RESOLUTION

CLASS X

ENGLISH BOOK-II



BOARD OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
RAJASTHAN, AJMER

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RESOLUTION

CLASS-X

ENGLISH BOOK-II

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RESOLUTION

CLASS-X

ENGLISH BOOK-II

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

As per the directive of State Government, new syllabus has been prepared by Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan on the basis of major social, historical and cultural events at National and State Level, for the students with a view to provide them a platform for an overall personality development and establishing a meaningful relationship between their roots and academics.

Under the programme, in the first phase, text books have been prepared for the session 2016-17 for the students of IX and XI, session 2017-18 for the students of X and XII standard, who are pursuing education in the schools affiliated to the Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan

Along with an insight into the social, cultural and historical benchmarks, factual information, project-based task and activity-based exercises have also been effectively dealt with in the prescribed books. The books will promote creativity, original thinking, contemplation and expression among the students. The modern techniques and teaching aids will make the learning more effective, interesting and result oriented.

I, therefore, on my behalf and on behalf of the Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan extend my deep gratitude to the writers and Rajasthan State Text book Board for their kind co-opreation in our endeavour to undertake the important work of text book writing and hope to get the same co-operation in future also.

Prof. B.L. Choudhary
Chairman
Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan, Ajmer

PREFACE

'Resolution' provides an opportunity to the secondary level students to engage efficaciously in learning English language. The book also aims at acquainting the students with the best available literary works from diverse cultures. It will also enrich their ideas besides building a foundation for learning, without undermining the cultural ethos of our nation.

A good piece of literature is always a delight and therefore care has been taken to design this book for meeting the requirements of the young learners and inculcate a well disposed interest in reading. The stories contained in this book are fascinating, enjoyable and instructive; they are driven towards imparting moral values and etiquettes in the life of the students.

As a matter of fact English has positioned itself as a true global language therefore the book attempts to facilitate quality learning among students, which match the standard norms practiced worldwide at their grade. Apart from this the effort put in by the editors is a manifestation of the new education policy formulated for the holistic growth of the students.

The editors of this book have taken the fact prominently into consideration that an education that incorporates only bookish knowledge is no education. The main role of education lies in shaping the personality of a child into a healthy mind and a happy soul, who has an aptitude required for academic excellence.

The book has a short biographical note about each author and a short summary to familiarize the students with the background relating to the stories. The glossary explains several difficult words and phrases to involve the students quickly with the stories, without hindering their progress with needless verbosity. The comprehension exercises are meant to encourage a craving for knowledge. At the same time these activities would develop an aptitude for task based learning. We sincerely hope that students would feel privileged to read a wide variety of literature.

Suggestions for improvement in the book are welcome.

- Text Book Development Committee

SYLLABUS

RESOLUTION
CLASS-X
ENGLISH BOOK-II

The examination scheme for the paper is as follows:-

Paper	Time	Marks	Sessional Marks	Total Marks
one	3.15 Hrs.	80	20	100

Area of Learning	Marks
Reading	14
Writing	14
Grammar	15
Text book : **What is Amiss with Us**	23
Supp. book : **Resolustion**	10
Road Safety Education	04

(1) Reading **14**

(i) Two unseen passages of total 500 words with a variety of questions including 4 marks for vocabulary. Only prose passages will be used. One will be factual and the other will be literary. Passage 1 - 150 words (7 marks) - Four or five comprehension questions 07

(ii) Passage 2 - 200 words (8 marks)-Four or five comprehension questions and two questions on vocabulary. 07

(2) Writing **14**

(i) Letter writing- (One out of Two)

Informal - personal, such as to family and friends.

Formal - letters to the editor/letter of complaints, enquiries, requests, applications

Email - formal letters to the Principal of the school or to the Editor of a Newspaper or a Magazine. 05

(ii) Writing a short paragraph on a given outline / topic in about 60 words 04

(iii) Composition : A short writing task based on a verbal and / or visual stimulus. (diagram, picture, graph, map, chart, table, flow chart etc.) Maximum words 75 05

(3) Grammar 15

A variety of short questions involving the use of particular structures within a context. Test types used will include -

*cloze *gap-filling, *sentence-completion,

*sentence-reordering, *dialogue-completion

*sentence-transformation (including combining sentences).

The Grammar teaching will include the following areas-

1. Tense (Simple Present, Present Continuous, Present Perfect, Simple Past, Past Continuous, Past Perfect and Tense showing Future Action) 04

2. Clauses (Noun Clauses, Adverb Clauses of condition & time, Relative Clauses) 03

3. Use of Active & Passive Voice 02

4. Direct and Indirect Speech 04

5. Modals (Command, Request, Permission, Probability, Obligation) 02

(4) Text Books & Supplementary Reader 33

Prose - What is Amiss with Us? 14

(i) Two extracts from different prose lessons included in Textbook (Approximately 75 words each) 4x2 = 08

These extracts would require effort on the part of the students to supply the esponses. (One mark in each extract will be for vocabulary and remaining three marks will be for testing local and global comprehension.)

(ii) One out of two questions extrapolative in nature based on any one of the prose lessons from Textbook to be answered in about 60 words. 03

(iii) One out of two questions on Drama Text (local and global comprehension questions) (30-40 words) 03

Poetry - What is Amiss with Us? 09

(i) One out of two reference to context from the prescribed poems 04

(ii) Two out of three short answer type questions on interpretation of themes and ideas contained in the poems to be answered in 30-40 words each. 05

Supplementary Reader - Resolustion **10**

(i) One out of two questions from Supplementary Reader to interpret, evaluate and analyse character, plot or situations occurring in the lessons to be answered in about 80 words. 05

(ii) One out of two short answer type questions of interpretative and evaluative nature based on lessons to be answered in 30-40 words 03

(iii) One out of two short answer type questions based on factual aspects of the lessons to be answered in 20-25 words. 02

Road Safety Education **04 Marks**

- Poster Making, Carpooling, Comprehension Passage (Driver's Responsibility), Fill in Appropriate (General Exercise), Speed Writing (Drunk Driving).

Prescribed Text Books

1. **What is Amiss with Us? -** Published by Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan, Ajmer
2. **Resolustion -**Published by Board of Secondary Education, Rajasthan, Ajmer
3. **Road Safety Education-** Supplementry Material- Transport Deptt.

1. **What is Amiss with Us? (Text Book)-**

1. The Book that Saved the Earth	- Claire
2. On Violence	- J. Krishnamurti
3. Positive Health	- Subhra Datta
4. The Tale of the Bishnois	- Madhav Gudil
5. A Hero	- R.K. Narayan
6. What is Amiss With Us?	- S.M. Goyal
7. What I Learnt in the Shoe Store?	- William Hendryx
8. A Discourse On Prayer	- M.K. Gandhi
9. A Man's True Son	- H.M. Lambert
10. The Tribute	- Dash Benhur
11. The Betrayal of Faith	- E.R. Braithwaite

Poems

1. Risks - Janet Rand
2. My Good Right Hand - C. Mackay
3. I Keep Six Honest Serving Men - Rudyard Kipling
4. An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog - Olliver Goldsmith

2. Resolustion (Text Book)-

1. The Thief's Story - Ruskin Bond
2. Footprints Without Feet - H.G. Wells
3. Bholi - K.A. Abbas
4. Growing Up Pains - R.K. Murti
5. A Hero - R.K. Narayan
6. High Maharajah - Mena Abdullah and Ray Mathew
7. Old Man at the Bridge - Ernest Hemingway
8. Uttanka's Gurudakshina - (A Mythical Tale)
9. The Imp and the Peasant's Bread - Count Leo Tolstoy
10. Resolution - Maneesh Goyal
11. Feast of the Dead -Cevdet Kudret
12. The Man Who Know Too Much - Alexander Barron
13. The Purple Jar - Maria Edgeworth

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The Thief's Story

I was still a thief when I met Anil and though I was only fifteen, I was an experienced and fairly successful hand.

Anil was watching a wrestling match when I approached him. He was about twenty-five -- a tall, lean fellow -- and he looked easy-going, kind and simple enough for my purpose. I was sure I would be able to win the young man's confidence.

"You look a bit of a wrestler yourself,' I said. A little flattery helps in making friends.

"So do you," he replied, which put me off for a moment because at that time I was rather thin.

"Well", I said modestly, "I do wrestle a bit."

"What's your name ?"

"Hari Singh," I lied. I took a new name every month. That kept me ahead of the police and my former employers.

After this introduction, Anil talked about the well-oiled wrestlers who were grunting, lifting and throwing each other about. I didn't have much to say. Anil walked away. I followed casually.

"Hello again," he said.

I gave him my most appealing smile. "I want to work for you," I said. "But I can't pay you."

I thought that over for a minute. Perhaps I had misjudged my man. I asked, "Can you feed me ?"

"Can you cook ?"

"I can cook," I lied again.

"If you can cook, then may be I can feed you."

He took me to his room over the Sweet Shop and told me I could sleep on the balcony. But the meal I cooked that night must have been terrible because Anil gave it to a stray dog and told me to be off. But I just hung around, smiling in my most appealing way and he couldn't help laughing.

