



*Literature  
Reader*  
*English  
Elective*

**CBSE**

**Class XII**

**CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION**



Shiksha Kendra,  
2, Community Centre,  
Preet Vihar,  
Delhi-110 301 India

# नया आगाज़

आज समय की माँग पर  
आगाज़ नया इक होगा  
निरंतर योग्यता के निर्णय से  
परिणाम आकलन होगा।

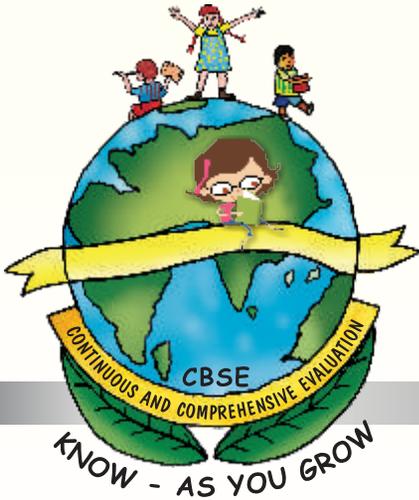
परिवर्तन नियम जीवन का  
नियम अब नया बनेगा  
अब परिणामों के भय से  
नहीं बालक कोई डरेगा

निरंतर योग्यता के निर्णय से  
परिणाम आकलन होगा।

बदले शिक्षा का स्वरूप  
नई खिले आशा की धूप  
अब किसी कोमल-से मन पर  
कोई बोझ न होगा

निरंतर योग्यता के निर्णय से  
परिणाम आकलन होगा।

नई राह पर चलकर मंज़िल को हमें पाना है  
इस नए प्रयास को हमने सफल बनाना है  
बेहतर शिक्षा से बदले देश, ऐसे इसे अपनाए  
शिक्षक, शिक्षा और शिक्षित  
बस आगे बढ़ते जाएँ  
बस आगे बढ़ते जाएँ  
बस आगे बढ़ते जाएँ.....



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Reader*

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Shiksha Kendra, 2, Community Centre, Preet Vihar, Delhi-110 301 India

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# 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

<sup>2</sup>और राष्ट्र की एकता और अखंडता  
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 परिरक्षण करे;
  - (छ) प्राकृतिक पर्यावरण की जिसके अंतर्गत वन, झील, नदी, और वन्य जीव हैं, रक्षा करे और उसका संवर्धन करे तथा प्राणी मात्र 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;
- <sup>1</sup>(ट) यदि माता-पिता या संरक्षक है, छह वर्ष से चौदह वर्ष तक की आयु वाले अपने, यथास्थिति, बालक या प्रतिपाल्य के लिये शिक्षा के अवसर प्रदान करे।

1. संविधान ( छयासीवां संशोधन ) अधिनियम, 2002 की धारा 4 द्वारा प्रतिस्थापित।

# THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

## PREAMBLE

**WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA**, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a <sup>1</sup>**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<sup>2</sup> 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;
- <sup>1</sup>(k) to provide opportunities for education to his/her child or, as the case may be, ward between age of 6 and 14 years.

- 
1. Subs. by the Constitution (Eighty - Sixth Amendment) Act, 2002

# Foreword

The CBSE's English language Curriculum in the classes IX to XII, in particular XI & XII, stands out for its strong dynamism and continuous evolution and development. In the current climate of psychological, social and economic changes, the trend is influenced by explosive knowledge creation and exponential technology growth. Thus, the need to modify and infuse changes in the English Curriculum at the +2 level is a necessary step in the upgradation and updation of the earlier English curriculum. The aim is to bring it at par with other academic, competency and skills-based disciplines, in its rigor and content. It should be borne in mind that the methodology used in the classroom will be automatically followed by some alterations in the language teaching and learning process. The increasing use of audio- visual aids and the internet also impacts our objectives to give our learners greater autonomy in their learning, enabling differentiate instruction, and, its transformational impact on teaching methods and deployment of assessment tools, consistent with those objectives.

At the + 2 stage, students begin to contemplate and introspect on their choice of subjects for higher study, and the mastery of the language forms the foundation for their higher education. They may choose either advanced, specialized courses -including English Language&Literature, among courses offered in leading universities in India and abroad. At the later stages of their academic tenure, students' levels of competency can also notably influence their career path.

1. The **Literature Reader** is divided into three parts: prose, poetry and drama. Leading writers in English, from India, UK, Australia, Canada etc., have brought in a range of styles which infuse variety, along with a range of values-based themes that can be easily understood and appreciated by the age group. The learning experiences offered through the activities are exhaustive as they cover literary appreciation, along with the development of the four language skills.
2. The **Novels**: Inculcating habits of extensive and independent reading among youth has always been a concern for all stakeholders. The two prescribed novels serve the purpose of creating independent individuals with the ability to not only create their own knowledge, but also critically interpret, analyse and evaluate it with objectivity and fairness. This will also help students in learning and acquiring greater proficiency in the language and higher level of skills in language use. Sample questions are provided at the end of the book as practice materials that are broadly reflective of the typology.
3. The **Language Skills Book** is a value added feature of the class XII English curriculum, and is based on a set of five themes, which students can relate to. The units offer a wide range of sub-themes and skills -based activities that will equip students to introspect, research, analyse and evaluate knowledge content independently, extend and apply such

knowledge and skills in a number of academic and professional contexts. Sample questions are provided at the end of the book as practice materials that are broadly reflective of the typology. By the end of the course, students will read, write and use grammar structures and a wider set of vocabulary effectively and, learn to speak and listen efficiently.

4. **Speaking and Listening Skills:** Speaking and listening skills need a very strong emphasis and is an important objective leading to academic and professional competence. To this end, speaking and listening skills are overtly built into the material, namely, the workbook, to guide teachers in the actualization of the skills. As good communication skills raise the self-esteem and give a student confidence to face the challenges of life, it is desired that the student acquires proficiency in it by the time he or she completes school education

The teachers handling the course need to inform themselves regarding the effective use of course content, teaching methodology, lesson planning, deployment of electronic technology for teaching, management of group work and independent individual work, managing large classes, appropriate use of assessment tools and, grading and record keeping to benefit their students.

The seamless integration of the language skills will provide students more focused language skills necessary for their successful upward mobility academically and professionally as a result of their higher standard of English proficiency. This will enhance the total Learning Experience of our students, who will be the unequivocal beneficiaries of the most life-long and significant transferable job skill that supports the achievement of their life goals, as confident and competent communicators in English.

The revision of this book would never have been possible but for the sincere effort and devotion put in by Ms. P. Rajeswary, Education Officer (Academics) and her team, under the leadership of Dr. Sadhana Parashar, Professor and Director (Academics, Research, Training & Innovation), CBSE.

Any further suggestions are all welcome and will be incorporated in the future editions.

**Vineet Joshi**  
Chairman, CBSE

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# Prose

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## INTRODUCTION TO PROSE: NON-FICTION & FICTION

According to 'The History of Reading' by Alberto Manguel '*... books were a marvelous escape. We can hear our compadres outside, playing baseball and laughing and running. And yet, as we read, at the back of our minds, we're thinking that they may be out there, having a great and noisy time, but I'm here in my room, by myself, reading, and that's a much better thing, because someday I'll start writing books too, and they'll be sorry that they ignored me, laughed at me, paid no attention to me.*' He also suggests, *giving books as meals, food-for-thought, writers cooking up a story, rehashing a text, having half-baked ideas for a plot, spicing up a scene or garnishing the bare-bones of an argument...a slice of life peppered with allusions into which readers can sink their teeth....'*

There are several studies that have highlighted the many benefits of reading and reading volume. It should be quite obvious that the more students read, the more they know. Research has even found that reading volume has a direct influence on human cognitive functions. Therefore, reading directly affects a students' intellectual development. Reading is an active skill which involves inferencing, guessing, predicting etc. It also has, more often than not, a communicative function. We rarely answer questions after reading a text except in a language class, but we do write answers to letters, follow directions, choose restaurants and holidays, solve problems and compare the information to our previous knowledge or the knowledge of others.

Literature educates the whole person. By examining values in literary texts, teachers encourage students to develop attitudes towards them. These values and attitudes relate to the world outside the classroom, and therefore, hold a high status in many cultures and countries. For this reason, students can feel a real sense of achievement at understanding a piece of highly respected literature.

Texts have been drawn from the students' areas of interest and which they can relate to intellectually and emotionally at ages 17+ to 18+, such as: friendship, heroism, sacrifice, filial love, loss, freedom, respect, empathy, social responsibility etc. They are authentic, require intensive reading, tend to be highly motivating, provide good vocabulary coverage and additionally, integrate naturally with the development of speaking and writing skills.

A familiarity with effective reading strategies can help the teacher look for effective reading behaviours in students and encourage wider use of these strategies. An effective reader is one

who can select the correct strategy for the purpose and text. Studies have shown that the most effective readers:

- discover the distinctive features in letters, words and meaning
- try to identify meaning rather than letters or words
- use their knowledge of the world
- eliminate unlikely alternatives through inference and prediction
- have a clearly defined purpose
- locate topic sentences
- distinguish main points from subordinate ones, and fact from opinion
- are aware of cohesion and reference
- are aware of explicit and implied relationships between sentences and paragraphs
- are aware of the importance of argument, tone and function
- are able to work out the meaning of unfamiliar vocabulary from context
- have confidence in their own ability and take chances

There are many good reasons for using literature in the classroom. Literature is authentic material. It is good to expose learners to this source of unmodified language in the classroom because the skills they acquire in dealing with difficult or unknown language can be used outside the class. Literary texts are often rich in multiple layers of meaning, and can be effectively exploited for discussions and sharing feelings or opinions. Directing learners *to examine sophisticated or non-standard examples of language which can occur in literary texts makes them more aware of the norms of language use* (Widdowson, 1975 quoted by Lazar 1993).

**The literature class following the Functional English curriculum has three phases:**

**Warm up:**

- ✓ introducing and stimulating interest in the theme of the prose/ fiction
- ✓ motivating students by providing a reason for reading
- ✓ providing language preparation for the prose/ fiction

This sets students thinking about the theme of the text. This could take several forms: a short discussion that students do in pairs, a whole class discussion, a guessing game between the

teacher and the class or a brainstorming of vocabulary around the theme. Students may look at the source of the literature and share what they already know about the author or the times he/she was writing in. Students may be given some brief background information to read, and discuss in what way that piece of literature is well-known, maybe, it is often quoted in modern films by speakers or unifiers.

**Stage two:**

- ✓ clarifying content and vocabulary of the text/s
- ✓ helping students understand the writer's purpose
- ✓ helping students understand the structure of the prose/fiction

Often it is a good idea for students to listen to the reading aloud of the prose/fiction, so that, they can get more of a "feel" for the text. With very evocative pieces of literature or poetry, this can be quite powerful. Then students read it to themselves. It is important to let students approach a piece of literature the first time without giving them any specific task other than to simply read it. One of the aims of teaching literature is to evoke interest and pleasure from the language. If students have to do a task at every stage of a literature lesson, the pleasure can be lost. When the students have read it once, they answer a set of comprehension questions or explain the significance of certain key words of the text. Another way of checking comprehension is to ask students to explain to each other (in pairs) what they have understood. This could be followed up by more subjective questions from the teacher (e.g. *Why do you think 'A' said this? How do you think the man/woman/girl/boy feels? What made him/her act that way?*)

**Stage three:**

- ✓ consolidating and reflect upon prose/fiction the that has been read
- ✓ relating the text to the students' own knowledge, interests or views
- ✓ providing a stimulus for further language activities such as speaking and writing

At this stage the teachers may focus on the more difficult words in the text. Encourage students to find as many of the unfamiliar words they can. Give them clues. The teacher could also look at certain elements of style that the author has used, and distinguish from and understand the non-standard forms of language to understand the standard. If appropriate to the text, the connotation of words which the author has chosen may be also examined.

### Novels:

Literary novels offer a great range of choice and flexibility. They are authentic, often require less preparation and can be used effectively with extensive reading exercises. Two novels have been selected to encourage effective reading through careful selection. Some difficulty with new vocabulary in the novels would not be an obstacle to its comprehension. Learners would already be trained to infer meaning of difficult words from context through the tasks set for reading literary texts in the Literature Reader.

Research has proposed compelling reasons for students being motivated to read novels, as they are: enjoyable, authentic, help students understand another culture, are a stimulus for language acquisition, develop their interpretative abilities, expand their language awareness, motivate them to talk/write about their opinions and feelings and foster personal involvement in the language learning process.

**A note:** The novels must not simply be assigned to students as is sometimes done in mainstream literature courses. The teacher may:

- use a reading schedule
- have students lead class discussions
- exploit the creative possibilities of each novel (*bring in period music, historic photographs, film versions on DVD*)
- encourage the use of a high-quality dictionary
- promote careful reading of the text
- have students keep a reading journal. Berthoff (1981) suggests having students keep a double-entry notebook. Students select a quote from the reading and write it on the left-hand page. On the opposite page they write their response to it. The response may include an explanation of what the quote says and why the student chose it.
- assignments may be given only when the students have finished reading the novel.
- enthusiasm about the novels can be enriching for both teachers and students alike.

## What's Your Dream?

by Ruskin Bond

### Warm up:

*If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost, that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.*

- Henry David Thoreau

What message does Thoreau's words convey?

- What do the following expressions mean? Work with your partner and choose the best answer.

**a) to gather wool**

- i) to gather information
- ii) to collect wool
- iii) to be absent-minded.

**b) to build castles in the air**

- i) to hope for something which is unlikely to be realized
- ii) to plan for the future
- iii) to build high-rise structures.

**c) utopian ideals**

- i) ideals of the people of Utopia
- ii) impractical ideals
- iii) ideals that can be followed.

**d) a dream come true**

- i) an idea becoming a reality
- ii) something that one wanted very much, but did not expect to happen
- iii) an honest dream

*A chance encounter with a person often leaves an indelible impression on us. Ruskin Bond's narrative provides an interesting episode, where an old wise beggar draws a playful youth into a conversation. Can you guess what the outcome would be?*

1. An old man, a beggar man, bent double, with a flowing white beard and piercing grey eyes, stopped on the road on the other side of the garden wall and looked up at me, where I perched on the branch of a litchi tree.

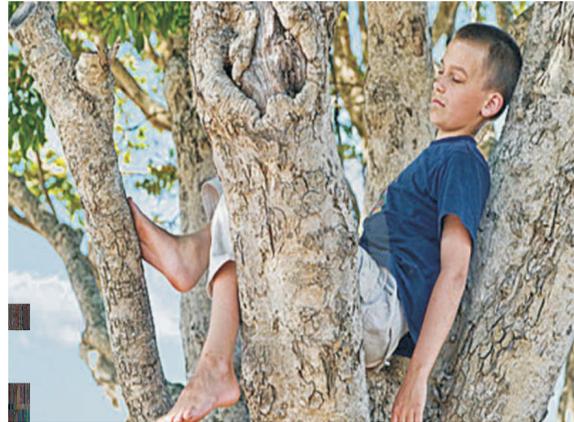
2. 'What's your dream?' he asked.

It was a startling question coming from that ragged old man on the street; even more startling that it should have been made in English. English-speaking beggars were a rarity in those days.

'What's your dream?' he repeated.

'I don't remember,' I said. 'I don't think I had a dream last night.'

'That's not what I mean. You know it isn't what I mean. I can see you're a dreamer. It's not the litchi season, but you sit on that tree all afternoon, dreaming.'



'I just like sitting here,' I said. I refused to admit that I was a dreamer. Other boys didn't dream, they had catapults.

'A dream, my boy, is what you want most in life. Isn't there something you want more than anything else?'

'Yes,' I said promptly. 'A room of my own.'

'Ah! A room of your own, a tree of your own, it's the same thing.'

'Not many people can have their own rooms you know in a land as crowded as ours. Just a small room.'

3. 'And what kind of room do you live in at present?'

'It's a big room, but I have to share it with my brothers and sisters and even my aunt when she visits.'

'I see. What you really want is freedom. Your own tree, your own room, your own small place under the sun.'

'Yes, that's all.'

'That's all? That's everything! When you have all that, you'll have found your dream.'

4. 'Tell me how to find it!'

There's no magic formula, my friend. If I was a godman, would I be wasting my time here with you? You must work for your dream, and move towards it all the time, and discard all those things that come in the way of finding it, and then, if you don't expect too much too quickly, you'll find your freedom, a room of your own. The difficult time comes afterwards.'

'Afterwards?'

Yes, because it's so easy to lose it all, to let someone take it away from you. Or you become greedy, or careless, and start taking everything for granted, and -Poof! -suddenly the dream has gone, vanished!'

5. 'How do you know all this?' I asked.

'Because I had my dream and lost it.'

'Did you lose everything?'

'Yes, just look at me now, my friend. Do I look like a king or a godman? I had everything I wanted, but then I wanted more and more. You get your room, and then you want a building, and when you have your building you want your own territory and when you have your own territory you want your kingdom and all the time it's getting harder to keep everything. And when you lose it in the end, all the kingdoms are lost-you don't even have your room anymore.'

6. 'Did you have a kingdom?'

'Something like that.,, .Follow your own dream, boy, but don't take other people's dreams, don't stand in anyone's way, don't take from another man his room or his faith or his song.'

And he turned and shuffled away, intoning the following verse, which I have never heard elsewhere, so it must have been his own:

*'Live long, my friend, be wise and strong, but do not take from any man his song.'*

I remained in the litchi tree, pondering over his wisdom and wondering how a man so wise could be so poor. Perhaps he became wise afterwards. Anyway, he was free, and I was free, and I went back to the house and demanded (and got) a room of my own. Freedom. I was beginning to realise, is something you have to insist upon.

Ruskin Bond was born in Kasauli, Himachal Pradesh, in 1934, and grew up in Jamnagar (Gujarat), Dehradun and Shimla. In the course of a writing career spanning thirty-five years, he has written over a hundred short stories, essays, novels and more than thirty books for children. Three collections of short stories, *The Night Train at Deoli*, *Time Stops at Shamli* and *Our Trees Still Grow in Dehra* have been published by Penguin India. He has also edited two anthologies, *The Penguin Book of Indian Ghost Stories* and *The Penguin Book of Indian Railway Stories*.

*The Room on the Roof* was his first novel, written when he was seventeen, and it received the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize in 1957. *Vagrant in the Valley* was also written in his teens and picks up from where *The Room on the Roof* leaves off. These two novels were published in one volume by Penguin India in 1993 as was a much-acclaimed collection of his non-fiction writing, *Rain in the Mountains*.

Ruskin Bond received the Sahitya Akademi Award for English Writing in India in 1992, for *Our Trees Still Grow in Dehra*.



## 1. Understanding the text

1.1 Answer the question briefly:

- What does the narrator mean by 'dream' in the story?
- There was something 'unusual' about the beggar. Explain

- c) Why did the boy want a room of his own?
- d) How, according to the beggar, can one realize one's dream?
- e) The beggar's wisdom and his present state of penury seem to be contradictory. Why?
- f) The boy in the story was out of the ordinary. How?

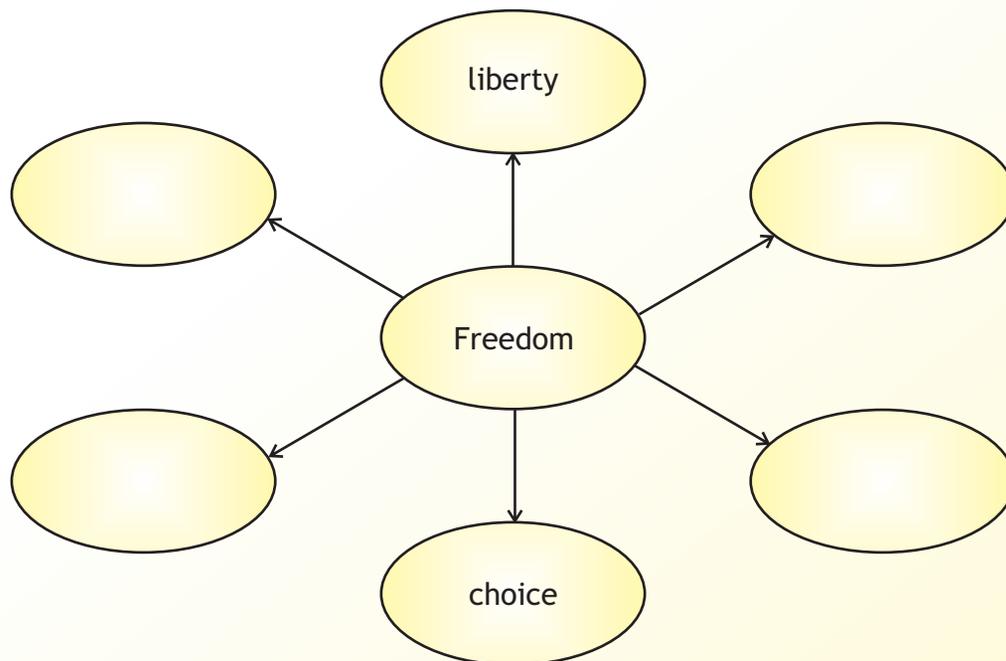
**1.2 Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:**

- a) "Yes, because it's so easy to lose it all, to let someone take it away from you."
  - 1. What does the speaker refer to as 'it'?
  - 2. When does one lose 'it'?
  - 3. How had the speaker gained such profound knowledge about it?
- b) "It was a startling question coming from that ragged old man on the street"
  - 1. Where was the narrator when he was drawn into the conversation?
  - 2. Give a brief description of the old man
  - 3. Why was the narrator perplexed by the question?
- c) "It was a starting question coming from that ragged old man on the street"
  - 1. Where was the narrator when he was drawn into the conversation?
  - 2. Give a brief description of the old man.
  - 3. Why was the narrator perplexed by the question?
- d) "Other boys didn't dream, they had catapults".
  - 1. What does the narrator mean by saying that the other boys have catapults ?
  - 2. Why does the narrator refuse to admit that he is a dreamer ?
  - 3. It is advisable to be a dreamer ? Why / Why not ?
- e) "There's no magic formula, my friend.  
If I was a godman would I be wasting my time here with you ?"
  - 1. What does the beggar refer to as 'magic formula'?
  - 2. Who is a godman ?
  - 3. Why does he say, 'I wouldn't be wasting my time ?'
- f) "Yes, because it's so easy to lose it all, to let someone take it away from you."
  - 1. What does the speaker refer to as 'it' ?
  - 2. When does one lose 'it'?
  - 3. How had the speaker gained such profound knowledge about 'it'?

- g) "Live long, my friend, be wise and strong  
But do not take from any man his song."  
1. Who sang these lines?  
2. What does 'song' refer to in the second line?
- h) "I remained in the litchi tree, pondering over his wisdom and wondering how a man so wise could be so poor."  
1. What surprised the narrator?  
2. What were the poor man's pearls of wisdom?
- i) '..... And discard all those things that come in the way of finding it.'  
1. Identify the speaker  
2. What does the speaker want the narrator to discard?  
3. What does 'it' in the second line refer to?  
4. Use the expression 'come in the way' in a sentence of your own.

2. Vocabulary:

2.1 Complete the web with suitable synonyms to describe what having a 'room of your own means'.



**2.2 Explain the following expressions.**

- a) It was a startling question coming from that ragged old man...
- b) 'I refused to admit that I was a dreamer.'
- c) 'There is no magic formula, my friend.'
- d) 'Do not take away from any man, his song.'
- e) 'Taking everything for granted'
- f) 'Freedom is something you have to insist upon'
- g) 'Follow your own dream'

2.3 Identify five most important qualities essential to turn a dream into a reality. Support your view in a paragraph of about 120 words.

**3. Speaking Skills:**

- a) Two friends meet after 25 years at the Alumni Meet of their school. One is a Manager in a multinational firm, and the other is a Professor at the university. Imagine a conversation between the two. You may include the following:
  - Their 'dream job'
  - Nature of their chosen career
  - Rewards or regrets

**4. Writing Skills:**

Listen to an extract from Abdul Kalam's motivational speech and take notes for your reference. You may use some of the ideas to write your answers.

<http://www.theorchidschool.org/orchid-special/616-dr-apj-abdul-kalam-speech-at-the-orchid-school.html>

- a) Dream is not something that you get in sleep. It is something that will not allow you to sleep'. Justify Dr. Abdul Kalam's views in a paragraph of 120-150 words.
- b) Write a letter to your friend, sharing the simple tips you followed to sustain the dream you achieved. Include the beggar's advice to the boy.
- c) The boy in the story wanted a room of his own, which means freedom and space. Identify one such dream of yours and the purpose associated with it. Write a short composition on 'The Adventurous Journey' undertaken by you. (e.g. -*achieving excellence in academics, comfortable life or service to society*).
- d) Write the script for a speech on 'India of my Dreams' in about 150-200 words, to be delivered during the school assembly on Independence Day.
- e) As a part of an admission formality to a degree course in an internationally reputed university,

you are expected to write an essay about, yourself, your strengths and weaknesses, your idea of success and ways of realizing your dream in life. Use some of the ideas from Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam's speech. Write the essay on **Realizing One's Dream is no Magic**, in about 150-200 words.

### 5. Listening Skills:

#### Script: 01

#### Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam Speech The Science Expo on 9 Feb 2012

*Creative minds lead to evolution of great sciences*

*Inventions and discoveries have emanated from creative minds that have been constantly working and imaging the outcome in the mind. With imaging and constant effort, all the forces of the universe work for that inspired mind, thereby leading to inventions or discoveries.*

*I am delighted to address and interact with Students present here. I am very happy to know that the School is celebrating the Science Week in order to expose children to scientific concepts and applications. Friends, I would like to share a few thoughts on "Creative minds lead to evolution of great sciences".*

First let us see a few unique scientists, who are always remembered and celebrated by humanity for their unique contribution to society.

#### Unique You

Dear friends, look up, what do you see, the light, the electric bulbs. Immediately, our thoughts go to the inventor *Thomas Alva Edison*, for his unique contribution towards the invention of electric bulb and his electrical lighting system.

When you hear the sound of an aeroplane going over your house, whom do you think of? *Wright Brothers* proved that man could fly, of course at heavy risk and cost.

Whom does the telephone remind you of? Of course, *Alexander Graham Bell*.

When everybody considered a sea travel as an experience or a voyage, a unique person questioned during his sea travel from United Kingdom to India. He was pondering on why the horizon where the sky and sea meet looks blue? His research resulted in the phenomena of scattering of light. Of course, *Sir CV Raman* was awarded the Nobel Prize.

Friends, there was a great scientific lady who is known for discovering Radium. She won not one, but two Nobel Prizes, one for physics and another for chemistry. Who is she? She is *Madam Curie*. Madam Curie discovered radium and she was doing research on the effect of radiation on human system. The same radiation which she discovered, affected her and she sacrificed her life for removing the pain of human life.

Young friends, can you join such unique performers of scientific history? Yes, you can. Definitely, you can. Let us study together, how it can be made possible?

Friends, I have, so far, met 13 million youth in a decade's time. I learnt, "every youth wants to be unique, that is, YOU! But the world all around you, is doing its best, day and night, to make you just

"everybody else". At home, dear young friends, you are asked by your parents to be like neighbours' children for scoring good marks. When you go to school, your teacher says, "Why don't you become like the first five rankers in the class?". Wherever you go, they are saying "you have to be somebody else or everybody else".

*The challenge, my young friends, is that you have to fight the hardest battle, which any human being can ever imagine to fight; and never stop fighting until you arrive at your destined place, that is, a UNIQUE YOU! Friends, what will be your tools to fight this battle, what are they: have a great aim in life, continuously acquire the knowledge, work hard and persevere to realize the great achievement.*

### **What Science can give you**

Dear friends, since I am with students who are shortly going to decide on what stream they should carve out for their career, I would like to share with you one question, what is the uniqueness of being a scientist? Science gives you better eyes because science can remove the mental blinkers and it gives your brain a challenge to solve many scientific problems that are yet to be solved. Science indeed will connect you the brains of many smart people who were there before you. Hence, science makes you feel good to stand on the shoulders of the giants like Issac Newton, Albert Einstein, Stephen Hawkings, Sir CV Raman, Chandrasekhar Subramanyam, and Srinivasa Ramanujam.

Science always provides challenging problems. Look at the southern sky, bright clouds lit by light. That is our galaxy, we belong to the milky way. Millions and millions of stars are there. We belong to a small star, what is that star - Sun. The Solar system has eight planets. Our planet earth has six billion people, and millions and millions of species. Can you imagine what science has revealed to all of us? Our galaxy and our sun and its characteristics have been identified. The exact location with respect of sun and galaxy has been discovered.

You take our human body. Science has revealed that the human body is made up of millions and millions of atoms. The difference between one human being and another is determined by the sequencing of the atoms.

The recent human genome programme reveals that human genome contains 23 pairs of chromosomes, which centres in the nucleus of every cell in the body. Each chromosome consists of a DNA double helix, that is wrapped around spool like proteins called histones. It is estimated that the human body has three hundred thousand to 2 million proteins. The unraveling of the genomic mystery will ultimately allow the bio-medical community to create a new evolutionary future for the human race.

### **Building Confidence**

Dear friends, during the last few years, I have seen, how India Vision 2020 has inspired the people, particularly the youth of the nation, which has resulted in many taking up many missions directed towards Vision 2020. Now I recall a situation in 1990 beginning when I was interacting with the youth of Ahmedabad, one girl asked me a question "When can I sing a song of India?" At that time, her brother who was in the United States, was always talking about the best in the United States. This girl sitting in India was fed up about her brother's stories and in her quest to find an answer she asked me "When can I sing a song of India?" How do I answer, I have explained the Developed India Vision 2020, and advised her to have confidence and certainly she can sing a song of India by 2020. The same spirit echoed

everywhere during that time. But for the last few years, while interacting with the youth, I had seen a marked change in the thinking of the youth. They have always been asking me "What can I give to the nation?" That means youth are ready to contribute for the national development. Recently, during the last one year, I see further change, they tell me "*I can do it*", "*We can do it*" and the "*Nation will do it*". With the 600 million youth of the nation whom you represent, actively participating in the development process, I am sure that India will be transformed into a developed nation before the year 2020.

My greetings and best wishes to all the students assembled here for success in their educational mission.

May God bless you.

## A Devoted Son

by Anita Desai

### 1. Warm up

- In a conservative society, what qualities would you associate with a son or daughter? Discuss with your partner.
- Is there a difference between what a family expects from a son and daughter? Share your ideas with the class.



### 2. What do these idioms mean?

a	blood is thicker than water	
b	chip of the old block	
c	at your mother's knee	
d	at death's door	
e	alive and kicking	

### Read the story

1. When the results appeared in the morning papers, Rakesh scanned them barefoot and in his pyjamas, at the garden gate, then went up the steps to the verandah where his father sat sipping his morning tea and bowed down to touch his feet.

"A first division, son?" his father asked, beaming, reaching for the papers.

"At the top of the list, papa," Rakesh murmured, as if awed. "First in the country."

2. Bedlam broke loose then. The family whooped and danced. The whole day long visitors streamed into the small yellow house at the end of the road to congratulate the parents of this Wonderkid, to slap Rakesh on the back and fill the house and garden with the sounds and colours of a festival. There were garlands and *halwa*, party clothes and gifts (enough fountain pens to last years, even a watch or two), nerves and temper and joy, all in a multicoloured whirl of pride and great shining vistas newly opened: Rakesh was the first son in the family to receive an education, so much had been sacrificed in order to send him to school and then medical college, and at last the fruits of their sacrifice had arrived, golden and glorious.

To everyone who came to him to say '*Mubarak*', "Varmaji, your son has brought you glory," the father said, "Yes, and do you know what is the first thing he did when he saw the results this morning? He bowed down and touched my feet." This moved many of the women in the crowd so much that they were seen to raise the ends of their saris and dab at their tears while the men reached out for the betel-leaves and sweetmeats that were offered around on trays and shook their heads in wonder and approval of such exemplary filial behaviour. "One does not often see such behaviour in sons any more," they all agreed, a little enviously, perhaps. Leaving the house, some of the women said,

**Halwa:** Traditional sweet

**Mubarak:** Hindi for 'congratulate'

sniffing, "At least on such an occasion they might have served pure ghee sweets," and some of the men said, "Don't you think old Varma was giving himself airs? He needn't think we don't remember that he comes from the vegetable market himself, his father used to sell vegetables, and he has never seen the inside of a school." But there was more envy than rancour in their voices and it was, of course, inevitable-not every son in that shabby little colony at the edge of the city was destined to shine as Rakesh shone, and who knew that better than the parents themselves?

3. And that was only the beginning, the first step in a great, sweeping ascent to the radiant heights of fame and fortune. The thesis he wrote for his M.D. brought Rakesh still greater glory, if only in select medical circles. He won a scholarship. He went to the USA (that was what his father learnt to call it and taught the whole family to say-not America, which was what the ignorant neighbours called it, but, with a grand familiarity, "the USA") where he pursued his career in the most prestigious of all hospitals and won **encomiums** from his American colleagues which were relayed to his admiring and glowing family. What was more, he came back, he actually returned to that small yellow house in the once-new but increasingly shabby colony, right at the end of the road where the rubbish vans tipped out their stinking contents for pigs to nose in and rag-pickers to build their shacks on, all steaming and smoking just outside the neat wire fences and well tended gardens. To this, Rakesh returned and the first thing he did on entering the house was to slip out of the embraces of his sisters and brothers and bow down and touch his father's feet.
4. As for his mother, she gloated chiefly over the strange fact that he had not married in America, had not brought home a foreign wife as all her neighbours had warned her he would, for wasn't that what all Indian boys went abroad for? Instead he agreed, almost without argument, to marry a girl she had picked out for him in her own village, the daughter of a childhood friend, so old-fashioned, so placid, so complaisant that she slipped into the household and settled in like a charm, seemingly too lazy and too good-natured to even try and make Rakesh leave home and set up independently, as any other girl might have done. What was more, she was pretty-really pretty, in a plump, pudding way that only gave way to fat-after the birth of their first baby, a son, and then what did it matter?

