I told him everything. I told him how I followed his daughter from Cincinnati, and what I did it for, and all about my salary and prospects, and explained to him my little code of living - to be always decent and right in your home town. At first, I thought he was going to throw me out of the window, but I kept on talking.

73. "Well, that got him to laughing, and I'll bet that was the first laugh those ancestors and horsehair sofa had heard in many a day.
74. "We talked two hours. I told him everything I knew; and then he began to ask questions and I told him the rest. All I asked of was to give me a chance. If I couldn't make a hit with the little lady, I'd clear out, and not bother any more. At last he says:
75. "'There was a Sir Courtenay Pescud in the time of Charles I, if I remember rightly.'
76. "'If there was,' says I 'he can't claim kin with our bunch. We've always lived in and around Pittsburgh. I've got an uncle in the real-estate business, and one in trouble somewhere out in Kansas. You can inquire about any of the rest of us from anybody in old Smoky Town, and get satisfactory replies. Did you ever run across that story about the captain of the whaler who tried to make a sailor say his prayers?' says I.
77. "'It occurs to me that I have never been so fortunate,' says the Colonel.
78. "So I told it to him. Laugh! I was wishing to myself that he was a customer. What a bill of glass, I'd sell him! And then he says:
79. " 'The relating of anecdotes and humorous occurrences has always seemed to me, Mr. Pescud, to be a particularly agreeable way of promoting and perpetuating amenities between friends. With your permission, I will relate to you a fox-hunting story with which I was personally connected, and which may furnish you some amusement'
80. "Two evenings later, I got a chance to speak a word with Miss Jessie alone on the porch while the Colonel was thinking up another story.



81. " 'It's going to be a fine evening,' says I.
82. 'He's coming,' says she. 'He's going to tell you, this time, the story about the old African and the green watermelons. It always comes after the one about the Yankees and the game rooster. There was another time she goes on, 'that you nearly got left- it was at Pulaski City.'
83. " 'Yes,' says I, 'I remember. My foot slipped as I was jumping on the step, and I nearly tumbled off.'
84. " 'I know,' says she. 'And - and I- I was afraid you had, John A. I was afraid you had. '
85. "And then she skips into the house through one of the big windows."
86. "Coketown!" droned the porter, making his way through the slowing car.
87. Pescud gathered his hat and baggage with the leisurely promptness of an old traveller.
88. "I married her a year ago," said John, "I told you I built a house in the East End. The belted- I mean the Colonel-is there, too. I find him waiting at the gate whenever I get back from a trip to hear any new story, I might have picked up on the road,"
89. I glanced out of the window. Coketown was nothing more than a **ragged** hillside dotted with a score of black dismal huts propped up against dreary mounts of slag and clinkers. It rained in slanting torrents, too and the rills foamed and splashed down through the black mud to the railroad- tracks.
90. "You won't sell much plate-glass here, John," said I. "Why do you get off at this end-o'-the-world?"
91. "Why?," said Pescud, "the other day I took Jessie for a little trip to Philadelphia, and coming back she thought she saw some petunias in a pot in one of those windows over there just like some she used to raise down in the old Virginia home. So I thought, I'd drop off here for the night, and see if I could dig up some of the cuttings or blossoms for her. Here we are. Good-night, old man. I gave you the address. Come out and see us when you have time."
92. The train moved forward. One of the dotted brown ladies insisted on having windows raised, now that the rain beat against them. The porter came along with his mysterious wand and began to light the car.
93. I glanced downward and saw the best-seller. I picked it up and set it carefully farther along on the floor of the car, where the raindrops would not fall upon it. And then, suddenly, I smiled, and seemed to see that life has no geographical bounds.
94. "Good-luck to you, Trevelyan," I said. "And may you get the petunias for your princess!"



About the Author

O. Henry is the pseudonym of William Sydney Porter (1862-1910), American writer of short stories, best known for his ironic plot twists and surprise endings. Born and raised in Greensboro, North Carolina, O. Henry was fascinated by New York street life, which provided a setting for many of his later stories. During the last ten years of his life, O. Henry became one of the most popular writers in America publishing over 500 short stories in dozens of widely read periodicals. His style of storytelling became a model not only for short fiction, but also for American motion pictures and television programmes. Writing at the rate of more than one story per week, O. Henry published ten collections of stories during a career that barely spanned a decade. In 1919 the O. Henry Memorial Awards were founded by the Society of Arts and Science for the best American short stories published each year.

3. Based on your reading of the story, answer the following questions by choosing the correct option.

- (a) The narrator says that John was " of the stuff that heroes are not often lucky enough to be made of." His tone is sarcastic because
- he hated John.
 - he felt that John was a threat to him.
 - John was not particularly good-looking.
 - nobody liked John.
- (b) Pescud felt that best-sellers were not realistic as
- American farmers had nothing in common with European princesses.
 - men generally married girls from a similar background.
 - American men married girls who studied in America.
 - American men did not know fencing and were beaten by the Swiss guards.
- (c) "Bully", said Pescud brightening at once. He means to say that
- he is a bully.
 - his manager was a bully.
 - he was being bullied by his co-workers.
 - he was doing very well at his job.



- (d) The narrator says that life has no geographical bounds implying that _____
- (i) human beings are essentially the same everywhere.
 - (ii) boundaries exist only on maps.
 - (iii) one should work towards the good of mankind.
 - (iv) he was happy to travel to other countries.

4. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) One day last summer the author was travelling to Pittsburg by chair car. What does he say about his co-passengers?
- (b) Who was the passenger of chair No.9? What did he suddenly do?
- (c) What was John A. Pescud's opinion about best sellers? Why?
- (d) What does John say about himself since his last meeting with the author?
- (e) How did John's first meeting with Jessie's father go? What did the author tell him?
- (f) Why did John get off at Coketown?
- (g) John is a hypocrite. Do you agree with this statement? Substantiate your answer.
- (h) Describe John A. Pescud with reference to the following points:
 - Physical appearance
 - His philosophy on behaviour
 - His profession
 - His first impression of his wife
 - His success

5. Complete the flow chart in the correct sequence as it happens in the story.

Hint: it begins from the time John Pescud first saw Jessie till the time they marry.

Jessie takes a sleeper to Louisville.

Pescud sees a girl (Jessie) reading a book in the train.

Pescud speaks to the girl (Jessie) for the first time.

Pescud follows her but finds it difficult to keep up.

Pescud goes to the village to find out about the mansion.



Jessie arrives at Virginia.

Pescud meets Jessie's father.

They get married a year later.

Pescud instantly gets attracted to the girl (Jessie)

Jessie informs Pescud that her father would not approve of them meeting.

They meet alone two days later.

6. ***Irony refers to the use of words to convey a meaning that is the opposite of their literal meaning. Working in pairs, bring out the irony in the following :***

- a) The title of the story, "The Bestseller".
- b) Pescud's claim, "When people in real life marry, they generally hunt up somebody in their own station. A fellow usually picks out a girl who went to the same high-school and belonged to the same singing-society that he did."
- c) The name Trevelyan.

7. ***A newspaper reporter hears of the marriage of Pescud and Jessie. He interviews them and writes an article for the paper entitled : A Modern Romance.***

Working in groups of four, write the article.



POETRY

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OBS

KNOW - AS YOU GROW

P. 1 The Brook

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

1. Can you match the following?

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| (a) Something that lives for one year | biennial |
| (b) Something that lives for about two years | perennial |
| (c) Something that lives for more than two years | annual |

2. Here is a list of a few things. Can you tell how long each of them can live /exist?

- (a) a dog
- (b) an elephant
- (c) a tree
- (d) a human being
- (e) a star
- (f) a mountain
- (g) a river

3. The poem is about a brook. A dictionary would define a brook as a stream or a small river. Read the poem silently first. After the first reading, the teacher will make you listen to a recording of the poem. What do you think the poem is all about?

I come from **haunts** of **coot** and **hern**;
I make a sudden **sally**
And sparkle out among the fern,
To **bicker** down a valley.

haunts: places frequently visited by

coot: a type of water bird with a white spot on the forehead

hern: heron, (another kind of water bird)

sally: emerge suddenly

bicker: (here) flow down with a lot of noise



- 5 By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty **thorpes**, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.
- Till last by Philip's farm I flow
- 10 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
- I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and **trebles**,
- 15 I bubble into **eddy**ing bays,
I **babble** on the pebbles.
- With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and **fallow**,
And many a fairy **foreland** set
- 20 With willow-weed and **mallow**.
- I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
- 25 I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a **lusty trout**,
And here and there a **grayling**,
- And here and there a foamy flake
- 30 Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,



thorpes: a village

trebles: high pitched tune

eddying: spiral movement of water

babble: sound made when one talks gaily

fallow: land left uncultivated to regain fertility

foreland: piece of land that extends into the sea

mallow: plant with hairy stems and leaves and pink, white or purple flowers

lusty trout: a big freshwater fish

grayling: another type of fish



And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river
 35 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by **hazel** covers
 I move the sweet **forget-me-nots**
 40 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

45 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my **shingly** bars;
 I loiter round my **cresses**;

And out again I curve and flow
 50 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.



About the Poet

Lord Tennyson (1809-92) was born in Lincolnshire. Poet Laureate for over 40 years, Tennyson is representative of the Victorian age. His skilled craftsmanship and noble ideals retained a large audience for poetry in an age when the novel was engrossing more and more readers. Tennyson's real contribution lies in his shorter poems like **The Lady of Shalott, The Princess, Ulysses, The Palace of Art** etc. His fame rests on his perfect control of sound, the synthesis of sound and meaning, the union of pictorial and musical.

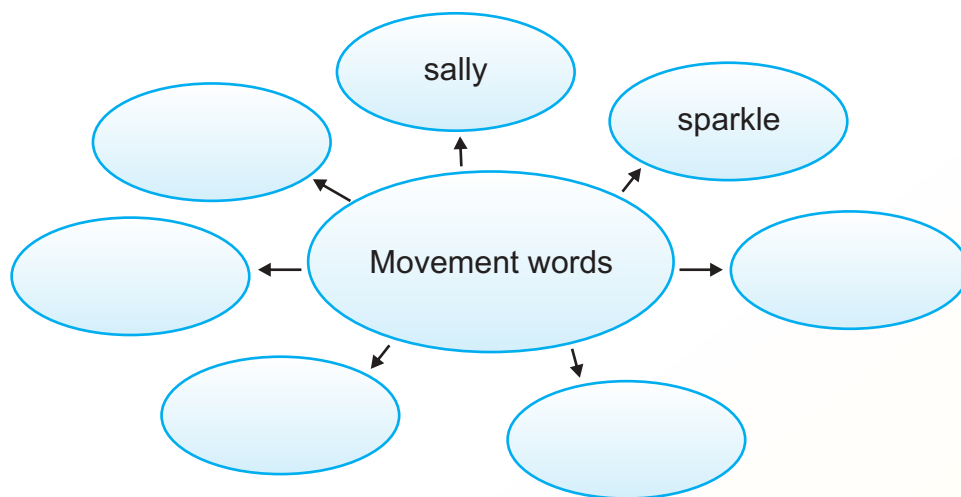
4. After reading the poem answer the following questions.

The poet has used a number of words which indicate 'movement' and 'sound'. Working with your partner make a list of these words from the poem and complete the web chart.

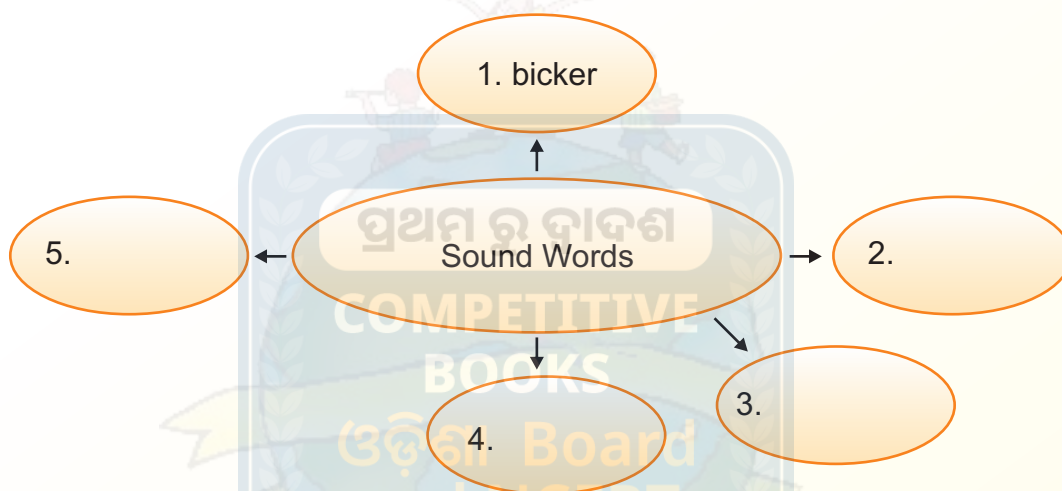
hazel: a small tree or bush with edible nuts
forget-me-nots : a type of flower
shingly: covered with small rounded pebbles
cresses: pungent leaved plant like a cabbage



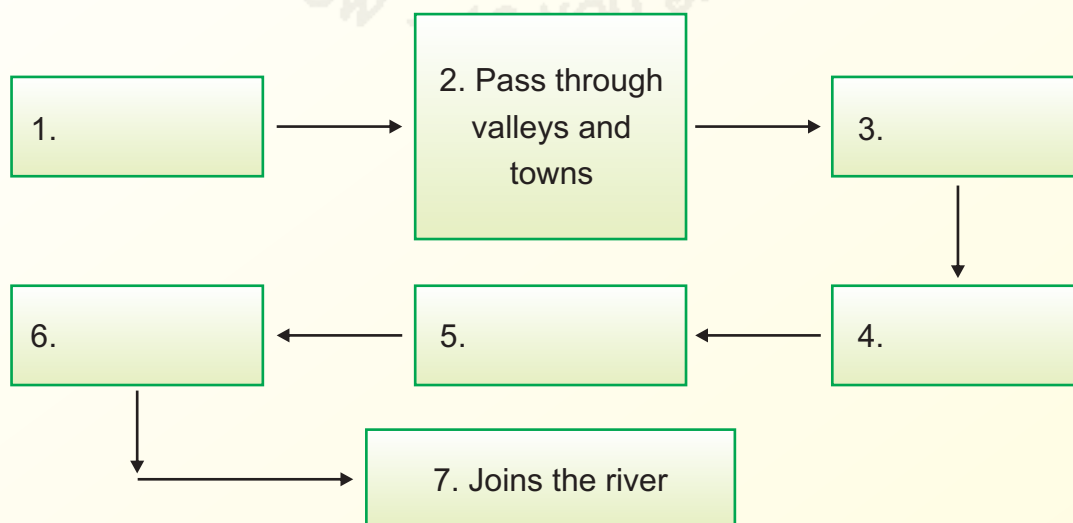
a.



b.