Later, he patted me on the head and said, never mind, he'd teach me to cook. He also taught me to write my name and said, he would soon teach me to write whole sentences and to add numbers. I was grateful. I knew that once I could write like an educated man there would be no limit to what I could achieve.

It was quite pleasant working for Anil. I made the tea in the morning and then would take my time buying the day's supplies, usually making a profit of about a rupee a day. I think he knew I made a little money this way but he did not seem to mind.

Anil made money by fits and starts. He would borrow one week, lend the next. He kept worrying about his next cheque, but as soon as it arrived he would go out and celebrate. It seems he wrote for magazines -- a queer way to make a living !

One evening he came home with a small bundle of notes, saying he had just sold a book to a publisher. At night, I saw him tuck the money under the mattress.

I had been working for Anil for almost a month and apart from cheating on the shopping, had not done anything in my line of work. I had every opportunity for doing so. Anil had given me a key to the door and I could come and go as I pleased. He was the most trusting person I had ever met.

And that is why it was so difficult to rob him. It's easy to rob a greedy man because he can afford to be robbed; but it's difficult to rob a careless man -- sometimes he doesn't even notice he's been robbed and that takes all the pleasure out of the work.

Well, it's time I did some real work. I told myself; I'm out of practice. And if I don't take the money, he'll only waste it on his friends. After all, he doesn't even pay me.

Anil was asleep. A beam of moonlight stepped over the balcony and fell on the bed. I sat up on the floor, considering the situation. If I took the money, I could catch the 10.30 Express to Lucknow. Slipping out of the blanket, I crept up to the bed. Anil was sleeping peacefully. His face was clear and unlined; even I had more marks on my face, though mine were mostly scars.

My hand slid under the mattress, searching for the notes. When I found them, I drew them out without a sound. Anil sighed in his sleep and turned on his side towards me. I was startled and quickly crawled out of the room.

When I was on the road, I began to run. I had the notes at my waist, held there by the string of my pyjamas. I slowed down to a walk and counted the notes : 600 rupees in fifties ! I could live like an oil-rich Arab for a week or two.

When I reached the station I did not stop at the ticket office (I had never bought a ticket in my life) but dashed straight to the platform. The Lucknow Express was just moving out. The train had still to pick up speed and I should have been able to jump into one of the carriages, but I hesitated - for some reason I can't explain - and I lost the chance to get away.

When the train had gone, I found myself standing alone on the deserted platform. I had no idea where to spend the night. I had no friends, believing that friends were more trouble than help, and I did not want to make anyone curious by staying at one of the

small hotels near the station. The only person I knew really well was the man I had robbed. Leaving the station, I walked slowly through the bazaar.

In my short career as a thief, I had made a study of men's faces when they had lost their goods. The greedy man showed fear; the rich man showed anger; the poor man showed acceptance. But I knew that Anil's face, when he discovered the theft, would show only a touch of sadness. Not for the loss of money but for the loss of trust.

I found myself in the *maidan* and sat down on a bench. The night was chilly -- it was early November -- and a light drizzle added to my discomfort. Soon it was raining quite heavily. My shirt and pyjamas stuck to my skin and a cold wind blew the rain across my face.

I went back to the bazaar and sat down in the shelter of the clock tower. The clock showed midnight. I felt for the notes. They were damp from the rain.

Anil's money. In the morning he would probably have given me two or three rupees to go to the cinema, but now I had it all. I couldn't cook his meals, run to the bazaar or learn to write whole sentences any more.

I had forgotten about them in the excitement of the theft. Whole sentences, I knew, could one day bring me more than a few hundred rupees. It was a simple matter to steal - and sometimes just as simple to be caught. But to be a really big man, a clever and respected man, was something else. I should go back to Anil, I told myself, if only to learn to read and write.

I hurried back to the room feeling very nervous, for it is much easier to steal something than to return it undetected, I opened the door quietly, then stood in the doorway, in clouded moonlight. Anil was still asleep. I crept to the head of the bed, and my hand came up with the notes. I felt his breath on my hand. I remained still for a minute. Then my hand found the edge of the mattress and slipped under it with the notes.

I awoke late next morning to find that Anil had already made the tea. He stretched out his hand towards me. There was a fifty-rupee note between his fingers. My heart sank. I thought I had been discovered.

"I made some money yesterday", he explained. "Now you'll be paid regularly."

My spirits rose. But when I took the note, I saw it was still wet from the night's rain.

"Today we'll start writing sentences", he said.

He knew. But neither his lips nor his eyes showed anything. I smiled at Anil in my most appealing way, and the smile came by itself, without any effort.

- RUSKIN BOND

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About the Author :

Ruskin Bond is an Indian author of British decent. The Indian Council for Child Education has recognized his role in the growth of children's literature. He received the 'Sahitya Academy' Award in 1992. He was also awarded the 'Padma Shri' in 1999 and 'Padma Bhushan' in 2014.

About the Story :

This story has a simple plot with an important message. A young boy Hari Singh came to live with Anil in the hope of making a theft. Being a good fellow, Anil wants to teach Hari Singh how to read and write. Gradually, Anil develops trust in Hari Singh.

After stealing money from Anil, Hari Singh tries to go away forever but some inner voice stops him from doing so. Thus Anil, who was diverted from the right path realized his mistake.

Glossary

approached	-	came near, near to
flattery	-	excessive or insincere praise
modestly	-	humbly, bashfully
grunting	-	uttering a harsh sound
gasping	-	catching breath with open mouth
slid	-	to move, to slip in
sighed	-	drew a deep breath
stuffed	-	filled
arouse	-	to awaken, to excite
curious	-	eager to learn
vagrants	-	persons who have no settled home or job
undetected	-	not discovered

COMPREHENSION

A. Tick the correct alternative :

1. What was Anil watching when Hari Singh met him -

   (a) cricket match (b) wrestling match

   (c) kabaddi match (d) television

2. What did Hari Singh get from Anil in return for his work -

   (a) salary (b) gold

(c) food and accommodation (d) clothes

3. Anil was a _____.

(a) thief (b) writer

(c) wrestler (d) scientist

B. State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Hari Singh took a new name every month. [ ]
2. Hari Singh was twenty years old. [ ]
3. Hari Singh was fond of wrestling matches. [ ]
4. Anil made money by fits and starts. [ ]
5. Hari Singh went by train after stealing money. [ ]

C. Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Who was Hari Singh ?
2. Why did Anil dislike the first meal cooked by Hari Singh ?
3. How did Hari Singh feel while working for Anil ?
4. How did Hari Singh make a profit for himself ?
5. How did Hari Singh steal money ?
6. Why did Hari Singh not stop at the ticket office ?

D. Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. Why was it difficult to rob Anil ?
2. What study of men's faces had been made by Hari Singh ?
3. "Anil was the most trusting person." Discuss.
4. Why did Hari Singh think that he should go back to Anil ?

E. Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. How did Anil make a living ?
2. How can you say that Hari Singh was a successful thief ?
3. Describe Hari Singh's reactions after the departure of the train ?

ACTIVITY :

Choose extracts from the story that illustrate the characters of Anil and Hari Singh and write down brief character sketches of both.

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Bholi

HER name was Sulekha but since her childhood everyone had been calling her Bholi, the simpleton.

She was the fourth daughter of *Numberdar* Ramlal. When she was ten months old, she had fallen off the cot on her head and perhpas it had damaged some part of her brain. That was why she remained a backward child and came to be known as Bholi, the simpleton.

At birth, the child was very fair and pretty. But when she was two years old, she had an attack of smallpox. Only the eyes were saved, but the entire body was permanently disfigured by deep black pock-marks. Little Sulekha could not speak till she was five and when at last she learnt to speak, she stammered. The other children often made fun of her and mimicked her. As a result, she talked very little.

Ramlal had seven children -- three sons and four daughters and the youngest of them was Bholi. It was a prosperous farmer's household and there was plenty to eat and drink. All the children except Bholi were healthy and strong. The sons had been sent to the city to study in schools and later in colleges. Of the daughters, Radha, the eldest, had already been married. The second daughter Mangla's marriage had also been settled and when that was done, Ramlal would think of the third, Champa. They were good-looking, healthy girls and it was not difficult to find bridegrooms for them.

But Ramlal was worried about Bholi. She had neither good looks nor intelligence.

Bholi was seven years old when Mangla was married. The same year, a primary school for girls was opened in their village. The *Tehsildar Sahib* came to perform its opening ceremony. He said to Ramlal, "As a revenue official, you are the representative of the government in the village and so you must set an example for the villagers. You must send your daughters to school."

That night when Ramlal consulted his wife, she cried, "Are you crazy ? If girls go to school, who will marry them ?"

But Ramlal had not the courage to disobey the *Tehsildar.* At last his wife said, "I will tell you what to do. Send Bholi to school. As it is, there is a little chance of her getting married, with her ugly face and lack of sense. Let the teachers at school worry about her."

