

CLASS

X

Literature Reader

A Textbook for English Course
(Communicative)

*Interact
in English*



CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

Interact in English

LITERATURE READER

*A Textbook for English Course
(Communicative)*

Class-X



CENTRAL BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

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भारत का संविधान

उद्देशिका

हम, भारत के लोग, भारत को एक सम्पूर्ण¹ 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

²और 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।
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भाग 4 क

मूल कर्तव्य

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

- (क) संविधान का पालन करे और उसके आदर्शों, संस्थाओं, राष्ट्रध्वज और राष्ट्रगान का आदर करे;
- (ख) स्वतंत्रता के लिए हमारे राष्ट्रीय आंदोलन को प्रेरित करने वाले उच्च आदर्शों को हृदय में संजोए रखे और उनका पालन करे;
- (ग) भारत की प्रभुता, एकता और अखंडता की रक्षा करे और उसे अक्षुण्ण रखे;
- (घ) देश की रक्षा करे और आह्वान किए जाने पर राष्ट्र की सेवा करे;
- (ङ) भारत के सभी लोगों में समरसता और समान भ्रातृत्व की भावना का निर्माण करे जो धर्म, भाषा और प्रदेश या वर्ग पर आधारित सभी भेदभाव से परे हों, ऐसी प्रथाओं का त्याग करे जो स्त्रियों के सम्मान के विरुद्ध हैं;
- (च) हमारी सामासिक संस्कृति की गौरवशाली परंपरा का महत्त्व समझे और उसका परीक्षण करे;
- (छ) प्राकृतिक पर्यावरण की जिसके अंतर्गत वन, झील, नदी, और वन्य जीव हैं, रक्षा करे और उसका संवर्धन करे तथा प्राणिमात्र के प्रति दयाभाव रखे;
- (ज) वैज्ञानिक दृष्टिकोण, मानववाद और ज्ञानार्जन तथा सुधार की भावना का विकास करे;
- (झ) सार्वजनिक संपत्ति को सुरक्षित रखे और हिंसा से दूर रहे;
- (ञ) व्यक्तिगत और सामूहिक गतिविधियों के सभी क्षेत्रों में उत्कर्ष की ओर बढ़ने का सतत प्रयास करे जिससे राष्ट्र निरंतर बढ़ते हुए प्रयत्न और उपलब्धि की नई उंचाइयों को छू ले;
- ¹(ट) यदि माता-पिता या संरक्षक हैं, 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 द्वारा प्रतिस्थापित।

THE CONSTITUTION OF INDIA

PREAMBLE

WE, THE PEOPLE OF INDIA, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a ¹**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 the² 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;
- ¹(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 English - Communicative Course was introduced by the CBSE at the secondary level in 1993-94. Though the course materials were renewed periodically in 1995, 1997 and 2003, a full-fledged and complete revision was undertaken only in 2009 when the Main Course Book, Work Book and Literature Reader for class IX were revised on the basis of feedback received from teachers, students and ELT professionals.

As a follow-up, the Main Course Book, Literature Reader and Work Book for class X have been revised in 2010 and the revised books have come into effect from the academic session 2013-14. The present book is a reprint of the revised edition.

As the students gradually gain proficiency in a language, the content has been designed to provide them a diverse panorama of writings. Texts have been chosen with a view to appeal to the changing interests of students. All the four language skills have been addressed in a systematic manner, providing ample scope for lively interaction on contemporary issues. The content would also help in inculcating in them empathy towards different cultures, time-periods and also, in turn, be responsible towards the world around them.

The activities embedded along with the content give students an opportunity to practice and fine tune the language skills learnt. It is suggested that the pedagogical practices adopted to transact the content must prompt the students to think, express and create.

The effort of the material developers and editorial board is acknowledged. Feedback/ suggestions for further improvement in this book are welcome.

Team CBSE

Acknowledgements

We express our gratitude to the writers and publishers whose contributions have been included in this book. Copyright permission for use of this material has been applied for. However, information on copyright permission for some of the material could not be found. We would be grateful for information for the same. Appropriate acknowledgement will be made at the first opportunity.

FICTION

- F. 1 *Two Gentlemen of Verona* by A.J. Cronin
- F. 2 *Mrs Packletide's Tiger* by Saki
- F. 3 *The Letter* by Dhumketu
- F. 4 *A Shady Plot* by Elsie Brown-Humorous Ghost Stories (Free e-Books) public domain
- F. 5 *Patol Babu, Flim Star* by Satyajit Rai-Best of Satyajit Ray Publisher: Penguin Books (January 5, 2001) ISBN-10:0143028057
- F. 6 *Virtually True* by Paul Stewart-Sensational Cyber Stories Edited by Tony Bradman; Publisher: Doubleday; ISBN-10: 0385408366; ISBN-13: 978- 0385408363

POETRY

- P. 1 *The Frog and the Nightingale* by Vikram Seth
- P. 2 *Not Marble nor the Gilded Monuments* (Sonnet 55) by William Shakespeare
- P. 3 *Ozymandias* by Percy Bysshe Shelley
- P. 4 *Snake* by D.H. Lawrence
- P. 5 *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

DRAMA

- D.1 *The Dear Departed* by Stanley Houghton
- D.2 *Julius Caesar* by William Shakespeare

OTHER TEXTS

1. Snake Trying WWE Ross-The New Oxford Book of Canadian Verse in English; customer.service.ca@oup.com
2. Snake-Keith Bosley-www.mcgraw-hill.co.uk
3. Zlata's Diary-Zlata Fillipovic-ISBN: 9780140374636 Publisher: Puffin
4. Character actor, Wikipedia-Free encyclopaedia
5. Masai Tribe-www.maasai-association.org/lion.html
6. Tour of Body-Alex Crees-www.foxnews.com

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Note to the Users

Why do you think we read Literature?

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

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

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

What does this Literature Reader contain?

- * Poetry - Five poems
- * Fiction - Six fiction pieces
- * Drama - Two plays

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

How much time should be spent on this Literature Reader?

Your teacher may ask you to read some of the longer pieces for home work, a day or so before they are introduced in class.

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

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

1. Simple comprehension questions and other activities, to activate and develop your understanding.

2. Activities that lead you to infer, analyse and evaluate what you are reading.
3. Activities that ask you to make a personal and/or creative response to what you have just been reading.

The Literature Reader thus helps to develop your enjoyment and appreciation of literature in English.

What is the teacher's role?

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

But you should be prepared to take as much personal responsibility as you can for your own learning. This will be more effective and more enjoyable for you!

What do we mean by "personal response"?

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

The book also contains texts for listening tasks as part of Annexures; teachers may use them for activities suggested in the book.

The Fiction Pieces

The six Fiction pieces are by Indian and non-Indian writers and have been chosen for their interest-level and for the values and social issues that they portray.

The Importance of Dramatising the Plays

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

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

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

**** How you move***

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

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

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

We very much hope that you enjoy this Literature Reader!

Contents

Introduction

FICTION 1-88

| | | | |
|--------|------|---|----|
| Unit 1 | F. 1 | Two Gentlemen of Verona by <i>A.J. Cronin</i> | 3 |
| Unit 2 | F. 2 | Mrs. Packletide's Tiger by <i>Saki</i> | 14 |
| Unit 3 | F. 3 | The Letter by <i>Dhumaketu</i> | 25 |
| Unit 4 | F. 4 | A Shady Plot by <i>Elsie Brown</i> | 37 |
| Unit 5 | F. 5 | Patol Babu, Film Star by <i>Satyajit Ray</i> | 60 |
| Unit 6 | F. 6 | Virtually True by <i>Paul Stewart</i> | 77 |

POETRY 89-133

| | | | |
|---------|-------|--|-----|
| Unit 7 | P. 7 | The Frog and the Nightingale by <i>Vikram Seth</i> | 91 |
| Unit 8 | P. 8 | Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments (Sonnet 55) by <i>William Shakespeare</i> | 103 |
| Unit 9 | P. 9 | Ozymandias by <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> | 107 |
| Unit 10 | P. 10 | The Rime of the Ancient Mariner by <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> | 112 |
| Unit 11 | P. 11 | Snake by <i>D.H. Lawrence</i> | 125 |

DRAMA 135-189

| | | | |
|---------|-------|--|-----|
| Unit 12 | D. 12 | The Dear Departed by <i>Stanley Houghton</i> | 137 |
| Unit 13 | D. 13 | Julius Caesar by <i>William Shakespeare</i> | 160 |

ANNEXURE 191-200

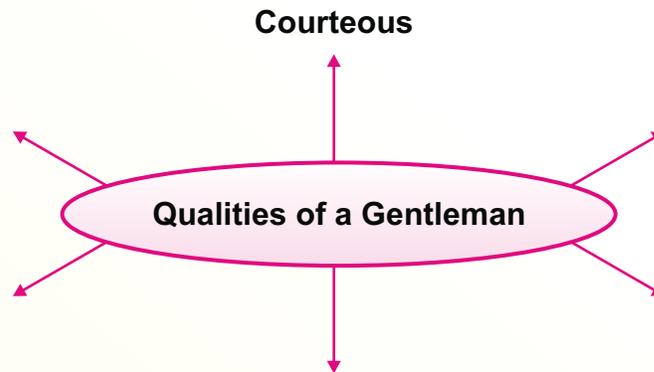
Texts for Listening Tasks

FICTION

F. 1 Two Gentlemen Of Verona

A. J. Cronin

1. What are the qualities of a "gentleman"? Work with your partner and complete the following web-chart by listing the qualities of a gentleman.



Does a gentleman have consideration for others and their feelings?

2. Based on your discussion above, what do you think the story is about?

-
-

3. Now read the story given below. Your teacher may use a variety of techniques for different parts of the story e.g.

- Silent reading
- One student reading aloud to the whole class
- Students reading in small groups
- Dramatised reading in small groups

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

1. As we drove through the foothills of the Alps two small boys stopped us on the outskirts of **Verona**¹.

1 **Verona:** a city in Italy. Romeo and Juliet are believed to have lived there



2. They were selling wild strawberries. "Don't buy," warned Luigi, our cautious driver. "You will get fruit much better in Verona. Besides, these boys....."
3. He shrugged his shoulders to convey his disapproval of their shabby appearance.
4. One boy was wearing a **worn**² jersey and cut-off khaki pants; the other a shortened army **tunic**³ gathered in loose folds about his skinny frame. Yet, gazing at the two little figures, with their brown skins, tangled hair and dark earnest eyes, we felt ourselves strangely attracted. My companion spoke to the boys, discovered that they were brothers. Nicola, the elder, was 13; Jacopo, who barely came up to the door handle of the car, was nearly 12. We bought their biggest basket, then set off towards the town.
5. Next morning, coming out of our hotel, we saw our friends bent over shoeshine boxes beside the fountain in the public square, doing a brisk business.
6. We watched for a few moments; then as trade slackened we went over. They greeted us with friendly faces.
7. "I thought you picked fruit for a living," I said.
8. "We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully. "Often we show visitors through the town ... to **Juliet's tomb**⁴ ... and other places of interest."
9. Alright, "I smiled. "You take us along."
10. As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable **demeanour**⁵. They were childish enough, and in many ways quite **artless**⁶. Jacopo was as lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years.
11. In the week which followed we saw them frequently, for they proved extremely useful to us. If we wanted a pack of American cigarettes, or seats for the opera or the name of a good restaurant, Nicola and Jacopo could be relied upon to satisfy our needs.
12. What struck one most was their willingness to work. During these summer days, under the hot sun, they shined shoes, sold fruit, hawked newspapers, conducted tourists round the town, and ran errands.

2 **worn**- old and damaged

3 **tunic**- a loose outer garment that does not have sleeves

4 **Juliet's tomb**- the place where Juliet, the woman Romeo loved, was buried. Romeo and Juliet is a play written by Shakespeare.

5 **demeanour**- appearance and behaviour

6 **artless**- guileless; innocent

13. One night, we came upon them in the windy and deserted square, resting on the stone pavement beneath the lights.
14. Nicola sat upright, tired. A bundle of unsold newspapers lay at his feet. Jacopo, his head resting upon his brother's shoulder was asleep. It was nearly midnight.
15. "Why are you out so late, Nicola?"
16. "Waiting for the last bus from Padua. We shall sell all our papers when it comes in."
17. "Must you work so hard? You both look rather tired."
18. "We are not complaining, sir."
19. But next morning, when I went over to the fountain to have my shoes shined, I said, "Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat little enough --- when I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you do with your money?"
20. He coloured deeply under his sunburn, then grew pale. He looked to the ground.
21. "You must be saving up to emigrate to America," I suggested. He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort.
22. "We should greatly like to go to United States. But here, at present, we have other plans."
23. "What plans?"
24. He smiled uncomfortably. "Just plans, sir," he answered in a low voice.
25. "Well," I said, "we're leaving on Monday. Is there anything I can do for you before we go?"
26. Nicola shook his head, but suddenly Jacopo said, "Sir," he burst out, "every Sunday we make a visit to the country, to Poleta, 30 kilometres from here. Usually we hire bicycles. But tomorrow, since you are so kind, you might send us in your car."
27. I had already told Luigi he might have the Sunday off. However, I answered, "I'll drive you out myself."
28. There was a pause. Nicola was glaring at his young brother in **vexation**⁶. "We could not think of troubling you, sir."
29. "It won't be any trouble."
30. He bit his lip, then, in a rather **put out**⁷ tone, he said, "Very well."
31. The following afternoon we drove to the tiny village set high upon the hillside. I imagined that our destinations would be some humble dwellings. But, directed by Jacopo, we drew up at a large red-roofed villa, surrounded by a high stone wall. I could scarcely believe my eyes and before I could recover my breath my two passengers had leaped from the car.

6 **vexation** : annoyance; agitation; hassle

7 **put out** : offended; annoyed

32. "We shall not be long, sir. Perhaps only an hour. May be you would like to go to the cafe in the village for a drink?" They disappeared beyond the corner of the wall.
33. After a few minutes I followed. I found a grilled side-entrance and, determinedly, rang the bell.
34. A pleasant-looking woman with steel-rimmed spectacles appeared. I blinked as I saw that she was dressed in the white uniform of a trained nurse.
35. "I-brought two small boys here."
36. "Ah, yes." Her face lit up; she opened the door to admit me. "Nicola and Jacopo. I will take you up."

37. She led me through a cool, tiled **vestibule**⁸ into the hospital --- for hospital the villa had become. At the door of a little cubicle the nurse paused, put her finger to her lips, and with a smile bade me to look through the glass partition.



38. The two boys were seated at the bedside of a girl of about twenty who, propped up on pillows, wearing a pretty lace jacket, was listening to their chatter, her eyes soft and tender. One could see at a glance her resemblance to her brothers. A vase of wild flowers stood on her table, beside a dish of fruit and several books.
39. "Won't you go in?" the nurse murmured. "Lucia will be pleased to see you."
40. I shook my head and turned away. I felt I could not bear to intrude upon this happy family party. But at the foot of the staircase I drew up and begged her to tell me all she knew about these boys.
41. She was eager to do so. They were, she explained, quite alone in the world, except for this sister, Lucia. Their father, a widower, a well-known singer, had been killed in the early part of the war. Shortly afterwards a bomb had destroyed their home and thrown the three children into the streets. They had always known a comfortable and cultured life --- Lucia had herself been training as a singer --- and they had suffered horribly from near starvation and exposure to the cold winter.

8 **vestibule** : lobby

42. For months they had barely kept themselves alive in a sort of shelter they built with their own hands amidst the rubble. Then for three years the Germans ruled the city. The boys grew to hate the Germans. When the resistance movement began secretly to form they were among the first to join. When the war was over, and we had peace at last, they came back to their beloved sister. And they found hersuffering from tuberculosis of the spine."
43. She paused, took a quick breath.
44. "Did they give up? I do not have to answer that question. They brought her here, persuaded us to take her into the hospital. In the twelve months she has been our patient she has made good progress. There is every hope that one day she will walk - and sing - again."
45. "Of course, everything is so difficult now, food so **scarce**⁹ and dear, we could not keep going unless we charged a fee. But every week, Lucia's brothers have made their payment." She added simply, "I don't know what they do, I do not ask. Work is scarce in Verona. But whatever it is, I know they do it well."
46. "Yes," I agreed. "They couldn't do it better."
47. I waited outside until the boys rejoined me, then drove them back to the city. They sat beside me, not speaking. For my part, I did not say a word --- I knew they would prefer to feel that they had safely kept their secret. Yet their devotion had touched me deeply. War had not broken their spirit. Their selfless action brought a new nobility to human life, gave promise of a greater hope for human society.

About the author

A.J. Cronin (1896-1974) was a doctor by training. He practised medicine in Wales and in London. It was while recovering from a breakdown in health that he wrote his first novel Hatter's Castle. It was a huge success. Cronin gave up practising medicine and took to writing as a career. He wrote a number of novels and short stories. Among his best-known novels are The Citadel, The Key of the Kingdom, and The Spanish Gardener. Some of his novels have been made into successful films. The title of the story is that of one of the early plays of Shakespeare. The story recounts the hard life chosen by two young boys so that they could pay for the treatment of their sister afflicted with tuberculosis. The boys' sacrifice, their sincerity and devotion to the cause and the maturity they display in their actions gives a new hope for humanity.

4. Based on your reading of the story answer the following questions by ticking the correct options.
- (i) What was the reason for the driver's disapproval of the narrator buying fruit from the two boys?
- A. The boys were untidy and poorly dressed.
 - B. The strawberries were not fresh.
 - C. The boys were asking for a heavy price.
 - D. The driver did not approve of small boys who worked.
- (ii) What impressed the narrator the most about the boys?
Their_____.
- A. desire to earn money
 - B. willingness to work
 - C. ability to perform many tasks
 - D. sense of fun
- (iii) Jacopo asked the narrator to drive them to Poleta Why was Nicola uncomfortable with it?
- A. Did not want a stranger to become involved with their plans.
 - B. Preferred going to Poleta by train so that he could enjoy the scenery.
 - C. Did not want to ask anyone for favours.
 - D. Preferred avoiding help from someone he did not know well.
- (iv) The narrator decided against going inside Lucia's room as_____.
- A. he did not want to intrude into the privacy of those inside
 - B. he thought that the boys would object
 - C. he felt that Lucia would not welcome a stranger
 - D. he did not want the boys to feel he was spying on them
- (v) The author chose to remain silent on their return journey because he thought the boys_____.
- A. would prefer to keep their secret
 - B. were ashamed of their sister's condition
 - C. would avoid telling him the truth
 - D. might ask him for money for their sister

5. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow.

(I) As we made the rounds, my interest was again provoked by their remarkable demeanour. They were childish enough, and in many ways quite artless. Jacopo was as lively as a squirrel. Nicola's smile was steady and engaging. Yet in both their boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years. In the week which followed we saw them frequently, for they proved extremely useful to us.

(I) We can say that the demeanour of the two boys was remarkable because they were_____.

Select the correct option.

- A. innocent but clever
- B. lively but serious
- C. young but mature
- D. childish but engaging

(ii) What does the writer wish to imply via the comparison of Jacopo to a squirrel?

(iii) How did the boys prove useful for the narrator and his companion? Select the most appropriate option.

- 1. Brought them newspapers.
- 2. Guided them to good restaurants.
- 3. Found American cigarettes for them.
- 4. Sold fruits to them.

- A. (1), (3) and (5)
- B. (2), (3) and (4)
- C. (1), (2) and (5)
- D. (1), (2) and (4)

(iv) Select the suitable word from the extract, to complete the following.

happy : sad :: pacify : _____

- A. provoke
- B. remarkable
- C. steady
- D. engage

- (v) Select a phrase from the extract that means the same as, 'to circulate'
- (II) I said, "Nicola, the way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit. You spend nothing on clothes. You eat little enough... when I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs. Tell me, what do you with your money?"

He coloured deeply under his sunburn, then grew pale. He looked to the ground.

"You must be saving up to emigrate to America," I suggested. He looked at me sideways, spoke with an effort.

- (i) What does the narrator's remark '*... the way you and Jacopo work...*' refer to?
- A. Sale of certain products.
B. Manner of working.
C. Readiness to lend aid.
D. Open to doing add jobs.
- (ii) How did the narrator's question impact Nicola?
It made him feel_____.
- A. surprised
B. embarrassed
C. confused
D. scared
- (iii) State one aspect that might have led the narrator to think that the boys must be saving to emigrate to America.
- (iv) Which of the following remarks shows that the narrator observed things keenly?
- A. 'The way you and Jacopo work, you must earn quite a bit.'
B. 'When I see you have a meal it's usually black bread and figs.'
C. 'What do you do with your money?'
D. 'You must be saving up to emigrate to America.'
- (v) What does the sunburn help you deduce about Nicola?

6. What do you understand by the following statements?

- a) "We do many things, sir," Nicola answered seriously. He glanced at us hopefully.

- b) He smiled uncomfortably. "Just plans, sir," he answered in a low voice.
- c) Yet in both these boyish faces there was a seriousness which was far beyond their years.

7. Answer the following questions briefly.

- a) Why was the author surprised to see Nicola and Jacopo working as shoeshine boys?
- b) The story is full of surprises. Briefly mention any two such instances.
- c) Why were the boys in the deserted square at night? What character traits do they exhibit?
- d) The narrator asks the boys, "Must you work so hard? You both look rather tired." The boys replied, "We are not complaining, sir." What do you learn about the boys from their reply?
- e) Support the opinion that the narrator was kind and sensitive.
- f) Do you think the boys looked after Lucia willingly? Give reasons for your answer.

8. Answer the following questions in detail.

- a) Appearances are deceptive. Discuss with reference to the two boys.
- b) How does the story 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' promise hope for society?
- c) The story of the two boys, as revealed by the nurse, deeply impacts the narrator. He decides to write a diary entry, recording how he feels inspired by the grit, determination and selfless actions of the two gentlemen of Verona. As the narrator, write the entry.
- d) When Lucia gets well she writes a letter to Nicola and Jacopo to express her feelings of gratitude and admiration for them. As Lucia, write the letter.

8. Look at the italic words in the following examples.

- a. We bought their biggest basket, then **set off** toward town.
- b. One night we **came upon** them in the windy and deserted square.
- c. He bit his lip, then in a rather **put out** tone he said, 'Very well.'
- d. I shook my head and **turned away**.

Here are a few more. Match the phrases to their meanings.

| Phrases | Meanings |
|-----------------|---|
| set up | to start on a journey |
| break down | to tolerate a situation or a person |
| set off | to lose control of your feelings and start crying |
| put up with | to enter |
| put off | to be faced with or opposed by |
| put on | to start/ establish a company |
| come in | to refuse/ reject |
| come across | to postpone |
| come up against | to try to get help/advice/ sympathy from someone |
| turn down | to wear |
| turn in | to meet or find by chance |
| turn to | to inform on or deliver up |

Now use the phrases given above to complete the following sentences.

- The landlord was suspicious of the two men staying in his flat so he called the police and them
- Early in the morning we packed our bags and for a hike over the mountain.
- Janvi some photographs of her grandfather in the old trunk.
- My father his own business 10 years ago.
- The Bank Paul's request for a loan.
- The Corporation's decision to reduce the leave of the employees a lot of opposition.

9. **Two Gentlemen of Verona** is written in the **first person**. A story written in the first person is a first-hand account of events told or narrated through the eyes of a single character, typically the main character. Stories written in the first person are easily identified by the use of the pronoun 'I' rather than 'he or she'.

The reader will see phrases such as "I said, I thought," rather than "he said, she thought." Everything is experienced through the eyes of a single character, and all thoughts and observations are limited to that one person. There can be no outside

observer. If the narrator does not see or experience an event first-hand, it cannot be a part of the story. All scenes in the story are filtered through this person's unique perception.

The **third-person** is a narrative mode in which both the reader and author observe the situation either through the senses and thoughts of more than one character, or through an overarching godlike perspective that sees and knows everything that happens and everything the characters are thinking. In this mode of narration, the narrator can tell the reader things that the main character does not know, or things that none of the characters know.

Rewrite, in third person, any part of story you like.

- 10. The narrator realises why Nicola and Jacopo work so hard. Yet he does not go in to meet their sister nor does he speak to them about what he learns from the nurse. Working in groups, discuss the following aspects of the story and share your views with the class.**
- The love, devotion and the family values Nicola and Jacopo display.
 - Their pride in themselves and their family.
 - The trust they place in the narrator .
 - The reason the narrator does not disclose to them that he knows their secret.

WRITING TASK

- As the narrator, write an article on the lesson of love, faith and trust that you have learnt from the two young boys of Verona.**
- After her brothers' visit, Lucia writes a page in her diary about her past life and her present situation. As Lucia, write the diary entry in about 150 words.**

LISTENING TASK

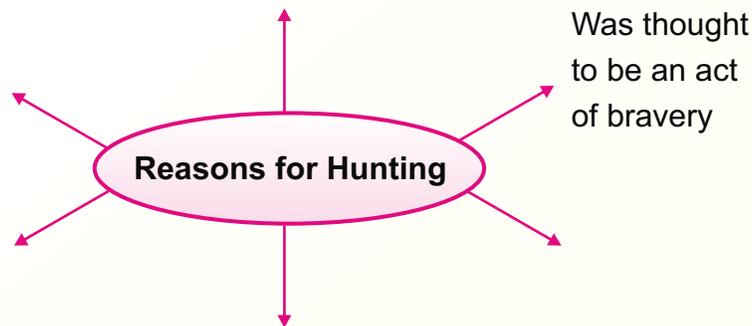
- Listen to an excerpt from the diary of a 13 year old girl Zlata Fillipovic who writes of the horrors of war in Sarajevo in her book Zlata's Diary.**

As you listen, complete the following statements.

- The first sign of approaching war was
- The family went into the cellar when
- The 'awful cellar' was the only place that could save their lives because
- Zlata's friend, Nina died when
- Zlata and her father were worried about her mother's safety because

F.2 Mrs Packletide's Tiger *by Saki*

1. Why do people hunt? Complete the web chart giving various reasons for the same:



2. Read these lines and guess the answers to the questions given below

It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger The compelling motive ...was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing.

- a) Why did Mrs. Packletide want to kill a tiger?
- b) What does it tell you about her?
- c) What is the tone of the storywriter?
- d) Do you think she was successful in her mission?
- e) What do you think the story is all about?

3. **This story was written at a time when there was very little awareness about the need to protect the environment and the wildlife. Now read the story.**

1. It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger. Not that the lust to kill had suddenly descended on her, or that she felt that she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one fraction less of wild beast



per million of inhabitants. The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of **Nimrod**¹ was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing. Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house on Curzon Street, **ostensibly**² in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation. She had also already designed in her mind the tiger-claw brooch that she was going to give Loona Bimberton on her next birthday. In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by

hunger and by love Mrs. Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.

2. Circumstances proved **propitious**³. Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without over-much risk or exertion, and it so happened that a neighbouring village could boast of being the favoured **rendezvous**⁴ of an animal of respectable antecedents, which had been driven by the increasing infirmities of age to abandon game-killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting-grounds, and the cheaper kinds of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one great anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the date appointed for the memsahib's shoot. Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

1. **Nimrod** : Biblical character (great grandson of Noah); a mighty hunter
 2. **ostensibly**: supposedly 3. **propitious** : favourable
 4. **rendezvous** : meeting

3. The great night duly arrived, moonlit and cloudless. A platform had been constructed in a comfortable and conveniently placed tree, and thereon crouched Mrs. Packletide and her paid companion, Miss Mebbin. A goat, gifted with a particularly persistent bleat, such as even a partially deaf tiger might be reasonably expected to hear on a still night, was **tethered**⁵ at the correct distance. With an accurately sighted rifle and a **thumb-nail pack of patience cards**⁶ the sportswoman awaited the coming of the quarry.
4. "I suppose we are in some danger?" said Miss Mebbin.
5. She was not actually nervous about the wild beast, but she had a morbid dread of performing an atom more service than she had been paid for.
6. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Packletide; "it's a very old tiger. It couldn't spring up here even if it wanted to."
7. "If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."
8. Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination. Her energetic intervention had saved many a rouble from depleting itself in tips in some Moscow hotel, and francs and centimes clung to her instinctively under circumstances which would have driven them headlong from less sympathetic hands. Her speculations as to the market depreciation of tiger remnants were cut short by the appearance on the scene of the animal itself. As soon as it caught sight of the tethered goat it lay flat on the earth, seemingly less from a desire to take advantage of all available cover than for the purpose of snatching a short rest before commencing the grand attack.
9. "I believe it's ill," said Louisa Mebbin, loudly in Hindustani, for the benefit of the village headman, who was in ambush in a neighbouring tree.
10. "Hush!" said Mrs. Packletide, and at that moment the tiger commenced ambling towards his victim.
11. "Now, now!" urged Miss Mebbin with some excitement; "if he doesn't touch the goat we needn't pay for it." (The bait was an extra.)



5. **tethered** - fastened

6. **thumb - nail pack of patience cards** - small sized playing cards to play solitaire

12. The rifle flashed out with a loud report, and the great tawny beast sprang to one side and then rolled over in the stillness of death. In a moment a crowd of excited natives had swarmed on to the scene, and their shouting speedily carried the glad news to the village, where a thumping of tom-toms took up the chorus of triumph. And their triumph and rejoicing found a ready echo in the heart of Mrs. Packletide; already that luncheon-party in Curzon Street seemed immeasurably nearer.



13. It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by **senile**⁷ decay. Mrs. Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers, anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion. Therefore, Mrs. Packletide faced the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame reached from the pages of the *Texas Weekly Snapshot* to the illustrated Monday supplement of the *Novoe Vremya*. As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions. The luncheon-party she declined. There are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous.
14. "How amused every one would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.
15. "What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Packletide quickly.
16. "How you shot the goat and frightened the tiger to death," said Miss Mebbin, with her disagreeably pleasant laugh.
17. "No one would believe it," said Mrs. Packletide, her face changing colour as rapidly as though it were going through a **book of patterns**⁸ before **post-time**⁹.
18. "Loona Bimberton would," said Miss Mebbin. Mrs. Packletide's face settled on an unbecoming shade of greenish white.

7. **senile** - characteristic of old age

8. **book of patterns** - Book showing the colour patterns of racing. stables, with colours worn by jockeys.

9. **post-time**- the start of horse race and deadline for placing a bet

19. "You surely wouldn't give me away?" she asked.
20. "I've seen a week-end cottage near Darking that I should rather like to buy," said Miss Mebbin with seeming irrelevance. "Six hundred and eighty, freehold. Quite a bargain, only I don't happen to have the money."

* * *

21. Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, christened by her "**Les Fauves**¹⁰," and gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends.
22. "It is a marvel how Louisa manages to do it," is the general verdict.
23. Mrs. Packletide indulges in no more big-game shooting.
24. "The **incidental**¹¹ expenses are so heavy," she confides to inquiring friends.

About the Author

Saki, (1870-1916), whose real name was Hector Hugh Munro, was a British writer, whose witty stories satirized the society and culture of his day. He was considered a master of the short story.

4. Read the extract and answer the questions that follow.

- II. *"It was Louisa Mebbin who drew attention to the fact that the goat was in death-throes from a mortal bullet-wound, while no trace of the rifle's deadly work could be found on the tiger. Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay. Mrs Packletide was pardonably annoyed at the discovery; but, at any rate, she was the possessor of a dead tiger, and the villagers anxious for their thousand rupees, gladly connived at the fiction that she had shot the beast. And Miss Mebbin was a paid companion."*
- i) Which line from the extract supports the idea that people had no doubts about Mrs Packletide missing her mark?
- ii) Select the option that correctly reveals the character traits of Mrs. Packletide.
1. Miserly
 2. Opportunistic
 3. Blunt
 4. Greedy

5. Pretentious
- A. 1, 3 and 4
- B. 2, 3, 4 and 5
- C. 1, 3, 4 and 5
- D. 2, 4 and 5
- iii) Select the idiom that captures the central idea of the extract.
- A. Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.
- B. Sometimes a man wants to be stupid if it lets him do a thing his cleverness forbids.
- C. Humans are the most unreliable species.
- D. The greatest obstacle to discovery is not ignorance- it is the illusion of knowledge.
- iv) Identify the writer's tone in this extract.
- v) Select the option that displays the reason for Mrs. Packletide's brief annoyance.
- A. The covering up of her blunder.
- B. The death of the goat.
- C. The sudden report of the rifle.
- D. The participation of the villagers.

4. Answer the following questions in your own words:

- (a) What made Mrs. Packletide decide to give a party in Loona Bimberton's honour? What did she intend to give Loona on her birthday?
- (b) Who was Miss Mebbin? Was she really devoted to Mrs. Packletide? How did she behave during the tiger shooting?
- (c) Mrs. Packletide was a good shot. Discuss.
- (d) What comment did Miss Mebbin make after Mrs Packletide fired the shot? Why did Miss Mebbin make this comment? How did Mrs Packletide react to this comment?
- (e) Briefly comment on the behaviour of the villagers throughout the story.
- (f) Did Mrs. Packletide achieve her heart's desire? Give reasons for your answer.
- (g) How did Miss Mebbin manage to get her week-end cottage? Why did she plant so many tiger lilies in her garden?

- (h) "The incidental expenses are so heavy," she confides to inquiring friends. Who is the speaker? What is she referring to here?
- (i) Do you think the silent figure of Loona Bimberton in the background, plays a crucial role in the story? Explain.

6. Discuss the following questions in detail and write the answers in your notebooks:

- (a) Do you think the tiger shooting organized by the villagers was a serious affair? Give reasons for your answer.
- (b) Do you think the writer is trying to make fun of the main characters in the story i.e. Mrs. Packletide, Miss Mebbin and Loona Bimberton? Pick out instances from the story that point to this fact.
- (c) A person who is vain is full of self importance and can only think of himself/herself and can go to great lengths to prove his/her superiority. Do you think Mrs Packletide is vain? Give reasons in support of your answer.
- (d) Sometimes writers highlight certain negative aspects in society or human beings by making fun of them. This is called a **Satire**. In your groups, discuss whether you would classify this story as a satire. Give reasons to support your answer
- (e) How does the writer create humour in this story?

7. Choose extracts from the story that illustrate the character of the people listed in the table given below. There are some words given to help you. You may add words of your own. One has been done as an example:

vain jealous competitive shrewd manipulative stingy materialistic spiteful

| Character | Extract from the story | What this tells us about the character |
|------------------------|--|--|
| Mrs. Packletide | (i) The compelling motive for her sudden deviation towards the footsteps of Nimrod was the fact that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles in an aeroplane by an Algerian aviator, and talked of nothing else; only a personally procured tiger-skin and a heavy harvest of Press photographs could successfully counter that sort of thing | Competitive |

| | | |
|-------------------------------|---|--|
| | <p>(ii) Mrs. Packletide had offered a thousand rupees for the opportunity of shooting a tiger without over-much risk or exertion,</p> <p>(iii) Mrs. Packletide faced the cameras with a light heart, and her pictured fame reached from the pages of the Texas Weekly Snapshot to the illustrated Monday supplement of the Novoe Vremya.</p> | <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> |
| <p>Louisa Mebbin</p> | <p>(i) "If it's an old tiger I think you ought to get it cheaper. A thousand rupees is a lot of money."</p> <p>(ii) Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination</p> <p>(iii) "How amused every one would be if they knew what really happened," said Louisa Mebbin a few days after the ball.</p> <p>(iv) Louisa Mebbin's pretty week-end cottage, christened by her "Les Fauves," and gay in summer-time with its garden borders of tiger-lilies, is the wonder and admiration of her friends</p> | <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> |
| <p>Loona Bimberton</p> | <p>(i) As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions</p> <p>(ii) There are limits beyond which repressed emotions become dangerous.</p> | <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> |

8. There are many amusing lines in the story. Here are a few of them. Rewrite each one in ordinary prose so that the meaning is retained. One has been done for you as an example:

a) It was Mrs. Packletide's pleasure and intention that she should shoot a tiger.

