

INTERACTIONS IN ENGLISH

For
Class VIII



THE J&K STATE BOARD OF SCHOOL EDUCATION

1

The Girl with the Laughing Voice



LET'S BEGIN

Have a class discussion/debate on the topic:

Boys are more courageous than girls.



LET'S READ

Once upon a time there was a clever chief with many sons but only one daughter; whom he loved very much.

When he started getting older; he said, "I'm looking for a clever man who will care of my beloved daughter, Ukulekha, so that her voice will always sound like a babbling brook and singing birds and a light breeze in a forest."

Then he invited all the people to a great feast.

The women filled the cooking pots with buffalo meat and springbok meat. They roasted





guinea fowl, wild fowl, and partridges. And the baskets were filled with wild figs and the fruit of the marula trees, which the children had gathered. Delicious! Hmmm. And honeycombs! Of course there were honeycombs.

The drums would beat all through the night—boom! boom! boom! — and the people would dance until they fell down in a faint. But before all that, the chief announced that he wanted to speak.

He said, “The young man who brings me the king of the beasts, alive, and puts in my hand the seed of the most wonderful tree in the world, and whispers my secret name in my ear, shall have my daughter, Ukulekha as his wife.”

After the night of the feast, many young men tried to win Ukulekha of the laughing voice. Everyone liked her because she joked and sang and danced as if she were always happy.

Some of the young men first went looking for the seed. They climbed mountains, searched in bushes and along rivers, in dry places and in places where it was wet and muddy.

Others first tried catching lions. They carried spears and shields. And they took the trails through bushes, across sandy wastes, and in ravines.

Others went to caves to talk to spirits, or climbed mountains to wait for the answers to fly to them like birds to their nests.

Those who had first gone looking for the seed came back with seeds, of the baobab, march fig, and apple, tree fuchsia, sickle bush yellowwood and stinkwood trees. Each time, the chief shook his head. They were good seeds from good trees, he agreed, but none of those trees seemed the most wonderful in the world.

Some of the men who had gone lion hunting came back with lion skins or lion cubs. No one came back with a big live lion. Some men didn't come back at all.

Many names were whispered into the chief's ear – names that had something to do with cleverness, or with the weather, or strong animals, or with power. But the chief only shook his head. No one knew the right name.

After three full moons the chief said to his daughter, "Ukulekha, I'll have to think of easier tasks for the men to do. Otherwise, you'll never get a husband to look after you."

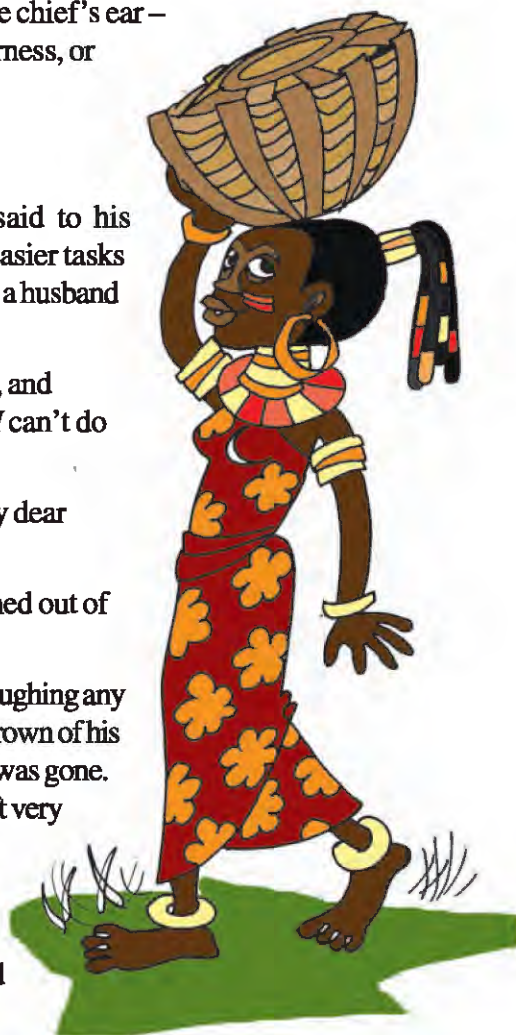
"Easier tasks?" Ukulekha exclaimed, and laughed. "Wait a while, Father, and see if *I* can't do these tasks."

Then the chief laughed and said, "My dear daughter is really very funny."

And he laughed until the tears streamed out of his eyes and he had a stitch in his side.

But the following morning he wasn't laughing any longer, because when the sun was hot on the crown of his head, he heard for the first time that Ukuleka was gone. The other young girls told him that she had left very early that morning, carrying a basket.

The chief summoned his warriors. He sent them to the four corners of the earth. There was to be no rest until they had found Ukulekha.



But...who was laughing like that?

It was a girl. There was only one girl with such a laugh. And yes, it was Ukulekha. She came walking across the veld, a big basket in her hand.

The chief smiled broadly and opened his arms in joy.

“What do you have in the basket, my daughter?” he called before she had even reached him.

When she stood in front of him, she replied, “The king of the beasts, dear Father.”

How was this possible? Perhaps a newborn lion cub?

But no, it wasn't a lion. He could hear birdsong.

“Why do you say this is the king of the beasts, my daughter?” he asked when she showed him a small bird with a yellow throat and green feathers on its back.

“I wanted to go and catch a lion, Father, because like the men, I thought a lion was the king of the beasts. I watched the lion. Don't be afraid; he was fast asleep. Then a bee appeared and stung the lion, and the lion jumped up and roared and swatted and snapped, but he couldn't bite the bee. So I thought the tiny bee must be the king of the beasts. But just then this little bird flew past and swallowed the bee.

So here, Father, I have brought you the king of the beasts.”

The chief laughed, amazed and proud. “Did you hear?” he asked his people. “See how easily it was done. But Ukulekha, my daughter, I won't allow you to wander off again. You may not go and search for the seed of the most wonderful tree in the world.”

“There's no need to search,” said Ukulekha. “The most wonderful tree in the world grows in our village.”

“Here?” But we have only sweet thorn trees.”



Ukulekha picked a seed pod and put it in the chief's hand.

"The sweet thorn is the most wonderful tree in the entire world."

"Why do you say that, my daughter?"

"It gives us shade. The children are very fond of the gum, and the dry wood makes a good fire. And when the sweet thorn tree blooms, the yellow flowers attract bees, and the whole veld and the village smell of honey. Our cattle can feed on the flowers, the pods, and the seeds. And we use the bark to make thongs. We even use the sharp, white, straight thorns to pin our hides and other things together, and the children use them as horns for their clay cattle. The thorns are weapons, as well...."

"Weapons? What do you mean, my daughter?"

"Do you remember when the buffalo chased you, Father? You dived under a sweet thorn tree, and the buffalo ran into the branches and thorns. He died there."

In amazement the chief exclaimed, "You're right, my daughter, the sweet thorn is surely the most wonderful tree in the world! Now all you have to do is to whisper my secret name in my ear."

The chief bent down, and Ukulekha whispered in his ear, "Uku." Surprised, he asked, "How do you know this? Do I talk in my sleep?"

"No," said Ukulekha. "But my dear Father, I didn't think you would let your only daughter's name be too far from your own." The chief said proudly, "My beautiful daughter is also a clever daughter, she knows my secret name but has never said it aloud for my enemies to hear. And such a clever daughter can choose her own husband."

"Thank you, Father," Ukulekha said. "But I don't want a husband – at least not yet. If I change my mind, you'll be the first person I'll tell."

"That is fine, my daughter," said the chief, "because I realize now that you are the best person to look after yourself."





WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

- springbok:* an animal like a small deer that lives in South Africa and is reddish brown in colour. It can jump very high.
- honeycombs:* a wax structure containing many small holes which is made by bees to store their honey.
- ravine:* a deep narrow valley with steep sides.
- summoned:* to order somebody to be present at a particular place.
- veld:* a flat open country with few trees.
- thorn:* a small sharp pointed growth.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions.

1. Why did the chief organize a feast?
2. What conditions did he lay down for the man who would marry his daughter?
3. Why was the king disappointed with what the men brought?
4. Why did the Chief decide to make the conditions easier & simple?
5. Why did Ukulekha think that the sweet thorn tree was the most wonderful tree in the world?
6. How did Ukulekha know her father's secret name?
7. At the beginning of the story, the chief wanted a man who would look after his daughter. How and why did the Chief change his attitude?
8. Why was the Chief amazed and proud of his daughter?

II. What three things did the girl bring and how did she justify them? Fill in the information in the table:

	What Ukulekha brought	Reason
King of beasts		
Seed of a wonderful tree		
Secret name		



USING WORDS

I. Circle the 'odd one out' of the list of words given below.

1. proclaimed announced declared talked
2. breath breeze air wind
3. feast breakfast banquet party
4. roasted baked grilled sweltered
5. assembled summoned called beckoned
6. ravine chasm gorge mountain
7. astonished astounded amazed appalled
8. enemy fiend adversary foe

II. The following words describe Ukulekha. Pick up sentences/phrases from the text which show these characteristics of Ukulekha.

1. extrovert
2. happy person
3. intelligent
4. independent
5. courageous
6. confident

III. Here are some personality traits. Match them with their opposites.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. clever | tight-fisted |
| 2. rude | courteous |
| 3. cruel | gregarious |
| 4. generous | kind-hearted |
| 5. unsociable | half-witted |



USING GRAMMAR

Simple, Compound and Complex Sentences

Read the following sentences:

1. The chief invited all the people to a great feast. (Simple Sentence)
2. The drums would beat all through the night **and** the people would dance until they fell down in a faint. (Compound Sentence)
3. The young man who brings me the king of beasts shall have my daughter as his wife. (Complex Sentence)

- (i) Sentence 1 is a **simple sentence**, it has only one clause and one verb 'invited'.
- (ii) Sentence 2 is a **compound sentence**. It has two clauses which are joined by the conjunction and. Each one of the clauses is independent, and can stand on its own. They are therefore called coordinate clauses. Other coordinate conjunctions are: *and, but, yet, nor, or*.
- (iii) Sentence 3 is a **complex sentence**. It has two finite verbs *brings* and *have* and has a main clause and a subordinate clause, i.e., *The young men shall have my daughter as his wife* is the main clause; *who brings me the king of beasts* is the dependent or subordinate clause because it cannot stand by itself as a complete sentence.

I. Identify the following sentences into simple, compound and complex sentences.

1. The apples fell on the ground.
2. I do not know what he wants.
3. My friends wants to become a pilot.
4. I make cards and I make envelopes as well.
5. After the card is completed, I feel a sense of achievement.
6. It takes me quite a while, but I feel it is worth it.
7. I never buy cards.
8. Though Rohit liked them, he did not buy my cards.
9. I told him I did not like his attitude.

II. Combine the following sentences as indicated in the brackets. You may make minor changes wherever necessary. One is done for you.

1. My father is seventy years old. He works very hard. (complex sentence).
My father *who works very hard* is seventy years old.
2. My parents finished cooking dinner. Our guests arrived after that. (complex sentence).
3. You must apply now. You will not get admission in this session. (compound sentence)
4. the hotel has about 500 rooms. It is one of the best hotels in the city. (complex sentence)
5. I lost my match. My friend won his match. (Compound sentence)
6. Jack fell down. He broke his head. (Compound sentence)
7. He was hungry. He did not eat much. (Compound sentence)

Position of Adjectives

When we use more than one adjective before a noun we should be careful about their positioning.

Look at the following examples from the lesson

The Sweet Thorn is the most (quantity) wonderful (quality) tree in the entire world.

We even use the sharp (quality) white (colour), straight (shape) thorns to pin our hides.....

The order in which adjectives are placed before a noun is shown below:

Adjective of size/quantity (1)	Adjective of description on a quality (2)	Adjective showing age (3)	Adjective showing colour
big small	fat, cheap, sharp	young, old	white, brown
Adjective describing shape (5)	Adjective showing nationality (6)	Adjective showing material (7)	
square round	American African	gold glass	

**Put the adjectives in the correct order wherever necessary.
The first one is done for you.**

1. My sister is a graceful slim woman.
My sister is a slim, graceful woman.
2. My father has a bushy long black beard.
3. I like sitting in that wooden old comfortable armchair.
4. Mother Teresa was famous for her plain cotton white sarees
trimmed with blue.
5. I love the baby's brown soft skin.
6. Listen to the English new lilting tune.
7. What a sunny bright day!
8. I have to remove my woollen, wet socks.



LET'S TALK

Discuss with your partners and use at least two adjectives of different categories to describe each of the following nouns. Make sure that they are in the right order. One is done for you.

1. The person you are afraid of big, fat, dark
2. Your best friend
3. Your grandmother
4. The dress you like best
5. The best teacher in the school
6. Yourself



LET'S WRITE

Letter to the Editor

Why do people write letters to the editor?

List the various types of letters to the editor.

Read the letter to the editor given on page 11:

10, Ravibala Apartments,
2nd Cross, T-Nagar,
Chennai.

23rd Aug. 2002

The Editor,
THE WORLD OF CHILDREN,
Curson Road,
New Delhi-110 001.

Sub: Whistling is not for girls

Sir/Madam

I know a lot of adults make a lot of noise about racial and religious discrimination, but what about gender discrimination?

When I sit in a nice cosy spot with legs on the cushion, mummy immediately tells me, "That is not good manners, girls shouldn't be sitting like this!" If I am in the best of moods I attempt to whistle it's father who makes a cutting remark, "Don't do that, whistling is not for girls." When it comes to an errand like a small job in the bank or getting postage from the post office I'm told, "of course you can do them, every one does these things now-a-days." And yet for a little thing like helping in the kitchen or serving food, the typical remark is, "After all it is expected of girls and moreover boys would look ridiculous doing such jobs." I would love to know what law entitles the boys to get away with bad manners or what gives the privilege of doing only certain type of chores!

I hope that all the boys who read your magazine to think about this kind of discrimination and grow up to be mature and broad-minded men.

Thank you,

Yours Sincerely,

C. Bharati

Bharati Chari

Did you notice the format of the letter to an editor and organization of the letter?

The opening paragraph talks about what the actual purpose of the letter is.

The second paragraph gives details of the complaint.

The last paragraph expresses a hope.

All letters can follow this kind of organisation.

- Stating the purpose.
- Giving details.
- Concluding appropriately.

Now write a letter to the editor of a newspaper expressing grief at how the old people are treated and offer some suggestions to improve their lot.



DO IT YOURSELF

At the end of the story, the chief was proud of his daughter and her abilities. He decides to improve the condition of the girls in his kingdom.

In groups of 4/5 discuss and then write down a plan that the chief could use. [Hints: make education compulsory for girls and boys, fix minimum age for marriage, etc.]



A Brush with Mithila Art



LET'S BEGIN

Now we have art schools and degrees are awarded to successful students. We have sophisticated equipment too. But we have had art and artists almost ever since the beginning of creation.

How do you think artists in the past learned their art, where did they get the paints, where did they get colours from, what did they paint with?

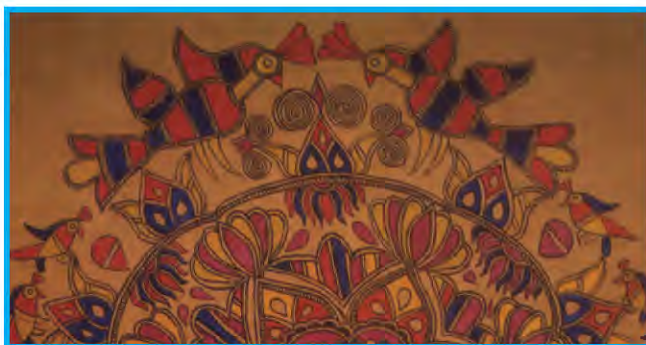
Get information about all the above questions and discuss them in class.



LET'S READ

You must have drawn and scribbled on walls with pencils or crayons, especially when no one was looking! Well, humans in very ancient times began painting the same way—using colours from plants and flowers to paint on cave walls and floors. And so beautifully, that this tradition of painting was kept alive, sometimes by kings and rich nobles, more often by the common people themselves, in their own communities. These styles of painting have come down the generations, and have become a part of the folk art of our country. India is like a 3,280,483 sq. kms large museum, with many art galleries – some natural, some

man-made, some ancient, some modern. Every region has its own 'school of art'— its traditions of painting. Each has precious secrets handed down from master to pupil mother to daughter, one generation to the next. One such school is the Mithila school of art.



Down the lanes of modern Mithila artists painstakingly create one masterpiece after another—drawing, tinting, colouring on walls and floors and today more often on hand-made paper. Almost everyone in Mithila knows this traditional art, but some have a special gift for it.

A gifted artist in the Mithila tradition, **Shashikala Devi**, shares the colourful secrets of Mithila with students from many schools and colleges. This interviewer **Swapna Dutta**, joined one such group of enthusiastic learners and guess what she was rewarded with? Yes, this painting is made specially for *Target* readers!

“Did you learn your art anywhere in particular?” Swapna asked her.

“No!” said Shashikala Devi. “There was no question of that. It’s the traditional art of the Kayasthas of Mithila. I watched my mother, grandmother and aunt doing it – that’s how I learned it.”

“Do they know it then? All the Kayasthas of Mithila?”

“Yes. After a fashion. Some have a special gift for it, though.”

A gifted hand is what gives Mithila art that special touch! The paintings are drawn with very fine lines and there are designs within designs. Attention to the smallest detail is the specialty of this art.



Mithila artists use various themes, symbols and subjects from myths and folk tales or from daily life. Lotus leaves, fish, bumble-bees, peacocks, trees, elephants, women, men, children, gods and goddesses are all included to fill up these paintings! There is hardly any shading in Mithila paintings. The artists use soft flat tones to show roundness, proportion and distance, and sharp bold lines and curves to show force and feelings and emotions.

Fish, Birds, Peacocks, Bumblebees!

Q. What is the most important form of Mithila painting?

S. It is the *Kohabar*, a special complicated design that is a must at all wedding ceremonies.

Q. Where is it painted? On the floor like rangoli?

S. No, on the walls. In fact, a separate room is made for the bride and the bridegroom which is called the *Kohabar kaghar* and this special design is painted on its walls.

Q. In colour?

S. Oh yes, but mainly in red. And no black is used anywhere. Black is inauspicious, you see!

Q. Where do you get your colours from?

S. Well, we make up our own! For red we make up our own! For red we use plain *sindoor* mixed with milk, for yellow we use *haldi*. If we want green, we grind fresh bean leaves and extract the juice.

Q. Why only bean leaves? All leaves are green, aren't they? Can't one use just any kind of green leaves?

S. No, no other leaves would be of any use. I know, because I've tried several without the least success.

Q. Do you mean to say that you don't use black at all, in Mithila paintings?

S. Not in *Kohabar* or for other auspicious occasions. But when we want black for ordinary use we make it from soot, the way one makes *kaajal*.



We light up an earthen lamp and hold a utensil over it and then mix the soot with kerosene when we paint.

Q. What is special about the Kohabar?

S. You know, it's always painted in the same way, using the same symbols in a given order. Each symbol has its special meaning. For instance, lotus leaves in *Kohabar* say that just as the lotus leaves flourish in the water, so may the bride's happiness flourish!

Q. What do the other symbols mean?

S. The *Kohabar* is filled with figures of Shiva and Parvati, lotus seeds, fish, birds, peacocks and bumblebees. There are even the sun and the moon, the nine planets and also the sea. These are all supposed to be witnesses to the marriage.

Q. Is Kohabar the only popular form of Mithila art?

S. No, that's not all! Another popular form of Mithila art is the *Kamaldah*. It looks like a garland of lotus flowers, the center of which the bridegroom fills up with *sindoor* and sends to the bride.

Q. Are all Mithila paintings related to the marriage ritual?

S. To marriage, or to other religious festivities. Each *puja* calls for a special kind of alpana. Alpanas are drawn using ground rice mixed with water. The one drawn in winter for *Kartik ki Ekadashi* is drawn on the floor of the courtyard and continues right up to the puja room. Then there's the *Khatbaar*—a rectangular pattern drawn in the bridegroom's house when the bride steps in for the first time.

Q. Are these traditional and ritualistic paintings still as much part of life, as they used to be?

S. Yes, of course! Mithila art is still very much part of our lives.



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

painstakingly: with great care.

tinting: putting a small amount of a particular colour.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions.

1. Every region has its own 'school of art'. In what sense is the word 'school' used here. Is it a school like you go to?
2. How did Shashikala Devi equip herself to become an artist?
3. How is Mithila painting different from any other painting?
4. What is *kohabar*? Give a detailed description in your own words.
5. What are the other popular forms of Mithila art associated with marriage ceremony? Name them and describe them.
6. Do you agree that there is very close relationship between Mithila art and nature? Give reasons for your answer.
7. In what different ways is a Mithila artist very different from a modern artist?



II. Without going back to the text say whether the following statements about *Kohabar* are true or false.

1. It is a design made for wedding ceremonies.
2. Black colour is prominently used.
3. Only natural colours are used.
4. It is made on the walls.
5. Green colour is obtained by grinding any leaves.
6. Red colour is never used.
7. A lot of symbols are used like lotus, fish, etc.



USING WORDS

Compound Words

Masterpiece, handmade paper, grandmother, bumble-bees, bridegrooms are all compound words in the lesson.

I. Fill in the blanks with words from the box to make new compound words.

1. master _____
2. piece _____
3. hand _____
4. grand _____
5. mother _____
6. _____ bee
7. bumble _____
8. brides _____

tongue
meal
minded
busy
made
outs
slam
around

II After you have made the new compound words, complete the sentences using these words.

1. The house has no sense of design because it has been developed in a _____.
2. My best friend was my _____ at my wedding.
3. Many people in India can speak in their _____ but can neither read nor write in it.
4. The tennis player won two _____ titles last year.
5. The presenter distributed _____ before she started speaking.
6. The election campaign was _____ by the chief Minister's son.
7. My grandmother, though old, is a real _____, always doing something or the other.
8. The drunken man _____ the house, and almost fell down once or twice.



USING GRAMMAR

Yes-No questions

I. Write down the questions that led to each of these answers. The first one is done for you.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. <u>Are you Mrs. Gupta?</u> | That's right, pleased to meet you. |
| 2. <u>Did you</u> _____? | Yes, thanks we had a good journey. |
| 3. <u>Did you</u> _____? | On my last visit I spoke to Mr. Sarin. |
| 4. <u>Are you</u> _____? | No, I'm travelling with my elder sister. |
| 5. <u>Is it</u> _____ | No, it is my second visit. I've been here before. |

Wh questions

Imagine that a new child has come to your school. Using *What, Why, How, Where, When*, etc ask information about the following points:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. your name. | 5. speaks which mother tongue. |
| 2. age. | 6. residence at present. |
| 3. come from which city. | 7. hobbies and interests. |
| 4. name of previous school? | 8. facing problems in new school. |



LET'S TALK

- Do you think the crafts of Kashmir are being promoted in the rest of the country? What do you think should be done to promote them?
- How do you think crafts people should be honoured and looked after?