For some years Rakesh worked in the city hospital, quickly rising to the top of the administrative organization, and was made a director before he left to set up his own clinic. He took his parents in his car-a new, sky-blue Ambassador with a rear window full of stickers and charms revolving on strings-to see the clinic when it was built, and the large sign-board over the door on which his name was printed in letters of red. Thereafter his fame seemed to grow just a little dimmer-or maybe it was only that everyone in town had grown accustomed to it at last-but it was also the beginning of his fortune for he now became known not only as the best, but also the richest doctor in town.

5. At the time he set up his clinic his father had grown into an old man and retired from his post at the kerosene dealer's depot at which he had worked for forty years, and his mother died soon after, giving up the ghost with a sigh that sounded positively happy, for it was her own son who ministered to her in her last illness and who sat pressing her feet at the last moment-such a son as few women had borne.

It was a strange fact, however, that talent and skill, if displayed for too long, cease to dazzle. It came to pass that the most admiring of all eyes eventually faded and no longer blinked at his glory. Having retired from work and having lost his wife, the old father very quickly went to pieces, as they say. He developed so many complaints and fell ill so frequently and with such mysterious diseases that even his son could no longer make out when it was something of significance and when it was merely a peevish whim. He sat huddled on his string bed most of the day and developed an exasperating habit of stretching out suddenly and lying absolutely still, allowing the whole family to fly around him in a flap, wailing and weeping, and then suddenly sitting up, as if to mock their behaviour.

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**encomium:** high or glowing praise

He did this once too often: After sometime no one much cared if he sat up crosslegged on his bed or lay down flat. Except, of course, for that pearl amongst pearls, his son Rakesh.

6. It was Rakesh who brought him his morning tea, not in one of the china cups from which the rest of the family drank, but in the old man's favourite brass tumbler, and sat at the edge of his bed, comfortable and relaxed, and discussed or, rather, read out the morning news to his father. It made no difference to him that his father made no response. It was Rakesh, too, who, on returning from the clinic in the evening, persuaded the old man to come out of his room and take the evening air out in the garden, beautifully arranging the pillows and bolsters on the divan in the corner of the open verandah. Him down for a night under the stars.
7. All this was very gratifying for the old man. What was not so gratifying was that he even undertook to supervise his father's diet. One day when the father was really sick, having ordered his daughter-in-law to make him a dish of *soojie halwa* and eaten it with a saucerful of cream, Rakesh marched into the room, not with his usual respectful step but with the confident and rather contemptuous stride of the famous doctor, and declared, "No more *halwa* for you, papa. We must be sensible, at your age. If you must have something sweet, Veena will cook you a little *kheer*, that's light, just a little rice and milk. But nothing fried, nothing rich. We can't have this happening again."
8. He stared at his son with disbelief that darkened quickly to reproach. A son who actually refused his father the food he craved? But Rakesh had turned his back to him and was cleaning up the litter of bottles and packets on the medicine shelf and did not notice while Veena slipped silently out of the room with a little smirk that only the old man saw, and hated.
9. *Halwa* was only the first item to be crossed off the old man's diet. The meals that arrived for him on the shining stainless steel tray twice a day were frugal to say the least—dry bread, boiled lentils, boiled vegetables and, if there were a bit of chicken or fish, that was boiled too. If he called for another helping—in a cracked voice that quavered theatrically—Rakesh himself would come to the door, gaze at him sadly and shake his head, saying, "Now, papa, we must be careful, we can't risk another illness, you know," and although the daughter-in-law kept tactfully out of the way, the old man could just see her smirk sliding merrily through the air. He tried to bribe his grandchildren into buying him sweets (and how he missed his wife now), whispering, "Here's fifty paise," as he stuffed the coins into a tight, hot fist. "Run down to the shop at the crossroads and buy me thirty paise worth of *jalebis*, and you can spend the remaining twenty paise on yourself. Eh? Understand? Will you do that?" He got away with it once or twice but then was found out, the conspirator was scolded by his father and smacked by his mother and Rakesh came storming into the room, almost tearing his hair as he shouted through compressed lips, "Now papa, are you trying to turn my little son into a liar? Quite apart from spoiling your own stomach, you are spoiling him as well—you are encouraging him to lie to his own parents. You should have heard the lies he told his mother when she saw him bringing back those *jalebis* wrapped up in filthy newspaper. I don't allow anyone in my house to buy sweets in the bazaar, papa, surely you know that. There's cholera in the city, typhoid, gastroenteritis—I see these cases daily in the hospital, how can I allow my own family to run such risks?" The old man sighed and lay down in the corpse position. But that worried no one any longer.
10. Old Bhatia, next door, however, who was still spry enough to refuse adamantly to bathe in the tiled bathroom indoors and to insist on carrying out his brass mug and towel, in all seasons and usually at impossible hours, into the yard and bathe noisily under the garden tap, would look over the hedge to

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**Soojie Halwa:** a sweet dish made of semolina

**Jalebies:** a traditional sweet

see if Varma were out on his verandah and would call to him and talk while he wrapped his *dhoti* about him and dried the sparse hair on his head, shivering with enjoyable exaggeration. Of course these conversations, bawled across the hedge by two rather deaf old men conscious of having their entire households overhearing them, were not very satisfactory but Bhatia occasionally came out of his yard, walked down the bit of road and came in at Varma's gate to collapse onto the stone plinth built under the temple tree.

"At least you have a doctor in the house to look after you," sighed Bhatia.

"Look after me?" cried Varma, his voice cracking like an ancient clay jar. "He-he does not even give me enough to eat."

"What?" said Bhatia, the white hair in his ears twitching. "Doesn't give you enough to eat? Your own son?"

"My own son. If I ask him for one more piece of bread, he says no, papa, I weighed out the *atta* myself and I can't allow you to have more than two hundred grams of cereal a day. He weighs the food he gives me, Bhatia-he has scales to weigh it on. That is what it has come to."

"Never," murmured Bhatia in disbelief. "Is it possible, even in this evil age, for a son to refuse his father food?"

"Let me tell you" Varma whispered eagerly. "Today the family was having fried fish-I could smell it. I called to my daughter-in-law to bring me a piece. She came to the door and said no..."

"Said no?" It was Bhatia's voice that cracked. A *drongo* shot out of the tree and sped away. "No?"

"No, she said no, Rakesh has ordered her to give me nothing fried. No butter, he says, no oil..."

"No butter? No oil? How does he expect his father to live?"

11. Old Varma nodded with melancholy triumph. "That is how he treats me-after I have brought him up, given him an education, made him a great doctor. Great doctor! This is the way great doctors treat their fathers, Bhatia," for the son's sterling personality and character now underwent a curious sea change. Outwardly all might be the same but the interpretation had altered: his masterly efficiency was nothing but cold heartlessness, his authority was only tyranny in disguise.

"Let me be," Varma begged, turning his face away from the pills on the son's outstretched hand. "Let me die. It would be better. I do not want to live only to eat your medicines."

"Papa, be reasonable."

12. In the evening, that summer, the servants would come into his cell, grip his bed, one at each end, and carry it out to the verandah, there sitting it down with a thump that jarred every tooth in his head. In answer to his agonised complaints they said the doctor sahib had told them he must take the evening air and the evening air they would make him take-thump. Then Veena, that smiling, hypocritical in a rustling sari, would appear and pile up the pillows under his head till he was propped up stiffly into a sitting position that made his head swim and his backache.

"Let me lie down," he begged. "I can't sit up any more."

"Try, papa, Rakesh said you can if you try," she said, and drifted away to the other end of the verandah where her transistor radio vibrated to the lovesick tunes from the cinema that she listened to all day.

"Papa," his son said, tenderly, sitting down on the edge of the bed and reaching out to press his feet.

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**atta:** flour  
**drongo:** a bird

Old Varma tucked his feet under him, out of the way, and continued to gaze stubbornly into the yellow air of the summer evening.

"Papa, I'm home."

Varma's hand jerked suddenly, in a sharp, derisive movement, but he did not speak.

"How are you feeling, papa? I've brought you a new tonic to make you feel better. You must take it, it will make you feel stronger again. Here it is. Promise me you will take it regularly, papa."

Then he spat out some words, as sharp and bitter as poison, into his son's face. "Keep your tonic-I want none-I want none-I won't take any more of-of your medicines. None. Never," and he swept the bottle out of his son's hand with a wave of his own, suddenly grand, suddenly effective.

13. He gave one push to the pillows at his back and dislodged them so he could sink down on his back, quite flat again. He closed his eyes and pointed his chin at the ceiling, like some dire prophet, groaning, "God is calling me-now let me go."

**About the author:**



Anita Desai was born in 1937 in Mussoorie, India. She was educated at Delhi University. She has been shortlisted three times for the Booker Prize, with *Clear Light of Day* (1980), *In Custody* (1994) and *Fasting, Feasting* (1999). She has published several novels, children's books and short stories. She is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, the American Academy of Arts and Letters and Girton College, Cambridge. She teaches in the Writing Program at MIT. Anita Desai lives in Massachusetts.

Born to a German mother and Bengali father, Desai grew up speaking German, Hindi, and English. She received a B.A. in English from the University of Delhi in 1957. The suppression and oppression of Indian women were the subjects of her first novel, *Cry, the Peacock* (1963), and a later novel, *Where Shall We Go This Summer?* (1975). *Fire on the Mountain* (1977) was criticized as relying too heavily on imagery at the expense of plot and characterization, but it was praised for its poetic symbolism and use of sounds. *Clear Light of Day* (1980), considered the author's most successful work, is praised for its highly evocative portrait of two sisters caught in the lassitude of Indian life. Its characters are revealed not only through imagery but through gesture, dialogue, and reflection.

**I. Understanding the text:**

**1. Answer the following briefly.**

- Why were the members of the Varmaji household in a celebratory mood?
- Why was Rakesh's achievement a glorious one for his family?
- Why was his family happy about their son's return from the US?
- How did Rakesh's talents benefit his father?
- Why did Rakesh's achievements lose their shine in due time?
- Why did Varmaji bribe his grandchildren? How did Rakesh react to his behaviour?
- What was Varmaji's complaint to Bhatia?
- What events led to Varmaji's wishing to be left alone?

2. Read the given extracts and answer the questions that follow.

- 1) "Yes and do you know what is the first thing he did when he saw the results this morning? He bowed and touched my feet."
  - a) What is the 'result' referred to?
  - b) Other than his son's achievement, what else is the speaker proud of?
  - c) Identify the traditional values conveyed here.
- 2) 'Instead, he agreed, almost without argument, to marry a girl she had picked out for him in her own village.'
  - a) Rakesh lived up to his mother's expectation. How?
  - b) What had she feared?
  - c) Rakesh was a truly 'devoted' son. Why?
- 3) "This is how he treats me after I have brought him up, given him education, made him a great doctor."
  - a) Why is the speaker unhappy?
  - b) Was Rakesh a devoted son? Give instances to support your answer.
  - c) Is there a generation gap between the father and son? Give reasons.
- 4) "I won't take any more of your medicines." "No. Never" and he swept the bottle out of his son's hand.
  - a) What caused Mr. Varma to react in this manner?
  - b) Is Rakesh responsible for it? Give a reason.
  - c) Which of the options given below best describes Mr. Varma's state of mind in the given extract.
    - (i) helpless    (ii) spiteful    (iii) angry    (iv) frustrated

3. Vocabulary:

a) Match the words with the meaning

S.No.	Word	Meaning
1.	spry	mocking
2.	filial	lofty praise
3.	encomiums	deep-seated ill will
4.	rancor	pertaining to son/daughter
5.	reproach	vigorous
6.	derisive	blame, censure

4.1 Writing Skills:

- a) The son's personality and character underwent a sea change. What were the changes in Rakesh as observed by Varma.
- b) A sense of *bonhomie* is seen among the villagers. Describe two incidents that reflect this.
- c) Though Rakesh was a well established doctor and busy running his own clinic, how does he show his filial devotion?

- d) Veena is a dutiful daughter-in-law. Do you agree/disagree? Justify.
- e) What impression do you get about Rakesh's life? Illustrate with suitable textual references.
- f) As Veena, Rakesh's wife, write a letter to your sister expressing how bad you feel that your husband's concern for his father is being misconstrued as being heartless.
- g) How does the story reflect the Indian cultural values of respect for parents, in-laws and close knit communities. Give your views in about 150-200 words
- h) Do you sympathise with Rakesh for what he gets in the end for his devotion? Justify your views in about 150-200 words.
- i) Rakesh is acting more like a doctor than a son, and that ruins the quality of his father's last days. Do you think he is justified in doing so? Express your views in about 150-200 words.

#### 4.2 Appreciation:

- a) A *static character* in a story does not change during the development of the plot while a dynamic character does. How are Varma and Rakesh examples of these? Substantiate with examples.
- b) Do you think Varma and of Bhatia are a contrast to each other? Give reasons.
- c) Anitha Desai's writing style is embellished by the wonderful phrases that she has used to convey the character's, feelings and to make the descriptions vivid. Substantiate this observation.
- d)
  - Read the following sentences from the story focussing on the italicised phrases.
    1. 'The whole day long visitors *streamed into* the small yellow house.'
    2. 'All in a *multicoloured whirl of pride*.'
    3. 'When it is merely a *peevish whim*.'
    4. The old man could just see her *smirk sliding merrily*.'
    5. 'His authority was only *tyranny in disguise*.'
  - Now read the following situations and match the above phrases with the situations.
    - i) Anvita received a string of awards for her innovation in Science. She was flooded with congratulatory messages. She was swimming in a \_\_\_\_\_.
    - ii) The party workers came to greet their leader on his birthday. They \_\_\_\_\_ the party office from 5 am in the morning.
    - iii) Mr. Rao lost the argument to his wife. His teenaged son observed his father getting into the car sheepishly. As he got into the car he saw him \_\_\_\_\_.
    - iv) Sanjay often threw tantrums and cried for everything. His patient mother could never make out whether it was genuine or if it was \_\_\_\_\_.
    - v) Rohit was a Class 12 student studying in Delhi. As his parents worked abroad, Rohit's uncle was his local guardian. He laid down many restrictions on Rohit, out of sheer concern. Rohit felt it was \_\_\_\_\_.
  - Pick out four more expressions from the text that enhance the description of people or events, as in given the examples in '4.2.d'.
    1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_

**5. Speaking Skills:**

**Role Play:** As the village head you meet Varma who has become senile. Tell him about Rakesh's sacrifice and how he should cooperate with his son and not criticise him.

**6. Values-based question:**

In today's world, parents like Varma struggle a lot to educate their children. The latter, after their education, become successful professionals who leave their parents and go abroad or to the cities seeking greener pastures. Finally, the parents in their old age, are sent to old age homes where they are taken care of quite well. The basic health care is provided but they are emotionally parched. What can be done to avoid this pathetic situation?

## The Hum of Insects

by Robert Lynd

### Warm Up:

- Given below is a list of words. Find a suitable word to describe each word, with the unique sound associated with it. Then classify the sounds as 'natural' and those caused by human activity. Work in pairs.

Eg.: the *roaring* of waves

bee	birds	saw mill	wheels
car horn	jet engine	thunder	bell
musical notes	stream	lion	waterfall

- Given below is a list of words that describe sounds. Categorise them as positive or negative. Work in pairs.

jarring	lilting	melodious	discordant
resonant	mellifluous	cacophonic	raucous

- Onomatopoeic words are a combination of sounds that suggest what the words refer to. Hum, buzz, hiss, sizzle etc are a few examples. List at least ten words that you know.


*The most common human response to insects is that of revulsion combined with fear. Is it possible that these creatures that annoy us so much can also delight us? Read this delightful essay written by Robert Lynd to know how this is possible.*

- It makes all the difference whether you hear an insect in the bedroom or in the garden. In the garden the voice of the insect *soothes*; in the bedroom it irritates. In the garden it is the hum of spring; in the bedroom it seems to belong to the same school of music as the buzz of the dentist's *drill* or the saw-mill. It may be that it is not the right sort of insect that invades the bedroom. Even in the garden we wave away a mosquito. Either its note is in itself offensive or we dislike it as the voice of an unscrupulous enemy. By an unscrupulous enemy, I mean



**soothes:** comforts and calms

**drill:** a tool with a detachable pointed end for making holes

an enemy that attacks without waiting to be attacked. The mosquito is a beast of prey; it is out for blood, whether one is as gentle as *Tom Pinch* or uses violence. The bee and the wasp are, in comparison, noble creatures. They will, so it is said, never injure a human being unless a human being has injured them. The worst of it is they do not discriminate between one human being and another, and the bee that floats over the wall into our garden may turn out to have been exasperated by the behaviour of a retired policeman five miles away who struck at it with a spade and roused in it a blind passion for *reprisals*. That or something like it is, probably, the explanation of the stings perfectly innocent persons receive from an insect that is said never to touch you if you leave it alone. As a matter of fact, when a bee loses its head, it does not even wait for a human being in order to relieve its feelings, I have seen a dog racing round a field in terror as a result of a sting from an angry bee. I have seen a turkey racing round a farmyard in terror as a result of the same thing. All the trouble arose from a human being's having very properly removed a large quantity of honey from a row of hives. I do not admit that the bee would have been justified in stinging even the human being-who, after all, is master on this partially civilised planet. Yet in spite of such things, and of the fact that some breeds of bees are notorious for their crossness, especially when there is thunder in the air, the bee is morally far higher in the scale than the mosquito. Not only does it give you honey instead of malaria, and help your apples and strawberries to multiply, but it aims at living a quiet, inoffensive life, at peace with everybody, except when it is annoyed. The mosquito does what it does in cold blood. That is why it is so unwelcome a bedroom visitor.

2. But even a bee or a wasp, I fancy, would seem *tedious* company at two in the morning, especially if it came and buzzed near the pillow. It is not so much that you would be frightened: if the wasp alighted on your cheek, you could always lie still and hold your breath till it had finished trying to sting-that is an **infallible** preventive. But there is a limit to the amount of your night's rest that you are willing to sacrifice in this way. You cannot hold your breath while you are asleep, and yet you dare not cease holding your breath while a wasp is walking over your face. Besides, it might crawl into your ear, and what would you do then? Luckily, the question does not often arise in practice owing to the fact that the wasp and the bee are more like human beings than mosquitoes and have more or less the same habits of nocturnal rest. As we sit in the garden, however, the mind is bound to *speculate*, and to revolve such questions as whether this hum of insects that delights us is in itself delightful, whether its delightfulness depends on its surroundings, or whether it depends on its associations with past springs.
3. Certainly, in a garden, the noise of insects seems as essentially beautiful a thing as the noise of birds or the noise of the sea. Even these have been criticised, especially by persons who suffer from sleeplessness, but their beauty is *affirmed* by the general voice of mankind. These three noises appear to have an infinite capacity for giving us pleasure-a capacity, probably, beyond that of any music of instruments. It may be that, on hearing them, we become a part of some universal music, and that the rhythm of wave, bird and insect echoes in some way the rhythm of our own breath and blood. Man is in love with life and these are the millionfold chorus of life-the magnified echo of his




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**Tom Pinch:** a lovable character in Charles Dickens' novel *Martin Chuzzlewit*  
**reprisals:** retaliation  
**tedious:** boring  
**infallible:** certain to succeed  
**speculate:** wonder  
**affirmed:** asserted

own pleasure in being alive. At the same time, our pleasure in the hum of insects is also, I think, a pleasure of *reminiscence*. It reminds us of other springs and summers in other gardens. It reminds us of the infinite peace of childhood when, on a fine day, the world hardly existed beyond the garden-gate. We can smell moss-roses-how we loved them as children!-as a bee swings by. Insect after insect dances through the air, each dying away like a note of music, and we see again the border of *pinks* and the strawberries, and the garden paths edged with *box* and the old dilapidated wooden seat under the tree, and an apple-tree, and all those things that made us infinitely happy as children when we were in the country-happier than we were ever made by toys, for we do not remember any toys so intensely as we remember the garden and the farm. We had the illusion in those days that it was going to last for ever. There was no past or future. There was nothing real except the present in which we lived, a present in which all the human beings were kind. in which a dim-sighted grandfather sang songs (especially a song in which the chorus began "Free and easy"), in which aunts brought us animal biscuits out of town, in which there was neither man-servant nor maid-servant, neither ox nor ass, that did not seem to go about with a bright face.



4. It would be unfair to human beings, however, to suggest that they are less lavish with their smiles than they were thirty years or so ago. Everybody-or almost everybody-still smiles. We cannot open an illustrated paper without seeing smiling statesmen, cricketers, jockeys, oarsmen, bridegrooms, clergymen, actresses and undergraduates. Yet somehow we are no longer made happy by a smile. We no longer take it, as we used to take it, as evidence that the person smiling is either happy or kind. It then seemed to come from the heart. It now seems a formula. It is, we may admit, a pleasant and useful formula.
5. To children, for all we know, the world may still seem to be full of people who laugh because they are happy and smile because they are kind. The world will always remain to a child the chief of toys, and the hum of insects as enchanting as the hum of a musical top. Even those of us who are grown up can recover this *enchantment*, not only through the pleasures of memory but through the endless pleasures of watching the things that inhabit the earth. It is probably the child in us that responds most wholeheartedly to such pleasures. They, like the hum of insects, help to restore the illusion of a world that is perfectly happy because it is such a *Noah's Ark* of a spectacle and everybody is kind. But, even as we submit to the illusion in the garden, we become restive in our deck-chairs and remember the telephone or the daily paper or a letter that has to be written. And reality weighs on us, like a hand laid on a top, making an end of the spinning, making an end of the music. The world is no longer a toy dancing round and round. It is a problem, a *run-down* machine, a stuffy room full of little stabbing creatures that make an irritating noise.

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**reminiscence:** thinking about past experiences, especially pleasant ones

**pinks:** garden flowers

**box:** an evergreen shrub often used to border garden-walks

**enchantment:** feeling of great delight

**Noah's Ark:** a large ship built by Noah to save his family and others from the flood

**run-down:** not in good working condition

**Robery Lynd** was born in Belfast and educated at Royal Belfast Academical Institution, studying at Queen's University. His background was Protestant, his father being a Presbyterian Church Moderator.

He began as a journalist on "The Northern Whig" in Belfast. He moved to London in 1901, via Manchester, sharing accommodation with his friend the artist Paul Henry. Firstly he wrote drama criticism, for "Today", edited by Jerome K. Jerome. He also wrote for the "Daily News" (later the News Chronicle), being its literary editor 1912 to 1947.

He settled in Hampstead, in Keats Grove near the John Keats house. The Lynds were well known as literary hosts, in the group including J. B. Priestley. They were on good terms also with Hugh Walpole; Priestley, Walpole and Sylvia Lynd were founding committee members of the Book Society.



### I. Understanding the text:

#### 1. Answer the questions briefly:

- a) Insects can annoy us as much as they delight. How does the writer explain this contrast?
- b) Why does the author refer to the mosquito as a 'beast of prey'?
- c) To what does the author compare the humming of insects in the bedroom? Why?
- d) Why are some called the 'noble insects'?
- e) Who are the victims of the angry bee?
- f) How does the author justify the statement that the bee is 'morally higher in the scale than the mosquito'?
- g) What is the best way to avoid a wasp sting?
- h) What are the other sounds that bring delight?
- i) How does the author express the joy of listening to natural melodies?
- j) What reminiscences does the hum of insects bring to the author?
- k) Why does he observe that 'a smile now seems a formula'?

#### 2. Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:

- a) 'Either its note is in itself offensive or we dislike it as the voice of an unscrupulous enemy.'  
(Para 1)
  - i) Identify 'it' in the line.
  - ii) Why is 'it' referred to as an 'unscrupulous enemy'?
  - iii) Give the opposite of 'offensive'.
- b) 'I do not admit that the bee would have been justified in stinging even the human being - who after all, is master of this partially civilized planet.'  
(Para 1)
  - i) Who is 'the human being' mentioned here?
  - ii) Explain the reference to a 'partially civilized planet'?
  - iii) Why does he describe it as 'partially civilized'?

- c) 'Luckily, the question does not often arise in practice owing to the fact that the wasp and bee have more or less the same habits of nocturnal rest.' (Para 2)
- What is the question?
  - Why does the author use 'luckily' in this context?
  - Give the meaning of 'nocturnal'.
- d) '... and these are the millionfold chorus of life-the magnified echo of his own pleasure in being alive.' (Para 3)
- What does the author refer to as the 'millionfold chorus of life'?
  - What do the sounds in nature echo?
  - Give the adjectival form of 'chorus'.
- e) 'We had the illusion in those days that it was going to last for ever' (Para 3)
- Identify 'we'. What does 'those days' mean?
  - What illusion did they nurse?
  - Why does he call it an 'illusion'?
- f) 'The world will always remain to a child the chief toy, and the hum of insects as enhancing as the hum of a musical top' (Para 4)
- Why is the world the chief toy to a child?
  - What enchants the child as much as the hum of a musical top?
  - Give another word for 'enchancing'.
- g) 'It is a problem, a run - down machine, a stuffy room, full of little stabbing creatures that make an irritating noise.' (Para 5)
- What has turned into a stuffy room now? Why?
  - Explain 'stabbing'.
  - Explain: 'a run-down machine'.

**II. Vocabulary:**

1. Match the words in column A with their meaning in column B.

A	B
unscrupulous	falling to pieces
notorious	impressive sight
infallible	well-known for a bad deed
spectacle	incapable of making mistakes
dilapidated	without principles

2. Use Prefixes to form opposites. A prefix is placed at the beginning of a word.

'ir', 'il', 'im', 'in', 'un', 'dis' are the prefixes used to change the meaning of the root word to its opposite.

Add a suitable prefix to each of the words given below.

Discreet, legal, continue, regular, equal, usual, advantage, mobile, correct, pleasant, logical, relevant

### III. Appreciation:

a) Given below are the features that make the essay humorous:

- i) the theme
  - ii) the choice of words used to describe the insects
  - iii) the style of narration - the exalting the status of insects and exaggerating their powers of both sound and performance
- With your partner, pick out words and phrases from the text as examples of features (ii) and (iii)
  - Based on the above, write a paragraph of 150-200 words on the use of humour with reference to "The Hum of Insects"

### IV. Writing Skills:

- a) '.... for we do not remember any toys so intensely as we remember the garden and the farm'. Do you share the opinion of the author regarding your childhood? Write a paragraph of 120 - 150 words on **The Sweet Reminiscences of My Childhood** for your school magazine.
- b) Read paragraph 2 again. The author vividly describes the strategies he adopts to avoid a wasp bite. Write a letter to your friend about how you cleverly escaped from being attacked / bitten by an animal / insect. Describe an imaginary incident in about 150-200 words.
- c) Suppose that insects can understand human language. Write a humorous notice in about 40-50 words to be put up in the garden / living / dining room for the benefit of fellow insects.

### V. Conversation Skills:

- a) i) Have you ever been enchanted by music? Share your experience with your partner.  
ii) Organise your thoughts to deliver a two-minute speech on the theme '**The Magic of Music**'.
- b) Towards the end of the essay, the tone of the author changes. How does it change and why? Discuss in groups of four. The group secretary will share the group's thoughts with the class.

*The Judgement of Paris*

by Leonard Merrick

**Warm Up:**

Find out what these words mean: farce, parody, satire, spoof. Share with the class.

*When two professional comedians fall in love with the same lady the situation is more than comic. Who should the lady choose? How should the talent of each, so similar to each other's, be tested, and by whom? To win the lady's hand one must outwit the other. And one does, who is the lucky one?*

Now, read the story.

1. In the summer of the memorable year -, but the date doesn't matter, Robichon and Quinquart both paid court to mademoiselle Brouette. Mademoiselle Brouette was a captivating actress, Robichon and Quinquart were the most comic of comedians, and all three were members of the Théâtre Suprême.

Robichon was such an idol of the public's that they used to laugh before he uttered the first word of his rôle; and Quinquart was so vastly popular that his silence threw the audience into convulsions.

Professional rivalry apart, the two were good friends, although they were suitors for the same lady, and this was doubtless due to the fact that the lady favoured the robust Robichon no more than she favoured the skinny Quinquart. She flirted with them equally, she approved them equally and at last, when each of them had plagued her beyond endurance, she promised in a pet that she would marry the one that was the better actor.

Not a player on the stage, not a critic on the Press could quite make up his mind which the better actor was. Only Suzanne Brouette could have said anything so tantalising.

"But how shall we decide the point, Suzanne?" stammered Robichon helplessly. "Whose pronouncement will you accept?"

"How can the question be settled?" queried Quinquart, dismayed. "Who shall be the judge?"

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The Judgement of Paris was a mythological contest among Aphrodite, Hera and Athena for the prize of a golden apple addressed to "the fairest". They laid claim to the apple. Zeus was asked to mediate and he commanded Hermes to lead the three to Paris of Troy to decide the issue. The three appearing before the shepherd prince, each offering him gifts for favour. Paris chose Aphrodite, swayed by her promise to bestow upon him Helene, the most beautiful woman, for wife.

"Paris shall be the judge," affirmed Suzanne. "We are the servants of the public. I will take the public's word!"

Of course she was as pretty as a picture, or she couldn't have done these things.

2. Then poor Quinquart withdrew, plunged in *reverie*. So did Robichon. Quinquart reflected that she had been talking through her expensive hat. Robichon was of the same opinion. The public lauded them both, was no less generous to one than to the other. To wait for the judgment of Paris appeared equivalent to postponing the matter *sine die*. No way out presented itself to Quinquart. None occurred to Robichon.

They sat on the terrace of their favourite café a day or two before the annual vacation, "Let us discuss this amicably", said Robichon. "Have a cigarette! You are an actor, therefore you consider yourself more talented than I. I, too, am an actor, therefore I regard you as less gifted than myself. So much for our artistic standpoints! But we are also men of the world, and it must be obvious to both of us that we might go on being funny until we reached our death-beds without demonstrating the supremacy of either. Our only hope lies in *versatility* the conqueror must distinguish himself in a solemn part!" He viewed the other with complacency, for the quaint Quinquart had been designed for a *droll* by Nature.

"Right!" said Quinquart. He contemplated his colleague with satisfaction, for it was impossible to fancy the fat Robichon in a tragedy.

"I perceive only one drawback to the plan," continued Robichon, "the Management will never consent to accord us a chance. Is it not always so in the theatre? One succeeds in a certain line of business and one must be resigned to play that line as long as one lives. If my earliest success had been scored as a villain of melodrama, it would be believed that I was competent to enact nothing but villains of melodrama; it happened that I made a hit as a comedian, wherefore nobody will credit that I am capable of anything but being comic."

"Same here!" concurred Quinquart. "Well, then, what do you propose?"

Robichon mused. "Since we shall not be allowed to do ourselves justice on the stage, we must find an opportunity off it!"

"A private performance? Good! Yet, if it is a private performance, how is Paris to be the judge?"

"Ah," murmured Robichon, "that is certainly a stumbling-block."

3. They sipped their *apéritifs* moodily. Many heads were turned towards the little table where they sat. "There are Quinquart and Robichon, how amusing they always are!" said passers-by, little guessing the anxiety in the laughter-makers' hearts.

"What's to be done?" sighed Quinquart at last.

Robichon shrugged his fat shoulders, with a frown.

Both were too absorbed to notice that, after a glance of recognition, one of the pedestrians had paused, and was still regarding them irresolutely. He was a tall, burly man, clad in rusty black and next moment, as if finding courage, he stepped forward and spoke:

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**reverie:** deep thought

**sine die:** indefinitely

**versatility:** interest in and cleverness in many different things

**droll:** odd and amusing

**apéritifs:** beverages taken before a meal

"Gentlemen, I ask pardon for the liberty I take - impulse urges me to seek your professional advice! I am in a position to pay a moderate fee. Will you permit me to explain myself?"

"Monsieur," returned Robichon, "we are in deep consideration of our latest parts. We shall be pleased to give you our attention at some other time."

"Alas!" persisted the newcomer, "with me time presses. I, too, am considering my latest part and it will be the only speaking part I have ever played, though I have been 'appearing' for twenty years."

"What? You have been a super for twenty years?" said Quinquart, with a grimace.

"No, monsieur," replied the stranger grimly. "I have been the public executioner; and I am going to lecture on the horrors of the post I have resigned."

The two comedians stared at him aghast. Across the sunlit terrace seemed to have fallen the black shadow of the *guillotine*.

"I am Jacques Roux," the man went on, "I am 'trying it on the dog' at Appeville-sous-Bois next week, and I have what you gentlemen call 'stage fright' - I, who never knew what nervousness meant before! Is it not queer? As often as I rehearse walking on to the platform, I feel myself to be all arms and legs-I don't know what to do with them. Formerly, I scarcely remembered my arms and legs; but, of course, my attention used to be engaged by the other fellow's head. Well, it struck me that you might consent to give me a few hints in *deportment*. Probably one lesson would suffice."

4. "Sit down," said Robichon. "Why did you abandon your official position?"

"Because I awakened to the truth," Roux answered. "I no longer agree with capital punishment: it is a crime that should be abolished."

"The scruples of conscience, eh?"

"That is it."

"Fine!" said Robichon. "What dramatic lines such a lecture might contain! And of what is it to consist?"

"It is to consist of the history of my life-my youth, my poverty, my experiences as Executioner, and my remorse."

"Magnificent!" said Robichon. "The spectres of your victims pursue you even to the platform. Your voice fails you, your eyes start from your head in terror. You gasp for mercy- and imagination splashes your outstretched hands with *gore*. The audience thrill, women swoon, strong men are breathless with emotion." Suddenly he smote the table with his big fist, and little Quinquart nearly fell off his chair, for he divined the inspiration of his rival. "Listen!" cried Robichon, "are you known at Appeville-sous-Bois?"