Mrs. Packletide wanted to shoot a tiger

b) Mrs. Packletide had already arranged in her mind the lunch she would give at her house on Curzon Street, ostensibly in Loona Bimberton's honour, with a tiger-skin rug occupying most of the foreground and all of the conversation.

.....

c) Mothers carrying their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of the venerable herd-robber.

.....

d) Louisa Mebbin adopted a protective elder-sister attitude towards money in general, irrespective of nationality or denomination.

.....

(e) Evidently the wrong animal had been hit, and the beast of prey had succumbed to heart-failure, caused by the sudden report of the rifle, accelerated by senile decay.

.....

(f) As for Loona Bimberton, she refused to look at an illustrated paper for weeks, and her letter of thanks for the gift of a tiger-claw brooch was a model of repressed emotions.

.....

9. **An oxymoron is a figure of speech that combines normally-contradictory terms. The most common form of oxymoron involves an adjective-noun combination of two words like- failed success**

Writers often use an oxymoron to call attention to an apparent contradiction. For example, Wilfred Owen's poem *The Send-off* refers to soldiers leaving for the front line, who "lined the train with faces grimly gay." The oxymoron 'grimly gay' highlights the

contradiction between how the soldiers feel and how they act: though they put on a brave face and act cheerful, they feel grim. Some examples of oxymorons are- dark sunshine, cold sun, living dead, dark light, almost exactly etc.

The story Mrs. Packletide's Tiger has a number of oxymorons. Can you identify them and write them down in your notebooks?

WRITING TASK

10. (a) **Years later Mrs. Packletide writes her autobiography. As Mrs. Packletide, write about the tiger episode with the help of the clues given below.**

jealous of the applause Loona was getting-thought of tiger hunt--all arranged-- Louisa Mebbin accompanied; turned out to be a blackmailer-huge price to pay to outdo a rival

- (b) **Mrs. Packletide's Tiger by Saki is seeped in rich wit and humour. Choose and describe the most Laugh-Out-Loud (LOL) moment in the story. Give at least three reasons as to why you think this the most LOL moment.**
- (c) **In groups of four, construct the dialogues and enact the following situations from the story:**
1. Mrs. Packletide and the headman of the village/other villagers discussing the details of the tiger shooting
 2. Miss Mebbin blackmailing Mrs Packletide into gifting her a cottage
 3. Loona Bimberton and a lady-friend discussing Mrs Packletide's hunting success

LISTENING TASK

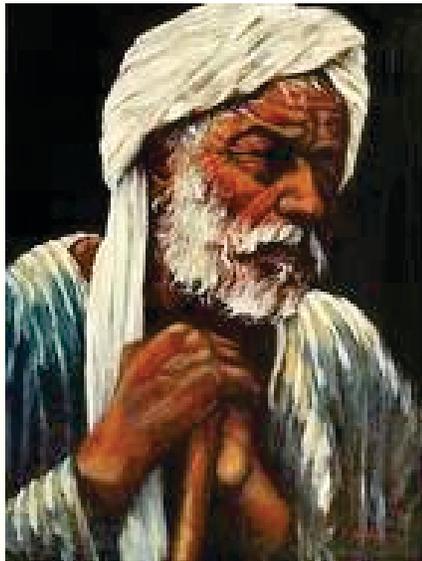
11. **Listen to the reading of a passage on lion hunting and answer the questions given below:**

1. The Maasai tribe in Africa hunt lions because
 - i. they live near the forests of Africa
 - ii. they view it as a sign of bravery and personal achievement
 - iii. they are a hunting tribe
 - iv. they adorn their bodies with body parts of the lion
2. Solo hunting has been banned because
 - i. it is dangerous
 - ii. of the declining lion population
 - iii. too many hunters have been killed

- iv. it creates pride in the minds of the successful hunters
- 3. The hunting of lionesses is discouraged because
 - i. they bear the cubs
 - ii. they run much faster
 - iii. they are more fierce
 - iv. they cannot be spotted easily
- 4. The Maasai warriors chase a lion with rattle bells to
 - i. awaken it
 - ii. make it run faster
 - iii. make it angry
 - iv. frighten it
- 5. The Maasai use three parts of the lion. They are
 - i. the mane, tail and claws
 - ii. the mane, nails and claws
 - iii. the mane, tail and nails
 - iv. the whiskers, tail and claws
- 6. The tail is given to
 - i. the strongest warrior
 - ii. the fastest warrior
 - iii. the youngest warrior
 - iv. the bravest warrior

F.3 The Letter
By Dhumaketu

1. Look at the picture of the old man given below:



Working with your partner note down the feelings of the old man in the picture.

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

2. Can you think of reasons for these feelings? Discuss with your partner and note down possible reasons.

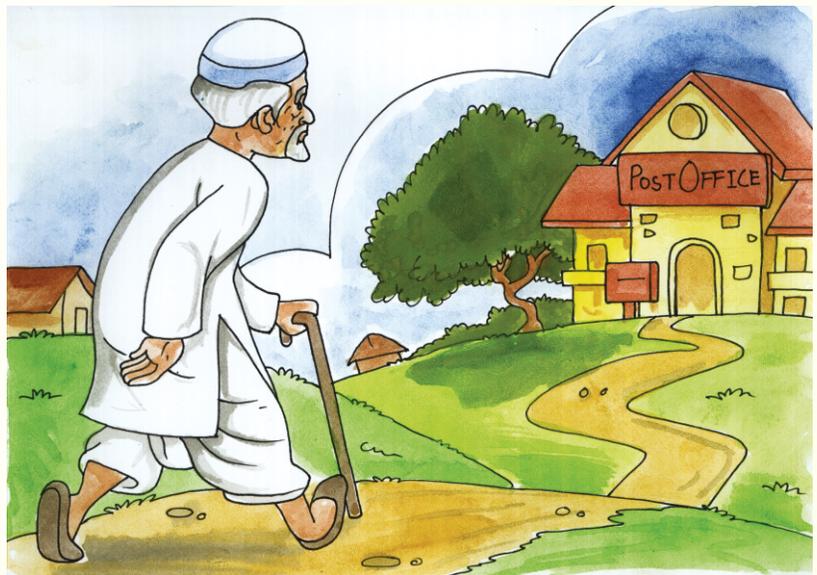
- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

3. Now read the story given below. Your teacher will use a variety of techniques for different parts of the story e.g.

- Silent reading
- One student reading aloud to the whole class
- Students reading in small groups
- Dramatised reading in small groups

1. In the grey sky of early dawn, stars still glowed, as happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close. An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind. From some houses came the sound of grinding mills, and the sweet voices of women singing at their work, and the sounds helped him along his lonely way. Except for an occasional bark of a dog, the distant steps of a workman going early to work, or the screech of a bird disturbed before its time, the whole town was wrapped in deathly silence. Most of its inhabitants were still in the arms of sleep, the sleep which grew more and more profound on account of the intense winter cold; for the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles. The old man, shivering at times but fixed of purpose, plodded on till he came out of the town-gate on to a straight road. Along this he now went at a somewhat slower pace, supporting himself on his old staff.

2. On one side of the road was a row of trees, on the other side the town's public garden. The sky was darker now and the cold more intense, for the biting wind was blowing straight along the road. At the end of the garden stood a handsome building of the newest style. Light gleamed through the crevices of its closed doors and windows.



3. **Beholding**¹ the wooden arch of this building, the old man was filled with the joy that a pilgrim feels when he first sees the goal of his journey. On the arch hung an old board with the newly painted letters "Post Office." The old man went in quietly and squatted on

the verandah. The voices of two or three people busy and their routine work could be faintly heard through the wall.

4. "Police Superintendent," a voice called sharply. The old man started at the sound, but composed himself again to wait. But for the faith and love, that warmed him, he could not have borne the bitter cold.
5. Name after name rang out from within as the clerk read out the English addresses on the letters and flung them to the waiting postmen. From long practise he had acquired great speed at reading out the titles - Commissioner, Superintendent, **Diwan Sahib**², Librarian - and in flinging the letters out.
6. In the midst of this procedure a jesting voice from inside called, "Coachman Ali!" The old man got up, raised his eyes to heaven in gratitude and stepping forward put his hands to the door.
7. "Gokul Bhai!"
8. "Yes who is there?"
9. "You called out coachman Ali's name didn't you. Here I am. I have come for my letter."
10. "It's a mad man, sir, who worries us by calling everyday for letters that never come," said the clerk to the postmaster.
11. The old man went back slowly to the bench on which he had been accustomed to sit for five long years.
12. Ali had been a clever shikari. As his skill increased so did his love for the hunt, till at last it was as impossible for him to pass a day without hunting. When Ali sighted the earth-brown partridge, almost invisible to other eyes, the poor bird, they said, was as good as in his bag. His sharp eyes saw the hare crouching. Even when the dogs failed to see the creature cunningly hidden in the yellow brown scrub, Ali's eyes would catch the sight of his ears; and in another moment it was dead. Besides this, he would often go out with his friends, the fishermen.
13. But when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and his life suddenly took a new turn. His only child, Miriam married and left him. She went off with a soldier into his regiment in the Punjab, and for the last five years he had no news of this daughter for whose sake alone he dragged along a cheerless existence. Now he understood the meaning of love and separation. He could no longer enjoy the sportsman's pleasure and laughter at the bewildered terror of the young partridges bereft of their parents.
14. Although the hunter's instinct was in his very blood and bones, such loneliness had come into his life since the day Miriam had gone away, that now, forgetting his sport, he would become lost in the admiration of the green cornfield. He reflected deeply, and

2 **Diwan Sahib** : a senior government official

came to the conclusion that the whole universe was built up through love and that the grief of separation was inescapable. And understanding this, he sat down under a tree and wept bitterly. From that day he had risen each morning at 4 o' clock to walk to the post-office. In his whole life, he had never received a letter, but with a devout serenity born of hope and faith, he persevered and was always the first to arrive.

15. The post office, one of the most uninteresting buildings in the world, became his place of pilgrimage. He always occupied a particular seat in a particular corner of the building, and when the people got to know his habit they laughed at him. The postmen began to make a game of him. Even though there was no letter for him they would call out his name for the fun of seeing him jump up and come to the door. Still with boundless faith and infinite patience, he came everyday, and went away empty-handed.
16. While Ali waited, peons would come for their firms' letters and he would hear them discussing their masters' scandals. These smart young peons in their spotless turbans and creaking shoes were always eager to express themselves. Meanwhile, the door would be thrown open and the post-master, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside. There was no glimmer of animation in his features; such men usually proved to be village schoolmasters, office clerks or postmasters.
17. One day, he was there as usual and did not move from his seat when the door was opened.
18. "Police Commissioner!" the clerk called out, and a young fellow stepped forward briskly for the letters.
19. "Superintendent!" Another voice called. Another peon came. And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Lord Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names.
20. At last they had all gone. Ali got up too and saluting the post-office as though it housed some precious relic, went off. A pitiable figure a century behind his time.
21. "That fellow," asked the post-master "Is he mad?"
22. "Who, Sir? Oh, yes," answered the clerk "no matter what the weather is he has been here everyday for the last five years. But he doesn't get many letters."
23. "I can well understand that! Who does he think will have time to write a letter everyday?"
24. "But he is a bit touched sir. In the old days he committed many sins; and maybe he shed some blood within sacred precincts and is paying for it now," the postman added in support of his statement.
25. "Mad-men are strange people," the postmaster said.

26. "Yes. Once I saw a postman in Ahmedabad who did absolutely nothing but make little heaps of dust. And another had a habit of going to the river bed in order to pour water on a certain stone everyday!"
27. "Oh! That's nothing" chimed in another. "I knew one madman who paced up and down all day long, another who never ceased declaiming poetry and a third who would slap himself on the cheek and then begin to cry because he was being beaten."
28. And everyone in the post office began to talk of lunacy. All working class people have the habit of taking periodic rests by joining in general discussion for a few minutes. After listening a while, the postmaster got up and said, "It seems as though the mad live in a world of their own making. To them perhaps we too appear mad. The mad-man's world is rather like the poet's, I should think!"
29. He laughed as he spoke the last words, looking at one of the clerks who wrote indifferent verse. Then he went out and the office became still again.
30. For several days Ali had not come to the post-office. There was no one with enough sympathy or understanding to guess the reason, but all were curious to know what had stopped the old man. At last he came again; but it was a struggle for him to breathe and on his face were clear signs of approaching end. That day he could not contain his impatience.
31. "Master Sahib", he begged the post-master, "Do you have a letter from my Miriam?"
32. The postmaster wanted to get out to the country, and was in a hurry.
33. "What a pest you are, brother!" he exclaimed.
34. "My name is Ali," answered Ali absent-mindedly.
35. "I know! I know! But do you think we've got your Miriam's name registered?"
36. "Then please note it down, brother. It will be useful if a letter should come when I am not here." For how should the villager who had spent three-quarters of his life hunting know that Miriam's name was not worth a pice to anyone but her father?
37. The postmaster was beginning to lose his temper. "Have you no sense?" he cried.
38. "Get away! Do you think we're going to eat your letter when it comes?" and he walked off hastily. Ali came out very slowly, turning after every few steps to gaze at the post office. His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness, for his patience was exhausted, even though he still had faith. Yet how could he still hope to hear from Miriam?
39. Ali heard one of the clerks coming up behind him, and turned to him.
40. "Brother!" he said.

41. The clerk was surprised, but being a decent fellow he said, "Well!"
42. "Here, look at this!" and Ali produced an old tin box and emptied five golden guineas into the surprised clerk's hands. "Do not look so startled," he continued.
43. "They will be useful to you, as they can never be to me. But will you do one thing?"
44. "What?"
45. "What do you see up there?" said Ali, pointing to the sky.
46. "Heaven."
47. "Allah is there, and in His presence I am giving you this money. When it comes, you must forward my Miriam's letter to me."
48. "But where---where am I supposed to send it?" asked the utterly bewildered clerk.
49. "To my grave."
50. "What?"
51. "Yes. It is true. Today is my last day: my very last, alas! And I have not seen Miriam, I have had no letter from her." There were tears in Ali's eyes as the clerk slowly left him and went on his way with the five golden guineas in his pocket.
52. Ali was never seen again, and no one troubled to inquire after him.
53. One day, however, trouble came to the postmaster. His daughter lay ill in another town, and he was anxiously waiting for news of her. The post was brought in, and the letters piled on the table. Seeing an envelope of the colour and shape he expected, the postmaster eagerly snatched it up. It was addressed to Coachman Ali, and he dropped it as though it had given him an electric shock. The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart. He knew at once that this was the letter the old man had been waiting for; it must be from his daughter Miriam.
54. "Lakshmi Das!" called the postmaster, for such was the name of the clerk to whom Ali had given his money.
55. "Yes, sir?"
56. "This is for your old coachman Ali. Where is he now?"



57. "I will find out, sir."
58. The postmaster did not receive his own letter all that day. He worried all night, and getting up at three, went to sit in the office. "When Ali comes at four o' clock," he mused, "I will give him the letter myself."
59. For now the postmaster understood Ali's heart and his very soul. After spending but a single night in suspense, anxiously waiting for news of his daughter, his heart was brimming with sympathy for the poor old man who had spent his nights in the same suspense for the last five years. At the stroke of five he heard a soft knock on the door: he felt sure it was Ali. He rose quickly from his chair, his suffering father's heart recognizing another, and flung the door wide open.
60. "Come in, brother Ali," he cried, handing the letter to the meek old man, bent double with age, who was standing outside. Ali was leaning on a stick, and the tears were wet on his face as they had been when the clerk left him. But his features had been hard then, and now they were softened by lines of kindness. He lifted his eyes and in them was a light so unearthly that the postmaster shrank back in fear and astonishment.
61. Lakshmi Das had heard the postmaster's words as he came towards the office from another quarter. "Who was that, sir? Old Ali?" he asked. But the postmaster took no notice of him. He was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway from which Ali had disappeared. Where could he have gone? At last he turned to Lakshmi Das. "Yes, I was speaking to Ali," he said.
62. "Old Ali is dead, sir. But give me his letter."
63. "What! But when? Are you sure, Lakshmi Das?"
64. "Yes, that is so," broke in a postman who had just arrived. "Ali died three months ago."
65. The postmaster was bewildered. Miriam's letter was still lying near the door, Ali's image was still before his eyes. He listened to Lakshmi Das's recital of the last interview, but he could still not doubt the reality of the knock on the door and the tears in Ali's eyes. He was perplexed. Had he really seen Ali? Had his imagination deceived him? Or had it perhaps been Lakshmi Das?
66. The daily routine began. The clerk read out the addresses- Police Commissioner, Superintendent, Librarian - and flung the letters deftly.
67. But the postmaster now watched them as eagerly as though each contained a warm, beating heart. He no longer thought of them in terms of envelopes and postcards. He saw the essential human worth of a letter.
68. That evening you could have seen Lakshmi Das and the postmaster walking with slow steps to Ali's grave. They laid the letter on it and turned back.
69. "Lakshmi Das, were you indeed the first to come to the office this morning?"

70. "Yes, sir, I was the first."
71. "Then how.... No. I don't understand...."
72. "What, sir?"
73. "Oh, never mind," the postmaster said shortly. At the office, he parted from Lakshmi Das and went in. The newly-wakened father's heart in him was reproaching him for having failed to understand Ali's anxiety, for now he himself had to spend another night of restless anxiety. Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal sigri to wait.

About the Author

Dhumaketu (1892-1965) was the pen name of Gaurishankar Govardhandas Joshi, a prolific writer, who is considered one of the pioneers of the Gujarati short story. He published twenty-four collections of short stories, as well as thirty-two novels on historical and social subjects, plays and travelogues. His writing is characterized by a poetic style, romanticism and powerful depiction of human emotions.

4. Answer the following questions by selecting the correct options:

- (a) Ali's walking to the Post Office daily even in biting cold weather shows his _____.
- courage
 - optimism
 - foolishness
 - strength of will
- (b) Why is the post office referred to as Ali's 'place of pilgrimage'?
- He visited it daily.
 - He came there to pray for a letter from his daughter.
 - He went there with faith and hope.
 - He believed God would bless him if he went there.
- © What does the post master's rudeness to Ali, reveal about him?
- lack of empathy
 - preoccupation with his work
 - preconceived notions
 - sensitivity

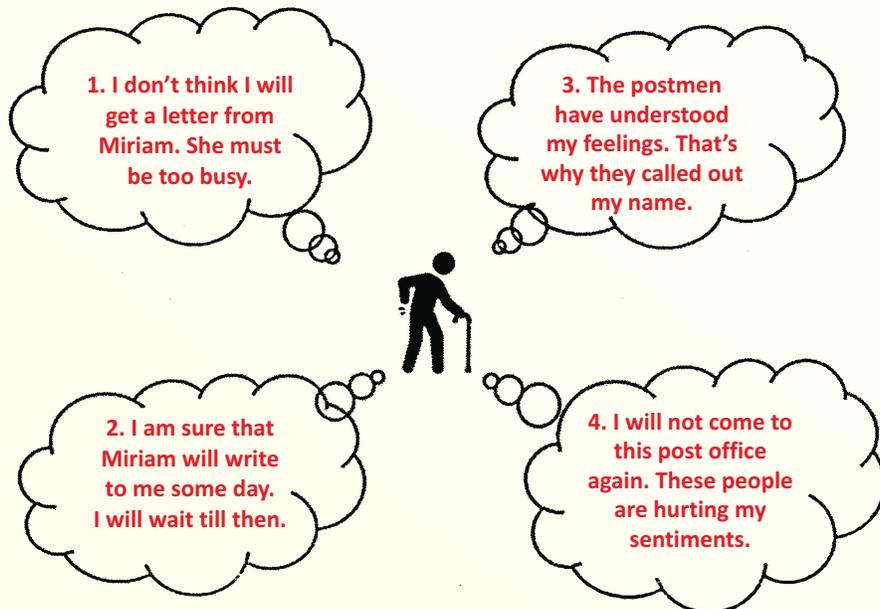
5. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow.

The post office, one of the most uninteresting buildings in the world, became his place of pilgrimage. He always occupied a particular seat in a particular corner of the building, and when the people got to know his habit, they laughed at him. The postmen began to make a game of him. Even though there was no letter for him they would call out his name for the fun of seeing him jump up and come to the door. Still with boundless faith and infinite patience, he came every day, and went away empty-handed.

(i) Select the option which displays an example of 'make a game of'.

| | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| <p>Situation 1 Nikhil and Harish are interested in developing an app for a new video game they have invented. They are working hard for it.</p> | <p>Situation 2 The football team of a school plans to conduct an inter-school tournament. The Sports Secretary plans to conduct a meeting</p> | <p>Situation 3 Raju has recently joined a school. One of his classmates hides his lunch box and tells his friends to watch the fun when he searches for it.</p> | <p>Situation 4 It is recess time. Laya trips and falls while running in the field. Shruthi helps her back to her feet and takes her to the first-aid room.</p> |
|--|--|--|---|

- A. Situation 1
B. Situation 2
C. Situation 3
D. Situation 4
- (ii) Identify any two characteristics of the postmen that are revealed via their behaviour towards Ali.
- (iii) Give one reason why the writer refers to the post office as "One of the most uninteresting buildings in the world."
- (iv) Choose the option that displays the thoughts of Ali as he walks out of the post office.



- A. Option 1
- B. Option 2
- C. Option 3
- D. Option 4

(v) Identify two words from the extract that imply 'without limits'.

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) "Ali displays qualities of love and patience". Give evidence from the story to support the statement.
- (b) How do you know Ali was a familiar figure at the post office?
- (c) Why did Ali give up hunting?
- (d) What impression do you form of the postmaster after reading the story 'The Letter'?
- (e) The postmaster says to Ali, "What a pest you are, brother!" Do you agree with the statement? Give reasons for your answer.
- (f) "Ali came out very slowly, turning after every few steps to gaze at the post office. His eyes were filled with tears of helplessness, for his patience was exhausted, even though he still had faith." Why were Ali's eyes filled with tears of helplessness? What had exhausted his patience but not his faith?
- (g) "Tortured by doubt and remorse, he sat down in the glow of the charcoal sigri to wait." Who is tortured by doubt and remorse? Why? What is he waiting for?

7. The writer carefully builds up an atmosphere of loneliness and grief in the story. Working in groups, pick out words/ phrases from the story that build up the atmosphere. Copy the following table in your notebook and complete it.

| Loneliness | Grief |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • An old man was walking through the town, now and again drawing his tattered clothes tighter to shield his body from the cold and biting wind • his lonely way | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • the whole town was wrapped in deathly silence |

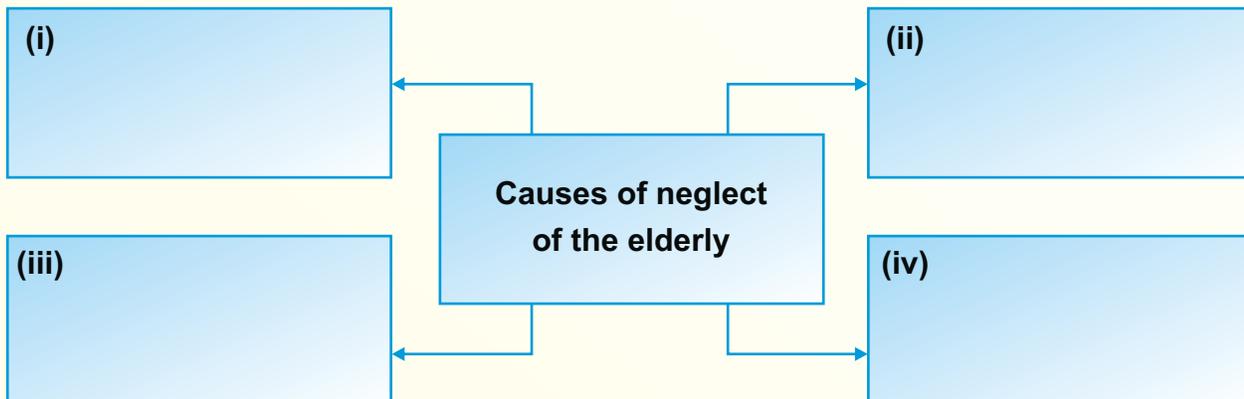
8. Complete the table by explaining the following phrases/ sentences in your own words:

| Phrases | Meanings |
|---|----------|
| happy memories light up a life that is nearing its close | |
| the sounds helped him along his lonely way | |
| the cold used sleep to extend its sway over all things even as a false friend lulls his chosen victim with caressing smiles | |
| when the evening of his life was drawing in, he left his old ways and suddenly took a new turn | |
| the whole universe is built up through love and that the grief of separation is inescapable | |
| the post-master, a man with a face as sad and as inexpressive as a pumpkin, would be seen sitting on his chair inside | |
| And so the clerk, like a worshipper of Lord Vishnu, repeated his customary thousand names | |
| The haughty temper of the official had quite left him in his sorrow and anxiety, and had laid bare his human heart | |

9. LISTENING TASK

You will listen to views about the Joint Family system in India.

As you listen, complete the graphic given below.



10. WRITING TASK

Tortured by doubt and remorse, the postmaster sits in the glow of a charcoal sigri that night, waiting for news of his daughter. As he sits, he writes his diary.

As the postmaster, write a diary entry in about 150 words outlining your feelings about the day's events.

11. SPEAKING TASK

- (a) The postmaster believes that he had seen Ali. What do you think? Discuss with your partner and present your views in front of the class.
- (b) The postmaster was anxiously waiting for his ailing daughter's news. On not getting any news, he visits his daughter's town. Now create a dialogue between the postmaster and his daughter and enact it.

F.4 A Shady Plot

By Elsie Brown

1. Given below is a list of words related to ghosts and ghost stories with their jumbled up meanings against them. Match the words/expressions with their correct meanings:

| | |
|-----------------------|--|
| Apparition | a feeling of anticipation or anxiety over a future event |
| Poltergeist | a reanimated corpse that is believed to rise from the grave at night to suck the blood of sleeping people |
| Clairvoyance | a conjurer who expels evil spirits by conjuration |
| Crystal Ball | a spelling board device intended to communicate with and through the spirit world, obtaining answers to questions |
| Eerie | beyond the range of normal experience or scientific explanation |
| Medium | any of a set of 22 playing cards bearing allegorical representations, used for fortune telling |
| Transmigration | a supernatural appearance of a person or thing, a ghost, spectre or phantom |
| Psychic | so mysterious, strange or unexpected as to send a chill up the spine |
| Ouija Board | the supposed power to see objects or events that cannot be perceived by the senses |
| Exorcist | a person through whom the spirits of the dead are alleged to be able to contact the living |
| Premonition | a globe of quartz crystal in which images, believed to portend the future, are supposedly visible to fortune tellers |

| | |
|-------------------|--|
| Paranormal | to pass into another body after death: going from one state of existence or place to another |
| Tarot Card | capable of extraordinary mental processes, such as extrasensory perception and mental telepathy |
| Vampire | German word, meaning "noisy ghost"-a troublesome spirit that announces its presence with unexplainable sounds and the creation of disorder |

2. The title of the story is **A Shady Plot**. The dictionary defines the words as:

shady adjective

- a. Full of shade; shaded.
- b. Casting shade: a shady grove.
- c. Quiet, dark, or concealed; hidden.
- d. Of dubious character or of questionable honesty.

plot noun

- a. i) a small piece of ground, generally used for a specific purpose: a garden plot.
ii) a measured area of land
- b. a ground plan, as for a building; a diagram.
- c. storyline- the plan, scheme, or main story of a literary or dramatic work, as a play, novel, or short story
- d. a secret plan to accomplish a hostile or illegal purpose; a scheme.

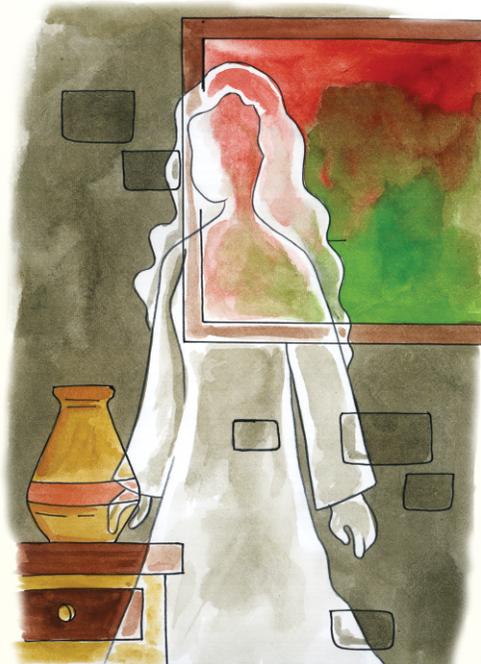
Based on the definitions above, can you predict what the story is about? Make a brief note of your prediction in your notebook.

3. Read the story given below. Your teacher will may a variety of techniques for different parts of the story. For example:

- Silent reading
- One student reading aloud to the whole class
- Students reading in small groups
- Dramatised reading in small groups

A SHADY PLOT

1. So I sat down to write a ghost story.
2. Jenkins was responsible.
3. "Hallock," he had said to me, "give us another on the supernatural this time. Something to give 'them the horrors; that's what the public wants, and your ghosts are live propositions."
4. Well, I was in no position to contradict Jenkins, for, as yet, his magazine had been the only one to print my stuff. So I had said, "Precisely!" in the deepest voice I was capable of, and had gone out.
5. I had no idea, but at that time it did not worry me at all. You see, I had often been like that before and in the end things had always come my way--I didn't in the least know how or why. It had all been rather mysterious. You understand I didn't specialize in ghost stories, but more or less they seemed to specialize in me. A ghost story had been the first fiction I had written. Curious how that idea for a plot had come to me out of nowhere after I had chased inspiration in vain for months! Even now whenever Jenkins wanted a ghost, he called on me. And I had never found it healthy to contradict Jenkins. Jenkins always seemed to have an uncanny knowledge as to when the landlord or the grocer was pestering me, and he **dunned**¹ me for a ghost. And somehow I had always been able to dig one up for him, so I had begun to get a bit **cocky**² as to my ability.
6. So I went home and sat down before my desk and sucked at the end of my pencil and waited, but nothing happened. Pretty soon my mind began to wander off on other things, decidedly unghostly and material things, such as my wife's shopping and how on earth I was going to cure her of her alarming tendency to take every new fad that came along and work it to death. But I realized that would never get me any place, so I went back to staring at the ceiling.
7. "This writing business is delightful, isn't it?" I said sarcastically at last, out loud, too. You see, I had reached the stage of imbecility when I was talking to myself.
8. "Yes," said a voice at the other end of the room, "I should say it is!"



1. **dunned** : persistently ask for something that is overdue
 2. **cocky** : overconfident

9. I admit I jumped. Then I looked around.
10. It was twilight by this time and I had forgotten to turn on the lamp. The other end of the room was full of shadows and furniture. I sat staring at it and presently noticed something just taking shape. It was exactly like watching one of these moving picture cartoons being put together. First an arm came out, then a bit of sleeve of a stiff white **shirtwaist**³, then a leg and a plaid skirt, until at last there she was complete,--whoever she was.
11. She was long and angular, with enormous fishy eyes behind big bone-rimmed spectacles, and her hair in a tight wad at the back of her head (yes, I seemed able to see right through her head) and a jaw--well, it looked so solid that for the moment I began to doubt my very own senses and believe she was real after all.
12. She came over and stood in front of me and glared--yes, positively glared down at me, although (to my knowledge) I had never laid eyes on the woman before, to say nothing of giving her cause to look at me like that.
13. I sat still, feeling pretty helpless I can tell you, and at last she barked: "What are you gaping at?"
14. I swallowed, though I hadn't been chewing anything.
15. "Nothing," I said. "Absolutely nothing. My dear lady, I was merely waiting for you to tell me why you had come. And excuse me, but do you always come in sections like this? I should think your parts might get mixed up sometimes."
16. "Didn't you send for me?" she crisped.
17. Imagine how I felt at that!
18. "Why, no. I--I don't seem to remember----"
19. "Look here. Haven't you been calling on heaven and earth all afternoon to help you write a story?"
20. I nodded, and then a possible explanation occurred to me and my spine got cold. Suppose this was the ghost of a stenographer applying for a job! I had had an advertisement in the paper recently. I opened my mouth to explain that the position was filled, and permanently so, but she stopped me.
21. "And when I got back to the office from my last case and was ready for you, didn't you switch off to something else and sit there **drivelling**⁴ so I couldn't attract your attention until just now?"
22. "I--I'm very sorry, really."

3. **shirtwaist** : a woman's blouse shaped like a man's shirt

4. **drivelling** : speak nonsense

23. "Well, you needn't be, because I just came to tell you to stop bothering us for assistance; you are not going to get it. We're going on strike!"
24. "What!"
25. "You don't have to yell at me."
26. "I--I didn't mean to yell," I said humbly. "But I'm afraid I didn't quite understand you. You said you were----"
27. "Going on strike. Don't you know what a strike is? Not another plot do you get from us!"
28. I stared at her and wet my lips.
29. "Is--is that where they've been coming from?"
30. "Of course. Where else?"
31. "But my ghosts aren't a bit like you----"
32. "If they were, people wouldn't believe in them." She **draped**⁵ herself on the top of my desk among the pens and ink bottles and leaned towards me.
33. "In the other life I used to write."
34. "You did!"
35. She nodded.
36. "But that has nothing to do with my present form. It might have, but I gave it up at last for that very reason, and went to work as a reader on a magazine." She sighed, and rubbed the end of her long eagle nose with a **reminiscent**⁶ finger. "Those were terrible days; the memory of them made me mistake purgatory for paradise, and at last when I attained my present state of being, I made up my mind that something should be done."
37. I found others who had suffered similarly, and between us we organized 'The Writer's Inspiration Bureau.' We scout around until we find a writer without ideas and with a mind soft enough to accept impression. The case is brought to the attention of the main office, and one of us assigned to it. When that case is finished we bring in a report."
38. "But I never saw you before----"
39. "And you wouldn't have this time if I hadn't come to announce the strike. Many a time I've leaned on your shoulder when you've thought you were thinking hard--" I groaned, and clutched my hair. The very idea of that horrible scarecrow so much as touching me! And wouldn't my wife be shocked! I shivered. "But," she continued, "that's at an end. We've been called out of our beds a little too often in recent years, and now we're through."

5. **draped** : sat in an indolent manner; lolled

6. **reminiscent** : with one's mind full of memories

40. "But my dear madam, I assure you I have had nothing to do with that. I hope I'm properly grateful and all that, you see."

41. "Oh, it isn't you," she explained patronizingly. "It's those **Ouija board**⁷ fanatics. There was a time when we had nothing much to occupy us and used to haunt a little on the side, purely for amusement, but not any more. We've had to give up haunting almost entirely. We sit at a desk and answer questions now. And such questions!" She shook her head hopelessly, and taking off her glasses wiped them, and put them back on her nose again.



42. "But what have I got to do with this?"

43. She gave me a pitying look and rose.

44. "You're to exert your influence. Get all your friends and acquaintances to stop using the Ouija board, and then we'll start helping you to write."

45. "But----"

46. There was a footstep outside my door.

47. "John! Oh, John!" called the voice of my wife.

48. I waved my arms at the ghost with something of the motion of a beginner when learning to swim.

49. "Madam, I must ask you to leave, and at once. Consider the impression if you were seen here----"

50. The ghost nodded, and began, very sensibly, I thought, to demobilize and evaporate. First the **brogans**⁸ on her feet grew misty until I could see the floor through them, then the **affection**⁹ spread to her knees and gradually extended upward. By this time my wife was opening the door.

51. "Don't forget the strike," she repeated, while her lower jaw began to disintegrate, and as my Lavinia crossed the room to me the last vestige of her ear faded into space.

52. "John, why in the world are you sitting in the dark?"