- c. A word or a combination of words, whose sound seems to resemble the sound it denotes (for example: "hiss", "buzz", "etc.") is called onomatopoeia. From the words that you have filled in the blurbs above point out these words.



5. **The following is a flow chart showing the course of the brook. Can you fill in the blank spaces with help from the phrases given below?**

a) passes under fifty bridges; b) comes from the place where coots and herons live;
c) passes lawns filled with flowers; d) crosses both fertile and fallow land; e) goes through wilderness full of thorny bushes

6. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.**

- (a) The message of the poem is that the life of a brook is _____.
 (i) temporary
 (ii) short-lived
 (iii) eternal
 (v) momentary
- (b) The poet draws a parallelism between the journey of the brook with _____.
 (i) the life of a man
 (ii) the death of man
 (iii) the difficulties in a man's life
 (iv) the endless talking of human beings
- (c) The poem is narrated in the first person by the brook. This figure of speech is _____.
 (i) Personification
 (ii) Metaphor
 (iii) Simile
 (iv) Transferred epithet
- (d) In the poem, below mentioned lines :
*"And here and there a lusty trout ,
 And here and there a grayling"*
 suggest that _____.
 (i) the brook is a source of life.
 (ii) people enjoy the brook.
 (iii) fishes survive because of water.



(iv) the brook witnesses all kinds of scenes.

7. Answer the following questions.

- (a) How does the brook 'sparkle' ?
- (b) 'Bicker' means 'to quarrel'. Why does the poet use this word here?
- (c) How many hills and bridges does the brook pass during its journey?
- (d) Where does it finally meet the river?
- (e) Why has the word 'chatter' been repeated in the poem?
- (f) '*With many a curve my banks I fret*'. What does the poet mean by this statement?
- (g) '*I wind about, and in and out*'. What kind of a picture does this line create in your mind?
- (h) Name the different things that can be found floating in the brook.
- (i) What does the poet want to convey by using the words 'steal' and 'slide'?
- (j) The poem has many examples of alliteration. List any five examples.
- (k) '*I make the netted sunbeam dance*'. What does '*the netted sunbeam*' mean? How does it dance?
- (l) What is the 'refrain' in the poem? What effect does it create?

8. Read the given lines and answer the questions

*I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.*

- a) Who does 'I' refer to in the given lines?
- b) How does it 'chatter'?
- c) Why has the poet used the word 'brimming'? What kind of a picture does it create?
- d) Explain the last two lines of the stanza.

9. Identify the rhyme scheme of the poem.

10. The poem is full of images that come alive through skilful use of words. List out any two images that appeal to you the most, quoting the lines from the poem.

11. The brook appears to be a symbol for life. Pick out examples of parallelism between life and the brook.



12. This poem describes the journey of a stream from its place of origin to the river that it joins. The poem has been written in the form of an autobiography where the brook relates its experiences as it flows towards the river. In Literature such a device by which an inanimate object is made to appear as a living creature is called Personification. Just as the brook has been personified in this poem, write a poem on any inanimate object making it come alive. You could begin with a poem of 6-8 lines. The poem should have a message. Maintain a rhyme scheme. Try and include similes, metaphors, alliteration etc. to enhance the beauty of the poem. You could write a poem on objects such as the candle/a tree/a rock/the desert etc.

This could be given as a homework activity. The teacher could read out some of the poems in the class and display the others.

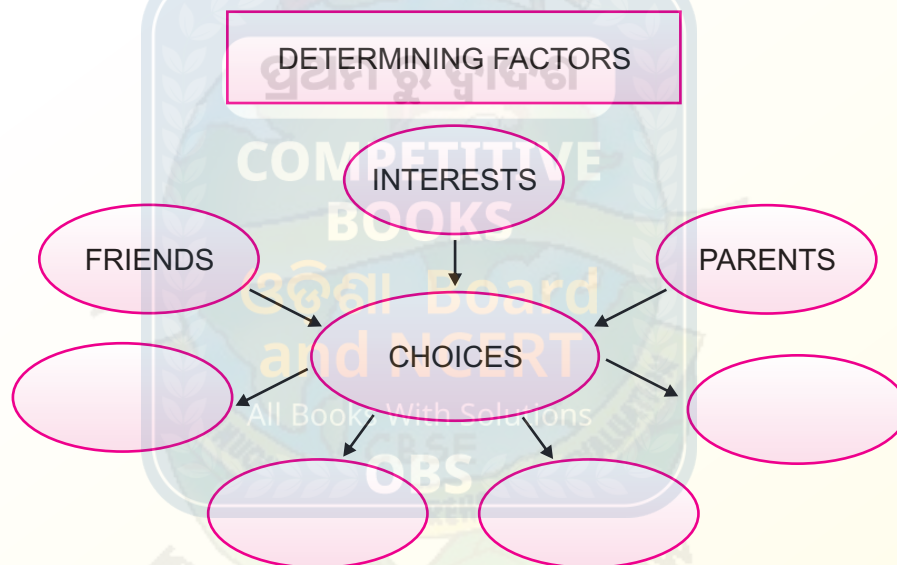


Poetry 7 UNIT

P.2 The Road Not Taken

by Robert Frost

1. Sometimes the choices we make have far-reaching consequences. Think about choices you make on a daily basis, and the importance of these choices.
2. Complete the web chart showing choices and decisions you may have to make in the next few years and the factors that affect these choices.



Share your choices and decisions with your partner.

3. Have you made choices that are acceptable and less 'risky' or have you followed the beaten track? Why?
4. List common dilemmas that teenagers face involving the choice of one or more "roads." Give examples of "roads" that you must travel (e.g. facing peer pressure, choosing friends, observing rules laid down by school and parents, acting on your own values).
5.
 - a. Listen to a recording of the poem.
 - b. What choice did the poet have to make?
 - c. Did he regret his choice? Why/why not?



6. Read the poem silently.

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
 And sorry I could not travel both
 And be one traveller, long I stood
 And looked down one as far as I could
 5 To where it bent in the undergrowth;
 Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,
 Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
 Though as for that the passing there
 10 Had worn them really about the same,
 And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
 15 I doubted if I should ever come back.
 I shall be telling this with a sigh
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
 I took the one less travelled by,
 20 And that has made all the difference.

About the Poet

Robert Frost (1874-1963) was born in San Francisco, Frost spent most of his adult life in rural New England and his laconic language and emphasis on individualism in his poetry reflect this region. He attended Dartmouth and Harvard but never earned a degree, and as a young man with a growing family he attempted to write poetry while working on a farm or teaching in a school. American editors rejected his submitted poems. With considerable pluck Frost moved his family to England in 1912 and the following year a London publisher brought out his first book. After publishing a second book, Frost returned to America determined to win a reputation in his own country, which he gradually achieved. He became one of the country's best-loved poets. Unlike his contemporaries, Frost chose not to experiment with new verse forms but to employ traditional patterns, or as he said, he chose "the old-fashioned way to be new." Despite the surface cheerfulness and descriptive accuracy of his poems, he often presents a dark, sober vision of life, and there is a decidedly thoughtful quality to his work.



7. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.**

(a) In the poem, a traveller comes to a fork in the road and needs to decide which way to go to continue his journey. Figuratively the choice of the road denotes _____

- (i) the tough choices people make the road of life.
- (ii) the time wasted on deciding what to do.
- (iii) life is like a forest.
- (v) one must travel a lot to realize his dreams.

(b) The poet writes, '*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood.*' The word diverged means _____.

- (i) appeared
- (ii) curved
- (iii) branched off
- (iv) continued on

(c) The tone of the speaker in the first stanza is that of _____.

- (i) excitement
- (ii) anger
- (iii) hesitation and thoughtfulness
- (iv) sorrow

8. **Answer the following questions briefly.**

- i) Describe the two roads that the author comes across.
- ii) Which road does the speaker choose? Why?
- iii) Which road would you choose? Why?
- iv) Does the speaker seem happy about his decision?
- v) The poet says "*I took the one less travelled by, And that has made all the difference.*" What is 'the difference' that the poet mentions?

9. **Write the rhyme scheme of the poem.**



- 10 **Fill in the blanks to complete the following paragraph that gives the theme of the poem. Use the words given in the box below**

decision	sorry	foresee	choices	pleasant	direction
fork	trail	rewarding	chance	wonder	both

The poem "The Road Not Taken" by Robert Frost is about the _____ that one makes in life. It tells about a man who comes to a _____ in the road he is travelling upon. He feels _____ that he can not travel _____ paths as he must choose one. Frost uses this fork in the road to represent a point in the man's life where he has to choose the _____ he wishes to take in life. As he thinks about his _____ he looks down one path as far as he can see trying to _____ what life will be like if he walks that path. He then gazes at the other and decides the outcome of going down that path would be just as _____. At this point he concludes that the _____ that has been less travelled on would be more _____ when he reaches the end of it. The man then decides that he will save the other path for another day, even though he knows that one path leads to another and that he won't get a _____ to go back. The man then says that he will be telling this story with a sigh someday in the future suggesting that he will _____ what life would have been like if he had chosen the more walked path even though the path he chose has made all the difference.

11. **Roads are fascinating as metaphors for life, change, journeys, partings, adventure, etc. or simply as roads. This is probably why they, and all their attendant images, have permeated art, literature and song. In the poem, Frost uses the fork in the road as a metaphor for the choices we make in life. Thus the roads are, in fact, two alternative ways of life. What other nouns could be used to represent life?**

- River
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

12. **In groups of six, select, write the script of and present a skit that demonstrates decision making and conflict resolution. Follow the steps given below :**

- **choices to be made,**
- **options to be considered**



- *the influence of others*
- *the decisions/actions taken*
- *the immediate and future consequences of the decision.*

13. *'The Road Not Taken' is a biographical poem. Therefore, some personal biographical information is relevant to the deeper understanding of the poem we have read. Go to www.encyclopedia.com and complete the following worksheet about Robert Frost.*

- What "momentous decision" was made by Frost in 1912?
- How old was he when took this decision?
- Why was it so difficult to make this decision? Think and give more than one reason.
- Was the "road" Frost had taken easy "to travel"?
- Do you think he wrote "The Road Not Taken" before sailing from the USA to England or after? Can you quote a line or two from the poem that can support your answer?
- Do you think Frost finally became popular in America as a poet?

14. *You can find more information about Robert Frost at the following websites*

<http://www.poets.org/poets/poets.cfm?prmlD=1961>.

Hear the poet (who died almost forty years ago!) reading the poem at

<http://www.poets.org/poems/poems.cfm?prmlD=1645>

To view a beautiful New England scene with each poem in this web site: "Illustrated Poetry of Robert Frost":

<http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Olympus/1487/index.html>



Poetry UNIT

P. 3 The Solitary Reaper

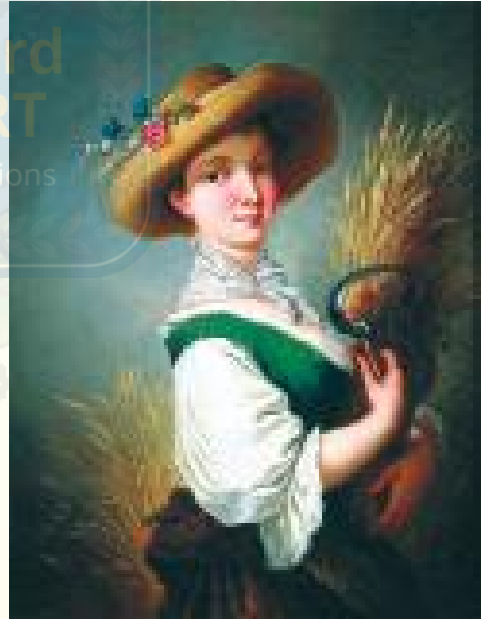
by William Wordsworth

1. Sometimes we see something beautiful and striking, and we remember it for a long time afterwards. Can you recollect this ever happening to you? If so, what was it? What do you remember about it now? Are the details of what you saw or the feelings you experienced at that time fresh in your mind? Think for a few minutes, then share your thoughts with the class.
2. Listen to one of William Wordsworth's poems, that describes a memorable experience he had while out on a walk. (Your teacher will play a recording.) Listen to the poem at least twice.

3. Now read the poem.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary **Highland lass!**
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

5. Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a **melancholy strain:**
O listen! for the **vale profound**
Is overflowing with the sound.
No nightingale did ever chant
10 More welcome notes to weary bands
Of Travellers in some shady haunt.
Among **Arabian Sands**



highland lass: a girl who lives in the highlands (mountain regions) of Scotland
reaping: cutting down and gathering a crop such as corn or rice
melancholy strain: sad song
vale profound: deep valley
Arabian Sands: the deserts of Arabia (the Middle East)



- A voice so thrilling ne' er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird.
15 Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the **farthest Hebrides**.

- Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the **plaintive numbers** flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
20 And battles long ago:

- Or is it some more **humble** lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Same natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
that has been, and may be again ?

- 25 Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the **sickle** bending;

- I listen'd, motionless and still
30 And, as I mounted up the hill,
The Music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.