"My name is known, yes."

"Bah! I mean are you known personally, have you acquaintances there?"

"Oh, no. But why?"

"There will be nobody to recognize you?"

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**guillotine:** machine used in France in the eighteenth century for beheading criminals  
**deportment:** behaviour, way of carrying oneself  
**gore:** blood

"It is very unlikely in such a place."

"What do you estimate that your profits will amount to?"

"It is only a small hall, and the prices are very cheap. Perhaps two hundred and fifty francs."

"And you are nervous, you would like to postpone your *début*?"

"I should not be sorry, I admit. But, again, why?"

"I will tell you why-I offer you five hundred francs to let me take your place!"

"Monsieur!"

"Is it a bargain?"

"I do not understand!"

"I have a whim to figure in a solemn part. You can explain the next day that you missed your train-that you were ill, there are a dozen explanations that can be made; you will not be supposed to know that I personated you-the responsibility for that is mine. What do you say?"

"It is worth double the money," demurred the man.

"Not a bit of it! All the press will shout the story of my practical joke-Paris will be astounded that I, Robichon, lectured as Jacques Roux and curdled an audience's blood. Millions will speak of your intended lecture tour who otherwise would never have heard of it. I am giving you the grandest advertisement, and paying you for it, besides. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed, monsieur!" said Roux.

Oh, the *trepidation* of Quinquart! Who could eclipse Robichon if his performance of the part equalled his conception of it? At the theatre that evening Quinquart followed Suzanne about the wings pathetically. He was garbed like a buffoon, but he felt like Romeo. The throng that applauded his *capers* were far from suspecting the romantic longings under his magenta wig. For the first time in his life he was thankful that the author hadn't given him more to do.

And, oh, the excitement of Robichon! He was to put his powers to a tremendous test, and if he made the effect that he anticipated, he had no fear of Quinquart's going one better. Suzanne, to whom he whispered his project proudly, announced an intention of being present to "see the fun." Quinquart also promised to be there. Robichon sat up all night preparing his lecture.

If you wish to know whether Suzanne rejoiced at the prospect of his winning her, history is not definite on the point; but some chroniclers assert that at this period she made more than usual of Quinquart, who had developed a hump as big as the Panthéon.

And they all went to Appeville-sous-Bois.

.....

Though no one in the town was likely to know the features of the Executioner, it was to be remembered that people there might know the actor's, and Robichon had made up to resemble Roux as closely as possible. Arriving at the humble hall, he was greeted by the lessee, heard that a "good house" was expected, and smoked a cigarette in the retiring-room while the audience assembled.

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**trepidation:** alarmed / excited state of mind  
**capers:** jumping or acting foolishly

At eight o'clock the lessee reappeared.

"All is ready, monsieur Roux," he said.

Robichon rose.

He saw Suzanne and Quinquart in the third row, and was tempted to wink at them.

5. "Ladies and gentlemen-"

All eyes were riveted on him as he began; even the voice of the "Executioner" exercised a morbid fascination over the crowd. The men nudged their neighbours appreciatively, and women gazed at him, half horrified, half charmed.

The opening of his address was quiet enough-there was even a humorous element in it, as he narrated imaginary experiences of his boyhood. People tittered, and then glanced at one another with an apologetic air, as if shocked at such a monster's daring to amuse them. Suzanne whispered to Quinquart: "Too cheerful; he hasn't struck the right note." Quinquart whispered back gloomily: "Wait; he may be playing for the contrast!"

And Quinquart's assumption was correct. Gradually the cheerfulness faded from the speaker's voice, the humorous incidents were past. Gruesome, hideous, grew the anecdotes, The hall shivered. Necks were craned, and white faces twitched suspensively. He dwelt on the agonies of the condemned, he recited crimes in detail, he mirrored the last moments before the blade fell. He shrieked his remorse, his *lacerating* remorse. "I am a murderer," he sobbed; and in the hall one might have heard a pin drop.

There was no applause when he finished-that set the seal on his success; he bowed and withdrew amid tense silence. Still none moved in the hall, until, with a rush, the representatives of the Press sped forth to proclaim Jacques Roux an unparalleled sensation.

The triumph of Robichon! How generous were the congratulations of Quinquart, and how sweet the admiring tributes of Suzanne! And there was another compliment to come-nothing less than a card from the Marquis de Thevenin, requesting an interview at his home.

"Ah!" exclaimed Robichon, enraptured, "an invitation from a noble! That proves the effect I made, eh?"

"Who may he be?" inquired Quinquart. "I never heard of the Marquis de Thevenin!"

"It is immaterial whether you have heard of him," replied Robichon. "He is a marquis, and he desires to converse with me! It is an honour that one must appreciate. I shall assuredly go."

And, being a bit of a snob, he sought a *fiacre* in high feather.

The drive was short, and when the cab stopped he was distinctly taken aback to perceive the unpretentious aspect of the nobleman's abode. It was, indeed, nothing better than a lodging. A peasant admitted him, and the room to which he was ushered boasted no warmer hospitality than a



**lacerating:** tearing flesh  
**fiacre:** carriage

couple of candles and a decanter of wine. However, the sconces were massive silver. Monsieur le marquis, he was informed, had been suddenly compelled to summon his physician, and begged that monsieur Roux would allow him a few minutes' grace.

Robichon ardently admired the candlesticks, but began to think he might have supped more cozily with Suzanne.

6. It was a long time before the door opened.

The Marquis de Thevenin was old-so old that he seemed to be falling to pieces as he tottered forward. His skin was yellow and shrivelled, his mouth sunken, his hair sparse and grey; and from this weird face peered strange eyes-the eyes of a fanatic.

"Monsieur, I owe you many apologies for my delay," he wheezed. "My unaccustomed exertion this evening fatigued me, and on my return from the hall I found it necessary to see my doctor. Your lecture was wonderful, monsieur Roux-most interesting and instructive; I shall never forget it."

Robichon bowed his acknowledgments.

"Sit down, monsieur Roux, do not stand! Let me offer you some wine. I am forbidden to touch it myself. I am a poor host, but my age must be my excuse."

"To be the guest of monsieur le Marquis," murmured Robichon, "is a privilege, an honour, which-er-"

"Ah," sighed the Marquis. "I shall very soon be in the Republic where all men are really equals and the only masters are the worms. My reason for requesting you to come was to speak of your unfortunate experiences-of a certain unfortunate experience in particular. You referred in your lecture to the execution of one called 'Victor Lesueur.' He died game, eh?"

"As plucky a soul as I ever dispatched!" said Robichon, savouring the burgundy.

"Ah! Not a tremor? He strode to the guillotine like a man?"

"Like a hero!" said Robichon, who knew nothing about him.

"That was fine," said the Marquis; "that was as it should be! You have never known a prisoner to die more bravely?" There was a note of pride in his voice that was unmistakable.

"I shall always recall his courage with respect," declared Robichon, mystified.

"Did you respect it at the time?"

"Pardon, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"I inquire if you respected it at the time; did you spare him all needless suffering?"

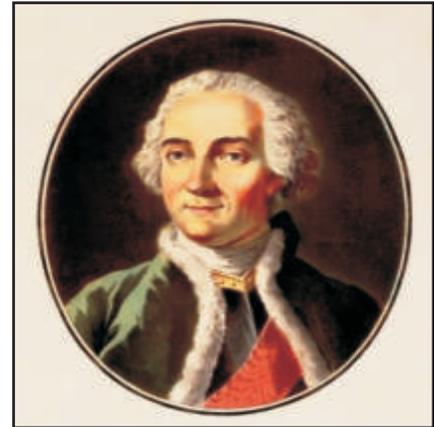
"There is no suffering," said Robichon. "So swift is the knife ...."

The host made a gesture of impatience. "I refer to mental suffering. Cannot you realise the emotions of an innocent man condemned to a shameful death!"

"Innocent! As for that, they all say that they are innocent."

"I do not doubt it. Victor, however, spoke the truth. I know it. He was my son."

"Your son?" faltered Robichon, aghast.



"My only son-the only soul I loved on earth. Yes; he was innocent, monsieur Roux. And it was you who butchered him-he died by your hands."

"I-I was but the instrument of the law," stammered Robichon. "I was not responsible for his fate, myself."

"You have given a masterly lecture, Monsieur Roux," said the Marquis musingly; "I find myself in agreement with that you said in it-you are his murderer,' I hope the wine is to your taste, Monsieur Roux? Do not spare it!"

"The wine?" gasped the actor. He started to his feet, trembling-he understood.

"It is poisoned," said the old man calmly, "In an hour you will be dead."

"Great Heavens!" moaned Robichon. Already he was conscious of a strange sensation-his blood was chilled, his limbs were weighted, there were shadows before his eyes.

"Ah, I have no fear of you!" continued the other; "I am feeble, I could not defend myself; but your violence would avail you nothing. Fight, or faint, as you please-you are doomed."

For some seconds they stared at each other dumbly-the actor paralysed by terror, the host wearing the smile of a lunatic. And then the "lunatic" slowly peeled court-plaster from his teeth, and removed features, and lifted a wig.

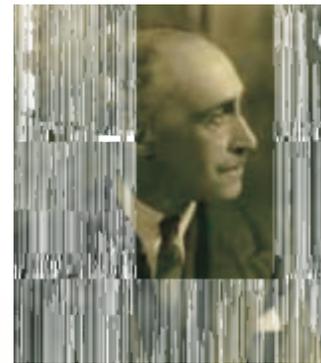
And when the whole story was published, a delighted Paris awarded the palm to Quinquart without a dissenting voice, for while Robichon had duped an audience, Quinquart had duped Robichon himself.

Robichon bought the silver candlesticks, which had been hired for the occasion, and he presented them to Quinquart and Suzanne on their wedding-day.

#### About the Author

Leonard Merrick was an English novelist. Born Leonard Miller, he worked as an actor and actor-manager under the stage name of Leonard Merrick. He was widely admired by his peers, J.M. Barrie calling him the 'novelist's novelist'.

He was born as Leonard Miller in Belsize Park, London. After schooling at Brighton College, he studied to be a solicitor in Brighton and studied law at Heidelberg, but he was forced to travel to South Africa at the age of eighteen after his father suffered a serious financial loss. There he worked as an overseer in the Kimberley diamond mine and in a solicitors office. After surviving a near-fatal case of "camp fever," he returned to London in the late 1880s and worked as an actor and actor-manager under the stage name of Leonard Merrick.



Merrick was well regarded by other writers of his era. In 1918 fifteen writers, including famous authors such as H. G. Wells, J. M. Barrie, G. K. Chesterton and William Dean Howells, collaborated with publisher, E. P. Dutton, to issue *The Works of Leonard Merrick* in fifteen volumes, which were published between 1918 and 1922. At least eleven of Merrick's stories have been adapted to screen, most in the 1920s, including *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* (1920) directed by William C. de Mille. Merrick died at the age of 75, in a London nursing home on 7 August 1939, just 12 days before the start of World War II.

I. Understanding the text:

1. Answer the following questions briefly:

- a) Who are Robichon, Quinquart and Suzanne and for whom did they work?
- b) Both Robichon and Quinquart loved Brouette equally. How did Suzanne react to this situation?
- c) Why did the public Executioner approach the comedians at the café?
- d) What was the nature of his work?
- e) Robichon decides to help himself by helping Jaques Roux. How?
- f) Why did the public Executioner agree to give his role to Robichon?
- g) Why was there no applause in the hall, at the end of Robichon's performance?
- h) What is the main theme of Robichon's speech?
- i) Why did Robichon accept the Marquis' invitation?
- j) At what point does it become clear that the nobleman's hospitality was a trap?
- k) Which is the most dramatic moment in the whole story? Give reasons.
- l) Who won Suzanne Brouette's hand at the end. How did he achieve this?

2. Read the following extracts and answer the questions that follow:

- a) "Paris shall be the judge," affirmed Suzanne. "We are the servants of the public. I will take the public's word!" Why does Suzanne say that Paris shall be the judge? What will the Parisians decide?
- b) "... The conqueror must distinguish himself in a solemn part." Why did the two actors decide to perform on a solemn role?
- c) "Monsieur," returned Robichon, "We are in deep consideration of our latest parts. We shall be pleased to give you our attention at some other time." To what 'part' is Robichon referring?
- d) ..... "I feel myself to be all arms and legs. I don't know what to do with them." Explain the public Executioner's state of mind.
- e) "Listen!" cried Robichon, "are you known at Appeville-sous-Bois?" What is the significance of this question put to Roux?
- f) "Who may he be?" inquired Quinquart. "I never heard of the Marquis de Thevenin!" Why does Quinquart inquire about the Marquis de Thevenin?
- g) "... a delighted Paris awarded the palm to Quinquart without a dissenting voice ..." Why did Paris award the 'palm' to Quinquart?

II. Vocabulary:

1. Match the words in column A with their meanings in column B

Column A	Column B
versatility	first performance
irresolutely	laugh quietly

scruples	ability to do different things
spectred	unable to take decisions
debut	doubt about the rightness of an action
trepidation	ghost
suspensively	state of uncertainty
tittered	state of anxiety about something bad that might happen

**2. Study the examples of idioms**

- 1) Jacques Roux felt *all arms and legs*.
- 2) Suzanne talked through *her expensive hat*.

The idioms mean

1. nervous
2. impractical

Complete the statements with suitable idioms from the box:

nose in the air	pull the wool over	without batting an eye-lid	hit the headlines
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- a) The audience at Appeville-sous-Bois listened to Robichon .....
- b) Quinquart as the Marquis was able to ..... his friend's eyes.
- c) Suzanne was beautiful but quite arrogant. She had her .....
- d) Robichon delivered a a terrific speech and .....

**III. Writing skills:**

- a) Robichon and Quinquart both loved Suzanne. Of the two, who do you think really deserved to win Suzanne Brouette? Why?
- b) What do you think about the condition stipulated by Suzanne in choosing her life partner?
- c) As Jacques Roux, write a letter to Robichon thanking him for helping you become a successful motivational speaker now. Also console him on his losing the challenge.
- d) As Robichon, narrate how you felt to be outwitted by Quinquart.
- e) As Suzanne Brouette, narrate how you felt when you had to settle for Quinquart in order to honour your word.
- f) Suggest a few criteria to be kept in mind while choosing a life partner. Discuss this based on Suzanne's attitude towards her suitors.

**IV. Appreciation:**

- a) Attempt an anlysis of Suzanne Brouette's character.
- b) Contrast Robichon's and Quinquart's personality.

- c) What are your impressions of Jacques Roux? Give suitable references from the story.
- d) The story is replete with humour. Bring out at least three humorous instances in the story.

**V. Speaking Skills:**

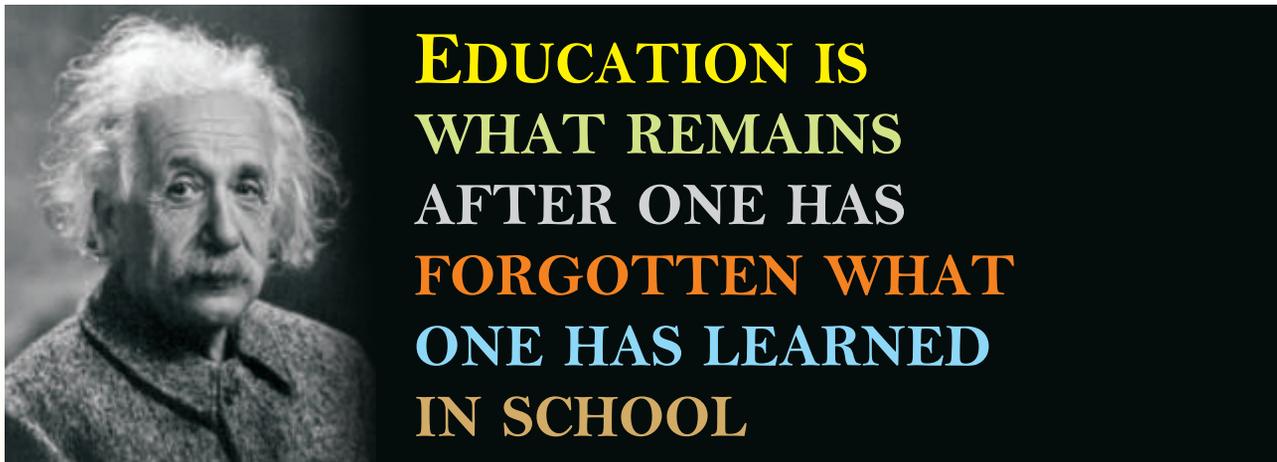
In most of the countries in the world, the capital punishment has been abolished. In India, there have been crimes for which capital punishment has been awarded. Discuss in groups of four whether capital punishment should be abolished. Reach a consensus and a representative presents your group's views to the class.

## On Education

by Albert Einstein

### Warm up:

- Working individually, write down what you like about school life.
- Give a few suggestions for making education more enjoyable and fruitful.



Read an excerpt from a famous address made by the great scientist, Albert Einstein, at Albany, New York on October 15, 1936 on the three-hundredth anniversary of higher education in America.

1. A day of celebration generally is in the first place dedicated to *retrospect*, especially to the memory of personages who have gained special distinction for the development of the cultural life. This friendly service for our predecessors must indeed not be neglected, particularly as such a memory of the best of the past is proper to stimulate the well-disposed of today to a courageous effort. But this should be done by someone who, from his youth, has been connected with this State and is familiar with its past, not by one who like a gypsy has wandered about and gathered his experiences in all kinds of countries.
2. Thus, there is nothing else left for me but to speak about such questions as, independently of space and time, always have been and will be connected with educational matters. In this attempt I cannot lay any claim to being an authority, especially as intelligent and well-meaning men of all times have dealt with educational problems and have certainly repeatedly expressed their views clearly about these matters. From what source shall I, as a partial layman in the realm of *pedagogy*, derive courage to expound opinions with no foundations except personal experience and personal conviction? If it were really a scientific matter, one would probably be tempted to silence by such considerations.
3. However, with the affairs of active human beings it is different. Here, knowledge of truth alone does not suffice; on the contrary this knowledge must continually be renewed by ceaseless effort, if it is not to be lost. It resembles a statue of marble which stands in the desert and is continuously threatened with burial by the shifting sand. The hands of service must ever be at work, in order that

**retrospect:** thinking back to the past from the present

**pedagogy:** the study of teaching practices

the marble continue lastingly to shine in the sun. To these serving hands mine also shall belong.

The school has always been the most important means of transferring the wealth of tradition from one generation to the next. This applies today in an even higher degree than in former times, for through modern development of the economic life, the family as a bearer of tradition and education has been weakened. The continuance and health of human society is therefore in a still higher degree dependent on the school than formerly.

4. Sometimes one sees in the school simply the instrument for transferring a certain maximum quantity of knowledge to the growing generation. But that is not right. Knowledge is dead; the school, however, serves the living. It should develop in the young individuals those qualities and capabilities which are of value for the welfare of the Commonwealth. But that does not mean that individuality should be destroyed and the individual become a mere tool of the community, like a bee or an ant. A community of standardized individuals without personal originality and personal aims will result in a poor community with no scope for development. On the contrary, the aim must be the training of independently acting and thinking individuals, who, however, see in the service of the community their highest life problem.
5. But how shall one try to attain this ideal? Should one perhaps try to realize this aim by moralizing? Not at all. Words are and remain an empty sound, and the road to *perdition* has ever been accompanied by lip service to an ideal. But personalities are not formed by what is heard and said, but by labour and activity.
6. The most important method of education accordingly always has consisted of that in which the pupil was urged to actual performance. This applies as well to the first attempts at writing of the primary boy as to the doctor's *thesis* on graduation from the university, or as to the mere memorizing of a poem, the writing of a composition, the interpretation and translation of a text, the solving of a mathematical problem or the practice of physical sport.
7. But behind every achievement exists the motivation which is at the foundation of it and which in turn is strengthened and nourished by the accomplishment of the undertaking. Here there are the greatest differences and they are of greatest importance to the educational value of the school. The same work may owe its origin to fear and compulsion, ambitious desire for authority and distinction, or loving interest in the object and a desire for truth and understanding, and thus to that divine curiosity which every healthy child possesses, but which so often is weakened early. The educational influence which is exercised upon the pupil by the accomplishment of one and the same work may be widely different, depending upon whether fear of hurt, egoistic passion, or desire for pleasure and satisfaction is at the bottom of this work. And nobody will maintain that the administration of the school and the attitude of the teachers do not have an influence upon the molding of the psychological foundation for pupils.

Give into the power of the teacher the fewest possible *coercive* measures, so that the only source of the pupil's respect for the teacher is the human and intellectual qualities of the latter.

8. The second-named motive, ambition or, in milder terms, the aiming at recognition and consideration, lies firmly fixed in human nature. With absence of mental stimulus of this kind, human cooperation would be entirely impossible; the desire for the approval of one's fellow-man certainly is one of the

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**perdition:** complete destruction

**thesis:** a long piece of writing based on original work written for a university degree

**coercive:** using force

important binding powers of society. In this complex feelings, constructive and destructive forces lie closely together. Desire for approval and recognition is a healthy motive; but the desire to be acknowledged as better, stronger, or more intelligent than a fellow being or fellow scholar easily leads to an excessively, egoistic psychological adjustment, which may become injurious for the individual and for the community. Therefore the school and the teacher must guard against employing the easy method of creating individual ambition, in order to induce the pupils to diligent work.

9. Darwin's theory of the struggle for existence and the selectivity connected with it has by many people been cited as authorization of the encouragement of the spirit of competition. Some people also in such a way have tried to prove *pseudo-scientifically* the necessity of the destructive economic struggle of competition between individuals. But this is wrong, because man owes his strength in the struggle for existence to the fact that he is a socially living animal. As little as a battle between single ants of an ant hill is essential for survival, just so little is the case with the individual members of a human community.
10. Therefore one should guard against preaching to the young man success in the customary sense as the aim of life. For a successful man is he who receives a great deal from his fellow-men, usually incomparably more than corresponds to his service to them. The value of a man, however, should be seen in what he gives and not in what he able to receive.
11. The most important motive for work in the school and in life is the pleasure in work, pleasure in its result, and the knowledge of the value of the result to the community. In the awakening and strengthening of these psychological forces in the young man, I see the most important task given by the school. Such a psychological foundation alone leads to a joyous desire for the highest possessions of men, knowledge and artist-like workmanship.
12. The awakening of these productive psychological powers is certainly less easy than the practice of force or the awakening of individual ambition but is the more valuable for it. The point is to develop the childlike inclination for play and the childlike desire for recognition and guide the child over to important fields for society; it is that education which in the main is founded upon the desire for successful activity and acknowledgement. If the school succeeds in working successfully from such points of view, it will be highly honoured by the rising generation and the tasks given by the school will be submitted to as a sort of gift. I have known children who preferred school-time to vacation.
13. Such a school demands from the teacher that he be a kind of artist in his province. What can be done that this spirit be gained in the school? For this there is just as little a universal remedy as there is for an individual to remain well. But there are certain necessary conditions which can be met. First, teachers should grow up in such schools. Second the teacher should be given extensive liberty in the selection of the material to be taught and the methods of teaching employed by him. For it is true also of him that pleasure in the shaping of his work is killed by force and exterior pressure.
14. If you have followed attentively my meditations up to this point, you will probably wonder about one thing. I have spoken fully about in what spirit, according to my opinion, youth should be instructed. But I have said nothing yet about the choice of subjects for instruction, nor about the method of teaching. Should language predominate or technical education in science?

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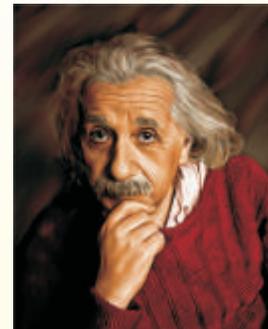
**pseudo-scientifically:** in a manner which is not true to the methods of science

15. To this I answer: in my opinion all this is of secondary importance. If a young man has trained his muscles and physical endurance by gymnastics and walking, he will later be fitted for every physical work. This is also *analogous* to the training of the mind and the exercising of the mental and manual skill. Thus the *wit* was not wrong who defined education in this way; "Education is that which remains, if one has forgotten everything he learned in school." For this reason I am not at all trying to take sides in the struggle between the followers of the total *philologic-historical education* and the education more devoted to natural science.
16. On the other hand, I want to oppose the idea that the school has to teach directly that special knowledge and those accomplishments which one has to use later directly in life. The demands of life are much too manifold to let such a specialized training in school appear possible. Apart from that, it seems to me, moreover, objectionable to treat the individual like a dead tool. The school should always have as its aim that the young man leave it as a harmonious personality, not as a specialist. This in my opinion is true in a certain sense even for technical schools, whose students will devote themselves to a quite definite profession. The development of general ability for independent thinking and judgment should always be placed foremost, not the acquisition of special knowledge. If a person masters the fundamentals of his subject and has learned to think and work independently, he will surely find his way and besides will better be able to adapt himself to progress and changes than the person whose training principally consists in the acquiring of detailed knowledge.
17. Finally, I wish to emphasize once more that what has been said here in a somewhat categorical form does not claim to mean more than the personal opinion of a man, which is founded upon nothing but his own personal experience, which he has gathered as a student and as a teacher.

You can motivate by fear. you can motivate by reward. But both of these methods are only temporary. The only lasting thing is self motivation.

#### About the Author:

Albert Einstein was born on 14 March 1879 in Ulm, Wurttemberg, Germany. The future scientist began his school career in Munich. He studied Mathematics, in particular calculus, beginning around 1891. In 1894 his family moved to Milan but he stayed on in Munich. In 1895, the future Nobel Prize Winner for Physics failed an entrance examination that would have allowed him to study for a diploma as an electrical engineer in Zurich. He renounced German citizenship in 1896 and became a Swiss citizen in 1901. The great scientist, who began his career as a teacher of Mathematics and Physics in 1900, earned a doctorate from the University of Zurich in 1905 for his thesis, *On a new determination of molecular dimensions*. It was also in 1905 that he wrote his second paper which is today better known as *the Special Theory of Relativity*. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1921. He died on 18 April 1955 in Princeton, New Jersey, USA.



**analogous:** similar

**wit:** person who is clever

**philologic-historical education:** education which lays emphasis on the study of language and history

**I. Understanding the text:**

**1. Answer the following questions briefly:**

- a) What are Einstein's views on education based on?
- b) According to Albert Einstein, what is the basic difference between scientific matter and matters pertaining to education?
- c) Explain the comparison that Einstein makes between knowledge regarding human affairs and a marble statue standing in the desert.
- d) In what way has the role of the family been passed on to the school in modern times?
- e) How does Einstein strike a balance between individual development and the development of the whole society?
- f) Which method of education is an important or successful one? Cite some of the examples that Einstein gives to prove his point.
- g) What sort of environment should a school provide to a student to make him/her perform well?
- h) According to Einstein, what should be the basis of the respect that teachers receive from students? Do you agree? Give reasons.
- i) Does Einstein give importance to the choice of subjects in education? Why/why not?

**2. Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:**

- a) "It is not right to see the school simply as the instrument for transferring a certain maximum quantity of knowledge to the growing generation." (para 4) How does Einstein justify this statement?
- b) "With absence of mental stimulus of this kind, human co-operation would be entirely impossible" (para 8). Explain the "mental stimulus" that is referred to? When can it become very dangerous to society?
- c) "Therefore, one should guard against preaching to the young man success in the customary sense as the aim of life" (para 10). What is 'success' here in the customary sense? Who, according to Einstein, is a truly successful person?
- d) "In the awakening and strengthening of these psychological forces in the young man, I see the most important task given by the school" (para 11). Which 'psychological forces' is Einstein referring to?
- e) "I have known children who preferred school-time to vacation" (para 12). Describe some of the characteristics of schools that would make children prefer to go to school even during vacation time.
- f) "If a young man has trained his muscles and physical endurance by gymnastics and walking, he will later be fitted for every physical work" (para 15). In what context does the renowned scientist make this statement? What is his opinion on the issue?
- g) "Education is that which remains if one has forgotten everything he learned in school" (para 15). What does Einstein mean by saying this? What is your opinion on the issue?

**II. Vocabulary:**

Choose the option which, according to you, is closer to the meaning of the word given in Column A. Also, try to give one word for the meaning in Column B which you didn't choose or tick. (*Hint: These words sound similar to the words already given.*)

A	=	B
a) retrospect	=	i) reference to conditions in the past ii) examine one's own mental or emotional processes _____
b) distinction	=	i) something that takes away one's attention ii) a special honour or recognition _____
c) accomplish	=	i) partner in a crime ii) complete a task _____
d) extensive	=	i) covering a large area ii) through and detailed, directed to a limited area or subject _____
e) conviction	=	i) based on firm belief ii) customary practice _____

2. Fill in the blanks with the words from Column A to complete the sentences. (You may change the form of the word.)

- a) Steve Waugh scored a century against Bangladesh and equalled Sachin Tendulkar's record of thirty-one test centuries. However, the Indian batting maestro \_\_\_\_\_ the feat in fewer tests than the Australian skipper.
- b) His speech was very theatrical. It did not seem to carry much \_\_\_\_\_.
- c) The \_\_\_\_\_ knowledge about cricket, tennis and badminton that Seema exhibits, comes as a surprise to most of her friends.
- d) While bidding farewell to his PA, the boss thanked him for serving the organisation with \_\_\_\_\_.
- e) In \_\_\_\_\_, it was not too difficult for him to realize where he had gone wrong.

### III. Conversation Skills:

Read the opinions given in the speech bubbles below:

Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest promotes unhealthy competition.

Unless renewed, knowledge is a dead thing.

The success of a school must not be assessed in terms of the number of IAS officers, CAs, doctors, engineers, etc. its ex-students eventually become.

Our society is putting too much of pressure on young minds by making them too ambitious and career-conscious a bit too soon.

Parents and teachers should not preach to youngsters about success as the aim of life in its customary sense.

Teachers should be given freedom in the selection of material to be taught and the teaching methods to be employed by them.

Take up any topic your group feels strongly about. Or, your teacher may assign each group a topic from the above. Each member of the group should express his or her opinion about it within the group. Keep jotting down each other's points. Then, choose a secretary-cum-spokesperson of the group. Help him or her to bring all the points together. Each group's spokesperson will then present the views of the group on the topic before the whole class for two or three minutes.

### IV. Writing Skills:

- a) Working in groups of four or five, write a speech for a formal debate on Einstein's view.

**Education is that which remains, if one has forgotten everything one learned in school.**

Tips for writing the speech:

- Address the Chairman or President respectfully.
- Mention the topic and state clearly whether you are supporting the motion or speaking against it.
- Explain the topic focussing on the key words. Try to interpret the key words in a way that suits your perspective or standpoint.
- Use examples of actual persons or from real life situations to strengthen your views.
- Use the language of debating such as : in my humble opinion, I strongly feel that..... it is my firm conviction... an exception or two does not make the rule.... etc.
- Conclude your speech with the confident hope that you have succeeded in convincing the house and even the members of the opposition.

- b) **Project work:** Refer to some books in your school library by or on famous Indian educators like Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Swami Vivekananda, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Dr. Zakir Hussain, Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam or any other. Focus mainly on their views on an ideal school. Compare these with the views expressed by Albert Einstein. (*You may record each great educationist's views under his/her picture on a chart to be displayed on your school display board*). Then, write an article entitled **On School Education** for your school magazine.

## I Can Play Schools

by May C. Jenkins

**Warm-up:** What do you understand about the world of children from the pictures?



- In pairs, discuss what is the difference between the usual indoor and outdoor games and fantasy games? Which is more interesting?

### 1. Now read the story

1. I was writing to my mother, one sunny afternoon in the school holidays, while my daughter, Marian sat on the grass, just outside the French window. She was playing 'schools' with her dolls. Annoyed because they were 'not attending', she was scolding them, making expressive gestures with her hands, as her teacher might have done; it was interesting to watch her.

What would I write about Marian? It was never easy to find something new to say, and I did not want to use the same phrases as last week and - probably - the week before. Mother was in Canada, eager for news of home; she would scan the lines for news of Marian, for whom she had an anxious love.

2. Studying the child now, as if for inspiration, I thought for the thousandth time how lovely she was, with dark curls framing her small pointed face, dark serious eyes - too serious perhaps, for a seven-year-old - and full, sensitive lips. Deep, loving pride in her stirred in me. She was such a dear, intelligent girl. But I felt disappointment too, for I had dreamed of a different child. I had seen a golden girl, golden voiced, moving with confidence through the world.

'Anne, you're being very stupid,' my husband had said, when, in the months before she was born, I drew this picture for him. 'You don't even know that you'll have a girl - and, supposing you do, you can't order one to a pattern like that. You're just heading for trouble.'

3. He was right, of course; the baby was a girl, but not as I had imagined her. I still thought wistfully, sometimes, of the child that might have been, and never would be, now. For my husband had been killed in a car crash, shortly before Marian was born. I did not have him now, to share my days, to comfort me.

Sometimes my friends spoke of re-marriage. But I had loved Tom so much that our days together, alight with love, were still too close to me. Then there was Marian, step-parents - in fiction and fact - were apt to cause disharmony that might have deep, far-reaching consequences. She had to come first.

This afternoon her game did not satisfy her. Without being told, I knew what was wrong; she wanted Christabel. This was her favourite doll, left that morning in the attic. The game was lifeless without her, Marian decided, and rose, shaking the grass off her blue cotton dress.

4. Turning, she saw the amusement in my eyes; her own lit up with rare and lovely laughter. 'I know it's silly,' they seemed to say, 'but I can't help it. I must have her.' She went off; the garden seemed cold with her absence, the dolls forgotten. She is my love, my lamb, my darling, after all, I thought; we understand each other, words are unnecessary; how many parents can say that? And, my spirits lighter, I bent again over the desk.