7. **Ouija board**: a board on which are marked the letters of the alphabet. Answers to questions are spelt out by a pointer or glass held by the fingertips of the participants, and are supposedly formed by spiritual forces

8. **brogans** : a heavy ankle-high work boot with laces

9. **affection** : (here) condition; state of being affected

53. "Just--thinking, my dear."
54. "Thinking, rubbish! You were talking out loud."
55. I remained silent while she lit the lamps, thankful that her back was turned to me. When I am nervous or excited there is a muscle in my face that starts to twitch, and this pulls up one corner of my mouth and gives the appearance of an idiotic grin. So far I had managed to conceal this affliction from Lavinia.
56. "You know I bought the loveliest thing this afternoon. Everybody's wild over them!"
57. I remembered her craze for taking up new fads and a **premonitory**¹⁰ chill crept up the back of my neck.
58. "It--it isn't----" I began and stopped. I simply couldn't ask; the possibility was too horrible.
59. "You'd never guess in the world. It's the duckiest, darlingest Ouija board, and so cheap! I got it at a bargain sale. Why, what's the matter, John?"
60. I felt things slipping.
61. "Nothing," I said, and looked around for the ghost. Suppose she had lingered, and upon hearing what my wife had said should suddenly appear----Like all sensitive women, Lavinia was subject to hysterics.
62. "But you looked so funny----"
63. "I--I always do when I'm interested," I gulped. "But don't you think that was a foolish thing to buy?"
64. "Foolish! Oh, John! Foolish! And after me getting it for you!"
65. "For me! What do you mean?"
66. "To help you write your stories. Why, for instance, suppose you wanted to write an historical novel. You wouldn't have to wear your eyes out over those musty old books in the public library. All you'd have to do would be to get out your Ouija and talk to Napoleon, or William the Conqueror, or Helen of Troy--well, maybe not Helen--anyhow you'd have all the local colour you'd need, and without a speck of trouble. And think how easy writing your short stories will be now."
67. "But Lavinia, you surely don't believe in Ouija boards."
68. "I don't know, John--they are awfully thrilling."
69. She had seated herself on the arm of my chair and was looking dreamily across the room. I started and turned around. There was nothing there, and I sank back with relief. So far so good.

10. **premonitory** : a foreboding.

70. "Oh, certainly, they're thrilling all right. That's just it; they're a darn sight too thrilling. They're positively devilish. Now, Lavinia, you have plenty of sense, and I want you to get rid of that thing just as soon as you can. Take it back and get something else."
71. My wife crossed her knees and stared at me through narrowed lids.
72. "John Hallock," she said distinctly. "I don't propose to do anything of the kind. In the first place they won't exchange things bought at a bargain sale, and in the second, if you aren't interested in the other world I am. So there!" and she slid down and walked from the room before I could think of a single thing to say. She walked very huffily.
73. Well, it was like that all the rest of the evening. Just as soon as I mentioned Ouija boards I felt things begin to cloud up; so I decided to let it go for the present, in the hope that she might be more reasonable later.
74. After supper I had another try at the writing, but as my mind continued to be a perfect blank, I gave it up and went off to bed.
75. The next day was Saturday, and it being near the end of the month and a particularly busy day, I left home early without seeing Lavinia. Understand, I haven't quite reached the point where I can give my whole time to writing, and being **bookkeeper**¹¹ for a lumber company does help with the grocery bills and pay for Lavinia's fancy shopping. Friday had been a half holiday, and of course when I got back the work was piled up pretty high; so high, in fact, that ghosts and stories and everything else vanished in a perfect tangle of figures.
76. When I got off the street car that evening my mind was still churning. I remember now that I noticed, even from the corner, how brightly the house was illuminated, but at the time that didn't mean anything to me. I recall as I went up the steps and opened the door I murmured: "Nine times nine is eighty-one!"
77. And then Gladolia met me in the hall.
78. "Misto Hallock, de Missus sho t'inks you's lost! She say she done 'phone you dis mawnin' to be home early, but fo' de lawd's sake not to stop to **argify**¹² now, but get ready fo' de company an' come on down."
79. Some memory of a message given to me by one of the clerks filtered back through my brain, but I had been hunting three lost receipts at the time, and had completely forgotten it.
80. "Company?" I said stupidly. "What company?"
81. "De Missus's Ouija boahrd pahrtly," said Gladolia, and rolling her eyes she disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

11. **bookkeeper** : accountant

12. **argify** : (here) argue

82. I must have gone upstairs and dressed and come down again, for I presently found myself standing in the dimly lighted lower hall wearing my second best suit and a fresh shirt and collar. But I have no recollections of the process.
83. There was a great chattering coming from our little parlour and I went over to the half-opened door and peered through.
84. The room was full of women--most of them elderly--whom I recognized as belonging to my wife's Book Club. They were sitting in couples, and between each couple was a Ouija board! The mournful squeak of the legs of the moving triangular things on which they rested their fingers filled the air and mixed in with the conversation. I looked around for the ghost with my heart sunk down to zero. What if Lavinia should see her and go mad before my eyes! And then my wife came and tapped me on the shoulder.
85. "John," she said in her sweetest voice, and I noticed that her cheeks were very pink and her eyes very bright. My wife is never so pretty as when she's doing something she knows I disapprove of, "John, dear I know you'll help us out. Mrs. William Augustus Wainright 'phoned at the last moment to say that she couldn't possibly come, and that leaves poor Laura Hinkle without a partner. Now, John, I know some people can work a Ouija by themselves, but Laura can't, and she'll just have a horrible time unless you----"
86. "Me!" I gasped. "Me! I won't----" but even as I spoke she had taken my arm, and the next thing I knew I was sitting with the thing on my knees and Miss Laura Hinkle opposite, grinning in my face like a flirtatious crocodile.
87. "I--I won't----" I began.
88. "Now, Mr. Hallock, don't you be shy." Miss Laura Hinkle leaned forward and shook a bony finger almost under my chin.
89. "I--I'm not! Only I say I won't----!"
90. "No, it's very easy, really. You just put the tips of your fingers right here beside the tips of my fingers----"
91. And the first thing I knew she had taken my hands and was **coily**¹³ holding them in the position desired. She released them presently, and the little board began to slide around in an aimless sort of way. There seemed to be some force tugging it about. I looked at my partner, first with suspicion, and then with a vast relief. If she was doing



13 **coily** : flirtatious but pretending to be shy or modest

- it, then all that talk about spirits----Oh, I did hope Miss Laura Hinkle was cheating with that board!
92. "Ouija, dear, won't you tell us something?" she cooed, and on the instant the thing seemed to take life.
93. It rushed to the upper left hand corner of the board and hovered with its front leg on the word "Yes." Then it began to fly around so fast that I gave up any attempt to follow it. My companion was bending forward and had started to spell out loud: "'T-r-a-i-t-o-r.' Traitor! Why, what does she mean?"
94. "I don't know," I said desperately. My collar felt very tight.
95. "But she must mean something. Ouija, dear, won't you explain yourself more fully?"
96. "'A-s-k-h-i-m!' Ask him. Ask who, Ouija?"
97. "I--I'm going." I choked and tried to get up but my fingers seemed stuck to that dreadful board and I dropped back again.
98. Apparently Miss Hinkle had not heard my protest. The thing was going around faster than ever and she was reading the message silently, with her brow corrugated, and the light of the huntress in her pale blue eyes.
99. "Why, she says it's you, Mr. Hallock. What does she mean? Ouija, won't you tell us who is talking?"
100. I groaned, but that **inexorable**¹⁴ board continued to spell. I always did hate a spelling match! Miss Hinkle was again following it aloud: "'H-e-l-e-n.' Helen!" She raised her voice until it could be heard at the other end of the room. "Lavinia, dear, do you know anyone by the name of Helen?"
101. "By the name of----? I can't hear you." And my wife made her way over to us between the Book Club's chairs.
102. "You know the funniest thing has happened," she whispered excitedly. "Someone had been trying to communicate with John through Mrs. Hunt's and Mrs. Sprinkle's Ouija! Someone by the name of Helen----"
103. "Why, isn't that curious!"
104. "What is?"
105. Miss Hinkle **simpered**¹⁵.
106. "Someone giving the name of Helen has just been calling for your husband here."

14 **inexorable** : unstoppable

15 **simpered** : smile in a silly, often coy manner

107. "But we don't know anyone by the name of Helen----"
108. Lavinia stopped and began to look at me through narrowed lids much as she had done in the library the evening before.
109. And then from different parts of the room other manipulators began to report. Every plagued one of those five Ouija boards was calling me by name! I felt my ears grow crimson, purple, maroon. My wife was looking at me as though I were some peculiar insect. The squeak of Ouija boards and the murmur of conversation rose louder and louder, and then I felt my face twitch in the spasm of that idiotic grin. I tried to straighten my wretched features into their usual semblance of humanity, I tried and----
110. "Doesn't he look sly!" said Miss Hinkle. And then I got up and fled from the room.
111. I do not know how that party ended. I do not want to know. I went straight upstairs, and undressed and crawled into bed, and lay there in the burning dark while the last guest gurgled in the hall below about the wonderful evening she had spent. I lay there while the front door shut after her, and Lavinia's steps came up the stairs and--passed the door to the guest room beyond. And then after a couple of centuries elapsed the clock struck three and I dozed off to sleep.
112. At the breakfast table the next morning there was no sign of my wife. I concluded she was sleeping late, but Gladolia, upon being questioned, only shook her head, muttered something, and turned the whites of her eyes up to the ceiling. I was glad when the meal was over and hurried to the library for another try at that story.
113. I had hardly seated myself at the desk when there came a tap at the door and a white slip of paper slid under it. I unfolded it and read:
114. "DEAR JOHN,
115. "I am going back to my grandmother. My lawyer will communicate with you later."
116. "Oh," I cried. "Oh, I wish I was dead!"
117. And:
118. "That's exactly what you ought to be!" said that horrible voice from the other end of the room.
119. I sat up abruptly--I had sunk into a chair under the blow of the letter--then I dropped back again and my hair rose in a thick prickle on the top of my head. Coming majestically across the floor towards me was a highly polished pair of thick laced shoes. I stared at them in a sort of dreadful fascination, and then something about their gait attracted my attention and I recognized them.
120. "See here," I said sternly. "What do you mean by appearing here like this?"

121. "I can't help it," said the voice, which seemed to come from a point about five and a half feet above the shoes. I raised my eyes and presently distinguished her round protruding mouth.
122. "Why can't you? A nice way to act, to walk in sections----"
123. "If you'll give me time," said the mouth in an exasperated voice, "I assure you the rest of me will presently arrive."
124. "But what's the matter with you? You never acted this way before."
125. She seemed stung to make a violent effort, for a portion of a fishy eye and the end of her nose popped into view with a suddenness that made me jump.
126. "It's all your fault." She glared at me, while part of her hair and her plaid skirt began slowly to take form.
127. "My fault!"
128. "Of course. How can you keep a lady up working all night and then expect her to retain all her faculties the next day? I'm just too tired to materialize."
129. "Then why did you bother?"
130. "Because I was sent to ask when your wife is going to get rid of that Ouija board."
131. "How should I know! I wish to heaven I'd never seen you!" I cried. "Look what you've done! You've lost me my wife, you've lost me my home and happiness, you've---- you've----"
132. "Misto Hallock," came from the hall outside, "Misto Hallock, I's gwine t' quit. I don't like no **hoodoos**¹⁶." And the steps retreated.
133. "You've----you've lost me my cook----"
134. "I didn't come here to be abused," said the ghost coldly. "I--I----"
135. And then the door opened and Lavinia entered. She wore the brown hat and coat she usually travels in and carried a suitcase which she set down on the floor.
136. That suitcase had an air of solid finality about it, and its lock leered at me **brassily**¹⁷.
137. I leaped from my chair with unaccustomed agility and sprang in front of my wife. I must conceal that awful phantom from her, at any risk!
138. She did not look at me, or--thank heaven!--behind me, but fixed her injured gaze upon the waste-basket, as if to wrest dark secrets from it.
139. "I have come to tell you that I am leaving," she **staccatoed**¹⁸.

16 **hoodoos** : placing curses and charms to bring bad luck on some one

17 **brassily** : rudely; insolently

18 **staccatoed** : spoke in an abrupt, detached manner

140. "Oh, yes, yes!" I agreed, flapping my arms about to attract attention from the corner.
"That's fine--great!"
141. "So you want me to go, do you?" she demanded.
142. "Sure, yes--right away! Change of air will do you good. I'll join you presently!" If only she would go till Helen could depart! I'd have the devil of a time explaining afterwards, of course, but anything would be better than to have Lavinia see a ghost. Why, that sensitive little woman couldn't bear to have a mouse say boo at her--and what would she say to a ghost in her own living-room?
143. Lavinia cast a cold eye upon me. "You are acting very queerly," she sniffed. "You are concealing something from me."
144. Just then the door opened and Gladolia called, "Mis' Hallock! Mis' Hallock! I've come to tell you I'se done lef' dis place."
145. My wife turned her head a moment. "But why, Gladolia?"
146. "I ain't stayin' round no place 'long wid dem Ouija board contraptions. I'se **skeered**¹⁹ of hoodoos. I's done gone, I is."
147. "Is that all you've got to complain about?" Lavinia inquired.
148. "Yes, ma'am."
149. "All right, then. Go back to the kitchen. You can use the board for kindling wood."
150. "Who? Me touch dat t'ing? No, ma'am, neva!"
151. "I'll be the **coon**²⁰ to burn it," I shouted. "I'll be glad to burn it."
152. Gladolia's heavy steps moved off kitchenward.
153. Then my Lavinia turned **waspishly**²¹ to me again. "John, there's not a bit of use trying to deceive me. What is it you are trying to conceal from me?"
154. "Who? Me? Oh, no," I lied elaborately, looking around to see if that dratted ghost was concealed enough. She was so big, and I'm rather a smallish man. But that was a bad move on my part.
155. "John," Lavinia demanded like a ward boss, "you are hiding somebody in here! Who is it?"
156. I only waved denial and gurgled in my throat. She went on, "It's bad enough to have you flirt over the Ouija board with that hussy----"
157. "Oh, the affair was quite above-board, I assure you, my love!" I cried, leaping lithely about to keep her from focusing her gaze behind me.

19 **skeered** : scared

20 **coon** : (here) the one doing a menial job

21 **waspishly** : in an irritated manner

158. She thrust me back with sudden muscle. "I will see who's behind you! Where is that Helen?"
159. "Me? I'm Helen," came from the ghost.
160. Lavinia looked at that apparition, that owl-eyed phantom, in plaid skirt and stiff shirtwaist, with hair skewed back and no powder on her nose. I threw a protecting husbandly arm about her to catch her when she should faint. But she didn't swoon. A broad, satisfied smile spread over her face.
161. "I thought you were Helen of Troy," she murmured.
162. "I used to be Helen of Troy, New York," said the ghost. "And now I'll be moving along, if you'll excuse me. See you later."
163. With that she telescoped briskly, till we saw only a hand waving farewell.
164. My Lavinia fell forgivingly into my arms. I kissed her once or twice fervently, and then I shoved her aside, for I felt a sudden strong desire to write. The sheets of paper on my desk spread invitingly before me.
165. "I've got the **bulliest**²² plot for a ghost story!" I cried.

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

1. What made the writer overconfident about his ability to write ghost stories ?
 - a) He was contacted whenever magazines wanted a ghost story
 - b) He was always able to write a ghost story whenever he had to write one
 - c) He had an Ouija board
 - d) He knew the ghost lady would help him write a good ghost story

2. The sight of the ghost materialising in his room filled the narrator with
 - a) fear
 - b) excitement
 - c) joy
 - d) anticipation

- 3. John wants the ghost to disappear before his wife enters the room and waves his arms at the ghost with something of the motion of a beginner when learning to swim. What does it reveal about John?

His _____.

- a) fear
- b) amusement
- c) desperation
- d) anxiety

4. When the narrator says his wife is never so pretty as when she's doing something she knows he disapproves of, his tone is _____.

- a) amused
- b) ironic
- c) angry
- d) irritated

5. The ghost says "It's all your fault." 'It' here refers to the _____.

- a) narrator's wife's anger
- b) ghost's anger
- c) narrator's wife leaving him
- d) ghost materialising in sections.

5. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow.

1. We scout around until we find a writer without ideas and with a mind soft enough to accept the impression. The case is brought to the attention of the main office, and one of us is assigned to it. When that case is finished we bring in a report.

(i) What does 'we' refer to in the above lines?

(ii) Select the most appropriate option based on (1) and (2).

(1) 'The case is brought to the attention of the main office, and one of us assigned to it.'

(2) Helen says that she helped Johan many times when he was thinking hard.

- A. (1) is the reason for (2)
- B. (1) is the result of (2)
- C. (1) is independent of (2)
- D. (2) is the reason for (1)

- (iii) Choose the most appropriate option which shows the speaker's character with reference to the extract.
- A. Creative
 - B. Gullible
 - C. Jealous
 - D. Sceptical
- (iv) 'We scout around...' What purpose does the scouting serve?
- (v) Select the option that displays the appropriate features that can be associated with task completion, as mentioned in the extract.
- (1) organisation
 - (2) autocracy
 - (3) delegation of duty
 - (4) competitiveness
 - (5) need for recognition
- A. Only (4)
 - B. (2), (3) and (5)
 - C. (1) and (3)

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

- a) Which genre of stories does Jenkins want the narrator to write? Why?
- b) Does the narrator like writing ghost stories? Support your answer with evidence from the story.
- c) What makes Helen, the ghost and her other co-ghosts organize The Writer's Inspiration Bureau?
- d) Why had Helen, the ghost, been helping the narrator write ghost stories? Why was she going on strike? What condition did she place for providing continued help?
- e) How does the ghost undermine the narrator's faith in his ability to write ghost stories?
- f) Why does John want the ghost to disappear before his wife appears on the scene? What impression of his wife's character do you form from his words?
- g) Why does the narrator hesitate to be a partner to Laura Hinkle during the Ouija Board Party?

- h) What message does the ghost convey to the group assembled in the narrator's house? What is their reaction to the message?
- i) Do you agree with the narrator calling the assembly of women "manipulators?" Give reasons.
- j) Why does John wish himself to be dead? Also, explain Helen's role in resolving that phase in his life.
- k) When confronted by Lavinia about his flirtations over the Ouija Board, John insists that 'the affair was quite above-board, I assure you, my love'. Bring out the pun in John's statement.
- l) John's apprehensions about his wife's reaction to her encounter with the ghost are unfounded. Justify.

7. Answer the following questions in detail:

- a) After her reconciliation with her husband, John Hallock, Lavinia writes a letter to her friend expressing how her relationship with him has almost been on the verge of breaking and what has saved it. Write her a letter.
- b) John Hallock reflects upon his experience with Helen's ghost and in retrospect he finds it quite amusing. All the same he is relieved that he is no longer plagued by it. Ironically, the same ghost inspires his creativity and he writes a diary entry reflecting upon the comical aspect of his experience. Write his diary entry.

8. The narrator and his wife reveal something about their character through their words and actions. We also learn about them from what other people say. Can you pick out the words that describe them from the box given below? Also, pick outlines and instances from the story to illustrate your choice.

shy arrogant loyal clever overconfident manipulative
 protective self-disparaging suspicious sceptical jealous fearless
 firm shrewd strong gullible sly creative
 loves novelty and thrills

| Person | Extract from story | What it tells us about the character |
|-------------------------------|--|--|
| <p>John Hallock</p> | <p>1. ...in the end things had always come my way..... somehow I'd always been able to dig one (plot) up for him, so I'd begun to get a bit cocky as to my ability (to write stories).</p> <p>2. "But my ghosts aren't a bit like you----".</p> <p>3. We scout around until we find a writer without ideas and with a mind soft enough to accept impression.</p> <p>4. _____ _____ _____</p> <p>5. _____ _____ _____</p> | <p>1. _____</p> <p>2. sceptical</p> <p>3. gullible</p> <p>4. creative</p> <p>5. protective</p> |
| <p>Lavinia Hallock</p> | <p>1. _____ _____ _____</p> <p>2. _____ _____ _____</p> <p>3. _____ _____ _____</p> <p>4. _____ _____ _____</p> <p>5. Buys the Ouija board but says it is for John's research</p> <p>6. Does not flinch when she meets the ghost but talks to her casually.</p> | <p>1. loves novelty and thrills</p> <p>2. spendthrift</p> <p>3. suspicious</p> <p>4. jealous</p> <p>5. manipulative</p> <p>6. strong</p> |

9. Gladolia, the narrator's cook, is an African. The language she speaks is different from that of the others. This is known as Dialect. A dialect consists of words or phrases that reflect the regional variety of a language. An author often uses a dialect to make the dialogue more authentic. Initially, a dialogue may seem a little

difficult to understand. However, as you continue reading, the language becomes more comprehensible.

Working in groups, write what Gladolia's words mean as shown.

| Column A | Column B |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Misto Hallock • de Missus • sho t'inks you's lost! • she done 'phone you dis mawnin' • fo' de lawd's sake • not to stop to argify now • I's gwine t' quit. • I don't like no hoodoos. • I'se done lef' dis place • I is | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Mister Hallock |

10. Read and understand the following ghost phrases and expressions:

- a) **To give up the ghost--** *to die or to stop trying*
- b) **A ghost of a chance--** *a poor chance, not likely to happen*
- c) **The ghost at the feast--** *something or someone that spoils your enjoyment by reminding you of something unpleasant*
- d) **Ghost town--** *a town which most people have left, abandoned and deserted*
- e) **Ghost-write-** *to write for someone else*
- f) **Lay the ghost of something/somebody (to rest)--** *to finally stop being worried or upset by something or someone that has worried or upset you for a long time*
- g) **Ghost image --** *secondary image, especially, one appearing on a television screen as a white shadow, caused by poor or double reception or by a defect in the receiver*
- h) **the ghost of a smile -** *faint trace of a smile*
- i) **As white as a ghost-** *very pale or white in the face*

Now complete the following story by using the appropriate phrases in the blanks given below:

I was alone in a place that bore a deserted look like that of a _____. I increased the pace of my footsteps as I walked through the dark forest. I felt someone walking behind me. I turned immediately and spotted the contour of a figure in the form of a _____. It smiled at me wickedly. I started shaking with fear and perspiring profusely when I felt its skeletal hand upon my neck. I woke up with a start, relieved that it was only a nightmare.

This was not the first time I had had one. It had all started when I had watched the horrendous horror film with a eerie ghost character that had a scary ghost of a smile on its face. It had been almost a month. The strange thing was that I saw a similar face at the station the next morning. That was uncanny.

I was to attend a dinner at my friend's at Northanger Abbey that night. I had decided to narrate my experience to the group that would assemble there. Although I knew, there was _____ that they would be convinced.

After everyone had finished pouring their drinks to themselves, I cleared my throat and started narrating my spooky experience. However, every one of the group started accusing me of being _____ and held me responsible for spoiling the spirit of revelry. I gave up the ghost and sat quietly waiting for the party to be over. Back at home, the fears returned. I knew I had to talk about my experience to somebody to feel better. I have now decided to _____ and publish my experience under a pseudonym. Only then can I _____.

11. SPEAKING

Ghosts and haunting have fascinated the public for centuries. Although many doubt the existence of ghosts or other paranormal entities, many people dedicate their lives to searching and recording paranormal activity. Ghost tours, support groups and research societies, to name just a few, permeate our society and seek to answer questions about paranormal activity.

Interview your friends, relatives and people in your neighbourhood about whether they believe in the existence of ghosts. Ask them to tell you of any specific experiences they might have had in this context. In your groups, identify the most fascinating anecdote you have gathered on the basis of your interactions. Narrate it to the class.

12. WRITING

Do you think a story has an atmosphere? Complete the following blanks to make up your ghost story by choosing the correct options.

A Ghost Story

She opened the _____ (secret door/ spaceship's hatch/ door of the cottage/ cemetery gate/ door of the castle/ cockpit) _____ (brashly/ loudly/ silently/ stupidly/ fearfully/ joyously). Standing in front of her was a _____ (terrifying/ handsome/ smelly/ anonymous/ tiny/ huge/ bossy) _____ (policeman/ spy/ apparition/ witch/ prince/ wizard) with a _____ (wand/ rose/ rod/ knife/ scythe/ coded message) in his/ her (its) _____ (ghoulish/ bony/ beautiful/ fair/ manly/ gloved/ magical) hand.

Now that you have shared a ghost story/anecdote as well as completed a guided story in the class, create your own ghost story on the basis of the starters given below:

- a) *Stephen knew he would never sleep. The noises, those horrid sounds, would keep him awake...*
- b) *Tap, tap, tap. Was it the branches of the nearby tree, or fingernails against the window?*
- c) *People often say, 'There's no such thing as ghosts....'*

You are familiar with the key elements of a short story viz setting, plot, conflict, character and point of view. Given below are specifics to be kept in mind while writing a ghost story. Also make use of the vocabulary that you have learnt from the story 'A Shady Plot'.

- Colours, sounds, feeling words
- Strong definite characters
- Creating suspense
- Setting the scene and the atmosphere
- Describing the weather
- Clear opening line
- Personal feelings
- Clear ending
- Describing the sounds
- Adding a dramatic element
- Mystery

**Useful words and phrases to consider
when writing a ghost story**

Chill ,Spooky,Gloom , Flooding, Scary , Hair-raising, Cobwebs, Eerie , Frightened , Spine-chilling , Spirit, Grotesque ,Old and cold , Shivers of fear, Uncanny atmosphere, Paranormal, Abandoned , Spectre , Dare , Chain-rattling , Shriek, Phantom, deathly , Creepy, Whispering, Cries, Howling , Frostiness , Blood-curdling Sensation , Indistinct, Supernatural , Weird, Wicked laughter, Horror, Aura , Lifeless ,Scream, Shriek , Darkness, Abnormal, Mist , Fog , Vision, Headless, Footsteps , Graveyard, Apprehension , Corpse , Ghoul , Phantasm , Horse and Carriage, Hooves

SPEAKING

13. While conventional Ghost stories are scary and gruesome, several modern versions are humorous. The *Canterville Ghost*, by Oscar Wilde, is one of the best ghost stories written in the vein of comic satire. The story that you just read is another example in case. Humour arises out of the narrator's ability to laugh at himself, clever use of language as well as comic situations. Discuss within your groups what makes the story, *A Shady Plot* humorous. Share your views during a class discussion.

LISTENING TASK

14. Listen to the extract from *The Canterville Ghost* by Oscar Wilde and complete the following tasks as directed.

1. Answer the following questions:

1. The Ghost loved the stormy weather because(Complete the statement by ticking the correct option)
 - a) he liked the rain
 - b) he liked the strong wind that shook and rattled all the windows and doors in the old house
 - c) his plan would fail otherwise
 - d) such weather was ideal for frightening the people in the house
2. The Ghost was particularly angry with Washington and wished to frighten him because.....(Complete the statement)
3. The Ghost did not wish to frighten Virginia because(Complete the statement)

4. The Ghost was most angry with(Complete the statement by ticking the correct option)
- a) Mr and Mrs Otis
 - b) Virginia
 - c) Washington
 - d) The Twins
5. Write two striking qualities of the Ghost as revealed in this extract.
- a) _____
 - b) _____

Fiction 5 UNIT

F. 5 Patol Babu, Film Star

Satyajit Ray

1. Discuss with your partner and answer the following questions:

What are your strengths?

| Strengths | Why do you feel so? |
|-----------|---------------------|
| | |
| | |
| | |
| | |

What is your dream career?

I want to become a.....

- Is there any correlation between your strengths and aspirations?
- Do you think you can achieve your dreams? Give reasons.

2. Read this story which tells the reader about a chance opportunity that a man called Patol Babu comes across and how he is able to fulfil a lifelong dream.

- 1 Patol Babu had just hung his shopping-bag on his shoulder when Nishikanto Babu called from outside the main door, 'Patol, are you in?'
- 2 'Oh, yes.' Said Patol Babu. 'Just a minute.'
- 3 Nishikanto Ghosh lived three houses away from Patol Babu in Nepal Bhattacharji Lane. He was a genial person.
- 4 Patol Babu came out with the bag. 'What brings you here so early in the morning?'
- 5 'Listen, what time will you be back?'
- 6 'In an hour or so. Why?'

7 'I hope you'll stay in after that - today being Tagore's birthday. I met my youngest brother-in-law in Netaji Pharmacy yesterday. He is in the film business, in the production department. He said he was looking for an actor for a scene in a film they're now shooting. The way he described the character - fiftyish, short, bald-headed - it reminded me of you. So I gave him your address and asked him to get in touch with you directly. I hope you won't turn him away. They'll pay you, of course.'

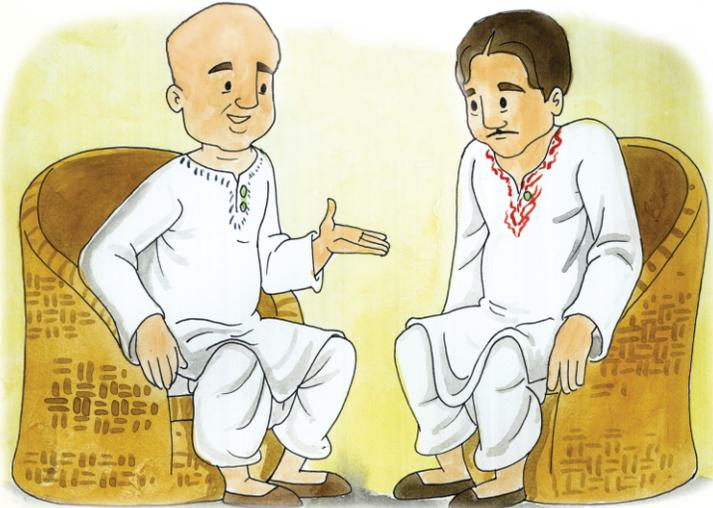
8 Patol Babu had not expected such a news at the start of the day. That an offer to act in a film could come to a 52-year-old nonentity like him was **beyond his wildest dreams**¹.

9 'Well, yes or no?' asked Nishikanto Babu. 'I believe you did some acting on the stage at one time?'

10 'That's true,' said Patol Babu. 'I really don't see why I should say no. But let's talk to your brother-in-law first and find out some details. What's his name?'

11 'Naresh. Naresh Dutt. He's about thirty. A strapping young fellow. He said he would be here around ten-thirty.'

12 Buying provisions in the market, Patol Babu mixed up his wife's orders and bought red chillies instead of onion seeds. And he quite forgot about the aubergines. This was not surprising. At one time Patol Babu had a real passion for the stage; in fact, it **verged on obsession**². In *Jatras*, in amateur theatricals, in plays put



up by the club in his neighbourhood, Patol Babu was always in demand. His name had appeared in handbills on countless occasions. Once it appeared in bold type near the top: 'Sitalakanto Ray (Patol Babu) in the role of Parasar'. Indeed, there was a time when people bought tickets especially to see him.

13 That was when he used to live in Kanchrapara. He had a job in the railway factory there. In 1934, he was offered higher pay in a clerical post with Hudson and Kimberley, in Calcutta, and was also lucky to find a flat in Nepal Bhattacharji Lane. He gave up his factory job and came to Calcutta with his wife. It was quite **smooth sailing**³ for some years, and Patol Babu was in his boss's good books. In 1943, when he was just **toying**

1 **beyond his wildest dream**- in a way he had not imagined

2 **verged on obsession**- could not think of anything else

3 **smooth sailing**- having no problems

with the idea⁴ of starting a club in his neighbourhood, sudden retrenchment in his office due to the war cost him his nine-year-old job.

- 14 Ever since then Patol Babu had struggled to make a living. At first he opened a variety store which he had to wind up after five years. Then he took up a job in a Bengali firm which he gave up in disgust when his boss began to treat him in too high-handed a fashion. Then, for ten long years, starting as an insurance salesman, Patol Babu tried every means of earning a livelihood without ever succeeding in improving his lot. Of late he has been paying regular visits to a small establishment dealing in scrap iron where a cousin of his has promised him a job.
- 15 And acting? That has become a thing of the remote past; something which he **recalls at times with a sigh**⁵. Having a good memory, Patol Babu still remembers lines from some of his better parts, 'Listen, O listen to the thunderous twang of the mighty bow Gandiva engaged in gory conflict, and to the angry roar of the mountainous club whizzing through the air in the hands of the great Brikodara!' It sent a shiver down his spine just to think of such lines.
- 16 Naresh Dutt turned up at half past twelve. Patol Babu had given up hope and was about to go for his bath when there was a knock on the front door.
- 17 'Come in, come in, sir!' Patol Babu almost dragged the young man in and pushed the broken-armed chair towards him. 'Do sit down.'
- 18 'No, thanks. I ----'
- 19 'Oh yes. I must say I was quite taken aback. After so many years.'
- 20 'I hope you have no objection?'
- 21 'You think I'll be all right for the part?' Patol Babu asked with great diffidence.
- 22 Naresh Dutt **cast an appraising look**⁶ at Patol Babu and gave a nod. 'Oh yes,' he said. 'There is no doubt about that. By the way, the shooting takes place tomorrow morning.'
- 23 'Tomorrow? Sunday?'
- 24 'Yes, and not in the studio. I'll tell you where you have to go. You know Faraday House near the crossing of Bentinck Street and Mission Row? It's a seven-storey office building. The shooting takes place outside the office in front of the entrance. We'll expect you there at eight-thirty sharp. You'll be through by midday.'
- 25 Naresh Dutt prepared to leave. 'But you haven't told me about the part,' said Patol Babu anxiously.

4 **toying with the idea**- considering an idea

5 **recalls at times with a sigh**- sometimes remembers past events and experiences fondly

6 **cast an appraising look**- to consider or examine somebody or something and form an opinion about that person or thing.

- 26 'Oh yes, sorry. The part is that of a pedestrian. An absent -minded, short-tempered pedestrian. By the way, do you have a jacket which buttons up to the neck?'
- 27 'I think I do. You mean the old-fashioned kind?'
- 28 'Yes. That's what you'll wear. What colour is it?'
- 29 'Sort of nut-brown. But woollen.'
- 30 'That's okay. The story is supposed to take place in winter, so that would be just right.
- 31 Tomorrow at eight-thirty sharp. Faraday House.'
- 32 Patol Babu suddenly thought of a crucial question.
- 33 'I hope the part calls for some dialogue?'
- 34 'Certainly. It's a speaking part. You have acted before, haven't you?'
- 35 'Well, as a matter of fact, yes.'
- 36 'Fine. I wouldn't have come to you for just a walk-on part. For that we pick people from the street. Of course there's dialogue and you'll be given your lines as soon as you show up tomorrow.'
- 37 After Naresh Dutt left Patol Babu broke the news to his wife.
- 38 'As far as I can see, the part isn't a big one. I'll be paid, of course, but that's not the main thing. The thing is - remember how I started on the stage? Remember my first part? I played a dead soldier! All I had to do was lie still on the stage with my arms and legs spread. And remember how I rose from that position? Remember Mr. Watts shaking me by the hand? And the silver medal which the chairman of our municipality gave me? Remember? This is only the first step on the ladder, my dear better-half! Yes --the first step that would--God willing--mark the **rise to fame and fortune**⁷ of your beloved husband!'
- 39 'Counting your chickens again before they're hatched, are you? No wonder you could never **make a go of it**⁸.'
- 40 'But it's the real thing this time! Go and make me a cup of tea, will you? And remind me to take some ginger juice tonight. It's very good for the throat.'
- 41 The clock in the Metropolitan building showed seven minutes past eight when Patol Babu reached Esplanade. It took him another ten minutes to walk to Faraday House.
- 42 There was a big crowd outside the building. Three or four cars stood on the road. There was also a bus which carried equipment on its roof. On the edge of the pavement there was an instrument on three legs around which there was a group of busy people. Near the entrance--also on three legs--a pole which had a long arm extending from its top at

7 **rise to fame and fortune**- becoming famous and wealthy

8 **make a go of it**- become successful

the end of which was suspended what looked like a small oblong beehive. Surrounding these instruments was a crowd of people among whom Patol Babu noticed some non-Begalis. What were they supposed to do, he could not really tell.