LET'S WRITE

Writing interviews

Did you notice how this interview with Shashikala Devi was organized?

1. There is brief information about both the interviewer and the person being interviewed.
2. There is also mention of what work the person being interviewed is good at and what is going to be the focus of the interview.
3. Lastly comes the actual interview with questions and answers.

Interview someone from your school—it could be your art teacher, music or sports teacher or the best sportsperson of your school or any other person who has made a mark in any area.

Follow the format provided above.



DO IT YOURSELF

Visit the library and find out more about traditional and tribal art forms. The aborigines of Australia, the Native Americans and the tribal Indians and Africans have a very rich art culture.

After collecting the material you could organize a bulletin board display.



Age of Communication



LET'S BEGIN

Do you think that the present age is the “Age of Communication”. Why do you think so? What are the various modes of communication today?



LET'S READ

High above a noise
Was heard
an airplane
flying to some distant land
Below on a dusty path.
jogged a bullock cart
with a load of sugar cane.
The postman threw
a few letters
and ringing his
bicycle bell



went about his
business.

Yet.....

man could not
communicate
with another of his
own species.

The dictionaries
that filled the reference shelves
became archaic,
yet man would not speak
of his innermost feeling.
He filled many a canvas
and hammered at many a rock

to express himself.

Many a pen dipped in ink
strove to write
but all in vain
in his heart.

layman's secret
his fears, his feelings
no word, no brush
no chisel, no language
could open the door
that grew rusty
and each man died
misunderstood....



LET'S UNDERSTAND

1. The poem is about:
 - i) The various modes of communication.
 - ii) Man's attempt at communication in different ways.
 - iii) Different modes of travel.
2. Describe the contrast that is shown in the first seven lines.
3. In the first ten lines what are the different modes of travel which have been mentioned?
4. Complete the table with the different ways that human beings have been trying to communicate with their own species.

Mode of Communication	Communication through.....
1.	words
2. filled many a canvas	
3. hammered at many a rock	sculptor
4.	

5. What is it that human beings are unable to convey about themselves?
Write down the phrases with which the words “brush” and “chisel” are associated ?
6. Find words phrases from the poem that are the same as the following phrases:
- to move along slowly and steadily.
 - the act of being able to tell our opinions, feelings, news, etc.
 - a group of plants and animals that are of the same type.
 - a word or phrase no longer in general use.
 - without a successful result.
 - a metal tool using for cutting into or shaping a solid material.



DO IT YOURSELF

What is your favourite way of communicating in the present technological world? Discuss.



The Mountain that ATE People



LET'S BEGIN

1. Why do you think youngsters are very intolerant of old people?
2. How according to you can the aged be valuable to the family?



LET'S READ

Long, long ago in Japan, there was a small state ruled by a young feudal lord who hated old people.

“What a great nuisance these old folks are!” he cried. “They can neither work nor think, are utterly useless, and should all die after they are sixty-one.”

So he issued a decree, and threatened that whoever broke it, would be punished most severely.



Oh, what a cruel feudal lord he was! How his people feared him!

The terrified people, weeping and sorrowful, were forced to take their old parents when they became sixty-one, to the dense forests on the high mountain near the city, and leave them in the cold and rain, to the mercy of wild animals. So this mountain came to be known as The Mountain-that-Ate-People.

Soon, there were hardly any old people left, and the feudal lord was jubilant. "Now my state will surely prosper. We are all young and energetic, and have no aged folk to hinder and trouble us."

Now, there was a farmer who lived with his mother and, loving her dearly, never did anything without her advice.

But alas, everyone grows old with time.

Soon his mother too turned sixty-one, and since they had lived in the village all their lives, it was impossible to hide her age.

How terribly upset the poor farmer was!

Even at night he tossed and turned, unable to sleep with worry and fear. Till one day, the mother called him and said, "Son, I am now sixty-one. Please, take me quickly to the mountain, and leave me there. The longer you delay, the more



miserable you shall be, and the heartless lord will punish you. Don't be sad for me, since we must all die some day."

"Oh mother, forgive me," sobbed the unhappy man, "I cannot do this...." But because of her insistence, he agreed to take her at last. Since she was unable to go up by herself, he took her up on his back, and with tears trickling down his face, climbed up silently and slowly.

The narrow path wound up through dark and desolate forests. Gradually even the trail could hardly be seen in the failing dusk. The farmer had to part the tall grasses, and lift the overhanging foliage, as he climbed higher and higher.

CR.R.R.ACK. Suddenly, the old mother perched on his back, broke off a twig from a tree.

Hardly had the farmer taken a few weary steps more...then....cr.r.r.ack.. she broke another...

Again cr...r.ack...

Cr...r.ack.

The puzzled young farmer stopped. "Mother, why are you breaking so many twigs?" he asked.

"I am breaking, and throwing them down," replied the mother calmly. "I know that I will not be alive by tomorrow, but it will be extremely dangerous if you lose your way returning home. Just now it's dark, but when the moon rises, you will find your way back safely, following these twigs through this dismal forest."

Hearing her loving words, the farmer wept bitterly as he helped her down to the stony ground.

"Mother...Mother..." He cried "Even at such a terrible time as now, how can you still think of me, even though I am carrying you to our death?" he sobbed.

"There is nothing strange about my thoughts," smiled the mother gently. "I was so joyful when you were born, and never minded any hardships to bring you up, my son. It's very natural for me to care and think of you."

"Never, never will I leave you mother, in this dreadful place," cried the farmer. "I will gladly accept any punishment from the feudal lord, rather than let

you die here.” And he picked his mother up again.

SO BOTH of them returned down The-Mountain-that-Ate-People, and quietly hid among the bushes on the edge of the forest. When the entire village was fast asleep, they crept back stealthily to their little home.

The farmer worked hard day and night, digging up the floor within the house. He made a small room under the ground, hid the old mother in there and looked after her well.

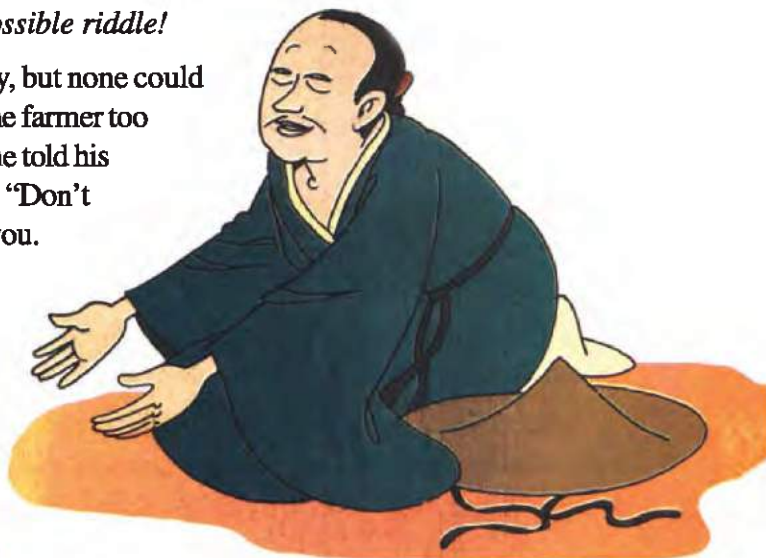
During the day he tended his fields cheerfully as usual, never letting anyone know his dreaded secret.

A year passed...and yet another....One day, the mighty overlord of the neighbouring state came thundering with his army and horses, and waged war against the feudal lord, defeating him.

The vanquished feudal lord pleaded for his people, again and again. At last the victorious lord took pity on him saying, “If you solve correctly the problem I set you, the lives of your subjects will be spared.”

But when the feudal lord heard the problem, he was utterly dumbfounded. Calling his nobles, he sent a proclamation throughout the land that whosoever could solve it, would be richly rewarded. The problem was: *Take a thousand strings, tie them into a bundle, and burn it to ashes. How can you then bring the bundles to me completely intact? An impossible riddle!*

MANY DAYS went by, but none could think of a correct solution. The farmer too heard of it, and returning home told his mother who laughed heartily. “Don’t you worry son, for I will tell you. Make a bundle out of a thousand strings, soak it in sea water, and dry it well in the sun. Even if this is burnt to ashes, it can still be carried intact to the mighty overlord.”



The farmer ran to the court of the feudal lord and bowing low, told him what his mother had said.

How thankful and relieved the lord was! He praised the farmer, and gave him lots of money and lovely presents.

After some time, the great overlord sent a messenger to the feudal lord with another problem, which was much more difficult.

“How is it possible to pull a silken thread, through a narrow pipe with seven bends?”

“If you cannot reply correctly,” said the messenger, “my overlord will ransack your entire state.”

The feudal lord, trembling and fearful again sent a proclamation across the land. Hearing it, again the farmer hurried home to tell his old mother, hidden away in her little room.

“IT’S VERY simple my son,” said the mother. “Let our master get a narrow pipe made with seven bends. Place it on the ground and put plenty of sugar at one end. Then tie a silken thread round a large ant and release it at the opposite end. Surely the ant will pull the silken thread through the pipe, not only through seven bends, but through seventy!” she added laughing.



“Thank you mother...thank you,” cried the happy farmer. He ran as fast as he could, to tell the delighted feudal lord, who rewarded him with bags of gold and precious gifts. Time passed and yet once more, the wicked overlord sent his messenger, to harass the feudal lord with the hardest problem of all.

“The great lord wishes you to make him a drum, that will play by itself,” announced the messenger.

The feudal lord was petrified. “Who is there that can tell us how to make such a wondrous drum, and save our lives and land?” he wailed.

The farmer turned again to his mother for advice.

‘MY SON, this problem is easier than the others,’ she smiled. ‘Make an ordinary drum and put some bumble-bees inside, before covering the sides with paper. Take it to the overlord, and it will play merrily without being touched.’

‘Oh mother, how wise you are,’ cried the excited farmer, and ran to the feudal lord to tell him.

The lord was overwhelmed with joy, and taking off priceless strings of pearls and rubies from his neck, gave them to the farmer.

But suddenly, he stared hard at the young man. ‘It is wonderful that you are able to solve such difficult problems,’ he said. ‘Surely, you cannot be so wise, to think of the answers all by yourself. Tell me honestly, who has helped you?’

The farmer quaked with fear, but he bowed before the feudal lord, and spoke courageously and with conviction.

‘Mighty lord, I have disobeyed you and kept my old mother hidden away at home,’ he said, ‘It is really she who has given you the correct answers to these problems, and has saved our lives and state from the overlord. Please, forgive me.’

Was the feudal lord angry? No, no. At once he realized the value of the great wisdom of old people, and his folly in sending them away to the mountain to die.

At once, he withdrew the cruel decree.

So from that day, no old people were ever taken to The-Mountain-that-Ate-People, and lived happily with their children and grand-children.

Moreover, the powerful overlord being extremely impressed by the wisdom of the feudal lord and his subjects, gave up fighting, and all lived together in peace and harmony.

Hema Pande





WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

foliage: leaves of a plant.

feudal: a system which existed in the Middle Ages, in which people received land and protection from a lord when they worked and fought for him.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions.

1. How did the 'mountain-that-ate-people' get its name?
2. Why did the feudal lord issue the decree?
3. What made the young farmer bring back his mother?
4. What qualities did the farmer's mother have which helped her solved all the riddles?
5. Why was the feudal lord not angry with the young farmer when he told him about his mother?
6. What lesson did the feudal lord learn at the end of the story?
7. Why did the overlord give up fighting?

II Fill in the table with the three riddles and their solutions:

Riddles	Solutions
1. To burn a bundle of 1000 strings and keeping them intact	
2.	
3.	



USING WORDS

I. Find words from the text which mean the same as the following:

1. An official statement that something must happen.
2. feeling or expressing great happiness.
3. to limit the development of something.
4. lonely.
5. movement which is quiet and careful in order not to be seen or heard.
6. defeated.
7. to announce publicly.
8. so shocked and surprised that you cannot speak.
9. of such high value that the price of it cannot be calculated.
10. trembled.

II. Find words which are similar in meaning to the following words from the text. Consult a thesaurus.

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------|----------|
| 1. terrified | petrified | _____ |
| 2. sorrowful | un_____ | dis_____ |
| 3. worried | an_____ | _____ |
| 4. dreadful | ho_____ | _____ |
| 5. ransack | d_____ | d_____ |
| 6. delighted | ov_____ | _____ |
| 7. harass | t_____ | _____ |
| 8. courageously | br_____ | _____ |

Dictionary practice: Homographs

Look at the sentences given below:

1. Long ago in Japan, there was a small state ruled by a young feudal lord.
2. She was in a terrible state before the interview.

Then look at the dictionary entries given below:

State in (1) refers to a country or its government.

State in (2) refers to a condition or way that exists at a particular time.

Two or more words that are spelt the same but have different meanings and sometimes different pronunciations are called **homographs**.

Consult a dictionary and find out which meanings fit the underlined words in the sentences given below:

1. (i) Soon there were hardly any old people left.
(ii) Turn left then turn right and you will reach the house.
2. (i) It was impossible to hide her age.
(ii) The hide of an Elephant is very thick.
3. (i) The narrow path wound up through dark and desolate forests.
(ii) The wound did not heal for a long time.
4. (i) He took her up on his back.
(ii) You will find your way back safely.
5. (i) The entire village was fast asleep.
(ii) He ran as fast as he could.





USING GRAMMAR

I. Reported Speech: Exclamatory Sentences.

Look at these sentences:

1. “What a great nuisance these old folks are!” he cried.
He exclaimed in disgust that the old folks were a great nuisance.
2. “Oh mother, how wise you are!” cried the excited farmer.
He exclaimed in wonder that his mother was very wise.

These are **exclamatory sentences** which express strong feelings. While changing such expressions such as *ugh, oh, no, what a, how*, etc. expressive of strong feelings, we use the following reporting words: exclaimed with *joy, surprise, wonder, regret, disgust*.

The actual words of the speaker are changed into statements as shown above.

I. Change the following exclamatory sentences into indirect speech.

1. “My son, what a lazy boy you are!” cried the father.
2. He cried out, “My God! I’m ruined.”
3. “What a foolish man!” she said.
4. “Look at him. He’s so tall!” The little boy said.
5. “How badly you’ve failed!” the father said to his son.
6. “Hurrah! We have won the match,” the boys shouted.
7. “Oh dear! I’ve left my glasses upstairs,” said Doris.
8. “Oh! This little dog is a nuisance,” he said.
9. “What a lovely picture!” she cried.
10. “How cruel of him!” she said.

If- Conditional

Read the sentences carefully.

1. “If you cannot reply correctly, my overlord will ransack your entire state”
2. “If you solve correctly the problem I set you, the lives of your subjects will be spared”

Write what would you do in each of the following situations. The first one has been done for you.

1. If you make a mistake.
If I make a mistake, I will cross it out.

What would you do if:

2. you found a wallet full of money?
If I find a wallet full of money, I will tell my parents/teachers about it.
3. you are late to school.
6. a lizard falls on your head.
7. you are witness to an accident.
8. a dog bites you.



LET'S TALK

The feudal lord organized a function to honour the young farmer's mother. The feudal lord praised the wisdom of the old woman and talked about the importance of the aged in the family.

Make a speech.

[Hints: address the audience, ask questions]



LET'S WRITE

Diary Entry

Read the following entries from the diary of an eleven-year-old girl, Zlata, from Yugoslavia.

Mon. Dec. 2nd 1991

It is my birthday tomorrow. Mommy is making a cake and all the rest, because we really celebrate in our house. Mommy and I are getting Tombola together, and thinking up questions for the children's quiz.

Tues. Dec. 3rd '91

Today is big day – my birthday. Happy birthday to me!!!!!! But alas! I'm sick. My sinuses are inflamed and my throat aches. Nothing hurts really, but I have to take antibiotics and some disgusting nose drops. They sting. Why did this have to happen on my birthday? Oh! I am unlucky! [Don't be such a pessimist, Zlata, things aren't so bad].

Sun. April 5th, '92

I'm trying to concentrate so I can do my homework reading, but I simply can't. Something is going on in town. You can hear gunfire from the hills. On the T.V I see people in front of the parliament building. The radio keeps playing the same song: "Sarajevo, My love." That's all very nice, but my stomach is still in knots and I can't concentrate on my homework anymore.

I'm afraid of WAR.

Mon. April 20th '92

War is no joke, it seems. It destroys, kills, burns, separates, and brings unhappiness. Terrible shells fell today on the old town

center. Terrible explosions. We went down into the cellar, the cold dark revolting cellar. And ours isn't even all that safe. Mommy, Daddy and I just stood there, holding on to one another in a corner that looked safe. Standing there in the dark, in the warmth of parent's arms, I thought about leaving Sarajevo. Every body is thinking about it, and so am I. I couldn't bear to go alone, to leave behind Mommy and Daddy, Grandma and Grandad.

Diary entries are not just a record of what happened during the day.

They are a record of the writer's thoughts and feelings about what happened during the course of the day.

A diary entry reflects the writer's fears, joy, expectations, disappointments, and hopes about what happened and what might happen.

Everything expressed in a diary entry is very personal and is meant only for the writer.

Now write the two diary entries that the young farmer would have written:

- a. On the day when he brought back his mother.**
- b. On the day when he told the feudal lord about his mother being with him.**



DO IT YOURSELF

Ask your grandmother for home remedies for the following ailments: common cold, stomach ache, tooth ache, bad throat and cuts and wounds.



The Fable of the Three Brothers **(A choral reading for the Earth Day...)**



LET'S BEGIN

1. In groups of 4/5 discuss in what different ways we have damaged the earth. One member from each group will report to the whole class.

After all the groups have reported make one common list.

2. Using the common list, discuss in what ways children can contribute towards 'saving the earth'.



LET'S READ

Characters

NARRATOR

FATHER

ELDEST BROTHER

2ND BROTHER

YOUNGEST BROTHER

- NARRATOR:** Once there were three brothers whose father had great wealth. He owned a thousand acres, but suffered from ill health. He called his sons together, and said:
- FATHER:** My work is done. I'll give you each a portion of my estate to run. Whoever shows most wisdom three years from now, coming fall; in working on his acres, will then inherit all.
- NARRATOR:** The eldest son was favoured: The eldest had first choice.
- ELDEST:** I'll take the wooded hillsides!
- NARRATOR:** He spoke with boastful voice.
- 2ND BROTHER:** I'll take the rolling meadow that's watered by the stream.
- NARRATOR:** The second son spoke eagerly, his greedy eyes a gleam.
- YOUNGEST:** I'll take what's left.
- NARRATOR:** The youngest remarked, with modest glance.
- YOUNGEST:** I'd gladly pry out boulders, I'm pleased to have this chance.
- NARRATOR:** And so at once the brothers set forth to start the test, to show their ailing father whose work would prove the best.



The eldest thought:

ELDEST: I'm wisest. How simple it will be! Before three years are over I'll sell them all for lumber—My profit will be great. I'll so impress my father, I'll win the whole estate.

NARRATOR: The second son stood gazing across his meadow land. He watched the cattle grazing, and murmured:

2ND BROTHER: I'll expand, I'll raise three times more cattle and have more meat to sell. I'll show that I can manage my portion very well.

NARRATOR: The youngest thought his outlook was really not so fine.

YOUNGEST: I must improve these acres. I'll plough by contour line. I'll dig our bluffs and boulders and plant some windbreak trees. I'll start a little orchard, and maybe have some bees. I won't at once make money, but I'll enrich the soil. The land will grow in value, I'm sure, through thought and toil.

NARRATOR: So when three years were over, the father took account. The eldest waved his money – a very great amount. His father then inspected the hillsides shorn of trees. He frowned and fumed...

FATHER: I don't approve such practices as these. Without a web of rootlets to hold the soil in place, a hillside crumbles quickly and gullies scar its face. You failed from start to finish to treat your portion well.

NARRATOR: The second son stepped forward.

2nd BROTHER: Just see how I excel.

NARRATOR: He showed a bag of money.... His father shook his head.

FATHER: I rue the way you earned it – your senses must have fled. You put too many cattle to graze upon the land. They stripped it bare. Disaster is rife on every hand. You left the soil unshielded, to wash and blow away. The plan you had was foolish—such tactics do not pay.

- NARRATOR:** He then addressed the youngest.
- FATHER:** And what have you to say?
- YOUNGEST:** My soil was poor to start with. My earnings have been small. If you inspect my pockets, you won't find much at all. But I've enriched the acres and cleared the stones away. Have you observed the garden, the orchard, and the hay?
- FATHER:** I have! I praise your foresight, your way is the best by far. You made the soil productive, you did not leave a scar. You tended it most wisely, my son. You weren't misled by hopes for present profit, you planned for years ahead. I'll rest content now knowing the future of these lands – these hillside, fields, and meadows – is in such worthy hands.



Aileen Fisher

WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

- fall:* autumn.
- pry out:* force it open or force it to come away from the other thing.
- lumber:* tree trunks, logs or plank of wood that have been cut for use.
- shorn:* removed by cutting.
- fumed:* expressing impatience and anger.
- scar:* damaged with ugly marks.
- unshielded:* without protection.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer these questions.

1. Why do you think the father did not divide his property equally among his three sons?
2. Why did the father think that his eldest son had failed his test?
3. Though the second son earned a lot of money, he too failed. Give reasons.

4. How did the youngest one enrich the soil?
5. The father appreciates the youngest son's 'foresight'. Pick out the sentence from the last speech of the father, which describes this foresight.
6. What 'scars' did the first two brothers leave on their lands?

II. Fill in the table with appropriate information from the text:

	Kind of land	Attitude towards the land	What was done on the land?	State of the land three years later
Eldest son				
Second son				
Youngest son				



USING WORDS

I. Match the following with their opposites:

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. wealth | a. poverty |
| 2. suffered | b. humble |
| 3. wisdom | c. proud |
| 4. boastful | d. laziness |
| 5. greedy | e. shouted |
| 6. modest | f. enjoyed |
| 7. ailing | g. impoverish |
| 8. profit | h. satiated |
| 9. toil | i. healthy |
| 10. murmured | j. loss |
| 11. enrich | k. foolishness |

II. Look at the following sentence

And so at once the brothers set forth to start the test _____

Here set forth means to begin a task. 'set' can combine with several words to mean different things.

Fill in the blanks with different combination 'set' found in the box.

set off	set down	set up	set about
set against	set aside	set upon	set in

1. The government _____ very little money for health and education.
2. The central Vigilance commission _____ one inquiry to find out about the murky affairs of the company.
3. Rahul _____ down the mountain to find help.
4. The wound must be treated quickly before infection _____
5. The next morning they woke up early and _____ cleaning the house.
6. I was _____ by a gang of dacoits.
7. As a result of the war, friends were _____ friends!
8. _____ your thoughts on paper and then organize them into a coherent composition.



USING GRAMMAR

The Passive voice without 'by'

When we use the passive voice 'by' often becomes unnecessary. 'By' is unnecessary in the following instances:

1. When it is more important or interesting to emphasis what happened rather than who or what performed the action.

Example: The eldest son was favoured.