'As you know, Marian is at home just now. It is wonderful to have her. I wish the holidays were longer'

5. A shadow passed in front of the French window, dulling the sunny garden. For a moment, foolishly, I expected to see Marian. But it was a long way up to the attic; besides once there, she would probably become interested in something else. I looked up. It was the little girl from next door. She was tossing an orange into the air and catching it again. 'You'd think this was her garden!' I said inwardly. 'No shyness there!'

Her family had come only two short weeks before, but already it seemed a long time to me. I had not yet 'called on' the mother - in our small town it is still considered friendly to visit new neighbours - but I could not count the number of times that her daughters had appeared in the garden saying.

'Please may I play with your little girl today?'

6. She was perhaps a year or two older than Marian. Slim and fair-skinned, her hair was like ripe corn in sunlight, her eyes a sparkling, vivid blue. As if this were not enough, she had a voice as clear and careless as a mountain stream. I suppressed that ever-recurring envious ache.

'I've come again,' she announced.

'Is that so?' I was amused, in spite of annoyance.

(When would I get back to my letter? Mother would be looking for it, would worry if it did not come. That was the worst of agreeing to send mail at a certain time.)

'I saw your little girl in the garden. I can play "Schools" too, I love it.'

How often have I told you -

'But she plays all by herself, all the time. She'll be lonely.'

'Marian likes to play by herself.' It was true, I reflected sadly. She shrank from children in the neighbourhood, thinking she could not play their games properly; feared their laughter, thinking it was at her expense; did not understand their jolly, slangy conversations.

'Still, she must be lonely,' the other child said shrewdly. She was, but knew no way to avoid it; all the avenues which she had tried had led her further away, if anything, from that carefree, shouting world. 'I am too. I haven't got brothers or sisters. And I don't know anyone here yet.'

Well, you won't be long before you do, I thought grimly, wishing that Marian had one quarter of the self-confidence which this child scattered so blithely to the four winds. In the face of her stubborn persistence I almost gave way. But what was the use? It had been tried so often before. The result was always the same. Marian would come home as soon as she could, her drooping shoulders expressing a despair that went to my heart.

7. With me, she was quite different. We played together contentedly, or went for walks. It was always a pleasure to go for a walk with Marian. She loved to see small, delightful things; a new bud, a wild rose, or thistle-down floating like magic through the air, would bring a dreamy softness to her eyes, a lightness to her feet. Released, enchanted, she would run over springy grass, among kindly trees; it was her unassailable world. What was that poem, left by an unknown writer in an air-raid shelter, during the war? 'Beauty has ramparts nothing can destroy.' Marian had already discovered that.
8. I pulled myself together. 'It's no use, dear.' All the irritation had left me; I felt only gentleness. 'It's very good of you to say you'll play with Marian. It's good of all the children to come. But the thing is - you just don't know what it means. You get tired of her and then she thinks you don't like her - she doesn't understand. For a child like her you need so much patience.'

Evidently at a loss, she stared at me, 'Why? What's wrong with her?'

9. 'Didn't you know?' Of course, she had been next door for a very short time. But I had assumed that she knew, that someone would have told her. I had thought, as we are apt to do, that my private tragedy was large and important to others, too.

'No. What is it?'

'She is deaf and dumb.'

After a minute she said, 'Does she speak on her fingers?'

'A bit.... And in other ways as well... she goes away to a school.' Suddenly I was immensely tired. 'So you see why; I can't play with her, child.'

'Don't call me Child, my name's Freda,' she said impudently. Then she moved from the window. 'Give this to Marian, I brought it for her.' She handed me the orange and was gone, walking with a lazy grace down the path, her yellow pigtails swinging.

10. I thought, it never does to open your heart to a child. Try it and she slaps your face. 'Give her the orange,' Freda had said, salving her conscience; she did not want to play with Marian, now. Well, what had I expected? I had tried to discourage her, hadn't I?'

Turning, I saw Marian. How long had she been there? How much had she understood? Her eyes were following Freda - for a moment, surprised, I thought she was sorry to see the gate open and close. But I decided I had been mistaken. She never wanted to play with other children.

Then, speaking rapidly 'on her fingers' as Freda had put it, Marian said,

'Mother, would you rather have her than me?'

11. Deeply shocked, I put my arms round her. She had sensed my desire for a child without her handicaps... she had been bitterly hurt... Did that account, partly for her great unhappiness, her sense of inadequacy, in the world of other children? Oh, my darling, my best-loved - and this time I did not add, after all. It came to me at last how much my love meant to her - so much more than it would have meant to Freda, who was so well-equipped to look after herself. I pressed my lips on the shining dark hair, and finally and forever my foolish longings died.

12. When I released her, she looked at me intently for a minute. Then, seemingly satisfied, she ran outside with Christabel. I finished my letter - cheerfully, in spite of the chaos of my thoughts - and went upstairs, to prepare for the afternoon shopping.

When I came down, half-an-hour later, Freda was in the garden with Marian. She had brought her own dolls over; the 'class' seemed larger and brighter, and had a comfortable air. Marian, the Headmistress, sat in her 'office'; Freda, as Assistant Teacher, pretended to consult her, and made notes in a little book. She looked up, carelessly, when she saw me.

'I said I could play "Schools",' she remarked.

**I. Understanding the text:**

**1.1 Answer the questions briefly.**

- a) What hints do you get that Anne's feelings for Marian were mixed?
- b) Give two reasons why she felt that way.
- c) Why didn't Anne approve of re-marriage?
- d) What was Freda's request to Anne? Did she concede to her request? Why?
- e) How did Marian discover that 'Beauty has ramparts nothing can destroy'?
- f) How did Marian react to her mother's conversation with Freda?

**1.2 Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:**

1. 'You can't order one to a pattern like that. You're just heading for trouble'
  - a) What is the speaker reacting to?
  - b) How was he proved right?
  - c) What 'trouble' did the other person face?
2. 'I suppressed that ever recurring envious ache'.
  - a) What had caused the 'ache' in the speaker?
  - b) Why was it an envious one?
  - c) Bring out the speaker's attitude.
3. 'Did that account partly for her great unhappiness, her sense of inadequacy, in the world of other children?'
  - a) Why did Marian feel inadequate?
  - b) In what way was Anne responsible for Marian's unhappiness?
  - c) Was Anne aware of her role in this regard?
4. 'Marian, the headmistress sat in her office. Freda, an Assistant teacher, pretended to consult her.'
  - a) Who were the students for Marian and Freda?
  - b) What insights does the reader gain from the situation?
  - c) What was Anne's reaction?

2. Match the excerpts from the story with the attitude or feelings conveyed by the given lines.

S.No.	Excerpts	Attitude/ Feelings conveyed
1.	She would scan the lines for news of Marian	as a widow, her child is her priority
2.	She had to come first	confident
3.	You'd think it was her garden	true concern for Marian
4.	I still thought wistfully	sensitive, longing for her mother's love
5.	Don't call me child, call me Freda	sense of longing or regret
6.	Mother, would you rather have her than me?	strong-willed, determined

3. Vocabulary:

a) Match the words with their meaning:

S.No.	Words	Meanings
1.	grimly	rudely
2.	unassailable	seriously
3.	wistfully	happily
4.	blithely	a high wide , wall of protection
5.	impudently	cannot be destroyed
6.	ramparts	sadly longing for something

b) Read the following sentences from the story.

i) *I had not yet 'called on' the mother.*

ii) *I pulled myself together.*

*Call on* means to visit. *Pulling myself together* means to take control of one`s feelings.

The expressions are phrasal verbs. Phrasal verbs have a verb and a preposition (particle).

Refer to a standard dictionary and find more phrasal verbs with 'call' that match the meanings given below

S.No.	Meanings	Phrasal Verb
1.	Cancel	
2.	Formally invite to speak	
3.	Recall	
4.	Order for the return of something	
5.	Telephone	

4. Appreciation:

a) Given below are a few words that describe Marian and Freda. Put them in the right column.

Extrovert	confident	insecure	sure of herself	introvert	serious
stubborn in tune with Nature		Not at ease with peers		hesitant	self confident.

MARIAN	FREDA

b) How to analyse a short story:

An analysis of a short story requires basic knowledge of literary elements.

- 1) **Setting:** It is a description of where and when the story takes place. What role does setting play in this story?
- 2) **Characterization:** In short stories there are usually fewer characters compared to a novel. We get to know about the characters through his/her words, actions, Reactions, feelings, thoughts and movements.
3. **Plot and structure:** The plot is usually centred around one experience.
4. **Narrator and point of view:** The narrator is the person telling the story.  
By point of view we mean through whose eyes the story is being told. Short stories tend to be told through one character's point of view.
5. **Conflict:** In a short story there is one main struggle. It could be internal/external.
6. **Climax:** It is the turning point where events take a major turn as the story reaches its conclusion.
7. Theme - is the main message
8. **Style:** The writer's style is seen in language, vocabulary and tone. The style conveys the writer's attitude towards the theme

**Based on the guidelines given, write a 200-250 word analysis of the story, giving your opinion at the end.**

5. Writing Skills:

- a) Using the inputs in b), write a paragraph comparing Marian and Freda in about 150-200 words.
- b) There is a difference in the way "School" was being played at the beginning and at the end. What is the change?
- c) Why did Anne discourage Freda from playing with Marian?
- d) How does Anne's attitude towards her child change?
- e) Is the mother's attitude to her child natural? Give reasons.

- f) Did Marian's different abilities affect Freda's desire to befriend her? Give instances.
- g) When did Anne's foolish longings go away?
- h) Anne writes a letter during the story. Explain what is the purpose of that letter?
- i) As Freda, write a letter to your friend about your happy times with Marian and the games you play with her.

**6. Speaking Skills:**

- a) **Pair work:** One student plays the role of an anchor of a TV channel and the other has recently visited a school for the visually challenged. Let the anchor begin the programme with a few questions to the student. The objective of this programme is to highlight the fact that the visually challenged are capable of great achievements and how students should empathise with them.
- b) Parents are expected to shower unconditional love on their children. Do children reciprocate the same? Why / Why not. Discuss in groups of four. The group secretary shares your ideas with the class.

**7. Project Work:**

Collect information from the biographies of Helen Keller, Thomas Edison, Beethoven etc. who have made a mark, despite being differently abled. Present a power point entitled **The Right Attitude Works Wonders**. Use suitable illustrative examples from the story.

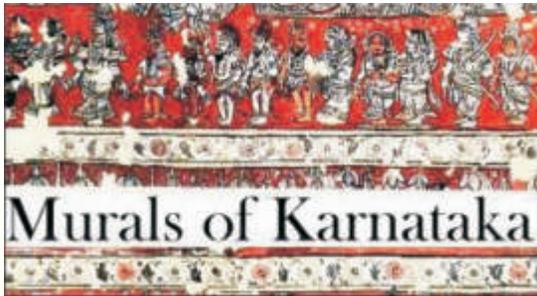
## The Last Letter

by Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru

**Glimpses of World History** by Jawaharlal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India is a collection of 196 letters on world history. **The Last Letter** is the last in the series of letters written by Jawaharlal Nehru from various prisons between 1930-33. The letters were written to his young daughter, Indira, to introduce her to world history.

### Warm up:

1. a) Given below are pictures of a few artefacts. Study them carefully. How are they to be classified? What insights do they give? Discuss with your partner.



- b) Identify other sources of history and share your ideas.

### 2. Read the letter

1. We have finished, my dear; the long story has ended, I need write no more, but the desire to end off with a kind of flourish induces me to write another letter - the Last Letter!

What a mountain of letters I have written!

Benjamin Disraeli, the great statesman of the nineteenth century, has written: "Other men condemned to exile and captivity, if they survive, despair; the man of letters may reckon those days as the sweetest of his life."

2. I am not a man of letters, and I am not prepared to say that the many years I have spent in gaol have been the sweetest in my life, but I must say that reading and writing have helped me

wonderfully to get through them. I am not a literary man, and I am not a historian; what, indeed, am I? I find it difficult to answer that question. I have been a dabbler in many things; I began with science at college, and then took to the law, and, after developing various other interests in life, finally adopted the popular and widely practised profession of gaol-going in India!

3. A prison, with no libraries or reference books at hand, is not the most suitable place in which to write on historical subjects. I have had to rely very largely on the many note-books which I have accumulated since I began my visits to gaol twelve years ago. Many books have also come to me here; they have come and gone, for I could not collect a library here.
4. I have given you the barest outline ; this is not history ; they are just fleeting glimpses of our long past. If history interests you, if you feel some of the fascination of history, you will find your way to many books which will help you to unravel the threads of past ages. But reading books alone will not help. If you would know the past you must look upon it with sympathy and with understanding. To understand a person who lived long ago, you will have to understand his environment, the conditions under which he lived, the ideas that filled his mind. It is absurd for us to judge of past people as if they lived now and thought as we do.
5. If, then, you look upon past history with the eye of sympathy, the dry bones will fill up with flesh and blood, and you will see a mighty procession of living men and women and children in every age and every clime, different from us and yet very like us, with much the same human virtues and human failings. History is not a magic show, but there is plenty of magic in it for those who have eyes to see.
6. Innumerable pictures from the gallery of history crowd our minds. Egypt - *Babylon* - *Nineveh* - the old Indian civilizations - the coming of the Aryans to India and their spreading out over Europe and Asia - the wonderful record of Chinese culture - the coming of Islam to India and the Mughal Empire - the *Renaissance* of learning and art in western Europe - the discovery of America and the sea-routes to the East - the coming of the big machine and the development of capitalism - the spread of industrialism and European domination and imperialism - and the wonders of science in the modern world.

Great empires have risen and fallen and been forgotten by man for thousands of years, till their remains were dug up again by patient explorers from under the sands that covered them. And yet many an idea, many a fancy, has survived and proved stronger and more persistent than the empire.

7. The past brings us many gifts; indeed, all that we have today of culture, civilization, science, or knowledge of some aspects of the truth, is a gift of the distant or recent past to us. It is right that we acknowledge our obligation to the past. But the past does not exhaust our duty or obligation. We owe a duty to the future also, and perhaps that obligation is even greater than the one we owe to the past. For the past is past and done with, we cannot change it; the future is yet to come, and perhaps we may be able to shape it a little. If the past has given us some part of the truth, the future also hides many aspects of the truth, and invites us to search for them. But often the past is jealous of the future and holds us in a terrible grip, and we have to struggle with it to get free to face and advance towards the future.
8. History it is said, has many lessons to teach us, and there is another saying that history never

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**Babylon:** An ancient city state of Mesopotamia

**Nineveh:** An ancient Assyrian city on the eastern bank of the Tigris river

**Renaissance:** ('to be reborn') was a cultural movement that spanned the period from 14th to 17th century.

repeats itself. Both are true, for we cannot learn anything from it by slavishly trying to copy it, or by expecting it to repeat itself or remain stagnant; but we can learn something from it by prying behind it and trying to discover the forces that move it. Even so, what we get is seldom a straight answer. "History," says Karl Marx, "has no other way of answering old questions than by putting new ones".

9. The old days were days of faith, blind, unquestioning faith. The wonderful temples and mosques and cathedrals of past centuries could never have been built but for the overpowering faith of the architects and builders and people generally. The very stones that they reverently put one on top of the other, or carved into beautiful designs, tell us of this faith.
10. Our age is a different one; it is an age of disillusion, of doubt and uncertainty and questioning. We can no longer accept many of the ancient beliefs and customs; we have no more faith in them, in Asia or in Europe or America. So we search for new ways, new aspects of the truth more in harmony with our environment. And we question each other and debate and quarrel and evolve any number of "isms" and philosophies. As in the days of Socrates, we live in an age of questioning, but that questioning is not confined to a city like Athens; it is world-wide. Sometimes the injustice, the unhappiness, the brutality of the world oppress us and darken our minds, and we see no way out.
11. And yet if we take such a dismal view we have not learnt aright the lesson of life or of history. For history teaches us of growth and progress and of the possibility of an infinite advance for man. And life is rich and varied, and though it has many swamps and marshes and muddy places, it has also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers, and wonderful starlit nights (especially in gaol), and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music, and books and the empire of ideas. So that each one of us may well say:
12. It is easy to admire the beauties of the universe and so live in a world of thought and imagination. But to try to escape in this way from the unhappiness of others, caring little what happens to them, is no sign of, courage or fellow-feeling. Thought, in order to justify itself, must lead to action. "Action is the end of thought", says our friend *Romain Rolland*. "All thought which does not look towards action, is a treachery. If then we are the servants of thought, we must be the servants of action.
13. People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and danger. Danger seems terrible from a distance; it is not too bad if you have a close look at it. And often it is a pleasant companion, adding to the zest and delight of life. The ordinary course of life becomes dull at times, and we take too many things for granted and have no joy in them. And yet how we appreciate these common things of life when we have lived without them for a while! Many people go up high mountains and risk life and limb for the joy of the climb and the exhilaration that comes from a difficulty surmounted, a danger overcome; and because of the danger that hovers all around them, their perceptions get keener, their joy of the life which hangs by a thread, the more intense.
14. All of us have our choice of living in the valleys below; with their unhealthy mists and fogs, but giving a measure of bodily security; or of climbing the high mountains, with risk and danger for companions, so breathe the pure air above, and take joy in the distant views, and welcome the rising sun.

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**Romain Rolland:** a French writer, was awarded a Nobel prize for literature in 1915

**1a. Understanding the text:**

**1.1 Answer the following questions briefly:**

- a) What prompts the author to write the last letter?
- b) How does Nehru reflect on Benjamin Disraeli's thoughts?
- c) What sources did Nehru depend on while writing from prison?
- d) How should one view the past?
- e) What is common about people both past and present?
- f) Mention a few striking pictures from the gallery of history.
- g) Assess the relative importance of the past and the future.
- h) How does Karl Marx define history?
- i) What is the most important lesson that history teaches us?
- j) Explain Romain Rolland's view on 'thought' and 'action'.

**1.2 Read the following extracts and answer the questions:**

- a) 'Other men condemned to exile and captivity, if they survive, despair: the man of letters may reckon those days as the sweetest of his life.' Bring out the contrast in the reactions of the two types of individuals in captivity.
- b) 'It is absurd for us to judge past people as if they lived now and thought as we do'. Why is it absurd to do so?
- c) 'The past brings us many gifts.' What are the gifts received from our past?
- d) 'Danger seems terrible from a distance; it is not so bad if you have a close look at it.' Explain, with an example, how 'danger' adds zest to life.
- e) 'People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and damages.' Explain this attitude to action? Is this appropriate in day to day life? Give reasons.

**2. Vocabulary:**

- a) Match the words and phrases with their meaning.

Words / Phrases	Meaning
1. unravel	sad
2. a man of letters	disentangle
3. exhilaration	overcame
4. dismal	thrill
5. surmounted	scholar

**2.1 Using Suffixes:** Nouns can be formed using suffixes.

**Example:**

*Oblige* is a verb by adding the *suffix-tion*, the word becomes *obligation*.

The word *brutal* is an adjective. when the *suffix-ity* is added we get the noun form *brutality*.

**Form nouns by adding ' -tion' or '-ity' to each of the following words.**

ambiguous, celebrate, compatible, ethnic, frugal, assume, declare, depreciate, fumigate, exaggerate

**2.3 Replace each of the words in italics with the appropriate word.**

treachery

unquestioning

disillusion

reverently

glimpse

- The members welcomed the chairman *respectfully*.
- In olden days, students in the Gurukula system had *implicit* faith in what their teachers said.
- On witnessing the dance drama, the foreigner got a *peek* at Indian culture.
- Kohli's trip to the U.S. turned out to be a *disenchanted one*.
- The award winning short story was on *betrayal* and revenge.

**3. Writing Skills:**

Answer in about 100 - 120 words.

- How, according to Nehru, is the present different from the past?
- While it is important to understand the past, it is more important to value the future. Why?
- "Actions justify thoughts." Elaborate.
- History is not a magic show, but there is plenty of magic in it for those who have eyes to see. Explain.
- History, it is said, has many lessons to teach us; and there is another saying that *history never repeats itself*. Explain the message conveyed by the two sayings?
- As a historian, write a paragraph based on Nehru's views, on the path breaking events of the 21st century that have significantly contributed to the growth and progress of humanity.

**4. Conversation Skills:**

- 'Thought, in order to justify itself, must lead to action'. In groups of four think of a significant event in history that substantiates these words of Nehru.
- Read this famous letter: **Abraham Lincoln's Letter to His Son's Teacher**

*Respected Teacher,*

*My son will have to learn I know that all men are not just, all men are not true. But teach him also that for every scoundrel there is a hero; that for every selfish politician, there is a dedicated leader. Teach him that for every enemy there is a friend.*

*It will take time, I know; but teach him, if you can, that a dollar earned is far more valuable than five found.*

*Teach him to learn to lose and also to enjoy winning.*

*Steer him away from envy, if you can.*

*Teach him the secret of quiet laughter. Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest to lick.*

*Teach him, if you can, the wonder of books... but also give him quiet time to ponder over the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and flowers on a green hill -side.*

*In school teach him it is far more honourable to fail than to cheat.*

*Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if every one tells him they are wrong.*

*Teach him to be gentle with gentle people and tough with the tough.*

*Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when every one is getting on the bandwagon.*

*Teach him to listen to all men but teach him also to filter all he hears on a screen of truth and take only the good that comes through.*

*Teach him, if you can, how to laugh when he is sad. Teach him there is no shame in tears. Teach him to scoff at cynics and to beware of too much sweetness.*

*Teach him to sell his brawn and brain to the highest bidders; but never to put a price tag on his heart and soul.*

*Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob... and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right.*

*Treat him gently; but do not cuddle him because only the test of fire makes fine steel.*

*Let him have the courage to be impatient, let him have the patience to be brave. Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself because then he will always have sublime faith in mankind.*

*This is a big order; but see what you can do. He is such a fine little fellow, my son.*

**Abraham Lincoln.**

**Think and discuss:**

1. What message does Lincoln's letter give the reader? Discuss with your partner
2. Compare the purpose of Lincoln's letter with "The Last Letter" by Pt. Nehru.



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# Poetry

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## INTRODUCTION TO POETRY

### What is poetry for? Why do people write it?

Writing poetry is a way of expressing one's ideas and emotions, or of recording a special event. The poet's purpose is usually to communicate with other people. Sometimes, a poet may write to sort out her/his own thoughts.

Read the poems in the Poetry section. If you find a poem that you like, read it again. Practise reading it out loud. Ask yourself, 'Why do I like this poem?' and 'What's it about?'

You may have noticed that although the subject matter is important in a poem - as in all forms of writing - poetry has a special quality that enables atmosphere and mood to be passed on by the poet to the reader. When you ask yourself what a poem is about, you should probe beyond the obvious narrative of the poem and ask further questions about the poet's feelings and your response.

Below are some guidelines to help you to focus on the poems and explore and enjoy them more fully.

### Why do you like a poem?

Do you like the poem because it:

- is realistic and natural?
- tells a good story?
- makes you laugh, feel sad, loving, tender?
- reminds you of something in your own life?
- Or do you like it for some other reason?

### What's the poem about?

- Who is speaking in the poem?
- To whom?
- What about? (Remember that it may be about several things.)
- What does the poet feel, and what do you feel? (This is the **mood** of the poem.)
- How are the ideas being expressed?

You will have an opinion on the first four questions after a close reading of the poem and discussing it with other people. There may be several different, well-supported points of view; all of them deserve consideration.

The fifth question, 'How are the ideas being expressed?' will be better answered using the following guidelines.

### What to look for

#### Language - choosing words:

you may have noticed that the poet uses words in an extremely concise and vivid way. Every word is

chosen with care. The poet, while selecting a word is thinking about its sound as well as its meaning. Examine the poet's choice of words as you read each poem and see how words are used, keeping the following aspects in mind:

**Context** is determined by key words used in a particular position in a line to maximise their impact.

**Double meanings** or suggested meaning may lurk behind words and phrases.

**Repetition** of words and phrases is used for emphasis of meaning or to contribute to atmosphere and rhythm.

The **music** or **rhythm** of each line depends on the choice and placing of words. Rhythm, working alongside the meaning of words, helps to shape the whole poem. A fast rhythm can make words exciting or angry. A slow rhythm may emphasize thoughtfulness or peace.

Ask yourself why the poet has used a particular form. What effect is the poet trying to achieve? Has the poet succeeded?

This example from the poem "A Walk by Moonlight" [stanza 8] shows how Henry Derozio made words work for him.

*"There was a dance among the leaves  
Rejoicing in her power,  
Who robes for them of silver weaves  
within one mystic hour"*

### Images

One of the key features of poetry is that it uses images. Images or **word pictures** are a way of creating atmosphere or illustrating ideas. One form of word picture is achieved by using **metaphors**. When the poet surprises you by symbolizing indirectly unlikely things, it helps you to form a memorable picture in your mind. Imagery may be graphic [creating a visual picture] kinetic [suggesting movement] or something sensuous [of the senses]. What kind of imagery do you think this stanza conjures up eg. Curtain by Helen Spalding: Incredulously the laced fingers loosen slowly.

### Metaphors

In *Seamus Heaney's* poem 'At a Potato Digging', there is strong visual picture of the potatoes freshly unearthed eg. [part II, stanza 2]

*"The rough bark of humus erupts  
knots of potatoes [a clean birth]  
whose solid feel, whose wet inside  
promises taste of ground and root.  
To be piled in pits; live skulls, blind eyed" .*

## Similes

Another figure of speech, a **simile**, may be used where a comparison or likeness is stated directly.

In the words of *John Keats*

*"And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook" .*

In the poem '*Ode: To Autumn*', the poet uses the reference to a gleaner as a simile to suggest the generosity of Autumn, when the season offers plenty as left overs for those who search for and gather them.

While reading the poems in your Literature Readers pick the interesting or unusual metaphors. Think about them and discuss them. The images evoked by the metaphors may not be the same for everybody.

As you get used to looking closely at poems you will become aware of all kinds of images and half-images, formed both by direct comparisons and the merest suggestions. You do not necessarily need to identify the images by name to enjoy their impact but it is useful to think about how their effect is achieved, when you make attempts at writing poetry yourself.

## Form of structure

A quick glance at how a poem is set out on a page will tell you something about form. As you look through the pages of this book, you will notice:

- poems with verses (or stanzas) of equal length
- verses of irregular length
- lines in a single group
- lines of varying length
- end-stopped lines, which finish or pause before the next line
- some poems which rhyme, others with irregular or no rhyme
- poems written in sentences, obeying the rules of grammar
- poems using words more randomly, with no punctuation or capital letters.

In general, people writing poetry today will use the form that they feel best suits each poem and adds the greatest impact to it. Probing and questioning may lead a poet to a loose, open style, whereas deeply held views and tight emotions might best be contained within a formal pattern. But not necessarily. There is no right and wrong style for particular situation.

It may interest you to know that till the twentieth century there were accepted conventions and styles to poetry, partly depending on subject matter, which influenced poetry writing. Some poets still prefer to work within a tight framework of rules.

There are several types of verse and line forms:

- Blank Verse

- Free Verse
- Rhyming Couplet

Metre - A combination of stressed and unstressed syllables makes up a metre.

*Rhyming couplets:* They are written using iambic pentameter as their basic meter. These couplets also use rhyme at the end of the lines.

*Blank verse:* It is written in *iambic pentameter* but has no rhyme at the end of the lines.

*Iambic:* When the syllables are arranged as unstressed and stressed.

*Pentameter:* A stressed/unstressed or any other permutation and combination makes a meter.

*Free verse:* It is written without rhyme and without any traditional metrical\* pattern. It has no recurring rhythm. The stress therefore depends on the meaning of the lines.

\*Some traditional metrical patterns being Trochee, Spondee, Anapest and Pyrrhic.

## The Darkling Thrush

by Thomas Hardy

### Warm up: Study the pictures

- a) Natural and manmade catastrophes trigger chaos and destruction. Share your thoughts about each of the scenes given here.



- b) Hardy's best known bird poem was written on December 31, 1900, but its acknowledgment of defiant hope, or even optimism, still holds good.

Read this poem about the poet's feelings about life and how he looks upon its challenges in his way.

### The Darkling Thrush

1. I leant upon a *coppice* gate  
When frost was spectre-gray  
And winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings of broken *lyres*,

**coppice:** dense growth, bushes

**lyres:** stringed musical instrument

And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

2. The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse out leant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.
3. At once a voice arose among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted *evensong*  
Of joy *illimited*;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.
4. So little cause for *carolings*  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or *nigh* around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blesse Hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.



#### About the poet

Thomas Hardy was one of the most renowned poets and novelists in English literary history. Hardy's long career spanned the Victorian and the modern eras. Thomas Hardy's poem about the turn of the twentieth century, '*The Darkling Thrush*,' remains one of his most popular and anthologised lyrics. Written on the eve of the new century and first published in *Graphic* with the subtitle *By the Century's Deathbed* and then published in *London Times* on New Year's Day, 1901. The thirty-two line poem uses a bleak and wintry landscape as a metaphor for the close of the nineteenth century and the joyful song of a solitary thrush as a symbolic image of the dawning century.



**even song:** evening prayer  
**illimited:** unlimited  
**carolings:** songs of joy  
**nigh:** (OE) near

**I. Understanding the poem:****1. On the basis of your reading choose the most appropriate option.**

- a) What is the setting of the poem?
  - i) The poet has moved from the city to the country side
  - ii) The poet talks about the last day of a century
  - iii) The poet walks through a forest
  - iv) The poet discusses the landscape
- b) How is the third stanza a contrast to the previous stanza?
  - i) The thrush's song serves as a harbinger of life in the blank landscape
  - ii) The song of the thrush is about the arrival of the spring season
  - iii) The first stanza is about the germination of a seed
  - iv) The poet is awaiting a new era

**1.2 Answer the following briefly.**

- a) Why doesn't the speaker feel joyous while the bird could see the good things ahead?
- b) Identify the following:
  - time of the day
  - time of the year
  - place where the poet finds himself
- c) Pick out the images in Stanza 1 that convey the following moods
  - thoughtfulness
  - despondency
- d) Why is the thrush referred to as an 'aged bird'?
- e) Why does the poet disbelieve the bird's "carolings"?
- f) Explain the images of contrast presented in stanza 4.
- g) How does the poet establish a sense of the following (throughout the poem)?
  - time
  - space
  - mood
- h) What is suggested by the following words / phrases in the poem?
  - spectre-grey
  - haunted
  - joy illimited
  - blast - beruffled
- i) What do the thrush and the poet have in common?
- j) Bring out the significance of the title, "The Darkling Thrush".

2. Appreciation:

2.1 Fill in the table with suitable examples from the poem.

1. Setting	
2. Tone	
3. Theme	

2.2 Hardy has used a specific style in bringing out the theme of the poem. Complete the table by identifying the images / words / phrases used in the poem.

1. Time eg : sunset	Ending of the century etc.
2. Nature	
3. Hope	
4. Music	

2.3 Identify the rhyme scheme in the given stanza

I leant upon a coppice **gate**  
 When Frost was spectre-**grey**,  
 And Winter's dregs made **desolate**  
 The weakening eye of **day**.  
 The tangled bine-stems scored the **sky**  
 Like strings of broken **lyres**,  
 And all mankind that haunted **nigh**  
 Had sought their household **fires**.

2.4 Figures of speech

- Identify the *simile* in the poem and explain.
- Identify and explain an alliteration.
- What is a *metaphor*? The poem has several metaphors. One has been done as an example. Find the others and explain them.  
 e.g.: 'Had chosen thus to fling his soul' refers to a bird song as the soul.

**3) Writing Skills:**

3.1 Identify words that signify positivity and negativity in the poem

Positive	Negative

3.2 Compose a 10 line poem bringing out your own optimism while facing the new year / century.

3.3 As Thomas Hardy, write a diary entry about how the song of the thrush changed your thoughts, in about 80-100 words.

3.4 The "The Darkling Thrush" is both a lament for the death of music and a celebration of its rebirth. Substantiate this observation in about 80 -100 words.

**4) Speaking Skills:**

Speak briefly on the topic: ***Lessons of life can be learnt from nature.***

**5) Activity:**

Suppose that you are seated in a time machine. You travel from the 21st century era to go back to the 19th century. Share your thoughts about the changes you would notice. Use the following clues to write an article in about 200-250 words. You may express your feelings about what you see during the journey.

- Politics, Administration
- Monuments
- Literary personalities
- Great scientists / leaders

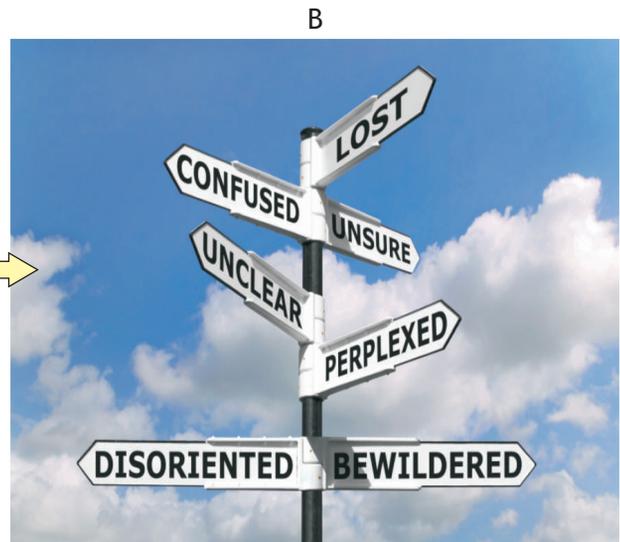
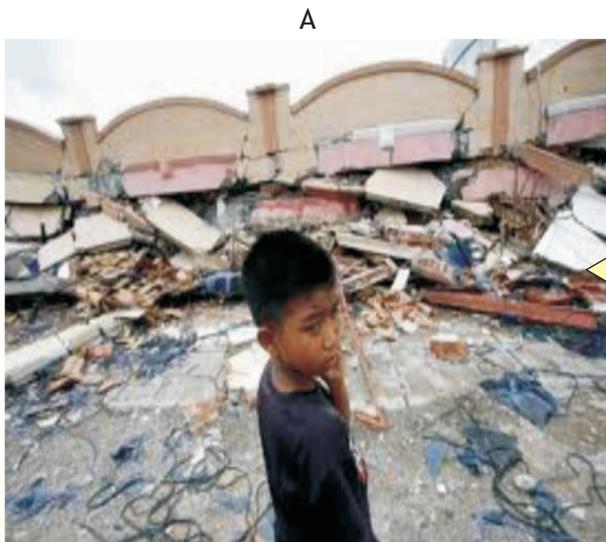
You may need to refer to the encyclopedia, history books in your library or surf the internet to help you develop your article. Give an interesting title.