The next day, Ramlal caught Bholi by the hand and said, "Come with me. I will take you to school." Bholi was frightened. She did not know what a school was like. She remembered how a few days ago their old cow, Lakshmi, had been turned out of the house and sold.

"N-n-n-n NO, no-no-no," she shouted in terror and pulled her hand away from her father's grip.

"What's the matter with you, you fool ?" shouted Ramlal. "I am only taking you to school." Then he told his wife, "Let her wear some decent clothes today, or else what will the teachers and the other school girls think of us when they see her ?"

New clothes had never been made for Bholi. The old dresses of her sisters were passed on to her. No one cared to mend or wash her clothes. But today she was lucky to receive a clean dress which had shrunk after many washings and no longer fitted Champa. She was even bathed and oil was rubbed into her dry and matted hair. Only then did she begin to believe that she was being taken to a place better than her home !

When they reached the school, the children were already in their classrooms. Ramlal handed over his daughter to the Headmistress. Left alone, the poor girl looked about her with fear-laden eyes. There were several rooms and in each room girls like her squatted on mats, reading from books or writing on slates. The Headmistress asked Bholi to sit down in a corner in one of the classrooms.

Bholi did not know what exactly a school was like and what happened there but she was glad to find so many girls almost of her own age present there. She hoped that one of these girls might become her friend.

The lady teacher who was in the class was saying something to the girls but Bholi could understand nothing. She looked at the pictures on the wall. The colours fascinated her -- the horse was brown just like the horse on which the *Tehsildar* had come to visit their village; the goat was black like the goat of their neighbour; the parrot was green like the parrots she had seen in the mango orchard; and the cow was just like their Lakshmi. And suddenly Bholi noticed that the teacher was standing by her side, smiling at her.

"What's your name, little one ?"

"Bh-Bho-Bho-" She could stammer no further than that.

Then she began to cry and tears flowed from her eyes in a helpless flood. She kept her head down as she sat in her corner, not daring to look up at the girls who, she knew, were still laughing at her.

When the school bell rang, all the girls scurried out of the classroom, but Bholi dared not leave her corner. Her head still lowered, she kept on sobbing.

"Bholi."

The teacher's voice was so soft and soothing ! In all her life she had never been called like that. It touched her heart.

"Get up." said the teacher. It was not a command but just a friendly suggestion. Bholi got up.

"Now tell me your name."

Sweat broke out over her whole body. Would her stammering tongue again disgrace her? For the sake of this kind woman, however, she decided to make an effort. She had such a soothing voice; she would not laugh at her.

"Bh-Bh-Bho-Bho-," she began to stammer.

"Well done, well done," the teacher encouraged her. "Come on, now -- the full name ?"

"Bh-Bh-Bho-Bholi." At last she was able to say it and felt relieved as if it was a great achievement.

"Well done." The teacher patted her affectionately and said, "Put the fear out of your heart and you will be able to speak like everyone else."

Bholi looked up as if to ask, 'Really ?'

"Yes, yes, it will be very easy. You just come to school everyday. Will you come ?"

Bholi nodded.

"No, say it aloud."

"Ye-Ye-Yes." And Bholi herself was astonished that she had been able to say it.

'Didn't I tell you ? Now take this book."

The book was full of nice pictures and the pictures were in colour - dog, cat, goat, horse, parrot, tiger and a cow just like Lakshmi and with every picture was a word in big black letter.

"In one month, you will be able to read this book. Then, I will give you a bigger book, then a still bigger one. In time you will be more learned than anyone else in the village. Then no one will ever be able to laugh at you. People will listen to you with respect and you will be able to speak without the slightest stammer. Understand ? Now go home and come back early tomorrow morning."

Bholi felt as if suddenly all the bells in the village temple were ringing and the trees in front of the school-house had blossomed into big red flowers. Her heart was throbbing with a new hope and a new life.

Thus the years passed.

The village became a small town. The little primary school became a high school. There were now a cinema under a tin shed and a cotton ginning mill. The mail train began to stop at their railway station.

One night, after dinner, Ramlal said to his wife. "Then, shall I accept Bishamber's proposal ?"

"Yes, certainly," his wife said. "Bholi will be lucky to get such a well-to-do bridegroom.

A big shop, a house of his own and I hear several thousands in the bank. Moreover, he is not asking for any dowry."

"That's right, but he is not so young, you know --- almost the same age as I am --- and he also limps. Moreover, the children from his first wife are quite grown up."

"So what does it matter ?" his wife replied. "Forty-five or fifty -- it is no great age for a man. We are lucky that he is from another village and does not know about her pock-marks and her lack of sense. If we don't accept this proposal, she may remain unmarried all her life."

"Yes, but I wonder what Bholi will say."

"What will that witless one say ? She is like a dumb cow."

"May be you are right", muttered Ramlal.

In the other corner of the courtyard, Bholi lay awake on her cot, listening to her parent's whispered conversation.

Bishambhar Nath was a well-to-do grocer. He came with a big party of friends and relations with him for the wedding. A brass-band playing a popular tune from an Indian film headed the procession, with the bridegroom riding a decorated horse. Ramlal was overjoyed to see such pomp and splendour. He had never dreamt that his fourth daughter would have such a grand wedding. Bholi's elder sisters who had come for the occassion were envious of her luck.

When the auspicious moment came, the priest said, "Bring the bride."

Bholi, clad in a red silken bridal dress, was led to the bride's place near the sacred fire.

"Garland the bride," one of his friends prompted Bishamber Nath.

The bridegroom lifted the garland of yellow marigolds. A woman slipped back the silken veil from the bride's face. Bishamber took a quick glance. The garland remained poised in his hands. The bride slowly pulled down the veil over her face.

"Have you seen her ?" said Bishamber to the friend next to him. "She has pock-marks on her face."

"So what ? You are not young either."

"Maybe. But if I am to marry her, her father must give me five thousand rupees."

Ramlal went and placed his turban -- his honour -- at Bishamber's feet. "Do not humiliate me so. Take two thousand rupees."

"No. Five thousand, or we go back. Keep your daughter."

"Be a little considerate, please. If you go back, I can never show my face in the village."

"Then out with five thousand."

Tears streaming down his face, Ramlal went in, opened the safe and counted out the notes. He placed the bundle at the bridegroom's feet.

On Bishamber's greedy face appeared a triumphant smile. He had gambled and won. "Give me the garland," he announced.

Once again the veil was slipped back from the bride's face but this time her eyes were not downcast. She was looking up, looking straight at her prospective husband and in her eyes there was neither anger nor hate, only cold contempt.

Bishamber raised the garland to place it round the bride's neck: but before he could do so, Bholi's hand struck out like a streak of lightning and the garland was flung into the fire. She got up and threw away the veil.

"Pitaji !" said Bholi in a clear loud voice; and her father, mother, sisters, brothers, relations and neighbours were startled to hear her speak without even the slightest stammer.

"Pitaji ! Take back your money. I am not going to marry this man."

Ramlal was thunderstruck. The guests began to whisper, "So shameless ! So ugly and so shameless !"

"Bholi, are you crazy ?" shouted Ramlal. "You want to disgrace your family ? Have some regard for our *izzat !*"

"For the sake of your *izzat,"* said Bholi, "I was willing to marry this lame old man. But I will not have such a mean, greedy and contemptible coward as my husband. I won't, I won't, I won't.

"What a shameless girl ! We all thought she was a harmless dumb cow."

Bholi turned violently on the old woman, "Yes, Aunty, you are right. You all thought I was a dumb-driven cow. That's why you wanted to hand me over to this heartless creature. But now the dumb cow, the stammering fool, is speaking. Do you want to hear more ?"

Bishamber Nath, the grocer, started to go back with his party. The confused bandsmen thought this was the end of the ceremony and struck up a closing song.

Ramlal stood rooted to the ground, his head bowed low with the weight of grief and shame.

The flames of the sacred fire slowly died down. Everyone was gone. Ramlal turned to Bholi and said, "But what about you, no one will ever marry you now. What shall we do with you ?"

And Sulekha said in a voice that was calm and steady, "Don't you worry, *Pitaji !* In your

old age, I will serve you and mother and I will teach in the same school where I learnt so much. Isn't that right, Ma'am ?"

The teacher had all along stood in a corner, watching the drama.

"Yes, Bholi, of course," she replied, and in her smiling eyes was the light of a deep satisfaction that an artist feels when contemplating the completion of her masterpiece.

- K.A. ABBAS

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About the Author :

Khwaja Ahmad Abbas (1914-1987), the famous Indian writer, novelist, journalist and film director is popularly known as K.A. Abbas. Abbas's first published article appeared in a children's magazine entitled 'Phool'. Abbas was awarded 'Padma Shri' by the Government of India in 1969.

About the Story :

A little girl Bholi has smallpox marks on her face and she stammers. Her father sends her to school where she sits in a corner and looks around with fear. The teacher encourages her to speak. Over the years Bholi had learnt a lot and also gained a lot of confidence. When Bishamber demands money to Bholi's father for marrying his daughter she refuses such a greedy person. and decides to teach in the school where she her self had studied.