2. The doer of the action is unknown
Example: During the twentieth century, many inventions were made.
3. The doer of the action represents a large group of different individuals.
Example: A lot of wheat is grown in Uttar Pradesh.
4. The doer of the action is obvious.
Example:
Our examination papers have already been corrected.
(by the teacher obviously)

I. Change the following sentences to the passive voice. Be careful when to use 'by'. You may make appropriate changes in order to write a coherent paragraph.

1. a. The floods destroyed the village.
The floods have rendered several homeless.
- b. A few voluntary organizations are feeding the homeless victims.
- c. The chief minister of the state is going to give Rs. 1 lakh to each of the families of the victims.
2. You want to be head girl/head boy of your school. What are the things that you will promise in order to have the school children select you? Using the passive voice, write a paragraph of at least a hundred words of what you shall do once you are elected.
Example: Efforts will be made to have more sport and co-curricular activities.
Suggestions will be made to the authorities to introduce martial arts.

If – Conditional

Complete the sentences:

What would happen?

1. If the trees are felled there would be soil erosion.
2. If the soil is eroded, _____
3. If the soil lacks nutrients, _____

4. If nothing grows on the land, _____
5. If people have nothing to eat, _____



LET'S TALK

You have to organize a ten minutes presentation on the Earth Day for assembly. Get into groups of 6. Decide one topic for each group. Get all your points together and present it as a skit.



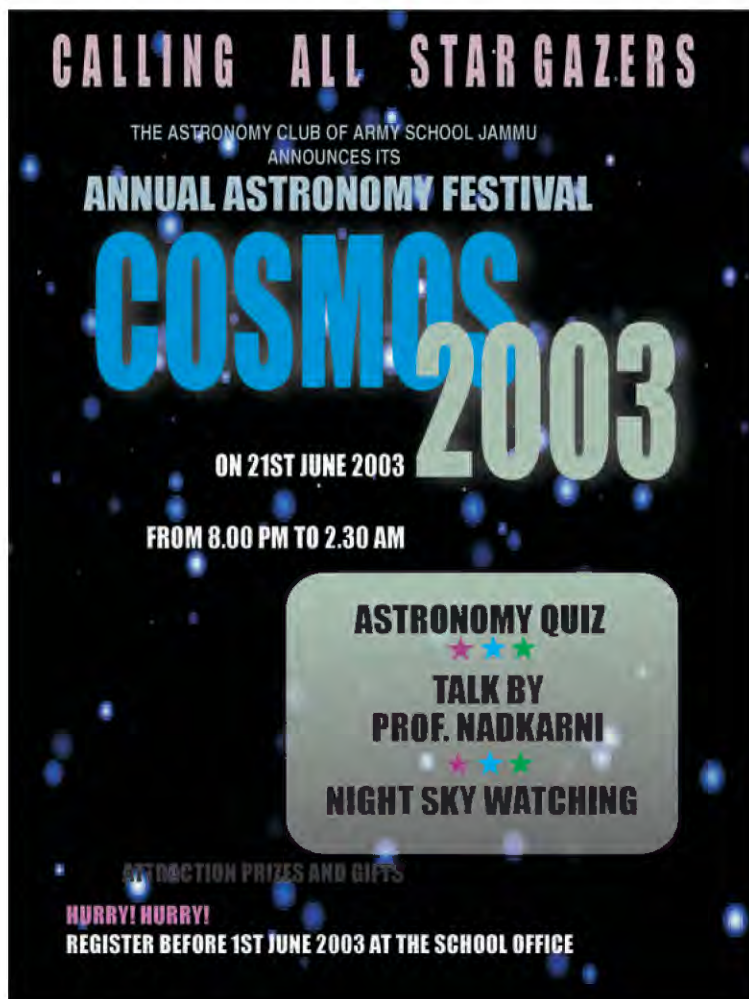
LET'S WRITE

Posters

There are two kinds of posters:

1. Those that give us information about an event e.g; announcing a film festival or a seminar.
2. Those that create awareness about a certain issue, e.g; banning plastic bags, harmful effects of drinking, etc.





Criteria for a good poster

- Catchy title.
- Creative layout.
- Not too many complete sentences.
- Mention of all relevant details:
 1. Date.
 2. Time.
 3. Venue, etc.

Now in small groups make two posters:

1. Announcing the celebration of the Earth Day in your school.
2. Choose any one of the following topics for an awareness poster:
 - Say no to plastic bags.
 - Noise pollution.
 - Conserving water.
 - Saving the earth.



DO IT YOURSELF

If the earth had a voice, how would it express its anguish over what human beings have done to it?

Write a story, a poem or a small play voicing the pain experienced by the earth.





The Passion of the Earth



LET'S BEGIN

What do you think the earth was like thousands of years ago, before human beings settled down in towns and cities. Get into pairs and write a paragraph of about 100 words on this. Then read it out to the class.



LET'S READ

Long ago
the ancients say
this land was free
and we shared it all
with the mountains and the sea
the birds and the trees.
We lived in peace
long ago
before those others came
and built fences



by cutting the trees,
dug mines
by cutting the earth
removed her blood
the oil that lies within
formed long ago
like us
who lived in peace.

The birds sang less
without the trees,
the land became dry
without the birds.

To plant the flowers
and we too became quiet
watching our mountains de
listening for the birds
that no longer flew –
but still we lived in peace.

What sustained us
through all those years:
the nights of silence
and the songs of the frogs.

For we know
as the ancients said
this land will again be free
and the songs of frogs.

For we know
as the ancients said
this land will again be free
and we will again share it all
with the mountains and the sea
the birds and the trees;
for we still live in peace
and we wish you the same
for we are all one.

Harriet Kofalk



**LET'S UNDERSTAND**

1. Read stanza 1 again and describe the state of the earth in ancient times?
2. Who are the “others” of line 9? What did they do?
3. As a result of what the “other” did, what happened to the earth?
4. What is it that sustains us “through all those years?”
5. Does the poem end in hope or despair? Give reasons for your answer.
6. “For we are all one” With what does the poet feel this sense of oneness?

**DO IT YOURSELF**

Discuss with your partners how we can make the earth a wonderful place once again. Write your thoughts in a poem.



The Detective



LET'S BEGIN

1. Who is a detective?
2. What qualities do you think, a detective must have?
3. Name some world famous detectives in fiction.



LET'S READ

Sikki rushed into the house through the kitchen door. He was always ravenous after school and couldn't wait to get home and eat something!

"Ma!" he shouted, putting his bag on the side-board, "Where are you? Anything to eat?"

Pushpa, the cook, came into the kitchen with red, swollen eyes. "What's happened?" Sikki asked, "And where's Mum?"

"Memsaab is in the drawing room with the Inspector saab," said Pushpa, wiping her eyes.

"Why are you crying and why has the Inspector come?" Sikki asked puzzled.



“The big silver *murtis* of Shiva and Parvati have been stolen. And the Inspector has come to question all of us.” said Pushpa, frying some *aloo bajjis*.

In the drawing room, Mrs. Narendra and her brother were sitting on the sofa. The Inspector was on an upright chair. To his right, on a marble stand was a lovely peach bonsai bursting with blossoms. The Brussels lace fern that usually stood next to it was on the floor, the pot broken and the leaves bruised and torn. Bahadur Singh, the driver, and Muthu, the houseboy were standing in front of the Inspector.

“Somebody must have come in from the outside. That window was wide open,” Inspector Shetty said, pointing to a large window that overlooked the garden.

“But I locked all the doors and windows last night,” Sikki’s mother said. “I’m quite sure I left nothing open.”

“You must have forgotten to close that window, or not closed it properly,” Uncle Hari said. “Anybody could have come in.”

“That’s right, madam,” Inspector Shetty agreed.

Sikki quietly slipped into the room and sat down on the window seat behind his mother and uncle. His mother heard him and turned around. “Sikki, *beta*, go to the kitchen and get yourself something to eat. Pushpa is making something for you.” But Sikki didn’t move.

“How long have you had these servants?” Inspector Shetty asked.

“Pushpa has been with us since my son Sikander was born, twelve years ago. Muthu and Bahadur Singh have been with us since we moved to Bangalore five years ago. They are all reliable and honest,” said Mrs. Narendra.

“You say it is not an inside job as there was just yourself, your son and your brother in the house last night. No guests too” The Inspector went on. “But all your servants seem to have some major problem. Pushpa needs money to send her son to high school. Bahadur Singh’s house was destroyed in a landslide and he needs money to send to his wife in Kasuali. Muthu’s mother is suffering from TB and

he needs money for her treatment. They all have a motive and they all live on the premises. Any one of them could have come in and opened the window after you had checked the doors then slipped in later and taken the statues.” The Inspector glared at the two men before him!

“*Saab, hum chor nahin hain,*” Bahadur said indignantly. “I am not thief,” he repeated in English.

“Saar, I not steal. I God fearing men. My mother not get well with stolen money,” Mutthu said in broken English, looking upset.

“Baba, come and eat your bajjis and dosa. They are ready,” Pushpa said from the doorway. Sikki got up and went into the dining room.

The Inspector rose from the chair. “Nobody can leave the premises. I will be back later in the evening.” Then he turned to Mrs. Narendra. “Your husband’s laboratory is open, I presume, although he’s away on tour?” When she nodded, he said, “We know about the new lie-detector he has devised. We may have to use it, so please ask his assistant to stay back.” He walked out and drove away. Sikki heard it and came back into the living room.

“Ma, who do you think stole those statues?” he asked.

“I wish I knew,” his mother said unhappily.

“When did you find out?” Sikki asked.



“Muthu went in to dust the drawing room around ten o’clock this morning and he noticed the statues were not on the shelf,” his mother answered.

“That Inspector seems to suspect Muthu, Bahadur and Pushpa. I don’t think any of them took the statues. Do you?” Sikki asked.

“Of course one of them or all of them are involved in the theft. Who else could it be?” Uncle Hari said.

“I don’t think they did, son. But one can never be sure these days

“They wouldn’t steal,” Sikki protested. “They’ve been with us for so long. They would have stolen them before if they had to. Somebody must’ve seen the open window, popped in and taken them.”

“The gates were locked. The chowkidar and the dogs were in the garden. Can you see any stranger getting past Ceasar and Pompai?” Uncle Hari said. Ceasar and Pompeii were fierce Dobermans.

“I still don’t think they took them,” muttered Sikki, who was not too fond of his uncle. He got up and stepped on some pot shards. “Ouch!” he yelped.

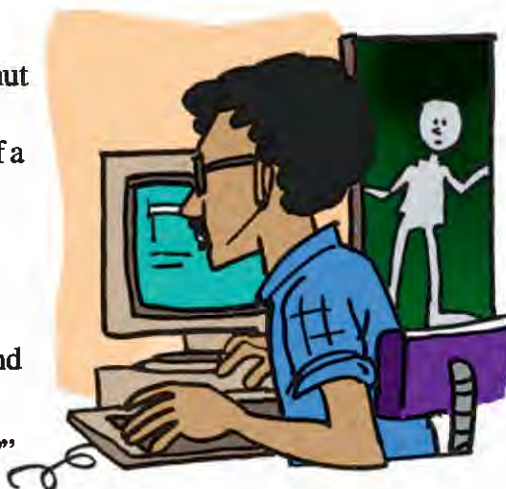
“Look where you’re going,” his uncle said sharply.

“Go and have a wash,” Mrs. Narendra said. “I had better get this mess cleaned up.” She picked up the drooping fern tenderly. I hope it survives. The thief not only took my statues but also smashed my fern.”

Sikki went out thoughtfully. He washed, changed and went into Dr. Narendra’s laboratory. As he shut the door behind him, he spied Dr. Tilak, his father’s assistant in front of a monitor.

“Hi, Tikko!” Sikki called out. Everybody called Dr. Tilak “Tikko”, even the chowkidars, and the house staff. Sikki and Tikko were very fond of each other.

“Did you hear about the theft?”



“Yes. The Inspector thinks it is Pushpa, Muthu or Bahadur. But I don’t think so.”

“We should know in a few hours,” Tikko said. “The Inspector is going to use a new lie-detector.”

“I know. He asked Mum to ask you to stay back.”

“Yes, your mother informed me on the intercom. But the detector will not work if the person doesn’t respond emotionally,” Tikko said. “I also heard your mother’s prized Brussels lace fern was damaged.”

“Yes. She’s as upset about that as she is about the statues. If the thief had broken Mum’s bonsai, she would’ve charged him for destruction of her precious tree, and then for theft!” Sikki laughed. “Well, we have a witness to the crime,” said Tikko.

“Witness? Who?” asked the puzzled Sikki, racking his brain.

“Wait and see,” Tikko said. He came back a few minutes later.

“That is your witness!” Sikki exclaimed, even more surprised.

“Yes—and an excellent one too that doesn’t know how to cheat. Here were footsteps outside the outhouse. Sikki and Tikko turned around. Mrs. Narendra came in followed by Inspector Shetty, Uncle Hari, Muthu, Bahadur and Pushpa, still sniffing.

“Everything ready, Dr. Tilak?” Inspector Shetty asked.

“Yes, I’ve rigged up the polygraph lie-detector. But I have a suggestion. Will you step aside with me, Inspector,” Tikko asked.

He took Inspector Shetty to Dr. Narendra’s sound-proof office. It had a glass partition and everyone in the lab could see Tikko gesticulating, the Inspector shaking his head and Tikko doing some rapid talking with both hands and mouth.

“What on earth is Tikko saying to the Inspector that he cannot say in front of us?” Uncle Hari said, in exasperation.



They saw the Inspector nod in assent and Tikko, looking pleased, followed the Inspector out of the cabin.

“Dr. Tilak was explaining how we can use the one witness we have to the crime—a witness more reliable than most people,” Inspector Shetty said by way of explanation. “Go ahead, Doctor.”

Tikko carefully carried Mrs. Narendra’s peach bonsai and placed it near the polygraph. He brushed the trunk of the little tree with agar jelly, made of seaweed, resin and salt. Gently, he placed half-inch stainless steel electrodes on the trunk. In a few minutes the jelly hardened around the two electrodes.

“It’s ready, Inspector. Have your suspects walk past slowly,” Tikko said as the needle on the paper in a regular pattern.

“Ha! Is that stunted little plant your witness? Come, Inspector, you’re not serious! Inspector, you are not serious! Plants can’t see anything!” Uncle Hari sniggered.

“Then no one has anything to worry about, do they?” Inspector Shetty said quietly. “Mrs. Narendra, will you please walk past the plant?”

Mrs. Narendra knew her husband had been experimenting with plant responses, so she was not surprised at the unorthodox witness. She went past the bonsai and round it. The pattern on the graph paper did not change.

“Muthu, you walk past now.” Inspector Shetty ordered. Scared and puzzled Muthu walked past the plant gingerly. There was no change in the pattern on the paper. Pushpa and Bahadur Singh walked past, one after the other, but the graph paper registered no change.



“Mr. Sharma, will you walk past the plant now?” Inspector Shetty said with a half smile.

“Sure!” Uncle Hari said with confidence. “But as you can see, there’s nothing happening, so why bother?” he said patiently.

“Will you walk past anyway?” the Inspector asked.

“This nonsense has gone far enough. You should be conducting a proper interrogation,” Uncle Hari said with a disgruntled expression. Muttering something under his breath, he quickly walked past the bonsai. The needle on graph paper jumped and started skimming across the paper erratically. The little bonsai was clearly agitated. “Well, Inspector, you have your man,” Tikko said.

“Tikko, how did the bonsai know that Uncle Hari had stolen the statues?” Sikki asked.

“Plants react to the death of any cells. When Mr. Sharma broke the pot and trampled on the fern, he hurt it. To the bonsai, Mr. Sharma was bad news—it simply recognized the killer of the other plant and not the thief.

“Why did he steal Mum’s statues?” Sikki asked, staring out of the window.

“Because he had no job. He must have been desperate and that makes you do things you’d never do otherwise.”

Sikki nodded and got up. “I think I’ll say thanks to the bonsai before I go to bed. It might even understand!

Meera Uberoi

Note: American and Russian scientists have proved that plants react to the death of any cell, have memories and can communicate over distances.



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

ravenous: extremely hungry.

bonsai: the method of growing very small trees by continually cutting the roots and branches and growing them in small containers

bruised: an injury or mark where the area is darker in colour.

reliable: something or someone who can be trusted.

<i>shards:</i>	pieces of a glass, cut, pot, etc. which has been broken.
<i>polygraph</i>	lie detector.
<i>sniggered:</i>	to laugh in an unkind manner.
<i>unorthodox:</i>	different from what is usual or expected.
<i>disgruntled:</i>	annoyed and disappointed about something.
<i>agitated:</i>	lack of calm.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Why did Sikki not enter the house through the main door?
2. Why did the inspector suspect all the servants of the house?
3. Who were Caesar and Pompeii?
4. What were the inspector's plans for the evening?
5. What can we infer about Sikki's mother from Sikki's conversation with Tickoo?
6. Who is the witness and why is it called 'unorthodox'?
7. How did the bonsai detect that uncle Hari was the thief?
8. What is the significance of Sikki's statement, "It might even understand?"
9. List the hints that the author gives us about uncle Hari being the thief.

II. Put the following statements in the order in which they occurred in the story.

1. The Inspector wanted to use the lie detector.
2. The Inspector questioned all the servants of the house.
3. The murtis of Shiva and Parvati were stolen at 10 o' clock.
4. Sikki came home from school.

5. Dr. Tilak knew how to find the thief.
6. Hari Uncle walks in front of the bonsai.
7. The servants are by one walk past the plant.
8. The bonsai detected the thief.



USING WORDS

I. Tick the correct alternative for the underlined expressions from the choices given.

1. He was always ravenous after school.
(i) greedy (ii) very hungry (iii) starved
2. To his right, was a lovely peach Bonsai bursting with blossoms.
(i) a large tree (ii) name of a flower (iii) a very small plant or a tree.
3. The pot was broken, and the leaves bruised and torn.
(i) discoloured (ii) attacked (iii) searched
4. "I am not a thief," he said indignantly.
(i) apologetically (ii) anxiously (iii) angrily
5. He got up and stepped on some pot shards.
(i) broken pieces of pottery (ii) bits of dirt (iii) mud from the pots
6. Everyone could see Tikko gesticulating from the glass partition.
(i) calling loudly (ii) shaking in anger
(iii) moving hands and arms to express something
7. Is that stunted little plant your witness?
(i) lacking full growth (ii) bent (iii) strange looking
8. Muthu walked past the plant gingerly.
(i) carefully (ii) holding some ginger (iii) slowly

II. Find words from the text which mean the same as the following:

1. fit to be trusted
2. the house or building
3. to hang or bend downwards
4. in a state of extreme annoyance
5. not according to usual methods
6. annoyed and disappointed at not having got what one wanted
7. not regular in movement
8. to crush under the feet.



USING GRAMMAR

Different ways of expressing Future Time: Will, Going to, Simple Present

Look at these sentences from the text:

1. 'Nobody can leave the premises. I will come later in the evening.
2. "The inspector is going to use a new lie detector."
3. The P.M. leaves at 4 pm tomorrow

Let's look at some of the different ways future time is expressed, and the forms used to express it.

	FUTURE TIME	
FORM	FUNCTION	SENTENCE
Will + verb in present tense	Predicting a future action	I will come later.....
Present continuous are + going	Expressing future intention	They're going to let him go.
Simple Present <i>Leaves</i>	Expressing planned future action	The PM leaves at 4 pm tomorrow

- I. Look at the following tour programme of the Prime Minister by his office. Write a brief note for the press using the present tense or the present continuous.**

Friday, 18 September, 1993	
Time	Programme.
5.30 a.m.	Departure for Mumbai by chartered flight .
7.00 a.m.	Arrival at Santa Cruze Airport.
9.30 a.m.	Inauguration of the largest hydro-thermal project in India.
12.30 p.m.	Address to the employees and the press.
3.00 p.m.	Departure for Delhi.
5.00 p.m.	Arrival at Indira Gandhi International Airport.

- II. You are planning to go on a school trip to the mountains. Use the forms used to express future time to:**

1. Decide where you're going.
2. List of things you need for the trip, such as trekking shoes, rucksack, water bottle, sun cap, goggles, personal first-aid kit, etc.
3. Places you're likely to visit.
4. The things you're likely to do.

Reported Speech: Questions

Study the following sentences carefully.

1. "Why are you crying?" Sikki asked his Puspha.
Sikki asked Puspha why she was crying.
2. "How long have you had these servants?" Inspector Shetty asked.
Inspector enquired of them how long had they had these servants.

3. “Ma, who do you think stole these statues?” he asked.
He asked his mother who he thought had stolen the statues.
4. “Will you step aside with me, Inspector,” Tikko asked.
Tikoo asked the Inspector if he would step aside with him.
5. “Is that stunted little plant your witness?” Uncle Hari asked.
Uncle Hari enquired whether that stunted little plant was their witness.

To change interrogatives/questions into reported speech, we observe the following rules:

1. We change *said* to *asked* or *enquired/enquired of*.
2. When an interrogative sentence begins with an interrogative pronoun (*what, who, which whom, whose*) or interrogative adverb (*when, where why, how*) indirect speech is introduced by the same word with which the question in the direct speech begins, as in the examples 3 and 4.
3. When an interrogative sentence begins with an auxiliary verb (*is, am, are, do does, did, can, may, etc.*) indirect speech is introduced by *if/whether*, as in the examples 1 and 2.
4. When the interrogative form, of a sentence is changed into the statement form, the question mark replaces a full stop at the end.
5. The tense and personal nouns change as well.

Change the following questions into indirect speech.

1. The mother said to the son, “Have you any money?”
2. John said to me, “Does Mr. Phillip live here?”
3. He said, “What do you want?”
4. She asked me, “Did you go to school yesterday?”
5. Prem said, “Has Rajesh bought a new car?”
6. His neighbour asked him, “Can you lend your pen?”

7. I said to him, “How long have you worked in this school?”
8. The child said to his mother, “When are we going to Kanya Kumari?”
9. The officer said to me, “Why aren’t you working?”
10. He said to me, “Whose house is this?”

Arzina wants to join a hobbies club during the holidays. The coach(es) at the club want to find out about the children’s interests. So they interview each child. Here are some of the questions they asked Arzina.

1. What is your name?
2. How old are you?
3. What are your hobbies?
4. Which is your favourite hobby?
5. Would you like to be coached in any activity?
6. If you are admitted how long will you come for?
7. Are you going to come on all days of the week?

When Arzina returns home her mother asks her what happened. Write how Arzina answers her mother’s questions.



LET’S TALK

Some people love bonsai but some think that one shouldn’t tamper with the natural growth of a tree. In small groups, discuss this issue and come to a conclusion.



LET’S WRITE

Newspaper Reports

A Newspaper report follows a different sequence from a regular report. A regular report describes the events in a sequential manner.

A newspaper report is in the form of an inverted pyramid way:

HEADLINE

BYLINE

DATE AND PLACE LINE

The first paragraph is the **LEAD** – which gives answers to the 4 *Wh*- Questions:

Who, what, where, and when.