*Hope*

by Emily Dickinson

**Warm up:**

Interpret the scenes in the pictures what does each suggest to you?



What keeps people going under such circumstances? Share your ideas with the class.

**READ THE POEM:**

1. "Hope" is the thing with feathers-  
That perches in the soul-  
And sings the tune without the words-  
And never stops-at all-
2. And sweetest-in the Gale-is heard-  
And sore must be the storm-  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm-
3. I've heard it in the chilliest land-  
And on the strangest Sea-  
Yet, never, in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb-of Me.



**About the poet**

In 1830, Emily Dickinson was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, USA. She attended Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in South Hadley, but only for one year. Throughout her life, she seldom left her house and visitors were few. Dickinson lived in almost total physical isolation from the outside world, but actively maintained many correspondences and read widely.

Dickinson's poetry reflects her loneliness and the speakers of her poems generally live in a state of want. Her poems are also marked by the intimate recollection of inspirational moments which are decidedly life-giving and suggest the possibility of happiness.



**1. Understanding the poem:**

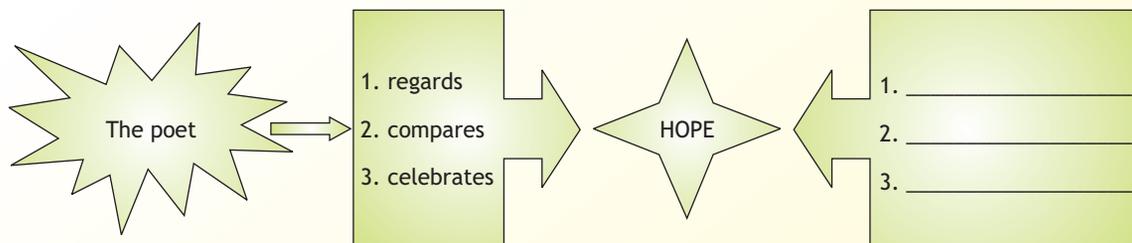
**1.1 Choose the best option**

- a) 'That perches in the soul' implies
  - i) soul is the home for hope.
  - ii) bird rests in its home.
  - iii) bird sings from its soul.
- b) Emily Dickinson uses the bird as a symbol for
  - i) optimism
  - ii) pessimism
  - iii) Both of the above

**1.2 Based on your understanding of the poem and the given visuals, answer the following questions briefly. Do this individually, in a word or two.**

- a) To what does the poet, compare the bird?
- b) Where does the bird perch?
- c) What is a 'gale'?
- d) What does the 'gale' represent in the poem?
- e) Why is hope "endless"?
- f) How can a song keep a person "warm"?

**1.3 a) Complete suitably**



- b) Why does Dickinson say 'Yet, never, in Extremity, It asked a crumb of Me!'

1.4 Fill in the spaces appropriately

'HOPE' is represented in words like

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
3. \_\_\_\_\_

The 'PAIN' of life is represented in words like

1. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
3. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Appreciation:

- 2.1 The poet has used 'dashes' as punctuation marks rather than a 'full stop' or a 'comma' in her poem. Explain why?
- 2.2 In the poem, *Imagery* is used explicitly. Pick out an image in each stanza and explain.
- 2.3 Pick out the alliteration and explain its influence on the poem.
- 2.4 Identify the figures of the speech/poetic devices used in the poem, and illustrate them with examples.

Poetic device	Stanza No.	Lines from the poem
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

**3. Writing Skills:**

- a) When one loses something, he/she is shocked and goes into a state of denial, leading to anger. In such a situation, coping leads to acceptance and a changed way of living with loss. Write an article on how 'Hope' helps one to 'Cope with Loss', with suitable examples from the two poems in about 100-120 words.
- b) Write an article about the 'Philosophical View of the World' to be published in the 'Youth Forum' of a journal. Write the article in about 150 words, based on suitable examples from both the poems.
- c) What does the bird symbolise in the poems, 'The Darkling Thrush' and 'Hope'? Identify yourself with the bird and express your thoughts in a diary entry, in about 150 words.

**4. Speaking Skills:**

Speak for a minute or two on the topic - "All odds, all challenges, all tragedies and all handicaps of life, can be overcome with strong hope, determination, persistent hard work, insurmountable patience and unshakeable tenacity."

**5. Activity:**

Critically review the poems, gain an insight into the life of the two poets and create a colourful, informative and visually appealing collage to represent their poems. Remember that the poets and their compositions are invariably affected by their life experiences which manifest in their creative work.

*Survivors*

by Siegfried Sassoon

**Warm up:**

The present century has witnessed several wars and conflicts that erupted in different parts of the world.

**Discuss in pairs:**

- a) What led to so many wars?
- b) War causes much suffering. Who are the victims? In what ways do they suffer?

**Read the poem.**

No doubt they'll soon get well; the shock and strain  
 have caused their stammering, disconnected talk.  
 Of course they're 'longing to go out again, '-  
 These boys with old, scared faces, learning to walk.  
 They'll soon forget their haunted nights; their *cowed*  
*Subjection* to the ghosts of friends who died,  
 Their dreams that drip with murder; and they'll be proud  
 Of glorious war that shatter'd all their pride...  
 Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;  
 Children, with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.



Craiglockhart. October, 1917.

**I. Understanding the poem:**

a) **Complete the summary of the poem:**

The men who went out into the battlefield and survived the war will \_\_\_\_\_ .  
 The shock and strain may have caused \_\_\_\_\_. Soon, they will  
 \_\_\_\_\_ to go out again. These men who fought at the battlefield though old now  
 are learning \_\_\_\_\_ and live life once again. The trauma of the battle, their  
 \_\_\_\_\_ nights, memories of the friends who \_\_\_\_\_ will soon  
 be forgotten. Their dreams that drip with murder today will also be a part of the  
 \_\_\_\_\_ past. The wounds will heal and they will be \_\_\_\_\_ of  
 the glorious war though it \_\_\_\_\_ pride yet, it is sad that the men who went out  
 to battle \_\_\_\_\_ and glad, return to their motherland looking like children with  
 eyes that \_\_\_\_\_, broken and \_\_\_\_\_.

**cowed subjection:** to cause suffering and bring under control by using threats and violence  
**Craiglockhart:** (1916-1919) Military psychiatric hospital for the treatment of shell - shocked officers

**II. Appreciation:**

1. "No doubt they'll soon get well.  
Of course they're longing to go out again."
  - a) Who is being referred to in these lines?
  - b) Who is the speaker?
    - i) a fellow soldier
    - ii) a non - combatant
2. "Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;  
children, with eyes that hate you, broken and mad."
  - a) What contrasting picture of soldiers is given in the last two lines?
  - b) Bring out the significance of the following phrases from the poem.
    - i) 'grim and glad'
    - ii) 'eyes that hate you'

**III. Writing Skills:**

- a) Do you know that one of the symptoms of combat fatigue or 'neurasthenia' is a stammer and a failure to string sentences together coherently? The poem portrays the grim untold reality of war. Is it a truthful one? Give reasons.
- b) What does the poet mean by "haunted nights' cowed subjection ..... dreams that drip with murder"?
- c) The combatants went into war as men, 'grim and glad' and returned as children, 'broken and mad'. Explain why?
- d) Why do people go to war? Has war ever served any purpose? Substantiate your point of view by giving examples from world events.
- e) You have been asked to speak on the plight of survivors in war. In the light of the above poem and your own perception, write your speech in about 100 -120 words.

Use the following hints:

- the contradictory attitudes to war
- the effects of war
- the tragedy of war
- loss of lives
- disillusionment
- destruction
- death of the young

**Discussion:**

Discuss the following in groups of three or four, with reference to the poem 'Survivors'.

- a) Why do people go to war?
- b) Has a war ever served any purpose? Substantiate your point of view.

# At A Potato Digging

by Seamus Heaney

- Below are images of possible disasters that can completely change one's life, unless one happens to be one of the lucky survivors. Discuss how.

1)



3)



2)



4)



1) \_\_\_\_\_

3) \_\_\_\_\_

2) \_\_\_\_\_

4) \_\_\_\_\_

## Read the Poem.

### At a Potato Digging

I  
A mechanical digger wrecks the drill,  
Spins up a dark shower of roots and mould.  
Labourers swarm in behind, stoop to fill  
Wicker *creels*. Fingers go dead in the cold.  
  
Like crows attacking crow-black fields, they stretch  
A *higgledy* line from hedge to headland;

**creels:** basket worn slung on the shoulder  
**higgledy:** higgledy-piggledy means being in disorder

Some pairs keep breaking ragged ranks to fetch  
A full creel to the pit and straighten, stand  
Tall for a moment but soon stumble back  
To fish a new load from the crumbled surf.  
Heads bow, trucks bend, hands fumble towards the black  
Mother. Processional stooping through the turf  
Turns work to ritual. Centuries  
Of fear and homage to the famine god  
Toughen the muscles behind their humbled knees,  
Make a seasonal alter of the sod.

II

*Flint-white*, purple. They lie scattered  
Like inflated pebbles. Native  
to the blank hutch of clay  
where the halved seed shot and clotted  
these knobbed and slit-eyed tubers seem  
the petrified hearts of drills. Split  
by the spade, they show white as cream.  
Good smells exude from crumbled earth.  
The rough bark of humus erupts  
knots of potatoes (a clean birth)  
whose solid feel, whose wet inside  
promises taste of ground and root.  
To be piled in pits; live skulls, blind-eyed.

III

Live skulls, blind-eyed, balanced on  
wild higgledy skeletons  
scoured the land in 'forty-five,'  
*wolfed* the blighted root and died.  
The new potato, sound as stone,  
putrified when it had lain  
three days in the long clay pit.  
Millions rotted along with it.  
Mouths tightened in, eyes died hard,



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**flint-white:** white stone used to light a fire  
**wolfed:** devoured voraciously

faces chilled to a plucked bird.  
In a million wicker huts  
beaks of famine snipped at guts.  
  
A people hungering from birth,  
grubbing, like plants, in the bitch earth,  
were grafted with a great sorrow.  
Hope rotted like a *marrow*.  
  
Stinking potatoes fouled the land,  
pits turned pus in filthy mounds:  
and where potato diggers are  
you still smell the running sore.

#### About the author

Seamus Justin Heaney was an Irish poet, playwright, translator and lecturer, and the recipient of the 1995 Nobel Prize in Literature. In the early 1960s, he became a lecturer in Belfast after attending university there, and began to publish poetry. Heaney was born on 13 April 1939, at the family farmhouse called Mossbawn. He lived in Sandymount, Dublin from 1972 until his death. Heaney was a professor at Harvard from 1981 to 1997 and its Poet in Residence from 1988 to 2006. From 1989 to 1994 he was also the Professor of Poetry at Oxford and in 1996 was made a Commandeur de l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres. Other awards that Heaney received include the Geoffrey Faber Memorial Prize (1968), the E. M. Forster Award (1975), the PEN Translation Prize (1985), the Golden Wreath of Poetry (2001), T. S. Eliot Prize (2006) and two Whitbread Prizes (1996 and 1999). In 2012, he was awarded the Lifetime Recognition Award from the Griffin Trust For Excellence In Poetry. Heaney's literary papers are held by the National Library of Ireland.



### 1. Understanding the poem.

#### 1.1 Answer by choosing the best option.

- A. The poem is about \_\_\_\_\_
- a) potato harvests
  - b) two different ways of harvesting potatoes
  - c) people in Ireland
  - d) None of the above.
- B. The rhyme scheme in the third section of the poem is
- a) aabb

---

marrow: squash

- b) abab
  - c) irregular pattern
  - d) abcabc
- C. In 'Scoured the hand in 'forty five'; 'Forty five' refers to the
- a) Date when the Irish potato famine occurred
  - b) Suffering of the Irish for 45 years
  - c) Freedom of Ireland
  - d) Invention of mechanical diggers.

1.2 Complete the passage given below by using the words/phrases in the boxes.

blighted root	modern	like inflated pebbles
ground	contrasting	vitality
contentment and well-being	revisitation	sharp contrast
At a Potato Digging	metaphor	figurative
simile	poor	health
disgusted	relationship	fouled the land

Seamus Heaney's poem "1 \_\_\_\_\_," features two 2 \_\_\_\_\_ depictions of a potato harvest. In the first section of the poem, the speaker describes a 3 \_\_\_\_\_ potato harvest with "a mechanical digger". The second section provides details about what a healthy potato harvest should look like. Heaney uses details and 4 \_\_\_\_\_ language to create realistic imagery of the potatoes' appearance. He uses a 5 \_\_\_\_\_ in line eighteen, "like 6 \_\_\_\_\_;" the poet's diction suggests 7 \_\_\_\_\_ and 8 \_\_\_\_\_; the earth has "good smells" and "a clean birth" of the potatoes, using a birth 9 \_\_\_\_\_ to describe the harvest.

The third section of the poem offers a 10 \_\_\_\_\_ to the prior section. In this section, Heaney describes a time when the harvest was 11 \_\_\_\_\_; his poem conjures imagery of sickness and disease with phrases like "-12 \_\_\_\_\_" and "stinking potatoes-13 \_\_\_\_\_". He carefully describes the famine's effect on the population by flashing images of the aftermath in tight, controlled phrases. His 14 \_\_\_\_\_ tone reflects the speaker's anger at the failure of the crop.

The final section of the poem is a 15 \_\_\_\_\_ of the scene in the first section. Here, the workers sit and have lunch after working at the potato harvest. Heaney uses their 16 \_\_\_\_\_ to contrast the previous section in which the people were starving from the famine. The workers "take their fill" on the "faithless ground;" the depiction of the ground as "faithless" 17 \_\_\_\_\_ the earth as not only being uncertain and unreliable, but also suggests a 18 \_\_\_\_\_ between the earth and the farmers, in which the earth has betrayed the farmers' trust in the past.

1.3 Answer the following briefly:

- a) Why does the poet compare the two potato harvests?

- b) What view does the poem give of humanity's relationship with the Earth?
- c) Contrast the quality of the harvest being described here.
  - by machine
  - by hand
  - during the famine
- d) How is the image of death linked in parts 2 and 3?
- e) Bring out the importance of the potato harvest to the Irish?
- f) How can Mother Earth give, as well as take away from her children?
- g) How does Heaney compare the past and present in the poem?

## 2. Explain the following lines.

- a) "Like crows attacking crow-black fields".
- b) "To fish a new load from the crumbled surf".
- c) "Turns work to ritual".
- d) "They lay scattered like inflated pebbles".
- e) ".....wild higgledy skeletons scoured the land in 'forty-five'".

## 3. Writing Skills

- 3.1 Write a report on the theme "The Impact of nature on the quality of human life", in about 200 words. Support your answer with suitable references from the poem and your own ideas.
- 3.2 As a farmer, design a poster / pamphlet to convey the message that it is the responsibility of all to preserve and protect Mother Earth with suitable references from Heaney's poem.
- 3.3 The Indian economy depends on agriculture and the harvest festival is popularly celebrated throughout the land. Based what you have seen or read about and together with your own ideas, write an article describing the harvest festival in your locality in about 150-200 words.

## 4. Speaking Skills

- a) Our country is experiencing drought and water shortage due to low and inadequate rainfall. You are concerned about this. Address your class for two or three minutes about periodic conditions drought in the country, and what should be done to counter its impact. Use illustrative examples from the poem.

- b) Listen to the poem. Speak on the commonality between "At a Potato Digging" and the poem "Patrolling Barnegat" by Walt Whitman.

*WILD, wild the storm, and the sea high running;  
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant under-tone muttering;  
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing;  
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing;  
Out in the shadows there, milk-white combs careering;  
On beachy slush and sand, spurts of snow fierce slanting-  
Where, through the murk, the easterly death-wind breasting,*

*Through cutting swirl and spray, watchful and firm advancing  
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?),  
Slush and sand of the beach, tireless till daylight wending,  
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,  
Along the midnight edge, by those milk-white combs careering,  
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,  
That savage trinity warily watching.*

- c) In groups of four, brainstorm the topic **Nature's Fury - Its Consequences and Alternatives**. Make a powerpoint presentation of about 3-4 minutes expressing your group's views to the class.

## Ode: To Autumn

by John Keats

### Warm up:

- Think of as many words associated with seasons that come to your mind. What kinds of colours, images, sounds and activities do you associate with each of them? Discuss with your partner
- Now complete the following table.

Season	Colours/Images	Sounds	Activities	What I feel about it
Summer	yellow gulmohar trees in bloom			

### Read the poem.

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-eves* run;  
 5 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,  
 10 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their *clammy* cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid they store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

**mellow:** (of fruit) ripe, soft, of a golden brown colour

**thatch-eves:** roof covering of straw, reeds

**eves:** part of a roof that meets or overhands the walls of a building

**gourd:** fruit with a hard skin

**hazel:** shrub or small tree bearing round nuts called hazel nuts

**kernel:** softer part inside the shell of a nut, or fruit stone

**clammy:** damp and sticky

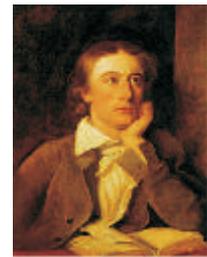
- 15 Thy hair soft-lifted by the *winnowing* wind;  
 Or on a half-reaped *furrow* sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next *swath* and all its *twined* flowers:  
 And sometimes like a *gleaner* thou dost keep
- 20 Steady thy laden head across a brook,  
 Or by a *cider-press*, with patient look;  
 Thou watchest the last ooziings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast they music too, -

- 25 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small *gnats* mourn  
 Among the river *sallows*, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
- 30 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly *boorn*;  
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft  
 The red-breast whistles from a *garden-croft*;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

#### About the poet:

John Keats, one of England's great poets, was born on October 31, 1795 in London. A voracious reader from childhood, Keats was introduced to the works of Elizabethan dramatists and poets. Keats was studying medicine in London when his sonnets were first published in the *Examiner*. In 1819 he became ill with tuberculosis and died in Rome on February 23, 1821. He wrote *Endymion* in 1818 while *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnes* and other Poems appeared in 1820 and within this short period, Keats became recognized as a major poet. Among the most successful of his poems are the great odes - *To Psyche*, *To a Nightingale*, *On Melancholy*, *On a Grecian Urn* and finally *Ode To Autumn* - all written between April and September, 1819. In *Ode To Autumn*, which was written impromptu, the method is objective, the mood serene and the plan and details close to perfection.



**thee:** archaic or old form of *you*

**winnowing:** blowing air through grain in the order to remove the chaff or cover

**furrow:** long narrow trench made in the ground by a plough

**swath:** row or line of grass, corn, etc. as it falls when cut down

**twined:** wound round something

**gleaner:** one who gathers leftover grain after a harvest

**cider-press:** apparatus for pressing out apple juice to prepare an alcoholic drink

**gnats:** small two-winged flies

**sallows:** trees of the willow family

**boorn:** small stream

**garden-croft:** small rented farm in Scotland or northern England

**I. Understanding the poem:**

*'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'*

1. Complete the sentence suitably, based on the given extract.

The poet is describing a \_\_\_\_\_ called \_\_\_\_\_. It is full of \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ . Its close friend is the \_\_\_\_\_ because they both conspire and fill all \_\_\_\_\_ with ripeness. The \_\_\_\_\_ are climbing over the roof of the cottage.

*'With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the massed 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.'*

List the various activities that autumn and summer are busy in

- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

**2. Appreciation:**

*'Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.'*

- a) Who is being referred to as 'they'?
- b) What do they think? Why?
- c) What kind of effect is achieved with the use of words such as 'o'er brimmed' and 'clammy'?
- d) What is the overall effect of this stanza?
- e) Describe the images and word pictures in this stanza.

3. *'For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.'*

- a) Who is being referred to as 'thee'?
- b) What figure of speech is being used here?
- c) What is the 'store' in this line?

4. 'Who hath not seen thee oft amid they store'? The person who seeks autumn can find her in a number of places. Autumn is no longer as full as described in Stanza 1. Autumn has been personified here.
- a) What are the various places that autumn can be found in? Read lines 12-22 carefully and complete the table:

Autumn's apperances	Location	
• _____	granary floor	i) What effect do these pictures have on the reader? ii) How is this stanza different from stanza 1?
• _____	_____	
• _____	_____	
• _____	_____	

- a) What are the various activities which autumn is doing or has paused in doing?

Lines 14 - 15 \_\_\_\_\_

Lines 16 - 17 \_\_\_\_\_

Lines 17 - 18 \_\_\_\_\_

Lines 18 - 19 \_\_\_\_\_

Lines 21 - 22 \_\_\_\_\_

- b) 'Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,'

- a) What question does the poet ask here? Why?

- b) What answer does the poet give?

- c) What does the poet suggest by the phrase 'songs of spring'?

- c) 'While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue'

- a) Pick out the words which describe the following:

- clouds
- day
- plains

- b) Why does the poet use these words?

5. *'Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;*

*And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.'*

You may have noticed that in Stanza 1, the images were all connected to a cottage and its surroundings. In Stanza 2 the poem takes us to open spaces, Stanzas 1 and 2 are rich in visual detail.

6. In stanza 2 from lines 27-33, what are the images being evoked? Which of your senses do these lines stimulate?
7. Read lines 27-33. Complete the following table:

Name of insect/animal	Where	Words describing sound
• gnats	• river	• wailful choir
• _____	• _____	• mourn
• _____	• _____	• _____
• _____	• _____	• _____
• _____	• _____	• _____

## II. Appreciation:

1. a) Study the given picture. To which stanza does it relate? Give the description in the boxes in your own words.

a)

b)

c)



2. The paragraph below is a critical appreciation of the poem. Choose the correct word(s) from those given in the box and fill in the blanks suitably.

perfect	red-breast	gleaning	questions	Keats
images	reaping	harvesting	wailing	swallows
sun	sounds	beating	conspiring	stubble
abundance	second	answered	To Autumn	woman
singing	hedge-crickets	whistling	barred	
fruit	closing	twittering	sights	

flowers	personification	first	cutting	lambs
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\_\_\_\_\_ by \_\_\_\_\_ has been termed by many critics as the \_\_\_\_\_ poem because it gives the reader a complete picture of the \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ of autumn.

The first stanza is full of beautiful and vivid \_\_\_\_\_ of the season. There exists a close friendship between Autumn and the \_\_\_\_\_. During autumn both are \_\_\_\_\_ how to 'load and bless' plants, vines and trees with \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_. All the descriptions in stanza 1 build up to give us an image of \_\_\_\_\_.

In the \_\_\_\_\_ stanza, the poet describes autumn as a \_\_\_\_\_. The figure of speech used here is \_\_\_\_\_. Most of the images are those of a figure in a static position or in arrested motion. The poet shifts his view in this stanza beyond the 'cottage trees' of the \_\_\_\_\_ stanza to the granary. Various activities connected with \_\_\_\_\_ are mentioned such as winnowing, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

The final stanza begins with a disturbing and wistful \_\_\_\_\_ but it is \_\_\_\_\_ quickly. The poet now gives us the images of \_\_\_\_\_ plains and \_\_\_\_\_ clouds at the \_\_\_\_\_ of an autumn day. There are several striking sound images in the stanza such as the \_\_\_\_\_ of gnats, the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_, the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_, the \_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_ and the \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_.

### III. Writing Skills:

1. You have read the poem 'Ode To Autumn', studied it closely and found how Keats uses various visual, tactile (touch), auditory (sound) images to create a complete picture of the season. Now write to a friend abroad who has never experienced an Indian summer or an Indian monsoon.

2. Choose the season you most like and write an article/poem on it. Use the given clues.

- the sights
- the sounds
- the activities
- your thoughts and feeling

*Hamlet's Dilemma*(from the play *Hamlet*) by William Shakespeare**Warm up:**

1. Have you heard or come across these idiomatic expressions? What do they mean?
  - a) Hobson's choice
  - b) on the horns of a dilemma
  - c) cat on the wall
  - d) between the devil and the deep sea
2. Given below are a few famous lines from Shakespeare's plays. Match them with the play in which they occur.

- a) *'Friends, Romans country men  
Lend me your ears'*
- b) *'All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;'*
- c) *'The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath.'*
- d) *'If music be the food of love play on'*

Twelfth Night Julius Caesar As you Like it The Merchant of Venice
--

In Shakespearian plays, **soliloquies** are popular. A soliloquy is a speech rendered by a character in a play, which is meant for the audience / reader.

3. Given below are a few statements about the soliloquy. Are they true or false?
  - a) A long speech spoken by a single character that reveals inner thoughts.
  - b) The character reveals inner thoughts, and puzzles out personal problems
  - c) Only the male character renders a soliloquy
  - d) It's a part of a dialogue with other characters
  - e) It is rendered in the final scene.

---

Background: A ghost appears at Elsinore castle. Prince Hamlet goes to the castle ramparts to watch for the apparition. When the ghost reappears, it speaks to Hamlet and claims to be his dead father. The ghost asks Hamlet to avenge his murder. Hamlet, horrified, vows to "remember." Uncertain of whom he can trust, Hamlet feigns madness. Convinced that his step father, Claudius is guilty, Hamlet finds him alone but is unable to go through with killing him. Claudius sends Hamlet to England, where he has given orders for Hamlet to be killed, but Hamlet escapes. Hamlet returns to Denmark to complete his vengeance, and succeeds in killing Claudius before he himself is killed.

Source: From the Folger Shakespeare Library Edition (New York: Washington Square Press, 1992).

4. Read to this famous soliloquy from the play 'Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark' .

1. To be or not to be-that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep-  
No more-and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to-'tis a *consummation*  
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep-
10. To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the *rub*,  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life.  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's *contumely*,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
20. When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare *bodkin*? Who would *fardels* bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution

**Consummation:** end or death

**Rub:** impediment, obstacle

**Contumely:** contemptuous treatment

**Quietus:** a release from life.

**Hodgkin:** a sharp instrument like an awl, dagger

**Fardels:** burden

30. Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great *pitch* and moment  
With this regard their currents turn *awry*  
And lose the name of action.

I. Understanding the poem

a) Complete the summary based on your understanding

Hamlet was in a deep dilemma. He wondered if he should \_\_\_\_\_ to live or die. His mental conflict centered around \_\_\_\_\_ possibilities. He asks if - it is nobler to \_\_\_\_\_ the slings and arrows of an unbearable situation than to fight against the sea of \_\_\_\_\_ that afflicts one and by opposing them, end them. He pondered over the prospect of dying because with death we \_\_\_\_\_ the heartaches and the innumerable natural \_\_\_\_\_ that human beings have to endure. It is an end that we all hope for -to sleep \_\_\_\_\_.

There is a problem in this solution also .In the sleep of death we might have \_\_\_\_\_ and these dreams add more \_\_\_\_\_ .

Despite the calamity, the dreams usher, death is \_\_\_\_\_ because none can tolerate the whips and scorns of time. In such traumatic situations, a \_\_\_\_\_ person would choose to make the final settlement by ending his life with a sharp knife.

A weak-minded person is unable to bear the \_\_\_\_\_ of life and so chooses to end his life. But what prevents him from embracing this option is he dreads the \_\_\_\_\_ after death. No \_\_\_\_\_ man has come back to share his post- death experience. Luckily this makes the meek, cowardly to put up with the travails of life and not \_\_\_\_\_ to the thought of committing suicide. There is a general belief that those who commit suicide have a guaranteed place in hell. This belief, fortunately, \_\_\_\_\_ one from putting an end to one's life. According to Hamlet, too much thinking \_\_\_\_\_ one's action.

b) Read the following extracts and answer the questions:

1. 'Or to take arms against a sea of troubles

And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep...'

i) Identify the figure of speech in the first line

ii) What, according to Hamlet, is the solution to the problems that engulf us?

iii) 'Sleep' here, refers to \_\_\_\_\_. What figure of speech is it?

2. 'For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love.'

i) What are the situations mentioned here that force one to end one's life?

ii) Identify the figure of speech in the first line and explain.

**Pitch:** strength or vigour  
**Awry:** obliquely

3. 'The undiscovered country from whose bourn  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will'.  
i) Who is a traveler here?  
ii) Why is it called an 'undiscovered country'?
  4. 'Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'  
i) How does our conscience influence us?  
ii) Identify the contradiction in the first two lines and explain.
  5. 'For in the sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil'  
i) What do you understand by the phrase 'mortal coil'?  
ii) Shuffling off this mortal coil refers to\_\_\_\_\_.  
iii) What dreams does one have in 'the sleep of death'?
  6. Hamlet puts forth his *thesis statement* at the beginning.  
'To be or not to be' [to continue to exist or not]  
i) How does he elaborate his proposition in lines 3-6?  
ii) Which lines bring out Hamlet's pessimism?  
iii) What dream does Hamlet refer to in lines 10 and 11?
- b) Match Hamlet's words with the given situations.

A	B
i. take arms against a sea of troubles	died
ii. shuffled off this mortal coil	to fight against endless suffering
iii. natural shocks that flesh is heir to	normal conflicts that afflict us
iv. slings and arrows of outrageous fortune	violent attacks of misfortune
v. your manager at office is rude to you	the insolence of office
vi. your proud neighbour looks down upon you	the proud man's contumely
vii. you present a bouquet to someone you love but it is not accepted	the pangs of despised love
viii. you have filed a case five years ago but it is still pending	the law's delay
ix. you follow the policy of forgive and forget and you are friendly to your enemy	the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes

- c) Hamlet talks about various things that make people's life miserable forcing them to feel depressed and end their lives.

### III. Writing Skills:

Answer the following questions briefly.

- a) Bring out, in your words, the central idea of Hamlet's soliloquy.
- b) Review the opening line of the poem and critically analyse the reason for the speaker's words.
- c) Refer to the line 'Thus conscience .....all.' Do you agree with the view referred to here? Substantiate your opinion.
- d) 'Tis nobler in the mind to suffer'. In today's context, do you think it is a practical and sensible piece of advice. Why/why not?
- e) 'Forgiveness is the sweetest form of revenge' If Hamlet had followed this adage could he have saved his life. Write your answer in a paragraph, based on the story of Hamlet's life and suitable examples from his soliloquy.

### IV. Speaking Skills:

- a) As a counselor, what would be your words of advice to Hamlet? Why is it better to suffer the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune'?
- b) As a counselor, you have been asked to address an audience of teenagers on how to build their self-esteem. Draft your speech in about 150-200 words.

### V. Creative writing: Imitating Shakespeare

Read this soliloquy written by Colleen Myers

*To snooze or not to snooze - that is the question:  
Whether 'tis easier to rise on time  
And face the harsh light of early day,  
Or to stay huddled under the quilt,  
And, by hiding, avoid the rays.  
To rise, to hit the snooze button-  
No more - and by rising to say I face  
The early-morning preparations for the events  
That each day holds-  
'Tis a situation  
I do not wish to face.  
To snooze, to sleep-  
To sleep, perhaps too long. Ay, there's the problem,  
For in oversleeping what events may come about*

*When we are hiding from the alarm's harsh call  
Must make us stop and think.  
That's the idea  
That makes disaster of sleeping in.  
For who really wants to face the 6 a.m sun,  
The first period's quiz,  
The morning person's obnoxious cheeriness,  
The disappointment in decaffeinated coffee,  
The dance class's early rehearsals,  
The overly chipper song of the early bird,  
And the cold looks  
That early-risers send in my late-sleeping direction,  
When they too may sleep in  
On weekends free from tribulations?  
Who would heed the alarm's early call,  
To squint and yawn through the first hours of the day,  
But that the horror that something may be missed while dozing,  
The unknown events that have occurred which  
The gossips discuss  
While we stand in a confused daze,  
Wishing we had risen on time  
Instead of seeking those futile thirty minutes?  
Thus the chance of missing out does make early risers of us all,  
And thus the bliss of sleeping in  
Is tainted by eye-opening thoughts of lost news,  
And peaceful moments of dreams and sleep  
With this regard their paths are cut short  
And lose the dark in favor of the harsh light.*

In groups of four choose any one of the following and write a soliloquy.

- a) To write or not to write
- b) To tweet or not to on twitter
- c) To sing or not to sing

**VI. Project:**

Given below are a few quotations on decision making. In groups of four, discuss whether you agree or disagree with the ideas. Give reasons.

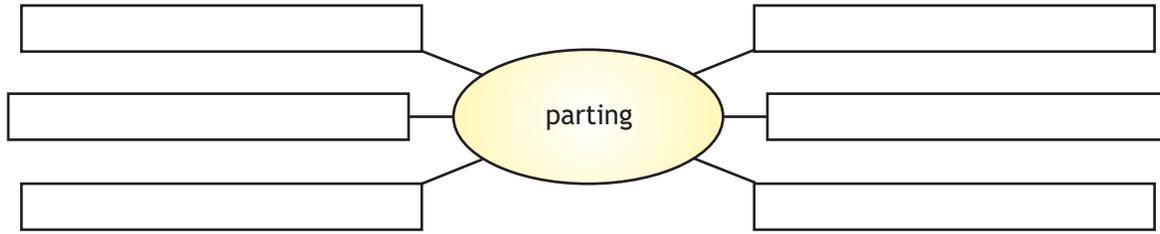
- a) *The risk of a wrong decision is preferable to the terror of indecision.* Maimonides
- b) *No sensible decision can be made any longer without taking into account not only the world as it is, but the world as it will be.* Isaac Asimov
- c) *Decisiveness is a characteristic of high-performing men and women. Almost any decision is better than no decision at all.* Brian Tracy

*Curtain*

by Helen Spalding

**Warm up:**

- How do you feel when you part with a close friend?