Glossary

simpleton	-	a simple person lacking common sense, a silly or foolish person.
stammered	-	spoke falteringly
mimicked	-	imitated or copied somebody's gestures, speech etc.
bridegroom	-	a man recently married or one about to be married
matted	-	entangled, twisted
squatted	-	sat on the ground on heels
orchard	-	a garden of fruit trees
scurried	-	ran or moved hurriedly
nodded	-	moved his/her head slightly in assent, greeting or understanding
astonished	-	amazed, greatly surprised in assent or greeting or understanding
blossomed	-	flowered
throbbing	-	pulsating, beating strongly
ginning	-	separating raw cotton from its seeds
contemptible	-	worthy of contempt, despicable

COMPREHENSION

A. Tick the correct alternative :

1. At what age did Bholi have an attack of smallpox ?

   (a) two years (b) three years

   (c) four years (d) five years

2. Who insisted on Ramlal to send his daughter to school ?

(a) Teacher (b) Numberdar

(c) Tehsildar (d) Bishamber

3. What did the teacher give to Bholi on the first day of her school ?

(a) sweets (b) book

(c) clothes (d) note book

4. How much money was demanded by Bishamber ?

(a) one thousand rupees (b) two thousand rupees

(c) ten thousand rupees (d) five thousand rupees

B. State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Sulekha was the first daughter of Numberdar Ramlal. [ ]
2. Bholi's mother was an educated woman. [ ]
3. Ramlal's wife was in a hurry to marry Bholi off to anyone. [ ]
4. Bholi did not enjoy her first day at school. [ ]
5. The teacher told Bholi to speak without fear. [ ]

C. Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. How did Bholi become a backward child ?
2. Why did the other children make fun of Bholi ?
3. Write a short note on Ramlal's family .
4. Why was Bholi's father worried about her ?
5. Why was Bholi sent to school ?
6. What did Bholi's mother say after receiving the proposal from Bishamber ?

D. Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. What was the situation in the class room when Bholi attended the school for the first time ?
2. What major changes were visible in the village in a few years ?
3. Why did Ramlal place his turban at Bishamber's feet ?
4. Why did Bholi refuse to marry Bishamber ?

E. Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. Draw a character sketch of Bholi.

2. Why did Bholi's parents accept Bishamber's marriage proposal ?

3. What was the role of the school teacher in Bholi's life ?

ACTIVITY :

After having read the story, you must have realised the evils of the dowry system. Deliver a speech in the assembly at your school on the eradication of dowry system in India.

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Growing up Pains

'Life is hard, I tell myself, as I stand before the mirror and watch acne, that dreaded scum of a disease, playing havoc with my face. I wish I could drive the pimples out with a wave of the hand. Then I tell myself that acne is a temporary ravage that makes life a little less comfortable for a teenager. But it is a sure sign of a child moulting into an adult.

"Life is tough," 1 turn away from the mirror, when it strikes me like a bolt of lightning. My voice has turned rough, almost raucous. It grates, if I may add. Where has my sweet, soft voice gone ? Have I caught a cold? Such gruffness goes hand in hand with a cold. But, the common cold and I have nothing to do with each other, at least at this moment. 'Is there an uncommon cold?' a light banter lifts my spirits. A common cold is common to all mankind. But every time I catch a cold, it becomes an uncommon one for *Appa* and *Amma.* They think I have come down with a dangerous cold, one that could kill. They force me into bed, send for the doctor who pumps all sorts of medicines into my system.

When I tease them for being over-protective, they grunt, "How would you know? You are too young to understand our fears. Our only child, the apple of our eye."

As if they understand my fears !

I too have my fear. It was not there till the other day. But, suddenly, out of nowhere, it has appeared. It fills all my waking thoughts and haunts my dreams too. I try to dispel the fear, I tell myself, 'Only cowards fear, I am no coward.' But this bravado doesn't last long.

The more I think of it, the stronger becomes the hold of this fear. I am no longer my usual self. I have become a stranger to myself.

Till the other day, I used to feel happy when *Amma* walked in unannounced, surveyed the room, gently chided me, "Is this a room or a pigsty?" and quickly got down to the task of cleaning the room. She would work at it with total dedication. The books would go back into the bookcase or side rack; the caps and pens, pulled apart by me, would get reunited; bits and pieces of crayons that dot the floor would go into the bin; the dust would be swept off the table and the room would gain a fresh look.

How I hate her now when she does that !

I have put up a warning on the door :

Knock Before You Enter.

Beneath the above instruction is a warning.

My Room! Love It Or Hate It !

Amma sees the notice but behaves as if it is Greek or Latin, she continues to step into my room, unmindful of my privacy.

How can I make her understand that I need privacy? If only she senses the gossamer-thin curtain that has come up between me and my parents! Is this what growing up is all about a matter of individuality, a snapping of bonds ?

Who wants to snap bonds with one's parents? Not I, the very thought makes me cry, yet, I feel I am drawing away from them.

Or am I imagining! I think *Appa* is watchful and wary when he meets me. Of course, his eyes gleam with joy whenever I walk into his presence. But is it as spontaneous as it used to be? Or am I unable to feel its warmth because of the curtain that has come up between us. May be, because of the curtain, he sees me as someone different, a rather misty figure, imprecise, vague and elusive, developing a form that is difficult for him to gauge. May be, he too is scared of this new figure.

Is that why, at times, he makes extra efforts to be overtly affectionate! I do not know. May be he tries to kill the fear in him by treating me with caution. He finds safety in treating me as a child. He runs his fingers through my thick, curly hair, holds my head close to his chest and pats me.

I would not say I hate him for doing that. But I am not able to enjoy it as I used to. Once, I would give the whole world for being held lovingly by *Appa.* Now I feel as if it is not what *Appa* should do to me. Is it not time, I tell myself, that he treats me as a grown-up. especially when he has been reminding me to behave like one.

I fall and slip and scream with pain because of a sprain. *Amma* is all kindness, Not *Appa.* He growls, "You are fourteen, Samir. It is time you learnt how to bear pain with stoic courage. You are no longer a child."

I cannot forget those words.

Next evening, before *Appa* has returned from office, I walk up to *Amma.* She welcomes me with a big smile. But the smile turns into a frown when I ask her whether I could go for a party at Vishal's house. *Amma* says, "Must be back before nine."

"Amma, I am grown-up now. Can I not stay out till all my friends leave?" I ask.

"You think you are old enough to be on your own, Samir? Remember you are still a child even though you think otherwise. You are at an in-between age. A Teenager,"

That raises my hackles. I stamp my feet, shout at her, "I am old enough, *Amma.* Old enough to be on my own, I will not allow myself to be treated like a kid !"

She gives me a stern look and asserts firmly, "My decision is final. No party for you, not today, not ever, I do not want you to end up as a wild colt."

She has her way. I miss the party. But it does not endear her. I sulk, I do not talk to her for a whole day, She coaxes me, placates me till I succumb to her molly-coddling. Then I hug her and cry. Pat comes her remark, "At fourteen, a boy must know how to control his emotions !"

That is the trouble. Am I a child? Or have I grown up? When will my parents see clearly what I am. Either I am a child or I am a grown-up. I cannot be both at the same time. May be I am a mix of both, I do not know. That is what makes my fear so scary.

I know my fear will die if my parents stop treating me like a child. But no. They will not do that. They have their fears, that is why *Amma* says every time I try to assert myself, "At your age, you need to be kept on the leash. It is for your good, Samir. We shall take the leash off once you are capable of knowing what is right and what is wrong. Freedom never comes in a day. Freedom will be yours once we feel you are mature enough to handle situations."

"When will that be?" I ask.

Appa walks in. *Amma* warms up to his presence with a gentle nod, then tells me, "Samir, everything takes time. A flower takes time to turn into a fruit. It takes a year for you to go from one class to the next" she grins.

Appa caresses my arm and says. "I know you have your fears. We have ours, we must fight our fears together. You must understand our concerns. There are so many temptations to which a youth is drawn. I do not want to list them. You know them now, come to us, talk to us openly, let us learn to be friends, take every advice we offer as coming from true friends. We, in turn, promise to do all that we can to appreciate your view point. Will you let me be your true friend?"

"Me too," *Amma* lifts my chin and smiles into my eyes.

I press her palm and grin happily, "We are three friends, bound by love, We will never do anything that hurts the others."

"That's it! We are happy now, we have been set free, from fear". Appa gently ruffles my curly hair.

- R.K. MURTHI

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About the Author :

R.K. Murthi is a leading indian writer effectively serving the cause of children's literature. He has authored over fifty books. He is also a recipient of several awards.

About the Story :

'Growing up Pains' is the story of a teen age boy Samir. The story shows the conflict between parents and then child where parents try to be extra watchful.

Whereas, on the other side a teenager needs extra space in his life to live in his own way and wants to take decisions independently.