Then in the remaining paragraphs the information drawn from the lead is retold in more detail according to order of importance and decreasing interest.

Here is a newspaper report:

TWO MANGO FEST VISITORS WIN TRIPS TO BANGKOK

Times News Network

New Delhi, 9th July: The lucky draw to select winners from among the people who visited the mango festival was held on Tuesday.

The two winners will get free tickets to Bangkok and Kuala Lumpur.

The tickets have been sponsored by Air-India.

Visited by over 12,000 people, DTTDC claimed the event a big hit.

DTTDC chairman, Romesh Sabbarwal said at least one cultural festival would be organised in the city every month.

Notice that the first paragraph answers the 4 questions.

Then the information is organised in order of importance.

Now using this format write a newspaper report about the theft that takes place in Sikki's house.



DO IT YOURSELF

Find out about various ways in which science has helped the work of detectives. You could collect the information from the internet or an encyclopedia.



8

The Tortoise in the Family



LET'S BEGIN

Have any of you kept pets which are not dogs? Or heard of anyone you know who has kept an unusual pet?

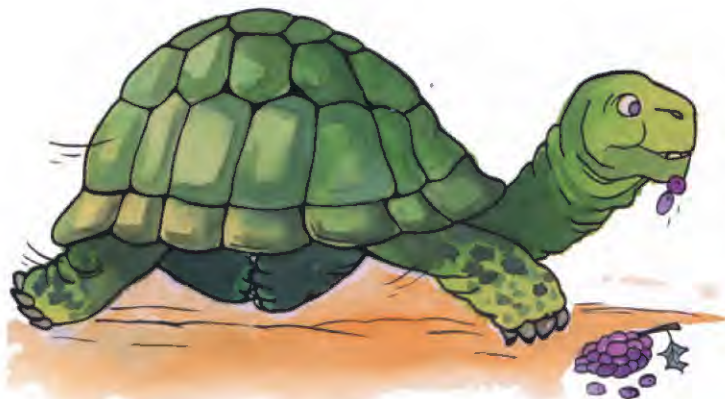
We are now going to read a story of an unusual pet. This story is from a novel called “My Family and Other Animals” by Gerald Durrell. Gerald Durrell loved all types of animals since childhood and later created several wildlife Preservation Trusts. It is said that ‘He was one of the first people to wake up the world to what was happening to the environment.’

In this extract, he describes his family’s stay in Corfu in Greece and their experiences with all kinds of animals.



LET'S READ

The new arrival was duly christened Achilles, and turned out to be the most intelligent and lovable beast, possessed of a peculiar sense of humour. At first he was tethered by a leg in the garden, but as he grew tamer we let him go where he pleased. He learned his name in a very short time, and we had only to call out once or twice and then wait patiently for a while and he would appear,



lumbering along the narrow cobbled paths on tip-toe, his head and neck stretched out eagerly. He loved being fed, and would squat regally in the sun while we held out bits of lettuce, dandelions, or grapes for him. He loved grapes as much as Roger did, so there was always great rivalry. Achilles would sit mumbling the grapes in his mouth, the juice running down his chin, and Roger would lie nearby, watching him with agonized eyes, his mouth drooling saliva. Roger always had his fair share of the fruit, but even so he seemed to think it a waste to leave such delicacies to a tortoise. When the feeding was over, if I didn't keep an eye on him, Roger would creep up to Achilles and lick his front vigorously in an attempt to get the grape-juice that the reptile had dribbled down himself. Achilles, affronted at such a liberty, would snap at Roger's nose, and then, when the licks became too overpowering and moist, he would retreat into his shell with an indignant wheeze, and refuse to come out until we had removed Roger from the scene.

But the fruit that Achilles liked best were wild strawberries. He would become positively hysterical at the mere sight of them, lumbering to and fro, craning his head to see if you were going to give him any, gazing at you pleadingly with his tiny boot-button eyes. The very small strawberries he could devour at a gulp, for they were only the size of a fat pea. But if you gave him a big one, say the size of a hazel nut, he behaved in a way that I have never seen another tortoise emulate. He would grab the fruit and, holding it firmly in his mouth, would stumble off at top speed until he reached a safe and secluded spot among the flower-beds, where he would drop the fruit and then eat it at leisure, returning for another one when he had finished.

As well as developing a passion for strawberries, Achilles also developed a passion for human company. Let anyone come into the garden to sit and sun-

bathe, to read or for any other reason, and before long there would be a rustling among the sweet Williams, and Achilles's wrinkled and earnest face would be poked through. If you were sitting in a chair, he contented himself with getting as close to your feet as possible, and there he would sink into a deep and peaceful sleep, his head drooping out of his shell, his nose resting on the ground. If, however, you were lying on a rug, sun-bathing, Achilles would be convinced that you were lying on the ground simply in order to provide him with amusement. He would surge down the path and on to the rug with an expression of bemused good humour on his face. He would pause, survey you thoughtfully, and then choose a portion of your anatomy on which to practice mountaineering. Suddenly to have the sharp claws of a determined tortoise embedded in your thigh as he tries to lever himself up on to your stomach is not conducive to relaxation. If you shook him off and moved the rug it would only give you temporary respite, for Achilles would circle the garden grimly until he found you again. This habit became so tiresome that, after many complaints and threats from the family, I had to lock him up whenever we lay in the garden. Then one day the garden gate was left open and Achilles was nowhere to be found. Search-parties were immediately organized, and the family, who up till then had spent most of their time openly making threats against the reptile's life, wandered about the olive-groves, shouting, 'Achilles... Strawberries, Achilles... Achilles...strawberries..' At length we found him. Ambling along in his usual detached manner, he had fallen into a disused well, the wall of which had long since disintegrated, and the mouth of which was almost covered by ferns. He was, to our regret, quite dead. Even Leslie's attempts at artificial respiration, and Margo's suggestion of forcing strawberries down his throat (to



give him, as she explained, something to life for), failed to get any response. So, mournfully and solemnly, his corpse was buried in the garden under a small strawberry plant (Mother's suggestion). A short funeral address, written and read in a trembling voice by Larry, made the occasion a memorable one. It was only marred by Roger, who, in spite of all my protests insisted on wagging his tail through out the burial service.

Gerald Durrell



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>lumbering:</i>	moving in a heavy and awkward manner.
<i>regally:</i>	in a royal manner.
<i>dandelions:</i>	a type of small wild bright-yellow flower with leaves that have deep V-shaped cuts in them.
<i>agonized:</i>	suffer great pain or anxiety.
<i>emulate:</i>	to try to do as well as or better than another being.
<i>embedded:</i>	to fix firmly and deeply.
<i>conducive:</i>	likely to produce.
<i>respite</i>	relief.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. State whether the following information is true or false.

1. Achilles's favourite fruit was grapes.
2. Roger felt that strawberries were wasted on Achilles.
3. Roger would like the grape juice of Achilles.
4. Achilles would often disturb the family when they relaxed in the garden.
5. Achilles was found dead in a well full of water.

6. The family was glad that Achilles was dead.
7. Mother suggested that they bury the tortoise under a strawberry plant.
8. Gerald Durrell read out the funeral speech in great sorrow.
9. Achilles had several human qualities.
10. Achilles liked to eat the big strawberries in a secluded spot.

II. Answer the following questions.

1. Why was there a 'great rivalry' between Achilles and Roger? How did it manifest in their behaviour.
2. What fruit did Achilles like the best? Describe the manner in which he would enjoy eating it?
3. Why did the author have to lock up Achilles whenever they lay in the garden?
4. How did Achilles die? What were the novel ways in which the family tried to revive him?
5. Did the family grieve at the tortoise passing away? Describe Achilles funeral.
6. In about 100 words write a description of Achilles. You may include its physical appearance, eating habits, other special characteristics.



USING WORDS

snapped	marred	tethered	funeral	christened
devour	rivalry	delicacies	hysetrical	vigorous

1. Fill in the blanks in the sentences below with words from the box:

1. When the leader died, _____ music was played on television for three days
2. The dog _____ at the ankles of anyone who tried to enter the house.

3. The baby was _____ Radhika after her grandmother.
4. The starving man _____ the food quickly as he hadn't eaten for two days.
5. Although there was great _____ between the two school teams, they were great friends off the field.
6. The school function was _____ by the bad behaviour of some naughty boys.
7. The dog was let loose the whole day, but was _____ to the tree in the town whenever guests visited.
8. Our dog requires _____ exercise everyday for at least twenty minutes
9. We _____ over the delicious chocolate cake our mother bakes every Sunday.
10. Snails and frog's legs are considered _____ in France.

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

A	B
1. sense of humour	(i) a dead body
2. dribbled	(ii) liquid flows slowly in small amounts
3. overpowering	(iii) body
4. retreat	(iv) a capacity to cause or feel amusement
5. hysterical	(v) seriously
6. leisure	(vi) so strong as to make them unbearable
7. anatomy	(vii) comfortably and with a lot of time
8. corpse	(viii) becoming uncontrollable
9. solemnly	(ix) to go into a safe place
10. affronted	(x) insulted



USING GRAMMAR

Articles: a/an, the

Insert a/an, the in the blanks:

_____ platypus swimming up a stream can be easily mistaken for _____ duck. It has dark, sleek fur, covering - soft undercoat, _____ pair of black, beady eyes and _____ duck-like bill. _____ bill however only looks like _____ duck's. It is not hard but soft and is covered with rows of small pores that stretch out to its forehead. The beak is more like _____ overgrown snout. The platypus uses its beak to scoop up aquatic worms, shellfish, insects and insect larvae and other small animals from _____ bottom of _____ stream. It stores _____ food in its cheek pouches till it rises to _____ water surface to chew and swallow them.

ing and to + verb

Look at the examples given below:

Have you finished reading this book?

No, I haven't even begun to read it.

Reading in the above sentence

behaves like a noun and is known as a gerund.

Fill in the blanks with correct -ing or to + verb form of the words given in the brackets:

1. He agreed _____ me. (help)
2. Suresh enjoys _____ football. (play)
3. We failed _____ the train. (catch)
4. She finished _____ on time. (cook)

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 5. They decided _____ hard. | (work) |
| 6. I am practicing _____ | (drive) |
| 7. The class wanted _____ for a picnic. | (go) |
| 8. Do you mind _____ me your pen. | (lend) |
| 9. The father refused _____ him a bicycle. | (buy) |
| 10. She loves _____ to music. | (listen) |



LET'S TALK

Discuss in groups of 6 what you can do to care for animals. Each group should select a particular animal and write down ways of caring for them.



LET'S WRITE

Descriptions

Read the following information about salamanders and write an essay.

1. *Kind*: amphibians, like frogs and toads.
2. *Found*: Throughout the northern hemisphere, South America.
3. *Habitat*: Some on water and some on land.
4. *Physical features*: narrow body, long tail, short legs, webbed feet.
5. *Special features*: Chinese giant salamander is 114 cm long, weighs up to 30 kg. A pigmy salamander is as long as 3.7 cm. Giant salamanders live for over 50 years. A powerful tail helps them propel through the water. Some lay eggs on water, some on land, some produce poisonous saliva from glands in their skin. This puts off predators.
6. *Food*: Worms and insects.



The Last Stone Mason



LET'S BEGIN

1. What is generation gap?
2. In groups of 4/5, take up any one aspect and discuss how your ideas are different from your parents/grandparents.

You could talk about:

- Dresses.
 - Coming home late.
 - Driving.
 - Music.
 - Going to parties.
 - Talking to friends on the phone.
3. Does keeping up with the changing times mean giving up everything traditional? Have a class discussion on this topic.



LET'S READ

The young man flung the hammer and the chisel to the ground and cried: "I'm leaving you, father. I'm leaving you and this work. Look what it has brought us." He spread out his arms, took in the small, congested work-room, the slabs of stone and marble stacked up on one corner, the cot covered with heaps of used clothes in the other. The paint of the white-washed walls was stained by many monsoon showers, the window, bare of curtains, opened into a tiny backyard. "Look what it has brought us – nothing, nothing!" the young man repeated in disgust. "This kind of work just doesn't pay."

The old man stared at his son, aghast. His voice, though trembling, hadn't lost its usual gentleness: "It is not the money alone that matters, son. It is the service, our service to God."

"Father," the young man cried impatiently, "Times have changed. The stone mason's work has changed too. You can't live on these sculptures for temples only. You have to mass-produce, like all the other people in Agra. Come on, father!"



The lines around the old man's mouth tightened. "No, my son," he answered with determination. "No, this is the work I have learned from my father. And he has learned it from his. We have kept up this tradition for many hundred years....And I had hoped you would continue our work."

"No, father," the young man replied. He approached the old man and pleaded with him: "Father, there is so much more money in ashtrays and plates for Tourist Shops. I am tired of working almost free for the Committee of Krishna temple in Srinagar. I'm leaving, father. If you can't change, neither can I."



The young man stormed out of the room, left the old man crouching before the half-finished marble statue of Radha and Krishan staring at him from within the crude form, whose shape only suggested its future magnificence. He dropped his hands into his lap, and closed his eyes. He was praying. He didn't seem to listen to the hesitant "Goodbye" the son called out from the door. He sat motionless, unaware of time and place.

"Masterjee, Masterjee," Salim the servant boy entered the workshop on bare feet. He held a cup of steaming tea in his hands. "Masterjee?" he asked once more, his voice filled with concern. The old man lifted his head. His face was ashen. He looked old and very tired. He waved the boy closer, and motioned him to sit down beside him. "Salim," he said gently, "soon I will be the last stone mason here. They will have all gone. They have let our place and gone to Agra. There they are turning out cheap candle-stands by the dozen, paperweights and plates. They are all making money but they betray our skill, our age-old traditions. Now Gopal has gone. I will have to finish this sculpture alone. But with the help of God, I will do it. I will."

"I know you will, Masterjee," the boy answered. "You will do many more. Larger and more expensive temple sculptures. I know. I know."

The old man looked at the boy, who had come to work for him five years before. Drenched to the skin, in tattered clothes, he had begged for shelter during

a furious monsoon storm, in which he had lost his parents in a flood. He had stayed and worked for Sri Satyanarayan Mandal, the master craftsman, who held a national award in sculpture. He had grown taller and stronger, taller than other boys of thirteen. The old man knew that Salim, too, would leave him one day, maybe sooner than he thought. He sighed and looked into the serious eyes of the boy, clouded with sadness, a sadness the old man failed to understand. He shook his head. "My strength is waning. I can't work with the chisel the way I used to. Carving takes too long a time, much too long." He straightened up and said with fresh determination. "I will have to finish the work. And surely I will."



"Yes you will," the boy agreed, and offering his master the glass of tea, he said: "Drink, please. It will do you good." And then he added, "I will have to go to the market for one or two hours. But I will be back in time to prepare dinner for you."

The old man nodded and thought, "He is going to the market too often lately. I hope he has not fallen into bad company." He shot a questioning glance at the boy, who turned and left the room.

The old man sighed, picked up the chisel and the hammer. The cool metal of the tools filled him with happiness and confidence. He loved his work, and wouldn't want to change it for any other trade in the world.

Days went by, weeks, a whole month. The old man worked continuously. He didn't allow himself proper rest. Right from morning till late at night he worked at the sculpture. It was all there, in the stone. The strong, straight shoulders of Krishna, his soft curved hips. The pointed fingers holding the flute so delicately to his lips, his serene face of eternal beauty. The old man could see it in the stone. He could feel it. He only had to let it free with his chisel.

He didn't feel hunger, he didn't feel thirst. He was driven by the desire to finish the sculpture in time. It was his biggest sculpture, his best. It would be his last!

On and on he worked, hitting the chisel with forceful blows. But then came the time when the old man felt his strength diminishing, when his hands began to tremble under the impact of the hammer, when his shoulders started to ache, when his arms grew heavy as lead and his eyes grew tired, so tired. And then he couldn't see the shape of the eternal pair any more. It frightened him. He sank back and prayed. The old man prayed a lot during those days.

"Masterjee," the servant whispered, "again you haven't touched your food. Please take a bit of rice and vegetable. You had only a glass of milk for breakfast. Come, take the curd. You like curd, I know you do."

The old man looked up from his hands. He whispered, "I am not going to finish it. I will not complete it. If Gopal were here, it would be different." He nodded absentmindedly and continued, "He wasn't the best of craftsmen, but he was good and strong. He chipped off the stone layer by layer as if it were clay. He hadn't yet learned the fineness of carving, but in a year or two he could have learnt that too." He fell silent. "It was the features and hands that gave him trouble. There was something missing in his figures. The something that can't be taught!"



"Because it comes from somewhere deep inside you," Salim whispered. "From deep inside here!" and he pointed to his heart.

The old man looked at the boy, surprised. He saw him blush and turn his face away.

"You are right, Salim, you are right." And then he added with sudden bitterness, "And if you don't have it here," he thumped his chest, "then you'd better go to Agra and mass-produce ashtrays for the tourists from abroad. Then..." The old man coughed painfully and reached out for his glass of water.

"Eat Masterjee, eat. Everything will be all right."

After he had eaten, the old man picked up his hammer and chisel once again and worked till late in the night, talking to his son and to god. And then only to God. He prayed for help and strength and he prayed for his son. And then in the early hours of the morning the chisel fell from the old man's hand the hammer

dropped to the ground. The old man's body sagged. He fell forward. His forehead struck Krishna's flute. It slid down over the statue and came to rest on the pedestal. "Hai Ram," the old man muttered. Then he sank into a comfortable darkness.

When he opened his eyes he found himself on the cot in his bedroom, covered by a light cotton blanket. From the workshop the chipping sound of the chisel reached his ears. He listened. Had his ears deceived him? No, he could hear it again – the strong blow of the hammer on the top of a chisel. Gopal! He was back! Gopal had returned. He would help him. They would make it together, they would finish the statue! He stumbled to his feet, crossed the small room and reached the door.

"Gopal!" he was about to say, but the words froze on his lips.

"No!" he wanted to cry out. To run forward and cry, "Stop, stop the work!" But he couldn't move. Shock had immobilized him. He stood staring at the back of the young stone carver working at the face of the statue, at the eyebrows, arching over a pair of fine eyes.

It wasn't his son who was sitting cross-legged before the biggest statue he had ever carved. It was Salim, his servant.

The old man watched stunned, unable to talk. The wave of shock, fear and anger gave way to a feeling of admiration. "Hai Ram," the old man whispered. "Hai Ram."

Finally, when the weakness that trembled in his legs had left him, he walked over to the boy, dropped his hand on his shoulder. "Salim."

The boy started. He turned, looking up at his master. His cheeks were glowing and the sadness that had clouded his eyes had gone. He got to his feet clumsily, the hammer and chisel still in his hand.

"Salim," the old man said, helplessly searching for words.

"I...I...I...only want to help,"



whispered the boy. “I...I...will learn, if you teach me, Masterjee! I have practiced, secretly. For almost two years, in the quarry. I am a Muslim, I know. I should not carve the image of our god. But isn’t this different, Masterjee? I am carving a sculpture, amn’t I? A beautiful sculpture, that had a different meaning for different people. Isn’t it, Masterjee, please tell me! For many years, I have wanted to become a sculptor, but I had fought this feeling. It is too strong. I know there is nothing in this world I would like to do more, there is nothing in this world that I could do better. Will you please teach me, Masterjee?”

The old man pulled the boy’s head against his shoulder and whispered, “There is nothing I can teach you, my son. Go ahead. You have it in your heart. I know you will be one of the best stone masons India ever had.”

Sigrun Srivastava



LET’S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions.

1. Why is the young man angry?
2. From paragraph 1, list all the evidences to show that the young man and his father were poor.
3. How did the father react to the son’s leaving the house?
4. Why does the old man think that he will be the last stone mason?
4. How did the old man react when he saw Salim carving the statue?
5. Tough a Muslim, why did Salim want to carve the statue of Krishna?
6. What according the old man is the most important quality of a sculptor?
7. What did the old man mean when he said, “ it was all there in the stone”?
8. Compare and contrast Gopal and Salim.

9. The old man found a successor in Salim and not in his own son. Discuss.

II. Pick out the sentences that convey the father's and the son's attitude to money and work and put them in appropriate columns:

	Father	Son
Money		
Work		



USING WORDS

Definitions

A *chisel* is a tool with a long metal blade that has a sharp edge for cutting wood, stone, etc.

At some time or the other, we are required to **define** certain things, objects, people or places. The definition states what the thing is, what it looks like and what its function is. A good definition is simple and clear.

Complete the following definition by expanding them as shown above.

1. A hammer is a _____.
2. Chop sticks are _____.
3. AIDS is an illness which completely destroys _____.
4. A space station is a _____.
5. A robot is a machine _____.
6. An immigrant is a person _____.
7. A compact disk is a _____.
8. An interpreter is a person _____.

II. Find words from the text which mean the same as the following.

1. to become very full and blocked
2. discoloured in a way that is lasting or not easy to repair
3. grandeur
4. without moving
5. old and torn
6. becoming weak and tired
7. to become less
8. to bend downwards from the normal position
9. shocked
10. so concerned with one's thought as not to notice what is happening



USING GRAMMAR

As if

Read these sentences.

1. He chipped off the stone layer by layer as if it were clay.
2. His man drove as if he were charging an enemy.

As you can see from these two sentences, *as if* has been used to express how someone does something.

As if is especially common after verbs such as look, round, feel, seem, etc.

She looks as if she is sick.

He acts as if he is in pain.

It sounds as if they are fighting.

Sometimes even when the verbs such as 'look,' 'sound', 'feel', etc. are in the present, the verbs after 'as if' are in the past. The past is used to talk about something that is **not real** as in the following sentences.

He dresses as if he were a millionaire. (he is not a millionaire)

(When the past is used in this sense, we use *were* instead of *was* in the following examples)

His mother treats him as if he were a one-year-old. (He is 25.)

He orders me around as if he were my boss. (He is my friend.)

Complete these sentences using as if:

1. He did not walk steadily. He walked as if he were very ill.
2. They kept quiet. It looked _____ quarreled.
3. She is very friendly with me. She treated me _____.
4. It is very cloudy. It looks _____.
5. There is a big crowd outside his house. It is _____.
6. He didn't recognize me. He spoke as _____.
7. He looks worried. It seems _____.
8. There is absolute silence in the house. It appears _____ house.
9. He ate his meal in no time. It looked _____ for many days.
10. He was breathing very hard. It seemed _____.

Question Tags

A question tag is added at the end of a statement to turn it into a question. There are four points to bear in mind regarding question tags.

1. An affirmative statement generally takes a negative tag, e.g.; I am carving a sculpture, *amn't I?*
2. A negative statement generally takes a positive tag e.g. You aren't really angry, *are you?*
3. In sentences with any one of the special verbs (used as main verbs or auxiliaries), the tag takes the same verb.
e.g.; She can't do this to us, *can she?*
They will send us the money, *won't they?*
4. In sentences with other verbs the tag is formed with *do*, *does* or *did* as in the case of other interrogatives.
e.g.; She *walks* to work everyday, *doesn't she?*

Complete the following sentences by adding a suitable question tag to each.