43 But where was Naresh Dutt? He was the only one who knew him.

44 With a slight tremor in his heart, Patol Babu advanced towards the entrance. It was the middle of summer, and the warm jacket buttoned up to his neck felt heavy. Patol Babu could feel beads of perspiration forming around the high collar.

45 'This way, Atul Babu!'

46 Atul Babu? Patol Babu spotted Naresh Dutt standing at the entrance and gesturing towards him. He had got his name wrong. No wonder, since they had only had a brief meeting. Patol Babu walked up, put his palms together in a namaskar and said, 'I supposed you haven't yet noted down my name. Sitalakanto Ray --- although people know me better by my nickname Patol. I used it on the stage too.'

47 'Good, good. I must say you're quite punctual.'

48 Patol Babu rose to his full height.

49 'I was with Hudson and Kimberley for nine years and wasn't late for a single day.'

50 'Is that so? Well, I suggest you go and wait in the shade there. We have a few things to attend to before we get going.'

51 'Naresh!'

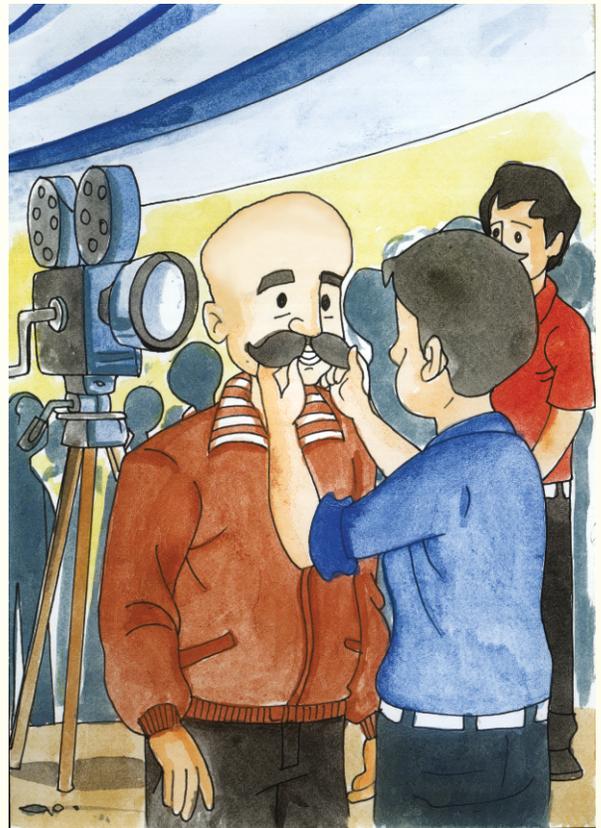
52 Somebody standing by the three-legged instrument called out.

53 'Ready?'

54 'Yes, Sir.'

55 'Okay. Now, clear the entrance, will you? We're about to start.'

56 Patol Babu withdrew and stood in the shade of a paan shop. He had never watched a film shooting before. How hard these people worked! A youngster of twenty or so was carrying that three-legged instrument on his shoulder. Must weigh at least sixty pounds.



- 57 But what about his dialogue? There wasn't much time left, and he still didn't know what he was supposed to do or say.
- 58 Patol Babu suddenly felt a little nervous. Should he ask somebody? There was Naresh Dutt there; should he go and remind him? It didn't matter if the part was small, but, if he had to make the most of it, he had to learn his lines beforehand. How small he would feel if he muffed in the presence of so many people! The last time he acted on stage was twenty years ago.
- 59 Patol Babu was about to step forward when he was pulled up short by a voice shouting 'Silence!'
- 60 This was followed by Naresh Dutt loudly announcing with hands cupped over his mouth: 'We're about to start shooting. Everybody please stop talking. Don't move from your positions and don't crowd round the camera, please!'
- 61 Once again the voice was heard shouting 'Silence! Taking!' Now Patol Babu could see the owner of the voice. He was a stout man of medium height, and he stood by the camera. Around his neck hung something which looked like a small telescope. Was he the director? How strange!--he hadn't even bothered to find out the name of the director!
- 62 Now a series of shouts followed in quick succession"--'Start sound!' 'Running!' 'Camera!' 'Rolling!' 'Action!'
- 63 Patol Babu noticed that as soon as the word 'Action' was said, a car came up from the crossing and pulled up in front of the office entrance. Then a young man in a grey suit and pink make-up shot out of the back of the car, took a few hurried steps towards the entrance and stopped abruptly. The next moment Patol Babu heard the shout 'Cut!' and immediately the hubbub from the crowd resumed.
- 64 A man standing next to Patol Babu now turned to him. 'I hope you recognised the young fellow?' he asked.
- 65 'Why, no,' said Patol Babu.
- 66 'Chanchal Kumar,' said the man. 'He's coming up fast. Playing the lead in four films at the moment.'
- 67 Patol Babu saw very few films, but he seemed to have heard the name Chanchal Kumar. It was probably the same boy Koti Babu was praising the other day. Nice make-up the fellow had on. If he had been wearing a Bengali dhoti and panjabi instead of a suit, and given a peacock to ride on, he would make a perfect God Kartik. Monotosh of Kanchrapara--who was better known by his nickname Chinu--had the same kind of looks. He was very good at playing female parts, recalled Patol Babu.

- 68 Patol Babu now turned to his neighbour and asked in a whisper, 'Who is the director?'
- 69 The man raised his eyebrows and said, 'Why, don't you know? He's Baren Mullick. He's had three smash hits in a row.'
- 70 Well, at least he had gathered some useful information. It wouldn't have done for him to say he didn't know if his wife had asked in whose film he had acted and with which actor.
- 71 Naresh Dutt now came up to him with tea in a small clay cup.
- 72 'Here you are, sir'--the hot tea will help your throat. Your turn will come shortly.'
- 73 Patol Babu now had to come out with it.
- 74 'If you let me have my lines now.'
- 75 'Your lines? Come with me.'
- 76 Naresh Dutt went towards the three-legged instrument with Patol Babu at his heels.
- 77 'I say, Sosanko.'
- 78 A young fellow in a short-sleeved shirt turned towards Naresh Dutt. 'This gentleman wants his lines. Why don't you write them down on a piece of paper and give it to him? He's the one who--'
- 79 'I know, I know.'
- 80 Sosanko now turned to Patol Babu.
- 81 'Come along, Grandpa. I say, Jyoti, can I borrow your pen for a second? Grandpa wants his lines written down.'
- 82 The youngster Jyoti produced a red-dot pen from his pocket and gave it to Sosanko. Sosanko tore off a page from the notebook he was carrying, scribbled something on it and handed it to Patol Babu.
- 83 Patol Babu glanced at the paper and found that only a single word had been scrawled on it--'Oh!'
- 84 Patol Babu felt a sudden throbbing in his head. He wished he could take off his jacket. The heat was unbearable.
- 85 Sosanko said, 'What's the matter, Grandpa? You don't seem too pleased.'
- 86 Were these people pulling his leg? Was the whole thing a gigantic hoax? A meek, harmless man like him, and they had to drag him into the middle of the city to make a laughing stock out of him. How could anyone be so cruel?
- 87 Patol Babu said in a hardly audible voice, 'I find it rather strange.'
- 88 'Why, Grandpa?'

- 89 'Just "Oh"? Is that all I have to say?'
- 90 Sosanko's eyebrows shot up.
- 91 'What are you saying, Grandpa? You think that's nothing? Why, this is a regular speaking part! A speaking part in a Baren Mullick film--do you realise what that means? Why, you're the luckiest of actors. Do you know that till now more than a hundred persons have appeared in this film who have had nothing to say? They just walked past the camera. Some didn't even walk; they just stood in one spot. There were others whose faces didn't register at all. Even today--look at all those people standing by the lamp-post; they all appear in today's scene but have nothing to say. Even our hero Chanchal Kumar has no lines to speak today. You are the only one who has--see?'
- 92 Now the young man called Jyoti came up, put his hand on Patol Babu's shoulder and said, 'Listen, Grandpa. I'll tell you what you have to do. Chanchal Kumar is a rising young executive. He is informed that an embezzlement has taken place in his office, and he comes to find out what has happened. He gets out of his car and charges across the pavement towards the entrance. Just then he collides with an absent-minded pedestrian. That's you. You're hurt in the head and say "Oh!", but Chanchal Kumar pays no attention to you and goes into the office. The fact that he ignores you reflects his extreme preoccupation--see? Just think how crucial the shot is.'
- 93 'I hope everything is clear now,' said Sosanko. 'Now, if you just move over to where you were standing. The fewer people crowd around here the better. There's one more shot left before your turn comes.'
- 94 Patol Babu went slowly back to the paan shop. Standing in the shade, he glanced down at the paper in his hand, cast a quick look around to see if anyone was watching, crumpled the paper into a ball and threw it into the roadside drain.
- 95 Oh.
- 96 A sigh came out of the depths of his heart.
- 97 Just one word--no, not even a word; a sound--oh!'
- 98 The heat was stifling. The jacket seemed to weigh a ton. Patol Babu couldn't keep standing in one spot any more; his legs felt heavy.
- 99 He moved up to the office beyond the paan shop and sat down on the steps. It was nearly half past nine. On Sunday mornings, songs in praise of the Goddess Kali were sung in Karali Babu's house. Patol Babu went there every week and enjoyed it. What if he were to go there now? What harm would there be? Why waste a Sunday morning in the company of these useless people, and be made to look foolish on top of that?
- 100 'Silence!'

- 101 Stuff and nonsense! To hell with your 'silence!' They had to put up this pompous show for something so trivial! Things were much better on the stage.
- 102 The stage.....the stage.....
- 103 A faint memory stirred up in Patol Babu's mind. Some priceless words of advice given in a deep, mellow voice: 'Remember one thing, Patol; however small a part you're offered, never consider it beneath your dignity to accept it. As an artist your aim should be to make the most of your opportunity, and squeeze the last drop of meaning out of your lines. A play involves the work of many and it is the combined effort of many that makes a success of the play.'
- 104 It was Mr Pakrashi who gave the advice. Gogon Pakrashi, Patol Babu's mentor. A wonderful actor, without a tract of vanity in him; a saintly person, and an actor in a million.
- 105 There was something else which Mr Pakrashi used to say. 'Each word spoken in a play is like a fruit in a tree. Not everyone in the audience has access to it. But you, the actor, must know how to pluck it, get at its essence, and serve it up to the audience for their edification.'
- 106 The memory of his guru made Patol Babu bow his head in obeisance.
- 107 Was it really true that there was nothing in the part he had been given today? He had only one word to say--'Oh!' but was that word so devoid of meaning as to be dismissed summarily?
- 108 "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh"--Patol Babu began giving the exclamation a different inflection each time he uttered it. After doing it for a number of times he made an astonishing discovery. The same exclamation, when spoken in different ways, carried different shades of meaning. A man when hurt said 'Oh' in quite a different way. Despair brought forth another kind of 'Oh'; sorrow provoked yet another kind. In fact, there were so many kinds of "Oh's"--the short "Oh", the long-drawn "Oh", "Oh" shouted and "Oh" whispered, the high-pitched "Oh" and the low-pitched "Oh", and the "Oh" starting low and ending high, and the "Oh" starting high and ending low. Strange! Patol Babu suddenly felt that he could write a whole thesis on that one monosyllabic exclamation. Why had he felt so disheartened when this single word contained a gold-mine of meaning? The true actor could make a mark with this one single syllable.
- 109 'Silence!'
- 110 The director had raised his voice again. Patol Babu could see young Jyoti clearing the crowd. There was something he had to ask him. He went quickly over to him.
- 111 'How long will it be before my turn comes, brother?'
- 112 'Why are you so impatient, Grandpa? You have to learn to be patient in this line of business. It'll be another half an hour before you're called.'

- 113 'That's alright. I'll certainly wait. I'll be in that side street across the road.'
- 114 'Okay--so long as you don't sneak off.'
- 115 'Start sound!'
- 116 Patol Babu crossed the road on tiptoe and went into the quiet little side street. It was good that he had a little time on his hands. While these people didn't seem to believe in rehearsals, he himself would rehearse his own bit. There was no one about. There were office buildings, so very few people lived here. Those who did--such as shopkeepers--had all gone to watch the shooting.
- 117 Patol Babu cleared his throat and started enunciating the syllable in various ways. Along with that, he worked out how he would react physically when the collision took place--how his features would be twisted in pain, how he would fling out his arms, how his body would crouch to express both pain and surprise--all these he performed in various ways in front of a large glass window.
- 118 Patol Babu was called in exactly half an hour. Now he had completely got over his apathy. All he felt now was a keen anticipation and suppressed excitement. It was the feeling he used to feel almost twenty years ago, just before he stepped on to the stage.
- 119 The director Baren Mullick called Patol Babu to him. 'I hope you know what you're supposed to do?' he asked.
- 120 'Yes, sir.'
- 121 'Very good. I'll first say, "Start sound". The recordists will reply by saying "Running". That will be your cue to start walking from that pillar, and for the hero to come out of the car and make a dash for the office. You work out your steps so that the collision takes place at this spot, here. The hero ignores you and strides into the office, while you register pain by saying "Oh!", stop for a couple of seconds, then resume walking--okay?'
- 122 Patol Babu suggested a rehearsal, but Baren Mullick shook his head impatiently. 'There's a large patch of cloud approaching the sun,' he said. 'This scene must be shot in sunlight.'
- 123 'One question please.'
- 124 'Yes?'
- 125 An idea had occurred to Patol Babu while rehearsing; he now came out with it.
- 126 'Er--I was thinking--if I had a newspaper open in my hand, and if the collision took place while I had my eyes on the paper, then perhaps--'
- 127 Baren Mullick cut him short by addressing a bystander who was carrying a Bengali newspaper. 'D'you mind handing your paper to this gentleman, just for this one shot? Thanks. Now you take your position beside the pillar. Chanchal, are you ready?'

128 'Yes, sir.'

129 'Good. Silence!'

130 Baren Mullick raised his hand, then brought it down again, saying, 'Just a minute. Kesto, I think if we gave the pedestrian a moustache, it would be more interesting.'

131 'What kind, sir? Walrus, Ronald Colman or Butterfly? I have them all ready.'

132 'Butterfly, butterfly"--and make it snappy!'

133 The elderly make-up man went up to Patol Babu, took out a small grey moustache from a box, and stuck it on with spirit-gum below Patol Babu's nose.

134 Patol Babu said, 'I hope it won't come off at the time of the collision?'

135 The make-up man smiled. 'Collision?' he said. 'Even if you were to wrestle with Dara Singh, the moustache would stay in place.'

136 Patol Babu had a quick glance in a mirror which the man was holding. True enough, the moustache suited him very well. Patol Babu inwardly commended the director's **perspicacity**⁹.

137 'Silence! Silence!'

138 The business with the moustache had provoked a wave of comments from the spectators. which Baren Mullick's shout now silenced.

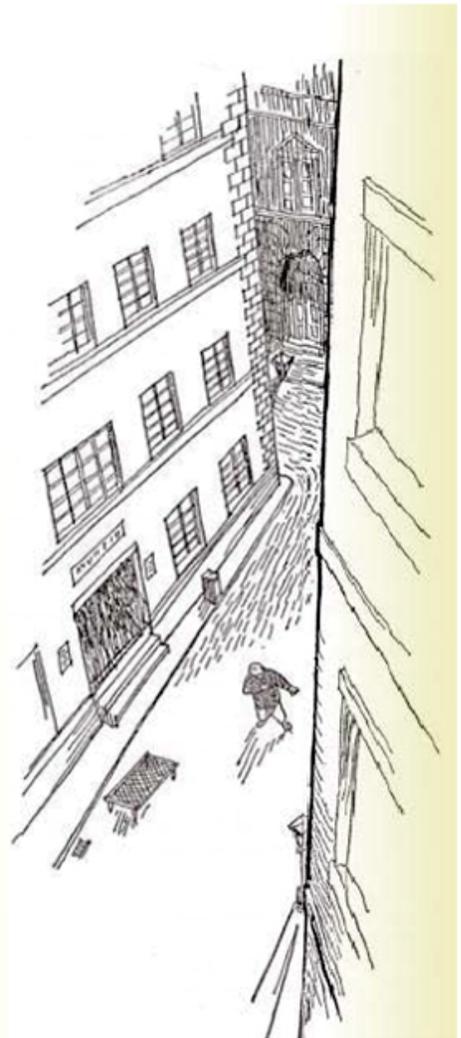
139 Patol Babu noticed that most of the bystanders' eyes were turned towards him.

140 'Start sound!'

141 Patol Babu cleared this throat. One, two, three, four, five--five steps would take him to the spot where the collision was to take place. And Chanchal Kumar would have to walk four steps. So if both were to start together, Patol Babu would have to walk a little faster than the hero, or else--

142 'Running!'

143 Patol Babu held the newspaper open in his hand. What he had to do when saying 'Oh!' was to mix sixty parts of irritation with forty parts of surprise.



- 144 'Action!'
- 145 Clop, clop, clop, clop, clop--Wham!
- 146 Patol Babu saw stars before his eyes. The hero's head had banged against his forehead, and an excruciating pain had robbed him of his senses for a few seconds.
- 147 But the next moment, by a supreme effort of will, Patol Babu pulled himself together, and mixing fifty parts of anguish with twenty-five of surprise and twenty-five of irritation, cried 'Oh!' and, after a brief pause, resumed his walk.
- 148 'Cut!'
- 149 'Was that right?' asked Patol Babu anxiously, stepping towards Baren Mullick.
- 150 'Jolly good! Why, you're quite an actor. Sosanko, just take a look at the sky through the dark glass, will you.'
- 151 Jyoti now came up to Patol Babu and said, 'I hope Grandpa wasn't hurt too badly?'
- 152 'My God!' said Chanchal Kumar, massaging his head, 'You timed it so well that I nearly passed out!'
- 153 Naresh Dutt elbowed his way through the crowd, came up to Patol Babu and said, 'Please go back where you were standing. I'll come to you in a short while and do the necessary.'
- 154 Patol Babu took his place once again by the paan shop. The cloud had just covered the sun and brought down the temperature. Nevertheless, Patol Babu took off his woollen jacket, and then heaved a sigh of relief. A feeling of total satisfaction swept over him.
- 155 He had done his job really well. All these years of struggle hadn't **blunted his sensibility**¹⁰. Gogon Pakrashi would have been pleased with his performance. But all the labour and imagination he had put into this one shot--were these people able to appreciate that? He doubted it. They just got hold of some people, got them to go through certain motions, paid them for their labours and forgot all about it. Paid them, yes, but how much? Ten, fifteen, twenty rupees? True, that he needed money very badly, but what was twenty rupees when measured against the intense satisfaction of a small job done with perfection and dedication?
- 156 Ten minutes or so later Naresh Dutt went looking for Patol Babu near the paan shop and found that he was not there. 'That's odd--the man hadn't been paid yet. What a strange fellow!'
- 157 'The sun has come out,' Baren Mullick was heard shouting. 'Silence! Silence! --- Naresh, hurry up and get these people out of the way!'

10 **blunted his sensibility** - reduced his acting talent

About the Author

Satyajit Ray (1921-1992), an Indian filmmaker and among the dozen or so great masters of world cinema, is known for his humanistic approach to cinema. He made his films in Bengali. Satyajit Ray received the honorary Academy Award for Lifetime Achievement.

Ray wrote numerous short stories, articles and novels in Bengali. He made a significant contribution to children's literature in Bengali. Most of his fiction was written for teenage children. His detective stories and novels were particularly popular with them - stories being unpretentious and entertaining. The subjects included: adventure, detective stories, fantasy, science fiction and even horror.

3. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow.

I. He moved up to the office beyond the pan shop and sat down on the steps. It was nearly half-past nine. On Sunday mornings, songs in praise of goddess Kali were sung in Karali Babu's house. Patol Babu went there every week and enjoyed it. What if he were to go these useless people, and be made to look foolish on top of that? 'Silence'! Stuff and nonsense! to hell with your 'silence'! They had put up this pompus show for something so trivial! Things were much better on the stage.

i) Choose the option that describes the main reason which was the trigger for Patol Babu's chain of thought that made him question his presence at the film shoot.

It was the fact that_____.

- A. he was missing his duty towards God to fulfill a personal desire
- B. he was with strangers instead of spending time with loved ones
- C. he was wasting time on free volunteer work instead of earning money
- D. he was wasting a great Sunday on doing something so small and insignificant

ii) Choose the correct option.

Assertion: Patol Babu felt silly for getting his hopes high.

Reason: He was convinced that he could never be a successful actor.

- A. Assertion is true but the reason is false.
- B. Both Assertion and Reason are false
- C. Both Assertion and Reason are true but Reason is not the correct explanation of Assertion.
- D. Both Assertion and Reason are true and Reason is the correct explanation of Assertion.

- iii) Patol Babu thought that Things were much better on the stage, because _____.
- theater had better monetary rewards.
 - the actors could see the response of the audience instantly.
 - he delivered long dialogues and got important roles.
 - theater was more suited to his talents as an actor.
- iv) Infer Patol Babu's tone as reflected in the extract.
- sarcastic and worried
 - angry and regretful
 - serious and threatening
 - ironic and solemn
- v) The writer uses questions in his writing. Comment on the purpose of this style.

4. Answer the following questions briefly

- Nishikanto's offer stirred Patol Babu to the core. Comment.
- How did Patol Babu react? Why?
- Why did Patol Babu lose his first job in Calcutta*?
- How does Patol Babu reconcile to the dialogue given to him?
- Who was Mr. Pakrashi? How do his words help Patol Babu in enacting his role?
- 'Patol Babu was a meticulous man' Elucidate.
- Money and satisfaction are like parallel banks of a stream. How does this statement correspond to Patol Babu's emotion, after the shot was over?
- Why did Mr. Mullick turn down Patol Babu's request for a rehearsal?
- What were the special touches that Patol Babu gave to his role to make it more authentic?

5. Discuss the following questions in detail and write the answers in your notebooks:

- 'I hope the part calls for some dialogue?' Who says this? Why does he /she ask this question?
- 'Were these people pulling his leg? Was the whole thing a gigantic hoax? A meek, harmless man like him, and they had to drag him into the middle of the city to make a laughing stock out of him. How could anyone be so cruel?' Why does Patol Babu have these thoughts?
- Patol Babu is an amateur actor for whom walk-on part in a movie turns into an ultimate challenge. Discuss.

*Calcutta is now Kolkata

- (d) Do you agree with the statement that Patol Babu is a practical man who comes to terms with whatever life has to offer? Give reasons for your answer.
- (e) Why does Patol Babu walk away before he can be paid for his role? What does this reveal about his character?
- (f) Do you think making a movie is an easy job? Discuss with reference to the story.

6. Here are some lines from the lesson. What do they tell us about Patol Babu's character? You may take help from the words given in the table below or find some of your own from the dictionary. The first one has been done for you:

| | | | |
|------------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
| passionate actor | diligent | unassuming | talented |
| genial | mercenary | short-tempered | introvert |
| meticulous | modest | humble | arrogant |

- (a) That an offer to act in a film could come to a 52-year-old nonentity like him was beyond his wildest dreams unassuming; modest
- (b) Indeed, there was a time when people bought tickets especially to see him.....
- (c) 'I was with Hudson and Kimberley for nine years and wasn't late for a single day.'
.....
- (d) It didn't matter if the part was small, but, if he had to make the most of it, he had to learn his lines beforehand. How small he would feel if he muffed in the presence of so many people.....
- (e) Patol Babu cleared his throat and started enunciating the syllable in various ways. Along with that he worked out how he would react physically when the collision took place--how his features would be twisted in pain, how he would fling out his arms, how his body would crouch to express both pain and surprise--all these he performed in various ways in front of a large glass window.
- (f) It is true that he needed money very badly, but what was twenty rupees when measured against the intense satisfaction of a small job done with perfection and dedication?.....

7. Here are some lines from the lesson. Match the meanings of the underlined words with their meanings listed below

- (a) Then he had a job in a Bengali firm which he gave up in disgust when his boss began to treat him in too high-handed a fashion stimulate the imagination

- (b) A faint memory was **stirred up** in Patol Babu's mind. to surrender or relinquish
- (c) At first he opened a variety store which he had to **wind up** after five years. staged
- (d) In *Jatras*, in amateur theatricals, in plays **put up** by the club in his neighbourhood, Patol Babu was always in demand to gain control over one's actions
- (e) Patol Babu was about to step forward when he was **pulled up** short by a voice shouting 'Silence!' shut down
- (f) Patol Babu **pulled himself together** stopped

8. **After Patol Babu returns home he recounts his experience in front of the camera to his wife. In pairs write out the exchange in the form of a dialogue and enact it before the class. You may start like this....**

Patol Babu's wife: So what happened at the shooting today? Did you get to do your role?

Patol Babu: Oh, yes, I had the time of my life.....

9. **Patol Babu impresses everyone at the shoot with his acting talent in spite of having a one word dialogue. In groups of four enact the word 'Oh' in different ways to show the following emotions:**

- happiness
- excitement
- sarcasm
- disappointment
- sorrow
- fear
- pain
- surprise

Each group will then enact one of these emotions to the rest of the class using the word 'Oh'. The other groups will try to guess which emotion is being expressed.

WRITING TASK

10. **Patol Babu writes a letter to Nishikanto Ghosh to thank him for being instrumental in his getting a role in a film. He also shares his experience at the film shoot including the excitement and deep satisfaction that he derived from the same. Write the letter in about 200 words.**

LISTENING TASK

11. Listen to the talk on character actors and as you listen, complete the exercise, as directed.

1. Supporting roles are those roles that do not affect the plot or the subject of the film (True/ False)
2. People become character actors chiefly because (Tick the right choices)
 - (a) they like doing supporting roles
 - (b) there are limited leading roles
 - (c) it is easier to act in a supporting role
 - (d) they can't find any other work
3. 'star quality' refers to things like.....(Tick the right choice)
 - (a) good looks and acting talent
 - (b) good looks and the right weight
 - (c) good looks and the right height
 - (d) good looks, height and right weight
4. After the age of forty, the actors most likely to get less work are (Tick the right choice)
 - (a) character actors
 - (b) the male lead
 - (c) the female actors
 - (d) the female lead
5. The chief advantages of being a character actor is that(Tick the right choice)
 - (a) they are never blamed if a film fails
 - (b) they can act for as long as they like
 - (c) they do not have to take care of their looks
 - (d) they do not need to be skilled at horsemanship or swimming

Fiction

6

UNIT

F. 6 Virtually True

by Paul Stewart

1. Before reading the story, attempt the following working in groups of four or five.

- a. Do you play computer games? How many hours do you spend playing games on the computer as compared to outdoor games?
- b. Make a list of your favourite games. Have a class discussion on the advantages and disadvantages of computer games.
- c. Look in your dictionaries / computer to find synonyms of the word 'virtual'
- d. Look at the K.W.L. chart given below. Based on the information you have gathered till now, complete the K and W columns. You may work with your partner. After reading the story complete the third column.

| | K-What I Know | W--What I want to know | L-What I learnt |
|--|---------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| Virtual Reality | | | |
| Virtual Environment | | | |
| 3-D/ three-dimensional | | | |
| Simulation games | | | |
| Computer simulations | | | |
| Interactive psycho- drive games | | | |
| Teleporting | | | |

Now read the story.

- 1 Sebastian Shultz. It isn't a name you come across every day. But there it was, large and clear, at the top of the newspaper article in front of me.
- 2 The reader of the newspaper was a big woman. I couldn't see her face, but I could hear her **wheezy**¹ breath.
- 3 *MIRACLE RECOVERY*, the headline said. Sebastian Shultz, a 14 year-old schoolboy from South London, awoke yesterday from a **coma**² that doctors feared might last forever.
- 4 It couldn't be the Sebastian Shultz I'd met. I leant forward to read the rest of the article.
- 5 Six weeks ago, Sebastian Shultz was badly injured in a motorway accident. His condition, on arrival at the General Hospital, was described as critical but stable. Despite doctors' hopes, the boy did not regain consciousness. His parents were informed that their son was in a coma.
- 6 At a press conference, Mrs Shultz said, "The doctors were doing all they could, but in our hearts we knew we needed a miracle."
- 7 Now that miracle has happened ...
- 8 At that moment, the woman's hand moved. I suddenly saw the photograph that went with the story, and gasped. The boy in the picture was Sebastian. There was no doubt. "But how?" I muttered.
- 9 Sebastian Shultz, the boy I'd got to know so well recently, had apparently been in a coma for all that time. I felt nervous and shivery. It didn't make any sense at all.
- 10 I stared out of the train window, and ran through the events in my head.
- 11 It had all started a month ago. Dad and I had spent the entire Saturday afternoon at the Computer Fair.
- 12 Dad's **nutty**³ about computers. He's got a Pentium **150 Mhz**⁴ processor, with 256 of RAM, a 1.2 Gb hard disk drive and 16 speed **CD ROM**⁵, complete with speakers, a printer, a modem and a scanner. It can do anything. Paint, play music, create displays; even when my homework's rubbish, it looks fantastic.
- 13 Best of all are the games. Tornado, MeBabash, Black Belt, Kyrene's Kastle -I've played them all. With the screen so big, and the volume up loud, it almost feels as if you're inside the games, battling it out with the Z or Bs, Twisters, or whatever.

1 **wheezy** - to breathe with an audible whistling sound, with difficulty

2 **coma** - a prolonged state of deep unconsciousness

3 **nutty** - crazy about; has a passion for

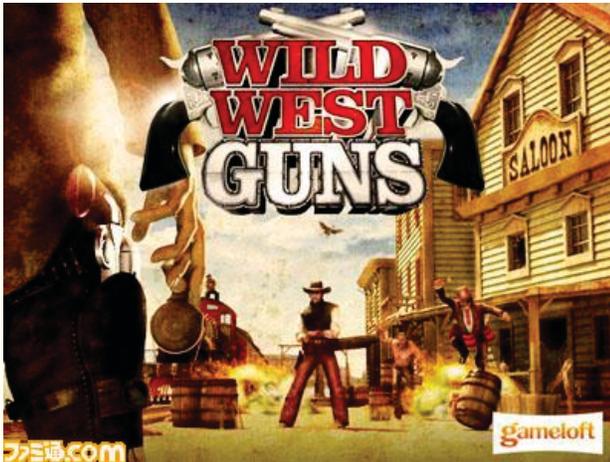
4 **Mhz** - megahertz - one million hertz (the unit of frequency equal to one cycle per second)

5 **CD ROM** - Random-Access Memory compact disk with Read-Only Memory

14 Technology was advancing every day, and Dad couldn't resist any of the new gadgets or **gizmos**⁶ that came on the market. That was why we went to the Computer Fair. We came away with a virtual reality visor and glove, and a handful of the latest interactive **psycho-drive**⁷ games. They're terrific. Not only do the visor and glove change what you see, but better than that, you can control the action by what you are thinking. Well, cool!

15 When we got them, I remember some of them were not new.

16 Anyway, back at home, I launched myself off into the first of the games. It was called Wildwest.



18 That's what I like about computers. The more futuristic they get, the better you can understand the past. I wasn't standing in the converted loft-the Powerbase as Dad calls it-anymore. I was really there, striding down the dusty track through the centre of town. There was a sheriff's badge pinned to my shirt.

20 As I burst in through the swing doors of the saloon, everyone went silent and

glared at me. I strode over to the bar. '**Sarsaparilla!**'⁸ I said and a glass of fizzy red stuff came sliding along the bar towards me. As I took a sip, I heard a loud crash. I spun round. There, silhouetted in the doorway, was Black-Eyed Jed, the fastest gun in the west. 'This town ain't big enough for the both of us, Sheriff Dawson,' he drawled, and fingered his guns lightly. 'Outside. Just you and me.'

19 I can remember grinning. This was really cool!

20 I finished my drink and slammed the glass down on the bar. Jed had already left the saloon. All eyes were on me again. I wondered what sort of score I was notching up.

21 All at once, something strange happened. Up to that point the game had been pretty much as I expected. But when the second sheriff appeared through the back door, shouting and waving his arms about, I realized that the game was more complicated.

22 'Don't go out!' the second sheriff shouted.

23 'And who are you?' I asked.

24 He wasn't like the other characters in the saloon. For a start, he was about my age, and though he looked like a computer image, he somehow didn't move like one.

6 **gizmos** - gadgets, especially mechanical or electrical devices

7 **psycho-drive** - driven by mental power

8 **sarsaparilla** - a carbonated drink flavoured with sarsaparilla root.

- 25 'There's no time to explain,' he shouted. 'Just follow me.'
- 26 I did what I was told. We raced down a corridor, and then through a door. We ran past some men and came out through another door.
- 27 'Come ON!' shouted the other sheriff.
- 28 We went on through another door, and another, -and ended up back in the saloon.
- 29 'NO!' screamed the second Sheriff. Then he ran to the back of the saloon and dived through the window. By the time I climbed out after him, he was already sitting on a horse. 'Jump up!' he cried.
- 30 He kicked the horse, and we sped off in a cloud of dust.
- 31 'Who are you?' I asked again.
- 32 But the second sheriff didn't answer. He'd seen the posse of men on horseback speeding after us. 'Keep your head down,' he said.
- 33 At that moment, the sound of a gunshot echoed round the air. The second sheriff groaned, and slumped back against me. Ahead of me, in bright neon lights came a message.

GAME OVER.

- 34 As I slipped off the visor, the empty desert disappeared and I found myself back in the Powerbase. I took off the glove and headphones. I glanced at the score on the screen. 21,095. Then I noticed the printer had come on. I picked up the piece of paper from the tray.
- 35 On top was a picture of the second Sheriff. This time though, he was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt. Printed across the bottom was a message. ***I'M STUCK. PLEASE HELP TO RETRIEVE ME. TRY 'DRAGONQUEST'.*** Sebastian Shultz.
- 36 I wanted to go straight into the game he'd suggested, but it was already half an hour after lights out.
- 37 Next morning I was up and back on the computer, and was soon walking through the massive studded doors of the dragon's castle lair.
- 38 The aim of the game was simple. I had to rescue the fair princess Aurora from the wicked dragon, and collect the wicked creature's treasure along the way. I'd already got loads by the time I reached the Princess, who'd been imprisoned at the top of a tall tower. She was a young woman with long golden plaits.
- 39 'My hero!' she squealed. 'Take me away from all this.' Behind me I could hear the dragon roaring. 'Rescue me now,' the princess said urgently.
- 40 'Never mind her,' came a voice, and a second knight appeared from the wardrobe. 'It's me who needs rescuing!'



- 41 'Sebastian?' I said.
- 42 The second knight nodded. 'Quick,' he said, 'while there's still time.' And with a pair of scissors he chopped off the two long plaits of the Princess. Then he tied them together, fixed one end round the bedpost and threw the other end out of the window.
- 43 'NOW!' he screamed, as he leapt from the window and down the hair rope.

4

4

At that moment the dragon appeared. I gasped, and leapt too.

- 45 As I lowered myself down I felt the dragon's fiery breath.
- 46 Across the moonlit battlements, we ran down a spiral staircase and through a secret passage on the other side of a tapestry. And the whole time I could hear and feel and even smell the evil dragon following in close pursuit.
- 47 'The dungeons,' Sir Sebastian cried out. 'They're our only hope.'
- 48 We went down the cold stone steps, swords drawn. Suddenly, the dragon appeared at the end of the corridor. Before we even had time to turn around, the dragon was upon us.
- 49 I swung my sword. But it was no good. The dragon was only interested in Sebastian, and there was nothing I could do to prevent it getting him.

GAME OVER

- 50 This time, the message in the printer said: BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME. PLEASE DON'T GIVE UP, MICHAEL. OTHERWISE I'LL HAVE TO STAY IN HERE FOR EVER. TRY 'JAILBREAK'. I THINK IT MIGHT JUST WORK! CHEERS, SEB.
- 51 I didn't even bother to read the rules of Jailbreak before going in. I knew that my task would be to rescue the boy. And sure enough, my cell mate was prisoner 02478: Shultz.
- 52 'I've got to get out of here,' Sebastian sighed. 'Are you going to help?'
- 53 'Of course,' I said. 'Have you got a plan?'
- 54 Stupid question. With the help of a **skeleton swipe-card**⁹, we were soon out of the cell and racing down the corridors. Sirens wailed, guard dogs howled, heavy boots came tramping. Behind us, steel-barred doors slammed shut. We dodged the guards, we fled the dogs, we made it to a staircase and pounded upwards.