Glossary

acne	-	a skin with red pmples on the face
havoc	-	to damage, to devastate
ravage	-	to destroy, to devastate
moulting	-	the shedding of skin
raucous	-	harsh and rough sounding
gruffness	-	harshness
banter	-	to make teasing remarks
dispel	-	to scatter
chide	-	to scold, to rebuke
scare	-	to terrify, to frighten
overtly	-	apparently
hackless	-	a feeling of anger
coaxes	-	entices, persuades
leash	-	to bring under control
caress	-	to touch or kiss lovingly

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. Which is a sure sign of a child moulting into an adult ?

(a) sprain (b) acne

(c) fever (d) smallpox

2. What was the warning, written by Samir, on the door of his room?

(a) Beware of Dogs (b) Do Not Disturb

(c) Knock the Door (d) Knock Before You Enter

3. How old was Samir?

(a) fourteen years (b) fifteen years

(c) sixteen years (d) seventeen years

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. A common cold is common to all mankind. [ ]
2. Samir does not want privacy. [ ]
3. Amma falls and screams with pain. [ ]
4. Samir did not talk to his mother for a whole day. [ ]
5. A flower takes time to turn into a fruit. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. What was Samir's opinion about the change in his voice ?
2. How did Samir try to dispel fear ?
3. What did Samir's mother say about his room ?
4. Why did Samir put up a warning on the door ?
5. How did Samir feel when he did not talk to his mother for a whole day ?
6. What was the opinion of Samir's mother about freedom ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. Why was Samir worried about the acne on his face?
2. When did Samir's parents grunt and what did they say ?
3. How did Samir's mother react when he fell and slipped?
4. Why did Samir stamp his feet ?
5. What do you think about freedom in teenage ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. Why were Samir's parents over protective ?

2. "Growing up is all about a matter of individuality" Discuss.

3. What made Samir sulk ?

ACTIVITY :

Like Samir you are also having conflict with your parents. Share your views with your classmates and try to find out solutions to the situation.

****

Footprints without Feet

The two boys stared in surprise at the fresh muddy imprints of a pair of bare feet. What was a barefooted man doing on the steps of a house, in the middle of London? And where was the man ?

As they gazed, a remarkable sight met their eyes. A fresh footmark appeared from nowhere!

Further footprints followed, one after another, descending the steps and progressing down the street. The boys followed fascinated until the muddy impressions became fainter and fainter and at last disappeared altogether.

The explanation of the mystery was really simple enough. The bewildered boys had been following a scientist who had just discovered how to make the human body transparent.

Griffin, the scientist, had carried out experiment after experiment to prove that the human body could become invisible. Finally he swallowed certain rare drugs and his body became as transparent as a sheet of glass - though it also remained as solid as glass.

Brilliant scientist though he was, Griffin was rather a lawless person. His landlord disliked him and tried to eject him. In revenge, Griffin set fire to the house. To get away without being seen, he had to remove his clothes. Thus it was that he became a homeless wanderer, without clothes, without money and quite invisible - until he happened to step in some mud and left footprints as he walked !

He escaped easily enough from the boys who followed his footprints in London. But his adventures were by no means over. He had chosen a bad time of the year to wander about London without clothes. It was mid-winter. The air was bitterly cold and he could not do without clothes. Instead of walking about the streets he decided to slip into a big London store for warmth.

Closing time arrived and as soon as the doors were shut Griffin was able to give himself the pleasure of clothing and feeding himself without regard to expense. He broke open boxes and wrappers and fitted himself out with warm clothes. Soon, with shoes, an overcoat and a wide-brimmed hat, he became a fully dressed and visible person. In the kitchen of the restaurant he found cold meat and coffee and he followed up the meal with sweets and wine taken from the grocery store. Finally, he settled down to sleep on a pile of quilts.

If only Griffin had managed to wake up in good time all might have been well. As it was, he did not wake up until the assistants were already arriving next morning. When he saw a couple of them approaching, he panicked and began to run. They naturally gave chase.

In the end he was able to escape only by quickly taking off his newly-found clothes. So once more he found himself invisible but naked in the chill January air.

This time he decided to try the stock of a theatrical company in the hope of finding not only clothes but also something that would hide the empty space above his shoulders. Shivering with cold he hurried to Drury Lane, the centre of the theatre world.

He soon found a suitable shop. He made his way, invisible, upstairs and came out a little later wearing bandages round his forehead, dark glasses, false nose, big bushy side-whiskers and a large hat. To escape without being seen, he callously attacked the shopkeeper from behind, after which he robbed him of all the money he could find.

Eager to get away from crowded London he took a train to the village of Iping, where he booked two rooms at the local inn.

The arrival of a stranger at an inn in winter was in any case an unusual event. A stranger of such uncommon appearance set all tongues wagging. Mrs. Hall, the landlord's wife, made every effort to be friendly. But Griffin had no desire to talk, and told her, "My reason for coming to Iping is a desire for solitude. I do not wish to be disturbed in my work. Besides, an accident has affected my face."

Satisfied that her guest was an eccentric scientist and in view of the fact that he had paid her in advance, Mrs. Hall was prepared to excuse his strange habits and irritable temper. But the stolen money did not last long and presently Griffin had to admit that he had no more ready cash. He pretended, however, that he was expecting a cheque to arrive at any moment.

Shortly afterwards a curious episode occurred. Very early in the morning, a clergyman and his wife were awakened by noises in the study. Creeping downstairs, they heard the chink of money being taken from the clergyman's desk.

Without making any noise and with a poker grasped firmly in his hand, the clergyman flung open the door.

"Surrender!"

Then to his amazement he realised that the room appeared to be empty. He and his wife looked under the desk and behind the curtains and even up the chimney. There wasn't a sign of anybody. Yet the desk had been opened and the housekeeping money was missing.

"Extraordinary affair!" the clergyman kept saying for the rest of the day.

But it was not as extraordinary as the behaviour of Mrs. Hall's furniture a little later that morning.

The landlord and his wife were up very early and were surprised to see the scientist's door wide open. Usually, it was shut and locked and he was furious if anyone entered his

room. The opportunity seemed too good to be missed. They peeped round the door, saw nobody and decided to investigate. The bedclothes were cold, showing that the scientist must have been up for some time; and stranger still, the clothes and bandages that he always wore were lying about the room.

All of a sudden Mrs. Hall heard a sniff close to her ear. A moment later the hat on the bedpost leapt up and dashed itself into her face. Then the bedroom chair became alive. Springing into the air it charged straight at her, legs foremost. As she and her husband turned away in terror, the extraordinary chair pushed them both out of the room and then appeared to slam and lock the door after them.

Mrs. Hall almost fell down the stairs in hysterics. She was convinced that the room was haunted by spirits and that the stranger had somehow caused these to enter into her furniture.

"My poor mother used to sit in that chair," she moaned. "To think it should rise up against me now!"

The feeling among the neighbours was that the trouble was caused by witchcraft. But witchcraft or not, when news of the burglary at the clergyman's home became known, the strange scientist was strongly suspected of having had a hand in it. Suspicion grew even stronger when he suddenly produced some ready cash, though he had admitted not long before that he had no money.

The village constable was secretly sent for. Instead of waiting for the constable, Mrs. Hall went to the scientist, who had somehow mysteriously appeared from his empty bedroom.

"I want to know what you have been doing to my chair upstairs," she demanded. "And I want to know how it is that you came out of an empty room and how you entered a locked room."

The scientist was always quick-tempered; now he became furious. "You don't understand who or what I am!" he shouted. "Very well - I'll show you."

Suddenly he threw off bandages, whiskers, spectacles and even nose. It took him only a minute to do this. The horrified people in the bar found themselves staring at a headless man !

Mr. Jaffers, the constable, now arrived and was quite surprised to find that he had to arrest a man without a head. But Jaffers was not easily prevented from doing his duty. If a magistrate's warrant ordered a person's arrest, then that person had to be arrested, with or without his head.

There followed a remarkable scene as the policeman tried to get hold of a man who was becoming more and more invisible as he threw off one garment after another. Finally, a

shirt flew into the air and the constable found himself struggling with someone he could not see at all. Some people tried to help him but found themselves hit by blows that seemed to come from nowhere.

In the end Jaffers was knocked unconscious as he made a last attempt to hold on to the unseen scientist.

There were nervous, excited cries of "Hold him!" But this was easier said than done. Griffin had shaken himself free and no one knew where to lay hands on him.

- H.G. WELLS

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About the Author :

Herbert George Wells (1866-1946) was born in Kent, England. He is best remembered as an author of science-fiction. His best creation is 'Time-Machine' which is considered as one of the finest pieces of modern literature.

About the Story :

This is the story of a scientist Griffin, who carried out various experiments to make himself invisible. Finally, he succeeded and his body became transparent.

He enjoyed the extra-ordinary things which started to happen after he became invisible and he misused his discovery to steal money and annoy others.

Glossary

imprints	-	stamp impressions
bare	-	to uncover, to reveal
gaze	-	to look steadily
descending	-	coming down
fascinated	-	charmed, enchanted
bewildered	-	confused
invisible	-	unable to be seen
wanderer	-	a rembler, who travels aimlessly
panicked	-	showed sudden alarm
shivering	-	trembling
callously	-	showing insensitive and cruel disregard
ecentric	-	crazy, unconventional and strange behaviour
irritable	-	easily made angry
furious	-	angry, violent
hysterics	-	a wildly emotional and exaggerated reaction

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. What is the name of the invisible scientist in the story?