1. The house is for sale, _____?
2. It isn't already sold, _____?
3. You want to look over it now, _____?
4. The owner doesn't plan to rent it out, _____?
5. I can pay in installments, _____?
6. He will accept a cheque, _____?
7. You are coming with us, _____?
8. You didn't say when we could move in, _____?
9. I needn't sign all these copies, _____?
10. You have all the papers ready, _____?



LET'S TALK

Years later Salim gets the National award of the Master Craftsman. At the award giving function, Salim gives a speech in which he expresses gratitude towards his master. Write the speech in about 150 words

“I could never imagine even in my wildest dream that one day I'll be standing in front of such distinguished audience to receive an award _____
_____.

I can never repay Masterjee for what he did for me. I have traveled a long way from that boy – drenched to the skin, in tattered clothes, begging for shelter to the recipient of the National Award. Thank you, Masterjee.





LET'S WRITE



Writing personal letters

Here is the format of a personal letter:

Sender's address	14-A Rajori Garden Srinagar
Date	9th July 2002
Greeting	Dear _____.
Body of the letter	_____ _____
Closing	yours lovingly/affectionately
Signature	

Personal letters begin with polite enquires about some members of the family.

Then the main details of the letter follow. The last paragraph gives an appropriate conclusion to the letter.

Imagine that Gopal also attends the award giving function and that he goes home and writes a letter to his father, telling him how he made a lot of money in the city but never enjoyed his work and nor did he make anything of lasting interest.

Write the letter using the given format.



DO IT YOURSELF

Find out more about festivals where both Muslims and Hindu work and celebrate together.

10

I Am Me



LET'S BEGIN

Do you think you are special person who has a unique destiny to fulfill?
Write down five ways in which you are special and unique.



LET'S READ

There will not ever be anyone like me.
I am special because I am unique.
I am stardust and dreams.
I am light
I am love and hope.
I am hugs, and sometimes tears.
I am the words: "I love you."
I am swirls of blue, green, red, yellow, purple
Orange, and colors no one can name.
I am the sky, the sea, the earth.
I trust, yet I fear.



I hide, yet I don't hold anything back.

I am free.

I am child becoming an adult.

I am me, and me is just right.

Beth Schaffer, age: 15.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions:

1. Make a list of all the things the poet says she is. Does she mean these things literally?
2. After reading the poem what impression do you get of the girl?
For example: she has a positive self-image; she has great hopes for the future, she has a sense of wonder, and so on. Write about 100 lines on your impressions of the girl.
3. How old do you think this girl is? Which lines tell you so.
4. Is the poem totally positive? Or are there fears expressed as well. Pick out those lines.
5. Why does the girl compare herself to the colours. Discuss with your partner.



DO IT YOURSELF

Write a similar poem about yourself.

11

Tricksters and Fools



LET'S BEGIN

1. Name some of the famous fools and tricksters in Indian literature.
2. Bring stories of these fools and tricksters to class and read them out or tell them to the class.



LET'S READ

In Asian tales handed down for centuries, both animal and human tricksters have taught kings, judged men, triumphed over the strong, tricked the big and just had fun. Fools in Asian tales have long made people both laugh and feel happily superior. Fools stop to cook a meal while robbing a house, burn cotton to kill its bugs, repeat nonsense words and even try to buy the moon.

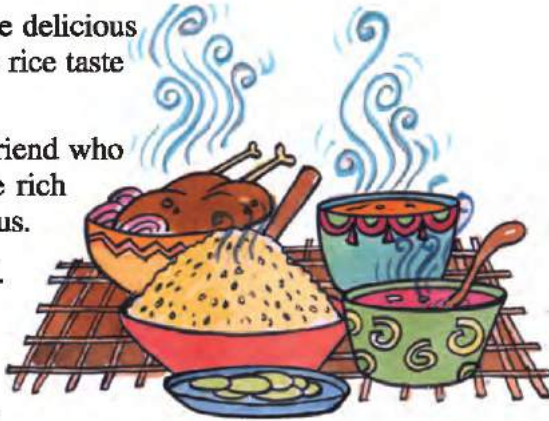
I Costly Smells

Long ago in Malaysia, a poor couple lived next to a rich merchant's fine home. One day, the poor man's wife spoke to her good friend. "We eat very well at our house," she said. "We only eat when they are baking or cooking or frying

at the big house. In that way, the delicious smell seems to make our simple rice taste better."

Well, the friend told her friend who told someone else and soon the rich man's wife heard it. She was furious.

"Dear husband," she said, "No wonder we don't have good health and appetite. Those greedy neighbours have taken our cooking smells all for themselves for so many years."



"Terrible wife, just terrible," sighed the merchant. "They should pay us for all that they've stolen."

"What a clever idea," said the wife. "Bring our neighbour here at once and demand our money."

So the rich merchant called for the poor man. "For too long you have used our smells," said the merchant. "So you now owe us fees for years of cooking supplies, as well as our cook's wages."

"But that is not fair," protested the poor man. "We never touched your food. We only took the smells which came freely to us."

Yet the greedy rich man kept on insisting and at last he took his case to the king.

The king listened to the rich man's demand and he listened to the poor man's defense. At last, the king shook his head, unable to decide. He sent a messenger throughout the land, saying, "Whoever gives a fair decision in this case of borrowed smell will be well rewarded."

Word spread across the land, but no one came forward until at last, little Kanchil, the clever mousedeer, heard of the problem. He hopped into the palace and offered to judge the case. The two men were brought before him and he heard both of their pleas.

"Did you ever go inside the rich man's house?" he asked the poor neighbour.

"Never," replied the man.

“Did you ever go inside his garden?”

“Never.”

“Did you ever taste even one bite of his food?”

“No, sir, not even one tiny lick,” the man answered. Then Kanchil turned to the rich man. “And how much do you think he owes you for all the smells he’s enjoyed?” he asked the rich man.

“I have figured the costs of materials and labours over the years to be 1000 gold coins,” said the rich man loudly. Kanchil then asked to borrow 1000 gold coins from the king. He had the poor man stand with the coins on one side of a long curtain, while the rich man stood on the other side.

“Please count these coins out loud in a clear voice,” said Kanchil. The man then counted the money, as the merchant listened. When he had finished, Kanchil said to the rich man, “That, sir, is a full and complete settlement of your account.”

“Thank you,” said the rich man. “That is indeed the proper sum. Please give me the coins now and I will have them carried to my home.”

“Dear sir,” said Kanchil. “These coins are not for you to take. Your account is already settled. Your neighbour took the worth of 1000 coins by smelling and you have received them back by hearing.”

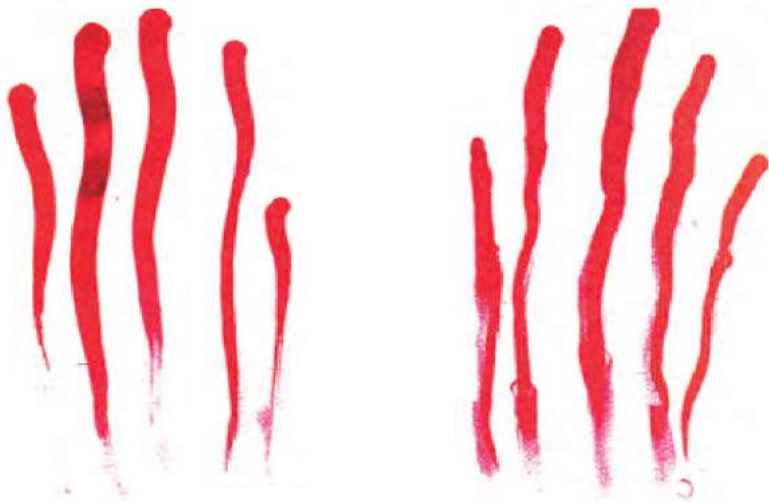


So, as the poor man walked off grinning and the rich man fumed, Kanchil returned the coins to the king, then hopped happily home to rest.

II A Painting Contest

The king of Thailand summoned various people to a painting contest one warm morning. Everyone brought their black ink sticks, their ink stones, their fine hair brushes and soft pieces of handmade paper.

“This contest will be brief,” said the king. “The royal drum will be struck only once. Your painting must be finished as soon as the drum stops ringing. Whoever makes the best painting in the short time will be declared the winner.”



Although their faces remained calm, the advisors felt uneasy. It was impossible to paint a picture in so little time. Yet, they had to try. They stood, hands poised over ink stones, worried but ready. Only one man, Thanochai, looked confident, for he had a plan.

‘DONNNNNN,’ sounded the drum. Its deep tones lasted several minutes, yet not long enough. Most of the men wet their ink sticks to make black ink, then rolled their brushes carefully on their ink stones. But as they lifted their brushes to paint, the drum was already silent. The contest was over. And all of their papers were still spotless.

Thanochia’s paper, though, was covered with a most unusual design. Ten wavy lines danced over it, from top to bottom. For when he heard the drum, Thanochai quickly made ink, dipped his fingers into it and pulled them across the paper. Thus, while others painted with fine brushes, Thanochai fingerpainted. And since he was the only one with a finished work, he was decided the winner.

“Now I wish to know the meaning of your painting,” commanded the king.

“Your Honour,” replied Thanochai with a bow. “It has many different and deep meanings. But I shall tell you the simplest meaning, so that everyone here may understand it. It can be called “Ten Worms walking.”

The king, well pleased with the painting and the wit behind it, rewarded him well. Thus, in this way, Thanochai won a painting contest – using his brains instead of a brush.



III FULL MOON

A Korean magistrate one day moved to a new city for work. That night in his home, he stared at the beautiful full moon above a nearby pond. But two weeks later, when he looked out, the moon was almost gone and he saw only a silver line. He called at once for his servant.

“The beautiful old moon is gone, there is only a little bit left. Therefore you must buy me another full moon at once, for a good price,” he demanded. “Or

you will lose your job.” Much upset, the servant went home where his young daughter saw his sad face.

“Father, why is your face like the monsoon clouds?” she asked.

“I must buy a full moon for our foolish magistrate or lose my job. How can I ever buy something in the sky?” he asked

“I can help, father,” she said with a smile and told him what to do. The next day, he walked pride up to the magistrate.

“Sir, I have ordered a lovely moon,” he said with a bow, “It will come soon. But you must keep your window closed until it arrives. Please do not look out, for we will be busy arranging the moon.” He said with a bow. The silly magistrate happily agreed.

After two weeks, when the real moon had changed its shape and was again full, the servant came in one evening.

“You are very fortunate, sir,” he said as he bowed. “We have bought a superior moon and just now have finished placing it over the pond. Your new moon indeed looks quite wonderful. Allow me to open your window so that you may enjoy it.”

With a flourish, the servant opened the window and the magistrate eagerly

stepped up to it, then gazed out at a lovely full moon.

“You have bought a fine moon, you shall be well rewarded,” said the magistrate, grinning with pleasure. The he sighed in awe, stroked his beard and said, “Beautiful, isn’t it?”



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>triumph:</i>	won a victory after a struggle.
<i>wages:</i>	salary.
<i>fumed:</i>	to be very angry, usually without saying anything.
<i>wit:</i>	humour.
<i>silver:</i>	a very small thin pointed piece of something.
<i>awe:</i>	feeling of great respect and admiration for someone or something.
<i>magistrate:</i>	an official who acts as a judge in a lower court where less serious crimes are heard.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

COSTLY SMELLS

1. Why do you think no names have been given to the rich man and the poor man?
2. What basic freedom of the poor man did the rich man want to take away?
3. How did the rich man and his wife wish to exploit the poor man?
4. What proverb can you think of after reading the way Kanchil, the mouse deer settles the issue?

PAINTING CONTEST

1. What was the difficult condition that the king imposed on the contestants?
2. What do you think the king was trying to test?
3. Do you agree that Thanochai was both clever and witty? Give reasons for your answer.

FULL MOON

1. In what way was the magistrate foolish?
2. How did the servant trick the magistrate?
3. Who is the clever one in the story?

THE THREE STORIES

- In all the three stories why was it necessary to be tricky? Why couldn't any other method work?
- List the qualities common to Kanchil, Thanochai and the servant.



USING WORDS

Fill in the blanks to complete these sentences with words/phrases from the box.

fine	delicious	wages	plea	fuming
awe	rewarded	wit	with a flourish	summoned

1. We were all _____ to a meeting with the principal.
2. The mountaineers stood in _____ at the scenery around them at the top of Mount Everest.
3. The served us tea in _____ bone china cups.
4. We get _____ Chinese food in that restaurant near our house.
5. Though the _____ were low, but the working conditions were good, so the employees were happy.
6. The police at last responded to the old person's _____ for help
7. I sat there _____ helplessly, while the neighbours created a din in the middle of the night.
8. He ended the show _____ and everyone clapped madly.
9. The taxi driver was _____ for his honesty when the returned the wallet to the owner
10. His _____ and pleasing manners made him a welcome guest at all parties.

Dictionary Practice

Words used as nouns and verbs.

Look at the examples:

- “No sir, not even one tiny lick.” Here *lick* is used as a noun.
- My dogs lick my face every morning. Here *lick* is used as a verb.

Use each of the following words in two sentences of your own:

a) as a noun b) as a verb

land, plan, stand, walk, brush.



USING GRAMMAR

Should, must, have to,

Read the following sentences:

1. They should pay us for all they have stolen.
2. We should be polite to others.
3. Your painting must be finished as soon as the drum stops ringing.
4. You must work harder, if you want to do better in the exams.
5. You have to wear the school uniform everyday.
6. You have to stop at the red signal.

We use *should* while giving advice or to say what we think is good or right.

We use *must* when we want to say that something is necessary.

We use *have to* when we want to say something that is binding under a law or a rule, or there is a compulsion.

I. Fill in the blanks with *should*, *must* or *have to*:

1. You..... not forget to bring my notebook.
You must not forget to bring my notebook.
2. We Keep out surroundings clean.
3. Children Come to school in uniform.
4. You not smoke in a cinema hall.
5. You..... not touch that switch. It is dangerous.
6. The doctor says I stop smoking.
7. You be 18 to be able to vote.
8. In India you keep to the left while driving on the roads.
9. Children..... be five before they can go to school.
10. Shetake this medicine if she wants to get well.

11. We be kind to old and sick people.
12. You.....not walk in the middle of the road.
13. You..... hurry up if you want to catch the train.
14. He have realized how dangerous it was.
15. You have a license if you want to drive a car.

II. What would you say in the following situations:

1. You want to tell your brother to drive the bicycle slowly.
2. Your younger brother has been eating too many sweets and has now got a few bad teeth.
3. You want to tell your sister not to touch the electric wires, for she might get a shock.
4. You are telling your friend to reach the railway station 15 minutes before the train leaves.
5. One of your friends is eating too much and putting on a lot of weight.
6. Your elder brother does not obey the traffic rules while driving his scooter.
7. You are to tell your sister that in the army the soldiers cannot disobey their officers.
8. You are telling your sister to wash your shirt in cold water.
9. You are telling your brother to take an umbrella while going out.
10. You want to tell your sister that she cannot go out without informing mother.

Adverb Clause of Time

Study these sentences from the text very carefully.

1. Your painting must be finished as soon as the drum stops ringing.
2. While others painted with fine brushes, Thanochai finger-painted.
3. The man counted the money, as the merchant listened.

4. When he had finished, Kanchil said to the rich men.

Pick out the dependent clauses in these sentences. What do the dependent clauses tell us about?

I. Complete the following sentences with time clauses.

1. I found the keys _____ .
2. Mother eats her lunch _____ .
3. He entered the auditorium _____ .
4. _____ he went to bed.
5. I met Prabhat _____ .
6. I opened the door _____ .
7. They went out again _____ .
8. He wrote Mala a letter _____ .
9. The children must go home _____ .
10. _____ it was very quiet.

II. Complete the following sentences with appropriate main clauses.

1. _____ just as I was ringing the bell.
2. _____ every time I meet them.
3. _____ as long as you want it.
4. _____ by the time mother came home.
5. _____ the moment he went on the stage.
6. Before I get too tired _____
7. After I finish my college education _____
8. While I was cooking
9. _____ while I am dressing.
10. _____ while he was trying to escape.



LET'S TALK

What qualities do you think a good story teller must have? Talk to people, young and old and find out.



LET'S WRITE

Writing Stories

In all the three stories that you have just read, did you notice that they follow a similar pattern? It is as follows:

- A foolish man confronts a problem (for a clever person none of these would be a problem).
- A clever man or an animal in turn fools the foolish person by tricking him, to find a solution.

In groups of 4/5 write a similar story.

It should be original and not copied. You could even create your own trickster.



DO IT YOURSELF

Look through the encyclopedia and find out information about Fools and Tricksters from other countries. You can surf the net and get information too.

12

The Stone



LET'S BEGIN

1. What is guilt?
2. In pairs discuss any one instance where you felt guilty about something. Also discuss what you did about it.



LET'S READ

His grandfather looked hard at him. "I'll tell you something. Maybe you're not worth telling nothing to, but I'm telling you this anyway."

"You don't have to tell me nothing," Sammy said. "I'm not interested."

"When I was about your size, I was good at one thing and that was stone throwing. It was the only talent I ever had. I could throw a stone."

"Anybody can do that. That's nothing." They faced each other and glared.

"It was something, the way *I done* it," his grandfather said. "I could throw and I could *hit*. I could hit anything I could see. I'm telling you it was a *talent!*" Angrily he wiped the ends of his moustache. He glanced at the crane

and then said in a lower voice, "Well, there was a redbird that roosted under the eaves of our house that particular year, and every day I would watch her. To get to her nest, this bird would have to hover beside it for a second. Well, one day I got a stone—I don't know to this day what made me do it—I got a stone and I waited by the corner of the house and when the bird came to her nest I aimed and I threw." He looked at Sammy. "And the bird fell down to the ground."



"You got it with just one stone?" Sammy had thrown hundreds of stones at birds and never hit one.

"I hit all right, hit and killed." His grandfather drew his heavy brows down low over his eyes.

"Killed it with one stone? It fell dead?"

"Well, it was fluttering its wings a little as I ran over, but by the time I got there it was dead." He wagged his head sadly. "I picked it up and I tell you, boy, I never felt any heavier weight than that dead bird. That bird was *something*, hear, and I didn't find it out until I was standing there with it dead in my hand. There's no such thing as 'nothing but a bird'. I learned that."

"Huh!"

"There ain't. You watch a bird in the air one minute, boy, and hold it lifeless in your hand the next, and you'll know what I'm talking about. And I learned doubly hard. Because then, to make up for what I'd done, I took the three baby birds and tried to raise them. Those birds were no more than three or four days old. All they could do was squirm and yawn. They couldn't even sit. You could still see the pink of their bodies."

"Did they live?"

"I thought they was going to at first. I took the nest in the house and I started feeding them grasshoppers. All day long my brother and me combed the fields for grasshoppers. Every fifteen minutes those birds wanted grasshoppers." He wiped his moustache. "Then one day one of the birds wouldn't open its eyes and it stopped begging for food and that afternoon it died."

“What about the others?”

“Well, one of them died too. I come in one morning and the nest was crawling with mites, and the birds, both of them, looked sick. I burned the nest and set the birds in a berry box, but one of them just got weaker and weaker and died. The last one lived to be set free, but I tell you one thing—I never threw a rock again.”



Betsy Byars

WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

roosted: a place where birds rest or build their nest.

eaves: the lower edge of the roof of the house.

squirm: moving one's body from side to side.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

Answer the following questions:

1. Find clues that tell you that the boy and his grandfather have not been on friendly terms.
2.
 - a) What is the first sign that the boy is becoming interested in the story?
 - b) At what point in the story is the boy completely absorbed in the story?
3. The grandfather says, “I don’t know to this day what made me do it.” Why do you think he threw the stone at the redbird?
4. Why do you think the grandfather has remembered so clearly this particular incident from his childhood?
5. What made Sammy admire his grandfather?

6. Comment on the of the following statement, “killed it with one stone? It fell dead?”
7. What does the grandfather mean when he says, “that bird was something,.....there’s no such thing as ‘nothing but a bird’?”
8. Explain in your own words what happened to each of the three baby birds.
9. Do you think that the old man is making too much fuss about the incident from his childhood? Is the death of one bird so important? Discuss



USING WORDS

Compound Words:

1. a. Grandfather killed a redbird (name of bird)
b. I saw a beautiful red bird in the forest.
2. a. The President of America lives in the White House (name of President’s premises).
b. I live in the white house around the corner. (colour of house)

Examples 1a and 2a are **compound words** while 1b and 2b are **phrases** where each part retains its literal meaning

There are certain words which can be used both as a compound and as a phrase.

A compound forms a single unit of meaning, and the meaning cannot be derived from its separate parts. In a phrase each part of the word retains its literal meaning.

- I. Say whether the underlined words in the sentences is a compound word or a phrase. Write the meaning of the compound word. Consult a dictionary if necessary.**

1. Do you know this gentleman?
2. Do you know this gentle man?

3. They live in a beautiful green house.
4. They have built a greenhouse next to their house, where they grow mushrooms.
5. The northern poet of the country is a stronghold of the rebel forces.
6. She has a stronghold on her husband.
7. The black box has been found. It will now be possible to find out why the plane crashed.
8. I keep my jewellery in a beautiful black box.
9. Most graduates prefer white-collar jobs.
10. Ramesh was wearing a back shirt with a white collar.

Noun–Verb

Look at the following sentences.

1. All day long my brother and me *combed* the field for grasshoppers.
2. He *elbowed* me out of the way.

The words *combed* and *elbowed* are used here as **verbs**, but as you know that the basic part of speech from which these words are converted is a **noun**. You normally use a *comb* to brush your hair and *elbow* is part of your body.

Use the following nouns as **verbs** in sentences of your own. You may consult a dictionary if necessary.

eye, shoulder, slave, pocket, cart, pilot, nail, butter



USING GRAMMAR

I. Prepositions

Fill in the blanks with suitable prepositions.

1. Wildlife is disappearing so fast _____, the earth that soon the only 'wild' animals left may be those _____ zoos.

2. So, as the wild places _____ the earth get smaller and smaller, zoos are becoming more important.
3. The first recorded zoological gardens were set up _____ China _____ Wen Wang.
4. The first modern zoo to study animals, the Jardin des Planets _____ Paris, as set up _____ the end _____ the 18th century..
5. Yesterday I was walking _____ my friend Rahat. I am very fond _____ her, but it seems _____ me that she worries too much _____ her dog.

II. Spot the Error.

These sentences have something wrong with them. Spot the errors and correct them.

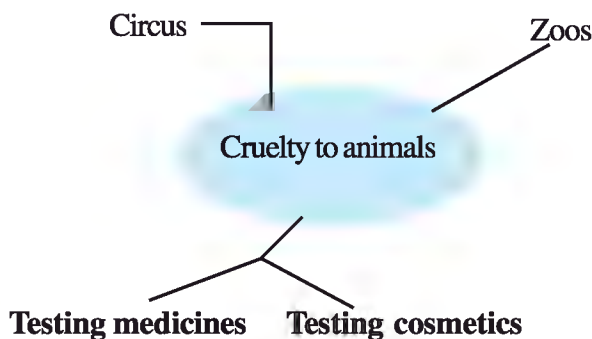
1. I asked my friend if he can help me.
2. He has returned from London yesterday.
3. Ramesh will help you if you will cooperate with him.
4. The quality of the mangoes is very shabby.
5. Don't lose the heart, everything will be all right.
6. All the players were run out except Sachin Tendulker.
7. Students work hard during the examinations.
8. When will you come to my house?
9. I asked Pranav where does he work?
10. Both her sister-in-laws live nearby.