⁹ **Skeleton swipe-card** - a plastic card on which data has been stored magnetically and that can be read by an electronic reading device.

55 On the roof, Sebastian looked round, and glanced at his watch nervously. 'It should be here by now.'

56 'What?' I said.

57 'That!' said Sebastian and pointed.

58 'A helicopter!' I exclaimed.

59 'That was my idea!' said Sebastian excitedly. 'If only it would go a bit faster ...'

60 At that moment, the door behind us burst open. Twelve guards with vicious dogs were standing there. The next instant the dogs were hurtling towards us, all bared teeth and dripping jowls. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Sebastian take a step backwards.

61 'NOOOOOO!' I screamed.

62 But it was too late. The boy had slipped and was tumbling back through the air, down to the concrete below.

GAME OVER.

63 As I removed my visor I looked in the printer tray. This time it was empty. I felt really bad. I'd failed Sebastian; I'd failed the game. It was only later, when the scenes began to fade in my memory, that it occurred to me that Sebastian Shultz was the game.

64 Strangely, although I went back to Wildwest, Dragonquest and Jailbreak after that, I never met up with Sebastian again.

65 Then, yesterday, I heard from Sebastian. In the printer tray, was a sheet of paper.

66 CAN WE HAVE ONE LAST TRY? it said. I THINK THE HELICOPTER WAS THE RIGHT IDEA. THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF AN ACCIDENT ... GO INTO 'WARZONE'. IF THIS DOESN'T WORK I WON'T BOTHER YOU AGAIN. CHEERS, SEB.

67 I couldn't tell which war zone we were in. It was a city somewhere. The tall buildings were windowless and **riddled**¹⁰ with holes. Machine gun fire raked the sky. Walls tumbled. Bombs exploded. All I knew was that Sebastian and I had to make it to that helicopter in one piece.

68 We ran across a no-man's-land of rubble and smoke, dodging **sniper fire**¹¹. At the far end we went through a door in a wall. The helicopter was on the ground, waiting for our arrival.

69 We started to run, but the tank fire sent us scuttling back to the wall.

70 'Ajeep,' Sebastian shouted to me, and nodded at a vehicle parked by the road.

71 He jumped in, turned the ignition key and revved up the engine. 'Jump in!'

10 **riddled** - making a large number of small holes in something.

11 **sniper fire** - gunshots fired by somebody in a concealed position.

- 72 I climbed into the passenger seat and we were off.
- 73 A tank was hurtling after us. Suddenly, Sebastian slammed on the brakes and sent the jeep skidding into a spin. I leapt clear, and jumped into the helicopter.
- 74 The helicopter started to go upwards. I looked around. Sebastian wasn't there.
- 75 'Wait!' I shouted at the pilot.
- 76 I looked back. The jeep had stopped, but Sebastian hadn't got out.
- 77 'COME ON!' I yelled. But Sebastian was sitting as if his body had been turned to stone.
- 78 The tank crashed into the jeep. Sebastian was thrown into the air.
- 79 Round and round he tumbled, closer to the helicopter. He landed with a thud, just below the hatch. I pulled him up. As he sat down beside me, the helicopter soared into the sky.
- 80 I'd done it! I'd rescued Sebastian at last! Before I had a chance to say anything to him though, the helicopter flew into the thick cloud. It turned everything blinding white. I couldn't see a thing-until 'GAME OVER' flashed up.
- 81 When I removed the visor, the screen was flashing a score of 40,000,000.
- 82 I'd hit the jackpot. I'd finally cracked the game.
- 83 At least, that was what I thought then. Now I knew that Sebastian Shultz, the boy from the game, really did exist. I'd seen the proof in the newspaper.
- 84 But how? I wondered as I got off the train.
- 85 At home I checked the Net. I wanted to learn more about the MIRACLE RECOVERY story.
- 86 I found what I was looking for quickly enough. Apparently, at the time of the accident, Sebastian was using his laptop to play one of the same psycho-drive games that I've got.
- 87 My heart pounded furiously. What if, because Sebastian had been plugged into the computer when he banged his head in the accident, the computer had saved his memory in its own. And then what if the weird versions of the games I'd been drawn into had all been attempts to retrieve that memory?
- 88 After all, Dad always says about the memory of the computer. 'It can never forget, Michael. Nothing ever gets lost.'
- 89 But, even if it was possible that Sebastian's memory had been stored on disk, how had it ended up on my computer? Scrolling down the article I found a possible explanation.
- 90 Answering a reporter's question as to what the family was going to do next, Mr Shultz said that they were off to stock up on some games. 'It was while we were in the hospital, someone stole the lot. I don't know what happened to them.'

- 91 I said quietly. 'They ended up at the Computer Fair. And we bought them.'
- 92 I left the Net and checked my e-mail. There was one from Sebastian.
- 93 With trembling fingers I clicked in, and read the message.
- 94 DEAR MICHAEL, it said. THANK YOU! I'M NOT SURE HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT THANKS. YOU SAVED MY LIFE. LET'S MEET UP SOON. CHEERS, SEB. P.S. KEEP THE GAMES. YOU'VE EARNED THEM.
- 95 I shook my head. A real message from the real Sebastian Shultz. We both knew that by reliving the accident, something wonderful had happened. But then again, now that there are two advanced intelligences on earth, who can say what is and what isn't possible.
- 96 What I know is this. Everything that I've described is true - Virtually!

Paul Stewart (born June, 1955) is a writer of children's books, best known for the best selling 'The Edge Chronicles, The Free Lance novels' and 'The Far Flung Adventure Series' which are written in collaboration with the illustrator Chris Riddell. Paul Stewart lives in the British seaside city of Brighton with his wife and children.

A. Answer the following questions.

1. According to the newspaper, what had happened to Sebastian Shultz?
2. 'Dad's nutty about computers.' What evidence is there to support this statement?
3. In what way did the second game seem very real?
4. The last game has tanks, jeeps, helicopters and guns. Which headings would you put this and the other games under?
5. What was Michael's theory about how Sebastian had entered the games?

B. Read the extract given below and answer the questions that follow:

I didn't even bother to read the rules of Jailbreak before going in. I knew that my task would be to rescue the boy. And sure enough, my cell mate was prisoner 02478: Shultz.

'I've got to get out of here,' Sebastian sighed. 'Are you going to help?'

'Of course,' I said. 'Have you got a plan?'

Stupid question. With the help of a skeleton swipe-card, we were soon out of the cell and racing down the corridors. Sirens wailed, guard dogs howled, boots came tramping. Behind us, steel-barred doors slammed shut. We dogged the guards, we fled the dogs, we made it to a staircase and pounded upwards.

- i. What can be inferred about Michael from his words, 'I knew my task'?
 - A. confidence
 - B. negligence
 - C. resolution
 - D. superiority
- ii. What is the given extract about?
 - A. planning an escape
 - B. concluding an escape plan
 - C. success of an escape
 - D. the progression of an escape
- iii. Pick the option that DOES NOT use the word 'dodging' as utilised in the extract.
 - A. He is filling a worksheet of dodging tables.
 - B. The senator was dodging questions about the crime.
 - C. He ran across the road, dodging the traffic.
 - D. The toddler laughed as his mother was dodging the pillows flung at her.
- iv. Select the option that is true for the two statements given below.
 - (1) The boys raced down the corridors.
 - (2) Michael got a clear plan for the escape.
 - A. (2) is the reason for (1)
 - B. (1) is the cause of (2)
 - C. (1) and (2) are not connected
 - D. (2) is possible only because of (1)
- v. Cite an example of personification from the extract.

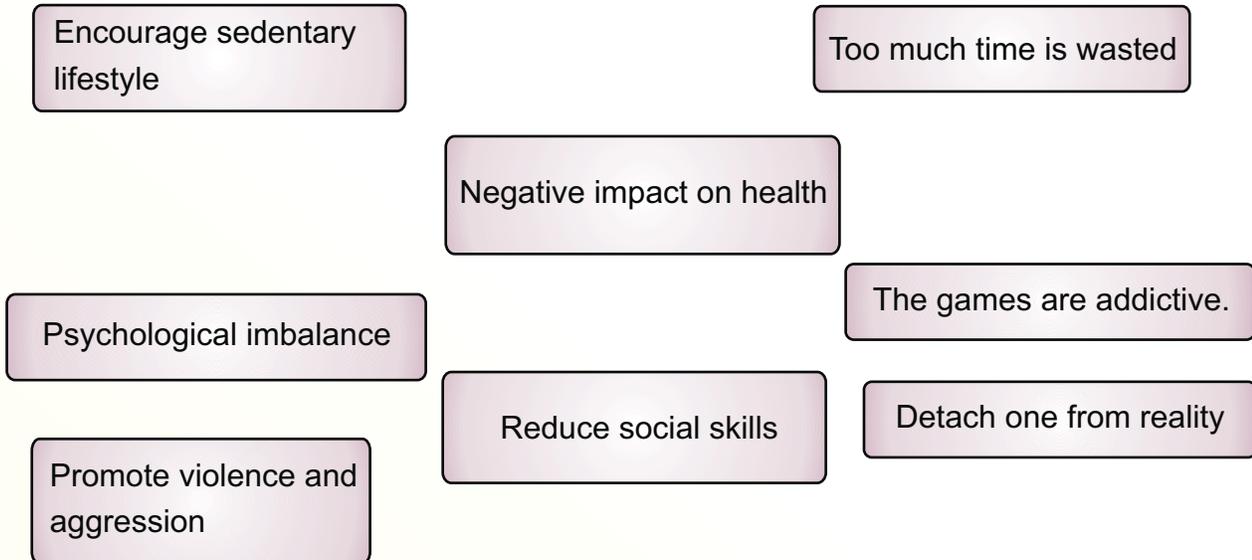
3. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) Why did the news of the 'miracle recovery' shock Michael?
- (b) Michael's meeting with Sebastian Shultz had been a chance meeting. Where had it taken place and how?
- (c) What kind of computers fascinated Michael and his dad? Why?
- (d) Describe the first place where Michael was virtually transported.

- (e) What help did Sebastian Shultz ask Michael for? How did he convey this message?
- (f) Why did Michael fail in rescuing Sebastian Shultz the first time?
- (g) The second attempt to rescue Sebastian Shultz too was disastrous. Give reasons.
- (h) Narrate the accident that injured Sebastian Shultz.
- (i) How had Sebastian Shultz entered the games?
- (j) How was Sebastian Shultz's memory stored on Michael's disk? How did Michael discover that?
4. **Sebastian Shultz had a close brush with death. After he recovers, he returns to school and narrates his experience to his classmates. As Sebastian Shultz, narrate your experience.**
5. **Continue the story.**
- Will Michael and Sebastian Shultz meet in real life? Will they be friends? Will they try to re-enter the virtual world together? You may use the following hints:**
- How the accident occurred
 - Transfer of memory
 - Meeting with Michael
 - Appeals for help
 - Rescue and recovery
6. **Put the following sentences in a sequential order to complete the story.**
- (a) Sebastian Shultz was badly injured in a motorway accident and went into a coma.
- (b) Sebastian's memory was saved in the computer when he banged his head on it during the accident.
- (c) When Michael played the game, he entered Sebastian's memory.
- (d) Michael bought the latest psycho-drive games from the computer fair.
- (e) Sebastian Shultz was the second Sheriff in the 'Dragonquest'.
- (f) Michael pulled Sebastian into the helicopter and the screen flashed a score of 40,000,000.
- (g) Sebastian requested Michael to try 'Jailbreak'.
- (h) Sebastian failed to save the boy who fell through the air.
- (i) Sebastian thought the helicopter was the right idea and they should go into the 'Warzone'.
- (j) The games were stolen from Shultz's house.
- (k) Sebastian thanks Michael for saving his life and asks him to keep the games.

Writing

7. Do you think it is a true story? Could it happen to you one day? Here are some opinions about computer games in general.



8. Do you think these opinions are biased? Write an article entitled '*Virtual games are a reality*' in about 150-200 words.
9. In groups of four, design a new computer game.

Decide on the

- Setting
- Plot
- Characters
- Objectives

Listening

10. Listen carefully to a text on 'Tour of Body' and answer the questions that are given below.

On the basis of your listening to the passage complete the following statements by choosing the answers from the given options:

- (1) The Cave Automatic Virtual Environment' is
- (a) a modern surgical procedure
 - (b) a three - dimensional virtual reality room
 - (c) an accurate projection of the eye and the brain

- (d) a technique for developing anatomical pictures
- (2) Projected image on the four walls of a room enables researchers to
 - (a) carry out micro surgery
 - (b) understand the functioning of the brain
 - (c) virtually get inside the molecular structure of cells and parts of human body
 - (d) reconstruct damaged parts of human body
- (3) The 'CAVE' is a boon to surgeons because
 - (a) they can treat diseases located in unreachable parts of the human body
 - (b) it has made X-Ray and MRI unnecessary
 - (c) it helps them avoid surgical procedures in most cases
 - (d) it enables surgeons to use very small surgical instruments
- (4) For the CAVE to develop, a virtual environment it is essential
 - (a) to apply mathematical formulae
 - (b) to project three - dimensional images on the walls
 - (c) to obtain two - dimensional MRI data first
 - (d) to understand the nature of the diseased cells and parts
- (5) Once inside a three - dimensional representation of an anatomical structure, surgeons can
 - (a) 'move' through and 'peel away' its layers
 - (b) shrink themselves and travel inside the body parts
 - (c) convert the data into a flat picture for detailed study
 - (d) locate the diseased parts of the body quickly
- (6) Dr. Szilard Kiss used CAVE to
 - (a) travel inside the eye of his patient
 - (b) identify the scar tissue growing over the retina
 - (c) go inside the layers of the retina
 - (d) isolate the ridge of the scar tissue

POETRY

Poetry **7**

UNIT

P.1 The Frog And The Nightingale

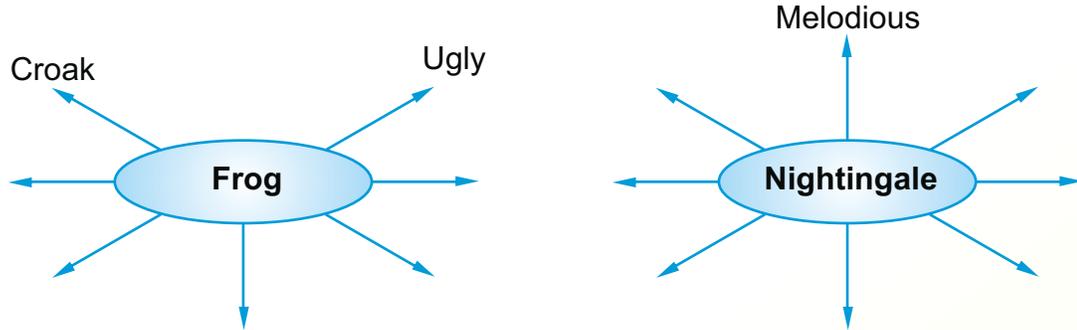
by Vikram Seth

1. Listed below are some character traits of people. A few of these are positive qualities, while others are not. Tick mark the ones you feel are desirable qualities in a person.

| Characteristic | Tick Mark | Characteristic | Tick Mark | Characteristic | Tick Mark |
|----------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
| Insensitive | | High - headed | | Manipulative | |
| Humorous | | Egoistic | | Patronizing | |
| Naïve | | Humble | | Submissive | |
| Opportunistic | | Foolish | | Arrogant | |
| Creative | | Original | | Conniving | |
| Disapproving | | Helpful | | Innocent | |
| Commanding | | Calculative | | Condescending | |
| Benevolent | | Crafty | | Scheming | |
| Simple | | Wise | | Rude | |
| Overbearing | | Generous | | Boastful | |
| Sly | | Gentle | | Proud | |
| Territorial | | Aggressive | | Servile | |

2. Have you come across people who are not what they seem to be - like someone who is extremely friendly and helpful yet you are not very comfortable with him / her as you feel it is a put-on? Have a class discussion about such people and why you feel as you do.

3. Before you read the poem complete the word - web with the words that we associate with a Frog and a Nightingale.



4. Read Vikram Seth's poem : The Frog and the Nightingale.

Once upon a time a frog
Croaked away in Bingle **Bog**¹
Every night from dusk to dawn
He croaked **awn**² and awn and awn.

- 5 Other creatures **loathed**³ his voice,
But, alas, they had no choice.
And the crass **cacophony**⁴
Blared out from the sumac tree
At whose foot the frog each night
10 **Minstrelled**⁵ on till morning night.

Neither stones nor prayers nor sticks,
Insults or complaints or bricks
Stilled the frog's determination
To display his heart's **elation**⁶.

- 15 But one night a nightingale
In the moonlight cold and pale
Perched upon the sumac tree
Casting forth her melody.
Dumbstruck sat the gaping frog.



1 **bog** : an area of land that is very wet and muddy
2 **awn** : on misspelt and mispronounced so that it rhymes with *dawn*
3 **loathed** : hated
4 **cacophony** : a very loud and unpleasant noise
5 **minstrelled** : sang
6 **elation** : great pride and joy

- 20 And the whole admiring bog
 Stared towards the sumac, **rapt**⁷,
 And, when she had ended, clapped,
 Ducks had swum and herons waded
 To her as she **serenaded**⁸
- 25 And a solitary **loon**⁹
 Wept, beneath the summer moon.
 Toads and **teals**¹⁰ and tiddlers, captured
 By her voice, cheered on, **enraptured**:¹¹
 "Bravo!" "Too divine!" "**Encore!**"¹²
- 25 So the nightingale once more,
 Quite unused to such applause,
 Sang till dawn without a pause.
- Next night when the Nightingale
 Shook her head and twitched her tail,
- 35 Closed an eye and fluffed a wing
 And had cleared her throat to sing
 She was startled by a croak.
 "Sorry - was that you who spoke?"
 She enquired when the frog
- 40 Hopped towards her from the bog.
 "Yes," the frog replied. "You see,
 I'm the frog who owns this tree.
 In this bog I've long been known
 For my splendid **baritone**¹³
- 45 And, of course, I wield my pen
 For Bog Trumpet now and then".
 "Did you... did you like my song?"

7 **rapt** : totally interested, so that you cannot think of anything else

8 **serenaded** : sang beautifully

9 **loon** : a large water bird

10 **teal** : a small duck

11 **enraptured** : filled with fascination and delight

12 **encore** : 'sing some more' repeated request

13 **baritone** : a male singing voice, fairly deep

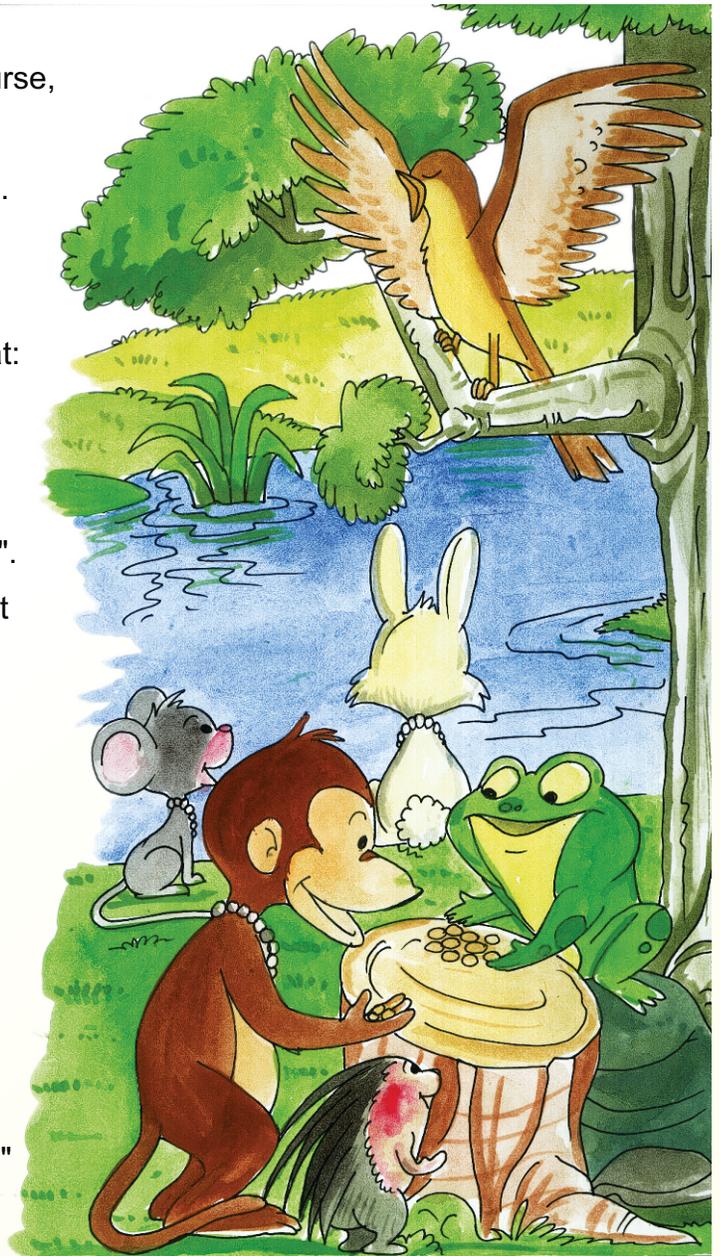
"Not too bad - but far too long.
 The **technique**¹⁴ was fine of course,
 50 But it lacked a certain force".
 "Oh!" the nightingale confessed.
 Greatly flattered and impressed
 That a critic of such note
 Had discussed her art and throat:

55 "I don't think the song's divine.
 But - oh, well - at least it's mine".

"That's not much to boast about".
 Said the heartless frog. "Without
 Proper training such as I
 60 - And few others - can supply.
 You'll remain a mere beginner.
 But with me you'll be a winner".

"Dearest frog", the nightingale
 Breathed: "This is a fairy tale -
 65 And you're Mozart in disguise
 Come to earth before my eyes".
 "Well I charge a modest fee.
 Oh!... But it won't hurt, you'll see"

Now the nightingale inspired,
 70 **Flushed**¹⁵ with confidence, and fired
 With both art and adoration,
 Sang - and was a huge sensation.
 Animals for miles around
 Flocked towards the magic sound,
 75 And the frog with great precision
 Counted heads and charged admission.



14 **technique** : a method of doing something
 15 **flushed** : very excited and pleased

Though next morning it was raining,
 He began her vocal training.
 "But I can't sing in this weather".

80 "Come my dear - we'll sing together.
 Just put on your scarf and **sash**¹⁶,
 Koo-oh-ah! ko-ash! ko-ash!"
 So the frog and nightingale
 Journeyed up and down the **scale**¹⁷

85 For six hours, till she was shivering
 and her voice was **hoarse**¹⁸ and **quivering**¹⁹.
 Though **subdued**²⁰ and sleep deprived,
 In the night her throat revived,
 And the sumac tree was bowed,

90 With a breathless, titled crowd:
 Owl of Sandwich, Duck of Kent,
 Mallard and Milady Trent,
 Martin Cardinal Mephisto,
 And the Coot of Monte Cristo,

95 Ladies with **tiaras**²¹ glittering
 In the interval sat twittering -
 And the frog observed them glitter
 With a joy both sweet and bitter.

Every day the frog who'd sold her
 100 Songs for silver tried to scold her:
 "You must practice even longer
 Till your voice, like mine grows stronger.
 In the second song last night
 You got nervous in mid-flight.

16 **sash** : a long piece of cloth that you wear round the waist or over the shoulder, usually as a badge of honour

17 **scale** : a sequence of musical notes that go up and down, one after the other

18 **hoarse** : rough and unclear

19 **quivering** : shaking, trembling

20 **subdued** : quiet, with little energy

21 **tiara** : a semicircular metal band decorated with jewels and worn by wealthy women on formal social occasions

- 105 And, my dear, lay on more **trills**²²:
 Audiences enjoy such frills.
 You must make your public happier:
 Give them something sharper, snappier.
 We must aim for better **billings**²³.
- 110 You still owe me sixty shillings."

 Day by day the nightingale
 Grew more sorrowful and pale.
 Night on night her tired song
Zipped²⁴ and trilled and bounced along,
- 115 Till the birds and beasts grew tired
 At a voice so uninspired
 And the ticket office gross
 Crashed, and she grew more **morose**²⁵ -
 For her ears were now addicted
- 120 To applause quite unrestricted,
 And to sing into the night
 All alone gave no delight.

 Now the frog puffed up with rage.
 "Brainless bird - you're on the stage -
- 125 Use your wits and follow fashion.
 Puff your lungs out with your passion."
 Trembling, terrified to fail,
 Blind with tears, the nightingale
 Heard him out in silence, tried,
- 130 Puffed up, burst a vein, and died.
 Said the frog: "I tried to teach her,
 But she was a stupid creature -
 Far too nervous, far too tense.
 Far too prone to influence.

22 **trills** : singing two musical notes one after the other, repeatedly and very quickly

23 **billings** : publicity for a concert, show etc.

24 **zipped** : sang quickly

25 **morose** : miserable, bad-tempered

135 Well, poor bird - she should have known
 That your song must be your own.
 That's why I sing with **panache**²⁶:
 "Koo-oh-ah! ko-ash! ko-ash!"
 And the **foghorn**²⁷ of the frog
 140 Blared unrivalled through the bog.

About the Author

Vikram Seth (Born 20 June, 1952) in Kolkata, West Bengal. He is a prolific novelist and poet, famous prominently for his long novel 'A Suitable Boy'. As poet, he favours the traditional stanzaic and metrical forms. He believes in making poetry accessible to common man. He has been the recipient of several awards and honours.

5. **The following is a summary of the poem but it is jumbled up. Write out the events in their correct order to form a continuous paragraph.**
- As a result, her voice lost its beauty and the other creatures stopped coming to hear her sing.
 - Soon the nightingale became famous and creatures from miles around came to hear her sing.
 - All the creatures in the bog cheered and clapped at her beautiful song.
 - He offered to train the nightingale, so that she could sing even more beautifully.
 - So the frog could sing unrivalled in the bog once more.
 - The next night the frog introduced himself.
 - The frog charged an admission fee, and earned a lot of money from these concerts.
 - A frog croaked all night in a bog, in an unpleasant voice.
 - But the frog made the nightingale rehearse continuously in the rain.
 - One night a nightingale began to sing in a melodious voice.
 - Finally the nightingale burst a vein and died.
6. **Now that you have read the poem, add more personality traits to the word-web of the frog and the nightingale as depicted in the poem. Then complete the given table. (Some of the words in the box below may help you. You may also use the words given in Q. 1.)**

26 **panache** : a very confident, elegant style

27 **foghorn** : a very loud, unpleasant noise

| Character | Extract | Personality traits |
|-------------|---|--------------------|
| Nightingale | Sorry - was that you who spoke? | Polite, Timorous |
| Frog | Yes,... you see, I'm the frog who owns this tree In this bog I've long been known For my splendid baritone. | |
| Nightingale | Did you... did you like my song? | |
| Frog | Not too bad - but far too long The technique was fine, of course, But it lacked a certain force. | |
| Frog | Without proper training such as I And a few others can supply You'll remain a mere beginner, But with me you'll be a winner. | |
| Nightingale | But I can't sing in this weather. | |
| Nightingale | ...This is a fairy tale - And you're Mozart in disguise Come to earth before my eyes. | |
| Frog | Come, my dear - we'll sing together. | |
| Frog | We must aim for better billing You still owe me sixty shillings. | |
| Frog | Brainless bird - you're on the stage Use your wits and follow fashion. Puff your lungs out with your passion. | |
| Frog | ...I tried to teach her, But she was a stupid creature. | |

Dismissive

Nervous

Timid

Presumptuous

Superior

Fawning

Shy

Polite

Meek

Possessive

Dominating

Mercenary

7. Divide yourselves into groups of four or five and brainstorm on any one of the given situations in order to create an imaginary dialogue or a comic strip. Keep in mind the characters and situations while doing so. Representatives from each group could then present the dialogues / read them to the class.

Situations

- a. The efforts made by the other creatures of the bog to still the frog's determination 'to display his heart's elation'.
- b. The first time the nightingale sings.
- c. The nightingale is awestruck when the frog introduces himself.
- d. The practice session when it is raining.
- e. The nightingale is reprimanded by the frog when the box office crashes.

8. On the basis of your understanding of the poem, complete the sentences given below by choosing the appropriate option.

1. The frog's ultimate aim was to_____.
 - a. make the nightingale a sensation
 - b. make the nightingale as good a singer as him
 - c. maintain his supremacy in the bog
 - d. make a lot of money
2. The animals 'reaction to the nightingale's song caused the frog to_____ .
 - a. turn a blind eye
 - b. be green with envy
 - c. drive himself up the wall
 - d. turn blue in the face
3. Identify the reason why the nightingale accepted the frog's tutelage.
 - a. She was not confident of herself.
 - b. She wanted to become as good a singer as the frog.
 - c. She wanted to become a professional singer.
 - d. She was not a resident of Bingle Bog.

9. Read the stanza given below and complete the sentences by selecting the appropriate option.

*Day by day the nightingale
Grew more sorrowful and pale.
Night on night her tired song
Zipped and trilled and bounced along,
Till the birds and beasts grew tired
At a voice so uninspired
And the ticket office gross
Crashed, and she grew more morose -
For her ears were now addicted
To applause quite unrestricted,
And to sing into the night
All alone gave no delight.*

- i. The nightingale was sorrowful and pale because she _____.
- had been practicing in the rain
 - had been performing all night
 - was losing confidence in herself
 - was falling ill
- ii. Why was the audience tired of the song nightingale's song?
- They had heard it many times
 - It had become mechanical
 - She looked tired
 - She had added trill to her song
- iii. She no longer enjoyed singing alone as she _____.
- wanted to sing only for titled crowd
 - was now used to the appreciation she got
 - was by herself, without the frog
 - had become proud of herself

10. Answer the following questions briefly.

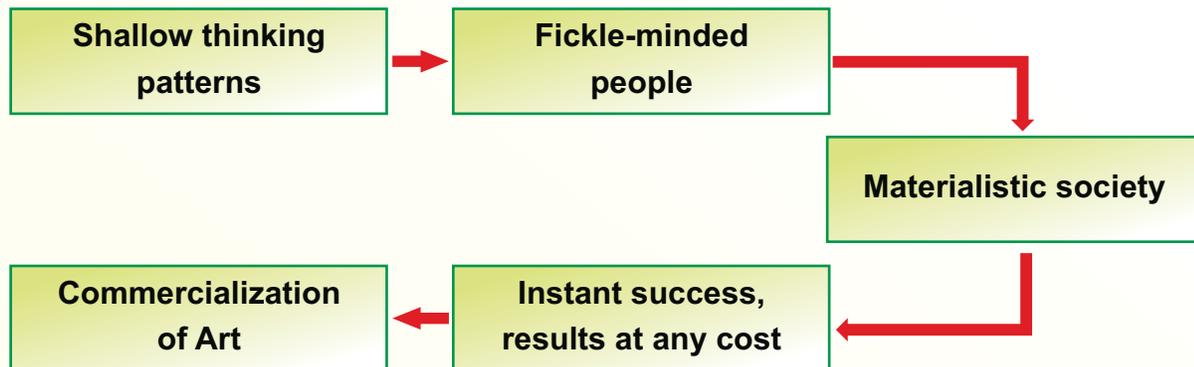
- Support the view that the creatures of Bingle bog liked the nightingale's singing.
- Which are the different ways in which the frog asserts his importance?

- c. Why is the frog's joy both sweet and bitter?
- d. What was the frog's ulterior motive in making the nightingale add fills and trills to her songs?
- e. Contradict the fact that the nightingale did not deserve the frog's wrath.

11. Discuss the following questions and write the answers in your note-books.

- a. Bring out the irony in the frog's statement - 'Your song must be your own'.
- b. What was the purpose of the poet to end the poem in this manner? Can you suggest a different ending?
- c. Do you think the nightingale is 'brainless'? Give reasons for your answer.
- d. In spite of having a melodious voice and being a crowd puller, the nightingale turns out to be a loser and dies. How far is she responsible for her own downfall?
- e. Do you agree with the Frog's inference of the Nightingale's character? Give reasons for your answer.

12. The Frog and the Nightingale is a spoof on the present society. Study the mind map given below. Divide yourselves into groups, select a box and discuss the statement given. Then present your views to the class.



Topics for CLASS DISCUSSION

- a. How a person tries to put down another when that person is succeeding in his or her life.
- b. Our self-image is often based on what others make us believe we are. A poor self-image can do irreparable damage to us. Do you agree with this statement? Elaborate with suitable reasons and examples.

WRITING TASK

- 13. The nightingale has scaled the heights of success. But now the audience is dwindling, the frog is unhappy and reprimands her all the time. She is mentally and physically exhausted and fears failure. As the nightingale, write a diary entry highlighting her fears and analyzing the reasons for her failure.
- 14. Write an obituary for the nightingale. You may begin like this: May the kind soul..... (or you may make use of your own beginning)

LISTENING TASK

15. Listen to the poem *The Spider and the Fly* theme by Mary Howitt and compare the Fly to Vikram Seth's *Nightingale*.

NIGHTINGALE

FLY

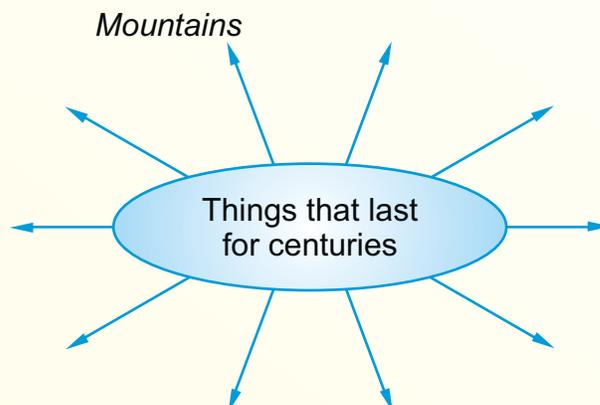
P.2 Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments (Sonnet 55) *by William Shakespeare*

1. Look at the following picture carefully.

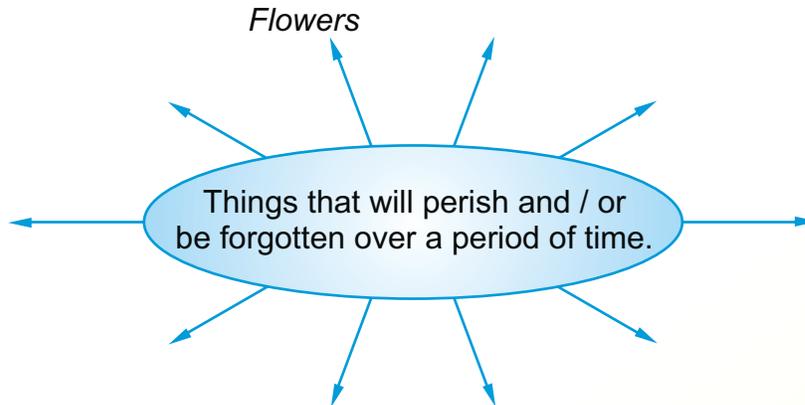


- a) What has Time been portrayed as? Why?
- b) What are the other symbols associated with Time?

2. a) What are the things that last for centuries? List a few things around you that will survive four to five hundred years into the future.



- b) Think of things that will perish and/or be forgotten with the passage of time.



3. The word "sonnet" is derived from the Italian word sonetto, meaning "a little sound" or "a little song." A Sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines with a structured rhyme scheme in which a thought about a subject is developed thoroughly.

You will read two sonnets on the powerful effects of Time.