- Suppose you wake up in a new place tomorrow. What are the things or people you will miss?
- Read the poem which is set in the period 1930-1946. Those were turbulent times in England, representing the confusion and violence in the west, leading to the Second World War. The theme of separation may be read against this background.

**Curtain**

Goodbye.

*Incredulously* the laces fingers loosen,  
 Slowly, sensation by sensation, from their warm interchange,  
 And stiffen like frosted flowers in the November garden.  
 Already division piles emphasis like bullets;

5 Already the one dark air is separate and strange.

Goodbye.

There is no touch now. The wave has broken  
 That for a moment charged the *desolate* sea.  
 There is a word, or two, left to be spoken  
 - Yet who would hear it? When so swiftly distance

10 Out measures time, engulfs identity?

Already like the dreamer startled from sleep  
 And the vivid image lost even in waking,  
 There is no taste now for the shrunken sense to keep,  
 And these, the dreamer's eyes, are not alive to weep,

15 And this, the clinic heart, the dreamer's, is not breaking.

Is it so easy, then? Goodbye no more than this

---

**incredulously:** in a manner which is difficult to believe

**desolate:** sad, empty and lonely

Quiet disaster? And is there cause for sorrow  
That in the small white murder of one kiss  
Are born two ghosts, two Hamlets, two soliloquies,  
20 Two worlds apart, tomorrow?

**I. Understanding the poem:**

1. Placed in stanza 1, is a sensory image. It creates a visual picture of two clasped hands. Find four more sensory images in the same stanza.
2. Choose the most appropriate option.
  - a) Who are the two people being separated?
    - parent and child
    - friends
    - lovers
    - husband and wife
  - b) Are they
    - young
    - middle-aged
    - old
  - c) Is the separation
    - permanent as in death
    - imposed upon themselves
    - temporary

**3. Complete the summary of the poem based on your understanding:**

In the first stanza, two the young lovers who know that there is no future in the relationship are being \_\_\_\_\_. They may continue to live in the same town but they know their worlds have to be two \_\_\_\_\_ ones, physically and mentally. They are physically walking away from each other and reconciling to this fact \_\_\_\_\_ also.

The second stanza states very clearly that, 'there is no \_\_\_\_\_ now and 'distance \_\_\_\_\_ and engulfs \_\_\_\_\_.

The third and the fourth stanzas deal with the emotions of the lovers who are still thinking of their \_\_\_\_\_. The speaker is trying to forget his/her \_\_\_\_\_ and get on \_\_\_\_\_. She/he feels \_\_\_\_\_ inside, but life \_\_\_\_\_ on. She/he feels so dead that she/he cannot \_\_\_\_\_ and her/his heart which has become \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_, cannot break. She/he think of this separation as a '\_\_\_\_\_', a disaster known only to the two of them and wonder at the tragedy where both of them will have to live in two separate worlds from tomorrow. She/he knows that it is time to draw a \_\_\_\_\_ over their relationship, however \_\_\_\_\_ this act may be.

---

**Hamlet:** The central character of a play by William Shakespeare.

4. In the last stanza, 'goodbye' is called a 'quiet disaster'. With one murder, instead of death, are born two ghosts who will, like Hamlet, inhabit two worlds apart from henceforth. But all these stanza-specific images point to the global symbol of separation i.e., Curtain.

Now find two images from each stanza, which eventually focus on this global symbol.

- Stanza 1      (i) \_\_\_\_\_      (ii) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stanza 2      (i) \_\_\_\_\_      (ii) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stanza 3      (i) \_\_\_\_\_      (ii) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Stanza 4      (i) \_\_\_\_\_      (ii) \_\_\_\_\_

5. **Collocation** is the co-occurrence possibilities of words. *Cup and saucer, chair and table* are acceptable collocations. But poets use marked collocations. Poets take liberties and use unusual collocations for effect. 'Clinic heart' (line 15) is an example of this. The poet uses it to describe the emotionless state of the heart.

In the table below are listed a few more instances of such collocations in the poem. Write down the effect of each in the space provided. Write the effect this has on the poem.

Marked collocation	Effect
laced fingers	
shrunken sense	
frosted flowers	

## II. Appreciation:

Read the extracts and answer the questions:

- a) 'Already division piles emphasis like bullets,  
 Already the one dark air is separate and strange'.  
 i) Which words describe the 'dark air'?  
 ii) Explain 'Already division piles'.  
 iii) What effect does the repetition of the word 'Already' have on the poem?
- b) 'Goodbye'  
 There is no touch now. The wave has broken.'  
 i) Quote the line which states that the two people who are separating are not within touching distance anymore.  
 ii) What does the word 'wave' symbolise?  
 iii) Which one word in the above extract describes the theme of the poem?
- c) 'That in the small white murder of one kiss  
 Are born two ghosts, two Hamlets, two soliloquies.  
 Two worlds apart, tomorrow?'

- i) Explain the comparison in the poet's reference to the 'two Hamlets' in your own words.
- ii) Murder normally leads to death, but here, murder leads to the birth of two worlds. This is ironical. Explain the irony.
- iii) 'Two worlds apart'. How does this expression focus on the title of the poem, 'Curtain'.

### III. Writing Skills:

**'Separation' is always painful. Separation from a loved one when death snatches him/her away, from someone very dear (a parent, brother or sister), from the country/region you grew up in - every separation makes you a stronger person from within.**

Write a story of a separation which led to an individual emerging as a character of strength. Add suitable quotes from the poem to highlight your message. [150 words]

### IV. Speaking Skills:

In groups of four, discuss how we can overcome the grief of separation from a loved one. What are the qualities needed to bear an irreparable loss?

## Unit - 7: A Walk by Moonlight

by Henry Derozio

### I. Warm up

- What thoughts come to your mind when you think of a moonlit night ?
- What feelings would you experience when you are alone on the shore watching the sea at sunrise or sunset?

### A Walk By Moonlight

Last night - it was a lovely night,  
And I was very blest -  
Shall it not be for Memory  
A happy spot to rest?

Yes; there are in the backward past  
Soft hours to which we turn -  
Hours which, at distance, mildly shine,  
Shine on, but never burn.

And some of these but yesternight  
Across my path were thrown,  
Which made my heart so very light,  
I think it could have flown.

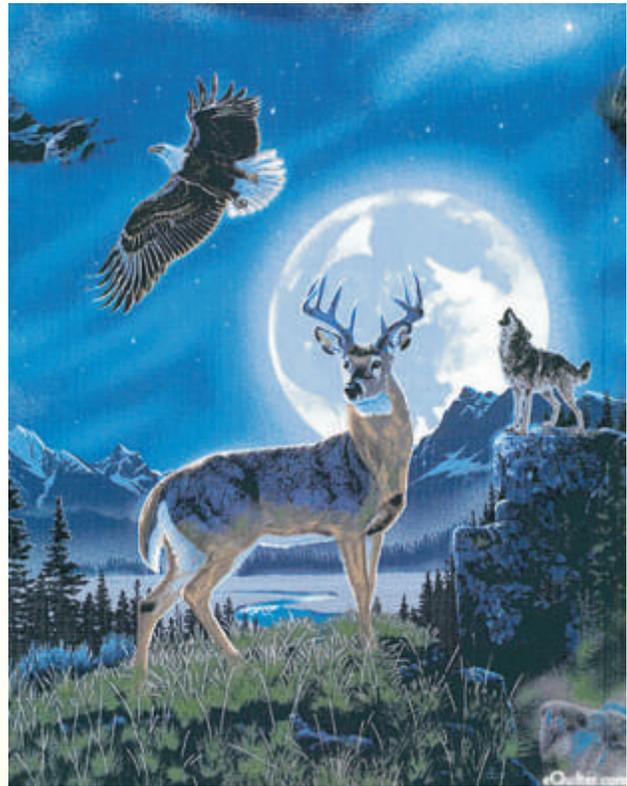
I had been out to see a friend  
With whom I others saw:  
Like minds to like minds ever tend -  
An universal law.

And when we were returning home,  
'Come who will walk with me,  
A little way', I said, and lo!  
I straight was joined by three:

Three whom I loved - two had high thoughts  
And were, in age, my peers;  
And one was young, but oh! endeared  
As much as youth endears.

The moon stood silent in the sky,  
And looked upon our earth:  
The clouds divided, passing by,  
In homage to her worth.

There was a dance among the leaves  
Rejoicing at her power,  
Who robes for them of silver weaves  
Within one mystic hour.



There was a song among the winds,  
Hymning her influence -  
That low-breathed minstrelsy which binds  
The soul to thought intense.

And there was something in the night  
That with its magic wound us;  
For we - oh! we not only saw,  
But felt the moonlight around us.

How vague are all the mysteries  
Which bind us to our earth;  
How far they send into the heart  
Their tones of holy mirth;

How lovely are the phantoms dim  
Which bless that better sight,  
That man enjoys when proud he stands  
In his own spirit's light;

When, like a thing that is not ours.  
This earthliness goes by,  
And we behold the spiritualness  
Of all that cannot die.

'Tis then we understand the voice  
Which in the night-wind sings,  
And feel the mystic melody  
Played on the forest's strings.

The silken language of the stars  
Becomes the tongue we speak,  
And then we read the sympathy  
That pales the young moon's cheek.

The inward eye is open then  
To glories, which in dreams  
Visit the sleeper's couch, in robes  
Woven of the rainbow's beams.

I bless my nature that I am  
Allied to all the bliss,  
Which other worlds we're told afford,  
But which I find in this.

My heart is bettered when I feel  
That even this human heart  
To all around is gently bound,  
And forms of all a part;

That, cold and lifeless as they seem,  
The flowers, the stars, the sky  
Have more than common minds may deem

To stir our sympathy.

Oh! in such moments can I crush  
The grass beneath my feet?  
Ah no; the grass has then a voice,  
Its heart - I hear it beat.



### About the Author

Henry Louis Vivian Derozio belonged to the Anglo Indian community. He had intense zeal for both teaching and poetry. He wrote many inspiring poems in English of which *The Fakeier of Junghire* was one of the most important. His poems are considered as an important landmark in the history of patriotic poetry in India namely, *To India - My Native land*, *Young Bengali*.

I.

1. Based on your understanding of the poem complete the summary using appropriate words / phrases:

In the poem 'A Walk by Moonlight', Derozio recalls how a \_\_\_\_\_ walk with \_\_\_\_\_ friends proved to be a transforming experience. The \_\_\_\_\_ moon, the \_\_\_\_\_ leaves and the song of the wind created \_\_\_\_\_ around them. He feels such a night was a \_\_\_\_\_ for memory to rest. The natural world fills our hearts with \_\_\_\_\_. The poet's \_\_\_\_\_ eye perceives \_\_\_\_\_ that seem to appear only in dreams. When the poet realizes that \_\_\_\_\_ is allied to the \_\_\_\_\_ of nature he experiences \_\_\_\_\_ on earth. In such a \_\_\_\_\_ state he can't bear to crush the \_\_\_\_\_ beneath his feet because he can't \_\_\_\_\_ its \_\_\_\_\_.

2. Answer the following questions briefly:

1. Why was 'yesternight' very special for the poet ?
2. What is the universal law the poet refers to ? How does the poet's experience justify it?
3. How does the poet describe the physical beauty of the night ? What was its immediate effect?
4. What are the 'mysteries' that bind man to the earth?
5. What benefits does man derive from the awakening of conscience?
6. When does man stand 'proud'?
7. What thoughts 'better' the poet ?
8. How does the last stanza bring out the poet's heightened sensitivity?

3. Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:

- a) 'And I was very blest -  
Shall it not be for Memory  
A happy spot to rest'?

- (i) Why does the poet feel 'blest'?
- (ii) Explain the phrase 'a happy spot for memory to rest'.
- b) 'Soft hours to which we turn -  
Hours which, at distance, mildly shine,  
Shine on, but never burn'.
- (i) What does the phrase "soft hours" convey?
- (ii) Why are the soft hours at a distance ?
- (iii) Pick out words / phrases which convey the impact of 'soft hours'.
- c) 'How vague are all the mysteries  
Which bind us to our earth;  
How far they send into the heart  
Their tones of holy mirth;'
- (i) How does the splendid scenario influence the poet ?
- (ii) As a result what does he realize?
- (iii) What effect do 'they' have on man?
- (iv) Explain 'holy mirth'?
- d) 'How lovely are the phantoms dim  
Which bless that better sight,  
That man enjoys when proud he stands  
In his own spirit's light;'
- (i) What are 'Phantoms din'?
- (ii) How do they help us?
- (iii) How do they make man 'proud'?
- e) 'The inward eye is open then  
To glories, which in dreams  
Visit the sleeper's couch, in robes  
Woven of the rainbow's beams.'
- (i) What does the poet see with his 'inward eye' ?
- (ii) What does the poet compare his experience to?
- f) 'I bless my nature that I am  
Allied to all the bliss,  
Which other worlds we're told afford,  
But which I find in this.'

- (i) What is the 'bliss' referred to here?
- (ii) In what way is the poet allied to the bliss?
- (iii) According to the poet, where else is one likely to find such bliss?

**II. Writing Skills:**

- a) Based on your understanding of the two poems in the unit, write an article on the topic "Nature is to be experienced and not merely seen", in about 80-100 words.
- b) Would you like to try your hand at writing short poems? Here is an opportunity ! Let's get started.

**Cinaquin** (Pronounced - 'Sin-cane'): Cinaquin is a form of poetry that is popular because of its simplicity. This form of poetry originated in the United States over a century ago. There are different ways to write a cinaquin. Cinaquins do not need to rhyme. But you can include rhymes if you wish to.

Study the format given below and the sample poems before you start writing your poem. Share it with the class.

- Line 1 : One word - State the topic
- Line 2 : Two words - Use Adjectives to describe the topic
- Line 3 : Three words -Use words expressing action
- Line 4 : Four words - Using a phrase / words expressing feeling or describing
- Line 5 : One word - Synonym of title or summing up

Sample 1	Sample 2
Snow	Tiger
Lovely, white	Powerful, Fast
Falling, dancing, drifting	roaring, terrifying, fascinating
Covering everything it touches	Eyes cast magic spell
Blanket	Tremendous

**III. Speaking Skills:**

- a) Listen to a reading of Stanza IV of Wordsworth's poem, 'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud'

*"For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils."*

- b) Based on your understanding of the above lines, discuss the similarity in the thought processes of William Wordsworth and Henry Derozio.



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# *Drama*



## INTRODUCTION TO DRAMA

### A Play

- is a story to be acted
- is told in action
- combines two arts-writing and acting

Plays are divided into **two main types**, tragedy and comedy.

- **tragedy** - unhappy ending which results from the main character's fatal flaw. Eg - in Hamlet, the hero's fatal flaw is that his brilliant mind thinks too precisely on 'the event'. In the Monkey's paw, Mr. White disregards a warning and chooses to bank on a sinister promise linked to a dead monkey's paw.

**comedy** - is a play that ends happily. If it elicits laughter through improbable situations, it is called a farce.

- it focuses on characters who come under attack for flouting the positive values of society.
- human follies are sought to be corrected by making us laugh at them. Eg. *A Comedy of Errors*.

### Structure

- A **good beginning** which informs the audience about the situation or circumstance from which the action of the play starts. It could be someone speaking into a telephone or reading a letter aloud or starting with an absurd guess. It should be **natural**.
- The **middle** of a play is the most absorbing, gripping and turning point in the development of the story/play.
- The **end** of a play should come, especially in a one-act play, as soon as possible after the crisis or 'middle'.
- Some plays have **little or no structure**. They aim at being realistic. There's hardly any plot; their stress is on characterization.

Eg. Chekov's 'A Marriage Proposal'.

### Conventions

- All accepted substitutes for reality in drama are called conventions.
- For a play, enter into the play-wright's make-believe world; let him take you to any period in history so that half a lifetime may pass in half-an-hour.
- Soliloquies and asides are conventions which were once common, but are now usually avoided in modern plays.

### The One-Act Play

- Full length play is like a novel while the one-act play is like a short story which concentrates on a single idea or emotion.
- Most full length plays last for two-and-a-half hours and have three acts (Shakespeare's had five).

- Initially one-act plays were usually a filler item before the main entertainment and some of them received more acclaim from the audience than the main play.

### Performance in Plays

- Be natural.
- Understand your lines and speak them from the bottom of your heart.
- Speak distinctly, your voice should reach the back of the hall.
- Avoid interval in between lines.
- Do not clutter up the stage to give the impression of 'reality'.
- Create a mood or atmosphere by using simplistic objects as props.
- Face the audience with confidence.

### Appreciation of Plays

- Ask the following questions if you are a critic using the pragmatic or impressionistic approach. 'How does the play impress you personally? Does it hold your interest? Does it teach you something?'
- The mimetic or imitative approach owes much to the father of all art criticism, the Greek Philosopher Aristotle. The critic would end up asking - Does this play portray a good imitation of life? Does this actually happen? **Would** it happen, given **another** character, in **different** circumstances? For eg. In *'The Monkey's Paw'*, are the parents true to type?
- The third type of critic conforms to traditional rules. The opening should evolve clearly and slowly. A conflict provides interest and suspense. It could be between two people or two opposing interior forces within the same person - selfishness and purity or between people and the demands of the situation as in *'The Monkey's Paw'*.
- Some critics recommend a stress on the sordid, and gruesome. Others thrive on a sustained series of surprises as in the plays of Bernard Shaw. Most critics would try to find in the play the richness of language and beauty of imagery. The real test of a play lies in the performance of the artists, both on stage and off stage, dialogue delivery, spontaneity, interpretation of the characters and incidents, lighting, scenery, and direction which contributes to the overall effect of the production.

*Remember Caesar*

by Gordon Daviot

**Warm up:**

1. a) Given below is an extract from Shakespeare's play 'Julius Caesar' Act I, Scene 2. Pick out the key phrases / sentence in the conversation.

**Caesar:** Who is it in the press that calls on me. I hear a tongue shriller than all the music cry "Caesar! Speak, Caesar is turn'd to hear."

**Soothsayer:** Beware the **ides of March**

**Caesar:** What man is that?

**Brutus:** A Soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

- b) Based on your observation, choose the option which best describes the "intent"

- |            |                          |
|------------|--------------------------|
| 1. threat  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. warning | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. portent | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. advice  | <input type="checkbox"/> |

2. The **Ides of March** bears a reference to the 15th of March. Julius Caesar was assassinated on that day in 44 B.C.
- Relate this reference to the title of the play, and predict the theme of the play before you start reading it.

**Now read the play.**

The play centres round the efforts made by a panic-stricken judge to secure himself against what he considers an imminent catastrophe. The theme sustains its suspense till the truth about the scrap of paper is revealed at the end of the play. The contrast between the conceited, pompous Judge Weston who takes a morbidly serious view of the matter and the light-hearted but sensible Lady Weston who is obviously used to her husband's explosive reaction to trivialities, provides the humour.

**REMEMBER CAESAR**

by Gordon Daviot [pen name of Elizabeth McKintosh, Scottish]

**Characters**

LORD WESTON

ROGER CHETWYND

LADY WESTON

**SCENE:** A room in the house of Richard, LORD WESTON, on a spring morning in the layout of room is such that it is a combination of study and withdrawing-room. Up right is the door to the landing (it is a first-floor room), in the rear wall a large casement window looking out to the front of the house, in

*the left wall the fireplace and, down, another window through which one can see the trees in the garden. Up from the fireplace a cupboard in the wall. Hanging on the walls and over the fireplace are family portraits.*

**LORD WESTON** *is seated by the fireplace, a table of books and papers beside him. He is engaged in filling his pipe. And talking.*

*Downright, where the light from the side window falls across his small writing-table, is seated MR ROGER CHETWYND, a thin, earnest, absent-minded, and conscientious youth. So conscientious is he that his mind, even when absent, is absent on his employer's business. He has begun by listening to his master's lecture, but the lure of his work has been gradually too much for him, and he is now blissfully copying from one paper on to another while the measured words flow over him, his lips forming the phrases while he writes.*

**WESTON:** And furthermore (*he pauses to arrange the tobacco*) it is not alone a question of duty; there is your own success in the world to be considered. It is not your intention to be a secretary all your life, is it? No. Very well. Diligence, and a respect for detail should be your care. I did not become Lord Weston by **twiddling my thumbs** and hoping for favours. I won my honours by hard work and zealous service. Men who were at **Corpus Christi** with me are to-day copying documents for a living, while I - let us not mince matters - am the best-known, and certainly the most impartial, judge in England, and a favoured servant of his gracious majesty, Charles the Second. That, I submit, my good Roger, is an example to be studied. It is not only unbecoming in you to ask for a half-holiday, but it is greatly unlike you. I fear... (*He has turned towards his secretary, and discovers his misplaced diligence. After a pause, coldly*) Can it be, Mr Chetwynd, that you have not been listening to my discourse?

**ROGER** (*brought to the surface by the cessation of the word music*): What, my lord? Oh, no. Yes, certainly, sir, I am listening.

**WESTON:** What was I talking of?

**ROGER:** Yourself, sir. (*amending*) I mean, of your rise to success, my lord. (*It is apparent that it is an oft-heard tale.*)

**WESTON:** We were talking of your extraordinary request for a half-holiday, when you had one only last month. Would it be straining courtesy too far if I were to inquire what prompts this new demand for heedless leisure?

**ROGER:** I thought perhaps if you did not need me this afternoon, my lord, I might personally interview the clerk of the Awards Committee, and find out why he has not sent that document.

**WESTON:** (*a little taken aback*): Oh, Oh, indeed.

**ROGER:** The lack of it greatly hinders. It holds up my work, you see. And at this most interesting point... (*His glance goes longingly to his desk.*)

**WESTON:** That, of course, is a different matter. I see no reason (*he looks for a spill for his pipe, first on the table and then, rising, by the fire*) why you should not take a walk to Mr Clay's in the afternoon if the weather is fine. I am relieved that your thoughts are on sober matters, as befits a rising young man. Diligence, courage, and attention to detail: these are the three. Without an orderly mind no man can hope (*ROGER has gone back to his work*) to excel in any of the learned professions. (*He has found a scrap*

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**Twiddling my thumbs:** by being idle

**Corpus Christi:** One of the colleges at Oxford

*of paper, rather crushed, in his pocket and smoothes it out, uninterestedly, to make a rough spill).* Detail, my good Roger, attention to detail. That is the beginning of greatness. That is the...*(reading automatically and with some difficulty what is written on the scrap of paper)* 'Remember Caesar'. *(Repeating, with vague interest. He turns the paper back and forth, at a loss. And then a new idea occurs to him, a rather horrible idea. To ROGER)* What is the date to-day? *(As ROGER, buried again in his work, does not answer)* Roger! I said, what day of the month is it?

**ROGER** *(Hardly pausing)*: It is the fifteenth, my lord.

**WESTON**: The fifteenth! The fifteenth of March. The Ides of March! *(Looking at the paper again; in a horrified whisper)* 'Remember Caesar!' *(Louder)* So they want to kill me, do they? They want to kill me? *(ROGER comes to the surface, surprised.)* That is what it is to be a judge over men *(all his pompousness is dissolving in agitation)* an instrument of justice. Sooner or later revenge lies await in the by-ways. And the juster a judge has been, the more fearless *(he waves the paper in the astonished ROGER's face)*, so much greater will be the hate that pursues -

**ROGER**: What is it, my lord? What is it?

**WESTON**: My death warrant if I am not careful. What cases have we had lately? The treason affair - I refused to be bribed! *(The boast gives him a passing comfort.)* The piracy - both sides hate me for that. Or there was that **footpad** -

**ROGER**: Is it a threat, the paper? Where did it come from?

**WESTON**: It was in my pocket. Someone must have .... Yes, now I remember. A man brushed against me yesterday as I was leaving the courts. A small, evil-looking fellow, very sly.

**ROGER**: What does it say, the paper?

**WESTON** *(much too occupied with his own fate to attend to his secretary's curiosity)*: Just at the door, it was, and he didn't wait for apology. I remember. Well, I can only thank them for the warning. I may die before my time but it will not be to-day if I can help it. Go downstairs at once, Roger, and lock, bar and chain all the doors. And ask my wife to come to me at once. At once. Stop! Are there any strangers in the house? Workmen or such?

**ROGER**: Only Joel the gardener, my lord; he is cleaning the windows on the landing. *(He indicates with his head that Joel is just outside).*

**WESTON**: Send him away at once. Tell him to leave everything and go and lock the door behind him. And the windows - see that the windows, too, are closed.

*(ROGER goes with speed. One can hear him begin his order to Joel before he shuts the door; Joel, his lordship says that you must... and the whistling which has become audible through the opened door dies away. WESTON left alone, peers cautiously from each window, in turn. Then his mind, temporarily relieved goes to the cupboard and is greatly exercised again. He stares at it fearfully for a moment or two, and then puts his fear to the rest. He takes a pistol from the drawer of his desk.)*

**WESTON** *(facing the cupboard with levelled pistol)*: Come out! Come out! I say. *(There is silence)* Drop your weapon and come out or I shall shoot you now. *(As there is still silence he forces himself to close in on the cupboard door, and standing to the side pulls it quickly open. It is empty. As soon as his relief abates he is ashamed, and hastily returns the pistol to its drawer.)*

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**foot pad**:highway-man (robber) who goes about on foot.  
(Highwaymen on horseback were more common in those days)

(Enter, bright and purposeful, LADY WESTON. A charming creature. One knows at a glance that she is an excellent housewife, but to the last one is never sure how much intelligence and sweet malice there lies behind her practical simplicity.)

LADY WESTON (looking back as she comes in): I do wish that Joel wouldn't leave pails of water on the landing! What is it, Richard? It's baking morning.

WESTON: My dear, your husband's life is in grave danger.

LADY WESTON: The last time it was in danger you had been eating **game pie**. What is it this time?

WESTON (annihilating her flippancy with one broadside): Assassination!

LADY WESTON: Well, well! You always wanted to be a great man and now you have got your wish!

WESTON: What do you mean?

LADY WESTON: They don't assassinate nobodies.

WESTON (showing her the paper): Read that, and see if you can laugh.

LADY WESTON: I'm not laughing. (Trying to read): What a dreadful scrawl.

WESTON: (Yes, the venomous scribbling of an illiterate.)

LADY WESTON (deciphering): 'Remember Caesar'. Is it a riddle?

WESTON: It is a death warrant. Do you know what day this is?

LADY WESTON: Thursday.

WESTON: What day of the month?

LADY WESTON: About the twelfth, I should guess.

WESTON (with meaning): It is the fifteenth. The fifteenth of March.

LADY WESTON: **Lawdamussy!** Your good sister's birthday! And we haven't sent her as much as a lily!

WESTON: I have deplored before, Frances, the incurable lightness of your mind. On the fifteenth of March Caesar was murdered in the Forum.

LADY WESTON: Yes, of course, I remember. They couldn't stand his airs any longer.

WESTON (reproving): He was a great man.

LADY WESTON (kindly): Yes, my dear, I am sure he was. (Looking again at the scrap of paper) And is someone thinking of murdering you?

WESTON: Obviously.

LADY WESTON: I wonder someone hasn't done it long ago. (Before the look of wonder can grow in his eye) A great many people must hate judges. And you are a strict judge, they say.

WESTON: It is the law that is strict. I am a judge, my good Frances, not a juggler. I have never twisted the law to please the mob, and, I shall not please them by dying on the day of their choice.

LADY WESTON: No, of course not. You shall not go out of the house to-day. A nice light dinner and a good glass of -

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**game pie:** meat (of animals or birds hunted and killed) covered with pastry and baked  
**lawdamussy:** an exclamation (Lord have mercy)

**WESTON:** I have sent Roger to barricade all the doors, and I think it would be wise to close the ground floor shutters and see that they are not opened for any -

**LADY WESTON:** Is it the French and the Dutch together you are expecting! And this is the morning Mr. Gammon's boy comes with the groceries. How am I to -

**WESTON:** My dear, is a little pepper more to you than your husband's life?

**LADY WESTON:** It isn't a little pepper, it's a great deal of flour. And you would be the first to complain if the bread were short, or the gravy thin. (*Giving him back the paper*) How do you know that the little paper was meant for you?

**WESTON:** Because it was in my pocket. I found it there when I was looking for something to light my pipe. (*With meaning*) There were no spills.

**LADY WESTON:** No spills. What, again? Richard, you smoke far too much.

**WESTON** (*continuing hastily*): It was slipped into my pocket by a man who brushed against me yesterday. A dark, lean fellow with an evil face.

**LADY WESTON:** I don't think he was very evil.

**WESTON:** What do you know about it?

**LADY WESTON:** It was kind of him to warn you. And wasn't it a mercy that the spills were finished and that no one had made any more! If there had been even one there you would never have seen the paper. You would have gone for your noon walk down the Strand and someone would have stuck you like a goose on a spit, and I should have been a widow before dinner-time -

**WESTON** (*sinking into a chair*): Stop, Frances, stop! It upsets me to -

(*Enter ROGER a little out of breath after his flying tour round the house.*)

**WESTON:** Ah, Roger. Have you seen to it all? Every door barred, every window shut, all workmen out -

**ROGER** (*a little embarrassed*): Every door except the kitchen one, my lord.

**WESTON** (*angry*): And why not the kitchen one?

**ROGER** (*stammering*): The cook seemed to think.... That is, she said.....

**WESTON:** Well, speak, man, what did she say, and how does what the cook thinks affect my order to bar the kitchen door?

**ROGER** (*in a rush*): The cook said she was a respectable woman and had never been behind bars in her life and she wasn't going to begin at her age, and she was quite capable of dealing with anyone who came to the kitchen door -

**WESTON:** Tell her to pack her things and leave the house at once.

**LADY WESTON:** And who will cook your pet dishes? I shall also see that all the downstairs windows are shuttered as you suggest. We can always haul the groceries through an upper window.

**WESTON** (*controlling himself*): I think that so frivolous a suggestion at so anxious a time is in poor taste, Frances and unworthy of you -

**LADY WESTON:** Did it appear frivolous to you? How strange! I had thought it odd to shutter the walls and yet leave openings in the roof that one could drive a coach and horses through. However! (*She comes back into the room, takes two candelabra from different places in the room, and goes to the door.*)

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minutiae: minute details (often trivial)

**WESTON:** What do you want with these?

**LADY WESTON:** If we are to be in darkness below we shall want all the candles we can gather. (*Exit.*)

**WESTON:** The aptness of the female mind to busy itself about irrelevant and inconsiderable **minutiae** is a source of endless wonder to me. (*Almost without noticing what he is doing he moves over to the fireplace and sticks his head into the chimney to view the width of it. As he withdraws it, he becomes aware of ROGER, standing watching*). I see no reason now why you should not resume your work, Roger.

**ROGER:** Oh, my lord, it is beyond my power to work while you are in danger. Is there not something I could do?

**WESTON** (*mightily flattered*): Nonsense, my good Roger, nonsense! Nothing is going to happen to me.

**ROGER:** I could perhaps go and warn the authorities, and so prevent -

**WESTON** (*very brave*): No, no, no. Am I to spend the rest of my life with a guard at my heels? A pretty figure I should cut! Go on with your work and... (*his eye has lighted on a package which is lying on a chair against the right wall. The box is oblong - roughly 18 in. by 10 in. by 4 in. - and tied with cord. Sharply*) What is this?

**ROGER:** That came for you this morning, sir.

**WESTON:** What is it?

**ROGER** (*with the faint beginnings of doubt in his voice*): I don't know, my lord. A man came with it and said that it was important that you should have it to-day.

**WESTON:** And you didn't ask what it was! You fool!

**ROGER** (*humbly*): It didn't seem to be my business. I never do ask about the contents of your lordship's .... I showed your lordship the package when it came, and you said to leave it there.

**WESTON** (*peering with growing uneasiness at the thing*): The man who brought it, what did he look like? Was he small? Dark?

**ROGER** (*who obviously had taken no notice*): I think he was smallish. But as to dark - his hat was pulled over his face, I think - I think he appeared to have a mole on his chin, but I would not .... It may have been just a -

**WESTON:** A mole? (*his imagination at work*): A mole ! Yes. Yes. That man had a mole. The man who brushed against me. On the right side of his jaw. I can see it as if he were standing here. We must get rid of this. At once.

**ROGER:** Do you think it is some infernal machine, sir? What shall we do with it?

**WESTON** (*indicating the side window*): Open the window and I shall throw it as far into the garden as I can.

**ROGER:** But it may explode, sir, if we throw it.

**WESTON:** What is certain is that it will explode if we do not! How long has it been lying here?

**ROGER:** It came about nine o'clock, my lord.

**WESTON** (*in agony*): Nearly three hours ago! Open the window, Roger.

**ROGER:** No, sir. You open the window. Let me handle the thing. My life is nothing. Yours is of great value to England.

**infernal:** A concealed or disguised device intended to destroy life or property

**WESTON:** No, Roger, no. You are young. I have had my life. There are still great things for you to do in the world. You must live, and write my life for posterity. Do as I say. I promise you shall exercise the greatest care. (*As ROGER rushes to the window*) No. Wait. A better idea. the gardener's pail. It is still on the landing!