LET'S TALK

Sometimes human beings treat animals in a very cruel fashion

Have a class discussion on all the ways in which people harm animals and birds and complete the web chart on page 105:



LET'S TALK

Narrative Writing

A narrative essay consists mainly in the narration of some event or series of events. It can be reflective too.

'The stone' is narrative writing. The grand father narrates a event from his life. The grandfather reflects on how are incident changed his attitude towards birds.

Write a narrative piece on any one of the following:

- The most embarrassing incident of my life
- The day we got our first pet.
- A day in a tight pair of shoes.



DO IT YOURSELF

What kind of people are admired by youngsters and why? Conduct a survey in your own class and display the findings in the form of a chart or graph.

13

The Dentist and the Crocodile**LET'S BEGIN**

1. Have you ever been to dentist? Narrate your experiences.

**LET'S READ**

The crocodile with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair.
He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair."
The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook.
He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look."
"I want you," Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first,
The molars at the very back are easily the worst."



He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight –
At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white.
The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood yards away
He chose the longest probe he had, to search out the decay.
“I said to do the back ones first!” the Crocodile called out.
“You are much too far away, dear sir, to see what you are about.
To do the back ones properly you have got to put your head
Deep down inside my great big mouth,” the grinning croc said.
The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair,
He cried, “No, no I see them all extremely well from here!”
Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.
She cried, “oh, croc, you naughty boy, you’re playing tricks again!”
“Watch out!” the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.
“He’s after me! He’s after you! He is going to eat us all!”
“Don’t be a twit” the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.
“He is harmless. He’s my little pet, my lovely crocodile.”



**LET'S UNDERSTAND**

1. What reason does the crocodile give for visiting the dentist?
2. What is the first reaction of the dentist on seeing the crocodile?
3. What did the crocodile have in mind when it asked the dentist to do the molars first?
4. What is a probe and why did the dentist use a long probe?
5. In the end the crocodile turned out to be the lady's pet. Why does the lady call it a naughty boy?
6. Do you think it is first time that the crocodile has played tricks? Give reasons.
7. What makes the poem a humorous one?

**DO IT YOURSELF**

Imagine that the lady and the crocodile walk through the market on their way to home. They get into a few shops to buy things. Describe the scene.



The Night We Won the Buick



LET'S BEGIN

“If you have character you have the better part of wealth”. Do you agree with this statement? In pairs discuss this statement and write down points in favour and against this statement.



LET'S READ

It was just before the Second World War. We were the only family in our New York town that didn't own a car. Our daily shopping trips were made in a disreputable two-wheeled basket cart drawn by an ancient Shetland pony that my mother had named Barkis after the character in *David Copperfield*. Bony Barkis was a comic eyesore. Every clop of his splayed hoofs sounded our poverty.

For poor we were. My father's salary as clerk would have maintained us in modest plenty had not half of it gone for the support and medical expenses of ill and indigent relatives. As it was, our house was mortgaged to the hilt, and some winters the grocer supplied our needs on credit.

Mother comforted the family by saying, “If you have character, you have



the better part of wealth. Living on little develops inner resources and builds a spiritual bank account.”

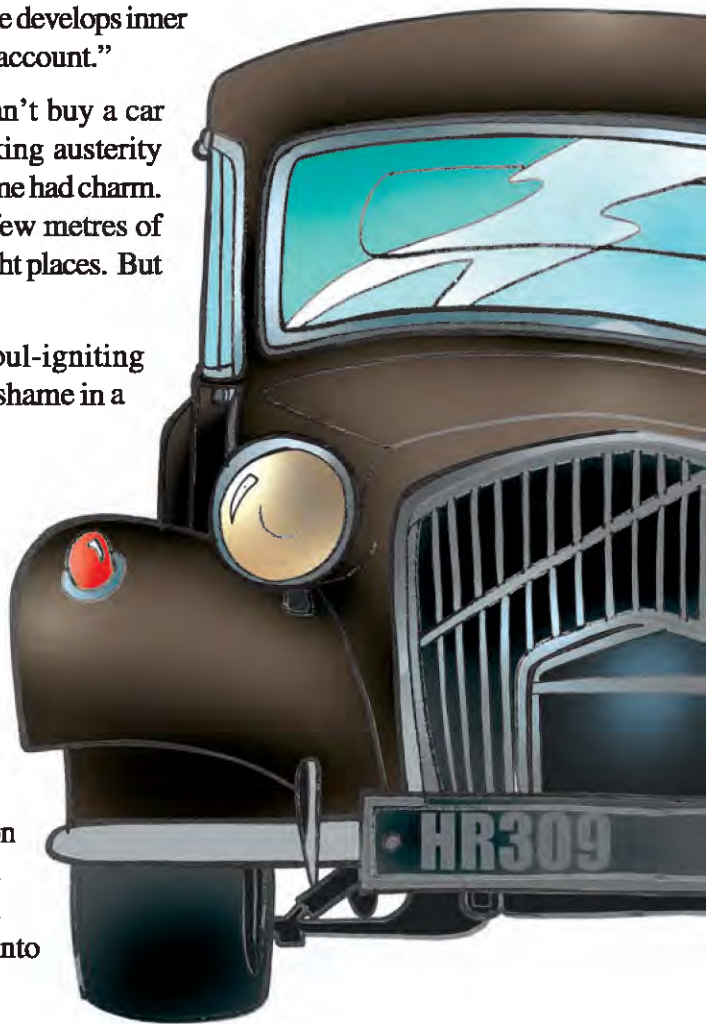
My bitter retort was, “You can’t buy a car with it.” Yet she succeeded in making austerity bearable in all other respects. Our home had charm. Mother knew the secret of using a few metres of bright chintz and a little paint in the right places. But the garage still stabled Barkis.

Suddenly there arrived a soul-igniting moment which was to consume my shame in a blaze of glory.

For weeks a new Buick Roadmaster had stood in the window of the biggest store on Main Street. Now, on the final gala night of the county fair, it was to be raffled off. After watching the fire-works I stayed in the shadows at the edge of the throng for the climax: the drawing of the winning number. Draped in bunting on a special platform, the Buick glittered under a dozen spotlights. The crowd held its breath as the mayor reached into the glass bowl for the lucky ticket.

Never in my most extravagant yearnings had it occurred to me that Lady Luck would smile upon the only family in town without a car but the loudspeaker boomed my father’s name: By the time I had wormed my way up to the platform, the mayor had presented my father with the keys, and he had driven off amidst cheers.

I made it home in record time, seeing myself at the wheel of the Buick driving my girl to the school dance. The house was dark, save for lights in the living room. The Buick stood in the driveway, glistening in the glow from the front window. From the garage I heard a snuffle from Barkis.





Panting from my run, I touched the car's smooth surface, opened the door and got inside. The luxurious interior had that wonderful new-car smell. I studied the gleaming dash-board. Turning my head to revel in the cushioned vista of the back seat, I saw my father's sturdy figure through the window. He was pacing along the pavement. I slammed the door and rushed over to him.

"Leave me alone!", he snarled.

If he had clubbed me over the head, I could not have been more hurt. Shocked, I went into the house.

Mother met me in the living-room. "Don't be upset," she said. "Your father is struggling with an ethical problem. We'll have to wait until he finds the right answer."

"What's unethical about winning a Buick?"

"The car may not be ours, after all. There's a question."

I shouted hysterically, "How can there be a question? It was announced over the loudspeaker!"

"Come here, son."

On the table under the lamp were two raffle stubs, numbers 348 and 349. The winning number was 348. "Do you see the difference between the two?" Mother asked.

I looked carefully. "The only difference I can see is that 348 won."

“Hold 348 to the light and look hard.”

It required to a lot of looking to see the faint letter Kendrick marked in pencil on one corner. “Do you see the K?”

“Just barely.”

“It stands for Kendrick.”

“Jim Kendrick? Dad’s boss?”

“Yes.”

She explained. My father had asked Jim if he wanted to buy a ticket. Jim had mumbled “Why not?” and turned back to what he was doing. It may never have crossed his mind again. Dad then bought two tickets in his own name with his own money, marking 348 for Kendrick, a scarcely discernible thin mark on one stub that could be obliterated by the slightest rub of a thumb.

To me, it was an open-and-shut case. Jim Kendrick was a multi-millionaire. He owned a dozen cars. He lived on an estate with a staff of servants, including two chauffeurs. Another car meant less to him than a snaffle on Barkis’s harness meant to us. I argued, “Dad’s got to keep it!”

“I know he’ll do what’s right,” Mother said calmly.

At last we heard Dad’s step on the front porch. I held my breath. He went straight to the phone in the dining-room and dialed. Kendrick’s phone rang for a long time. A servant finally answered. From what Dad said at our end I could tell that Kendrick had to be awakened.

He was annoyed at being roused from sleep, and was far from pleasant. My father had to explain the whole thing from the beginning. The next afternoon Kendrick’s two chauffeurs arrived in a station wagon. Before driving the Buick away, they presented Dad with a box of cigars.

We didn’t get a car until after I was grown-up. But, as time went on, my mother’s aphorism, “If you have character, you have the better part of wealth,” took on a new meaning. Looking back over the years, I know now we were never richer than we were at the moment when Dad made that telephone call.

John Griggs



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>disreputable:</i>	in a dilapidated condition.
<i>eyesore:</i>	an ugly sight in a public place.
<i>splayed:</i>	spread wide apart.
<i>mortgaged:</i>	to make an agreement with a bank in which you borrow money from it in order to buy a house, and it becomes the owner of the house, until you pay back all the money to it with interest.
<i>austerity:</i>	lack of luxuries and comforts.
<i>chintz:</i>	cotton cloth usually printed with flowery patterns that has a slightly shiny appearance.
<i>revel:</i>	to get great pleasure from something scarcely.
<i>discernable:</i>	which can be barely seen.
<i>obliterated:</i>	to remove all signs of something.
<i>aphorism:</i>	A short, clever phrase or saying which is intended to express a general truth.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions

1. List all the evidences from the first two paragraphs, which show that the author's family was poor.
2. Did the author agree with his mother's philosophy? Give reasons
3. What does the author mean when he says, "she succeeded in making austerity bearable"?
4. What was the soul-igniting moment? Describe it briefly in your own words.

5. What did the author do when he came to know that his father had won the Buick?
6. What was the author's joy short-lived?
7. How did the author and his mother react to the father's dilemma?
8. What is your reaction to the following: "Before driving the Buick away, they presented Dad a box of cigars"?
9. a) Who all believed in the mother's philosophy at the beginning of the story?
b) What happened by the end of the story?
10. Explain in your own words the meaning of the following: "I know now we were never richer than we were at the moment when dad made that telephone call."

II. Fill in the table with information from the text.

Who said it	When	What does it tell us about the person
1. "Living on little develops inner resources and builds a spiritual bank account."		
2. "Leave me alone".		
3. "What is unethical about winning on Buick?"		
4. "We'll have to wait till he finds the right answers."		
5. "I know he'll do what is right."		



USING WORDS

Read the following sentences:

1. As it was, our house was mortgages to the hilt.
To the hilt means that the house was mortgaged completely.
2. Rahim was over the moon when he came first in the class.
Over the moon means to be extremely happy.

‘To the hilt’, ‘over the moon’, ‘in a blaze of glory’, are **idioms**. Idioms are fixed expressions which have a particular meaning, which may be different from the meaning of the individual words in the idiom.

Complete the idioms in these sentences with one of the words in the box. Then write the meaning of the idioms

fingers	weather	handle	skin
shot	horse	plate	fish

1. When I told her the news, she just flew off the _____ and shouted at me. (lost her temper).
2. I wasn't really sure, I just guessed it, it was just a _____ in the dark.
3. I can't do this job, I have quite enough on my _____.
4. You won't find him very friendly, he's rather a cold _____.
5. I don't need a doctor, I'm first feeling a bit under _____.
6. I've had no lunch today, I could eat a _____.
7. It was such a loud bang, I nearly jumped out of my _____.
8. Mariam really has a green _____, look at those flowers.

II. Find words/phrases from the text which mean the same as the following

1. very poor
2. to the luxuries or comforts
3. reply
4. not having luxuries or comforts
5. moral problem
6. that which can be clearly seen
7. easily settled
8. a true or wise saying which is expressed in a few words



USING GRAMMAR

Linking Words

The underlined words/expressions in these sentences are called **connectors** or **linking words**. These words help to connect or link sentences and even paragraphs.

Use these words to complete the following sentences.

when	so that	after	became
so	and	but	as or

1. The habits of dogs today can only be explained by going back to their ancestry _____ human beings tamed them.
2. _____ mumps spreads from one person to another, patients are kept in separate wards to control the disease.
3. Bananas are shipped in special vessels built for carrying bananas. They have to be ventilated by currents of cool air _____ the fruit does not ripen on the voyage.
4. There were no signs of rain _____ I didn't carry an umbrella.

5. Water expands greatly _____ it freezes.
6. Many girls have complained of having their books, notebooks _____ pens stolen.
7. She has seen him once _____ twice in her lifetime.
8. I couldn't recognize his face _____ it was very dark outside.
9. This is a logical possibility _____ it didn't occur to me.
10. He speaks very little English _____ I talked to him through an interpreter.

Phrasal Verbs

I. Complete the phrasal verbs with any of the following words:

on	off	out	up	down	away
----	-----	-----	----	------	------

1. It is already dark. Please put the light _____
2. I want to listen to the news. Please switch _____ the T.V.
3. Switch the heater _____ after the water boils.
4. If we don't protect our wildlife, many species are in the danger of dying _____
5. As we moved on, the music slowly faded _____
6. Look _____! There's a car coming from behind.
7. All the resolutions were put _____ on paper.
8. "Put _____ the picture on the blackboard," said the teacher.

II. Use the correct tense of the words given below to complete the following sentences;

go	look	turn	make	put	bring	fall
----	------	------	------	-----	-------	------

1. The old woman _____ up to the policeman and asked him to help her cross the road.

2. My mother told my brother that she will not _____ - __ up with his late hours any more.
3. Justice Jain is a very honest man. All the junior lawyers _____ up to him.
4. We should not _____ down on the poorer section of our society.
5. If I don't get this job, I have nothing to _____ back on.
6. The angry father _____ down his son's offer
7. You haven't done well in the tests. I hope you'll _____ up in the terminal exams
8. The new policy of the Government has _____ down the prices.



LET'S TALK

At the end of the story the author realizes the true meaning of his mother's aphorism and says that "if you have character, you have the better part of wealth" take a new meaning. Imagine and describe an event through which the author would have realized this new meaning. In small groups discuss whether this aphorism is applicable in the present times.



LET'S WRITE

Essay writing

An essay is a piece of writing which gives expression to one's ideas and opinions on some topic, it gives information on any given subject or it describes something or an event in details.

Characteristics:

- Should follow a certain ordered line of thought and come to a certain conclusion. (Plan an outline before you start writing)

- Should develop one theme with a definite purpose. The subject must be clearly defined.
- Appropriate paragraphs should be used.

Now write a well-structured essay on any one of the following topics:

1. The rights and responsibilities of young adults.
2. The strengths and problems facing Indian families.
3. The most unforgettable person I ever met.



DO IT YOURSELF

Talk to your close friends, relatives and find out what they would have done if they were in the father's place.

15

And Miles to Go Before I sleep**LET'S BEGIN**

1. What are robots and in what ways can they be useful for us?
2. Do you think robots will one day run the world? Discuss.

**LET'S READ**

Alone within the humming ship, deep in its honeycombed chambers, Robert Murdock waited for death. While the rocket moved inexorably towards earth, he waited calmly through the final hours, knowing that hope no longer existed.

After twenty years in space, Murdock was going home. Home – Earth, a small town. Clean air, a shaded street and a white two-storey house near the end of the block. Home — after two decades among the stars. He remembered the worried face of his mother, her whispered prayers for his safety, the way she held him close for a long, long moment before he mounted the ship's ramp those twenty years ago. He remembered his father; a tall, weathered man, and that last crushing handshake before he said goodbye.

It was almost impossible to realize that they were old now and white-haired, that his father was forced to use a cane, that his mother was bowed and wasted with the years. And he himself was forty-one. His face was square and hard-featured, his eyes dark and buried beneath thrusting ledges of bone. Only brief hours remained to him and Earth was days away. He knew he would never reach it alive.



The closing lines of the ancient poem by Robert Frost came whispering through his mind.

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep....

He'd promised he would come home, and he would keep that promise.

"Out of question," the doctors had told him. "You'll never reach Earth. You'll die out there, in space."

They charted his death almost to the final second; they told him when his heart would stop beating, when his breathing would cease. This disease contracted on an alien world was incurable. Death, for Robert Murdock, was a certainty.

But he had a plan.

Now, with less than thirty minutes to live, Murdock was walking down one of the ship's long corridors. He was ready, at last, to keep his promise.

Pausing before a wall storage-locker, he twisted a dial. The door slid back. Murdock looked up at the tall man standing motionless in the interior darkness. He reached forward, made a quick adjustment.

The tall man spoke, "Is it time?"

"Yes," replied Murdock. "It is time."

The tall man stepped smoothly down into the corridor, the light flashed in

the deep-set eyes, almost hidden under thrusting ledges of bone. The man's face was hard and square-featured.

"You see," he smiled. "I am perfect. My name is Robert Murdock. I am forty-one years of age. I have been in space for two decades and now I am going home."

Murdock smiled, a tight smile of triumph which flickered briefly across his tired face.

"How much longer?" the tall figure asked.

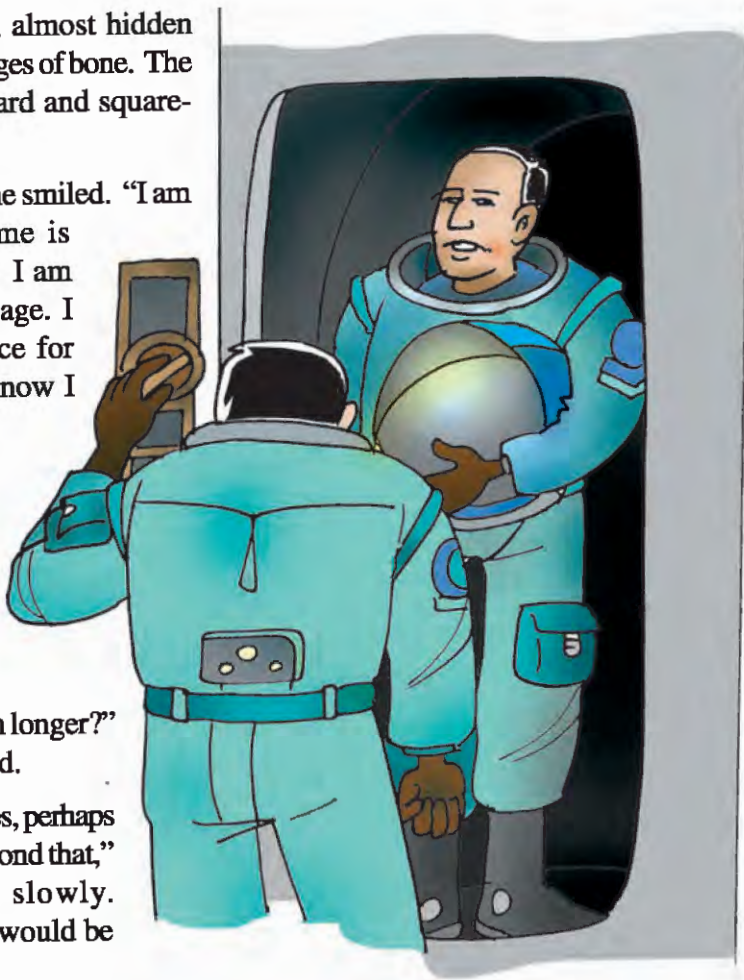
"Ten minutes, perhaps a few seconds beyond that," said Murdock slowly. "They told me it would be painless."

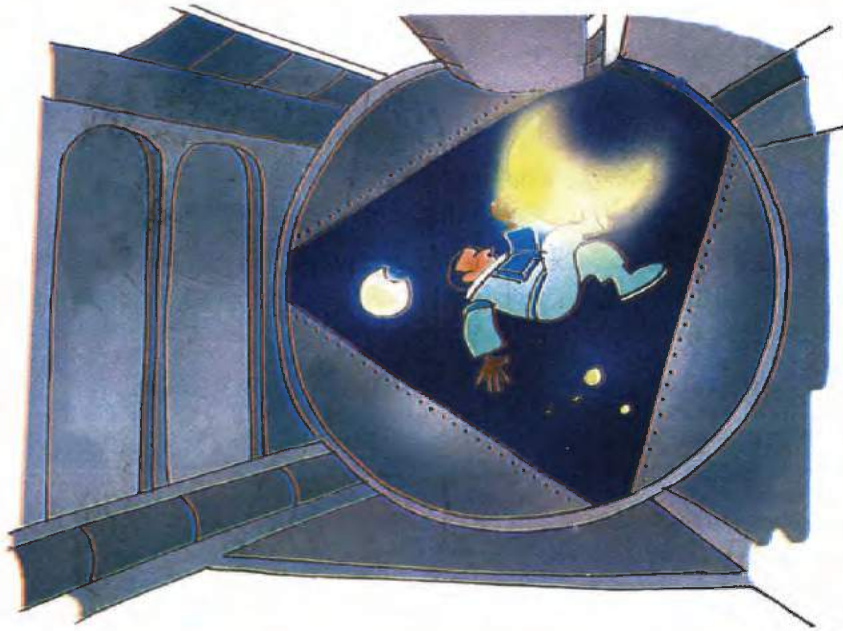
"Then..." The tall man paused, drew in along breath, "I am sorry." Murdock smiled again. He knew that a machine, however perfect, could not experience the emotion of sorrow but it eased him to hear the words.

"He'll be fine," thought Murdock. "He'll serve in my place and my parents will never suspect that I have not come home to them."

"Remember," he said, "when you leave them, they must believe that you are going back into space."

"Naturally," said the machine. "Let me assure you, all will go exactly as you have planned."





It will work, Murdock told himself. Every detail has been taken into consideration. He possesses every memory that I possess; his voice is my voice, his small habits my own. And when he leaves them, the prerecorded tapes of mine will continue to reach them from space, exactly as they have in the past. Until their deaths. They will never know I'm gone.

"Are you ready now?" the tall figure asked softly.

"Yes," said Murdock, nodding. "I'm ready."

And they began to walk slowly down the long corridor.

The tall figure in the neat spacemen's uniform closed the outer airlock and watched the body drift into blackness.