4. Listen to a recording of the sonnet 'Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments' by William Shakespeare played by your teacher. You could also listen to it on youtube at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S0qCa1jBhtM&feature=related>
5. Now read the sonnet.

Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments (Sonnet 55)

By William Shakespeare

Not marble, nor the **gilded**¹ monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than **unswept stone**², **besmear'd**³ with **sluttish**⁴ time.

- 5 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And **broils**⁵ root out the work of masonry,
 Nor **Mars**⁶ his sword nor war's **quick**⁷ fire shall burn
 The **living record**⁸ of your memory.
 '**Gainst**⁹ death and all **oblivious enmity**¹⁰

1 **gilded**: covered with gold; gold-plated

2 **unswept stone**: a stone monument left uncared for

3 **besmear'd** : tarnished

4 **sluttish**: of unclean habits and behaviour

5 **broils**: tumult, fighting, disturbances, esp. in war

6 **Mars**: the god of war

7 **quick**: lively, fast moving, searching out

8 **living record** : this written memory of your life which continues after you are dead

10 Shall you **pace forth**¹¹; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all **posterity**¹²
That wear this world out to the ending **doom**¹³.

So, till the **judgment**¹⁴ that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

About the Poet

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

6. On the basis of your understanding of Shakespeare's sonnet, answer the following questions by ticking the correct options.

- (a) The couplet in the sonnet reinforces the poet's claim that his friend will _____.
- A. rise out of his grave
 - B. be judged on the Judgment Day
 - C. be praised by all
 - D. live through this poem
- (b) Choose the most appropriate collocation for the word doom, from the following:
- A. imminent
 - B. unlikely
 - C. conscious of
 - D. avoidable
- (d) The poet's tone in the poem is _____.
- (i) despairing
 - (ii) optimistic
 - (iii) loving
 - (iv) admiring

9 **Gainst:** against

10 **oblivious enmity:** enmity which is forgetful of everything and so seeks to destroy everything

11 **pace forth:** stride forwards

12 **posterity:** future generations

13 **doom:** doomsday; the day on which the Last judgement will occur

14 **judgement :** the day of the last judgement

- (e) The poem is set in _____.
- the place where the poet meets his friend
 - a battlefield where Mars is fighting a battle
 - a city ravaged by war
 - the poet's study where he is writing

7. Answer the following questions briefly.

- Describe how the monuments and statues brave the ravages of time.
- Validate the poet's reference to Time, as being sluttish.
- Elaborate on the reason why wars have been described as 'was tefil'?
- The poet says that neither forces of nature nor wars can destroy his poetry. In fact, even godly powers of Mars are not going to have a devastating effect on his rhyme. What quality of the poet is revealed through these lines?

8. Shakespeare's sonnet has been divided into three quatrains of four lines, each followed by a rhyming couplet. Each quatrain is a unit of meaning. Read the poem carefully and complete the following table on the structure of the poem.

| | Rhyme scheme | Theme |
|------------|--------------|---|
| Quatrain 1 | | Comparison between poetry and monuments. |
| Quatrain 2 | | Ravages of time on monuments contrasted with _____ |
| Quatrain 3 | | The recorded memory of _____ _____ posterity |
| Couplet | | Poetry immortalises friend |

- 9. a) The poet uses alliteration to heighten the musical quality of the sonnet. Working in pairs, underline the examples of alliteration in the poem.**
- b) Identify Shakespeare's use of personification in the poem.**

P.3 Ozymandias

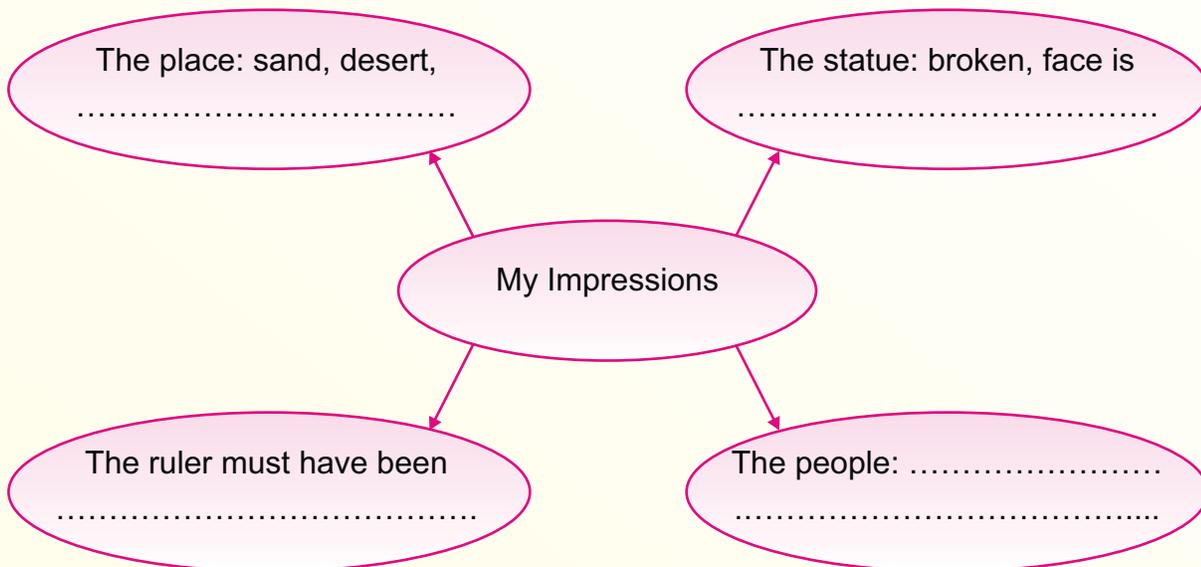
by Percy Bysshe Shelley

1. Look at the picture given below.



While on a sight-seeing tour to an old and mysterious country far away from home, you have had seen this statue. Discuss with your partner what this picture tells you about the people, the place and the ruler.

Note down your ideas in the web-chart.



2. Write a letter to your friend about the sight you saw and your impression of it. You may create necessary details.
3. Now read the poem 'Ozymandias' by Percy Bysshe Shelley

OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: Two vast and **trunkless**¹ legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered **visage**² lies, whose frown,
 5 And wrinkled lip, and **sneer**³ of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions **read**⁴
 Which yet survive, **stamped**⁵ on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 10 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
 Nothing **beside**⁶ remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

About the Poet

The son of a Rich Tory Squire, Percy Bysshe Shelley was educated at Eton and Oxford. Shelley came under the influence of the revolutionary ideas of the English philosopher, William Godwin, whose daughter, Mary Godwin, he ultimately married. In 1818, Shelley left for Italy. He drowned in the Bay of Spezia in 1822.

4. Answer the following questions by selecting the correct options.

- (a) The poem is set in _____ .
- (i) the wilderness
 - (ii) an ancient land
 - (iii) a palace
 - (iv) a desert

-
- 1 **trunkless**: without the upper body (the main part of the body of a human being or an animal, excluding the head, neck, and limbs)
 - 2 **visage**: face
 - 3 **sneer**: facial expression of scorn or hostility in which the upper lip may be raised
 - 4 **read**: interpreted
 - 5 **stamped**: sculpted
 - 6 **beside**: else

- (b) Select the option that includes the set of qualities that the poet attributes to Ozymandias, in the given extract.
- (I) boastful, furious, manipulative
 - (ii) ruthless, arrogant, desperate
 - (iii) haughty, self-serving, contemptuous
 - (iv) ambitious, aggressive, cruel
- (c) In the line, "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings", the poet makes an indirect reference to an ancient empire to remind readers that_____.
- (i) Time can be conquered
 - (ii) humility is a great virtue
 - (iii) the glory of the king is everlasting
 - (iv) a monarch's power is ephemeral
- (d) The words 'bare' and 'decay' indicate that the mighty ruler has become_____.
- (i) obscure
 - (ii) defenceless
 - (iii) dejected
 - (iv) indestructible
- (e) The tone of the poem is_____.
- (i) mocking
 - (ii) nostalgic
 - (iii) gloomy
 - (iv) gloating

5. Answer the following questions briefly.

- (a) *"Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"* Who is Ozymandias referring to when he speaks of 'ye Mighty'? Why should they despair ?
- (b) Bring out the irony in the poem.
- (c) The poem re-emphasizes the idea that political power is transient but art is eternal and it survives. Do you agree? Why/ Why not?
- (d) Overarching ambition can lead to great leaders and their downfall. Substantiate your position in favour or in opposition to this statement, with two points each.

- (e) *'Nothing beside remains.'* What does the narrator mean when he says these words?
- (f) What message is conveyed through this poem?

6. **Identify and rewrite the lines from the poem spoken by the narrator, the traveller and Ozymandias. What impact do you think these three voices have on the reader?**

The Narrator: _____

The Traveller: _____

Ozymandias: _____

7. **Shelley's sonnet follows the traditional structure of the fourteen-line Italian sonnet, featuring an opening octave, or a set of eight lines, that presents a conflict or dilemma, followed by a sestet, or a set of six lines, that offers some resolution or commentary upon the proposition introduced in the octave. Read the poem carefully and complete the following table on the structure of the poem.**

| | Rhyme Scheme | Theme |
|--------|--------------|-------|
| Octave | | |
| Sestet | | |

8. Complete the table listing the poetic devices used by Shelley in Ozymandias.

| Poetic Device | Lines from the poem |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| Alliteration | <i>...and sneer of cold command</i> |
| Synecdoche (substitution of a part to stand for the whole, or the whole to stand for a part) | <i>the hand that mock'd them</i> |

9. Imagine that Ozymandias comes back to life and as he sees the condition of his statue, realisation dawns on him and he pens down his thoughts in a diary. As Ozymandias, make this diary entry in about 150 words. You could begin like this: I thought I was the mightiest of all but...
10. 'Ozymandias' and 'Not Marble, nor the Gilded Monuments' are based on the theme of Time. Compare the two sonnets in terms of the manner in which Time is treated by the poets. Write your answer in about 150 words.
11. '*None are so empty as those who are full of themselves.*' Compare and contrast the characters of Mrs. Packletide and Ozymandias in light of this statement.
12. Imagine the traveller of the poem writes a diary entry, narrating his personal impressions about the trunkless statue and feelings about being in the antique land.

You may begin like this...

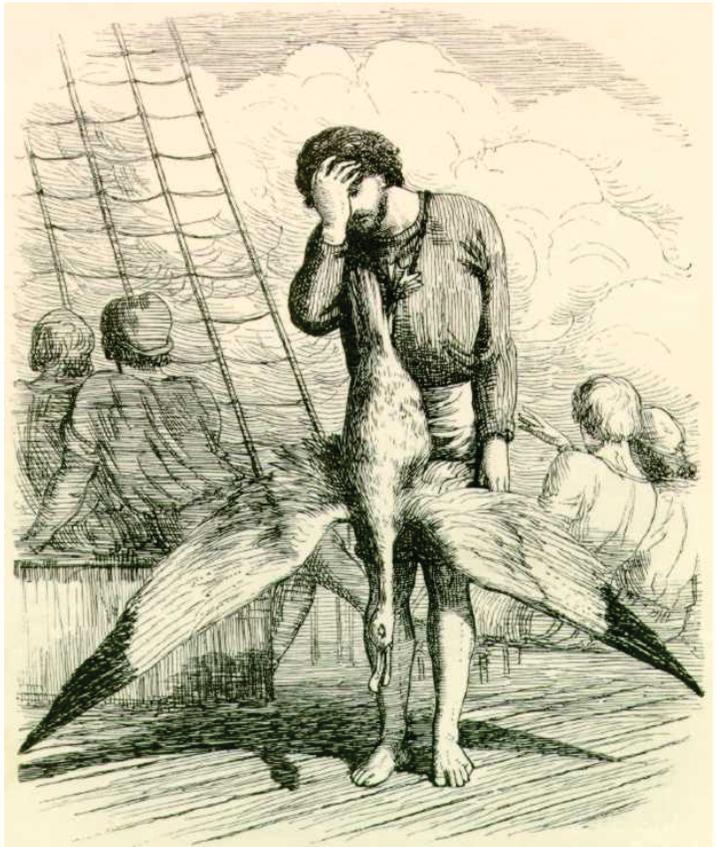
The moment I saw the vast stretches of sand I couldn't contain my excitement. In the midst of this sandy desert, I saw...

P.4 The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

by Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1. Look at the picture carefully and answer the questions given below:

1. What can you see in the picture? Does the man look happy? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Why does he have the bird hanging around his neck?
3. Have you heard of the expression-'having an albatross around your neck'? What do you think it means? Does it mean:
 - a. something that you can always be proud of
 - b. something that you have to do because you have no choice
 - c. something that is with you all the time as a reminder that you have done something wrong?
4. What is an albatross?



'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' is one of the best known classical poems, written in English, containing some very beautiful and memorable lines. You may find that it needs some work and attention from you to understand it, before you are in a position to appreciate and respond to the beauty of the language that it contains.

'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner' is a ballad, i.e. it tells a story. Ballad poetry usually includes archaic words and spellings.

Since it is a long poem, only the first two parts have been included in this Unit. Your teacher will help you read the other five parts after you complete this Unit.

2. **Listen carefully as the teacher reads out the first part of the poem to you or makes you listen to a recording of the poem.**

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Part I

It is an ancient **Mariner**¹,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 'By thy long grey beard and **glittering**² eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

- 5 The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of **kin**³;
 The guests are met, the feast is set:
 May'st hear the merry din.'

- 9 He holds him with his skinny hand,
 "There was a ship," **quoth**⁴ he.
 'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard **loon**⁵!
Eftsoons⁶ his hand dropt he.

- 13 He holds him with his glittering eye-
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,
 And listens like a three years' child:
 The Mariner hath his will.

- 17 The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

- 21 "The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the **kirk**⁷, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

1 **Mariner** - sailor
 2 **glittering** - shining brightly, with flashing points of light
 3 **kin** - members of your family
 4 **quoth** - said
 5 **loon** - a mad person
 6 **Eftsoons** - at once
 7 **kirk** - church

- 25 The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.
- 29 Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon-
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud **bassoon**⁸.
- 33 The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry **minstrelsy**⁹.
- 37 The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.
- 41 "And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was **tyrannous**¹⁰ and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.
- 45 With sloping masts and dipping **prow**¹¹,
As who **pursued**¹² with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his **foe**¹³,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.
- 51 And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as **emerald**¹⁴.

8 **bassoon** - a musical instrument

9 **minstrelsy** - singers and musicians

10 **tyrannous** - cruel, severe, harsh

11 **prow** - the front part of a ship

12 **pursued** - chased

13 **foe** - enemy

14 **emerald** - a precious stone, which is clear and bright green

- 55 And through the **drifts**¹⁵ the snowy **clifts**¹⁶
 Did send a dismal **sheen**¹⁷:
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we **ken**¹⁸ -
 The ice was all between.
- 59 The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around:
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a **swound**¹⁹!
- 63 At length did cross an Albatross,
 Through the fog it came;
 As it had been a Christian soul,
 We hailed it in God's name.
- 67 It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
 The **helmsman**²⁰ steered us through!
- 71 And a good south wind sprung up behind;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariner's **hollo**²¹!
- 75 In mist or cloud, on mast or **shroud**²²,
 It **perched**²³ for **vespers nine**²⁴,
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moonshine."
- 79 'God save thee, ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends that **plague**²⁵ thee thus!-
 Why look'st thou so?'"With my **crossbow**²⁶
 I shot the Albatross."

15 **drifts** - floating ice

16 **clifts** - steep sides of the ice-bergs

17 **sheen** - a smooth and gentle brightness on the surface of something

18 **ken** - see

19 **swound** - a fainting fit

20 **helmsman** - the person steering the ship

21 **hollo** - shout, call

22 **shroud** - sail

23 **perched** - sat on the edge of something

24 **vespers nine** - a fixed time every day (the evening church service)

25 **plague** - to bother, trouble

26 **crossbow** - a very powerful bow and arrow, with a trigger

- The teacher will now assign roles and ask you to read the poem aloud to show the poem written in the first person (the parts in quotation marks spoken by the Mariner) and in the third person (where the narrator comments about the events taking place).
- Here are some of the archaic words used in the poem; can you match them with the words used in modern English language that mean the same? The first one has been done for you as an example:

| | |
|-----------|--------------|
| stoppeth | why |
| thy | entered |
| wherefore | stopped |
| stopp'st | you |
| thou | lunatic |
| may'st | at once |
| quoth | fainting fit |
| loon | has |
| eftsoons | can't you |
| dropt | stopping |
| hath | church |
| spake | enemy |
| kirk | yes |
| paced | see |
| foe | call |
| aye | trouble |
| ken | looking |
| swound | your |
| hollo | said |
| plague | dropped |
| look'st | spoke |

5. Using the words given above rewrite **PART I** of the poem in your own words. The first stanza has been done as an example:

It is an ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three.
 'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An old sailor stopped one of the three people passing by, who asked: "Old man, with your long grey beard and glittering eye, why are you stopping me?"

6. Answer the following by choosing the right option from those given below:

- a. The Ancient Mariner stopped one of the three wedding guests because.....
- he wanted to attend the wedding with him
 - he wanted him to sit with him
 - he wanted him to listen to his story
 - he wanted to stop him from going to the wedding
- b. The wedding guest remarked that he was 'next of kin' It meant that
- he was a close relation of the bridegroom
 - he was a close relation of the bride
 - he was next in line to get married
 - he had to stand next to the bridegroom during the wedding
- c. 'He cannot choose but hear' means.....
- 'the mariner was forced to hear the story of the wedding guest.'
 - 'the wedding guest was forced to hear the story of the mariner.'
 - 'the mariner had the choice of not listening to the story of the wedding guest.'
 - 'the wedding guest had the choice of not listening to the story of the mariner.'
- d. 'The sun came up upon the left, /Out of the sea came he;'This line tells us that the ship.....
- was moving in the northern direction
 - was moving eastwards
 - was moving in the western direction
 - was moving towards the south

- e. The Wedding-Guest beat his breast because.....
- i. he could hear the sound of the bassoon
 - ii. he was forced to listen to the Mariner's tale when he wanted to attend the wedding
 - iii. the sound of the bassoon meant that the bride had arrived and the wedding ceremony was about to begin and he could not attend it.
 - iv. the sound of the bassoon announced the arrival of the bride and the start of the wedding ceremony
- f. The storm blast had been described as being tyrannous because.....
- i. it was so fierce that it frightened the sailors
 - ii. it took complete control of the ship
 - iii. the storm was very powerful
 - iv. the sailors were at its mercy
- g. The sailors felt depressed on reaching the land of mist and snow because.....
- i. there was no sign of any living creature
 - ii. they felt they would die in that cold weather
 - iii. they were surrounded by icebergs and there seemed to be no sign of life
 - iv. everything was grey in colour and they felt very cold
- h. The sailors were happy to see the albatross because.....
- i. it was the first sign of life and therefore gave them hope that they might survive
 - ii. it split the icebergs around the ship and helped the ship move forward.
 - iii. it was a messenger from God and it lifted the fog and mist.
 - iv. it gave them hope of survival by splitting the icebergs.
- i. The two things that happened after the arrival of the albatross were
- i. the icebergs split and the albatross became friendly with the sailors
 - ii. the icebergs split and a strong breeze started blowing
 - iii. the ship was pushed out of the land of mist and the ice melted.
 - iv. the albatross started playing with the mariners and ate the food they offered.

- j. 'It perched for vespers nine' means.....
- the ship stopped sailing at nine o'clock every day
 - the albatross would appear at a fixed time everyday.
 - the albatross would sit on the sail or the mast everyday
 - the albatross was a holy creature
- k. 'God save thee, ancient Mariner, /From the fiends that plague thee thus!- Why look'st thou so?' means.....
- the mariner wanted to know why the wedding guest was looking so tormented
 - the wedding guest wanted to know why the mariner was looking so tormented
 - the wedding guest wanted to know whether some creatures were troubling the ancient mariner
 - the ancient mariner wanted to know whether something was troubling the wedding guest

7. Answer the following questions briefly

- How did the ancient mariner stop the wedding guest?
- Was the wedding guest happy to be stopped? Give reasons for your answer.
- Describe the ancient mariner.
- How does the mariner describe the movement of the ship as it sails away from the land?
- What kind of weather did the sailors enjoy at the beginning of their journey? How has it been depicted in the poem?
- How did the sailors reach the land of mist and snow?
- How does the mariner express the fact that the ship was completely surrounded by icebergs?
- How do we know that the albatross was not afraid of the humans? Why did the sailors hail it in God's name?
- What was the terrible deed done by the Mariner? Why do you think he did it ?

8. There are a number of literary devices used in the poem. Some of them have been listed below. Choose the right ones and write them down in the table as shown in the example. In each of the cases, explain what they mean.

simile, metaphor, alliteration, personification, hyperbole, repetition,

| | |
|--|---|
| 1. The Wedding-Guest stood still, And listens like a three years' child: | Simile; the wedding guest was completely under the control of the mariner |
| 2. Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the lighthouse top | |
| 3. The sun came up upon the left, Out of the sea came he | |
| 4. The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she | |
| 5. And now the storm-blast came, and he was tyrannous and strong: | |
| 6. With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe | |
| 7. The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around | |

9. In groups of four, discuss what you think happens next in the poem. Share your views with the rest of the class.

10. The teacher will now read out the second part of the poem or assign parts to you and ask you to read the poem to the class.

Part II

83 "The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

87 And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

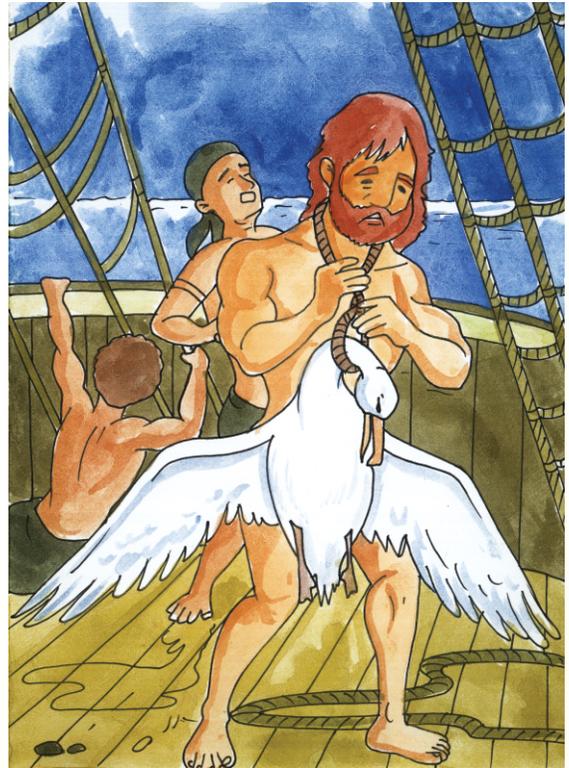
91 And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work' **em**²⁷ **woe**²⁸ :

- For all **averred**²⁹, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!
- 97 Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun **uprist**³⁰:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to **slay**³¹,
That bring the fog and mist.
- 113 The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
- 117 Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!
- 121 All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.
- 125 Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
- 129 Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.
- 133 The very **deep**³² did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

29 **averred** said firmly
31 **slay** to kill

30 **uprist** rose up
32 **deep** ocean

- 137 About, about, in **reel and rout**³³
 The death-fires danced at night;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue, and white.
- 141 And some in dreams assured were
 Of the Spirit that plagued us so;
 Nine **fathom**³⁴ deep he had followed us
 From the land of mist and snow.
- 145 And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was withered at the root;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot.
- 149 Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young!
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung."



11. Answer the following questions briefly

- In which direction did the ship start moving? How can you say?
- Why does the mariner say that 'no sweet bird did follow'?
- How did the other mariners behave towards the Ancient Mariner at first? How many times did they change their mind about the Ancient Mariner? What does this tell us about their character?
- How did the sailing conditions change after the ship had moved out of the land of mist and snow? What or who did the mariners blame for this change?
- What is indicated by the line 'The bloody sun, at noon,/Right up above the mast did stand,/No bigger than the moon'?
- How does the mariner describe the fact that they were completely motionless in the middle of the sea?
- What is the irony in the ninth stanza? Explain it in your own words.
- What is the narrator trying to convey through the description of the situation in the tenth and eleventh stanza?
- What or who did the mariners feel was responsible for their suffering?

- j. Describe the condition of the mariners as expressed in the thirteenth stanza.
- k. Why did the mariners hang the albatross around the neck of the Ancient Mariner?
- l. Consider you are an animal rights' activist. Briefly mention how you could cite this poem to propose your points in defence of animal rights.

- 12. Like part one, the second part also has a number of literary devices. List them out in the same way as you had done in question number seven and explain them.**
- 13. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem?**
- 14. Find examples of the use of interesting sounds (Onomatopoeia) from the poem and explain their effect on the reader.**

| | |
|---|--|
| 1. The ice 'cracked and growled, and roared and howled' | Coleridge uses onomatopoeic words which use harsh 'ck' sounds to make the ice sound brutal. He also gives the ice animal sounds to give the impression it has come alive and is attacking the ship |
| | |
| | |
| | |

- 15. The poem is full of strange, uncanny or supernatural elements. Discuss how these elements appear in the poem. You should consider:**

- the strange weather;
- the albatross as a bird of "good omen"
- the spirit from "the land of mist and snow"
- the strange slimy creatures seen in the sea
- the ocean appearing to rot
- the death fires and sea water being referred to as witch's oil

Now write a paragraph about the supernatural elements in the poem and how they add to the events that take place in the poem.

- 16. Every ship is supposed to have a *log book*, which is filled in every day by the captain. If he dies, the next senior officer fills it in (usually the First Mate).. Decide on appropriate dates (the mariner's tale was supposed to be thought of as already very old when the poem was published: it should be no later than about 1700 AD; other clues to the date are the light-house and the mariner's crossbow). If you wish you can make the log look old by staining the pages, by your handwriting and spelling. Write a series of entries for the log of the important**

events that take place in the ship as recorded in the poem. The first one has been done as an example

1701 AD

Today we left the shore at 3.30 p.m. under glorious sailing conditions. We have 230 men on board. We are sailing with cargo towards Portugal. The journey is expected to take 90 days. We are well stocked with food and water to last us 250 days in case of any emergency. Hopefully we will not face any untoward happenings. God be with us!

You could also do this as an oral activity, recording the entries on audio tape and using voice effects and other sound effects if you can.

17. Performing the poem

This is a very dramatic poem, excellent for reading aloud or even dramatising. The class should be divided into groups and given the different dramatic moments from the poem to be performed as follows. Some of them are given below:

- the first storm that they encounter
- the time spent in the land of mist and snow
- the coming of the albatross and the subsequent events till they move out
- the killing of the albatross till they reach the silent seas
- the suffering of the sailors in the hot region till they hang the albatross around the Ancient Mariner's neck

18. The poem has seven parts to it. The class could be divided into five groups and each group be asked to read one part of the remaining poem. Each group would then have to report their findings. The report can be made interesting with illustrations/power point presentations. Help could be taken from the following websites:

www.online-literature.com/coleridge/646/

www.gradesaver.com/the-rime-of-the-ancient-mariner/

text.virginia.edu/toc/modeng/public/Col2Mar.html

www.enotes.com/rime-ancient-mariner-text

19. After you have read the poem, discuss the following questions in your groups:

- i. Why did the Ancient Mariner stop the particular wedding guest to listen to his tale?
- ii. Why did he have to tell his tale to someone?
- iii. What is the poet trying to convey through this poem?

P.5 Snake

D. H. Lawrence

1. Snakes generate both horror and fascination. Do you agree? Why/Why not?
2. Read what W.W.E. Ross feels when he sees a snake and fill in the table given below:

The Snake Trying

The snake trying
to escape the pursuing stick,
with sudden curvings of thin
long body. How beautiful
and graceful are his shapes!
He glides through the water away
from the stroke. O let him go
over the water
into the reeds to hide
without hurt. Small and green
he is harmless even to children.
Along the sand
he lay until observed
and chased away, and now
he vanishes in the ripples
among the green slim reeds.

| What is the snake doing? | Words to describe the snake | The Poet's plea |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| | | |

3. Read the poem by D.H. Lawrence about his encounter with a snake.

As a snake came to my water-trough
 On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
 To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark **carob-tree**¹

5 I came down the steps with my **pitcher**²

And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the trough before me.

He reached down from a **fissure**³ in the earth-wall in the gloom

And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of
 the stone trough

And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,

10 And where the water had dripped
 from the tap, in a small clearness,

He sipped with his straight mouth,
 Softly drank through his straight
 gums, into his slack long body,
 Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-
 trough,

And I, like a second comer, waiting.

15 He lifted his head from his drinking, as
 cattle do,

And looked at me vaguely, as drinking
 cattle do,

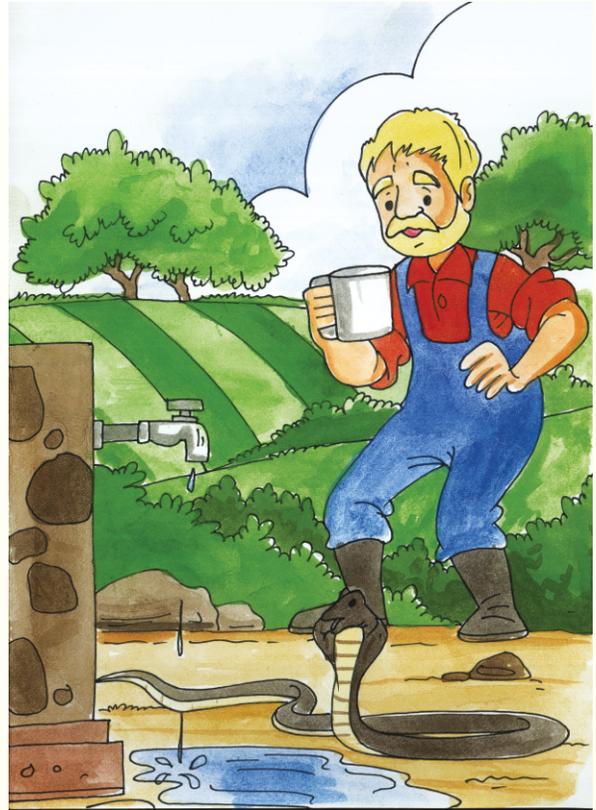
And **flickered**⁴ his two-forked tongue
 from his lips, and **mused**⁵ a moment,

And stooped and drank a little more,
 Being earth-brown, earth-golden
 from the burning **bowels**⁶ of the earth

20 On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me
 He must be killed,

For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are venomous.



1 **carob-tree** - a red flowered tree originally in the Mediterranean area.

2 **pitcher** - tall, round container with an open top and large handle

3 **fissure** - crack

4 **flickered** - moved

5 **mused** - think about

6 **bowels** - bottom of earth

- And voices in me said, If you were a man
25 You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.
But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?
- 30 Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him? Was it **perversity**⁷, that I longed to talk to
him? Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.
And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!
- And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid, But even so, honoured still more
35 That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.
He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so black,
40 Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
45 And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.
And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing himself after,
50 Overcame me now his back was turned.
I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

7 **perversity** - The quality of being unreasonable, illogical

I think it did not hit him,
 55 But suddenly that part of him that was left behind **convulsed**⁸ in undignified haste.
Writhed⁹ like lightning, and was gone
 Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
 At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.
 And immediately I regretted it.
 60 I thought how **paltry**¹⁰, how vulgar, what a mean act!
 I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.
 And I thought of the **albatross**¹¹
 And I wished he would come back, my snake.
 For he seemed to me again like a king,
 65 Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
 Now due to be crowned again.
 And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
 Of life.
 And I have something to **expiate**¹²
 A pettiness.

About the author

D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930), English novelist, storywriter, critic, poet and painter, is one of the greatest figures in the twentieth-century English literature. The poem 'Snake', composed in 1923, forms part of the Reptiles section of D.H. Lawrence's book 'Birds, Beasts, and Flowers.' It details a powerful few moments when Lawrence is confronted by a snake at Lawrence's water trough, in Taormina, Sicily. The poem is unrhymed, written in free verse, and is representative of modernist literature.

4. Given below is the summary of the poem Snake in short paragraphs. However they are jumbled. Work in pairs and put the summary into a logical sequence.
- After drinking water to his satisfaction, the snake raised his head dreamily and flickered his forked tongue and licked his lips. The snake looked around like a God and then slowly proceeded to curve round and move away from the water trough.
 - The poet felt much like the ancient mariner who had killed the albatross for no reason. He wished that the snake would come back. He thought of the snake as a king in exile

8 **convulsed** - violent movement

9 **Writhed** - to twist and turn

10 **paltry** - worthless

11 **albatross** - an allusion to Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner". He wishes for it to return.

12 **expiate** - make amends

who had to be crowned again. He also regretted having missed his opportunity of knowing and understanding one of the lords of life.

- c) As the snake put his head into the hole to retreat into the earth, the poet was filled with a protest against the idea of the snake withdrawing into his hole. The poet put down his pitcher, picked up a log and hurled it at the snake. The snake twisted violently and with great alacrity vanished into the hole in the wall.
- d) A snake visited the poet's water trough on a hot afternoon to quench his thirst. The poet who had also gone to the trough to fill water in a pitcher waited for the snake to depart since he had come at the trough prior to the poet.
- e) The voice of education inside the poet which tells him that it was the fear for the snake that made him refrain from killing him. However, the poet felt that though he was quite afraid of the snake, he did actually feel honoured that a snake had come to seek his hospitality from the deep recesses of the earth.
- f) He is guilt-ridden and feels that he has to atone for the meanness of his action of throwing a log at the snake.
- g) The snake rested his throat upon the stone bottom and sipped the water into his slack long body. After drinking water, he raised his head just like cattle do and flashed his forked tongue, thought for a moment and then bent down to drink some more water.
- h) Education and social conventions make the poet think that the golden brown poisonous snake must be killed and that as a brave man he must undertake the task of killing the snake.
- i) The poet instantly felt sorry for his unrefined and contemptible act and cursed the voices of education and civilization that had shaped his thought process and urged him to kill the snake.
- j) However, the poet instinctively likes the snake, treats him like a guest and feels honoured that it has come to drink at his water trough. The poet questions himself and wonders whether his not daring to kill the snake proves that he is a coward and whether his desire to talk to the snake reflects his perversity.

5. Based on your reading of the poem, answer the following questions by selecting the correct options:

- 1. *'he lifted his head from his drinking as cattle do'* - The poet wants to convey that the snake is _____.
 - a) domesticated
 - b) innocent
 - c) as harmless as cattle

- d) drinking water just like cattle
2. *'Sicilian July', 'Etna smoking' and 'burning bowels of the earth'* are images that convey that_____.
- a) there are snakes in volcanic areas
 - b) the poet lives in a hot area
 - c) it is a really hot day when the snake comes
 - d) Sicilian snakes are dangerous
3. *'A sort of horror , a sort of protest overcame me'* - The poet is filled with protest because_____.
- a) he doesn't want to let the snake remain alive
 - b) he fears the snake
 - c) he doesn't want the snake to recede into darkness
 - d) he wants to kill it so that it doesn't return
4. In the line *'And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered farther'* the phrase *snake easing'*his shoulders means_____.
- a) loosening its shoulders
 - b) slipping in with majestic grace
 - c) moving slowly
 - d) moving fast
5. *'He seemed to me like a king in exile...'* The poet refers to the snake as such to emphasize that the snake_____.
- a) is like a king enduring banishment
 - b) is like a king due to be crowned
 - c) is a majestic king who came for a while on earth
 - d) is a majestic creature forced to go into exile by man
6. *'I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act'* -The poet is referring to_____.
- a) the snake going into the dreadful hole
 - b) the accursed modern education
 - c) the act of throwing a log of wood at the snake
 - d) the act of killing the snake

6. Answer the following questions briefly:

- a) Why does the poet decide to stand and wait till the snake has finished drinking? What does this tell you about the poet? (Notice that he uses 'someone' instead of 'something' for the snake.)
- b) In stanza 2 and 3, the poet gives a vivid description of the snake by using suggestive expressions. What picture of the snake do you form on the basis of this description?
- c) How does the poet describe the day and the atmosphere when he had seen the snake?
- d) What does the poet want to convey by saying that the snake emerges from the 'burning bowels of the earth'?
- e) Do you think the snake was conscious of the poet's presence? How do you know?
- f) How do we know that the snake's thirst had been satiated? Pick out the expressions that convey this.
- g) The poet has a dual attitude towards the snake. Why does he experience conflicting emotions on seeing the snake?
- h) The poet is filled with horror and protest when the snake prepares to retreat and bury itself in the 'horrid black', 'dreadful' hole. In the light of this statement, bring out the irony of his act of throwing a log at the snake.
- i) The poet seems to be full of admiration and respect for the snake. He almost regards him like a majestic God. Pick out at least four expressions from the poem that reflect these emotions.
- j) What is the difference between the snake's movement at the beginning of the poem and later when the poet strikes it with a log of wood? You may use relevant vocabulary from the poem to highlight the difference.
- k) The poet experiences feelings of self-derision, guilt and regret after hitting the snake. Pick out expressions that suggest this. Why does he feel like this?
- l) You have already read Coleridge's poem The Ancient Mariner in which an albatross is killed by the mariner. Why does the poet make an allusion to the albatross?
- m) 'I have something to expiate'-Explain.