About the Poet

William Wordsworth was born on 7th April 1770, in Cockermouth in the Lake District, England. When many poets still wrote about ancient heroes in grandiloquent style, Wordsworth focussed on nature, children, the poor, common people and used ordinary words to express his feelings. He defined poetry as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" arising from "emotions recollected in tranquility". He died at Rydal Mount on April 23, 1850.

4. **Imagine that you are the poet, William Wordsworth. You continue on your walk, and when you reach home you tell a friend what you saw and felt. Which of the following best describes your experience? (Work in pairs, then have a class discussion.)**

farthest Hebrides: the most remote group of islands that lie to the north-west of Scotland

plaintive numbers: sad music

humble lay: ordinary song

sickle: a tool for cutting grass and grain crops. It has a short handle and a blade shaped like a hook.



- a) "I was walking past some fields when I saw a young girl, a farm worker, harvesting grain by hand, with a sickle. She was so beautiful that I stood out of sight and watched her for a long time. I have never seen anyone more gorgeous! In fact, she reminded me of other beautiful experiences I've had - the song of the nightingale or the cuckoo, for instance. I'd certainly like to see her again!"
- b) "As I was standing on the hill top just now, I heard a very sad and plaintive song. I looked down, and saw a young woman reaping grain, singing as she did so. She seemed very melancholy as she sang. But somehow her song brought great comfort and joy to me. In fact, I found it a very emotional experience. As I continued my walk along the hill top, I also heard a nightingale and a cuckoo. But the young farm worker's song affected me most deeply, even though I couldn't understand the words."
- c) "Just now, as I was walking in the valley, I saw a young farm worker in the field. She was singing to herself as she worked. I was so affected by her singing, that I stopped and listened. She had a beautiful voice, which seemed to fill the whole valley. The song was a sad one, and I couldn't understand the words. But its plaintive tone and melancholy sound touched me greatly, and its beauty reminded me of the song of a nightingale or a cuckoo. After some time. I walked up the hill, carrying the memory of the young woman's song with me."

5. ***The poet could not understand the words of the song, yet he raised several possibilities about its theme. In the diagram below are some of these possibilities. Read the third stanza again, and find the phrase that matches each. Copy and complete the diagram, writing each phrase in the empty boxes. Work in pairs.***

death or illness of
a loved one

everyday, routine
events

What is the theme of
the solitary reaper's song?

a disaster or calamity in
the past

an important historical
event



6. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.**

- (a) The central idea of the poem 'The Solitary Reaper' is _____.
 (i) well sung songs give us happiness
 (ii) melodious sounds appeal to all
 (iii) beautiful experiences give us life-long pleasure
 (iv) reapers can sing like birds
- (b) In the poem '*The Solitary Reaper*' to whom does the poet say 'Stop here or gently pass'?
 (i) to the people cutting corn
 (ii) to himself
 (iii) to the people who make noise
 (iv) to all the passers by
- (c) 'The Solitary Reaper' is a narrative poem set to music. This form of verse is called a _____.
 (i) ballad
 (ii) soliloquy
 (iii) monologue
 (iv) sonnet
- (d) The poet's lament in the poem 'The Solitary Reaper' is that _____.
 (i) he cannot understand the song
 (ii) he did not know the lass
 (iii) she stopped singing at once
 (iv) he had to move away
- (e) The setting of the poem is _____.
 (i) Arabia
 (ii) Hebrides
 (iii) Scotland
 (iv) England



7.a) Read the second stanza again, in which Wordsworth compares the solitary reaper's song with the song of the nightingale and the cuckoo. On the basis of your reading (and your imagination), copy and complete the table below. (Work in groups of four, then have a brief class discussion.)

	Place	Heard by	Impact on listener
Solitary Reaper	Scottish Highlands	the poet	holds him spellbound
Nightingale			
Cuckoo			

b) Why do you think Wordsworth has chosen the song of the nightingale and the cuckoo, for comparison with the solitary reaper's song?

c) As you read the second stanza, what pictures come to your mind? Be ready to describe them in your own words, to the rest of the class. (Do not be afraid to go beyond what the poet has written.)

8. In the sixth line of the first stanza, we read:

"... and sings a melancholy strain,..."

This "s" sound at the beginning of sings and strain has been repeated. Poets often do this. Do you know why? Do you know what this "poetic repetition" is called? Can you find other instances of this, in **The Solitary Reaper**?

9. In the first stanza, some words or phrases have been used to show that the girl working in the fields is alone. Which are those words and phrases? What effect do they create in the mind of the reader?

10. Wordsworth was so moved by this experience that later he wrote this poem. Think back in your own life and try to recall an experience that affected you greatly and left a deep impact on you. Then write a poem for your school magazine in which you describe that experience and its impact.



Poetry UNIT

P.4 Lord Ullin's Daughter by Thomas Campbell

1. **Scotland stretches away in a spectacular fusion of wooded glens, sweeping moors, rugged coasts, towering mountains, green valleys and deep blue lakes known as Lochs. The Scottish people have long been famous for their close-knit clans organized under chieftains who often led fierce warriors to savage feuds.**
2. **Lord Ullin's Daughter is one of the most popular romantic poems of Thomas Campbell. It describes how a Scottish Chieftain and his beloved flee her wrathful father, but their defiance leads to their deaths, in a surging, stormy sea.**
3. **Your teacher will play a recording of the poem. Listen to it with your books closed and conjure up a scene of mystery, adventure and high drama that the poem portrays.**

1 A Chieftain, to the highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not **tarry**!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"-

5 "Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy weather?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's **isle**,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter. -

"And fast before her father's men
10 Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the **glen**,
My blood would stain the **heather**."

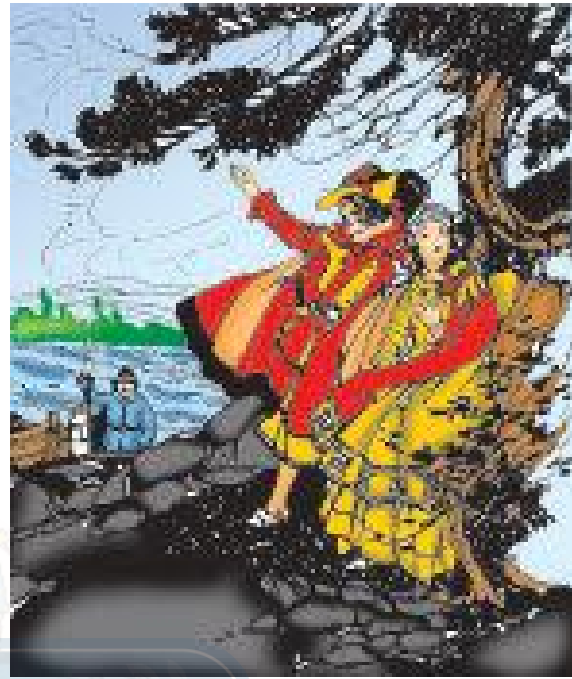


tarry: linger, delay

isle: an island

glen: a deep narrow valley, especially in the mountains of Scotland.

heather: low, spreading plant with woody stems, small spiky leaves and purple, pink or white flowers.



- "His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
15 Then who will cheer my **bonny** bride
When they have slain her lover?"
- Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief- I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
20 But for your **winsome** lady:
- "And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are **raging** white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."
- 25 By this the storm grew loud **apace**,
The water-**wraith** was shrieking;
And in the **scowl** of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
- But still as wilder blew the wind,
30 And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their **trampling** sounded nearer
- "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
35 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
- The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, O! too strong for human hand,
40 The tempest gather'd o'er her.

bonny: lovely, attractive
wight: valiant, skilled in fighting
winsome: pleasing because of a childlike charm and innocence
raging: angry, infuriated
apace: quickly
wraith: ghost, spectre, spirit
scowl: frown; black, dirty look
adown: (archaic) coming down
trampling: stamping, treading, walking over.



And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast **prevailing**:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore, --
His **wrath** was changed to **wailing**.

- 45 For, **sore dismay'd** through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: -
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! Come back!" he cried in grief

- 50 "Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your highland chief,
My daughter! - O my daughter!"

'Twas **vain**: the loud waves **lash'd** the shore,
Return or aid preventing:

- 55 The water wild went o'er his child,
And he was left **lamenting**.

About the Poet

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was born in Scotland. He is chiefly remembered for his sentimental poetry dealing specially with human affairs. He was also one of the initiators of a plan to found what became the University of London. In 1799, he wrote 'The Pleasures of Hope', a traditional 18th century survey in heroic couplets. He also produced several stirring patriotic war songs - "Ye Mariners of England", "The Soldier's Dream", "Hohen Linden" and in 1801, "The Battle of the Baltic".

4. **Now, listen to the poem again. As you listen this time, read the poem aloud, along with the recording. Try to copy the rhythm of the recording.**
5. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.**

prevailing: conquering, overcoming

wrath: anger, exasperation

wailing: lamenting, crying, bemoaning

sore: in pain, distressed, pained

dismayed: disconcerted, shocked, disturbed

vain: futile, useless, to no avail

lashed: beat against, pounded, dashed against

lamenting: wailing, moaning, sobbing.



- (a) Lord Ullin's daughter and her lover are trying to _____
- escape the wrath of her father.
 - settle in a distant land.
 - challenge the storm in the lake.
 - trying to prove their love for each other.
- (b) The boatman agrees to ferry them across because _____
- he has fallen in love with Lord Ullin's daughter.
 - he wants to avenge Lord Ullin.
 - he has lost his love.
 - he is sorry for the childlike innocence of the lady.
- (c) The mood changes in the poem. It transforms from _____
- happiness to fear.
 - anxiety to grief.
 - fear to happiness.
 - love to pain.
- (d) The shore of Lochgyle has been referred to as '*fatal shore*!' The poetic device used here is _____
- metaphor
 - simile
 - transferred epithet
 - onomatopoeia

6. In pairs copy and complete the summary of the poem with suitable words/expressions.

A Scottish Chieftain and his beloved were (a) _____ from her wrathful father. As they reached the shores, the (b) _____ told a boatman to (c) _____ them across Lochgyle. He asked him to do it quickly because if (d) _____ found them, they would kill him. The boatman (e) _____ to take them not for the (f) _____ that the Chieftain offered but for his (g) _____. By this time, the storm had (h) _____ and a wild wind had started blowing. The sound of (i) _____ could be heard close at hand. The lady urged the boatman (j) _____ as she did not want to face an angry father.



Their boat left the (k) ____ and as it got caught in the stormy sea, Lord Ullin reached the deadly (l) _____. His anger changed to wailing when he saw his daughter (m) _____. He asked her to return to the shore. But it was (n) _____ as the stormy sea claimed his daughter and her lover.

7. **Why does Lord Ullin's daughter defy her father and elope with her lover? (Stanza 1)**
8. **Give two characteristics of the boatman who ferries the couple across the sea.**
9. **"Imagery" refers to something that can be perceived through more than one of the senses. It uses figurative language to help form mental pictures. Campbell used vivid, diverse and powerful imagery to personify the menacing face of nature. Pick out expressions that convey the images of anger in the following stanzas**

Stanza 6	•	_____
Stanza 7	•	'Water-wraith was shrieking'
	•	_____
Stanza 9	•	_____
Stanza 10	•	_____
	•	'Stormy land'
Stanza 13	•	_____
Stanza 14	•	_____

10. **Read the following lines and answer the questions that follow**

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

- a) Who is 'his' in line 1 ? Who does 'us' refer to?
 - b) Explain - 'cheer my bonny bride'.
 - c) Why would the lover be slain?
11. **"The water -wraith was shrieking". Is the symbolism in this line a premonition of what happens at the end? Give reasons for your answer. (Stanza 7)**
 12. **The poet uses words like 'adown', 'rode' which contain harsh consonants. Why do you think the poet has done this? (Stanza 8)**



13. In Stanza 10, the poet says -

*The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,-----*

- a) In both these lines, the word "stormy" assumes different connotations. What are they?
- b) The lady faces a dilemma here. What is it? What choice does she finally make?

14. a) "Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore" just as his daughter left it. (Stanza 11). Why is the shore called fatal?

b) Why does Lord Ullin's wrath change into wailing on seeing his daughter?

15. "One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid." Do you think Lord Ullin's daughter wanted to reach out to her father? (Stanza 12) If yes, why?

16. You are already familiar with the poetic device "alliteration". The poet makes extensive use of the same throughout the poem. Pick out as many examples of alliteration as you can.

Example : fast -father's; horsemen - hard.

17. What is the rhyme-scheme of the poem?

18. Imagine you are one of the chiefs of the cavalry riding behind Lord Ullin. You and your men ride for three days at the end of which you reach the shore. Narrate your experience as you witnessed a father lamenting the loss of his child, in the form of a diary entry.

19. Imagine that you are Lord Ullin. You bemoan and lament the tragic loss of your lovely daughter and curse yourself for having opposed her alliance with the chieftain. Express your feelings of pain and anguish in a letter to your friend.

20. In pairs, argue *in favour of* or *against* the topic "Lord Ullin's daughter was right in her decision to defy her father." Give logical and relevant reasons, and present your point of view to the class.



Poetry 10 UNIT

P.5 The Seven Ages

by William Shakespeare

1. What according to you are the stages of a person's life? What characteristics would you associate with each stage? (e.g., childhood: innocence, joy)
2. Listen to this extract from Shakespeare's play *As You Like It*. As you listen, read the poem aloud; you can do this more than once.

- All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
5 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and **puking** in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining schoolboy, with his **satchel**
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
10 Sighing like furnace, with a **woeful** ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier.
Full of strange **oaths**, and bearded like the **pard**,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation.
15 Even in the **cannon's** mouth. And then the **justice**,
In fair round belly with good **capon** lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise **saws** and modern instances;



mewling: crying

puking: being sick, vomiting

satchel: a small bag, for carrying school books

woeful: very sad

pard: leopard (a symbol of fierceness in Shakespeare's time)

cannon: a big gun that fired cannon-balls made of iron

capon: a male chicken, very big and fat

oaths: solemn promises

justice: judge

saws: sayings



- And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 20 Into the lean and **slipperd pantaloon**,
 With spectacles on nose and **pouch** on side,
 His youthful **hose**, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk **shank**; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish **treble**, pipes
 25 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere **oblivion**,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

About the Poet

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born in Stratford-upon-Avon. He is considered by many to be the greatest dramatist of all time. He wrote 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems and about three dozen plays. Shakespeare used poetic and dramatic means to create unified aesthetic effects. In verse he perfected the dramatic blank verse.