(a) Mrs. Hall (b) Jaffers

(c) Griffin (d) H.G. Wells

2. Where did Griffin decide to slip in for warmth the first time ?

(a) Theatrical company (b) Sweet store

(c) Big London store (d) Inn

3. Whose money was stolen by the scientist ?

(a) a teacher (b) s shopkeeper

(c) a constable (d) a clergyman

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Griffin was not a scientist. [ ]
2. Griffin was rather a lawless person. [ ]
3. Mrs. Hall was the landlord's wife. [ ]
4. The constable tried to arrest Griffin. [ ]
5. Griffin did not shake himself free. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Why were the two boys surprised ?
2. How did the scientist become invisible ?
3. Why did Griffin set fire to the house of the first landlord ?
4. Why did Mrs. Hall think that her guest was an ecentric person ?
5. What happened in the clergyman's study ?
6. Why did Mrs. Hall fall down in hysterics ?
7. Why did Griffin become furious ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. Why was the scientist wandering in the streets ?
2. What did Griffin do in the theatrical company ?
3. Why did Griffin leave London?
4. Why were the elergyman and his wife surprised ?
5. What happened when Mr. Jaffers tried to get hold of the scientist ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. "Griffin was rather a lawless person". Explain.

2. What incident took place in the village of Iping when Griffin stayed there ?

3. Describe the end of the story ?

ACTIVITY :

Imagine that you are Griffin. How will you use the discovery of being invisible for the welfare of mankind.

****

The Purple Jar

Rosamond, a little girl about seven years, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them; but there was a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts and carriages and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"Oh mother, how happy I should be," said she, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke, they came to a milliner's shop where the windows were hung with ribbons, and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh! mamma, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and they came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop; and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, you'll buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; but any of them will do for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but of what use would they be to me?"

"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other for them if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well then, mamma, there are buckles; you know that buckles are useful things, very useful things."

'I have a pair of buckles. I don't want another pair,' said her mother and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop, which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop; but she did not know that.

"Oh, mother! oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand. "Look! look! Blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Oh, mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before, "Of what use would they be to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother; "and that is not a flower pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed; I'm sure I should not. I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money."

"Yes, I have."

"Dear ! if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and purple flower-pots, and everything." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"Oh, mamma, would you stop a minute for me? I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How came there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma—it comes in there: my shoes are quite worn out; I wish you'd be so very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and boxes, and everything."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterwards.

"There! there! mamma, there are shoes—there are little shoes that would just fit me; and you know shoes would really be of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in."

She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it's black and dark, and there are nothing but shoes all round; and besides, there's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure that you should like the purple vase exceedingly , till you have examined it more attentively."

"Why, I don't know about the shoes, certainly, till I've tried; but, mamma, I'm quite sure I should like the flower-pot."

"Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you."

"Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?"

"No, not both."

"Then the jar, if you please."

"But I should tell you that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month."

"This month! That's a very long time indeed. You can't think how these hurt me. I believe I'd better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot—Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer; and the month will soon be over: I can make them last to the end of the month, can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself: you will have time enough to consider about it whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure; and whilst her mother was speaking to him, Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma!—Yes—I believe. If you please—I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you the happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me the happiest," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it: clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe and ran after her mother: it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel and many times was she obliged to stop to take the stones out of her shoe and often was she obliged to limp with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt her joy redouble, upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she had in a corner of her mother's garden.

"I'm afraid they'll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say; and shan't I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?"

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy.

"I may have it now, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, it is yours."

Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet and seized the purple flower-pot. "Oh, dear mother!" cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there's something dark in it —it smells very disagreeably what is it? I didn't want this black stuff."

"Nor I my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I can not tell."

"But it will be of no use to me, mamma."

"That I can't help."

"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."

"That's as you please, my dear."

"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"

"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a purple vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much use to you now as ever for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed indeed. I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes, for I shall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good-humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here: many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her

with her brother to a glass-house which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste downstairs to her brother and father, who were waiting for her at the hall door, the shoe dropped off; she put it on again in a great hurry; but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round.

"Why are you walking slipshod? No one must walk slipshod with me. Why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I can not take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired. "Oh, mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope I shall be wiser another time."

- MARIA EDGEWORTH

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About the Author :

Maria Edgeworth (1768-1849) born of Anglo-Irish ancestory was one of the first realist writers in children's literature. Her first children's book 'The Parent's Assistant' was published in 1796.

About the Story :

The Purple Jar revolves around Rosamond, a little girl of seven who drives her mother to buy a purple coloured jar for her. She persists in her choice overlooking the immediate requirement of a new pair of shoes, as though her shoes had worn-out completely. The jar contains some smelly fluid which Rosamond empties out, thereby reducing the jar to post a pretty ordinary look. Rosamond finally decides to be wiser with her choices in the future.

Glossary

milliner	-	a person who sells women's hats
festoons	-	decorative chain of flowers, leaves or ribbons
baubles	-	small, showy trinkets or decoration
profound	-	deep or intense
clasp	-	hook or pin, grasp or hold tightly
abide by	-	accept or obey, follow
slip-shod	-	disorganised, messy, haphazard

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. If Rosamond had money, what would she want to buy ?

   (a) roses (b) boxes

   (c) purple flower-pots (d) all the three

2. What was the profession of Mr. Sole ?

   (a) chemist (b) shoemaker

   (c) teacher (d) milliner

3. Rosamond asked her mother to lend her a _____.

   (a) flower pot (b) vase

   (c) shoe (d) bowl

4. Rosamond believed that the purple flower vase would look good on _____.

(a) windows (b) the stairs

(c) the chimney-piece (d) the door

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Rosamond desired to buy everything she saw in the market. [ ]
2. Mr. Sole, the shoemaker had no customers in his shop. [ ]
3. It was Rosamond's mother who went out to buy the Purple Jar. [ ]
4. The Purple Jar contained a fine-odoured liquid inside it. [ ]
5. Rosamond's shoes could not last very long. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Who was Rosamond and where was she walking ?
2. Who accompanied Rosamond ? What did she see inside the milliner's shop ?
3. Why did Rosamond and her mother have to wait at Mr. Sole's shop ?
4. Why did Rosamond's father refuse to take her along with him ?
5. What did Rosamond see inside the jeweler's shop ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. Why was Rosamond's mother not buying anything from the market ?
2. How did the purple jar lose its favour with Rosamond ?
3. Why did Rosamond want to buy a flower vase for herself ?
4. What was Rosamond's reaction after seeing the chemist's shop ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. What did Rosamond's father propose ? Why was she left out ?
2. Why did Rosamond decide to buy the purple jar instead of a new pair of shoes?
3. Why did Rosamond feel uncomfortable inside Mr. Sole's shop ?

ACTIVITY :

In pairs, argue in favour of or against the topic, 'Rosamond was right in her decision to defy her mother.' Give logical and relevant reasons, and present your point of view to the class.

Feast of the Dead

January changed the colour of the air. The world seemed grimmer and people went out only for work. There was nobody under the oak trees, in the courtyards of the mosques and other cool places where children gathered in the summer. The fountains were never completely deserted. Almost every day there would be someone to go there to fetch the day's water.

That noon the boy who had been to the fountain ran back to the street panting and told the first man he saw,

"Dursun Agha is dead !"

Dursun Agha, the water carrier, was a familiar figure on the street. He barely made both ends meet and lived with his wife and two children in a small house. His entire capital consisted of two water cans and a pole, with a chain dangling from either end. Hoisting the pole on his shoulder, hooking the cans by their handles to the chains, he set out every morning.

"Water. Anybody need water ?"

His voice would carry as far as the last house on the street. Those who needed water would call back, "Dursun Agha, one trip," or "two trips," or "three trips."

'One trip' meant two cans of water. Then Dursun Agha would climb up the hill to the fountain, fill up his cans and go to and fro, between the fountain and the houses, all day long. He got three *kurush* for each trip. This way of earning was like digging a well with a needle. If they had had to rely only on his earnings, it would have been impossible to feed four mouths but thank God, his wife Gulnaz was called upon, three or four times a week to wash clothes. She tried to help her husband earn just a little bit more, cheating in pathetic, harmless ways using a can or two more water, so that her husband could earn a few more than three *kurush.*

Now all this had ended suddenly. Dursun Agha had slipped while trying to stand up on the ice that had hardened during the previous night and hit his head on the stone bowl under the tap. When Gulnaz heard the news, she froze. What was she going to do now ? It was not easy to be left with two children, one nine years old and the other six. How could she feed them only by washing clothes two or three times a week ? She thought and thought but could not reach a decision.

It is a tradition for the neighbours to send food, for a day or two, to the house where death has occurred. The first meal came to Gulnaz and her children from the white

house where Raif Effendi, the wealthy businessman lived. At noon on the day after Dursun Agha died, the maid from the white house appeared with a large tray. On it were dishes of noodles cooked in chicken broth, some meat in a rich sauce, cheese rolls and sweets.