7. The encounter with the snake and the dual response of the poet to his presence at the water trough reflect a conflict between civilized social education and natural human instincts. The poet writes a diary entry highlighting how he was torn between the two voices. Write his diary.

- 8. Alliteration** is the repetition of sounds in words, usually the first sound. **Sibilance** is a special form of alliteration using the softer consonants that create hissing sounds, or sibilant sounds. These consonants and digraphs include s, sh, th, ch, z, f, x, and soft c.

Onomatopoeia is a word that imitates the sound it represents for a rhetorical or artistic effect of bringing out the full flavor of words. The sounds literally make the meaning in such words as "buzz," "crash," "whirr," "clang" "hiss," "purr," "squeak," etc. It is also used by poets to convey their subject to the reader. For example, in the last lines of Lord Alfred Tennyson's poem 'Come Down, O Maid', /m/ and /n/ sounds produce an atmosphere of murmuring insects:

*... the moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.*

Notice how D H Lawrence uses both these devices effectively in the following stanza.

*He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over the edge of
the stone trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long body,
Silently.*

To what effect has the poet used these devices? How has it added to your understanding of the subject of the poem? You may record your understanding of the characteristics of a snake under the following headings:

- a) Sound
 - b) Movement
 - c) Shape
9. **The poet has also used both repetition and similes in the poem. For example-- 'must wait, must stand and wait' (repetition) and 'looked at me vaguely as cattle do' (simile). Pick out examples of both and make a list of them in your notebooks. Give reasons why the poet uses these literary devices.**
 10. **A Calligram is a poem, phrase or word in which the handwriting is arranged in a way that creates a visual image. The image created by the words expresses visually what the word or words, say. In a poem, it manifests visually the theme presented by the text of the poem. Read the poem given below. Try to compose a calligram. You could pick a subject of your choice.**

Snake

Snake glides
through grass
over
Pebbles
forked tongue
working
never
speaking
but its
body
whispers
listen.
Keith Bosley

DRAMA

D.1 The Dear Departed

by Stanley Houghton

1. Read an excerpt from the diary of a 72 year old man :

As I sit here alone and waiting
I gaze at people passing me by.
I try to smile and reach out to them
But no one notices; no one waits.
They look to me like I am nothing-
Are they afraid to be seen saying "Hi" to an old
man like me?

Once my life, it's like a flower,
I had bloomed into a child.
Now, like the dying flower
Waiting for my one day to come-
It will be then that I am gone,
And yet, I still would not have heard that simple word, "Hi"
That for so long my heart had desired.

- What do you think is he feeling?
- What situation do you think leads people to feel so?
- Can such people be helped? How?

2. Read the news story given below.

India's elderly face growing neglect

*By Tinku Ray
BBC News, Delhi*

There has been a steady rise recently in reports of cases of elderly being abused, harassed and abandoned in India.



Traditionally older people have been revered in India, signified by the touching of their feet by the younger generation.

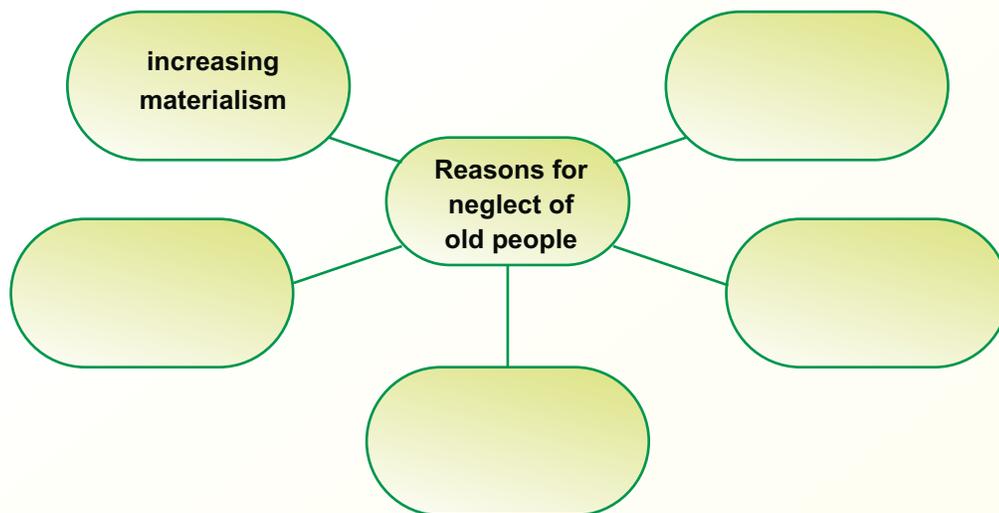
Prime ministers and Presidents have almost always been senior citizens.

Joint family systems - where three or more generations lived under one roof - were a strong support - network for the elderly.

But more children are now leaving their parental homes to set up their own.

Discuss in groups:

- a) **What are the reasons for the old people being "abused, harassed and abandoned" in India?**
- b) **What are the problems faced by the old people as a result?**



- 3. **The play 'The Dear Departed' can be performed on the stage. The first step would be a dramatized reading of the play as a whole class activity. Later, your teacher will assign you roles which you will play after an audition. Later the play can be put up on stage.**

Characters

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Sisters | MRS. SLATER |
| | MRS. JORDAN |
| Their Husbands | HENRY SLATER |
| | BEN JORDAN |

VICTORTIA SLATER : Daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Slater

ABEL MERRYWEATHER Father of Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan

(The scene is the sitting room of a small house in a lower middle-class district of a provincial town. On the spectator's left is the window, with the blinds down. A sofa is in front of it. On his right is a fireplace with an armchair by it. In the middle of the wall facing the spectator is the door into the passage. To the left of the door a cheap, shabby chest of drawers, to the right a sideboard. In the middle of the room is a table, with chairs round it. Ornaments and a cheap American clock are on the mantelpiece, in the hearth a kettle. By the sideboard a pair of gaudy new carpet slippers. The table is partly laid for tea, and the necessaries for the meal are on the sideboard, as also are copies of an evening paper and of **TIT-BITS**¹ and **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**². Turning to the left through the door takes you to the front door; to the right, up-stairs. In the passage a hat-stand is visible. When the curtain rises Mrs. Slater is seen laying the table. She is a vigorous, plump, red-faced, vulgar woman, prepared to do any amount of straight talking to get her own way. She is in black, but not in complete mourning. She listens for a moment and then goes to the window, opens it and calls out into the street).

MRS. SLATER (sharply) Victoria, Victoria! D'ye hear? Come in, will you?

(MRS. SLATER closes window and puts the blind straight and then returns to her work at the table. VICTORIA, a **precocious**³ girl often, dressed in colours, enters.)

MRS. SLATER: I'm amazed at you, Victoria; I really am. How you can **gallivanting**⁴ about in the street with your grandfather lying dead and cold upstairs, I don't know. Be off now, and change your dress before your Aunt Elizabeth and your Uncle Ben come. It would never do for them to find you **in colours**⁵.

VICTORIA: What are they coming for? They haven't been here for ages.

MRS. SLATER: They're coming to talk over poor grandpa's affairs. Your father sent them a telegram as soon as we found he was dead. (A noise is heard.)

Good gracious, that's never them. (MRS. SLATER: hurries to the door and opens it.) No, thank goodness! It's only your father.

(HENRY SLATER, a stooping, heavy man with a drooping moustache, enters. He is wearing a black **tailcoat**⁶, grey trousers, a black tie and a bowler hat. He carries a little paper parcel.)

1 **TIT-BITS**- A British weekly magazine founded by George Newnes in 1881, which was in mass circulation in England.

2 **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** - A British weekly magazine founded by Sir Cyril Pearson (1866-1921) in 1890.

3 **precocious** - a person whose mental attitude is developed beyond his/ her age

4 **gallivanting** - go about seeking pleasure

5 **colours** - wearing gay dress

6 **tailcoat** - a man's black coat worn for formal daytime occasions and having a long rounded and split tail

- HENRY: Not come yet, eh?
- MRS. SLATER: You can see they haven't, can't you? Now, Victoria, be off upstairs and that quick. Put your white frock on with a black sash.
(VICTORIA *goes out.*)
- MRS. SLATER: (to HENRY): I'm not satisfied, but it's the best we can do **till our new black's ready**⁷, and Ben and Elizabeth will never have thought about mourning yet, so we'll outshine them there-
(HENRY *sits in the armchair by the fire.*)
Get your boots off, HENRY; Elizabeth's that prying she notices the least speck of dirt.
- HENRY: I'm wondering if they'll come at all. When you an Elizabeth quarreled she said she'd never set foot in your house again.
- MRS. SLATER: She'll come fast enough after her share of what grandfather's left. You know how hard she can be when she likes. Where she gets it from I can't tell. (MRS. SLATER *unwraps the parcel HENRY has brought. It contains an apple pie, which she puts on a dish on the table.*)
- HENRY: I suppose it's in the family.
- MRS. SLATER: What do you mean by that, Henry Slater?
- HENRY: I was referring to your father, not to you. Where are my slippers?
- MRS. SLATER: In the kitchen; but you want a new pair, those old ones are nearly worn out. (*Nearly breaking down.*) You don't seem to realize what it's costing me to bear up like I am doing. My heart's fit to break when I see the little trifles that belonged to grandfather lying around, and think he'll never use them again. (*Briskly*)
Here! You'd better wear these slippers of grandfather's now. It's lucky he'd just got a new pair-
- HENRY: They'll be very small for me, my dear.
- MRS. SLATER: They'll stretch, won't they? I'm not going to have them wasted. (*She has finished laying the table.*)
Henry, I've been thinking about that **bureau**⁸ of grandfather's that's in his bedroom. You know I always wanted to have it after he died.

7 **till our new black's ready** - till a new dress of mourning is ready

8 **bureau** - a writing desk with drawers

- HENRY : You must arrange with Elizabeth when you're dividing things up.
- MRS. SLATER : Elizabeth's that sharp she'll see I'm after it, and she'll **drive a hard bargain**⁹ over it. Eh, what it is to have a low money grubbing spirit!
- HENRY : Perhaps she's got her eye on the bureau as well.
- MRS. SLATER : She's never been here since grandfather bought it. If it was only down here instead of in his room, she'd never guess it wasn't our own.
- HENRY : *(startled) Amelia! (He rises.)*
- MRS. SLATER : Henry, why shouldn't we bring that bureau down here now? We could do it before they come.
- HENRY *(stupefied)* : I wouldn't care to.
- MRS. SLATER : Don't look so daft. Why not?
- HENRY : It doesn't seem delicate, somehow.
- MRS. SLATER : We could put that shabby old chest of drawers upstairs where the bureau is now. Elizabeth could have that and welcome. I've always wanted to get rid of it. *(She points to the drawers.)*
- HENRY : Suppose they come when we're doing it.
- MRS. SLATER : I'll fasten the front door. Get your coat off. Henry; we'll change it. *(MRS. SLATER goes out to fasten the front door. HENRY takes his coat off. MRS. SLATER reappears.)*
- MRS. SLATER : I'll run up and move the chairs out of the way.
(VICTORIA appears, dressed according to her mother's instructions.)
- VICTORIA : Will you fasten my frock up the back, mother?
- MRS. SLATER : I'm busy; get your father to do it.
(MRS. SLATER hurries upstairs, and HENRY fastens the frock.)
- VICTORIA : What have you got your coat off for, Father?
- HENRY : Mother and me is going to bring grandfather's bureau down here.
- VICTORIA : *(after a moment's thought.)*: Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?

9 **drive a hard bargain** - to argue in an aggressive manner and force somebody to agree on the best possible arrangement.

- HENRY: *(shocked)* No, my child. Grandpa gave it to your mother before he died.
- VICTORIA: This morning?
- HENRY: Yes.
- VICTORIA: Ah! He was drunk this morning.
- HENRY: Hush; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now. *(HENRY has fastened the frock, and MRS. SLATER appears carrying a handsome clock under her arm.)*
- MRS. SLATER: I thought I'd fetch this down as well. *(She puts it on the mantelpiece.)*
Our clock's worth nothing and this always appealed to me.
- VICTORIA: That's grandpa's clock.
- MRS. SLATER: Be quiet! It's ours now. Come Henry, lift your end. Victoria, don't breathe a word to your aunt about the clock and the bureau.
(They carry the chest of drawers through the doorway.)
- VICTORIA: *(to herself)* I thought we'd pinched them.
(After a short pause there is a sharp knock at the front door.)
- MRS. SLATER: *(from upstairs)* Victoria, if that's your aunt and uncle you're not to open the door.
(VICTORIA peeps through the window.)
- VICTORIA: Mother, it's them.
- MRS. SLATER: You're not to open the door till I come down. *(Knocking repeated.)*
Let them knock away. *(There is a heavy bumping noise.)*
Mind the wall. Henry. *(HENRY and MRS. SLATER, very hot and flushed, stagger in with a pretty old-fashioned bureau containing a locked desk. They put it where the chest of drawers was, and straighten the ornaments, etc. The knocking is repeated.)*
- MRS. SLATER: That was a near thing. Open the door, Victoria. Now, Henry, get your coat on. *(She helps him.)*
- HENRY: Did we knock much plaster off the wall?
- MRS. SLATER: Never mind the plaster. Do I look all right? *(Straightening her hair in the glass.)* Just watch Elizabeth's face when she sees we're all in half-mourning. *(Throwing him Tit-Bits.)* Take this and sit down. Try

and look as if we'd been waiting for them. (HENRY sits in the armchair and MRS. SLATER on the left of table. They read **ostentatiously**¹⁰. VICTORIA ushers in BEN and MRS. JORDAN. The latter is a stout, complacent woman with an impassive face and an irritating air of always being right. She is wearing a complete and deadly outfit of new mourning crowned by a great black hat with plumes. BEN is also in complete new mourning, with black gloves and a band round his hat. He is rather a jolly little man, accustomed to be humorous, but at present trying to adapt himself to the regrettable occasion. He has a bright, chirpy little voice. BEN sails into the room and solemnly goes straight to MRS. SLATER and kisses her. The men shake hands. Not a word is spoken. MRS. SLATER furtively inspects the new mourning.)

MRS. JORDAN : Well, Amelia, and he's gone at last.

MRS. SLATER : Yes, he's gone. He was seventy-two a fortnight last Sunday. (She sniffs back a tear. MRS. JORDAN sits on the left of the table. MRS. SLATER on the right. HENRY in the armchair. BEN on the sofa with VICTORIA near him.)

BEN : (chirpily) Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse.

MRS. SLATER : I don't see how.

BEN : It might have been one of us.

HENRY : It's taken you a long time to get here, Elizabeth.

MRS. JORDAN : Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't do it.

MRS. SLATER : (suspiciously) Couldn't do what?

MRS. JORDAN : I couldn't start without getting the mourning. (Glancing at her sister.)

MRS. SLATER : We've ordered ours, you may be sure. (Acidly) I never could fancy buying ready-made things.

MRS. JORDAN : No? For myself it's such a relief to get into the black. And now perhaps you'll tell us all about it. What did the doctor say?

MRS. SLATER : Oh, he's not been near yet.

MRS. JORDAN : Not been near?

10 **ostentatiously** - showily

- BEN : *(in the same breath)* Didn't you send for him at once?
- MRS. SLATER : Of course I did. Do you take me for a fool? I sent Henry at once for Dr. Pringle but he was out.
- BEN : You should have gone for another. Eh, Eliza?
- MRS. JORDAN : Oh, yes. It's a fatal mistake.
- MRS. SLATER : Pringle attended him when he was alive and Pringle shall attend him when he's dead. That's professional etiquette.
- BEN : Well, you know your own business best, but-
- MRS. JORDAN : Yes-it's a fatal mistake.
- MRS. SLATER : Don't talk so silly, Elizabeth. What good could a doctor have done?
- MRS. JORDAN : Look at the many cases of persons being restored to life hours after they were thought to be 'gone'.
- HENRY : That's when they've been drowned. Your father wasn't drowned, Elizabeth.
- BEN : *(humorously)* There wasn't much fear of that. If there was one thing he couldn't bear, it was water. *(He laughs, but no else does.)*
- MRS. JORDAN *(pained)* : BEN!
(BEN is crushed at once.)
- MRS. SLATER *(piqued)*¹¹ : I'm sure he washed regular enough.
- MRS. JORDAN : If he did take a drop too much at times, we'll not dwell on that, now.
- MRS. SLATER : Father had been 'merry' this morning. He went out soon after breakfast to pay his insurance.
- BEN : My word, it's a good thing he did.
- MRS. JORDAN : He always was thoughtful in that way. He was too honourable to have 'gone' without paying his premium.
- MRS. SLATER : Well, he must have gone round to the 'Ring-o'-Bells' afterwards, for he came in **as merry as a sandboy**¹². I says, 'We're only waiting for Henry to start dinner'. 'Dinner', he says 'I don't want no dinner. I'm going to bed!'
- BEN : *(shaking his head)* Ah! dear, dear.

11 **piqued** - experienced indignation

12 **as merry as a sandboy** - extremely happy and care free

- HENRY : And when I came in I found him undressed sure enough and snug in bed. *(He rises and stands on the hearthrug.)*
- MRS. JORDAN : *(definitely)*
 Yes, he'd had a 'warning'. I'm sure of that. Did he know you?
- HENRY : Yes. He spoke to me.
- MRS. JORDAN : Did he say he'd had a 'warning'?
- HENRY : No. He said, 'Henry, would you mind taking my boots off? I forgot before I got into bed'.
- MRS. JORDAN : He must have been wandering.
- HENRY : No, he'd got 'em on all right.
- MRS. SLATER : And when we'd finished dinner I thought I'd take up a bit of something on a tray. He was lying there for all the world as if he was asleep, so I put the tray down on the bureau -(correcting herself)on the chest of drawers - and went to waken him. *(A pause.)* He was quite cold.
- HENRY : Then I heard Amelia calling for me, and I ran upstairs.
- MRS. SLATER : Of course we could do nothing.
- MRS. JORDAN : He was 'gone'?
- HENRY : There wasn't any doubt.
- MRS. JORDAN : I always knew he'd go sudden in the end.
(A pause. They wipe their eyes and sniff back tears.)
- MRS. SLATER : *(rising briskly at length: in a business-like tone)*
 Well, will you go up and look at him now, or shall we have tea?
- MRS. JORDAN : What do you say, Ben?
- BEN : I'm not particular.
- MRS. JORDAN : *(surveying, the table)* Well, then, if the kettle's ready we may as well have tea first.
(MRS. SLATER puts the kettle on the fire and gets tea ready.)
- HENRY : One thing we may as well decide now; the announcement in the papers.
- MRS. JORDAN : I was thinking of that. What would you put?

- MRS. SLATER : At the residence of his daughter, 235 Upper Cornbank Street, etc.
- HENRY : You wouldn't care for a bit of poetry?
- MRS. JORDAN : I like 'Never Forgotten'. It's refined.
- HENRY : Yes, but it's rather soon for that.
- BEN : You couldn't very well have forgotten him the day after.
- MRS. SLATER : I always fancy, 'A loving husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend'.
- BEN : (*doubtfully*) Do you think that's right?
- HENRY : I don't think it matters whether it's right or not.
- MRS. JORDAN : No, it's more for the look of the thing.
- HENRY : I saw a verse in the Evening News yesterday. Proper poetry it was- it rhymed. (*He gets the paper and reads.*)
- 'Despised and forgotten by some you may be, But the spot that contains you is sacred to we.'
- MRS. JORDAN : That'll never do. You don't say 'sacred to we'.
- HENRY : It's in the paper.
- MRS. SLATER : You wouldn't say it if you were speaking properly, but it's different in poetry.
- HENRY : **Poetic license**¹³, you know.
- MRS. JORDAN : No, that'll never do. We want a verse that says how much we loved him and refers to all his good qualities and says what a heavy loss we've had.
- MRS. SLATER : You want a whole poem. That'll cost a good lot.
- MRS. JORDAN : Well, we'll think about it after tea, and then we'll look through his bits of things and make a list of them. There's all the furniture in his room.
- HENRY : There's no jewellery or valuables of that sort.
- MRS. JORDAN : Except his gold watch. He promised that to our Jimmy.
- MRS. SLATER : Promised to your Jimmy! I never heard of that.
- MRS. JORDAN : Oh, but he did, Amelia, when he was living with us. He was very fond of Jimmy.

MRS. SLATER : Well. (*Amazed.*) I don't know!

BEN : Anyhow, there's his insurance money. Have you got the receipt for the premium he paid this morning?

MRS. SLATER : I've not seen it.

(VICTORIA, *jumps up from the sofa and comes behind the table.*)

VICTORIA : Mother, I don't think Grandpa went to pay his insurance this morning.

MRS. SLATER : He went out.

VICTORIA : Yes, but he didn't go into the town. He met old Mr. Tattersall down the street, and they went off past St. Philip's Church.

MRS. SLATER : To the '**Ring-o'-Bells**'¹⁴, I'll be bound.

BEN : The -Ring-o'-Bells'?

MRS. SLATER : That **public-house**¹⁵ that John Shorrocks's widow keeps. He is always hanging about there. Oh, if he hasn't paid it -

BEN : Do you think he hasn't paid it? Was it overdue?

MRS. SLATER : I should think it was overdue.



MRS. JORDAN : Something tells me he's not paid it. I've a 'warning', I know it; he's not paid it.

14 '**Ring-o'-Bells**' - the name of a restaurant

15 **public-house** - a pub, a place that is licensed to sell alcoholic beverages

- BEN : The drunken old beggar.
- MRS. JORDAN : He's done it on purpose, Just to annoy us.
- MRS. SLATER : After all I've done for him, having to put up with him in the house these three years. It's nothing short of swindling.
- MRS. JORDAN : I had to put up with him for five years.
- MRS. SLATER : And you were trying to turn him over to us all the time.
- HENRY : But we don't know for certain that he's not paid the premium.
- MRS. JORDAN : I do. It's come over me all at once that he hasn't. ,
- MRS. SLATER : Victoria, run upstairs and fetch that bunch of keys that's on your grandpa's dressing table.
- VICTORIA : *(timidly)* In Grandpa's room?
- MRS. SLATER : Yes.
- VICTORIA : I-I don't like to.
- MRS. SLATER : Don't talk so silly. There's no one who can hurt you. (VICTORIA goes out reluctantly.) We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in the bureau,
- BEN : In where? In this thing? *(He rises and examines it.)*
- MRS. JORDAN : *(also rising)*
Where did you pick that up, Amelia? It's new since last I was here. *(They examine it closely.)*
- MRS. SLATER : Oh-Henry picked it up one day.
- MRS. JORDAN : I like it. It's artistic. Did you buy it at an auction?
- HENRY : Eh! Where did I buy it, Amelia?
- MRS. SLATER : Yes, at an auction.
- BEN : *(disparagingly)* Oh, second-hand.
- MRS. JORDAN : Don't show your ignorance, Ben. All artistic things are secondhand. Look at those old masters.
(VICTORIA returns, very scared. She closes the door after her.)
- VICTORIA : Mother! Mother!
- MRS. SLATER : What is it, child?
- VICTORIA : Grandpa's getting up.
- BEN : What?

MRS. SLATER : What do you say?

VICTORIA: Grandpa's getting up.

MRS. JORDAN : The child's crazy.

MRS. SLATER : Don't talk so silly. Don't you know your grandpa's dead?

VICTORIA: No, no; he's getting up. I saw him.

(They are transfixed with amazement. BEN and MRS. JORDAN left of table. VICTORIA clings to MRS. SLATER, right of table HENRY near fireplace.)

MRS. JORDAN : You'd better go up and see for yourself, Amelia.

MRS. SLATER : Here-come with me, Henry. *(HENRY draws back terrified)*

BEN : *(suddenly)*

Hist! Listen.

(They look at the door. A slight chuckling is heard outside. The door opens, revealing an old man clad in a faded but gay dressing-gown. He is in his stockinged feet. Although over seventy, he is vigorous and well coloured; his bright, malicious eyes twinkle under his heavy, reddish-grey eyebrows. He is obviously either Grandfather ABEL MERRYWEATHER or else his ghost.)

ABEL : What's the matter with little Vicky? (He sees BEN and MRS. JORDAN); Hello! What brings you here? How's yourself, Ben?

(ABEL thrusts his hand at BEN, who skips back smartly and retreats to a safe distance behind the sofa.)

MRS. SLATER *(approaching ABEL gingerly)* Grandfather, is that you? *(She pokes him with her hand to see if he is solid.)*

ABEL : *(irritated by the whispering)*



- Of course it's me. Don't do that, 'Melia. What the devil do you mean by this **tomfoolery**¹⁶?
- MRS. SLATER: *(to the others)* He's not dead.
- BEN: Doesn't seem like it.
- ABEL: You've kept away long enough, Lizzie; and now you've come, you don't seem over-pleased to see me.
- MRS. JORDAN: You took us by surprise, father. Are you keeping quite well?
- ABEL: *(trying to catch the words.)* Eh? What?
- MRS. JORDAN: Are you quite well?
- ABEL: Aye, I'm right enough but for a bit of a headache. I wouldn't mind betting that I'm not the first in this house to be carried to the cemetery. I always think Henry there looks none too healthy.
- MRS. JORDAN: Well, I never!
(ABEL crosses to the armchair, HENRY gets out of his way to the front of the table.)
- ABEL: 'Melia, what the **dickens**¹⁷ did I do with my new slippers?
- MRS. SLATER: *(confused)*
Aren't they by the hearth, grandfather?
- ABEL: I don't see them. *(Observing HENRY trying to remove the slippers.)*
Why, you've got 'em on. Henry.
- MRS. SLATER: *(promptly)* I told him to put them on to stretch them; they were that new and hard. Now, Henry. *(MRS. SLATER snatches the slippers from HENRY and gives them to ABEL, who puts them on and sits in armchair)*
- MRS. JORDAN: *(to BEN)* Well, I don't call that delicate. Stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste.
(HENRY goes up to the window and pulls up the blind. VICTORIA runs across to ABEL and sits on the floor at his feet.)
- VICTORIA: Oh, Grandpa, I'm so glad you're not dead.
- MRS. SLATER: *(in a vindictive whisper)* Hold your tongue, Victoria.
- ABEL: Eh? What's that? Who's gone dead?

16 **tomfoolery** - foolish behaviour

17 **dickens** - informal way of saying that you are annoyed or surprised

MRS. SLATER : *(Loudly)* Victoria says she's sorry about your head.

ABEL : Ah, thank you, Vicky, but I'm feeling better.

MRS. SLATER *(to MRS. JORDAN)* : He's so fond of Victoria.

MRS. JORDAN *(to MRS. SLATER)* : Yes, he's fond of our Jimmy, too.

MRS. SLATER : You'd better ask him if he promised your Jimmy his gold watch.

MRS. JORDAN : *(disconcerted)* I couldn't just now. I don't feel equal to it.

ABEL : Why, Ben, you're in mourning! And Lizzie too. And 'Melia, and Henry and little Vicky! Who's gone dead? It's someone in the family. *(He chuckles.)*

MRS. SLATER : No one you know, father. A relation of Ben's.

ABEL : And what relation of Ben's?

MRS. SLATER : His brother.

BEN *(to MRS. SLATER)* : Hang it, I never had one.

ABEL : Dear, dear. And what was his name, Ben?

BEN : *(at a loss)* Er - er. *(He crosses to front of table.)*

MRS. SLATER. *(R of table, prompting)* : Frederick.

MRS. JORDAN *(L of table, prompting)* . : Albert.

BEN : Er-FedAlb-Issac.

ABEL : Issac? And where did your brother Isaac die?

BEN : In-er-in Australia.

ABEL : Dear, dear. He'd be older than you, eh?

BEN : Yes, five years.

ABEL : Aye, aye. Are you going to the funeral?

BEN : Oh, yes.

MRS. SLATER and MRS. JORDAN : No, no.

BEN : No, of course not.
(He retires to L.)

ABEL : *(rising)*
Well, I suppose you've only been waiting for me to begin tea. I'm feeling hungry.

- MRS. SLATER : *(taking up the kettle)* I'll make tea.
- ABEL : Come along, now; sit down and let's be jolly.
(ABEL sits at the head of the table, facing spectators. BEN and MRS. JORDAN on the left. VICTORIA brings a chair and sits by ABEL. MRS. SLATER and HENRY sit on the right. Both the women are next to ABEL.)
- MRS. SLATER : Henry, give grandpa some pie.
- ABEL : Thank you. I'll make a start. *(He helps himself to bread and butter.)*
(HENRY serves the pie and MRS. SLATER pours out the tea. Only ABEL eats with any heartiness.)
- BEN : Glad to see you've got an appetite, Mr. Merry Weather, although you've not been so well.
- ABEL : Nothing serious. I've been lying down for a bit.
- MRS. SLATER : Been to sleep, grandfather?
- ABEL : No, I've not been to sleep.
- MRS. SLATER and HENRY: Oh!
- ABEL : *(eating and drinking)* I can't exactly call everything to mind, but I remember I was a bit dazed, like- I couldn't move an inch, hand or foot.
- BEN : And could you see and hear, Mr. Merryweather?
- ABEL : Yes, but I don't remember seeing anything particular. Mustard, Ben.
(BEN passes the mustard.)
- MRS. SLATER : Of course not, grandfather. It was all your fancy. You must have been asleep.
- ABEL : *(snappishly)* I tell you I wasn't asleep, 'Melia, I ought to know,
- MRS. JORDAN : Didn't you see Henry or Amelia come into the room?
- ABEL : *(scratching-his head)* Now let me think-
- MRS. SLATER : I wouldn't press him Elizabeth. Don't press him.
- HENRY : I wouldn't worry him.
- ABEL : *(suddenly recollecting)* Ay, begad! 'Melia and Henry, what the devil did you mean by shifting my bureau out of my bedroom? *(HENRY and MRS. SLATER are speechless).* D' you hear me? Henry! 'Melia!

MRS. JORDAN : What bureau was that, Father?

ABEL : Why, my bureau the one I bought-

MRS. JORDAN : (*pointing to the bureau*) Was it that one. Father?

ABEL : Ah, that's it. What's it doing here? Eh? (*A pause. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes six. Everyone looks at it.*)

Drat me if that isn't my clock too! What the devil's been going on in this house? (*A slight pause.*)

BEN : Well, I'll be hanged.

MRS. JORDAN : I'll tell you what's been going on in this house. Father. Nothing short of robbery.

MRS. SLATER : Be quiet, Elizabeth.

MRS. JORDAN : (*rising*) I'll not be quiet. Oh, I call it double-faced.

HENRY : Now now, Elizabeth.

MRS. JORDAN : And you, too. Are you such a poor creature that you must do every dirty thing she tells you?

MRS. SLATER : (*rising*) Remember where you are, Elizabeth.

HENRY : (*rising*) Come, come. No quarrelling.

BEN : (*rising*) My wife's every right to speak her own mind.

MRS. SLATER : Then she can speak it outside, not here.

ABEL : (*rising: thumping the table*) Damn it all, will some one tell me what's been going on?

MRS. JORDAN : Yes, I will. I'll not see you robbed.

ABEL : Who's been robbing me?

MRS. JORDAN : Amelia and Henry. They've stolen your clock and bureau. (*Working herself up.*) They sneaked into your room like thieves in the night and stole them after you were dead.

HENRY and MRS. SLATER: Hush! Quiet, Elizabeth!

MRS. JORDAN : I'll not be stopped. After you were dead, I say.

ABEL : After who was dead?

MRS. JORDAN : You.

ABEL : But I'm not dead.

- MRS. JORDAN: No, but they thought you were. (*A pause. ABEL gazes round at them.*)
- ABEL: Oho! So that's why you're all in black today. You thought I was dead. (*He chuckles.*) That was a big mistake. (*He sits and resumes his tea.*)
- MRS. SLATER: (*sobbing*) Grandfather.
- ABEL: It didn't take you long to start dividing my things between you.
- MRS. JORDAN: No, father; you mustn't think that. Amelia was simply getting hold of them on her own account.
- ABEL: You always were a keen one, Amelia. I suppose you thought the will wasn't fair.
- HENRY: Did you make a will?
- ABEL: Yes, it was locked up in the bureau.
- MRS. JORDAN: And what was in it, father?
- ABEL: That doesn't matter now. I'm thinking of destroying it and making another.
- MRS. SLATER: (*sobbing*) Grandfather, you'll not be hard on me.
- ABEL: I'll trouble you for another cup of tea, 'Melia; two lumps and plenty of milk.
- MRS. SLATER: With pleasure. Grandfather. (*She pours out the tea.*)
- ABEL: I don't want to be hard on anyone. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Since your mother died, I've lived part of the time with you, 'Melia, and part with you, Lizzie. Well, I shall make a new will, leaving all my bits of things to whomever I'm living with when I die. How does that strike you?
- HENRY: It's a bit of a lottery-like.
- MRS. JORDAN: And who do you intend to live with from now?
- ABEL: (*drinking his tea*) I'm just coming to that.
- MRS. JORDAN: You know, father, it's quite some time that you came to live with us again. We'd make you very comfortable.
- MRS. SLATER: No, he's not been with us as long as he was with you.
- MRS. JORDAN: I may be wrong, but I don't think father will fancy living on with you after what's happened today.

- ABEL : So you'd like to have me again, Lizzie?
- MRS. JORDAN : You know we're ready for you to make your home with us for as long you please.
- ABEL : What do you say to that, 'Melia'?
- MRS. SLATER : All I can say is that Elizabeth's changed her mind in the last two years. (*Rising*). Grandfather, do you know what the quarrel between us was about?
- MRS. JORDAN : Amelia, don't be a fool; sit down.
- MRS. SLATER : No, if I'm not to have him, you shan't either. We quarrelled because Elizabeth said she wouldn't take you off our hands at any price. She said she'd enough of you to last a lifetime, and we'd got to keep you.
- ABEL : It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me.
- MRS. SLATER : If I've done anything wrong. I'm sure I'm sorry for it.
- MRS. JORDAN : And I can't say more than that, too.
- ABEL : It's a bit late to say it, now. You neither of you cared to put up with me.
- MRS. SLATER and MRS. JORDAN : No, no grandfather.
- ABEL : Aye, you both say that because of what I've told you about leaving my money. Well, since you don't want me, I'll go to someone who does.
- BEN : Come Mr. Merryweather, you've got to live with one of your daughters.
- ABEL : I'll tell you what I've got to do. On Monday next I've got to do three things. I've got to go to the lawyer's and alter my will; and I've got to go to the insurance office and pay my premium; and I've got to go to St. Philip's Church and get married.
- BEN and HENRY : What!
- MRS. JORDAN : Get married!
- MRS. SLATER : He's out of his senses. (*General consternation.*)
- ABEL : I say I'm going to get married.
- MRS. SLATER : Who to?
- ABEL : To Mrs. John Shorrocks who keeps the 'Ring-o' -Bells. We've had it fixed up a good while now, but I was keeping it as a pleasant

surprise. (He rises.) I felt I was a bit of a burden to you, so I found someone who'd think it a pleasure to look after me. We shall be very glad to see you at the ceremony. (*He walks to the door.*) Till Monday, then. Twelve o'clock at St. Philip's Church. (*Opening the door.*) It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, 'Melia. It'll be handier to carry across to the 'Ring-o' -Bells on Monday. (*He goes out.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William Stanley Houghton (1881-1913), was a famous English dramatist. He was one of the best of a group of realistic playwrights often called the Manchester School. In every play he sought to present an idea. He had a remarkable gift for dialogue that is evident in *The Dear Departed*. *The Dear Departed* was first produced in Manchester in 1908. Here Houghton satirizes the degradation of moral values in the British middle-class.