3. **On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice**
- (a) *All the world's a stage* is an extended metaphor for _____.
 (i) the life shown in well known plays.
 (ii) seeing the well known plays.
 (iii) life of well known actors.
 (iv) life of man that comes to an end.
- (b) All '*have their exits and their entrances*'. Exits and entrances refer to _____.
 (i) birth and death
 (ii) beginning and end of play
 (iii) coming and going of actors
 (iv) the end of the Shakespearean era

slipperd : wearing slippers (indoor shoes)

pantaloon: a funny old man, on whom other people play tricks

pouch: a soft fold of loose skin that hangs down, as a result of illness or old age

hose: tight-fitting leg coverings

shank: legs from the knee to the ankle

treble: a high voice

oblivion: forgetting everything, and being forgotten by everybody

sans: (pronounced like sone) a French word meaning without



(c) The seven roles that a man plays correspond to his ____

- (i) chronological age in life
- (ii) desires
- (iii) mental age in life
- (iv) idea of a perfect life

4. **Having read this extract, identify the stages of a person's life as Shakespeare has done. Write down these stages in your note book, and sum up the characteristics of each stage in two or three words. e.g.**

Stage	Characteristic feature
infancy	crying

5. **Work individually, and rank the seven stages in order of attractiveness. If you think being a schoolboy is most attractive, you could rank it number 1. Then, work in groups of four and compare your individual rankings.**

6. **Explain the meaning of the following**

a) ... all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances...

b) And then the lover,

Sighing like furnace...

c) a soldier,

... Seeking the bubble reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth.

7. **You already know the two literary devices generally used by writers for comparison, i.e. metaphor and simile. e.g.**

a) He was a lion in the battle, (metaphor)

b) He fought like a lion, (simile)

In (a) the writer talks of the soldier in terms of a lion. The comparison is implied. In (b) the writer compares the soldier to a lion with the use of the word **like**, (**as** may also be used for such comparisons.)



Read the poem again and note down the metaphors and similes. Copy and complete the following chart.

Item	Metaphor	Simile
world	all the world's a stage	
men, women		
school-boy		
lover		
soldier		
reputation		
voice		

Which comparison(s) do you find most interesting? Why?

8. ***In this poem, life is compared with a play. Just as in a play, a man acts many parts, so also in life, a man plays many roles. Can you think of some other comparison for life? (For example, life could be compared with the seasons in nature, the days of the week, the lessons in a school day.) Select one of these comparisons (or choose one of your own), and write about the similarities that life has with it. (80-100 words)***
9. ***Your teacher will select seven readers and seven "mimers," one pair for each of Shakespeare's seven ages. At the start of the reading, all seven "mimers" are at the front of the class and the readers are at their desks. For each age, the reader stands up and reads, while the corresponding "mimer" mimes what is being read.***



Poetry UNIT

P.6 Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After Me Teeth

by Pam Ayres

1. **Parents alone are responsible for inculcating a good sense of dental hygiene amongst children. Do you agree/disagree? Discuss with your partner.**

2. **Listen to the poem.**

- 1 Oh, I wish I'd looked after **me teeth**,
And spotted the perils beneath.
All the toffees I chewed,
And the sweet sticky food,
- 5 Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.
I wish I'd been that much more willin'
When I had more tooth there than fillin'
To pass up **gobstoppers**.
From respect to me choppers,
10 And to buy something else with me shillin'.
When I think of the lollies I licked,
And the **liquorice** all sorts I picked,
Sherbet dabs, big and little,
All that hard peanut brittle,
- 15 My conscience gets horribly pricked.
Oh I showed them the toothpaste all right,
I flashed it about late at night,
But up-and-down brushin'
And **pokin' and fussin'**
- 25 Didn't seem worth the time-I could bite!



me teeth: my teeth

gobstoppers: a large, hard sweet

liquorice: candy made with the dried root of the liquorice plant

sherbet dabs: tiny sweets

pokin' and fussin': checking carefully



If I'd known, I was paving the way
 To cavities, caps and decay,
 The murder of fillin's
 Injections and drillin's,
 30 I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lay in the old dentist's chair,
 And I gaze up his nose in despair,
 And his drill it do whine,
 In these molars of mine.

35 "Two **amalgum**," he'll say, "for in there."

How I laughed at my mother's false teeth,
 As they foamed in the waters beneath.
 But now comes the reckonin'
 It's me they are beckonin'

40 Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.



About the Poet

Pam Ayres (1947-) is a contemporary writer, a great entertainer who writes and performs comic verse. She started writing poems and verses as a hobby and has appeared in every major TV show in the U.K. She has published six books of poems, and cut seven record albums including a collection of 50 best known poems.

3. On the basis of your reading of the poem, complete the following table.

Stages in the life of the poet	Activities	Consequences
(a) Youth	eating toffees _____ _____ _____ _____ _____	_____ _____ _____ _____ _____
(b) Adult hood	_____ _____ _____ _____	gazing at the dentist in despair.

amalgum: a mixture of mercury and silver used to make fillings



4. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.

- (a) The title '*Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth*' expresses _____.
 (i) regret
 (ii) humour
 (iii) longing
 (iv) pleasure
- (b) The conscience of the speaker pricks her as she has _____.
 (i) been careless
 (ii) been ignorant
 (iii) been fun loving
 (iv) been rude
- (c) The speaker says that she has paved the way for cavities and decay by _____.
 (i) eating the wrong food and not brushing.
 (ii) not listening to his mother
 (iii) laughing at his mother's false teeth
 (iv) not listening to the dentist
- (d) The tone of the narrator is one of _____.
 (i) joy
 (ii) nostalgia
 (iii) regret
 (iv) sorrow

5. Answer the following questions.

- a) *"...But up-and-down brushin'
 And pokin' and fussin'
 Didn't seem worth the time-I could bite!"*
 What do these lines convey?
- b) Why did the poet go to the dentist? How could she have avoided it?
- c) *"If you got a tooth, you got a friend"*, what do you understand from the line?
- d) With reference to the poem, how can you look after your teeth?



- e) Give an appropriate proverb that conveys the message that this poem carries.
6. ***Listen to the conversation between Doki and his sister, Moki. As you listen complete the idioms and expressions listed below.***

1. sleep.....
2.me the willies
3. crack the.....
4. take the.....to water
5.tail.
6. wonders will.....
7.can't be undone.
8. reap what I

Idioms are metaphorical expressions rather than literal. For example 'give someone the willies' does not simply mean 'to handover something called willies to someone', but 'to make someone feel nervous'. It is important for learners of English to understand them and be able to use them.

7. ***Read the following statement where 'I' refers to 'you'***

"I can't afford to, after what Jack's done to his teeth."

What is it, you think you can't afford and why? Write a diary entry of not less than 125 words.

(in-class activity; not to be set up as homework).

JUST THINK

8. ***In line 35, the poet has misspelt the word 'amalgum'. Why do you think she has done that? Discuss.***

(Teacher would point out the use of 'me' instead of 'my' and other linguistic variations that make the poem enjoyable.)



Poetry UNIT 12

P.7 Song of the Rain by Kahlil Gibran

1. (a) **Given below are five lines from a poem but they are not in the right order.**

Get into groups of four. Read the lines and put them in the right order. Read the version that you develop to the whole class.

The voice of thunder declares my arrival

I emerge from the heart of the Sea

I descend and embrace the flowers.

I am dotted silver threads dropped from heaven

The rainbow announces my departure

- (b) **What is 'I' in these lines?**

- (c) **Imagining yourself as the subject of this poem, write five lines about yourself in less than five minutes.**

You may like to

- define yourself
- state what you do
- explain why people like/dislike you
- mention any other characteristic about yourself

2. **Now listen to a poem about the rain. As you listen number the stanzas given in the boxes.**



I am beautiful pearls, plucked from the
Crown of Ishtar by the daughter of Dawn
To embellish the gardens

I emerge from the heart of the Sea and
Soar with the breeze. When I see a field in
Need, I descend and embrace the flowers and
The trees in a million little ways

The voice of thunder declares my arrival :
The rainbow announces my departure.
I am like earthly life, which begins at
The feet of the mad elements and ends
Under the upraised wings of death

I am dotted silver threads dropped from heaven
By the gods. Nature then takes me to adorn
Her fields and valleys.

I touch gently at the windows with my
Soft fingers and my announcement is a
Welcome song. All can hear but only
The sensitive can understand

The field and the cloud are lovers
And between them I am a messenger of mercy.
I quench the thirst of the one,
I cure the ailment of the other.

I am the sigh of the sea, the laughter of the field;
The tears of heaven.

When I cry the hills laugh;
When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;
When I bow, all things are elated



So, with love-

Sighs from the deep sea of affection; Laughter
from the colourful field of the spirit; Tears from
the endless heaven of memories.

3. *Read the song once again.*

1 I am dotted silver threads dropped from heaven
By the gods. Nature then takes me, to **adorn**
Her fields and valleys.

5 I am beautiful pearls, plucked from the
Crown of **Ishtar** by the daughter of Dawn
To **embellish** the gardens.

When I cry the hills laugh;
When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;
When I bow, all things are **elated**.

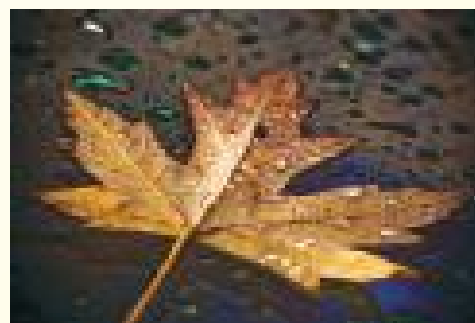
10 The field and the cloud are lovers
And between them I am a messenger of mercy.
I **quench** the thirst of the one;
I cure the ailment of the other.

15 The voice of thunder declares my arrival;
The rainbow announces my departure.
I am like earthly life which begins at
The feet of the mad elements and ends
Under the **upraised** wings of death.

20 I emerge from the heart of the sea and
Soar with the breeze. When I see a field in
Need, I descend and embrace the flowers and
The trees in a million little ways.

I touch gently at the windows with my
Soft fingers, and my announcement is a

25 Welcome song. All can hear, but only
The sensitive can understand.



adorn : to decorate or add beauty to.

Ishtar : Goddess of fertility, love, war and sex, in the Babylonian Pantheon, she "was the divine personification of the planet Venus".

embellish : decorate.

elated : very happy and excited.

quench : satisfy thirst.

upraised : lifted or moved upwards.



I am the sigh of the sea;
The laughter of the field;
The tears of heaven.

30 So with love -

Sighs from the deep sea of affection; Laughter from the colourful
field of the spirit; Tears from the endless heaven of memories.

About the Poet

*Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931) was a Lebanese-American artist, poet and writer. His poetry is notable for its use of formal language as well as insights on topics of life using spiritual terms. One of his most notable lines of poetry in the English-speaking world is from **Sand and Foam** (1926) which reads 'Half of what I say is meaningless, but I say it so that the other half may reach you.'*

4. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, answer the following questions by ticking the correct choice.

(a) The rain calls itself the 'dotted silver threads' as _____.

- (i) the shimmering drops fall one after the other
- (ii) it ties heaven and earth
- (iii) it dots the earth with shimmering water
- (iv) it decorates the fields

(b) The tone and mood of the rain in the poem reflect its _____.

- (i) love for the earth
- (ii) desire to take revenge
- (iii) merriment as it destroys
- (iv) desire to look beautiful

5. Answer the following questions

(a) Why is the rain divine?

(b) In this universe, rain performs many functions. What are those?

(c) "When I cry the hills laugh;

When I humble myself the flowers rejoice;

When I bow, all things are elated."

Cry, **humble** and **bow** indicate different intensity with which the rain falls. Explain the three in context.



- (d) How do you think the rain quenches the thirst of the fields and cures clouds ailment?
- (e) Think about million little ways in which the rain embraces the trees. Mention a few of them.
- (f) *"....All can hear, but only
The sensitive can understand"*
What does the poet want to convey?
- (g) (i) Notice the imagery built around '*sigh of the sea*', '*laughter of the field*' and '*tears of heaven*'. Explain the three expressions in context of rain.
- (ii) How would you express rain as
- *an agent of floods*?
- *a source of water for dams*?
- (h) *"I am like earthly life ..."*
Why does the poet call rain as earthly life?
- (i) Explain the ending of the song.

6. ***'Ode to Autumn' is a beautiful poem written by the famous poet John Keats. Listen to an excerpt from the poem and pick phrases which personify autumn.***

Phrases

7. ***Rain in the hills and rain in the desert present entirely different scenario. In the hills it revitalises the greenery and freshens the vegetation; it waters the parched land and relieves the thirsty and panting souls in the desert.***

This has been a year of scanty rains. Imagine how the rain would be welcomed when it pours in the hills and in the desert after a long dry spell. Choose one of the places and describe

- (a) What are you likely to see?
- (b) What would happen to the rain water?
- (c) What would be the scene before and after the rain?