To tell the truth, no one had thought of eating that day but as soon as the cover was lifted from the tray, the aroma of the food beckoned them. They gathered round the table and may be because they had never had such good food before, it tasted exceptionally delicious. Having eaten once, they found it natural to sit around the table at supper-time and satisfy their hunger with the leftovers of their lunch.

Another neighbour took care of the food for the next day. This went on for three or four days. None of the later meals were as tasty or generous as the food from the white house but they were all a great deal better than any that was ever cooked in Gulnaz's pot. If this could have continued, Gulnaz and her children could easily have borne their sorrow to the end of their lives but when the trays stopped coming and the coal they were buying from the store on the main street could not be bought any more, they began to realise that their sorrow was unbearable.

The first day the food stopped, they kept up their hopes till noon, running to the door each time they heard a footstep outside. But it was only people going about their daily lives. At supper time, they realised no one was going to bring them food, so they had to cook at home as they had done before.

They had got used to quite a different type of food during the past few days and found it difficult to adjust to the meagre dish Gulnaz cooked with hardly a trace of butter. They had no choice but to get used to it again. It was not long before they ran out of butter, flour, potatoes and grain. For the next few days they ate whatever they found in the house — two onions, a clove of garlic, a handful of dry beans found in a corner of the cupboard. Finally, there came a day when all the pots, baskets, bottles and boxes in the house were empty. That day, for the first time, they went to bed on empty stomachs.

The next day was the same. By the next afternoon the little one had started crying with hunger. Gulnaz kept hoping someone would send for her to wash clothes but the people of the street thought it would be inconsiderate to call her for work. The day after no one in the household thought of getting up. They all had visions of food. The younger boy saw soft and flufly bread, the older boy saw sweets instead. If only he had them once more, he would eat them one by one, savouring each mouthful. What a fool he had been to have eaten all his share at once !

Gulnaz lay in her bed, listening to the murmurs of her children, tears flowing silently down her cheeks. Life went on in the street outside as before. A door closed. She knew it was the boy next door going to school. Footsteps sounded outside. This time it was Tahsin Effendi, the barber, walking down the street to open his shop. The next one

was the clerk in the electric company, then the shoemaker and then the bread man, who comes to the white house every day at the same time. The big baskets tied to both sides of his horse were full of bread. The creaking of the baskets could be heard from far away.

It was the older boy who first heard it and looked towards his younger brother. Gulnaz got up in the cold room and put a wrap round her to go out. She had decided to ask for two loaves of bread on credit. She could pay when she got money, from laundering. She opened the door and saw the baskets full to the brim with fresh spongy, white bread. A beautiful smell went up her nose and just as she was about to say something to the bread man, he shouted, "Giddy yap," to the horse. And Gulnaz lost all her courage. No words came from her mouth and heavenly smelling food passed by her house but she could not stretch out her hand and take it.

She came inside but did not dare look into the fevered eyes of her sons, waiting hopefully. Not a word was spoken in the room. The boys simply looked at her empty hands and turned their eyes away. It was a long time later that the younger boy broke the silence.

"Mother, I can't stand it any more. Something is happening inside my tummy."

"Don't worry, my sweet son. It is hunger. I feel it too."

"I'm dying. I'm dying."

The older boy opened his eyes and looked at his brother. Gulnaz looked at both of them. The little boy was silent. His face was darker, his lips dry and parched, his bloodless skin faded and hollow. Finally, Gulnaz beckoned to the older boy and they left the room to talk outside.

"We must go to Bodos, the grocer. We must ask for some rice, flour and potatoes. Tell him we will pay him in a few days."

The boy's shabby coat was not heavy enough to keep out the cold outside. He had no strength in his legs and had to steady himself against the walls as he walked. Finally, he reached the store on the hill and entered the warm room. He waited until all the other customers had left, hoping to be able to talk to the grocer in privacy and to enjoy the warmth a little longer. Then he left his place by the fireside and ordered a pound of rice, a pound of flour and a pound of potatoes. He put his hand into his pocket as if reaching for his money and then pretended to have left it at home.

"Oh, I seem to have forgotten it at home. I'd hate to have to go all the way home in this cold and come back again. Write it down and I will pay you tomorrow."

It was a brave effort but the grocer knew the tricks of the trade too well.

"First bring the money. Then you can take the goods. You have become so thin. Some one who has money at home doesn't get so thin."

The boy hurried out, embarrased to have his lie found out. He found the iciness of the street more unbearable than he had before he entered the store.

At the corner, he saw smoke coming out of the chimney of the white house. How happy were the people who lived in it ! It did not occur to him to be jealous of them. He had only admiration for these people who had given him the best meal of his life.

He walked home as fast as he could, his teeth chattering. There was no need to say anything to his mother and brother. His empty hands told their own story. He took off his clothes and went to his bed and when he spoke, he said, "I am cold. I am cold." The blanket rose and fell on his trembling body.

Gulnaz piled on him whatever she could find. The trembling lasted for nearly two hours. Then came the fever and the exhaustion. The boy lay on his back motionless, his eyes staring vacantly. Gulnaz lifted the covers and tried to cool the burning body with her cold hands.

She paced through the house till evening, desperate. She did not know what to do. She could not think. The sun went down. She noticed the small pile of covers she had taken off the boy's body. Wouldn't there be anybody to give some money for all that? She remembered that her neighbours had talked of a junk store where they bought used things, but it must be closed. She would have to wait till the morning.

With this decision came peace of mind and she stopped pacing and sat down by her son's bedside. The boy's fever increased. She sat staring, motionless. The younger boy could not sleep for hunger. He, too, was watching, his eyes open. The sick boy moaned slowly and tossed and turned in his fever. His cheeks were burning and he talked in delirium. The younger one sat up in his bed and asked in a voice audible only to his mother, "Mother, will my brother die ?"

She shivered as if touched by a cold wind on her skin. She looked at her son with frightened eyes. "Why do you ask that ?"

The boy was silent for a moment, then he leaned close to her ear and said softly, trying to hide his voice from his brother.

"Because, then food will come from the white house."

- CEVDET KUDRET

About the Author :

Cevdet Kudret (1907-1992) was born in Istanbul, he worked as a teacher of lterature at various high schools in Ankara. He is known for his collection of poems 'The First Act' (1929), his play 'The Wolves' and his novel 'The Comrades' (1943).

About the Story :

Dursun Agha, the sole breadwinner of a poor Turkish family passes away. In accordance with the muslim custom the food arrives for the mourning family from wealthy neighbours. After a few days the food stops coming & the family grows impatient. The elder son in sheer desperation gets out in the chill to get some supplies, the grocer spurns all attempts made by the boy to obtain the supplies on credit. On reaching home the boy falls ill while the younger brother asks his mother whether the elder one is going to die, thus paving the way for the food coming again from neighbouring houses.

Glossary

dangling	-	hanging loosely
bereaved	-	sad because of the death of someone close
lima beans	-	edible pale green beans having large flat seeds
beckoned	-	made a gesture with the hand asking somebody to come nearer
trembling	-	shaking (of the body due to fear)
shivered	-	shook slightly because of cold or illness

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. Dursun Agha's entire capital consisted of____water cans.

   (a) three (b) two

   (c) four (d) five

2. The older boy asked the grocer to give him a pound of :

   (a) rice (b) flour

   (c) potatoes (d) all of these

3. The older boy's _____ lasted for an hour and a half or more.

   (a) trembling (b) fever

   (c) stretching (d) hunger

4. The Younger boy felt that after his brother's death the food will again come from:

(a) the green house (b) the grocer

(c) the white house (d) the landlord

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Dursun Agha had no source of livelihood. [ ]
2. Gulnaz refused to accept the food coming from neighbours. [ ]
3. Dursun's family had no money to buy goods from the market. [ ]
4. The older boy's coat was made of fur. [ ]
5. The younger boy did not go the shopkeeper. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. How did Dursun Agha earn his living?
2. Who was Gulnaz ? Why did she panic ?
3. What did the older boy wear to keep out the cold ?
4. What did Bodes tell the boy cancelling his order ?
5. Why could the younger boy not sleep ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. What were the belongings of Dursun Agha ?
2. Who was sending the food for Dursun's family ?
3. Why did Gulnaz send the older boy to Bodos ?
4. Why did no food come from the neighbours after a few days ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. What did Dursun's family do after the neighbours had stopped sending food?
2. How did the older boy try to convince Bodos for grocery items?
3. What were the difficulties faced by the order boy due to chilly weather ?
4. What happened after the older boy returned home empty handed ?

ACTIVITY :

"Poverty is a curse", Do you agree with the statement? How did it affect Dursun's family? Discuss.

The Man Who Knew Too Much

I first met Private Quelch at the training depot. A man is liable to acquire in his first week of Army life - together with his uniform, rifle and equipment -- a nickname. Anyone who saw Private Quelch, lanky, stooping, frowning through horn-rimmed spectacles, understood why he was known as the Professor. Those who had any doubts on the subject lost them after five minutes' conversation with him.