4. **Given below are the main incidents in the play. They are in a jumbled order. Arrange them in the sequence in which they occur in the play.**
1. Victoria is asked to fetch the bunch of keys to the bureau to look for the insurance receipt.
 2. Mrs. Slater instructs Victoria to put her white frock on with a black sash.
 3. Mrs Slater discovers that grandfather is 'dead'.
 4. The Slaters fetch the bureau and the clock from upstairs.
 5. The family sits down to have tea.
 6. Henry wears grandfather's the new slippers.
 7. Grandfather comes to know how his daughters have been in a hurry to divide his things between them.
 8. Grandfather announces his intention to change his will and to marry Mrs. Shorrocks.
 9. Grandfather comes down and is surprised to find the Jordans.
 10. They discuss the obituary announcement in the papers and the insurance premium payment.
 11. The Jordans arrive and learn the details of grandfather's 'demise' from the Slaters.

5. Read the given extract and answer the questions that follow.

- (1) ABEL : I don't see them. (Observing HENRY trying to remove the slippers.) Why, you've got 'em on, Henry.

MRS. SLATER : (promptly) I told him to put them on to stretch them; they were that new and hard. Now, Henry. (MRS. SLATER snatches the slippers from HENRY and gives them to ABEL, who puts them on and sits in armchair).

MRS. JORDAN : (to BEN) Well, I don't call that delicate. Stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste.

- i) Choose the option that gives the correct meaning of the word 'delicate', as used in the above lines.
- A. Very fine in structure
 - B. Easily broken or damaged
 - C. Tactful and considerate
 - D. Skillful and finely judged
- ii) Complete the following analogy correctly, by using a word from the extract.
new : antique :: _____ : delay
- iii) Select the TRUE statement, according to the extract.
- A. Henry was browbeaten into wearing Grandpa's slippers.
 - B. Mrs. Slater wanted to buy the same slippers for Henry.
 - C. Mrs. Jordan wanted Jimmy to wear Grandpa's slippers.
 - D. Grandpa Able wanted Ben to have the slippers.
- iv) Choose the option that correctly classifies the genre of the drama from the given extract.
- A. Tragedy
 - B. Tragicomedy
 - C. Comedy
 - D. Melodrama
- v) Infer the playwright's purpose of including some writing in brackets.

- (2) "Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?"
- What does 'it' refer to here?
 - How does Vicky conclude that her parents are 'pinching it'?
 - Mention the two reasons that Mrs. Slater gives for her action.
 - What does it reveal about the difference between the attitude of the elders and that of Vicky?
- (3) "Now, Amelia, you mustn't give way. We've all got to die some time or other. It might have been worse."
- Explain the phrase, 'give' way.
 - What prompts the speaker to say these words?
 - What does he mean when he says 'It might have been worse'?
 - What does it reveal about the speaker's character?

6. Answer the following questions briefly.

- How does Mrs. Slater plan to outshine the Jordans? What does it reveal about her character?
- Why does Mrs. Slater decide to shift the bureau from grandfather's room before the arrival of the Jordans? How does Henry react to the suggestion?
- What is the reason for the Jordans taking a long time to get to the house of the Slaters? What does it show about the two sisters' attitude towards each other?
- What does Mrs. Jordan describe as 'a fatal mistake'? What is the irony in the comment she makes on Mrs. Slater's defense?
- Ben appreciates grandfather saying 'it's a good thing he did'. Later he calls him a 'drunken old beggar'. Why does he change his opinion about grandfather?
- What change does grandfather make in his new will? What effect does it have on his daughters?
- Bring out the significance of 'Grandfather's bureau', in the play.
- The character of Victoria is a stark contrast to that of her parents Justify.

7. Answer the following in detail:

- Bring out the irony in the title of the play.
- How does the spat between his daughters lead to grandfather discovering the truth?
- Compare and contrast Henry's character with that of his wife. Support your answer with evidence from the play.

8. Bring out the traits in Mrs. Slater's personality quoting evidence from the play.

| Trait | Evidence from the play |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Greedy | |
| Overpowering/ dominating | |
| Blunt/ straight talking | |
| Impolite | |
| Insensitive | |

9. Writing

Victoria Slater is truly attached to her Grandpa. As she sees the elders in her family quarrel over the inheritance, she is bewildered and upset by their attitude. As Victoria, write a diary entry outlining the incident and your feelings. (150 words)

10. Speaking

Grandfather says, "It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me." While it is true that the daughters disregard modesty, decency and filial obligation, grandfather cannot be fully justified in practically disowning his family. Besides, Victoria loves him and he seems to have spared no thought for her feelings.

Divide yourselves into groups of four or five and discuss the statement: **Grandfather is not entirely right in moving away from his daughters.**

After the discussion, a representative from each group will present the views of her/ his group to the class in about 3 minutes.



D.2 Julius Caesar

by William Shakespeare

1. Consult a dictionary and find out the difference between

- a) a killing
- b) an assassination

2. Many popular and powerful leaders have been assassinated in the past and in recent times. Can you name some of them?

-
-
-
-
-

3. Discuss in groups, the reasons why the leaders you named in (2) have been assassinated. Is assassination the end to a problem?

Have a group discussion on the topic in the context of past/ present day political assassinations.

Introduction:

JULIUS CAESAR is the story of a man's personal dilemma over moral action, set against the backdrop of strained political drama. Julius Caesar, an able general and a conqueror returns to Rome amidst immense popularity after defeating the sons of Pompey. The people celebrate his victorious return and Mark Antony offers him the crown which he refuses. Jealous of Caesar's growing power and afraid he may one day become a dictator, Cassius instigates a conspiracy to murder Caesar. He realises that to gain legitimacy in the eyes of the Romans, he must win over the noble Brutus to his side for Brutus is one of the most trusted and respected among all Romans.

Brutus, the idealist, joins the conspiracy feeling that everyone is driven by motives as honourable as his own. Ironically, Caesar is murdered at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Some Important Characters

Julius Caesar- The greatest and most powerful of the Romans. Assassinated by Brutus, Cassius and a band of conspirators who feel Caesar is very ambitious and wants the crown.

Calpurnia- Caesar's wife

Mark Antony- Caesar's most loyal friend

Marcus Brutus- Caesar's great friend who joins the conspiracy because of his great love for Rome and for the principle of democracy.

Cassius- Instigator and organizer of the conspiracy

Decius Brutus- Co-conspirator in Caesar's assassination

4. **The play Julius Caesar can be performed on the stage. The first step would be a reading of the play as a whole class. Your teacher will then have an audition and assign you roles. Later the play can be put up on the stage.**

Given below are some suggestions and sites which may be visited for instructions regarding set-design, costumes and direction.

<http://www.pbs.org/empires/romans/>

<http://shakespeare.palomar.edu/theatre.htm>

<http://www.cummingsstudyguides.net/xGlobe.html>

<http://www.shakespearetheatre.org/plays/details.aspx?id=115>

<http://www.zunal.com/process.php?w=56091>

Act II Scene II

Caesar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CAESAR in his night-gown

CAESAR Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,

'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter a servant

SERVANT My lord?

CAESAR Go bid the priest to present sacrifice and bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT I will, my lord

Enter CALPURNIA

CALPURNIA

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CAESAR Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA Caesar, I never **stood on ceremonies**¹,

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,

In ranks and squadrons and **right form of war**²,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;

The noise of battle **hurtled**³ in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

O Caesar! these things are **beyond all use**⁴,

And I do fear them.

CAESAR What can be avoided

Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions



-
- 1 **stood on ceremonies** - paid much attention to omens and forecasts
 - 2 **right form of war** - correct battle order
 - 3 **hurtled** - clashed
 - 4 **beyond all use** - most unnatural

Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

CALPURNIA When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CAESAR Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a **necessary**⁵ end,

Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant

What say the augurers?

SERVANT They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

CAESAR The gods do this in shame of cowardice:

Caesar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well

That Caesar is more dangerous than he:

We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible:

And Caesar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house:

And he shall say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CAESAR Mark Antony shall say I am not well,

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS BRUTUS Caesar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Caesar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR And you are come **in very happy time**⁶,

To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falsen:

I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell **graybeards**⁷ the truth?

Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CAESAR Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many **lusty**⁸ Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

6 **in very happy time**- at the right moment

7 **graybeards**- old men (contemptuously dismissing the senators)

8 **lusty**- strong; vigorous

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving **blood**⁹, and that **great men shall press**

For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance¹⁰.

This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CAESAR And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS BRUTUS I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now: the senate have concluded

To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change.

CAESAR How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA

CAESAR Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS [Aside] **That every like is not the same, O Caesar,**

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon¹¹!

Exeunt

9 **blood**- In Decius' explanation the use of the term "blood" is metaphoric. It symbolizes Caesar's spirit or influence

10 **great men shall press... cognizance** - great men shall gather around Caesar and stain their handkerchiefs in his blood which will serve as colours added to a coat of arms, an object of reverence, mementos and a badge of service

11 **That every like is ... think upon**- Brutus's heart grieves when he thinks that being like a friend is not the same as being a friend

Act III Scene I**Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.**

Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others

CAESAR Are we all ready? What is now amiss

That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER Most high, most mighty, and most **puissant**¹² Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,--

*Kneeling***CAESAR** I must prevent thee, Cimber.These **couchings and these lowly courtesies**¹³

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn **pre-ordinance**¹⁴ and **first decree**¹⁵

Into the law of children.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS CIMBER Is there no voice more worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

¹² **puissant**- powerful¹³ **couchings and these lowly courtesies**- bowing and bending¹⁴ **pre-ordinance**- order that has existed from earlier times¹⁵ **first decree**- law passed earlier

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CAESAR What, Brutus!

CASSIUS Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CAESAR I could be well moved, if I were as you:

If I **could pray to move**¹⁶, prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fix'd and **resting**¹⁷ quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

CASCA Speak, hands for me!

CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and BRUTUS stab CAESAR

CAESAR Et tu, **Brute**¹⁸! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

CINNA Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS Some to the common pulpits, and cry out

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

BRUTUS But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, **spoils**¹⁹,

Shrunk to this **little measure**²⁰? Fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

16 **I could pray to move** - pray to others to change their minds.

17 **resting** - permanent

18 **Et tu, Brute** - even you, Brutus

19 **spoils** - trophies of war

20 **little measure** - small piece of ground on which your body lies

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you **bear me hard**²¹,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do **reek**²² and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and **master**²³ spirits of this age.

BRUTUS O Antony, beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 Yet see you but our hands
 And this the bleeding business they have done:
 Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome--
 As fire drives out fire, so pity pity--
 Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
 Our arms, **in strength of malice**²⁴, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
CASSIUS Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
 In the disposing of new **dignities**²⁵.
ANTONY I doubt not of your wisdom.

21 **bear me hard** - bear a grudge against me

22 **reek** - stench

23 **master** - powerful

24 **in strength of malice** - which may appear to be hostile

25 **dignities** - honours

Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Gentlemen all,--alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must **conceit**²⁶ me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy **corse**²⁷?

CASSIUS Mark Antony,--

ANTONY Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold **modesty**²⁸.



CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar so;
But what **compact**²⁹ mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Caesar was dangerous.

BRUTUS Our reasons are so full of **good regard**³⁰
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

26 **conceit** - consider

28 **modesty** - understatement

30 **good regard** - serious consideration

27 **corse** - corpse

29 **compact** - agreement

ANTONY That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place;

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,

Speak in the **order**³¹ of his funeral.

BRUTUS You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS Brutus, a word with you.

Aside to BRUTUS

You know not what you do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be moved

By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS By your pardon;

I **will**³² myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Caesar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will **protest**³³

He speaks by leave and by permission.

CASSIUS I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can **devise of**³⁴ Caesar,

And say you do it by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral: and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

ANTONY Be it so.

I do desire no more.

BRUTUS Prepare the body then, and follow us.

Exeunt all but ANTONY

ANTONY O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--

A curse shall **light**³⁵ upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall **cumber**³⁶ all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so **in use**³⁷

And dreadful objects so familiar

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity choked with **custom of fell deeds**³⁸:

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With **Ate**³⁹ by his side come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

35 **light** - fall

37 **in use** - common

39 **Ate**- Greek goddess of revenge

36 **cumber** - burden

38 **custom of fell deeds**-terrible deeds shall become so familiar

The Forum. Act III -Scene II

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

First Citizen

I will hear Brutus speak.

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit

Second Citizen

The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS

Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for **my cause**⁴⁰, and be silent, that you may hear: **believe me for mine honour**⁴¹, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: **censure**⁴² me in your wisdom, and awake your **senses**⁴³, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: --Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so **rude**⁴⁴ that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall **do to Brutus**⁴⁵. The **question**⁴⁶ of his death is **enrolled**⁴⁷ in the Capitol; his glory not

40 **my cause**- the cause that I represent

41 **believe me for mine honour**- believe me because you know I am honourable

42 **censure**-judge, criticize me harshly

43 **senses**-understanding

44 **rude**-uncivilised

45 **do to Brutus**- you may assassinate me if I become ambitious

46 **question**- reasons for

47 **enrolled**- recorded

extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences **enforced**⁴⁸, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CAESAR's body

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in **the commonwealth**⁴⁹; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,--that, as I slew my best **lover**⁵⁰ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen Caesar's better **parts**⁵¹

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS My countrymen,--

Second Citizen Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen Peace, ho!

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

First Citizen Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Citizen Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

48 **enforced**- exaggerated; emphasized
50 **lover**- friend

49 **the commonwealth** - the free republic
51 **parts**- qualities

ANTONY For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen What does he say of Brutus?

Third Citizen He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Citizen 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Citizen This Caesar was a tyrant.

Third Citizen Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Second Citizen Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY You gentle Romans,--

Citizens Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the **Lupercal**⁵²

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to **disprove**⁵³ what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Citizen There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

52 **Lupercal**- the feast of the god Lupercus. Lupercus was the protector of flocks and herds, the god of fertility

53 **disprove**- contradict

Fourth Citizen Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have **stood against**⁵⁴ the world; now lies he there.

And none so **poor**⁵⁵ to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To **wrong the dead**⁵⁶, **to wrong myself**⁵⁷ and **you**⁵⁸,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament--

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

And dip their **napkins**⁵⁹ in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich legacy

Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.

ANTONY Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not **meet**⁶⁰ you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,

54 **stood against** - overcome the opposition of

55 **poor**- humble

56 **wrong the dead**- be unjust to Caesar, who has been assassinated, by calling him ambitious

57 **to wrong myself**- by not speaking what I know

58 **you**- by allowing you to be deceived by Brutus

59 **napkins**- handkerchiefs

60 **meet**- fitting ,proper

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen They were traitors: honourable men!

All The will! the testament!

Second Citizen They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens Come down.

Second Citizen Descend.

Third Citizen You shall have leave.

ANTONY *comes down*

Fourth Citizen A ring; stand round.

ANTONY If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this **mantle**⁶¹: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the **Nervii**⁶²:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the **envious**⁶³ Casca made:

61 **mantle**- cloak

62 **Nervii**- the most war-like of the Gallic tribes, defeated by Caesar in 57 B.C.

63 **envious**- malicious

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude⁶⁴, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood⁶⁵, great Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason **flourish'd**⁶⁶ over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
First Citizen O piteous spectacle!
Second Citizen O noble Caesar!
Third Citizen O woeful day!
Fourth Citizen O traitors, villains!
First Citizen O most bloody sight!

64 **Ingratitude**- the blow struck by Brutus' ingratitude

65 **Which all the while ran blood**- which was covered with Caesar's blood

66 **flourish'd**- triumphed

Second Citizen We will be revenged.

All Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden **flood of mutiny**⁶⁷.

They that have done this deed are honourable:

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither **wit**⁶⁸, nor words, nor **worth**⁶⁹,

Action⁷⁰, nor **utterance**⁷¹, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak **right on**⁷²;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Caesar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All We'll mutiny.

First Citizen We'll burn the house of Brutus.

67 **flood of mutiny**- wave of violence
70 **Action**- gestures

68 **wit**- intelligence
71 **utterance**- eloquence

69 **worth**- authority
72 **right on**- directly

Third Citizen Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein⁷³ hath Caesar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five **drachmas**⁷⁴.

Second Citizen Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge his death.

Third Citizen O **royal**⁷⁵ Caesar!

ANTONY Hear me with patience.

All Peace, ho!

ANTONY Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,



And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Citizen Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Second Citizen Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

ANTONY Now let it work. Mischief, thou art **afoot**⁷⁶,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Exeunt

After the extract:

Antony instigates the mob to revenge. He then sits with Octavius Caesar, Julius Caesar's nephew, coldly calculating how to purge any future threat. Brutus and Cassius fall apart as the idealist in Brutus is outraged by Cassius' practicality. The armies of Octavius Caesar and Antony clash with those of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi and Sardis. Brutus and Cassius are defeated and both commit suicide.

About the author

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is an English playwright and poet, recognized in much of the world as the greatest of all dramatists. Hundreds of editions of his plays have been published, including translations in all major languages. Scholars have written thousands of books and articles about his plots, characters, themes and language. He is the most widely quoted author in history and his plays have probably been performed more times than those of any other dramatist.

5. Answer the following questions by selecting the correct options.

1. How does Caesar sound when he says, "Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night"?

- a) worried
b) angry
c) joyous
d) frightened
2. Caesar's reference to the senators as 'graybeards' shows his _____.
- a) confidence
b) cowardice
c) arrogance
d) ambition
3. Decius Brutus changes Caesar's mind about going to the Senate by appealing to his _____.
- a) ambition
b) vanity
c) greed
d) generosity
4. Select the option that correctly displays the offer that Cassius makes to Antony after Caesar's assassination.
- a) The conspirators would like to be friends with him
b) He may take Caesar's body to the pulpit and speak to the crowd praising Caesar for his achievements
c) His recommendations will be as strong as that of the conspirators while distributing the powers and benefits to friends
d) He may join the conspiracy against Caesar
5. Why does Cassius try to stop Brutus from letting Antony speak at Caesar's funeral? He knows that _____.
- a) the Roman mob loves Caesar and Antony
b) Brutus is not a good orator
c) they should not have killed Caesar
d) Antony is a good orator who can sway the mob
6. What prophecy does Antony make over Caesar's dead body?
- a) Romans will see Caesar's ghost roaming on the streets
b) Rome will experience fierce civil war in which many people will die
c) Rome will be ruled by Ate
d) Roman women will smile at the death of Caesar

7. After listening to Brutus' speech, the Third Citizen says 'Let him be Caesar'. This clearly shows he_____.
- has not understood Brutus' reason for killing Caesar
 - loved Caesar more than he loves Brutus
 - loves Brutus more than he loved Caesar
 - thinks Brutus killed Caesar to assume power.
8. Identify Antony's tone when he calls the conspirators, 'honourable men'.
- admiring
 - flattering
 - angry
 - mocking
9. Antony's reference to Caesar's conquest of the Nervii is to_____.
- remind the mob of Caesar's greatness as a warrior
 - make the mob feel afraid of being attacked by the war-like race
 - make the crowd weep for Caesar who died at war
 - stop and collect his emotions as he is feeling very upset
10. Antony remarked :
- Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!.
- What does this show him to be?
- a ruthless manipulator
 - an honourable man
 - a loyal friend
 - a tactful man
6. **Answer the following questions briefly.**
- How do the heavens 'blaze forth' the death of Julius Caesar?
 - What does Calpurnia try to convince Caesar of?
 - Why does Calpurnia say Caesar's 'wisdom is consumed in confidence'? What does she mean?
 - What does Calpurnia dream about Caesar? How does Decius Brutus interpret the dream?

- e) What are the arguments put forward by Decius Brutus to convince Caesar to go to the Capitol?
- f) Why is Decius more successful than Calpurnia in persuading Caesar?
- g) What is the petition put before Caesar by the conspirators? How does Caesar respond to it?
- h) Who says "Et tu Brute"? When are these words spoken? Why?
- i) In the moments following Caesar's death what do the conspirators proclaim to justify Caesar's death?
- j) Seeing the body of Caesar, Antony is overcome by grief. What does he say about Caesar?
- k) Whom does Antony call 'the choice and master spirits of this age'? Why?
- l) How do Brutus and Cassius respond to Antony's speech?
- m) Why does Cassius object to allowing Antony to speak at Caesar's funeral? How does Brutus overcome this objection?
- n) What are the conditions imposed by the conspirators before allowing Antony to speak at Caesar's funeral?
- o) When he is left alone with the body of Caesar, what does Antony call Brutus and the others?
- p) What prediction does Antony make regarding the future events in Rome?
- q) What reasons does Brutus give for murdering Caesar?
- r) Who says, "Let him be Caesar"? What light does this throw on the speaker?
- s) Why is Antony's speech more effective?
- t) What is the fate of Brutus and Cassius, at the end of the scene?

7. **Julius Caesar and Antony reveal something about their character in their words and actions. We also learn about them from what other people say. Can you pick out the words that describe them from the box given below? Also, pick out lines from the play to illustrate your choice.**

| | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------|-----------|
| superstitious | arrogant | loyal | clever |
| overconfident | manipulative | good orator | ambitious |
| brave | great conqueror | generous | fearless |
| loves flattery | firm | shrewd | crafty |

| Person | Extract from play | What it tells us about the character |
|------------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| Julius Caesar | 1. the things that threaten'd me Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished. 2. _____ _____ 3. _____ _____ _____ 4. _____ _____ _____ 5. _____ _____ _____ 6. _____ _____ _____ | 1. arrogant |
| Mark Antony | 1. _____ _____ _____ 2. _____ _____ _____ 3. _____ _____ _____ 4. _____ _____ _____ 5. _____ _____ _____ | 1. Loyal |

8. In the play 'Julius Caesar', we meet the Roman mob. We find that as Brutus and Antony speak, the mob displays certain qualities and characteristics.

Given below are some characteristics of the mob. Complete the table by quoting the lines wherein these are revealed.

| Words/ actions of the mob | Characteristics |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1. _____ _____ | Foolish |
| 2. _____ _____ | Does not understand the ideals of democracy |
| 3. _____ _____ | Emotional |
| 4. _____ _____ | Greedy |
| 5. _____ _____ | Fickle |
| 6. _____ _____ | Violent |

9. Antony employs a number of devices to produce the desired effect on the mob. These devices maybe described as rhetorical devices. He first speaks in such a manner that it seems to the mob that he is in full agreement with Brutus about Caesar. Then step by step he moves away from Brutus' position, depicting Brutus as a villain and Caesar as a wronged man. Copy and complete the following table by showing how Antony builds the argument in Caesar's favour.

| Antony's words | Argument |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. | Does not wish to eulogise Caesar |
| 2. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious: If it were so, it was a grievous fault, And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it. | Seemingly agrees with Brutus |
| 3. _____ | |
| 4. _____ | |
| 5. _____ | |

10. Read the extracts given below and answer the questions that follow:

1. **CAESAR** Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard.

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,

Will come when it will come.

- a) Choose the option that is relevant to [A] Assertion and [R] Reason.

[A] A brave person dies only once.

[R] A brave person faces any difficult situation or challenges.

A. Both [A] and [R] are true and [R] is the correct explanation of [A].

B. Both [A] and [R] are true and [R] is not the correct explanation of [A].

C. [A] is true but [R] is false.

D. [A] is false but [R] is true.

- b) The strangest thing that Caesar ponders is why_____.

A. cowardly people die again and again

B. brave people die only once

C. men are afraid of death

D. death is inevitable

- c) What fears has the listener expressed?

- d) What is the basis for the fears expressed?

- e) Why has death been called a 'necessary' end?

2. But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament--

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read--

And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds

- a) select the option that appropriately fills the blank.

parchment:_____ : will: testament

A. dry land

B. front area

C. pulp

D. paper

- b) Antony says he doesn't mean to read the will because
 - A. he feels it is confidential.
 - B. he finds the contents inappropriate.
 - C. the Romans will grieve for Caesar's death.
 - D. the Romans will kiss Caesar.
- c) What are the contents of Caesar's will that he is referring to?
- d) Why does the speaker read Caesar's will to the citizens?
- e) Identify the option that this the technique used by Antony in the given extract.
 - A. reverse psychology
 - B. rhetoric
 - C. dramatic contrast
 - D. persuasion
- f) Choose the option that lists the emotion of the citizens after listening to the 'will'.
 - 1. aggressive
 - 2. nervous
 - 3. enraged
 - 4. berserk
 - 5. powerful

11. Questions for Further Study :

Given below are some questions based on reading of the play 'Julius Caesar'. These questions are not for testing in the Exam. These are for a deeper understanding of the play and the characters.

- a) Why was the conspiracy to assassinate Julius Caesar hatched?
- b) Was Caesar really ambitious? Find evidence from the play to support your answer.
- c) What was Cassius' motive for murdering Julius Caesar?
- d) Why was it essential for the conspirators to include Brutus in the conspiracy?
- e) What were the mistakes made by Brutus that led to the failure of the conspiracy?
- f) Comment on Caesar's friendship with Antony.
- g) Write a brief character sketch of Antony.

- h) What is the role of Julius Caesar's ghost in the play, *Julius Caesar*?
- i) Why does Antony call Brutus 'the noblest Roman of them all'?
- j) How do Brutus and Cassius meet their end?

12. A reporter covers the event of the assassination of Julius Caesar in the senate. Giving graphic details and a catchy headline, write the newspaper report in about 200 words.

13. Activity

Stage a press conference that takes place shortly after Caesar's death. The "reporters" should have their questions written down ahead of time to ask the students who play the roles of Brutus, Antony and Cassius. These questions should focus on the key events in the play, as well as the characters' intentions.

ANNEXURE

Texts for Listening Tasks

F. 1 Two Gentlemen Of Verona

13. Listen to the following excerpt from the diary of a 13 year old girl Zlata Fillipovic who writes about the horrors of war in Sarajevo in her book 'Zlata's Diary'.

14 April. People are leaving Sarajevo. They're crowding the airport, train and bus stations. Families and friends are separating. It's so sad. These people and children aren't guilty of anything. I don't think Mummy and Daddy know whether to stay or go. Neither way is good.

2 May. Today was the worst ever. The shooting started around noon. Mummy, Daddy and I took Cicko, my canary, and we all ran to the cellar. It's ugly, dark, smelly. We listened to the pounding shells, the thundering noise overhead. Then I realized that this awful cellar was the only place that could save our lives. We heard glass shattering in our street. I put my fingers in my ears to block out the terrible sounds. This has been the worst day in my 11-year-old life.

5 May. We've rearranged the apartment. Our bedrooms are too dangerous. They face the hills, which is where they're shooting from. We sleep on mattresses on the floor on the sitting room. It's awful, but it's safer. Although once the shooting starts, no place is safe but the cellar.

7 May. Today a shell fell in front of our house in the park where I used to play with my girl-friends. A lot of people were hurt, and my friend Nina was killed. A piece of shrapnel lodged in her brain. She was such a nice girl -the victim of a stupid war. I cry and wonder why. She didn't do anything. Nina, I'll always remember you.

27 May. Two shells exploded in the street and one in the market. Mummy was nearby at the time, and Daddy and I were worried because she hadn't come home. We kept going to the window hoping to see her. Is she alive?

F.2 Mrs Packletide's Tiger

10. Listen to the passage on lion hunting and answer the questions given below:

The Maasai tribe in Africa look at lion hunting experience as a sign of bravery and personal achievement. Earlier, the community encouraged solo lion hunting but over the last ten years, due to the decline of the lion population, the community has adopted a new rule that encourages warriors to hunt in groups. Group hunting gives the lion population a chance to grow.

The Maasai prohibit hunting a lioness since females are the bearers of life in every species. The Maasai also understand that lions are important to the savanna's ecology and culture. For that reason, they take extra caution when it comes to a lion hunt.

The lions are abundant throughout Maasailand. Their typical hideouts are grassy plains, deep forests, behind termite mounds, under the acacia trees, and other wild cozy places. The lion search ranges from 20 minutes to 10 hours. The Maasai warriors must chase a lion with rattle bells and make him upset. This chasing method forces a lion to develop anger and face the hunter. Another successful hunting method is to force a lion to move away from the kill. Any of these methods would provoke a fight with a lion. The game between warriors and lions is similar to that of a cat and a mouse.

The Maasai use three parts of the lion: the mane, tail and claws. The mane is beautifully beaded by women of the community, and given back to the hunter. The mane is worn over the head, only during special occasions. The mane helps warriors from far communities to identify the toughest warrior.

The lion tail is the most valuable product in the practice of lion hunting. The tail goes to the strongest warrior.

F.3 The Letter

8. Listen to the following article about the break-up of the Joint Family system in India and complete the boxes in (8)

In India, incidents of the elderly being abused, harassed and abandoned are increasing by the day. Reports of such neglect have come in from every state in the country and it takes place in both rural and urban settings.

Joint families have been a strong support network for the elderly. But more children are now leaving their parental homes to set up their own. Sociologists say the pressures of modern life and the more individualistic aspirations of the young are among reasons why the elderly are being abandoned or, in some cases, abused. Poverty and search for work are the two main reasons why rural elders are being left behind. So, many of them have to rely on charities for food and medical help.

Research suggests nearly 40% of senior citizens living with their families are facing emotional or physical abuse. But only one in six cases comes to light, the study showed. This is because people feel these cases are "internal" or "domestic" matters that need to be sorted out by the concerned individuals and they should not be addressed publicly.

F.4 A Shady Plot

13. Listen to the following extract from *The Canterville Ghost* by Oscar Wilde and complete the following tasks as directed.

Towards evening, there was a storm and it started to rain heavily. The wind was so strong that all the windows and doors in the old house shook and rattled. In fact, it was exactly the sort of weather that the ghost loved. This is what he planned to do. He would first go quietly to Washington Otis's room, gibber at him from the foot of the bed. Then the ghost would stab himself three times in the throat to the sound of soft music. He was particularly angry with Washington, because he knew that it was Washington who kept on removing the famous Canterville blood-stain by using his Pinkerton's Paragon Detergent.

Having thoroughly terrified the reckless and foolhardy young man, the ghost planned to proceed to the room of Mr Otis and his wife. While he was there the ghost was going to put a clammy hand on Mrs. Otis's forehead. At the same time he was going to hiss into her trembling husband's ear the awful secrets of the grave. He was not sure what he was going to do about little Virginia. She had never insulted him in any way, and was pretty and gentle. A few groans from the wardrobe, he thought, would be quite enough for her, or, if that didn't wake her up, he might pull at the counterpane with palsy-twitching fingers. But the ghost was very determined to teach the twins a lesson they would never forget.

F. 5 Patol Babu, Film Star

10. Listen to the passage on character actors and complete the exercise as directed.

A character actor is one who largely plays a particular type of role rather than leading ones. Character actor roles can range from bit parts to secondary leads. However, character actors often play supporting roles for characters not subject to a major change or revelation in the course of the plot, and whose role is less prominent.

There are many reasons why people might become character actors. Actors may also simply seem better suited to character roles than to leading roles. Another fact worth noting is that while any film has a handful of leading roles, it may also require dozens of smaller supporting roles, and that there are arguably more opportunities for professional success as a character actor than as a movie star. Some actors become character actors by choice. Others may find character work because they are seen as typecast (strongly identified with, or only suitable for certain types of roles), often due to an early success with a particular role or genre. Also, some actors may become character actors because casting agents believe they lack some of the admittedly subjective physical attributes associated with movie stars: they may be regarded as too tall, too short, unattractive, overweight, or somehow lacking an ephemeral "star quality".

Actors may be deemed too old or too young for leading roles; being "too old" is more of a problem for women, who may find that their range of acting jobs drops suddenly after the age of forty.

Some character actors have distinctive voices or accents which limit their roles. Some of them have been able to turn this to their advantage, often in voice-over work. Sometimes character actors have developed careers because they have specific talents that are required in genre films, such as dancing, horsemanship or swimming ability. The stars of a movie that fails badly at the box office are often considered part of the reason it failed, and they may have trouble finding work later. Character actors are almost never blamed for these failures, and can continue to find work relatively easily.

F.6 Virtually True

Tour of Body

By Alex Crees

It revolutionized the way we watch movies, and now, it's revolutionizing the way doctors treat illnesses. Three-dimension is the new frontier of medicine, according to physicians at the Weill Cornell Medical College in New York City. The new technology called CAVE, which is short for 'Cave Automatic Virtual Environment', is essentially a three-dimensional virtual reality room. It projects images on four walls to allow researchers to voyage inside the molecular structure of cells and parts of the human body. This way, physicians can interact with the data and actually see the cells in their true, 3-D state, which was not possible before.

Physicians believe that using CAVE will help them better understand how to study and treat a variety of diseases located in places that they cannot physically penetrate, like the brain. "You can see which proteins are next to each other, which proteins come together under different conditions at different times in different parts of the cell," said Dr. Harel Weinstein. "You are inside the cell."

The CAVE works by using a mathematical algorithm to rearrange normal two-dimensional MRI data segments to create a 3-D object. The result is a room where researchers can actually stand inside a representation of the anatomical structures they are studying.

Weinstein said. "We can go into cells, into organs, into the brain, and anywhere else." Once inside, physicians can 'move' through the 3-D object and peel away its layers with the use of the remote.

"It allows us to understand how certain structures interact, what might be going on in certain diseases," said Dr. Szilard Kiss. He uses the CAVE technology to better understand disease processes in the eye.

"When we look at an X-ray or an MRI, we're looking at one flat picture," Kiss said. "It doesn't really tell the whole story. It's much easier to appreciate the anatomy if we go into three-dimensionality." Kiss likens the CAVE technology to "shrinking yourself down and going inside the eye." "But it's not only going inside the eye," he added. "It's going inside the layers of the retina." In patients who had poor vision because of scar tissue growing over retina, the CAVE technology was able to help Kiss isolate where the ridge of the scar tissue was located. "The ridge was not obvious from two-dimensional images," Kiss said. "When we brought it up into this three-dimensional cave is really where I had an 'a-ha!' moment." The location of the ridge was crucial because, to treat the patient's symptoms, it was necessary to go in with very small instruments, grab the ridge and peel it off the retina.

"[He] really benefitted from the three-dimensionality that's offered by this technology," Kiss said. Dr. Barry Kosofsky, Chief of the Division of Pediatric Neurology at Weill Cornell Medical College, also has high expectations for the new technology. Currently, he is studying cocaine usage during pregnancy and what effect it has on a child's brain.

"What this technology lets us do is get a better sense of how those brains are structurally different," Kosofsky said.

"It not only applies to anatomical pictures," he said, "but organs, physiology of cells and genes. So we can go inside any of those structures and begin to reconstruct something that can be applied to a laboratory setting, and then hopefully to a clinical setting for patient care."

P.1 The Frog And The Nightingale

15. Listen to the poem *The Spider and the Fly* by Mary Howitt and compare the 'Fly' to Vikram Seth's 'Nightingale.'

The Spider and the Fly

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly.

"The prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,

And I've many curious things to show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,

For who goes up your winding stair, can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high.

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"

"Oh no, no!" Said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Mary Howitt

Interact in English



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