DRAMA

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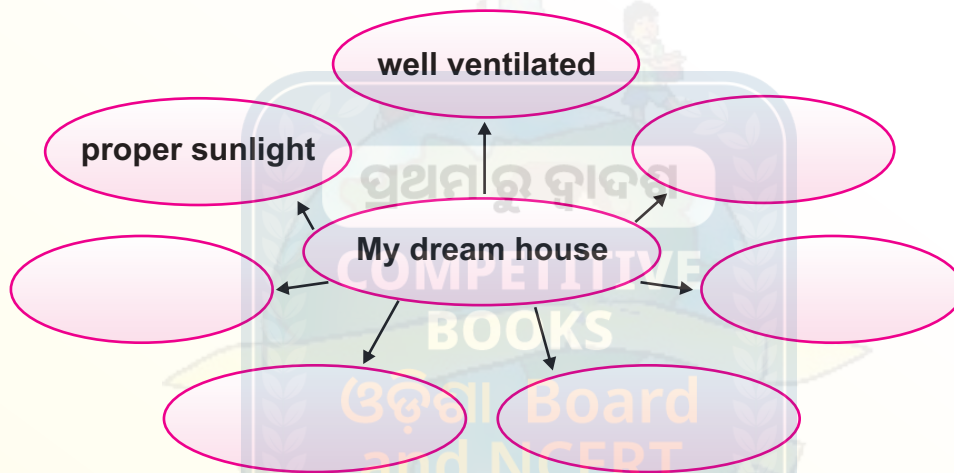
Drama

13 UNIT

D.1 Villa For Sale

by Sacha Guitry

1. If you could buy your dream house today what are some specific features you would want for your house? Write them in the bubbles below.



2. Discuss with your partner the similarities and dissimilarities in your dream house.
3. Now, read the Play.

List of Characters

Maid

Juliette

Gaston

Jeanne

Mrs Al Smith

The scene represents the salon of a small villa near Nogent-sur-Marne.

*When the curtain rises, the **MAID** and **JULIETTE** are **discovered**.*

discovered : seen on the stage as the curtain is raised



Maid: Won't Madame be sorry?

Juliette: Not at all. Mind you, if someone had bought it on the very day I placed it for sale, then I might have felt sorry because I would have wondered if I hadn't been a fool to sell at all. But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it was when I was the real fool.



Maid: All the same, Madame, when they brought you the 'For sale' sign, you wouldn't let them put it up. You waited until it was night. Then you went and hung it yourself, Madame.

Juliette: I know! You see, I thought that as they could not read it in the dark, the house would belong to me for one night more. I was so sure that the next day the entire world would be fighting to purchase it. For the first week, I was annoyed every time I passed that 'Villa for Sale' sign. The neighbours seemed to look at me in such a strange kind of way that I began to think the whole thing was going to be much more of a **sell** than a sale. That was a month ago and now I have only one thought, that is to get the **wretched** place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price. One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that's only twice what it cost me. I thought I would get two hundred thousand but I suppose I must cut my loss. Besides, in the past two weeks, four people almost bought it, so I begin to feel as though it no longer belongs to me. Oh! I'm fed up with the place. Because nobody really wants it! What time did those agency people say the lady would call?

Maid: Between four and five, Madame.

Juliette: Then we must wait for her.

Maid: It was a nice little place for you to spend the weekends, Madame.

Juliette: Yes . . . but times are hard and business is as bad as it can be.

Maid: In that case, Madame, is it a good time to sell?

Juliette: No, perhaps not. But still. . . there are moments in life when it's the right time to buy, but it's never the right time to sell. For fifteen years everybody has had money at the same time and nobody has wanted to sell. Now nobody has any money and nobody wants to buy. But still. . . even so . . . it would be funny if I couldn't manage to sell a place here, a stone's throw from Joinville, the French Hollywood, when all I'm asking is a **paltry** hundred thousand!

sell : disappointment due to failure or trickery.

wretched : extremely bad or unpleasant

paltry: an amount, too small to be considered important or useful.



- Maid:** That reminds me, there is a favour I want to ask you, Madame.
- Juliette:** Yes, what is it, my girl?
- Maid:** Will you be kind enough to let me off between nine and noon tomorrow morning?
- Juliette:** From nine till noon?
- Maid:** They have asked me to play in a film at the Joinville Studio.
- Juliette:** You are going to act for the cinema?
- Maid:** Yes, Madame.
- Juliette:** What kind of part are you going to play?
- Maid:** A maid, Madame. They prefer the real article. They say maids are born; maids not made maids. They are giving me a hundred francs a morning for doing it.
- Juliette:** One hundred francs!
- Maid:** Yes, Madame. And as you only pay me four hundred a month, I can't very well refuse, can I, Madame?
- Juliette:** A hundred francs! It's unbelievable!
- Maid:** Will you permit me, Madame, to tell you something I've suddenly thought of?
- Juliette:** What?
- Maid:** They want a cook in the film as well. They asked me if I knew of anybody suitable. You said just now, Madame, that times were hard. ... Would you like me to get you the engagement?
- Juliette:** What?
- Maid:** Every little helps, Madame. Especially, Madame, as you have such a funny face.
- Juliette:** Thank you.
- Maid** (*taking no notice*). They might take you on for eight days, Madame. That would mean eight hundred francs. It's really money for nothing. You would only have to peel potatoes one minute and make an omlette the next, quite easy. I could show you how to do it, Madame.
- Juliette:** But how kind of you. ... Thank God I'm not quite so hard up as that yet!
- Maid:** Oh, Madame, I hope you are not angry with me ?
- Juliette:** Not in the least.
- Maid:** You see, Madame, film acting is rather looked up to round here. Everybody wants to do it. Yesterday the butcher didn't open his shop, he was being shot all the morning. Today, nobody could find the four policemen, they were taking part in



Monsieur Milton's fight scene in his new film. Nobody thinks about anything else round here now. You see, they pay so well. The manager is offering a thousand francs for a real beggar who has had nothing to eat for two days. Some people have all the luck! Think it over, Madame.

Juliette: Thanks, I will.

Maid: If you would go and see them with your hair slicked back the way you do when you are dressing, Madame, I am sure they would engage you right away. Because really, Madame, you look too comical!

Juliette: Thank you! (*The bell rings.*) I am going upstairs for a moment. If that is the lady, tell her I will not be long. It won't do to give her the impression that I am waiting for her.

Maid: Very good, Madame. (*Exit JULIETTE, as she runs off to open the front door.*) Oh, if I could become a **Greta Garbo**! Why can't I? Oh!

(*Voices heard off, a second later, the MAID returns showing in GASTON and JEANNE.*)

Maid: If you will be kind enough to sit down, I will tell Madame you are here.

Jeanne: Thank you.

COMEDY (Exit MAID)

Gaston: And they call that a garden! Why, it's a yard with a patch of grass in the middle.

Jeanne: But the inside of the house seems very nice, Gaston.

Gaston: Twenty-five yards of **Cretonne** and a dash of paint... you can get that anywhere.

Jeanne: That's not fair. Wait until you've seen the rest of it.

Gaston: Why should I? I don't want to see the kitchen to know that the garden is a myth and that the salon is impossible.

Jeanne: What's the matter with it?

Gaston: Matter? Why, you can't even call it a salon.

Jeanne: Perhaps there is another.

Gaston: Never mind the other. I'm talking about this one.

Jeanne: We could do something very original with it.

Gaston: Yes, make it an annex to the garden.

Jeanne: No, but a kind of study.

Gaston: A study? Good Lord! You're not thinking of going in for studying are you?

Jeanne: Don't be silly! You know perfectly well what a modern study is.



Gaston: No, I don't.

Jeanne: Well ... er... it's a place where ... where one gathers ...

Gaston: Where one gathers what?

Jeanne: Don't be aggravating, please! If you don't want the house, tell me so at once and we'll say no more about it.

Gaston: I told you before we crossed the road that I didn't want it. As soon as you see a sign '*Villa for Sale*', you have to go inside and be shown over it.

Jeanne: But we are buying a villa, aren't we?

Gaston: We are not.

Jeanne: What do you mean: 'We are not'? Then we're not looking for a villa?

Gaston: Certainly not. It's just an idea you've had stuck in your head for the past month.

Jeanne: But we've talked about nothing else....

Gaston: You mean you've talked about nothing else. I've never talked about it. You see, you've talked about it so much that you thought that we are talking. . . . You haven't even noticed that I've never joined in the conversation. If you say that you are looking for a villa, then that's different!

Jeanne: Well... at any rate . . . whether I'm looking for it or we're looking for it, the one thing that matters anyway is that I'm looking for it for us!

Gaston: It's not for us . . . it's for your parents. You are simply trying to make me buy a villa so that you can put your father and your mother in it. You see, I know you. If you got what you want, do you realize what would happen? We would spend the month of August in the villa, but your parents would take possession of it every year from the beginning of April until the end of September. What's more they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them. No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.

Jeanne: Then why have you been looking over villas for the past week?

Gaston: I have not been looking over them, you have, and it bores me.

Jeanne: Well...

Gaston: Well what?

Jeanne: Then stop being bored and buy one. That will finish it. We won't talk about it any more.

Gaston: Exactly!

Jeanne: As far as that goes, what of it? Suppose I do want to buy a villa for papa and mamma? What of it?



Gaston: My darling. I quite admit that you want to buy a villa for your father and mother. But please admit on your side that I don't want to pay for it.

Jeanne: There's my dowry.

Gaston: Your dowry! My poor child, we have spent that long ago.

Jeanne: But since then you have made a fortune.

Gaston: Quite so. I have, but you haven't. Anyway, there's no use discussing it. I will not buy a villa and that ends it.

Jeanne: Then it wasn't worth while coming in.

Gaston: That's exactly what I told you at the door.

Jeanne: In that case, let's go.

Gaston: By all means.

Jeanne: What on earth will the lady think of us.

Gaston: I have never cared much about anybody's opinion. Come along.

*(He takes his hat and goes towards the door. At this moment **JULIETTE** enters.)*

Juliette: Good afternoon, Madame... Monsieur....

Jeanne: How do you do, Madame?

Gaston: Good day.

Juliette: Won't you sit down? *(They all three sit.)* Is your first impression a good one?

Jeanne: Excellent.

Juliette: I am not in the least surprised. It is a most delightful little place. Its appearance is modest, but it has a charm of its own. I can tell by just looking at you that it would suit you admirably, as you suit it, if you will permit me to say so. Coming from me, it may surprise you to hear that you already appear to be at home. The choice of a frame is not so easy when you have such a delightful **pastel** to place in it. *(She naturally indicates **JEANNE** who is flattered.)* The house possesses a great many advantages. Electricity, gas, water, telephone, and drainage. The bathroom is beautifully fitted and the roof was entirely repaired last year.

Jeanne: Oh, that is very important, isn't it, darling?

Gaston: For whom?

Juliette: The garden is not very large . . . it's not long and it's not wide, but...

Gaston: But my word, it is high!

pastel : a drawing made with pastels which are powdered paints in the form of small sticks, for easy holding.



Juliette: That's not exactly what I meant. Your husband is very witty, Madame. As I was saying, the garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens. . . .

Gaston: On the principle of people who like children and haven't any can always go and live near a school.

Jeanne: Please don't joke, Gaston. What this lady says is perfectly right. Will you tell me, Madame, what price you are asking for the villa?

Juliette: Well, you see, I must admit, quite frankly, that I don't want to sell it any more.

Gaston : (*rising*) Then there's nothing further to be said about it.

Juliette: Please, I...

Jeanne: Let Madame finish, darling.

Juliette: Thank you. I was going to say that for exceptional people like you, I don't mind giving it up. One arranges a house in accordance with one's own tastes - if you understand what I mean - to suit oneself, as it were - so one would not like to think that ordinary people had come to live in it. But to you, I can see with perfect assurance, I agree. Yes, I will sell it to you.

Jeanne: It's extremely kind of you.

Gaston: Extremely. Yes ... but ...er... what's the price, Madame?

Juliette: You will never believe it...

Gaston: I believe in God and so you see ...

Juliette: Entirely furnished with all the fixtures, just as it is, with the exception of that one little picture signed by Corot. I don't know if you have ever heard of that painter, have you ?

Gaston: No, never.

Juliette: Neither have I. But I like the colour and I want to keep it, if you don't mind. For the villa itself, just as it stands, two hundred and fifty thousand francs. I repeat, that I would much rather dispose of it at less than its value to people like yourselves, than to give it up, even for more money, to someone whom I didn't like. The price must seem...

Gaston: Decidedly excessive....

Juliette: Oh, no!

Gaston: Oh, yes, Madame.

Juliette: Well, really, I must say I'm...



Gaston: Quite so, life is full of surprises, isn't it?

Juliette: You think it dear at two hundred and fifty thousand? Very well, I can't be fairer than this: make me an offer.

Gaston: If I did, it would be much less than that.

Juliette: Make it anyway.

Gaston: It's very awkward ... I...

Jeanne: Name some figures, darling ..., just to please me.

Gaston: Well I hardly know ... sixty thousand....

Jeanne: Oh!

Juliette: Oh!

Gaston: What do you mean by 'Oh!'? It isn't worth more than that to me.

Juliette: I give you my word of honour, Monsieur, I cannot let it go for less than two hundred thousand.

Gaston: You have perfect right to do as you please, Madame.

Juliette: I tell you what I will do. I will be **philanthropic** and let you have it for two hundred thousand.

Gaston: And I will be equally good-natured and let you keep it for the same price.

Juliette: In that case, there is nothing more to be said, Monsieur.

Gaston: Good day, Madame.

Jeanne: One minute, darling. Before you definitely decide, I would love you to go over the upper floor with me.

Juliette: I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure. This way, Madame. This way, Monsieur. . .

Gaston: No, thank you . . . really... I have made up my mind and I'm not very fond of climbing stairs.

Juliette: Just as you wish, Monsieur. (To **JEANNE**.) Shall I lead the way?

Jeanne: If you please, Madame.

(Exit **JULIETTE**)

Jeanne (to her husband): You're not over-polite, are you?



Gaston: Oh, my darling! For Heaven's sake, stop worrying me about this **shanty**. Go and examine the bathroom and come back quickly.

(Exit JEANNE following JULIETTE)

Gaston (to himself): Two hundred thousand for a few yards of land . . . She must think I'm crazy. . . .

(The door bell rings and, a moment later, the MAID re-enters showing in Mrs Al Smith)

Maid: If Madame would be kind enough to come in.