**ROGER:** Yes! Yes, of course! (*He is out of the room and back in a moment with the wooden pail of water, which still has the wet cleaning rag hung over its edge.*)

**WESTON:** Stand back. (*He picks up the parcel gingerly*). We do not know what satanic thing may happen. (*He inserts the parcel lengthwise into the pail, at full stretch of his arm, his head averted, his eyes watching from their extreme corners*) There is not enough water! Not enough to cover it.

**ROGER:** I'll get some. I shall not be a moment.

**WESTON:** No. Don't go. The flowers! (*He indicates a bowl of daffodils*).

**ROGER:** Of course! (*He pulls the daffodils from their setting, throwing them on the desk in his agitation and pours the water into the pail*). Ah! That has done it!

**WESTON** (*dismayed, as he takes his hand from the package*): Now it is going to float! It must be wet through, or it is no use.

**ROGER:** We must put something heavy on top, to keep it down.

**WESTON:** Yes, yes. Get something.

**ROGER:** What shall I get?

**WESTON:** Anything, anything that is heavy and that will fit into the pail. Books, anything!

**ROGER** (*to whom books are objects of reverence, if not awe*): Books sir? But they'll get very wet, won't they?

**WESTON:** In the name of heaven bring the first six books off the shelf!

**ROGER** (*snatching the books and bringing them*): I suppose it cannot be helped. Such beautiful bindings too! (*He picks the wet cloth off the edge of the pail, dropping it on the carpet, and plunges the books into the water, which very naturally overflows at this new incursion*).

**WESTON** (*letting go his hold on the package and sitting back on his heels with a sigh of relief*): Ah! Well and truly drowned. (*He mops his forehead and ROGER collapses into the nearest chair*).

(*Enter LADY WESTON, with a tray on which is a glass of wine and some biscuits.*)

**LADY WESTON** (*seeing their strange occupation*): Lawdamussy, Richard! What have you got in the pail?

**WESTON:** A package that came this morning. The man who brought it was the same fellow that knocked against me yesterday and slipped that paper into my pocket. They thought I would open it, the fools! (*He is beginning to feel better*) But we have been one too many for them!

**LADY WESTON** (*in wild dismay*) You are making a mess of the beautiful, brand-new----

**WESTON** (*interrupting her angrily*): Frances! (*The thunder of her name quenches her speech.*) What does your 'beautiful brand-new' carpet matter when your husband's life is at stake? You shock me.

**LADY WESTON** (*who has not been going to say 'carpet'*): Carpet? (*After a pause, mildly*) No, of course not, my dear. I should never dream of weighing your safety against even the finest product of Asia. Come

---

**gingerly:** hesitantly

**infernal:** A concealed or disguised device intended to destroy life or property

and sit down and have a glass of wine. (*She puts the tray on his desk, gathering up the scattered daffodils as she does so*) You know how the doctor disapproves of excitement for you.

**WESTON:** Perhaps the doctor has never had an **infernal** machine handed in at his door of a spring morning.

(*LADY WESTON picks up the cloth from the floor, mops the spilt water, and pauses to look curiously at the contents of the pail as they catch her eye.*)

**LADY WESTON** (*in mild conversational tones*): That looks like **Mr. Spencer** in the water.

**ROGER:** Yes, it is. The thing floated, you see. And time was all important. So it was imperative to take whatever was nearest to weigh it down.

**LADY WESTON:** I See. (*Handling him the wet cloth, and the flowers*) Would you be kind enough to take these downstairs?

(*She adds the empty flower bowl to his load*) *One of the maids will fill that for you.*)

**LADY WESTON** (*contemplative, her eyes on the portrait which hangs opposite the side window*): Do you think we had better remove Great-aunt Cicely?

**WESTON:** In the name of heaven, why?

**LADY WESTON:** She is in the direct line of shots coming through that window.

**WESTON:** And why should any shots come through the window, may I ask?

**LADY WESTON** (*mildly objecting to the tone*): I was merely taking thought for your property, my dear Richard. And anyone sitting in the ilex tree out there would be in a -

**WESTON** (*on his feet*): Frances! What made you think of the ilex tree?

**LADY WESTON:** That is where I would shoot you from. I mean, if I were going to shoot you. The leaves are thick enough to hide anyone sitting there, and yet not enough to obscure their view.

**WESTON:** Come away from that window.

**LADY WESTON:** What?

**WESTON:** Come away from that window!

**LADY WESTON** (*moving to him*): No one is going to shoot me.

**WESTON** (*running out of the room, and calling to ROGER from the landing*): Roger! Roger!

**ROGER** (*very distant*): My lord?

**WESTON:** Has the gardener gone away yet?

**ROGER:** No, my lord. He is eating his dinner outside the kitchen window.

**WESTON:** Tell him to sit under the ilex tree until I give him leave to move.

**ROGER:** The **ilex tree**? Yes, my lord.

(*WESTON comes back and goes to the drawer of the table where his pistol is kept.*)

**LADY WESTON** (*as he takes out the pistol*): Oh, Richard dear, be careful. That is a very dangerous weapon.

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**Mr. Spencer:** book written

**Ilex tree:** evergreen oak tree also called holm oak

**WESTON** (*grimly important*): I know it!

**LADY WESTON**: It is so rusty that it is liable to do anything. (*As her husband proceeds to load the weapon*) You know that you haven't used it.

**WESTON**: There is nothing wrong with my pistol but a little dust.

**LADY WESTON**: Well, I think it is a poor way to foil an assassin.

**WESTON**: What is?

**LADY WESTON**: Blowing oneself up.

(*Enter ROGER with the bowl of daffodils.*)

**WESTON** (*looking round at him as he comes in*): Has Joel gone to sit under the tree?

**ROGER**: Yes, sir. (*Putting down the bowl and making for the side window*) At least, I gave him your message -

**WESTON**: Keep away from that window! (*As ROGER looks astonished*) There may be someone in the Ilex tree.

**ROGER**: But do you think they would try to shoot you as well as - as.... (*he indicates the bucket*).

**WESTON**: Who knows? When you have dealt with the criminal mind as long as I have... Did you open the door to speak to the gardener?

**ROGER**: Oh, no, my lord. I spoke through the shutter.

**WESTON** (*snapping the lock of his pistol*): Now we shall see whether there is anyone lurking in the tree. (*He moves over to the side of the window, peering out with the fraction of an eye.*)

**LADY WESTON**: Richard, if you are going to shoot off that thing, you will please wait until I -

(*She is interrupted by a loud knocking on the front door downstairs. This is such an unexpected development that all there are momentarily quite still, at a loss. ROGER is the first to recover.*)

**ROGER**: Someone at the front door.

(*He moves over to the window in the rear wall, from which one can see the street. He is about to open the casement so that he may lean out to inspect the knocker, when LORD WESTON stops him.*)

**WESTON** (*still at the fireplace*): Don't open that window!

**ROGER**: But I cannot see otherwise, my lord, who it is.

**WESTON**: If you put your head out of that window they may shoot without waiting to ask questions.

**LADY WESTON**: But, Richard, it may be some perfectly innocent visitor.

(*The knocking is repeated.*)

**ROGER**: If I were to stand on a chair.... (*He brings a chair to the window and stands on it, but he is still not high enough to look down on whoever waits at the front door.*)

**WESTON**: Well? Well? Can you tell who it is?

**ROGER**: I am still not high enough, my lord.

**LADY WESTON**: Add the footstool, Roger.

(*Roger adds the footstool to the chair, and aided by LADY WESTON climbs on to the precarious object.*)

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to foil: to frustrate or thwart the efforts of the assassin  
(i.e. to kill himself by handling the rusty pistol is a poor way of outwitting the assassin)

**LADY WESTON:** Now, can you see anyone?

**ROGER** (*having seen, scrambling downing*): All is well, my lord.

(*He throws open the casement, and calls to someone below*) It is only Mr. Caesar. (*As this information is succeeded by a blank pause*) Shall I let him in?

**WESTON:** Who did you say?

**ROGER:** Mr. Caesar. You remember. The man you met on Tuesday at Hampton, my lord. He was to come to see you this morning about rose trees. You made a note of it.

**WESTON** (*taking the crumpled piece of paper from his pocket in a dazed way*): I made a note? 'Remember Caesar'. Is that my writing? Yes, it must be - Dear me!

**LADY WESTON** (*kindly*): I shouldn't have said it was the venomous scribbling of an illiterate. You had better go down and let Mr. Caesar in, Roger. Put the pistol away, Richard, dear; your visitor might misunderstand it. (*She speaks cheerfully, as to a child; it is obvious from her lack of surprise that excursions and alarms created by her husband over trifles are a normal part of existence for her*). And if you take Mr Spencer out of the water, I shall send Joel to take away the bucket. Perhaps **Mr. Brutus** would like some cordial?

**WESTON:** Mr. Caesar. (*He moves towards the bucket.*)

**LADY WESTON:** Of course. How could anyone forget a name like that? And now if you'll forgive me..... It's my busy morning.

**WESTON** (*arresting her as she is going out of the door*): Oh Frances! What was in the parcel, do you think?

**LADY WESTON:** That was your new velvet cloak, dear. I did try to tell you, you know.

(*The curtain comes down on LORD WESTON ruefully taking the first dripping book from the water*).

(Exit).

Elizabeth Mackintosh was born in Inverness, the daughter of Colin Mackintosh and Josephine. She attended Inverness Royal Academy and then Anstey Physical Training College in Erdington, a suburb of Birmingham. She taught at various schools in England and Scotland, but in 1926 she had to return to Inverness to care for her invalid father. There she began her career as a writer. Mackintosh's best-known books were written under the name of Josephine Tey. Josephine was her mother's first name and Tey, the surname of an English grandmother.

About a dozen one-act plays and another dozen full-length plays were written under the name of **Gordon Daviot**. How she chose the name of Gordon is unknown, but Daviot was the name of a scenic locale near Inverness where she had spent many happy holidays with her family. Only four of her plays were produced during her lifetime.



**Excursions and alarms:**(alarms and excursions) noise and bustle  
(as those made on the stage to represent battles etc.)

**Mr. Brutus:**She refers to the visitor as Mr. Brutus. (It was Brutus who led the conspirators in the assassination of Julius Caesar)

**Cordial:** beverage

**Understanding the play:****I. Answer the following questions briefly.**

- a) What was Lord Weston's advice to Roger, his secretary?
- b) Why did Lord Weston suddenly declare that his life was in danger?
- c) Lord Weston tries to protect himself from his 'assassin'? What are the immediate steps taken by him?
- d) How did Lady Weston react to the 'death threat'?
- e) How does Lord Weston 'defuse' the 'infernal machine'?
- f) What was the truth about the crumpled piece of paper?
- g) Why did Lady Weston refer to Mr. Caesar as 'Mr. Brutus'?

**II. Answer the questions given below the extracts.**

- a) "What is the date to-day? Roger, I said what day of the month is it?"
  1. Who is the speaker?
  2. Why is the speaker keen to know what day it was?
  3. What impact does the day and date referred to have on the speaker?
- b) "You always wanted to be a great man and now you have got your wish".
  1. What was his wish?
  2. How had her husband's wish been granted?
  3. Comment on the speaker's tone as she says these words.
- c) "Let me handle the thing. My life is nothing. Yours is of great value to England".
  1. What is 'the thing' referred to here?
  2. Why did it pose a threat to life?
  3. Whose life is of 'great value' to England? In what way?
  4. Why does the speaker consider his life less important? What do these lines convey about the speaker?
- d) "Well, I think it is a poor way to foil an assassin."
  1. What was Lady Weston reacting to?
  2. Was she right in her assumption? Give a reason.
  3. Do you approve of Lady Weston's reaction to the situation?
- e) "I made a note? 'Remember Caesar' Is that my writing? Yes, it must be.  
Dear me"
  1. What had Lord Weston made a note of?
  2. How had he described his writing earlier?
  3. What is ironical about it?

### III. Appreciation:

- a) 1. "Remember Caesar is a light-hearted comedy". Working in a group, discuss the statement. Identify various aspects of the play that contribute to the humour
- i) title
  - ii) plot
  - iii) characterisation
2. After the discussion, write a paragraph of 150-200 words bringing out the humour in the play.

### IV. Writing Skills:

- a) Given below are extracts from the play. Study each of these carefully and based on your inference write a character sketch of Lord Weston in about 150-200 words.

I did not become Lord Weston by twiddling my thumbs and hoping for favours.

The treason affair - I refused to be bribed.  
The Piracy - both sides hate me.

What does your 'beautiful carpet' matter when your husband's life is at stake. "You shock me".

Come out! Come out. Drop your weapon.

We do not know what satanic thing may happen.

Should I spend the rest of my life with a guard at my heels? A pretty figure I should cut.

Weston: "The venomous scribbling of an illiterate (Later)" Is that my writing?. "Yes, it must be."

- b) Lady Weston's reaction to the Lord Weston's predicament presents an interesting character study in contrast. Write a paragraph in about 150-200 words highlighting the contrast, giving relevant instances from the play.
- c) "Detail, my good Roger, attention to detail that is the beginning of greatness." Discuss how ironically, Lord, Weston lands himself in trouble by "paying attention to detail", in about 150-200 words.

### V. Group Work: Speaking Skills

The play revolves around a 'perceived threat' and how Weston and Lady Weston react to it. Reverse their roles with a panic-stricken Lady Weston and a frivolous Lord Weston. In a small group, choose a piece of dialogue from the play and rewrite it to suit the changed roles. Share it by taking parts and reading your script aloud with suitable tone and expression.

*The Monkey's Paw*

by W.W. Jacobs

**Warm up:**

- a) Students are divided into two groups. Students debate the motion:

**People have no control over the events in their lives. Each speaker gets to express his/her viewpoint for a minute. The teacher moderates the discussion with points being posted on the board for easy reference.**

'The Monkey's Paw' is a macabre story. It is neatly contrived and is capable of inducing us to suspend our disbelief so long as we are in the world of make-believe. The dramatized version of the story has become very popular with amateur performers.

- b) Class discussion: Do you believe in the supernatural? Have you heard incidents/stories related to the supernatural? Share your story/incident with the class.

**Now read and enact scene I of the play****Characters in the Play**

Mr. White

Mrs. White

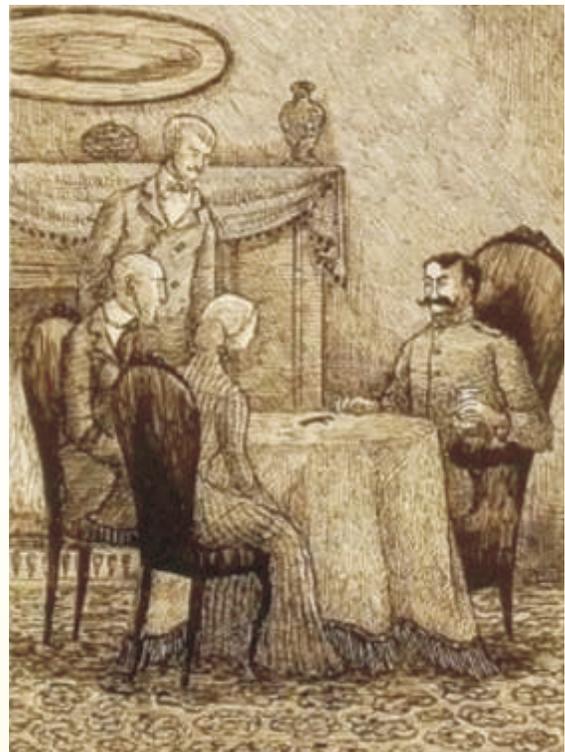
Herbert

Sergeant-Major Morris

Mr. Sampson

**(When enacting the play in class, use simple props)****Mr. White:** a muffler round his neck**Mrs. White:** an apron around her waist/  
shawl around her shoulders**Herbert:** overalls/dungarees of a  
factory worker (any colour)**Sergeant-Major Morris:** a coat/jacket, and a hat**Mr. Sampson:** black suit

(for Scene I) 3-4 chairs - a table, kettle, cups and saucers

**SCENE - I**

**Scene:** The living-room of an old-fashioned cottage on the outskirts of Fulham. Set corner-wise in the left angle at the back is a deep window; further front, L., three or four steps lead up to a door. Further forward a dresser, with plates, glasses, etc. R.C. at back is an alcove with the street door fully visible.

*On the inside of the street door, a wire letter-box. On the right is a cupboard, then a fireplace. In the centre is a round table. Against the wall, L. back, is an old-fashioned piano. A comfortable armchair is on each side of the fireplace. There are other chairs. On the mantelpiece are a clock, old china figures, etc. An air of comfort pervades the room.*

*At the rise of the curtain, Mrs. White, a pleasant-looking old woman, is serving tea to Mr. White and Herbert and Sergeant-Major Morris (in his military coat). Mr. White's hair is ruffled; his spectacles are high up on his forehead. Herbert, is a fine young fellow. There is a shaded lamp on the table. The door is tightly shut. The curtains of the window are drawn; but every now and then the wind is heard whistling outside. The three are listening to Sergeant-Major Morris, even as Mrs. White pours out tea for them.*

**Mr. White:** What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw, or something?

*[He nudges Herbert, and winks at Mrs. White]*

**Sergeant:** *[gravely]*: Nothing, Leastways, nothing worth hearing.

**Mr. White:** Ah - you was tellin' me-

**Sergeant:** Nothing. Don't go on about it. *[Puts his empty cup to his lips - then stares at it.]* What? Empty again? There! When I begin thinking' o' the paw, it makes, me that absent-minded-

**Mrs. White:** *[rises and fills the cup]*: you said you always carried it on you.

**Sergeant:** So I do, for fear o' what might happen. *[Sunk in thought]* Ay!-ay!

**Mrs. White:** *[handing him his cup refilled]*; There,

*[He sits again in the same chair.]*

**Mrs. White:** What's it for?

**Sergeant:** You wouldn't believe me, if I was to tell you.

**Herbert:** I will, every word.

**Sergeant:** Magic, then! - Don't you laugh!

**Herbert:** I'm not. Got it on you now?

**Sergeant:** Of course.

**Herbert:** Let's see it.

**Sergeant:** Oh, it's nothing to look at. *[Hunting in his pocket]* Just an ordinary - little paw dried to a mummy. *[Produces it and holds it towards Mrs. White.]* Here.

**Mrs. White:** *[who has leant forward eagerly to see it, starts back with a little cry of disgust]*; Oh!

**Herbert:** Give us a look. *[Morris passes the paw to Mr. White, from whom Herbert takes it.]* Why, it's all dried up!

**Sergeant:** I said so. *[Wind]*

**Mrs. White:** *[with a slight shudder]*: Hark at the wind!

*[She sits again in her old place.]*

**Mr. White:** *[taking the paw from Herbert]*: And what might there be special about it?

**Sergeant:** [*impressively*]: That there paw has had a spell put upon it!

**Mr. White:** No?

[*In great alarm he thrusts the paw back into Morris's hand.*]

**Sergeant:** [*pensively, holding the paw in the palm of his hand*]: Ah! By an old fakir. And he wanted to show that fate ruled people. That everything was cut and dried from the beginning, as you might say. That there wasn't any gettin' away from it. [*He pauses solemnly.*] So he put a spell on this bit of a paw. It might ha' been anything else, but he took the first thing that came handy. Ah! He put a spell on it, and made it so that there people [*looking at them and with deep meaning*] could each have three wishes.

[*All but Mrs. White laugh rather nervously.*]

**Mrs. White:** Ssh! Don't!

**Sergeant:** [*more gravely*]: But - ! But, mark you, though the wishes were granted, those three people would have cause to wish they hadn't been.

**Mr. White:** But how could the wishes be granted?

**Sergeant:** He didn't say. It would all happen so naturally, you might think it a coincidence if so disposed.

**Herbert:** Why haven't you tried it, sir?

**Sergeant:** [*gravely, after a pause*]. I have.

**Herbert:** [*eagerly*]: You've had your three wishes?

**Sergeant:** [*gravely*]: yes.

**Mrs. White:** Were they granted?

**Sergeant:** [*staring at the fire*]: They were. [*A pause*].

**Mr. White:** Has anybody else wished?

**Sergeant:** Yes. The first owner had his three wish - [*Lost in recollection*]. Yes, oh yes, he had his three wishes all right. I don't know what his first two were, [*very impressively*] but the third was for death. [*All shudder*]. That's how I got the paw. [*A pause.*]

**Herbert:** [*cheerfully*]: Well! Seems to me you've only got to wish for things that can't have any bad luck about 'em- [*He rises*]

**Sergeant:** [*shaking his head*]: Ah!

**Mr. White:** [*tentatively*]: Morris - if you've had your three wishes - it's no good to you, now - what do you keep it for?

**Sergeant:** [*still holding the paw; looking at it*]: Fancy, I s'pose. I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It's done mischief enough already. Besides, people won't buy. Some of 'em think it's a fairy-tale. And some want to try it first, and pay after.

[*There is a nervous laugh from the others.*]

**Mrs. White:** If you could have another three wishes, would you?

**Sergeant:** [*slowly - weighing the paw in his hand, and looking at it*]: I don't know - I don't know - [*Suddenly, with violence, flinging it in the fire*] No! I'm damned if I would! [*Movement from all*]

**Mr. White:** [*rises and quickly snatches it out of the fire*]: What are you doing?

[*He goes R.C.*]

**Sergeant:** [*rising and following him and trying to prevent him*]: Let it burn! Let it burn, Father!

**Mr. White:** [*wiping it on his coat-sleeve*]: No. If you don't want it, give it to me.

**Sergeant:** [*violently*]: I won't! I won't! My hands are clear of it. I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me, whatever happens. Here! Pitch it back again.

**Mr. White:** [*stubbornly*]: I'm going to keep it. What do you say, Herbert?

**Herbert:** [*L.C., laughing*]: I say, keep it if you want to. Stuff and nonsense, anyhow.

**Mr. White:** [*looking at the paw thoughtfully*]: Stuff and nonsense. Yes, I wonder - [*casually*] I wish -

[*He was going to say some ordinary thing, like 'I wish I were certain.'*]

**Sergeant:** [*misunderstanding him; violently*]: Stop! Mind what you're doing. That's not the way.

**Mr. White:** What is the way?

**Mrs. White:** [*moving away, up R.C. to the back of the table, and beginning to put the tumblers straight, and the chairs in their places*]: Oh, don't have anything to do with it, John.

[*She takes the cups on the tray to the dresser, L., busies herself, there, rinsing them in a bowl of water on the dresser, and wiping them with a cloth.*]

**Sergeant:** That's what I say, marm. But if I warn't to tell him, he might go wishing something he didn't mean to. You hold it in your right hand, and wish aloud. But I warn you! I warn you!

**Mrs. White:** Sounds like The Arabian Nights. Don't you think you might wish me four pair o' hands?

**Mr. White:** [*laughing*]: Right you are, Mother! - I wish-

**Sergeant:** [*pulling his arm down*]: Stop it! If you must wish, wish for something sensible. Look here! I can't stand his. Gets on my nerves. Where's my coat?

[*He goes into the alcove.*]

[*Mr. White crosses to the fireplace and carefully puts the paw on the mantelpiece. He is absorbed in it to the end of the tableau.*]

**Herbert:** I'm coming your way, to the works, in a minute, Won't you wait?

[*He goes up C. and helps Morris with his coat.*]

**Sergeant:** [*putting on his coat*]: No. I want fresh air. I don't want to be here when you wish. And wish you will as soon's my back's turned, I know. I know. But I've warned you, mind.

**Mr. White:** [*helping him into his coat*]: All right, Morris. [*He gives him money.*] Don't you fret about us.

**Sergeant:** [*refusing it*]: No, I won't \_\_\_\_\_

**Mr. White:** [*forcing it into his hand*]: Yes, you will. [*He opens the door.*]

**Sergeant:** [*turning to the room*]: Well, good night all. [*To Mr. White*] Put it in the fire.

**All:** Good night.

[*Exit Sergeant. Mr. White closes the door, comes towards the fireplace, absorbed in the paw.*]

**Mr. White:** I wonder - [*He has the paw in his hand.*] I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact. [*He looks about him with a happy smile.*] I seem to've got all I want.

**Herbert:** [*with his hands on the old man's shoulders*]: Old Dad! If you'd only cleared the debt on the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you! [*Laughing*] Well - go ahead! - wish for the two hundred pounds: that'll just do it.

**Mr. White:** [*half laughing*]: Shall I? [*Cross to R. C.*]

**Herbert:** Go on! Here! - I'll play slow music.

[*He crosses to the piano.*]

**Mrs. White:** Don't 'ee, John. Don't have nothing to do with it!

**Herbert:** Now, Dad! [*He plays.*]

**Mr. White:** I will! [*He holds up the paw, as if half ashamed.*] I wish for two hundred pounds. [*Crash on the piano. At the same instant Mr. White utters a cry and lets the paw drop.*]

**Mrs. White and Herbert:** What's the matter?

**Mr. White:** [*gazing with horror at the paw*]: It moved! As I wished, it twisted in my hand like a snake.

**Herbert:** [*goes down R., and picks the paw up*]: Nonsense. Dad. Why, it's as stiff as a bone. [*Lays it on the mantelpiece.*]

**Mrs. White:** Must have been your fancy, Father.

**Herbert:** [*laughing*]: Well - ? [*Looking around the room*] I don't see the money; and I bet I never shall.

**Mr. White:** [*relieved*]: Thank God, there's no harm done! But it gave me a shock.

**Herbert:** Half-past eleven. I must get along. I'm on at midnight. [*He goes up C., fetches his coat, etc.*] We've had quite a merry evening.

**Mrs. White:** I'm off to bed. Don't be late for breakfast, Herbert.

**Herbert:** I shall walk home as usual. Does me good. I shall be with you about nine. Don't wait, though.

**Mrs. White:** You know your father never waits.

**Herbert:** Good night. Mother.

[*He kisses her. She lights the candle on the dresser, L., goes up the stairs and exits.*]

**Herbert:** [*coming to his father, R., who is sunk in thought*]: Good night, Dad, You'll find the cash tied up in the middle of the bed.

**Mr. White:** [*staring, seizes Herbert's hand*]: It moved, Herbert.

**Herbert:** Ah! And a monkey hanging by his tail from the bed-post, watching you count the golden sovereigns.

**Mr. White:** [*accompanying him to the door*]: I wish you wouldn't joke, my boy.

**Herbert:** All right, Dad. [*He opens the door.*] Lord! What weather! God night. [*Exit.*]

[*The old man shakes his head, closes the door, locks it, puts the chain up and slips the lower bolt, but has some difficulty with the upper bolt.*]

**Mr. White:** This bolt's stiff again, I must get Herbert to look to it in the morning.

*[He comes into the room, puts out the lamp and crosses towards steps; but is irresistibly attracted towards the fire-place. He sits down and stares into the fire. His expression changes; he sees something horrible.]*

**Mr. White:** *[with an involuntary cry]:* Mother! Mother!

**Mrs. White:** *[appearing at the door at the top of the steps with a candle]:* What's the matter?

*[She comes down R.C.]*

**Mr. White:** *[Mastering himself. He rises]:* Nothing - I - ha ha! - I saw faces in the fire.

**Mrs. White:** Come along.

*[She takes his arm and draws him towards the steps. He looks back frightened towards the fireplace as they reach the first step.]*

### TABLEAU CURTAIN

#### I. Answer the following questions briefly:

- What does Sergeant Morris give Mr. White?
- What had he actually wanted to do with it? Why?
- Did Herbert believe what Sergeant Morris had told them? Which words tell us this?
- Did anyone make his/her wish before the paw was handed over to Mr. White?
- Why does Morris stop Mr. White from saying, 'I wish...?'
- What did Mr. White experience as he held the paw in his hand and wished?
- What does Mr. White see in the fire? Is it possible? Justify.

#### II. Answer in about 150 words.

- 'It moved! As I wished, it twisted in my hand, it twisted in my hand like a snake.'  
'Nothing ... I ... haha! ... I saw faces in the fire'. How far did Herbert and Mrs. White believe Mr. White's remarks? Justify your answer by quoting from the text.
- Why did the fakir put the spell on the paw? What did he want to prove to the people? Did he do anything good to the world by doing this? Justify?

#### III. Speaking Skills:

- Working in pairs, imagine the following scene:
  - Mr. White's living room
  - Midnight; Herbert's gone to work
  - Mrs. and Mr. White seated on the armchairs, on each side of the fireplace; both watching faces in the fire with horror.

Role play Mrs. and Mr. White. Discuss what you are seeing and your plans to avert the impending disaster that might befall your household.

- b) Work in groups of four: One of you should act as Herbert and the other three as his friends at work. Two of the friends are superstitious and warn Herbert about the premonition, whereas the other one is happy-go-lucky, like Herbert. They are talking about Herbert's experience the previous evening at home.
- Convince Herbert to take some precautions before it is too late.
  - At the end of the conversation, write a message as Herbert to Mr. White, suggesting to him what precautions the family should take.

### Now, enact Scene II

Mrs. White is still wearing an apron, but different from what she was wearing the previous evening. Mr. White is wearing a dressing gown. Sampson, the lawyer, wears the black suit and the postman wears a cap and carries a bag full of letters across his left shoulder.

### SCENE-II

*Scene: Bright sunshine. The table, which has been moved nearer the window, is laid for breakfast. Mrs. White is busy about the table. Mr. White is standing in the window looking off R. The inner door is open, showing the outer door.*

**Mr. White:** What a morning Herbert's got for walking home!

**Mrs. White [L.C.]:** What's clock [She looks at clock on the mantelpiece.] Quarter to nine, I declare. He's off at eight. [She crosses to the fire].

**Mr. White:** Takes him half an hour to change and wash. He's just by the cemetery now.

**Mrs. White:** He'll be here in ten minutes.

**Mr. White:** [coming to the table]: What's for breakfast?

**Mrs. White:** Sausages. [At the mantelpiece] Why, if here isn't that dirty monkey's paw! [She picks it up, looks at it with disgust and puts it back. She takes some sausages in a dish from before the fire and places them on the table.] Silly thing! The idea of us listening to such nonsense!

**Mr. White:** [goes up to the window again]: Ay - the Sergeant - Major and his yarns! I suppose all old soldiers are alike-

**Mrs. White:** Come on, Father Herbert hates us to wait. [They both sit and begin breakfast].

**Mrs. White:** How could wishes be granted, nowadays?

**Mr. White:** Ah! Been thinking about it all night, have you?

**Mrs. White:** You kept me awake, with your tossing and bumbling-

**Mr. White:** Ay, I had a bad night.

**Mrs. White:** It was the storm, I expect. How it blew!

**Mr. White:** I didn't hear it. I was asleep and not asleep, if you know what I mean.

**Mrs. White:** And all that rubbish about its making you unhappy if your wish was granted! How could two hundred pounds hurt you, eh, Father?

**Mr. White:** Might drop on my head in a lump. Don't see any other way. And I'd try to bear that. Though, mind you, Morris said it would all happen so naturally that you might take it for a coincidence, if so

disposed.

**Mrs. White:** Well - it hasn't happened. That' all I know. And it isn't going to. [*A letter is seen to drop in the letter box.*] And how you can sit there and talk about it - [*There's a sharp postman's knock; she jumps to her feet.*] What's that?

**Mr. White:** Postman, 'o course.

**Mrs. White:** [*seeing the letter from a distance; in an awed whisper*]: He's brought a letter, John!

**Mr. White:** [*laughing*]: What did you think he'd bring? Ton o' coals?

**Mrs. White:** John - ! John - ! Suppose - ?

**Mr. White:** Suppose what?

**Mrs. White:** Suppose it was two hundred pounds!

**Mr. White:** [*Suppressing his excitement*]: Eh! - Here! Don't talk nonsense. Why don't you fetch it?

**Mr. White:** [*crosses and takes the letter out of the box*]: It's thick, John - [*She feels it*] - and - and it's got something crisp inside it.

[*She takes letter to Mr. White R.C.*]

**Mr. White:** Who - who's it for?

**Mrs. White:** You.

**Mr. White:** Hand it over, then. [*Feeling and examining it with ill-concealed excitement*] The idea! What a superstitious old woman you are! Where are my specs?

**Mrs. White:** Let me open it.

**Mr. White:** Don't you touch it. Where are my specs? [*Goes to R.*]

**Mrs. White:** Don't let sudden wealth sour your temper, John.

**Mr. White:** Will you find my specs?

**Mrs. White:** [*taking them off the mantelpiece*]: Here, John, here. [*As she opens the letter*] Take care! Don't tear it!

**Mr. White:** Tear what?

**Mrs. White:** If it was banknotes, John!

**Mr. White:** [*taking a thick, formal document out of the envelope and a crisp-looking slip*]: You've gone dotty - You've made me nervous. [*He reads.*] 'Sir, Enclosed please find receipt for interest on the mortgages of £200 on your house, duly received.'

[*They look at each other. Mr. White sits down to finish his breakfast silently. Mrs. White goes to the window.*]

**Mrs. White:** You thought there was banknotes in it.

**Mr. White:** [*injured*]: I didn't! I said all along-

**Mrs. White:** How Herbert will laugh, when I tell him!

**Mr. White:** [*with gruff good-humour*]: You're not going to tell him. You're going to keep your mouth shut.

Why, I should never bear the last of it.

**Mrs. White:** Serve you right. I shall tell him. You know you like his fun. See how he joked with you last night when you said the paw moved. [*She is looking through the window towards R.*]

**Mr. White:** So it did. It did move. That I'll swear to.

**Mrs. White:** [*abstractedly. She is watching something outside.*]: You thought it did.

**Mr. White:** I say it did. There was no thinking about it. You saw how it upset me, didn't you? [*She doesn't answer.*] Didn't you? - Why don't you listen? [*She turns round.*] What is it?