For Robert Murdock, the journey was over, the long miles had come to an end. Now he would sleep forever in space.

When the rocket landed, in the small town, the crowds were there, waiting and shouting out Robert Murdock's name.

The city officials were all present, each with a carefully rehearsed speech in his mind, the band played and children waved flags. Then a hush fell over the

assembled crowd. The atomic engines had stilled and the airlock was sliding back. Robert Murdock appeared, tall and heroic, in a splendid uniform which threw back the light of the sun in a thousand glittering patterns.

He smiled and waved as the crowd burst into fresh shouting and applause. And at the far end of the ramp, two figures waited, an old man, bowed, trembling over a cane, and a wrinkled woman, her hair white, eyes shining.

When the tall man finally reached them, pushing his way through pressing lines of well-wishers, they embraced him feverishly. They clung tight to his arms as he walked between them; they looked up at him with tears in their eyes.

“Well”, said a man at the fringe of the crowd, “there they go.”

His companion sighed and shook his head. “I still don’t think it’s right somehow. It just doesn’t seem right to me.”

“It’s what they wanted, isn’t it?” asked the other. “it’s what they put in their wills. In another month he’ll be gone anyway. Back for twenty more years in space. Why spoil what little time he has, why ruin it all for him?”

The man paused, indicating the two figures in the near distance. “They’re perfect, aren’t they? He’ll never know.”

‘I guess you’re right,” agreed the second man. “He’ll never know.”

And he watched the old man and the old woman and the tall son until they were out of sight.

From *Excursions into the Extraordinary*
By William f. Nalan



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>robots:</i>	a machine that can move and do some of the work of a person.
<i>inexorably:</i>	that which cannot be prevented .
<i>ramp:</i>	a man-made slope used instead of step to connect two levels.
<i>hush:</i>	silence.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions

1. Where was Robert Murdock?
 - 1a. "He waited calmly through the final hours knowing that hope no longer existed"
 - a) What do the final hours refer to?
 - b) Why was there no hope?
2. Why is Murdock reminded of the last two lines of Frost's poem?
3. Murdock smiled, a tight smile of triumph which flickered briefly across his tired face".
 - a) Why did Murdock smile?
 - b) Explain: 'a tight smile of triumph'
 - c) Which phrase tells us that the smile was very short lived?
 - d) Why was his face tired?
4. How did Murdock plan to keep his promise?
5. 'It doesn't seem right to me'
 - a) What has happened?
 - b) Why does it not seem right for the man?
6. How does the second man feel about the whole thing?
7. What was it that the people of the small town did not know?
8. Was Murdock able to keep his promise? Give reasons for your answer.

II. Say whether the following statements are true or false.

1. Robert Murdock knew that he was going to die.
2. He did not know when or how he was going to die.

3. His disease could be cured only in the space.
4. Robert Murdock sent a robot, who was just like him to his parents.
5. His parents go to know that it was a robot.
6. No one in the story knew that all the three were robots.
7. People on the earth could easily recognize Robert's robot.
8. The parents were also robots.



USING WORDS

1. Complete these sentences using the words/phrases from the box.

bowed and wasted	weathered	charted	cease
contracted	alien	drift	embraced

1. The children in the famine-stricken area were _____ with hunger and disease.
2. The mother _____ her daughter when she returned from boarding school.
3. In the event of a nuclear holocausts most of the species on earth may _____ to exist.
4. It was an old building, its red paint _____ and fading.
5. At the age of two she _____ pneumonia, and that weakened her lungs later.
5. The Police _____ the movements of the criminals, and were eventually able to catch them.
6. The people who sighted he UFO said that there were _____ in the flying object as well.
7. The child _____ into sleep in the moving car.

II. Choose and write the correct word in the blank.

1. If this policy continues, then violence is _____ *inexorable/inevitable*
2. The mother stood at the window _____ awaiting her daughter's return. *feverishly/weakly*
3. At the _____ of the long dark corridor, we found the lost child asleep. *end/fringe*
4. He _____ the horse with great confidence and agility *mounted/climbed*



USING GRAMMAR

Noun Clauses

Read these sentences

1. Whatever happens, it is his will.
2. How the thief entered the house, is a mystery.
3. He knew that a machine, however perfect, could not experience the emotion of sorrow.
4. They did not know what they were doing.

The clauses underlined above are **noun clauses** because they do the work of nouns. They either act as the subject of the verb (as in sentences 1 and 2) or as the object of the verb (sentences 3 and 4). You can identify a noun clause by asking the question "What?" the following words called subordinating conjunction introduce noun clauses:

that	who	when	however	what	whoever
whenever	where	whatever	why	how	wherever

1. Make eight correct and meaningful interrogative sentences from this table containing noun clauses functioning as objects.

Does Faiz know	where how if when why which what that	he is the only one to have won the prize he won the prize food he should eat he is lucky to win a ticket to Goa he should stay he should commute places he must visit	?
----------------	--	---	---

2. Complete these sentences by putting in meaningful noun clauses that act as subject to the verb.

- _____ is all we know.
- _____ could not decide what to do.
- _____ he whispered.
- _____ was inevitable.

3. Complete these sentences with noun clause objects.

- Sunil's parents felt *that* _____.
- I don't understand *why* _____.
- Mary didn't tell us *what* _____.
- Asif hasn't decided *when* _____.
- Jitendra didn't say *where* _____.

-ed, -ing

Look at these sentences.

He remembered the *worried* face of his mother,
her *whispered* prayers for his safety
.....and that last *crushing* handshake before he said goodbye.

The verbs *worried*, *whispered* and *crushing* in these sentences do the work of adjectives. They describe the nouns in the sentences. They are verb-adjectives or **participles**.

I. Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the word in the brackets.

1. He told me a very _____ story. (interest)
2. The carpenter made a hole in the wall with a _____ machine. (drill)
3. I tried my best but could not save the _____ man. (blood)
4. He broke his arm while getting off a _____ bus. (speed)
5. I sat on a _____ chair by mistake. (break)
6. I did not do well in the _____ test (write)
7. he keeps fit because he leads a very _____ life. (discipline)
8. I was delighted to find my _____ suitcase. (lose)

II. Fill in the blanks with the correct -ed, or -ing form of the verbs given in the box.

injure	purchase	win	retire	pickle
charm	worry	please	steal	

1. The old man had a _____ look on his face, as his son had not returned home.
2. The girl has a _____ face.
3. They bought a bottle of _____ lemon.
4. Rita and Amit have _____ manners.
5. They invited us to their newly _____ house.
6. The _____ team was given a silver cup.
7. The _____ goods were recovered by the police.
8. My uncle is a _____ teacher.
9. They took the _____ dog to the clinic.



LET'S WRITE

WRITING A DEBATE SCRIPT

Any topic for a debate is such that you can either agree or disagree with it. Here is an example of how you might start thinking about

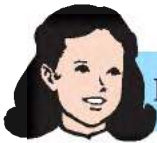
Subject: *It is cruel to keep animals captive in a zoo.*

FOR	AGAINST
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Animals were born to be free and were never meant to live in cages. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Animals born in the zoo accept their surrounding and would not be happy if they were free.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Zoo animals often look bored and miserable. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Some animals enjoy showing off to the public.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Animals in the zoo do not get enough exercise. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Animals in the zoo are properly looked after and there is medical care too.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Some animals, which hunt for food, cannot do so in a zoo. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> There are no enemies to attack them.
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Some animals do not get the kind of climate they are used to in their natural habitat. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> We can study the behaviour of animals.

So the various steps in writing a debate script will be:

- Taking a stand – for or against the topic.
- Putting down all the points to support your stand.
- Putting down points to answer issues raised by your opponents.

Using all these points write a debate script.



LET'S TALK

Organize a debate in the class on any one of these topics.

- a) What Murdock and his parents did was right.
- b) Robots can never replace humans.



DO IT YOURSELF

Find out the meaning of the word ROBOT and also in what fields robots are being very helpful.

16

Kashmir-the Happy Valley



LET'S BEGIN

Have a class discussion on:

What it means to be living in Kashmir in the present times.

Compare the present times with those of your grandparents.



LET'S READ

Just an hour's flight from Delhi dwells serenity in a paradise called Kashmir, a place which is sure to leave you spell-bound for each and every view seems hand painted by the Gods' themselves. The strokes of their brush can be seen on a natural canvas: in Kashmir's clear blue sky, its lofty mountains, its rippling lakes and streams, its lush green meadows, in what is known in effect, as the Happy Valley.

In the heart of Kashmir valley is Srinagar, spread-eagled around the vast expanse of the blue waters of the river Jhelum. The life-sustaining crystal-clear waters of the river are Nature's gift to Kashmir. Connected with this are the Dal and the Nagin lakes. The Dal is a kaleidoscope of colour – with its beautiful houseboats, its shikaras with their gay canopies, and of course the idyllic gardens

and natural surroundings.

Kashmir is a land of many splendours and surprises but one of the most delightful and fruitful of experiences here is a stay on a houseboat. Many tourists visiting the valley succumb to the temptation of these floating palaces. On the placid, jade-hued waters of the Dal Lake, fringed with willows and chinar trees, and moored amidst lotus fields and floating gardens against the backdrop of magnificent mountains, houseboats offer a lifestyle of luxury and elegance.

Aquatic living is not new to the people of Kashmir: practically every part of the valley is inter-connected with waterways – lakes, canals and the great river Jhelum itself. Since ancient times families have gone on pilgrimages, traveling for days in dungas or barges, equipped to meet all requirements during the voyage. However, the houseboat in its incarnation today is an innovation of the British. It is said that since the erstwhile Maharaja had prohibited land ownership by the foreigners in the state, they took to living on water. Houseboats were an improvisation on barges used in some parts of Europe, and the British made these in the likeness of homes, except that they were not founded on firm ground.

Most Kashmiri boatmen belong to the Hanji community who trace their descent to Noah and his ark. Though the Kashmitis build boats of all shapes and sizes, from dungas to large barges, it is the houseboat that is the crowning glory of their craft.

A day on the houseboat commences on a very pleasant note. You are woken at dawn to the lyrical call of the early birds: the bulbul, and the nightingale, kingfishers dart about as the first rays of the sun set aglow the pink-white and blue-tinged lotus flowers. Gentle breezes send soft ripples over the water-surface and mountains emerge from the morning mist, fresh and majestic. Try as you



will to resist the temptation to move out into the balcony and you will be unsuccessful. The Dal, lightens slowly in the early sunshine, and soon is witness to dappled reflections of gaily decorated houseboats, and the flowers above the shore-line gardens in all their splendour.

Breakfast is promptly brought in by the host, comprising a wide choice of fresh fruits, honey, jam, eggs, cereals, or the speciality of your preference. Decide on your menu and the boatman can serve from a choice of Western, Indian, or Kashmiri delicacies, for food is another of Kashmir's specialities. You can try the exotic Kashmiri meal service served at feasts called *Wazwan*, or the well-known mutton delicacies like *Rista* or *Gushtaba* that require a number of hours of preparation, as the meat is pounded boneless. Then, of course, there is the spiced green tea called *Kahwa* served from gleaming samovars which should be made a part of the regular habit while in Srinagar.

If on any day you feel like lazing at home, floating shops laden with merchandise will frequent your doorstep. The first caller will probably be the flower-seller with his shikara full of blazing, fragrant bloom of roses, gladioli, cosmos, iris, corn flowers, etc. Following him would be the fruit seller, with his shikara laden with freshly picked apples, green walnuts and almonds, their kernel soft and milky sweet. There is such an abundance of fresh fruits in Kashmir that it's hard to choose from their rich variety. Then of course, there are the peddlers of Kashmir's rich crafts – the pashmina and the shatoosh variety of shawls which are so fine that they can even pass through ring, wollens, embroidered robes, silks, silverware, stone-studded jewellery, paper mache and wood-carved objects d'art.



Every houseboat is provided with a shikara, a flat-bottomed boat, made pretty and comfortable with cushions, and colorful, floral curtains. The shikara is your limousine on water, and can take you anywhere you wish to go:-for evening 'drives', to the city for shopping, to the adjoining lakes, and for excursions to the Mughal gardens.

You can go to the Nagin Lake, which is connected with the Dal through a causeway. The ring of trees that encircle its crystal-clear waters have given its name literally, 'jewel in the ring'. Calm and peaceful, the only ripples on the Nagin's serene waters are caused by water-skiing enthusiasts. With swimming, diving, sailing, the Nagin lake is a paradise for a sporting, aquatic holiday. Another place for similar activities is Gagribal, the waters of which too offer excellent water-skiing, surfing and swimming.

Rides in the shikara will also take you past the floating gardens, another unusual feature of the valley's lakes. Seaweed and earth reclaimed from the lake is piled up on rectangular rafts making a fertile bed on which trees and flowers are planted. The rafts are ultimately fixed to the bottom of the lake through roots of chinar, poplar and willow trees which are placed round the edges of the raft. These picturesque, idyllic islets add to the beauty of the waterscape.

Marg in Kashmiri means an upland meadow, and the valley and its surroundings areas abound in such green, flower-speckled meadows ideal in their peaceful quiet environs, for camping. The most popular among such tourist haunts are Sonamarg, Gulmarg, and Pahalgam. Visitors pitch their tents here for weeks together and go riding, trekking and fishing in the mountain streams.



Whichever way you enter Kashmit- by air or by road - its first glimpse of sparkling lakes, sun-bathed slopes, dark shadowy vales and snow covered mountain ranges, are bound to captivate your heart, and the Persian poet's words would instantly spring to mind:

**IF THERE IS PARADISE ON EARTH
IT IS THIS, IT IS THIS, IT IS THIS**



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>serenity:</i>	completely calm and peaceful
<i>paradise:</i>	heaven
<i>spread-eagled:</i>	completely spread out
<i>kaleidoscope:</i>	a scene that has many different bright colours which are often changing.
<i>idyllic:</i>	a simple, happy period of life
<i>placid:</i>	very calm
<i>improvisation:</i>	to do or make something which one is not prepared for because a need suddenly arises.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions.

1. Why does the author use the words 'serenity' and 'Paradise' to describe Kashmir?
2. What does the author mean when he says that the views seem to be 'hand painted by Gods themselves'?
3. What is the greatest surprise that awaits a tourist visiting Kashmir?
4. In what way is 'aquatic living' not new too the people of Kashmir?
5. Describe in your words the floating shops.
6. What is the difference between a house-boat and a shikara?



II Complete the table:

TOURIST ATTRACTIONS	KASHMIRI FOOD	SHOPPING



USING WORDS

Negative Prefixes:

Read the following:

Try as you will to resist the temptation to move out into the balcony and you will be *unsuccessful*.

Other negative prefixes are:

usual	<i>unusual</i>
agree	<i>disagree</i>
replace	<i>irreplaceable</i>
like	<i>dislike</i>
legal	<i>illegal</i>

I. Use negative prefixes in the following statements in the same way as the example.

Example: He's very honest man. *I think he's dishonest.*

1. I'm sure she's discreet.
2. I always find him very sensitive.

3. It's a convincing argument.
4. That's a very relevant point.
5. She's always obedient.
6. He's very efficient.

II. Replace the italicized words with another of similar meaning, begin with *un*, *im*, or *in*.

1. It was not *like* Rohit to make such a fuss about such a small matter.
2. The hotel was *not expensive*, and very clean.
3. It is *not possible* for me to finish reading this book today.
4. This essay is *not complete*.
5. He wanted to join the army, but failed the medical test as he *was not fit*.



USING GRAMMAR

Reflexive Pronouns

Look at these sentences.

Each and every view seems hard painted by the *gods themselves*.

The mother taught *her daughter* how to keep *herself* clean.

We prepared *ourselves* for the examination.

The pronouns *themselves*, *herself*, *ourselves* refer to 'gods', 'her daughter' and 'we' respectively.

They are **reflexive pronouns**. They are used when object of the verb is the same as the subject (I cut myself).

Answer these questions using reflexive pronouns. The first one is done for you.

1. What happened to your ankle? (play/football/hurt)
I hurt myself while playing football.
2. Did you go to the movie with Sunita? (no/Sunita/go/alone)

3. Who painted that tablecloth? (I/ do/summer vacation)
4. Did you lend them the money for the tickets? (No/they/pay)
5. Did you go shopping with the girls? (No/Girls/go)
6. What happened to Subhash's back? (Subhash/injure/move/furniture)



LET'S TALK

Kashmir has become a place a lot of people fear to visit these days. What according to you should be done to boost tourism and gain people's confidence.



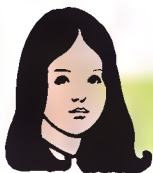
LET'S WRITE

This lesson is a part of a tourist brochure.

Choose Jammu/Ladakh – collect information and write a similar article.

Organise your article/essay as follows:

- General information about the geographical location, population, climate etc.
- A little bit of historical background of the place.
- Tourist attractions of the place.
- Shopping for special items.
- Any special festivals of the place.



DO IT YOURSELF

Suppose a family wants to visit Kashmir for five days. Plan an itinerary for them. The family consists of grandparents, parents and two children – a son and a daughter. The mother is very fond of gardening, the father and son are interested in adventure sports and the daughter loves to paint.

Use the following table to plan their day– to – day programme:

	DAY 1	DAY 2	DAY 3	DAY 4	DAY 5
GRANDPARENTS					
MOTHER					
FATHER					
SON					
DAUGHTER					

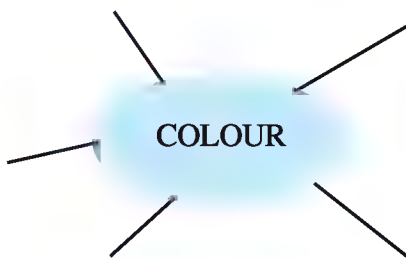
17

A Touch of Colour



LET'S BEGIN

1. Think how important colour is in our lives. List at least ten things for which colour is very important. Have a class discussion and develop this web chart:



2. List some of the festivals of our country where colour plays an important role.



LET'S READ

I woke from long night's sleep one day,
 My friend the sun was not there to greet me.
 In his place a smudgy grey ball hung lifelessly,
 Mother came in to wake me up,

But she was a ghost in grey.
 And when I looked up at my sleepy self
 Found that I was pale grey,
 "This isn't a dream!" I said to myself and pinched
 My dry, grey arm.
 It wasn't!
 I ran outside
 Only to find the trees all reduced to dull, grey
 Pillars and apples made of ash grey.
 The sky above me was no longer heavenly blue
 But only dullness grew.
 Then, at that moment
 A fairy came through
 And presented me with a colour wand.
 "Use this to bring colour to the land," she said.
 I set out upon my journey
 Through lifeless grey seas and rivers,
 Touching them with my wand hopefully,
 Turning them to a sparkling, blue beauty.
 I touched a tree and turned it free
 Bark was deep dark and leaves were evergreen
 And apples forever red.
 Restoring the silver twinkle in a baby's eye
 I said, "This is not bad for my very first try!"
 Springing up to the sun, a lousy, grey ball
 I touched his dull nose, and he shone again golden
 Yellow.
 Bathed in the glory of his fresh warmth
 I too turned back to me.



Nihar Shah



LET'S UNDERSTAND

1. How was that particular morning different for the poet?
2. Pick out all the adjectives the poet uses to describe the grey colour.
3. What is a wand?
4. What all can a magic wand do?
5. List all the words that are used to describe various colours after the colour wand was used. Put the two lists side by side and see how lifeless the world will be without colour.
6. What does the poet mean when he says, "I too turned back to me"?
7. Do you think that we take colours for granted? When does a person start valuing things?



DO IT YOURSELF

1. Imagine that one day all the colours decide to go on strike because they are very upset with human beings who don't appreciate them. Write a story describing how colours disappear from the earth and then how they are restored.
2. Name and list all the industries where colour is very important.
3. Collect some advertisements where colours play an important role.
4. You are going to launch a new range of lipsticks or house paints.
5. Think of some exciting names for the colours.

18

Living in the World of Four Senses**LET'S BEGIN**

What are the five senses?

Ved Mehta is one person who has lived successfully in a world of four senses. He has been totally blind since the age of three. The extract below is from his autobiography *Face to Face*, where he talks of his early life in India, and his prolonged struggle for education as a blind person.

**LET'S READ**

In India as elsewhere every child has fond and warm memories of his childhood, from the day he begins to talk to his mother and father in broken syllables. Invariably a child learns and recognizes the faces of his mother and father, of sisters and brothers who play with him constantly, or the servants who prepare his meals or watch him ply in a nursery strewn with knick-knacks and toys. He must also remember the rich colours of the butterflies and birds which children everywhere always love to watch with open eyes. I must say, because when I was three and a half, all these memories were expunged, and with the prolonged sickness (Meningitis). I started living in a world of four senses – that is, a world in which colours and faces and light and darkness are unknown.



If my age and the length of the sickness deprived me of the treasured memories of sight, they also reduced things which are valued so much in the sighted world to nothing more than mere words, empty of meaning. I started living in a universe where it was not the flood of sunshine streaming through the nursery window or the colours of the rainbow, a sunset or a full moon that mattered but the feel of the sun against the skin, the slow drizzling sound of the spattering rain, the feel of the air just before the coming of the quiet night, the smell of the stubble grass on a warm morning. It was a universe where at first – but only at first – I made my way fumbling and faltering.

It was good that I lost my sight when I did, because having no memories of seeing, there was nothing to look back to, nothing to miss. I went blind in November 1937. At that time we were living in Gujarat. After my sickness we moved to Lahore, a few miles away, but the procession of relatives who came to sympathies made my father ask for another transfer, this time to Karnal, where we had neither friends nor relatives. There we got a cottage on the canal bank, built in very peaceful and quiet surroundings.

As might be expected, in the beginning it was tough for all of us—for my mother and my father, for my three sisters and my brothers, and for me, too. The illness had left me weak. My sisters treated me with care, as though I were a fragile doll, and my mother wept. My father, who was a doctor in the public health service, was grateful that my spine had been tapped in time, for a delay in the lumbar puncture would have affected my mind or endangered my life. But he, like the rest, despaired.

A stage of complete inaction therefore followed my blindness. In part this was due to the immediate shock of the illness, but more important still, the impasse was caused by ignorance of the potentialities of a blind child, since the only blind persons my parents saw were beggars.

But now, by fate or by the will of God, blindness had struck not only a child

of the well-to-do, but that of an excellently trained doctor, who found his training in this instance useless. Still, his wide medical experience had prepared him for an acceptance of this tragedy, and he understood that any course of action must begin with the realization that I would be blind for the rest of my life.

My mother, on the other hand, neither would nor could convince herself that my sight would never return. She did not have the medical experience of my father, and she blamed something in her



past for the

The family pandit, upon whose advice mother had relied almost from her childhood, was called in and consulted. “He knows more about religion and science,” Mother said with pride, “than any other pandit in our province”. I was taken before him, and for a long time I sat in my mother’s lap while he was lost in reflection. After a while he took my hand and thoroughly examined the lines. Then he looked at Mother’s and he studied her forehead, mumbling steadily. He said he found himself inadequate, and more pandits would have to be consulted. At his request, they were called and questioned exhaustively as to what atonement could be made. Although their analyses and remedies differed considerably, they all agreed that, by doing penance for her sins, my mother could improve my chance of regaining sight.