Mrs Al Smith: See here now, I tell you I'm in a hurry. How much do they want for this house?

Maid: I don't know anything about it, Madame.

Mrs Al Smith: To start off with, why isn't the price marked on the signboard? You French people have a cute way of doing business! You go and tell your boss that if he doesn't come right away, I'm going. I haven't any time to waste. Any hold up makes me sick when I want something. *(MAID goes out.)* Oh, you're the husband, I suppose. Good afternoon. Do you speak American?

Gaston: Sure . . . You betcha.

Mrs Al Smith: That goes by me. How much for this house?

Gaston: How much?... Well... Won't you sit down?

Mrs Al Smith: I do things standing up.

Gaston: Oh! Do you?

Mrs Al Smith: Yes! Where's your wife?

Gaston: My wife? Oh, she's upstairs.

Mrs Al Smith: Well, she can stay there. Unless you have to consult her before you make a sale?

Gaston: Me? Not on your life!

Mrs Al Smith: You are an exception. Frenchmen usually have to consult about ten people before they get a move on. Listen! Do you or don't you want to sell this house?

Gaston: I? ... Oh, I'd love to!

Mrs Al Smith: Then what about it? I haven't more than five minutes to spare.

shanty : a crudely built hut, cabin or house



- Gaston:** Sit down for three of them anyway. To begin with, this villa was built by my grandfather...
- Mrs Al Smith:** I don't care a darn about your grandfather!
- Gaston:** Neither do I. ... But I must tell you that... er...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Listen, just tell me the price.
- Gaston:** Let me explain that...
- Mrs Al Smith:** No!
- Gaston:** We have electricity, gas, telephone...
- Mrs Al Smith:** I don't care! What's the price?
- Gaston:** But you must go over the house...
- Mrs Al Smith:** No!... I want to knock it down and build a bungalow here.
- Gaston:** Oh, I see!
- Mrs Al Smith:** Yep! It's the land I want. I have to be near Paramount where I'm going to shoot some films.
- Gaston:** Oh!
- Mrs Al Smith:** Yep. You see I'm a big star.
- Gaston:** Not really?
- Mrs Al Smith:** (*amiably*): Yes! How do you do? Well now, how much?
- Gaston:** Now let's see. ... In that case, entirely furnished, with the exception of that little picture by an unknown artist ... it belonged to my grandfather and I want to keep it. ...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Say! You do love your grandparents in Europe!
- Gaston:** We have had them for such a long time!
- Mrs Al Smith:** You folk are queer. You think about the past all the time. We always think about the future.
- Gaston:** Everybody thinks about what he's got.
- Mrs Al Smith:** What a pity you don't try and copy us more.
- Gaston:** Copies are not always good. We could only imitate you and imitations are no better than parodies. We are so different. Think of it.... Europeans go to America to earn money and Americans come to Europe to spend it.



- Mrs Al Smith:** Just the same, you ought to learn how to do business
- Gaston:** We are learning now. We are practicing...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Well then, how much?
- Gaston:** The house! Let me see. ... I should say three hundred thousand francs. . . . The same for everybody, you know. Even though you are an American, I wouldn't dream of raising the price.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Treat me the same as anybody. Then you say it is three hundred thousand?
- Gaston (to himself):** Since you are dear bought - I will love you dear.
- Mrs Al Smith:** Say you, what do you take me for?
- Gaston:** Sorry. That's Shakespeare. ... I mean cash. . ,
- Mrs Al Smith:** Now I get you . . . cash down! Say! You're coming on.
(She takes her cheque book from her bag.)
- Gaston (fumbling in a drawer):** Wait... I never know where they put my pen and ink...
- Mrs Al Smith:** Let me tell you something, you'd better buy yourself a fountain pen with the money you get for the villa. What date is it today?
- Gaston:** The twenty- fourth.
- Mrs Al Smith:** You can fill in your name on the cheque yourself. I live at the Ritz Hotel., Place Vendome. My lawyer is...
- Gaston:** Who ...?
- Mrs Al Smith:** Exactly.
- Gaston:** What?
- Mrs Al Smith:** My lawyer is Mr. Who, 5, Rue Cambon. He will get in touch with yours about the rest of the transaction. Good-bye.
- Gaston:** Good-bye.
- Mrs. Al Smith:** When are you leaving?
- Gaston:** Well...er ... I don't quite know . . . whenever you like.
- Mrs. Al Smith:** Make it tomorrow and my architect can come on Thursday. Good-bye. I'm delighted.



Gaston: Delighted to hear it, Madame. (*She goes and he looks at the cheque.*) It's a very good thing in business when everyone is delighted!

(*At that moment, JEANNE and JULIETTE return*)

Gaston: Well?

Jeanne: Well... of course ...it's very charming. ...

Juliette: Of course, as I told you, it's not a large place. I warned you. There are two large bedrooms and one small one.

Gaston: Well now! That's something.

Jeanne: (*to her husband*). You are quite right, darling. I'm afraid it would not be suitable. Thank you, Madame, we need not keep you any longer.

Juliette: Oh, that's quite all right.

Gaston: Just a moment, just a moment, my dear. You say there are two large bedrooms and a small one....

Juliette: Yes, and two servants' rooms.

Gaston: Oh! There are two servants' rooms in addition, are there?

Juliette: Yes.

Gaston: But that's excellent!

Juliette: Gaston, stop joking!

Gaston: And the bathroom? What's that like?

Juliette: Perfect! There's a bath in it. ...

Gaston: Oh, there's a bath in the bathroom, is there?

Juliette: Of course there is!

Gaston: It's all very important. A bathroom with a bath in it. Bedrooms, two large and one small, two servants' rooms and a garden. It's really possible. While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your papa and mamma. You see, I am really unselfish, and then the rooms for your sister's children. . . . Also, my dear, I've been thinking . . . and this is serious... about our old age. . . . It's bound to come sooner or later and the natural desire of old age is a quiet country life. . . .
(To **JULIETTE**.) You said two hundred thousand, didn't you?

Jeanne: What on earth are you driving at?

Gaston: Just trying to please you, darling.

Juliette: Yes, two hundred thousand is my lowest. Cash, of course.



Gaston: Well, that's fixed. I won't argue about it. *(He takes out his cheque book.)*

Juliette: But there are so many things to be discussed before...

Gaston: Not at all. Only one thing. As I am not arguing about the price, as I'm not bargaining with you . . . well, you must be nice to me, you must allow me to keep this little picture which has kept me company while you and my wife went upstairs.

Juliette: It's not a question of value...

Gaston: Certainly not . . . just as a **souvenir**...

Juliette: Very well, you may keep it.

Gaston: Thank you, Madame. Will you give me a receipt, please? Our lawyers will draw up the details of the sale. Please fill in your name. . . . Let us see, it's the twenty-third, isn't it?

Juliette: No, the twenty-fourth. . . .

Gaston: What does it matter? One day more or less. *(She signs the receipt and exchanges it for his cheque.)* Splendid!

Juliette: Thank you, Monsieur.

Gaston: Here is my card. Good-bye, Madame. Oh, by the way, you will be kind enough to leave tomorrow morning, won't you.

Juliette: Tomorrow! So soon?

Gaston: Well, say tomorrow evening at the latest.

Juliette: Yes, I can manage that. Good-bye Madame.

Jeanne: Good day, Madame.

Gaston: I'll take my little picture with me, if you don't mind? *(He unhooks it.)* Just a beautiful souvenir, you know. .

Juliette: Very well. I'll show you the garden, on the way out.

(Exit JULIETTE)

Jeanne: What on earth have you done?

Gaston: I? Made a hundred thousand francs and a Corot!

Jeanne: But how?

Gaston: I'll tell you later.

CURTAIN



About the Author

Sacha Guitry (1885-1957) son of a French actor, was born in St. Petersburg (Later Leningrad) which accounts for his Russian first name. Given his father's profession, he became a writer of plays and films. Some of his own experiences with people engaged in film production may be reflected in **Villa for Sale**.

Guitry was clever, irrepressible and a constant source of amusement. He claimed that he staged a 'one-man revolt' against the dismal French theatre of his time. He was equally successful on screen and stage. Besides being a talented author and actor, he earned recognition as a highly competent producer and director.

4. **Copy and complete the following paragraph about the theme of the play using the clues given in the box below. Remember that there are more clues than required.**

sell, buying, house, enthusiastic, comes, 200 thousand francs, taking, favour, get, sleeps, money, 300 thousand francs, unhappy, his in-laws, walks in, strikes, keep

Juliette, the owner of a Villa wants to _____ it as she is in need of _____. Moreover, she is not in _____ of the house. Jeanne and Gaston, a couple visit her with the aim of _____ the Villa. While Jeanne is _____ about buying, Gaston detests the idea as he does not want his _____ in that house. Also, he finds the asking price of _____ to be expensive. When Jeanne and Juliette go around the house, another customer _____ and starts talking to Gaston _____ him to be Juliette's husband. Gaston _____ a deal with the customer by which he is able to give _____ to the owner and _____ one thousand francs for himself.

5. **Answer the following questions briefly.**

- Why does Jeanne want to buy a villa?
- Why is Gaston not interested in buying the villa in the beginning?
- Mrs. Al Smith makes many statements about the French. Pick out any two and explain them.
- Juliette says "..... now I have only one thought that is to get the wretched place off my hands. I would sacrifice it at any price", Does she stick to her words? Why / Why not?
- Who is better in business - Juliette or Gaston? Why?
- Do you like/dislike Gaston? Give your reasons.



6. Read the following extracts and answer the questions that follow by choosing the correct options.

(A) *But the sign has been hanging on the gate for over a month now and I am beginning to be afraid that the day I bought it was when I was the real fool.*

- a) Why is Juliette disappointed?
- (i) she is unable to get a role of cook in the films.
 - (ii) her maid is leaving as she has got a role in the films.
 - (iii) she is unable to find a suitable buyer for her villa.
 - (iv) Gaston is offering a very low price for the villa.
- b) Why does she call herself a fool?
- (i) she has decided to sell her villa.
 - (ii) there are no buyers for the villa.
 - (iii) she had bought the villa for more than it was worth.
 - (iv) the villa was too close to the film studios.

(B) *'But your parents would take possession of it, every year from the beginning of spring until the end of September. What's more they would bring the whole tribe of your sister's children with them.'*

- (a) What does Gaston mean by 'take possession'?
- (i) her parents would stay with them for a long time.
 - (ii) Juliette's sister has many children.
 - (iii) Gaston does not like children.
 - (iv) Juliette's sister's children are badly behaved.

(C) *'While you were upstairs, I have been thinking a lot about your Papa and Mamma.*

- (a) What is the discrepancy between what Gaston said earlier and what he says now?
- (i) Earlier he did not want Juliette's parents to stay with them but now he is showing concern for them.
 - (ii) Earlier he wanted Juliette's parents to stay with them but now he does not want them to come over.
 - (iii) Earlier he wanted to buy a house for them but now he wants them to come and stay in their villa.
 - (iv) Earlier he stayed in Juliette's parents' villa but now he wants them to stay with him and Juliette.



(b) What does the above statement reveal about Gaston's character?

- (i) he is selfish.
- (ii) he is an opportunist.
- (iii) he is a caring person.
- (iv) he is a hypocrite.

7. **Select words from the box to describe the characters in the play as revealed by the following lines. You may take the words from the box given on the next page.**

	Lines from the Play	Speaker	Quality revealed
a.	<i>One hundred thousand francs if necessary and that's only twice what it cost me.</i>		greedy
b.	<i>If you don't want the house, tell me so at once and we'll say no more about it.</i>		
c.	<i>No! I am very fond of your family, but not quite so fond as that.</i>	Gaston	
d.	<i>Quite so. I have, but you haven't.</i>		
e.	<i>I have never cared such a damned little about anybody's opinion.</i>		
f.	<i>On the principle of people who like children and haven't any can always go and live near a school.</i>		
g.	<i>The garden is not very large, but you see, it is surrounded by other gardens.</i>	Juliette	
h.	<i>I will be philanthropic and let you have it for two hundred thousand.</i>		
i.	<i>I have been thinking a lot about your Papa and Mamma. You see, I am really unselfish.</i>		clever



cunning, clever, witty, smart, innocent, humorous, haughty, overbearing, critical, domineering, disapproving, materialistic, dishonest, practical, greedy, cruel, boastful.

LISTENING TASK

8. ***Listen carefully to the description of a villa on sale. Based on the information, draw the sketch of the Villa being described.***
9. ***You are JEANNE. After coming home you realize that the Villa was not actually bought and your husband has fooled both you and the landlady of the Villa. You are filled with rage, disgust and helplessness because of your husband's betrayal. Write your feelings in the form of a diary entry.***
10. ***Now dramatise the play. Form groups of eight to ten students. Within each group, you will need to choose***
 - a director, who will be overall in charge of the group's presentation.
 - the cast, to play the various parts.
 - someone to be in charge of costumes.
 - someone to be in charge of props.
 - a prompter.

Within your groups, do ensure that you

- read both scenes, not just your part within one scene if you are acting.
- discuss and agree on the stage directions.
- read and discuss characterization.
- hold regular rehearsals before the actual presentation.

Staging

The stage can be very simple, with exits on either side representing doors to the outside and to the rest of the house respectively.



Drama

UNIT

D.2 The Bishop's Candlesticks

by Norman McKinnell

Discuss in groups

1. What would you do in the following situations? Give reasons for your answer

- If you were travelling by bus and you saw someone pick another passenger's pocket.
- If you found a wallet on the road.
- If you were in a shop and you saw a well-dressed lady shoplifting.
- If your best friend is getting involved with an undesirable set of friends.
- If you were in school and you saw one of your class-mates steal another child's pen.

2. Imagine a child has been caught stealing in school. In groups of eight play the roles of

- The child caught stealing
- The child she/he stole from
- The teacher
- The headmaster
- The witnesses

Try to find the reason why the child stole and the possible advice you can give her/him. Should the child be punished? Or should she/he be counselled?