**Mrs. White:** Nothing.

**Mr. White:** [*turns back to his breakfast*]: Do you see Herbert coming?

**Mrs. White:** No.

**Mr. White:** He's about due. What is it?

**Mrs. White:** Nothing. Only a man. Looks like a gentleman. Leastways, he's in black.

**Mr. White:** What about him? [*He is not interested; goes on eating.*]

**Mrs. White:** He stood at the garden gate as if he wanted to come in. But he couldn't seem to make up his mind.

**Mr. White:** Oh, go on! You're full o' fancies.

**Mrs. White:** He's going - no; he's coming back.

**Mr. White:** Don't let him see you peeping.

**Mrs. White:** [*with increasing excitement*]: He's looking at the house. He's got his hand on the latch. No. He turns away again. [*Eagerly*] John! He looks like a sort of a lawyer.

**Mr. White:** What of it?

**Mrs. White:** Oh, you'll only laugh again. But suppose - suppose he's coming about the two hundred-

**Mr. White:** You're not to mention it again! - You're a foolish old woman - Come and eat your breakfast. [*Eagerly*] Where is he now?

**Mrs. White:** Gone down the road. He has turned back. Ho seems to have made up his mind. Here he comes! - Oh, John, and me all untidy! [*She crosses to the fire.*]

[*A knock is heard.*]

**Mr. White:** [*to Mrs. White, who is hastily smoothing her hair, etc.*]: What's it matter? He's made a mistake. Come to the wrong house. [*He crosses to the fireplace.*]

[*Mrs. White opens the door. Mr. Sampson, dressed from head to foot in solemn black, stands in the doorway.*]

**Sampson:** [*outside*]: Is this Mr. White's?

**Mrs. White:** Come in, sir. Please step in.

[*She shows him into the room; goes R., he is awkward and nervous.*]

**Sampson:** [*to Mr. White*]: Morning. My name is Sampson.

**Mrs. White:** [*offering a chair*]: Won't you please be seated? [*Sampson stands quite still up C.*]

**Sampson:** Ah - thank you - no, I think not - I think not. [*A pause.*]

**Mr. White:** [*awkwardly, trying to help him*]: Fine weather for the time o' year.

**Sampson:** Ah - yes - yes [*A pause; he makes a renewed effort.*] My name is Sampson - I've come-

**Mrs. White:** Perhaps you was wishful to see Herbert; he'll be home in a minute. [*Pointing*] Here's his breakfast waiting-

**Sampson:** [*interrupting her hastily*]: No, no! [*A pause*] I've come from the electrical works-

**Mrs. White:** Why, you might have come with him. [*Mr. White sees something is wrong, tenderly puts his hand on her arm.*]

**Sampson:** No - no - I've come - alone.

**Mrs. White:** [*with a little anxiety*]: Is anything the matter?

**Sampson:** I was asked to call-

**Mrs. White:** [*abruptly*]: Herbert! Has anything happened? Is he hurt? Is he hurt?

**Mr. White:** [*soothing her*]: There, there, Mother. Don't you jump to conclusion. Let the gentleman speak. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir.

**Sampson:** I'm - sorry-

**Mrs. White:** Is he hurt? [*Sampson bows.*]

**Mrs. White:** Badly?

**Sampson:** Very badly.

**Mrs. White:** [*with a cry*]: John - ! [*She instinctively moves towards Mr. White.*]

**Mr. White:** Is he in pain?

**Sampson:** He is not in pain.

**Mrs. White:** Oh, thank God! Thank God for that! Thank - [*She looks in a startled fashion at Mr. White - realizes what Sampson means, catches his arm and tries to turn him towards her.*] Do you mean - ?

[*Sampson avoids her look; she gropes for her husband; he takes her two hands in his, and gently lets her sink into the armchair above the fireplace, then he stands on her right, between her and Sampson.*]

**Mr. White:** [*hoarsely*]: Go on, sir.

**Sampson:** He was telling his mates a story. Something that had happened here last night. He was laughing, and wasn't noticing and - and - [*hushed*] the machinery caught him-

[*A little cry from Mrs. White, her face shows her horror and agony.*]

**Mr. White:** [*vague, holding Mrs. White's hand*]: The machinery caught him - yes - and him the only child - it's hard, sir - very hard-

**Sampson:** [*subdued*]: The Company wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss-

**Sampson:** I was to say further - [*as if apologizing*] I am only their servant - I am only obeying orders-

**Mr. White:** Our - great - loss-

**Sampson:** [*laying an envelope on the table and edging towards the door*]: I was to say, the Company disclaim all responsibility, but, in consideration of your son's services, they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation.

**Mr. White:** Our - great - loss - [*Suddenly, with horror*] How - how much?

**Sampson:** [*in the doorway*]. Two hundred pounds. [*Exit.*]

[*Mrs. White gives a cry. The old man takes no heed of her, smiles, faintly, puts out his hands like a sightless man, and drops, a senseless heap, to the floor. Mrs. White stares at him blankly and her hands go out helplessly towards him.*]

### TABLEAU CURTAIN

#### I. Answer the following questions briefly:

- '... I was asleep and not asleep, ...' what state of mind of the speaker is indicated here? What / who is responsible for this state?
- Why do you think Sampson was not able to decide about entering White's house?
- Has Sampson brought good news to the White couple?
- What did the company wish Sampson to convey to Herbert's parents?
- '... he is not in pain'. What does Sampson mean by saying so?

#### II. Answer in about 150 words.

- The night following sergeant Morris' visit was restless for Mrs. and Mr. White as much as the next morning was full of expectations. What has the White couple been expecting? Did their expectations come true? Explain.
- "Our-great-loss-". What is the loss? How has it been caused? What would they do to make up the loss?
- Morris had said that the wish would be fulfilled so naturally that one might take it for a coincidence. How was Mr. White's wish for £200 granted?

### SCENE-III

*Night. On the table a candle is flickering at its last gasp. The room looks neglected. Mr. White is dozing fitfully in the armchair, Mrs. White is in the window peering through the blinds towards L.*

[*Mr. White starts, wakes, looks around him.*]

**Mr. White:** [*fretfully*]: Jenny - Jenny.

**Mrs. White:** [*in the window*]: Yes.

**Mr. White:** Where are you?

**Mrs. White:** At the window.

**Mr. White:** What are you doing?

**Mrs. White:** Looking up the road.

**Mr. White:** [*falling back*]: What' the use, Jenny? What's the use?

**Mrs. White:** That's where the cemetery is; that's where we've laid him.

**Mr. White:** Ay - ay - a week today - what o'clock is it?

**Mrs. White:** I don't know.

**Mr. White:** We don't take much account of time now, Jenny, do we?

**Mrs. White:** Why should we? He'll never come home again. There's nothing to think about-

**Mr. White:** Or to talk about. [*A pause*] Come away from the window; you'll get cold.

**Mrs. White:** It's colder where he is.

**Mr. White:** Ay - gone for ever-

**Mrs. White:** And taken all our hopes with him-

**Mr. White:** And all our wishes-

**Mrs. White:** Ay, and all our - [*With a sudden cry*] John!

[*She comes quickly to him; he rises.*]

**Mr. White:** Jenny! For God's sake! What's the matter?

**Mrs. White:** [*with dreadful eagerness*]; The paw! The monkey's paw!

**Mr. White** [*bewildered*]: Where? Where is it? What's wrong with it?

**Mrs. White:** I want it! you haven't done away with it?

**Mr. White:** I haven't seen it - since - why?

**Mrs. White:** I want it! Find it! Find it!

**Mr. White:** [*groping on the mat*piece]: Here! Here it is! What do you want of it?

[*He leaves it there.*]

**Mrs. White:** Why didn't I think of it? Why didn't you think of it?

**Mr. White:** Think of what?

**Mrs. White:** The other two wishes!

**Mr. White:** [*with horror*]: What?

**Mrs. White:** We've only had one.

**Mr. White:** [*tragically*]: Wasn't that enough?

**Mrs. White:** No! We'll have one more. [*Mr. White crosses to R.C. Mrs. White takes the paw and follows him.*] Take it. Take it quickly. And wish-

**Mr. White:** [*avoiding the paw*]: Wish what?

**Mrs. White:** Oh, John! John! Wish our boy alive again!

**Mr. White:** Good God! Are you mad!

**Mrs. White:** Take it. Take it and wish. [*With a paroxysm of grief*] Oh, my boy! My boy!

**Ms. White:** Get to bed. Get to sleep. You don't know what you're saying.

**Mrs. White:** We had the first wish granted - why not the second?

**Mr. White:** [*hushed*]: He's been dead ten days, and - Jenny! Jenny! I only knew him by his clothing - you were not allowed to see him then - how could you bear to see him now?

**Mrs. White:** I don't care. Bring him back.

**Mrs. White:** [*shrinking from the paw*]: I daren't touch it!

**Mrs. White:** [*thrusting it in his hand*]: Here! Here! Wish!

**Mr. White:** [*trembling*]: Jenny!

**Mrs. White:** [*fiercely*]: Wish. [*She goes on frantically whispering 'Wish'.*]

**Mr. White:** [*shuddering, but overcome by her insistence*]: - I - wish - my - son - alive again.

[*He drops it with a cry. The candle goes out. There is utter darkness. He sinks into a chair. Mrs. White hurries to the window and draws the blind back. She stands in the moonlight. A pause.*]

**Mrs. White:** [*drearily*]: Nothing.

**Mr. White:** Thank God! Thank God!

**Mrs. White:** Nothing at all. Along the whole length of the road not a living thing. [*She closes the blind.*] And nothing, nothing, nothing left in our lives. John.

**Mr. White:** Except each other, Jenny - and memories.

**Mrs. White:** [*coming back slowly to the fireplace*]: We're too old. We were only alive in him. We can't begin again. We can't feel anything now, John, but emptiness and darkness.

[*She sinks into armchair*]

**Mr. White:** Isn't for long, Jenny, There's that to look forward to.

**Mrs. White:** Every minute's long, now.

**Mr. White:** [*rising*]: I can't bear the darkness!

**Mrs. White:** It's dreary - dreary.

**Mr. White:** [*crosses to the dresser*]: Where's the candle?

[*Finds it and brings it to the table.*] And the matches? Where are the matches? We mustn't sit in the dark. 'Tisn't wholesome. [*He lights a match; the other candle-stick is close to him.*] There, [*Turning with the lighted match towards Mrs. White, who is rocking and moaning*] Don't take on so, Mother.

**Mrs. White:** I'm a mother no longer.

**Mr. White:** [*lights candle*]: There now; there now. Go on up to bed. Go on, now - I'm a coming.

**Mrs. White:** Whether I'm here or in bed, or wherever I am, I'm with my boy, I'm with-

[*A low single knock at the street door.*]

**Mrs. White:** [*starting*]: What's that!

**Mr. White:** [*mastering his horror*]: A rat. The house is full of'em.

[*There is a louder single knock; she starts up. He catches her by the arm.*]

Stop! What are going to do?

**Mrs. White:** [*wildly*]: It's my boy! It's Herbert! I forgot it was a mile away! What are you holding me for? I must open the door!

*[The knocking continues in single knocks at irregular intervals, constantly growing louder and more insistent.]*

**Mr. White:** *[Still holding her]:* For God's sake!

**Mrs. White:** *[struggling]:* Let me go!

**Mr. White:** Don't open the door! *[He drags her towards L. front.]*

**Mrs. White:** Let me go!

**Mr. White:** Think what you might see!

**Mrs. White:** *[struggling fiercely]:* Do you think I fear the child I bore! Let me go! *[She wrenches herself loose and rushes to the door which she tears open.]* I'm coming, Herbert! I'm coming!

**Mr. White:** *[cowering in the extreme corner, left front]:* Don't 'ee do it! Don't 'ee do it!

*[Mrs. White is at work on the outer door, where the knocking still continues. She slips the chain, slips the lower bolt and unlocks the door.]*

**Mr. White:** *[suddenly]:* The paw! Where's the monkey's paw?

*[He gets on his knees and feels along the floor for it.]*

**Mrs. White:** *[tugging at the top bolt]:* John! The top bolt's stuck. I can't move it. Come and help. Quick!

**Mr. White:** *[wildly groping]:* The paw! There's a wish left.

*[The knocking is now loud, and in groups of increasing length between the speeches.]*

**Mrs. White:** D'ye hear him? John! Your child's knocking!

**Mr. White:** Where is it? Where did it fall?

**Mrs. White:** *[tugging desperately at the bolt]:* John! The top bolt's stuck. I can't move it. Come and help. Quick!

**Mr. White:** *[wildly groping]:* The paw! There's a wish left.

*[The knocking is now loud, and in groups of increasing length between the speeches.]*

**Mrs. White:** D'ye hear him? John! Your child's knocking!

**Mr. White:** Where is it? Where did it fall?

**Mrs. White:** *[tugging desperately at the bolt]:* Help! Help! Will you keep your child from his home?

**Mr. White:** Where did it fall? I can't find it - I can't find-

*[The knocking is now tempestuous, and there are blows upon the door as of a body beating against it.]*

**Mrs. White:** Herbert! Herbert! My Boy! Wait! Your mother's opening to you! Ah! It's moving!

**Mr. White:** God forbid! *[He finds the paw.]* Ah!

**Mrs. White:** *[slipping the bolt]:* Herbert!

**Mr. White:** *[has raised himself to his knees; he holds the paw high]:* I wish him dead. *[The knocking stops abruptly]* I wish him dead and at peace!

**Mrs. White:** *[flinging the door open simultaneously]:* Herbert - *[There is a flood of moonlight, but only emptiness. The old man sways in prayer on his knees. The old woman lies half swooning, wailing against the door-post.]*

William Wymark Jacobs (1863-1943), writer of short stories and one-act plays, was born in London. He grew up near the docks on the river Thames. At sixteen he became a clerk in the post office, and turned to writing as a hobby. Much of his work was written for periodicals. A gentle and distinctive humour pervades his writing. Realism and a sympathetic rendering of the working-class marks his work. Among his works are: *The Lady of the Barge and Other Stories*, *Many Cargoes*, *Salt Haven*, and *Snug Harbour*.



### I. Understanding the play:

1. Answer the following questions briefly.
  - a) Why is it colder where Herbert is?
  - b) Where is Mrs. White looking for the monkey's paw?
  - c) What according to Mr. White, could have made the first knock on the door?
  - d) Why can Mrs. White not open the door?
  - e) What is Mr. White's third wish?
2. Read the lines given below and answer the questions that follow.
  - a) Mrs. W: Why didn't I think it? Why didn't you think of it?  
Mr. W: Think of what?  
Mrs. W: The other two wishes.
    - i) What makes Mrs. White think about 'the other two wishes'?
    - ii) Do they use the two wishes? What was the consequence of their decision?
  - b) 'Nothing at all. Along the whole length of the road not a living thing...'
    - i) Who says these words?
    - ii) What/Who are they waiting for? Why?
  - c) '...I wish him dead'.
    - i) Who is 'I'? Whom does 'him' refer to?
    - ii) Why does the speaker make such a wish?

### II. Speaking Skills:

- a) 'Should the sergeant have handed over the paw to someone?' Work in groups of five. Two members should support the argument and the other two should speak against it. The fifth member is the chairperson. The chairperson should report the observations and comments by the group to the class at the end of fifteen minutes.
- b) **Mobility** is one of the most important characteristics of a play. The 'Monkey's Paw' amply depicts this feature. Quoting examples from the play, explain movement of the story, characters, scene and locations.

**III. Writing Skills:**

- a) How does the monkey's paw ruin the White family?
- b) What apprehensions might Sergeant Morris have had in handing over the paw to anyone else? What was the basis of his apprehension?
- c) Read the following extracts from the play carefully and draw your inferences about the kind of person Herbert is.

Sergeant: You wouldn't believe me if I was to tell you.

Herbert: I will, every word

I'll play slow music

I shall be with you about nine. Don't wait through

Herbert! hates us to wait

I say, keep it if you want to, stuff and nonsense, anywhere

You'll find the cash tied up in the middle of the bed

- d) Attempt a character sketch of each of the following, in about 150 words. Quote from the play to support your answer.
  - i) Mrs. White
  - ii) Mr. White

## Sample Questions

### PROSE

#### Unit -1: WHAT'S YOUR DREAM?

1. Answer the following in about 40-50 words.
  - a) According to the beggar, how can one sustain a dream?
  - b) What do the 'pearls of wisdom' refer to in the story 'What's your Dream'? Do you think the narrator benefited by them?
  - c) How did the boy's meeting with the beggar help realise his dream?
  - d) How does the beggar define a dream? What was the boy's dream? What was the beggar's final advice to the boy in achieving it?
2. Answer the following in about 100 words.
  - a) 'An individual's avarice and ambition bring about his or her ruin'. Bring out the truth of this statement in the light of the story 'What's your Dream'?
  - b) What are the beggar's practical tips to achieve one's goal?

#### Unit -2: A DEVOTED SON

1. Answer the following in about 40-50 words.
  - a) The villagers felt that all Indian boys went abroad to marry an 'American girl'. How was Rakesh an exception?
  - b) Rakesh is being described as 'pearl amongst pearls'. Why is he described so?
2. Answer the following in about 100 words.
  - a) The Varmaji household wore a festive look when Rakesh topped the country. How did the villagers participate in this?
  - b) 'Old Varma nodded with `melancholy triumph'. Why did he become melancholic?
  - c) For a first - generation learner, Rakesh's success was meteoric. Elucidate.

#### Unit - 3: THE HUM OF INSECTS

1. Answer the following in about 40-50 words.
  - a) How is the hum of insects a pleasure to reminiscence?
  - b) What is the Noah's Ark? How can this world be turned into one, according to Robert Lynd?
  - c) Why is the hum of insects enchanting to humanity?

d) Why can't grown ups continue to submit themselves to the illusion in the garden?

**2. Answer the following in about 100 words.**

- a) The essay, 'The Hum of Insects' journeys from a lighthearted mood to a serious note. Explain how.
- b) Humanity has lost the capacity to enjoy the simple pleasures by life. Based on your understanding of the essay 'The Hum of Insects', suggest some ways in which one can recover this pleasure.
- c) How does Lynd change the a person's revulsion and fear towards insects?

### Unit - 4: THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS

**1. Answer the following in about 50 words.**

- a) Why did Robichon not suspect that the Marquis was not Quinquart in reality?
- b) What effect did Robichon's speech have on the audience?
- c) How did Robichon help himself by agreeing to help the Executioner?
- d) How did Quinquart prove himself worthy of Suzanne's hand?
- e) Why did Robichon and Quinquart decide they must distinguish themselves in a solemn role? What was the draw back of the plan?

**2. Answer the following in about 100 words.**

- a) 'Quinquart's duping of Robichon was more dramatic than Robichon's duping an audience'. Justify with reference to 'The Judgement of Paris'.
- b) Quinquart's performance was exemplary and therefore deserved to be awarded the palm without dissent. Justify with reference the events in the story , 'The Judgement of Paris'.
- c) How did Quinquart prove that he was the more versatile actor than Robichon?

### Unit - 5: ON EDUCATION

**1. Answer in about 50 words**

- a) Why does Einstein highlight the importance of 'schools' in our contemporary society?
- b) What are Einstein's views on education based on ?
- c) The teacher plays a significant in shaping young minds. How ?

**2. Answer in about 100 words**

- a) What are the psychological forces that schools should strive to strengthen in young learners?
- b) "Education is that which remains if one has forgotten he learned in school". Based on your understanding of the statement, write a paragraph highlighting Einstein's views on the real purpose of education.
- c) How does Einstein strike a balance between individual development and development of society?

**Unit - 6: I CAN PLAY SCHOOLS**

1. Answer the following in about 50 words.
  - a) Write a pen-portrait of Anne, Marian's mother.
  - b) How did Freda's persistence help Anne get rid of her foolish longing?
  - c) To whom was Anne writing a letter? What thoughts were in her mind then?
2. Answer the following in about 100 words.
  - a) Bring out the significance of the title 'I can Play Schools'.
  - b) Marian rapidly 'spoke on her fingers' asking her mother if she would rather have Freda than herself. How poignant is her question?

**Unit - 7: THE LAST LETTER**

1. Answer in about 40-50 words.
  - a) Why does Nehru call himself a 'dabbler'?
  - b) How should one view the past ?
  - c) What can we infer from the innumerable pictures from the gallery of history ?
2. Answer in about 100 words.
  - a) "To live in a world of thought and imagination is no sign of courage." Justify the statement.
  - b) We have a choice of living in the valleys or of climbing high mountains. Which according to Nehru, is the better option? Why?

**POETRY****Unit - 1: a. The Darkling Thrush****1: b. Hope is the Thing**

1. Read the extracts given below and answer briefly the questions that follow
  - a) 'And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day'
    1. What is the season referred to here?
    2. Explain 'Winter's dregs'
    3. What does the poet mean by 'weakening eye of day'?
    4. Identify the poet's tone .
  - b) 'The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,'
    1. How is the land described?

2. What is the poet speaking about?
3. Explain the following
  - a) 'century's corpse'
  - b) outleant
- c) "Hope" is the thing with feathers-  
That perches in the soul"
  1. How does the poet describe 'hope'?
  2. Where is it perched?
  3. Explain the figure of speech .
- d) 'I've heard it in the chilliest land-  
And on the strangest Sea'
  1. Name the poem and the poet.
  2. How does the bird brave hardships?
  3. Pick out the definite words of contrast in the lines given

**2. Answer the questions in about 80 - 100 words**

- a) Hardy blends the bleakness of the dying year with the thrush's song. Explain how he has achieved this in his poem.
- b) 'All of a sudden, it *heard* a voice coming from above.' How does Hardy bring about a change of tone in the poem here ?
- c) Why does Dickinson use a bird imagery to describe hope?
- d) Compare and contrast the attitude of the poets in the poems, 'Hope' and 'The Darkling Thrush'.

**Unit - 2: Survivors**

**1. Answer the following in about 80 words.**

- a) What does the poem highlight?
- b) What is the irony that Sassoon conveys through the poem?
- c) How does the poem expose the grim reality of a survivor's life?
- d) How does war affect the mental state of the survivors?
- e) 'War has nothing positive to it'. Comment with reference to the poem 'Survivors'.
- f) How does Sassoon refute the callous statement of non - combatants that they 'are longing to go out again'?
- g) According to Sassoon, war can make men 'broken and mad'. Give reasons.

**2. Read the following extracts and answer the questions given below.**

- a) 'They`ll soon forget their haunted nights; their cowed  
Subjection to the ghosts of friends who died,

Their dreams that drip with murder; and they'll be proud  
Of glorious war that shatter'd all their pride ...'

- i. Who does 'their' refer to?
  - ii. Explain 'cowed subjection to the ghosts of friends'.
  - iii. What does this compel them to do?
  - iv. Who do they subject meekly to? Why?
  - v. How has war shattered all their pride?
- b) 'Their dreams that drip with murder; and they'll be proud  
Of glorious war that shatter'd all their pride ...  
Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;  
Children, with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.'
- i. Bring out the paradox in the above lines.
  - ii. Who do 'men' and 'children' refer to? Explain
  - iii. What do they dream of?
  - iv. What will they soon forget?

### Unit - 3: At a Potato Digging

1. Read the extracts given below and answer briefly the questions that follow
  - a) 'A mechanical digger wrecks the drill,  
Spins up a dark shower of roots and mould.  
Labourers swarm in behind, stoop to fill  
Wicker creels.'
    1. Name the poem and the poet
    2. Describe the scene portrayed ?
    3. How are humans presented here ?Why?
    4. Pick out two expressions that best describe human existence.
  - b) 'Like crows attacking crow-black fields, they stretch  
A higgledy line from hedge to headland'
    1. Identify and explain the figure of speech.
    2. How does the poet depict the potato gatherers in these lines?
    3. What does the poet suggest by the expression 'higgledy line' ?
    4. Mention the tone and the image conjured by the poet.

- c) '... these knobbed and slit-eyed tubers seem  
the petrified hearts of drills'  
1. What does the poet refer to here?  
2. Explain "petrified hearts of drills"  
3. Why does the poet use the word 'petrified'?  
4. Mention the change in focus from stanza one to two.
- d) 'Mouths tightened in, eyes died hard,  
faces chilled to a plucked bird.  
In a million wicker huts  
beaks of famine snipped at guts.'  
1. What does the poet depict in line one?  
2. What does the image of 'a plucked bird' suggest?  
3. Explain the bird imagery used here.  
4. How does the poet intensify the vision of starvation?

**2 Answer the following questions in 80 - 100 words**

- a) Seamus Heaney in 'At a Potato Digging', depicts two different potato harvests. Explain.  
b) There is a vivid image of the power of the machine over land. Justify  
c) How does the poet suggest 'life-long' hunger and misery in the last few lines of the poem?  
d) Heaney describes the false hope of a sound new potato which rots and dies in the pit. Explain.

**Unit - 4: Curtain**

**1. Answer the following in about 80 words.**

- a) What kind of separation takes place in the poem 'Curtain'?  
b) How does 'two worlds' focus on the theme of the poem?  
c) How does the poet depict the benumbed state of the speaker after his/her separation from his/her beloved?  
d) Why does Spalding refer to 'Hamlet' and 'Soliloquies'  
Why does the poet use the word 'two' repeatedly?

**2. Read the following and answer the questions given below.**

- a) 'Incredulously the laced fingers loosen'  
Slowly, sensation by sensation, from their warm interchange,  
And stiffen like frosted flowers in the November garden '  
1. Name the poem and poet.

2. What is the theme of the poem?
  3. Whose fingers are referred to in the extract?
  4. With reference to the theme of the poem, what do the following expressions convey?
    - i) laced fingers loosen
    - ii) frosted flowers in the November garden.
  5. Why has the poet used the word 'incredulously'?
3. 'Goodbye.
- There is no touch now. The wave has broken  
That for a moment charged the desolate sea.  
There is a word, or two, left to be spoken'  
Yet who would hear it? When so swiftly distance  
Out measures time, engulfs identity?'
- a) Pick out a word which describes the theme?
  - b) Explain the line 'The wave ... desolate sea.
  - c) How has 'distance out measured time' for the two separated individuals?
  - d)
    - i) What is the identity referred to here?
    - ii) How has it changed?

### Unit - 5: Ode: To Autumn

1. Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:
  - a) 'Close bosom friend of the maturing sun.  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless ...'
    1. Who are the two friends referred to here?
    2. Pick out the phrase that describes their closeness.
    3. Give the meaning of 'conspiring'. What do the 'conspirators' do?
  - b) 'Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o`er -brimmed their clammy cells'
    1. Who does 'they' refer to?
    2. What do they think? Why?
    3. What meaning do the use of words like 'over brimmed' and 'clammy convey'?
    4. What is the impact of the given lines?
  - c) 'Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;'

1. Who is being referred to as 'thee'?
  2. Where is she seated?
  3. How is she described?
  4. Identify the figure of speech in line 2.
- d) 'Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,-'
1. What does the poet wonder?
  2. Does he get an answer? If so what?
  3. What does the poet mean by 'thy music too'?
  4. How does he describe that music?
2. Answer the following in 80 words each.
- a) Describe in a paragraph 'the songs of spring'
  - b) What are the images evolved towards the end of the poem? Elaborate.
  - c) How does Keats in his description of autumn, build up an imagery of abundance, sometimes leading to satiety?
  - d) What wistful question does the poet ask in the poem? How does he describe, through various visual and sound images, the end of the season and the onset of winter?
  - e) How does the poet depict Autumn as a season of optimism with an underlying sadness?
  - f) What are the various static positions that Autumn could be found in?
  - g) What are the sounds of Autumn?
  - h) How does Keats blend happiness and sorrow to bring out the true essence of autumn in the poem 'Ode: To Autumn'?

### Unit - 6: Hamlet's Dilemma

1. Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow:
  - a) 'The heart ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to'
    1. What are the 'natural shocks'?
    2. What does 'flesh is heir' to mean?
    3. Is 'sleep' the best way to handle these shocks? Why/Why not?
  - b) "And enterprises of great pitch and moment with this regard their currents turn awry"
    1. Give the meanings of *pitch and awry*
    2. What weakens a person's action ?
    3. Is conscience a saviour or a malefactor? Explain

**2. Answer in about 80 words**

- a) What was Hamlet's dilemma?
- b) According to Hamlet what are the situations that force an individual to think of death as possible solution?
- c) According to the soliloquy, does anyone know of life after death?
- d) However resolute one may be what enfeebles one's resolution?

**Unit - 7: A Walk by Moonlight**

Answer the following in about 80 words each.

1. Describe the stages of awakening of the senses in the poem by Derozio.
2. What is life's meaning in everything that the poet found?
3. In your own words, narrate the incident which made his "heart so very light" and thought "it could have flown".
4. Derozio describes the night even as he personifies the moon. Explain the poetic device used here.

Read the extracts and answer the questions that follow.

1. 'There was a dance among the leaves

Rejoicing at her power,  
Who robes for them of silver weaves  
Within one mystic hour.'

- a. Who is the narrator here?
- b. Whose power were the leaves responding to?
- c. Explain the poetic device used in the phrase 'silver weaves'. How effective is it in this context?
- d. Why is the hour 'mystical'?

2. 'When, like a thing that is not ours.

This earthliness goes by,  
And we behold the spiritualness  
Of all that cannot die.'

- a. Why do earthy things seem to pass one by?
- b. Why does the poet feel that nothing on earth belongs to us?
- c. What is his observation about being spiritual?
- d. Bring out the paradox in the given extract

## DRAMA

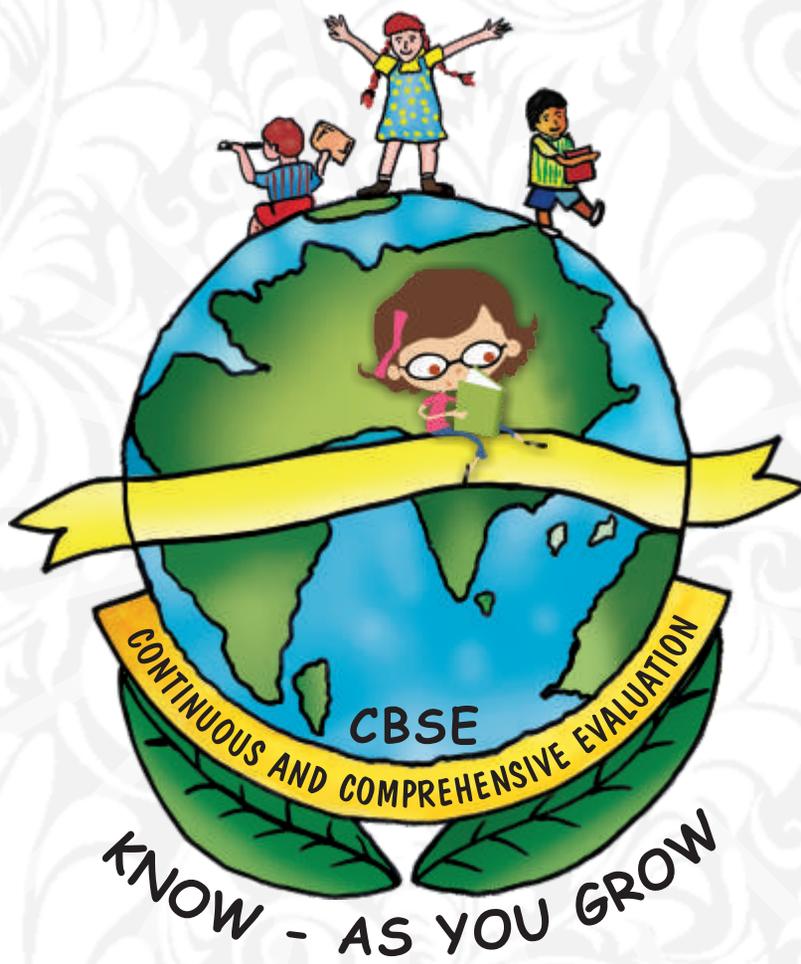
### Unit - 1: Remember Caesar

1. Read the following dialogues and answer the questions that follow.
  - a) "It is a death warrant. Do you know what day this is?"
    - 1) What is the cause of Lord Weston's anxiety?
    - 2) What does the 'death warrant' convey?
    - 3) Identify two aspects of 'coincidence' in the situation above.
  - b) "That was your new velvet cloak  
I did try to tell you."
    - 1) What had Lady Weston tried to convey to Weston?
    - 2) Why did she find in her attempt?
    - 3) How does the velvet cloak heighten element of suspense in the role?
2. Answer in about 80 - 100 words.
  - a) What precautions does Lord Weston take to protect himself from assassination?
  - b) Why does Lady Weston make a mockery of her husband's fears?

### Unit - 2: The Monkey's Paw

1. Read the dialogues from the play and answer the questions that follow:
  - a) 'Herbert: I don't see the money; and I bet I never shall.'
    1. What money is Herbert referring to?
    2. In what context does it make the above comment. What was his mood?
    3. What was ironical about the statement?
  - b) 'Mr. White: Ay, I had a bad night  
Mrs. White: It was the storm I expect.' Was Mr. White's sleep disturbed because of the storm?  
Give reasons for your answer.
  - c) 'It's thick, John - and - and it's got something crisp inside'.
    - i) What is the reason for the excitement of the White couple?
    - ii) How did their excitement take a tragic turn later?
    - iii) Who / what do you think was responsible for the tragedy? Justify your answer .
2. Answer in about 80 - 100 words.
  - a) Compare the circumstances under which Mr. White made the first and last wish.
  - b) Why did Sergeant Morris warn the Whites about the paw? How did his fears come true?
  - c) How is the play a reflection of human greed?

- d) Who made the third wish? What was it?
- e) Describe the circumstances that led to the making of the third wish?
- f) Does Herbert believe in the powers of the Monkey's Paw? Does it have any effect on him? Give reasons for your answer.
- g) Describe the change in Mr. White's attitude from the time he received the paw till he made the last wish.
- h) Was it fate or greed that was responsible for the tragedy in the White family. Justify with suitable instances from the play.
- i) Were all Mr. Whites's three wishes fulfilled as if they were co-incidences? Justify.





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