They prescribed methods ranging from intensive prayers to strenuous physical exertions, and for a fee they agreed to perform part of the necessary ritual. Each pandit’s advice was carefully heeded. Since my mother knew that my father would scorn such methods, she kept them secret, making it doubly hard for herself.

Along with this religious counsel was coupled a series of visits to hakims (physicians who followed the Greek or Unani system of medicine). They prescribed all types of concocted drops to put in my eyes. The surmas, which were administered at all hours of the day and night, burned and stung my eyes, and the

only soothing part of the otherwise miserable ordeal was the loving caress of Mother afterwards.

One night when my mother was administering these eye drops, and I was protesting with loud cries, my father unexpectedly returned. He asked and I told him why I was crying. He was outraged.

He forbade her to make any more visit to the hakims, and strictly prohibited the purchase of any more surmas. Then he gently lifted me from her arms, and took me away. With steady hand, he bathed my stinging eyes. After this incident, even though we stopped continued going to hakims, now and then applications of surmas continued until I was eleven. But they were very mild, and my mother always obtained my consent in advance.

I remember other little tests my mother put me through. One day she perceived that just before I arrived at a closed door I would stop and reach for the handle to open it. She began letting me go about the house by myself and she discovered that I seldom ran into things. She credited the hakim and the stinging drops, but every evening she would hold her hand up before my face and ask me to tell her where it was. She used to shake her hand before me so that myriads of pores next to below and above my ears could feel her hand even when it was a foot away. The air currents helped me to spot it. But she wasn't satisfied with this. She wanted me to tell her whether the light was on or off: When I failed this test she was unhappy again, but I soon caught on and would listen for the click of the switch and then tell her. Sometimes she would flip the switch very rapidly time and again, and I would always count the clicks and give her the right answer.

Although in my case there was an obstacle which seemed insurmountable, Father was determined to leave no avenue unexplored. He read all available literature on blindness. He learned that almost all India's blind people had turned to begging for their livelihood, or had become owners of pan and *biri* shops and



spent their days rolling nuts and condiments in a betel leaf or tobacco in a cigarette paper. He was determined that this was not going to be the fate of his second son, and he started corresponding with many of the prominent educational authorities, asking for their advice. The replies were not optimistic. For blind people, educational facilities and personnel were limited, and often the schools became semi-asylums with all ages grouped together in classes without any gradation system.

My father still persisted, for he knew that my staying at home would result in over indulgence. He realized, as well, that I would have difficulty playing with normal children, and that my mother would always be afraid to let me leave the immediate premises.

At last he heard of Dr. R.M. Halder, Principle of Dadar School for the Blind in Bombay. My father wrote to him asking for advice. Dr. Halder showed unusual interest in my case, and promised to take special care and personal responsibility for me if I were sent to his school.

When my mother learned of my father's decision to send me to the Dadar School, she was appalled. She had never been to Bombay, and to her it might have been a foreign country. She could not understand the reason for sending me nine hundred miles away from home to attend school with orphans and children of the poorest classes. After all, another year at home could not but help my development. Yet she placed her faith in my father's superior judgment, and in her quiet way she acquiesced.



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>prolonged:</i>	continuing for a very long time
<i>meningitis:</i>	an illness in which the outer part of the brain may be swollen.
<i>stubble:</i>	short stalks of grass.
<i>fumbling:</i>	moving awkwardly as if in search of something.
<i>faltering:</i>	moving unsteadily.
<i>ordeal</i>	a difficult and extremely unpleasant experience.
<i>outraged:</i>	very angry
<i>insurmountable:</i>	something that cannot be overcome.
<i>appalled:</i>	dismayed because things appear very bad or unpleasant.



LET'S UNDERSTAND

1. What are the memories of childhood that every person fondly remember?
2. The author's childhood was different from that of other children. How?
3. 'It was good that I lost my sight when I did.....' Why does the author say that?
4. The author's father especially asked for a transfer to Karnal. Why?
5. How did the various members of his family treat the author soon after he turned blind? Discuss
6. Why did the author's father object to the treatment prescribed by hakims and the family pandit?
7. Which incident shows that the author had developed a very keen sense of hearing?
8. What was the fate that normally befell a blind person in India in the 1930's and 1940's?
9. Why did the author's father wish to send him nine hundred miles away?
10. In about 50 words give a brief character sketch of the author's father.

II. Say whether the following statements are true or false according to the text.

1. Children love watching animals and birds in the zoo ()
2. The author had meningitis which made him blind. ()
3. The author lost his sight at the tender age of five. ()
4. After his sickness, his sisters treated him with great care. ()



USING WORDS

I. Match the words in column with their meanings in column B.

A	B
1. knick-knacks	i a feeling of hopelessness because things seem so bad or unpleasant.
2. expunged	ii something you do to show that you are sorry for a wrong you have done.
3. deprived	iii small objects with people enjoy looking at or playing with
4. fragile	iv rubbed out totally
5. despair	v things in very large numbers
6. impasse	vi prevented from having something
7. exhaustively	vii delicate
8. atonement	viii a difficult situation from which, it is impossible to bring about a solution
9. exertion	ix thoroughly
10. myriad	x physical effort or exercise.

II. Words under A mean the opposite of those under B. Match them.

1. empty	i) sighted
2. optimistic	ii) drop
3. blind	iii) full
4. quiet	iv) knowledge
5. lift	v) stinging
6. ignorance	vi) loud
7. soothing	vii) pessimistic

DICTIONARY PRACTICE

Look up the dictionary entry for the word **enrol**. You will see that there are two different spelling for the word: enroll and enrol.

Both of them are correct, but **enrol** is the more common of the two spellings. Therefore, it is written first.

Look up the following words in your dictionary and indicate by putting a tick (✓) against the spelling those that are more common.

honour/honor
judgement/judgment
criticize/criticise
enthral/enthrall
apologise/apologize
paediatrician/pediatrician



USING GRAMMAR

I. Look at the following sentences from the lesson

1. Invariably a child... recognizes the faces of his mother and father, of sisters and brothers who play with him constantly... (paragraph 1)
2. ... they also reduced things which are so valued in the sighted world... (paragraph 2)

The underlined portions in the sentences above are adjective clauses. They qualify the nouns occurring before them.

In sentence 1, the clause *who play with him constantly* qualifies the noun phrase *mother and father, sisters and brothers*.

In sentence 2, the clause *which are so valued in the sighted world* qualifies the noun *things*.

These clauses therefore do the work of *adjectives* and are called *adjective clauses* or *relative clauses*. An adjective clause is introduced by the following **relative pronouns** and **relative adverbs**.

<i>Relative pronoun</i>	who	which	whose	whom	what	that
<i>Relative adverb</i>	when	where	why	how		

II. Combine the following sentences with the relative pronouns.

1. The author was Assamese. He wrote this book.
2. He comes from an area in Assam: The area is famous for its scenic beauty.
3. He married a lovely woman. The woman was an actress.
4. They had only one child. He became an astrophysicist.
5. Do you remember the name of his novel? The novel won the Best Book award.

III. Complete the following story with suitable adjective clauses.

A monkey _____ entered a house. He climbed through the window _____. He ate bananas _____. While he was eating the bananas, a man _____ also came in through the window. Now there were two thieves in the house. The man _____ got a fright on seeing the monkey _____. He shouted, 'Help, help.' The monkey _____ caught hold of the man's collar. On hearing this commotion, the owners _____ came out.

SUBJECT-VERB AGREEMENT

Look at the sentences from the lesson.

1. A child learns and recognises the faces of his mother and father.
2. the people who prepare his meals or watch him play
3. All the sisters are excellent sports women.

When the subject is singular the verb must be singular, when the subject is plural the verb must be plural.

In the examples above, it is quite simple to identify whether the subject is singular or plural. But sometimes it may be difficult to decide whether the subject is singular or plural.

Now underline the verb which agrees with the subject in each sentence.

1. Two members of the team (was/were) thrown out of the game.
2. Neither of them (has/have) solved the problem.
3. Gupta Brothers (is/are) a well-known book store in Delhi.
4. Ramesh and I (intend/intends) to be there.
5. Either the father or his sons (has/have) to pay the fine.
6. Sunil or his brother (is/are) learning to play the guitar.
7. One of the planks (seem/seems) to be loose.
8. Her fear (seem/seems) irrational.
9. The causes of her fear (seem/seems) irrational.



LET'S TALK

Get into groups of six and discuss the following questions:

1. How can we make life for the blind easier and comfortable?
2. How can we integrate them into the main stream ?



LET'S WRITE

Based on your discussion ,write a dialogue between a blind person and yourself . You must include both the above points in your dialogue .



LET'S UNDERSTAND

Helen Keller and Stephen Hawking are two very famous personalities who despite severe handicaps have contributed greatly to society and to knowledge. Find out what you can about them and put it on the notice board in your classroom.

19

We are All Equal**LET'S BEGIN**

Have you heard of the word “apartheid”? Find out what it means. With which country would you associate this term? Why? Discuss in your class.

**LET'S READ**

In Mufulira, for the first time, I found myself suffering the indignities of the colour bar. Africans were not permitted to enter the European shops by the front door. If they wanted anything, they had to go to a hole in the wall at the side of the shop to ask for it. I was determined to expose this system for what it was, an insult to my race and my people. I told some of the boys in the school that I intended to challenge the colour bar and I chose a certain chemist's shop in town which was notorious for its treatment of Africans. As well as medicines, this shop sold toys and books. While my boys waited outside on the pavement, I went inside and asked politely for a book. I remember it was Arthur Mee's *Talks to Boys*. My friend John Sokoni had once rescued a tattered copy from a miner who was using its pages to roll his cigarettes and it is a book that has had a profound influence on my life.

The girl behind the counter had probably never been addressed before by an African in her own language. She motioned me over to the chemist who stood behind the counter. I repeated



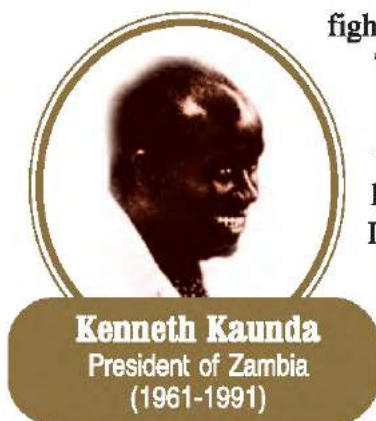
my question. Pointing to the door, he said viciously, "Get out of here." I said again, "I am only asking for a book and I can get it nowhere else in town." He said, "You can stand there till Christmas and you'll never get a book from me." I was just thinking that as it was the month of August I would have to wait rather a long time, when two white miners in their overalls walked into the shop. Hearing the proprietor say again, "Get out," they took me by the arms and frog marched me to the door there they were met by seventeen angry schoolboys who objected strongly to their schoolmaster being treated in this manner and they said so in no uncertain terms. A vigorous slanging match followed in which we were called 'black-skinned niggers' and we replied by asking what was so wonderful about a white skin anyway. Being so heavily outnumbered, the two Europeans made for their car and made a quick getaway.

I immediately went round to the Boma to make a complaint about the way I had been treated. There was a young District Officer there whom I knew well. He took me into his office. He listened with sympathy to my story and began thumping the table in his indignation. He said, "Look here, Kenneth, if ever you want anything just come along to me and I will give you a note." "But," I said, "that is not the point, what about all the thousands of others who want to be treated like reasonable human beings in the shops? Have they got to come to you every time for a note?" he promised to write a letter to the chemist and I let the matter drop. A few days later, I decided to go into the shop again to see whether the District Officer's words had made any difference. Again I made a simple request but it was a different man behind the counter and he ordered me out of the shop. I said that I would see to it that something would be done. He just laughed

scornfully and said, “You try.” I again went round to the Boma and this time the District Officer accompanied me back to the shop. I distinctly remember him saying to the chemist, “Do you realize that you have been behaving like this to a man who may before long be sitting in the Legislative council?” (It was just at the time when I had been elected to the Provincial Council.). The proprietor was little taken aback and asked me into his dispensary to apologize. He said, “Mr. Kaunda, if only you had told me who you were, I am sure I would not have ordered you out of my shop.” Once again I had to explain that I was not asking for any special consideration for myself, I was simply asking that my people should be treated with reasonable courtesy in their own country. I left Mufulira soon after this incident. No one else followed up my protest and things reverted to normal in the shops.

I never challenged this issue again until 1957 when I was visiting Kitwe with Harry Nkumbula, President of the African National Congress. This being the white area of Kitwe, there were no African eating houses nearby. We drove to a café, having been told by our driver that this café would sell us what we wanted, provided we did not demand to take our meal there; but he did not tell us that even to do that we had to stand by the door where an African servant could come and ask us what we wanted and could then go in to get us whatever we wanted. We encountered the face at the counter and I asked for some sandwiches. In reply a young girl of about seventeen told me that ‘boys’ were not served at the counter. When I told her that I was not a ‘boy’ and all I wanted was a dozen sandwiches, she spoke to an elderly white woman who was apparently in charge. On asking me what I wanted, she repeated that ‘boys’ were not served at that counter. I repeated in my turn that I was not a ‘boy’. At this point I was dragged out of the café by my clothes by a European man who had already dragged Harry Nkumbula outside the café. This white man hit Harry and called him a cheap, spoiled nigger. Five other white men joined him in attacking us and we defended ourselves. White men and black men passing joined in the





fight, and an apartheid type of brawl took place. This was my third and last fight.

We were ordered to leave the premises but we refused on the grounds that the white men who had started the fight could get away if we did so. In the end we were given an escort of an African policeman despite the fact that we were the complainants. The white men went to the charge Office unescorted.

At the Charge Office we were asked to make a statement. Harry Nkumbula began by saying that the girl at the counter refused to serve us. Before he could end his sentence, the white superintendent of police who had come to stop the fight said, 'You cannot call a white lady a 'girl' or a 'woman'. Harry ignored this and went on to say that "after that an elderly woman cam..." But again, before he could finish his sentence, the superintendent said, "I say, you cheeky nigger, you cannot call a European lady a women."

Then this police officer called Harry to a room and closed the door and beat him up. Harry told this officer that he was lucky he was wearing Her Majesty, the Queen's uniform, or one or other of them would have been killed.

When the case came to court, our demand that we should be medically examined by a doctor chosen by us was refused and we therefore chose not to continue with the case.

The following morning after the incident a group of mine-workers went to the café and said to the proprietor, "We have heard that our leaders were beaten up here. We have come to have our revenge." There was a police guard on the café and the leader of the group of men was arrested and fined.

This was the type of incident that was taking place continually in the Federation which, according to spokesmen like Sir Roy Welensky, was achieving racial partnership and good feeling.

Of course one could fill all the pages of this book with stories of this kind. Amongst ourselves, we spend hours laughing about these things because they often make the Europeans look very silly. In our U.N.I.P. headquarters, we have an office orderly who is a faithful servant of the nationalist movement. He is a

small man who has never had the advantage of good education so does not speak very fluent English. One day some years ago he went to the old Lusaka post office which at that time, was segregated. Unwittingly he found himself in the European side and as there were not many people about he went up to the counter and, pushing a shilling under the grill, he said, 'Please penny stamps madam'. She did not take any notice so, trying again, he said, 'Please penny stamps girl.' At this the assistant called a policeman and our orderly was asked to explain his behaviour. In his own forceful way he said to the policeman, 'Me say stamps madam. She nothing. Me say stamps girl. She nothing. Me say this thing stupid.' Fortunately the policeman had sufficient sense of humor to laugh it off.



WORDS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

<i>overalls:</i>	a piece of clothing which are worn over other clothing to protect them.
<i>slanging match:</i>	an argument in which both sides use angry uncontrolled language.
<i>frog marched:</i>	to force someone to move forward by holding the person's arms behind their back and then push them forward.
<i>reverted:</i>	go back to the previous condition.
<i>nigger:</i>	black person (a very offensive word)
<i>complainant:</i>	a person who brings a charge against somebody.
<i>unwittingly:</i>	unknowingly, without being aware



LET'S UNDERSTAND

I. Answer the following questions.

1. What did Kenneth Kaunda, as a young schoolteacher, decide to expose?

2. Make a list of the places where Kaunda found evidence of colour bar being practiced.
3. Why do you think did the District Officer at Boma accompany Kaunda to the chemist's shop where Kaunda was ill treated?
4. What do you think 'boys' refers to? Why do you think Blacks were addressed as 'boys' by the Whites?
5. For what actions were Harry and Kaunda ill treated at the café in Kitwe?
6. What made the superintendent of police angry with Harry? Pick out the expression that shows his anger.
7. Why did Harry tolerate the beating by the police officer?
8. How did the Black try to get justice when Harry, one of their leaders, was denied justice even by the court?
9. Do you find any change in the attitude of Kaunda as a young schoolteacher and as a mature politician towards the behaviour of the Europeans? If yes, pick out the line that expresses this change
10. Why was the policeman not angry with the boy who came to buy stamps?

II. Given below are some quotations from the text. Indicate who speaks these lines and what these lines reveal about the character of the speaker.

Quotation	Speaker	Qualities revealed
1. "You can stand there till Christmas and you'll never get a book from me."		
2. "Get out."		
3. "Look here, Kenneth, if ever you want anything just come along to me and I will give you a note."		

Quotation	Speaker	Qualities revealed
5. "You can't call a white lady a 'girl' or 'woman'."		



USING WORDS

I. Fill in the blanks with the words in the box

indignities	expose	notorious	tattered
profound	viciously	proprietor	indignation
apartheid	segregated		

1. We weren't satisfied with the treatment we got at the hotel, so we complained to the _____.
2. Seeing the _____ clothes of the beggar brought tears into my eyes.
3. The _____ criminal was nabbed by the police after years of tireless effort.
4. Raja Rammohan Roy _____ the cruel treatment which was meted out to women in the eighteenth century.
5. He hated the rules and _____ of prison life.
6. In India, in many functions, we see men and women _____ in different corners.
7. He was _____ - beaten up for not following the orders of the criminals.
8. My grandmother had a _____ influence on me.
9. I expressed my _____ at being unfairly treated.
10. The Africans fought for several years to break the system of _____ practiced against them.

Homophones

Look at the following pairs of words.

miner	minor
roll	role
here	here
to	two, too
knew	new

You will notice that these words sound the same, but have different meanings and spellings. These words are known as **homophones**.

Homophones are words that have similar sounds but different meanings and spellings.

II. Fill in the blanks with the homophone of the word given at the left hand side. We have given you the meanings of the words to be filled in as a clue.

1. reed _____ understand something printed
2. no _____ have in mind something from previous experience.
3. heart _____ adult male of a deer.
4. fair _____ money that you pay for a journey you make
5. feet _____ impressive achievement.
6. not _____ a place in a string or rope where one end or part has passed through a loop had been pulled tight.
7. sell _____ the smallest part of an animal or plant that is able to exist by itself.
8. bread _____ brought up



USING GRAMMAR

Reduced adjective clauses

You have already studied adjective clauses. Adjective clauses can also be reduced to phrases, which modify the noun, without changing the meaning of the sentence.

Let's look at the rules for reducing adjective clauses used as subject of the clause.

1. Omit the adjective pronouns who, which, that and the be form of the verb (is, was, were etc.)

Example:

- a. The girl *who was standing* behind the counter. (adjective clause)
- b. The girl standing behind the counter. (reduced adjective clause)

2. In adjective clauses that do not contain the verb **be** it is often possible to drop the 'relative' pronoun, and change the verb to its *ing* form.

Example:

- a. They were met by angry school boys *who strongly objected to their school master*. (adjective clause)
- b. They were met by angry school boys strongly objecting to their school master. (reduced adjective clause)

3. Some adjective clauses can be reduced to **appositive phrases**.
An appositive phrase is simply placing one noun or noun phrase next to another, with a comma between them.

Example:

- a. My friend whose name is John Sokoni had once rescued ———
———. (adjective clause)

- b. My friend, John Sokoni, had once rescued _____.
(appositive clause)

I. First pick out the adjective clauses. Then change the adjective clauses to adjective phrases or appositive phrases.

1. Mr. Rajan Talwar is the new teacher who is teaching physics to class VIII this year.
2. Physics, which is difficult subject, can be enjoyable.
3. The students who are in Mr. Talwar's class this year are having a great time.
4. Mr. Talwar has written Physics books, which are used in schools all over the country.
5. He's just completed a new book, which is *Making Physics Fun*.

II. Imagine that you are talking to a stranger who does not know your classmates. Give him some details about ten students of your class. Identify them by their position in the room, their actions, physical appearance, and so on.

You may use both adjective clauses and phrases as well as appositive phrases.

Example:

1. Sunita is the girl who has very short hair and is wearing glasses.
(adjective clause)
2. The child writing in her notebook is Monika. (adjective phrase)
3. There is Akshay, my twin brother, with a cap on his head.
(Appositive phrase)



LET'S TALK

Get into groups of six and talk of the divisions in society at the level caste, religion, language, colour, wealth and so on. Suggest ways to overcome these divisions.



LET'S WRITE

1918	Born in Untata in South Africa-son of Thembu Chief
	Attended University of Fort Hare in Alie-worked against racial discrimination
1940	Expelled from University for participating in demonstration.
1942	Completed BA through correspondence from University of South Africa.
	Became involved in Africa National Congress (ANC), a multiracial nationalist movement.
1951	Became President of the Youth League of ANC.
1952	Staged a campaign known as 'defiance campaign' against apartheid laws.
1964	Sentence to life imprisonment for sabotage treason and violent conspiracy.
1964-1990	Political prisoner in Robbans Island
Feb. 1990	Released from prison under leadership of President F.W. de Klerk.
1993	He and de Klerk awarded Noble Peace Prize.

1994	First multiracial elections-becomes President of South Africa.
------	--



DO IT YOURSELF

We all say we are equal, yet in actual fact, we do not treat everyone equally. Suggest three ways in which we can treat the helpers in our house in a better manner.



A PLANET AT PRAYER



LET'S BEGIN

Looking at the title. What do you expect to read in the poem? Talk to your partner and discuss.



LET'S READ

Here we are, God – a planet at prayer, Attune our spirits
that we may hear your harmonies and bow before your creative power
that we may face our violent discords and join with your energy
to make heard in every heart your hymn of peace.

Here we are, God – a militarized planet. Transform our fears
that we may transform our war fields into wheat fields, arms
into handshakes, missiles into messengers of peace.

Here we are, God – a polluted planet. Purify our vision that
we may perceive ways to purify our beloved lands and cleanse our
precious waters, de-smog our life-giving air.

Here we are, God – an exploited planet heal our heart that
we may respect your resources, hold priceless our people, and
provide for our starving children an abundance of daily bread.

Joan Hetzner



LET'S UNDERSTAND

1. What are the 'things' that the poet prays for and why?
2. Do you think that there are more pressing things that you would like to pray for? Add two more stanzas to the poem.



DO IT YOURSELF

Write this poem in the form of a prose piece in a paragraph.