CHARACTERS

The Bishop

The Convict

Persome, the Bishop's sister

Marie

Sergeant of **Gendarmes**



3. Read the play as a whole class with different children reading different parts.

*SCENE : The kitchen of the Bishop's cottage, It is plainly but substantially furnished. Doors R, and L and L.C. Window R.C. Fireplace with heavy mantelpiece down R. Oak **settee** with cushions behind door L.C. Table in window R.C. with writing materials and **crucifix** (wood). Eight-day clock R. of window. Kitchen dresser with cupboard to lock, down L. Oak dinner table R.C. Chairs, books, etc. Winter wood scene without. On the mantel piece are two very handsome **candlesticks** which look strangely out of place with their surroundings.*

[Marie and Persome discovered. Marie stirring some soup on the fire. Persome laying the cloth, etc.]

Persome: Marie, isn't the soup boiling yet ?

Marie: Not yet, madam.

Persome: Well, it ought to be. You haven't tended the fire properly, child.

Marie: But, madam, you yourself made the fire up.

Persome: Don't answer me back like that. It is rude.

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Then don't let me have to rebuke you again.

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: I wonder where my brother can be. (Looking at the clock.) It is after eleven o'clock and no sign of him. Marie !

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Did **Monseigneur** the Bishop leave any message for me ?

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: Did he tell you where he was going?

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome (imitating): 'Yes, madam'. Then why haven't you told me, stupid!

Marie: Madam didn't ask me.

Persome: But that is no reason for your not telling me, is it ?

Marie: Madam said only this morning I was not to chatter, so I thought...

settee : seat with high back

crucifix : image of Jesus on the cross

candlesticks: a holder made of metal in which a candle stands

Monseigneur: My Lord (a title of respect given to a person of high rank)



Persome: Ah, **Mon Dieu!** You thought! Ah! It is hopeless.

Marie: Yes, madam.

Persome: Don't keep saying 'Yes, Madam' like a parrot, **nincompoop**.

Marie: No, madam.

Persome: Well. Where did Monseigneur say he was going?

Marie: To my mother's, madam.

Persome: To your mother's indeed ! And why, pray ?

Marie. Monseigneur asked me how she was, and I told him she was **feeling poorly**.

Persome : You told him she was feeling poorly did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of his bed, and go without his supper because you told him she was feeling poorly. There's gratitude for you!

Marie: Madam, the soup is boiling!

Persome: Then pour it out, fool, and don't chatter. (*Marie about to do so.*) No, no, not like that. Here, let me do it, and do you put the **salt-cellars** on the table-the silver ones.

Marie: The silver ones, Madam?

Persome: Yes, the silver ones. Are you deaf as well as stupid?

Marie: They are sold, madam.

Persome: Sold! (*with horror*) Sold! Are you mad? Who sold them? Why were they sold?

Marie: Monseigneur the Bishop told me this afternoon, while you were out, to take them to Monseigneur Gervais, who has often admired them, and sell them for as much as I could.

Persome: But you had no right to do so without asking me.

Marie (*with awe*): But, madam, Monseigneur the Bishop told me.

Persome: Monseigneur the Bishop is a-ahem! But-but what can he have wanted with the money!

Marie: Pardon, madam, but I think it was for **Mere Gringoire**.

Mon Dieu : (French) My God

nincompoop : idiot; fool

feeling poorly : felt unwell; was not feeling well.

salt-cellars: containers to shake out salt and pepper kept on the dining table.

Mere: Mother (pronounced mair)

Gringoire: pronounced Grin-go-ah



Persome: Mere Gringoire indeed! Mere Gringoire! What, the old witch who lives at the top of the hill, and who says she is bedridden because she is too lazy to do any work? And what did Mere Gringoire want with the money, pray ?

Marie: Madam, it was for the rent. The **bailiff** would not wait any longer, and threatened to turn her out to-day if it were not paid, so she sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help, and-

Persome: Oh, mon Dieu! It is hopeless, hopeless. We shall have nothing left. His estate is sold, his savings have gone. His furniture, everything. Were it not for my little **dot** we should starve ! And now my beautiful-beautiful (*sob*) salt-cellars. Ah, it is too much, too much. (*She breaks down crying.*)

Marie: Madam, I am sorry, if I had known-

Persome: Sorry, and why pray? If Monseigneur the Bishop chooses to sell his salt-cellars he may do so, I suppose. Go and wash your hands, they are disgracefully dirty.

Marie: Yes, madam (*going towards R.*)

[*Enter the **Bishop**, C.*]

Bishop: Ah! how nice and warm it is in here! It is worth going out in the cold for the sake of the comfort of coming in.

[***Persome** has hastened to help him off with his coat etc. **Marie** has dropped a deep courtesy.*]

Bishop: Thank you, dear. (*Looking at her.*) Why, what is the matter ? You have been crying. Has Marie been troublesome, eh ? (*shaking his finger at her*) Ah !

Persome: No, it wasn't Marie-but-but-

Bishop: Well, well, you shall tell me **presently**! Marie, my child, run home now; your mother is better. I have prayed with her, and the doctor has been. Run home! (***Marie** putting on cloak and going.*) And, Marie, let yourself in quietly in case your mother is asleep.

Marie: Oh, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur.

[*She goes to door C. ; as it opens the snow drives in.*]

Bishop: Here, Marie, take my **comforter**, it will keep you warm. It is very cold to-night.

Marie: Oh, no Monseigneur ! (*shamefacedly*).

bailiff : an officer of the court.

dot: dowry

presently: shortly; soon

comforter: muffler



Persome: What nonsense, brother, she is young, she won't hurt.

Bishop: Ah, Persome, you have not been out, you don't know how cold it has become. Here, Marie, let me put it on for you. *(Does so)* There! Run along little one. *[Exit Marie, C.]*

Persome: Brother, I have no patience with you. There, sit down and take your soup, it has been waiting ever so long. And if it is spoilt, it serves you right.

Bishop: It smells delicious.

Persome: I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that you need have stayed out on such a night as this. I believe those people pretend to be ill just to have the Bishop call on them. They have no thought of the Bishop!

Bishop: It is kind of them to want to see me.

Persome: Well, for my part, I believe that charity begins at home.

Bishop: And so you make me this delicious soup. You are very good to me, sister.

Persome: Good to you, yes! I should think so. I should like to know where you would be without me to look after you. The **dupe** of every idle **scamp** or lying old woman in the **parish**!

Bishop: If people lie to me they are poorer, not I.

Persome: But it is ridiculous; you will soon have nothing left. You give away everything, everything!!!

Bishop: My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little *(sighs)*, so very little.

Persome: Suffering, yes; but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best, the suffering you cause to me.

Bishop (rising): You, sister dear ? Have I hurt you ? Ah, I remember you had been crying. Was it my fault ? I didn't mean to hurt you. I am sorry.

Persome: Sorry. Yes. Sorry won't mend it. Humph ! Oh, do go on eating your soup before it gets cold.

Bishop: Very well, dear. *(Sits.)* But tell me-

Persome: You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner is my back turned than you get that little minx Marie to sell the silver salt-cellars.

Bishop: Ah, yes, the salt-cellars. It is a pity. You-you were proud of them ?

dupe: a person who is easily deceived

scamp: a rascal/vagabond

parish: an area with its own church



Persome: Proud of them. Why, they have been in our family for years.

Bishop: Yes, it is a pity. They were beautiful; but still, dear, one can eat salt out of china just as well.

Persome: Yes, or meat off the floor, I suppose. Oh, it's coming to that. And as for that old wretch, Mere Gringoire, I wonder she had the audacity to send here again. The last time I saw her I gave her such a talking to that it ought to have had some effect.

Bishop: Yes! I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.

Persome: Distress me !!!

Bishop: And the bailiff, who is a very just man, would not wait longer for the rent, so -so- you see I had to pay it.

Persome: You had to pay it. *(Gesture of comic despair.)*

Bishop: Yes, and you see I had no money so I had to dispose of the salt-cellars. It was fortunate I had them, wasn't it ? *(Smiling)* But I'm sorry I have grieved you.

Persome: Oh, go on! Go on! You are incorrigible. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop *(with real concern)*: No, no, sister, not my candlesticks.

Persome: Oh! Why not ? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose.

Bishop: Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that; but-but I don't want to sell them. You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on-on her death-bed just after you were born, and-and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them; but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them ?

Persome: Brother, brother, you will break my heart *(with tears in her voice)*. There! Don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessing. I'm going to bed. *(They kiss.)*

[Bishop makes the sign of the Cross and murmurs a blessing. Persome locks cupboard door and goes R.]

Persome: Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop: No, dear! Good night!

[Persome exits R.]

Bishop *(comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks)*. They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that.



*[He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and papers, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly ; clock outside strikes twelve and he settles to read. Music during this. Enter the **Convict** stealthily ; he has a long knife and seizes the **Bishop** from behind]*

Convict: If you call out you are a dead man !

Bishop: But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out? Can I help you in any way ?

Convict (*hoarsely*): I want food. I'm starving, I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, quickly, curse you.

Bishop (*eagerly*): But certainly, my son, you shall have food. I will ask my sister for the keys of the cupboard. *[Rising.]*

Convict: Sit down !!! (*The **Bishop** sits smiling.*) None of that, my friend! I'm too old a bird to be caught with **chaff**. You would ask your sister for the keys, would you ? A likely story! You would rouse the house too. Eh ? Ha!! ha! A good joke truly. Come, where is the food ? I want no keys. I have a **wolf** inside me tearing at my **entrails**, tearing me; quick, tell me; where the food is.

Bishop (*aside*): I wish Persome would not lock the cupboard. (*Aloud*) Come, my friend, you have nothing to fear. My sister and I are alone here.

Convict: How do I know that ?

Bishop : Why, I have just told you.

*[**Convict** looks long at the **Bishop**.]*

Convict: Humph! I'll risk it. (***Bishop**, going to door R.*) But mind! Play me false and as sure as there are devils in hell, I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop: You have your soul to lose, my son; it is of more value than my heart. (*At door R., calling.*) **Persome! Persome!**

*[The **Convict** stands behind him, with his knife ready.]*

Persome (*within*): Yes, brother.

Bishop: Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. If you are not undressed will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper.



Persome (*within*). What, at this time of night ? A pretty business truly. Are we to have no sleep now, but **to be at the beck and call of** every **ne'er-do-well** who happens to pass?

Bishop: But, Persome, the traveller is hungry.

Perome. Oh, very well. I am coming. (**Persome** enters R. *She sees the knife in the Convict's hand.*) (*Frightened*) Brother, what is he doing with that knife?

Bishop: The knife-oh, well, you see, dear, perhaps he may have thought that I-I had sold ours. *[Laughs gently.]*

Persome: Brother, I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast (*aside to him*).

Convict: Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself.

Bishop: Give me the keys, Persome (she gives them to him). And now, dear, you may go to bed.

[Persome going. The Convict springs in front of her.]

Convict : Stop! Neither of you leave this room till I do.

[She looks at the Bishop.]

Bishop: Persome, will you favour this gentleman with your company at supper ? He evidently desires it.

Persome: Very well, brother.

[She sits down at table staring at the two.]

Bishop: Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

Convict: Put them on the table, and stand below it so that I can see you.

[Bishop does so and opens drawer in table, taking out knife and fork, looking at the knife in Convict's hand.]

Convict: My knife is sharp. (*He runs his finger along the edge and looks at them meaningly.*) And as for forks.... (*taking it up*) (*laughs*) Steel! (*He throws it away*). We don't use forks in prison.

Persome: Prison ?

Convict: (*Cutting off an enormous slice, which he tears with his fingers like an animal. Then starts*) What was that ? (*He looks at the door.*) Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in ? (*shutting them.*)



Bishop: That is why they are left open.

Convict: Well, they are shut now !

Bishop (*sighs*): For the first time in thirty years.

[Convict eats voraciously and throws a bone on the floor.]

Persome: Oh, my nice clean floor!

[Bishop picks up the bone and puts it on plate.]

Convict: You're not afraid of thieves?

Bishop: I am sorry for them.

Convict: Sorry for them. Ha ! ha ! ha!

(Drinks from bottle,) That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha! ha! ha! *(Drinks)*
(suddenly) What the devil are you ?

Bishop: I am a bishop.

Convict: Ha! ha ! ha ! A Bishop: Holy **Virgin**, a bishop.

Bishop: I hope you may escape that, my son. Persome, you may leave us; this gentleman will excuse you.

Persome: Leave you with-

Bishop: Please! My friend and I can talk more-freely then.

[By this time, owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected the Convict:]

Convict: What's that ? Leave us. Yes, yes, leave us. Good night. I want to talk to the Bishop, The Bishop: Ha! ha!

[Laughs as he drinks, and coughs.]

Bishop: Good night, Persome:

[He holds the door open and she goes out R., holding in her skirts as she passes the Convict:]

Convict (*chuckling to himself*): The Bishop: Ha ! ha ! Well I'm-(Suddenly very loudly) D'you know what I am ?

Bishop: I think one who has suffered much.

Convict: Suffer ? (*puzzled*) suffered? My God, yes. (*Drinks*) But that's a long time ago. Ha! ha! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man; now I'm a number; number 15729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.



Bishop. Tell me about it-about Hell.

Convict: Why? (*Suspiciously*) Do you want to tell the police-to set them on my track ?

Bishop: No! I will not tell the police.

Convict: (*looks at him earnestly*). I believe you (*scratching his head*), but damn me if I know why.

Bishop. (*laying his hand on the Convict's arm*). Tell me about the time-the time before you went to-Hell.

Convict: It's so long ago I forget; but I had a little cottage, there were vines growing on it. (*Dreamily*) They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and, and-there was a woman- she was (*thinking hard*)-she must have been my wife-yes. (*Suddenly and very rapidly*). Yes, I remember! She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying (*pause*), so I stole to buy her food. (*Long pause. The Bishop gently pats his hand.*) They caught me. I pleaded to them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me, and I was, sentenced to ten years in the **prison hulks** (*pause*), ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced, the gaoler told me-told me Jeanette was dead. (*Sobs with fury*) Ah, damn them, damn them. God curse them all.

[*He sinks on the table, sobbing.*]

Bishop: Now tell me about the prison ship, about Hell.

Convict: Tell you about it ? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I fed on filth, I was covered, with vermin, I slept on boards, and I complained. Then they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place. But one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop: To starve ?

Convict: Yes, to starve. They feed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, any where. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all.

[*Empties the bottle and throws it into the fire-place R., smashing it.*]



Bishop: My son, you have suffered much but there is hope for all.

Convict: Hope ! Hope ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! *[Laughs wildly.]*

Bishop: You have walked far; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there, and I will get you some coverings.

Convict: And if anyone comes ?

Bishop: No one will come; but if they do are you not my friend ?

Convict: Your friend ? *(puzzled)*

Bishop: They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict: The Bishop's friend.

[Scratching his head, utterly puzzled]

Bishop: I will get the coverings. *[Exit L.]*

Convict: *(looks after him, scratches his head)* The Bishop's friend! *(He goes to fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks, He looks round to see if he is alone, and takes them down, weighing them.)* Silver, by God, heavy. What a prize!

[He hears the Bishop coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table.]

[Enter the Bishop]

Bishop: *(sees what is going on, but goes to the settee up L. with coverings.)* Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?

Convict: Yes, yes, I'll lie down now. *(puzzled)* -Look-here, why the devil are you-ki- kind to me? *(Suspiciously)*. What do you want? Eh?

Bishop: I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.

Convict: I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well, it's no good-see? I don't want any damned religion, and as for the Church-bah! I hate the Church.

Bishop: That is a pity, my son, as the Church does not hate you.

Convict: You are going to try to convert me. Oh! Ha! ha! That's a good idea. Ha ! ha ! ha! No, no, Monseigneur the Bishop: I don't want any of your Faith, Hope, and Charity --see? So anything you do for me you're doing to the devil-understand? *(defiantly)*



- Bishop:** One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God.
- Convict:** (*angrily*). I don't want any damned religion, I tell you.
- Bishop:** Won't you lie down now? It is late?
- Convict:** (*grumbling*). Well, all right, but I won't be preached at, I-I- (*on couch*). You're sure no one will come?
- Bishop:** I don't think they will; but if they do-you yourself have locked the door.
- Convict:** Humph! I wonder if it's safe. (*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the **Bishop** holding the covering, annoyed*) Here! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. (*The **Bishop** hesitates.*) Go on, I tell you.
- Bishop:** Good night, my son. [Exit L.]
- [Convict waits till he is off, then tries the Bishop's door.]*
- Convict:** No lock, of course. Curse it. (*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*) Humph! I'll have another look at them. (*He takes them up and toys with them.*) Worth hundreds I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd **start me fair**. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too-but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God! Wouldn't my chain-mates laugh to see 15729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good! Ha ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! ha! 15729 getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! ha! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes!
- [He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits L.C. As he does so the door slams.]*
- Persome** (*without*): Who's there ? Who's there, I say ? Am I to get no sleep to-night ? Who's there, I say ? (*Enter R, **Persome***) I'm sure I heard the door shut. (*Looking round.*) No one here ? (*Knocks at the **Bishop's** door L. Sees the candlesticks have gone.*) The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves!
- [Enter **Bishop** L.]*
- Bishop:** What is it, dear, what is it ? What is the matter ?
- Persome:** He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone, and he has taken your candlesticks.



Bishop: Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those. *(He looks and sighs.)* Ah, that is hard, very hard, I.....I-He might have left me those. They were all I had *(almost breaking down)*.

Persome: Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop: You are right, Persome: It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persome: Oh, nonsense I led him into temptation indeed. The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw. Go and inform the police or I will.

[Going ; but he stops her.]

Bishop: And have him sent back to prison, *(very softly)*, sent back to Hell. No Persome: It is a just punishment for me; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just; but, oh God, it is hard, it is very hard. *[He buries his head in his hands.]*

Persome: No, brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness abused, I shall go and inform the police *(Going)*.

Bishop: Stop, Persome: The candlesticks were mine; they are his now. It is better, so. He has more need of them than I. My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Persome: But-*[Great knocking without.]*

Sergeant *(without)*. Monseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter ?

Bishop: Enter, my son.

*[Enter **Sergeant** and three **Gendarmes** with **Convict** bound. The **Sergeant** carries the candlesticks.]*

Persome: Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they ?

Sergeant: Yes, madam, we found this scoundrel **slinking** along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle. While we were securing him these candlesticks fell out of his pockets. *(Persome seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron lovingly.)* I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.



*[The **Bishop** and the **Convict** have been looking at each other-the **Convict** with **dogged** defiance.]*

Bishop: But - but I don't understand ; this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant: Your friend, Monseigneur!! Holy Virgin ! Well!!!

Bishop: Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to-night, and I-I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeant (*incredulously*): You gave him-him your candlesticks ? Holy Virgin!

Bishop (*severely*): Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant (*saluting*): Pardon, Monseigneur.

Bishop: And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant: But he won't show me his papers; he won't tell me who he is.

Bishop: I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant: Yes, that's all very well, but-

Bishop: He is your Bishop's friend; surely that is enough.

Sergeant: Well, but

Bishop: Surely?

*[A pause. The **Sergeant** and the **Bishop** look at each other,]*

Sergeant: I-I-Humph! (*To his men*) Loose the prisoner. (*They do so*). Right about turn, quick march!

*[Exit **Sergeant** and **Gendarmes**. A long pause.]*

Convict: (*Very slowly, as if in a dream*). You told them you had given me the candlesticks - given me them. By God!

Persome: (*Shaking her fist at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast*). Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and are fed and warmed, and-and you thief; steal from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard.

Bishop: Persome, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Persome: What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered ? No, I will not.

Bishop: (*With slight severity*). Persome, leave us. I wish it. *[She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door.]*



Persome: Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop: (*More severely*) Persome, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Persome: (*Defiantly*). I will not!

Bishop: (*Loudly and with great severity*). I, your Bishop, command it.

[Persome does so with great reluctance and exits R.]

Convict: (*Shamefacedly*) Monseigneur, I'm glad I didn't get away with them; curse me, I am. I'm glad.

Bishop: Now won't you sleep here ? See, your bed is ready.

Convict: No! (*Looking at the candlesticks*) No ! no! I daren't, I daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I-I can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand ?

Bishop: I see-you must travel by night.

Convict: I-I-didn't believe there was any good in the world; one doesn't when one has been in Hell; but somehow I-I-know you're good, and-and it's a queer thing to ask, but-could you, would you bless me before I go ? I-I think it would help me. I-

[Hangs his head very shamefacedly.]

[Bishop makes the sign of the Cross and murmurs a blessing.]

Convict: (*Tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him*). Good night.

[He hurries towards the door.]

Bishop: Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property (*giving him the candlesticks*).

Convict: You mean me-you want me to take them ?

Bishop: Please ; they may help you. (*The **Convict** takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement.*) And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris; it is a very lonely path and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.

Convict: Ah, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur. I-I- (*He sobs.*) Ah, I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that-that it is just as if something had come into me- as if I were a man again and not a wild beast. *[The door at back is open, and the **Convict** is standing in it.]*

Bishop: (*Putting his hand on his shoulder*). Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.

Convict: (*With great awe*). The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember.





[Exit L.C.]

[The **Bishop** closes the door and goes quietly to the **Prie-dieu** in the window R., he sinks on his knees and bows his head in prayer.]

Slow Curtain

About the Writer

Norman Mckinnell (1870-1932) was an actor and a dramatist, As a playwright he is known for the play, 'The Bishop's Candlesticks' which is an adaptation of a section of Victor Hugo's "**Les Miserables**". The play, which is very popular, is based on the theme that love and kindness can change a man rather than violence. The play is about a convict who breaks into the Bishop's house and is clothed and warmed. The benevolence of the Bishop somewhat softens the convict, but, when he sees the silver candlesticks, he steals them. He is captured and brought back. He expects to go back to jail, but the Bishop informs the police they are a gift. The act of the Bishop reforms the convict to a belief in the spirit of God that dwells in the heart of every human being.

4. Copy and complete the following paragraph about the theme of the play in pairs.

The play deals with a _____ and _____ Bishop who is always ready to lend a _____ hand to anyone in distress. A _____ breaks into the Bishop's house and is _____ and warmed. The benevolence of the Bishop somewhat _____ the convict, but, when he sees the silver candlesticks, he _____ them, and runs away. However, he is _____ and brought back. He expects to go back to jail, but the Bishop informs the police they are a _____. The convict is _____ by this kindness of the Bishop and before he leaves he seeks the priest's blessing.

5. (a) Working in pairs give antonyms of the following words

kind- hearted	unscrupulous	forgiving	stern	benevolent
credulous	generous	pious	suspicious	sympathetic
understanding	wild	innocent	penitent	clever
brutal	cunning	caring	sentimental	trusting
protective	concerned	honourable	embittered	



(b) Select words from the above box to describe the characters in the play as revealed by the following lines from the play.

Lines from the play		Speaker	Quality revealed
1.	"You told him she was feeling poorly, did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of bed, and go without his supper because you told him she was feeling poorly."		
2.	 "take my comforter, it will keep you warm."		
3.	"If people lie to me they are poorer, not I."		
4.	"You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner my back is turned than you get that minx Marie to sell the silver salt-cellars"		
5.	"My dear there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so very little."		
6.	"My mother gave them to me on - on her death bed just after you were born, andand she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them."		
7.	"I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."		
8.	"You have your soul to lose, my son."		
9.	"Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself."		
10.	"... they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all."		



11.	"Why the devil are you kind to me? What do you want?"		
12.	"I - I - didn't believe there was any good in the world. . .but somehow I - I - know you're good, and - and it's a queer thing to ask, but could you, would you bless me before I go?"		

6. Answer the following questions briefly

- Do you think the Bishop was right in selling the salt-cellars? Why/ Why not?
- Why does Persome feel the people pretend to be sick?
- Who was Jeanette? What was the cause of her death?
- The convict says, *"I am too old a bird to be caught with chaff."* What does he mean by this statement?
- Why was the convict sent to prison? What was the punishment given to him?
- Do you think the punishment given to the convict was justified? Why/ Why not? Why is the convict eager to reach Paris?
- Before leaving, the convict asks the Bishop to bless him. What brought about this change in him?

7. Read the following extract and answer the questions that follow by choosing the correct options.

(A) *Monseigneur, the Bishop is a ... a hem!*

- Why does Persome not complete the sentence?
 - she used to stammer while speaking.
 - she was about to praise the Bishop.
 - she did not wish to criticise the Bishop in front of Marie.
 - she had a habit of passing such remarks.
- Why is she angry with the Bishop?
 - the Bishop has sold her salt-cellars.
 - the Bishop has gone to visit Mere Gringoire.
 - he showed extra concern for Marie.
 - she disliked the Bishop.



(B) *She sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help.*

(a) Who sent little Jean to the Bishop?

(i) Mere Gringoire

(ii) Marie

(iii) Persome

(iv) Marie's mother

(b) Why did she send Jean to the Bishop?

(i) so that he could pray for her.

(ii) as she knew that he was a generous person.

(iii) as she was a greedy woman.

(iv) as she was a poor woman.

(C) *I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.*

(a) The Bishop wanted to take Mere Gringoire in because _____.

(i) she was sick.

(ii) she had no money.

(iii) she was unable to pay the rent of her house.

(iv) she was a close friend of Persome.

(b) Persome would be distressed on Mere Gringoire's being taken in because _____

(i) she did not want to help anyone.

(ii) she felt that Mere Gringoire was taking undue advantage of the Bishop.

(iii) she was a self-centred person.

(iv) she would be put to a great deal of inconvenience.

8. ***The term irony refers to a discrepancy, or disagreement, of some sort. The discrepancy can be between what someone says and what he or she really means or verbal irony. The discrepancy can be between a situation that one would logically anticipate or that would seem appropriate and the situation that actually develops or situational irony. The discrepancy can even be between the facts known to a character and the facts known to us, the readers or audience or dramatic irony.***



Working in groups of four complete the following table. Find instances of irony from the play and justify them.

Extract	Justification
<i>I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well, it's no good ----- see? I don't want any damned religion.</i> • _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ _____	Later, the convict says, "it's a queer thing to ask, but - could you, would you bless me before I go." • _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ _____
<i>'Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that anyone can come in?'</i> • _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ _____	If the door had been barred the convict couldn't have entered the house. • _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ _____
<i>My mother gave them to me on -- on her death bed just after you were born, and --- and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them.</i> • _____ _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ _____	Later he hands the convict the candlesticks and tells him to start a new life. • _____ _____ _____ _____ • _____ _____ _____



9. **Identify the situations which be termed as the turning points in the convict's life?**
10. **The convict is the product of the society he lived in, both, in terms of the suffering that led him to steal a loaf of bread, as well as the excessive sentence he received as punishment for his "crime". He was imprisoned for stealing money to buy food for his sick wife, this filled him with despair, hopelessness, bitterness and anger at the injustice of it all.**

Conduct a debate in the class (in groups) on the following topic. Instruction for conducting a debate (and the use of appropriate language) are given in the unit "Children" of the Main Course Book.

'Criminals are wicked and deserve punishment'

11. *The Convict goes to Paris, sells the silver candlesticks and starts a business. The business prospers and he starts a reformatory for ex-convicts. He writes a letter to the Bishop telling him of this reformatory and seeks his blessings.*

As the convict, Jean Valjean, write the letter to the Bishop.

12. *The play is based on an incident in novelist Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables.' You may want to read the novel to get a better idea of the socio-economic conditions of the times and how people lived. Another novel that may interest you is Charles Dickens 'A Tale of Two Cities.'*

Divide yourselves into two groups in the class and read a book each. Later you may want to share your views of the book each group selected. Select an incident from the novel to dramatise and present before the class.