I remember the first lesson we had in musketry. We stood in an attentive circle while a sergeant, a man as dark and sun-dried as raisins, wearing North-West frontier ribbons, described the mechanism of a service rifle.

'The muzzle velocity or speed at which the bullet leaves the rifle', he told you, 'is well over two thousand feet per second.' A voice interrupted. 'Two thousand, four hundred and forty feet per seocnd.' It was the Professor.

'That's right', the seargent said without enthusiasm and went on lecturing. When he had finished, he put questions to us; and, perhaps in the hope of revenge, he turned with his questions again and again to the Professor. The only result was to enhance the Professor's glory. Technical definitions, the parts of the rifle, its use and care, he had them all by heart.

The seargent asked, 'You had any training before ?'

The Professor answered with a phrase that was to become familiar to all of us. 'No, seargent. It's all a matter of intelligent reading.'

That was our introduction to him. We soon learned more about him. He saw to that. He meant to get on, he told us. He had brains. He was sure to get a commission, before long. As a first step, he meant to get a stripe.

In pursuit of his ambition he worked hard. We had to give him credit for that. He borrowed training manuals and stayed up late at night reading them. He badgered the instructors with questions. He drilled with enthusiasm and on route marches, he was not only miraculously tireless but infuriated us all with his horrible heartiness. 'What about a song, chaps ?' is not greeted politely at the end of thirty miles. His salute at the pay table was a model to behold. When officers were in sight he would swing his skinny arms and march to the canteen like a Guardsman.

And day in and day out, he lectured to us in his droning, remorseless voice on every aspect of human knowledge. At first we had a certain respect for him but soon we lived in terror of his approach. We tried to hit back at him with clumsy sarcasms and practical jokes. The Professor scarcely noticed; he was too busy working for his stripe.

Each time one of us made a mistake the Professor would publicly correct him. Whenever one of us shone, the Professor outshone him. When, after a hard morning's work cleaning out our hut, we listened in silence to the Orderly Officer's praise the Professor would break out with a ringing, dutifully beaming 'Thank you, sir !' And how superior, how condescending he was ! It was always, 'Let me show you, old fellow', or 'No, you'll ruin your rifle that way, old man'.

We used to pride ourselves on aircraft recognition. Once, out for a walk, we heard the drone of a plane flying high overhead. None of us could even see it in the glare of the sun. Without even a glance upward the Professor announced, 'That, of course, is a North American Harvard Trainer. It can be unmistakably identified by the harsh engine note, due to the high tip speed of the airscrew.'

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

None of us will ever forget the drowsy summer afternoon which was such a turning point in the Professor's life.

We were sprawling contentedly on the warm grass while Corporal Turnbull was taking a lesson on the hand grenade.

Corporal Turnbull was a young man, but he was not a man to be trifled with. He had come back from Dunkirk with all his equipment correct and accounted for and his pet kitten in his pocket. He was our hero and we used to tell each other that he was so tough that you could hammer nails into him without his noticing it.

'The outside of a grenade, as you can see', Corporal Turnbull was saying, 'is divided up into a large number of fragments to assist segmentation...'

'Forty four.'

'What's that ?' The corporal looked over his shoulder.

'Forty-four segments.' The Professor beamed at him.

The corporal said nothing, but his brow tightened. He opened his mouth to resume.

'And by the way, corporal.' We were all thunderstruck. The Professor was speaking again. 'Shouldn't you have started off with the five characteristics of the grenade ? Our instructor at the other camp always used to, you know.'

In the silence that followed, a dark flush stained the tan of the corporal's face. 'Here', he said at last, 'You give this lecture.' As if afraid to say any more, he tossed the grenade to the Professor. Quite unabashed, Private Quelch climbed to his feet and with the air of a man coming into his birthright gave us an unexceptionable lecture on the grenade.

The squad listened in a cowed, horrified kind of silence. Corporal Turnbull stood and watched, impassive except for a searching intentness of gaze. When the lecture was

finished he said, 'Thank you, Private Quelch. Fall in with others now.' He did not speak again until we had fallen in and were waiting to be dismissed. Then he addressed us.

'As some of you may have heard', he began deliberately, 'the platoon officer has asked me to nominate one of you for...' He paused and looked lingeringly up and down the ranks as if seeking final confirmation of a decision.

So this was the great moment ! Most of us could not help glancing at Private Quelch, who stood rigidly to attention and stared straight in front of him with an expression of self-conscious innocence.

'....for permanent cookhouse duties. I've decided that Private Quelch is just the man for the job.'

Of course, it was a joke for days afterwards; a joke and a joy to all of us.

I remember, though.....

My friend Trower and I were talking about it a few days later. We were returning from the canteen to our own hut. 'Well', Trower remarked as we passed the cookhouse. 'I reckon that geezer's had his gob stopped for a bit, eh ?'

I did not anwer, but took his arm and pointed to the cookhouse. Through the open door we could see the three cooks standing against the wall as if at bay; and from within came the monotonous beat of a familiar voice.

'Really, I must protest against this abominably unscientific and unhygienic method of peeling potatoes. I need only draw your attention to the sheer waste of vitamin values....'

We fled.

- ALEXANDER BARON

About the Author :

Alexander Baron (1917-1999) was a British author and screen writer. Baron's first book entitled 'From the City, from the Plough' (1948) was a war novel. 'The Man who Knew Too Much' is included in his collection 'The Human Kind' (1953).

About the Story :

Private Quelch, a trainee soldier, was a man with great ambition and remarkable skills. The narrator and his colleagues nicknamed him - 'Professor' owing to his enormous knowledge in every subject. Quelch always questioned his instructors, corrected his trainees and sermonized his fellow soldiers, hence inviting criticism from every quarter. Once he corrected one of his instructors, Corporal Turnbull, who avenged his humiliation by appointing Quelch as the permanent cookhouse in-charge.

Glossary :

Private	-	an ordinary soldier
lanky	-	tall and thin
stooping	-	bending the top half of the body
sergeant	-	military man below the rank of lieutenant
muzzle	-	the open end of a gun
badgered	-	asked to do something repeatedly by and annoyingly
condescending	-	showing oneself as better than the others
Harvard Trainer	-	a kind of aircraft used for training
Louts	-	an ill mannered and aggressive person
Dunkirk	-	a town in Northern France
corporal	-	a military man below the rank of sergeant
abominably	-	badly, in an unpleasant manner

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. Private Quelch was nicknamed _____.

   (a) Sergeant (b) Trainee

   (c) Professor (d) Corporal

2. The Sergeant was delivering a lecture regarding the handling of a service _____.

   (a) grenade (b) aircraft

   (c) pistol (d) rifle

3. According to Quelch, the exact number of fragments outside a grenade is :

(a) forty four (b) forty two

(c) fifty four (d) forty

4. Private Qulech was later found imparting a lecture on the vitamin values of :

(a) potatoes (b) raisins

(c) tomatoes (d) eggs

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Private Quelch possessed great knowledge in every sphere of human activity.[ ]
2. Private Quelch was able to recognize a fighter plane without even looking up at it. [ ]
3. The Sergeant favoured Quelch for his unique talent. [ ]
4. Corporal Turnbull was impressed with Private Quelch's knowledge. [ ]
5. Private Quelch became quiet after becoming the cookhouse in-charge. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Where did the narrator first meet Private Quelch ?
2. What was the Sergeant describing to the young trainees ?
3. Name the aircraft which Private Quelch identified ?
4. What was the topic of the lecture given by Corporal Turnbull ?
5. Did Private Quelch finally get a promotion ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. How did Private Quelch come to be known as 'the Professor' ?
2. How did Quelch identify a North American Harvard Trainer ?
3. Did Private Quelch really know 'too much' ?
4. Why was Private Quelch liked by no one ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each -

1. How was the Sergeant cornered by Private Quelch ?
2. Write a brief character sketch of Corporal Turnbull.
3. Why did Corporal Turnbull make Quelch the permanent cookhouse in-charge ?

ACTIVITY :

"Private Quelch spoke more than what was required. Do you think silence has got its own advantages sometimes ? Have you faced a similar situation in your own life ? Share your views in your class.

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Old Man at the Bridge

An old man with steel -- rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road. There was a pontoon bridge across the river and carts, trucks, men, women and children were crossing it. The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping to push against the spokes of the wheels. The truck ground up and away heading out of it all. The peasants plodded along in the ankle-deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any further.

It was my business to cross the bridge, explore the bridgehead beyond and find out to what point the enemy had advanced. I did this and returned over the bridge. There were not so many carts now and very few people on foot but the old man was still there.

'Where do you come from ?' I asked him.

'From San Carlos,' he said, and smiled.

That was his native town and so it gave him pleasure to mention it and he smiled.

'I was taking care of animals,' he explained.

'Oh,' I said, not quite understanding.

'Yes,' he said, 'I stayed, you see, taking care of animals. I was the last one to leave the town of San Carlos.'

He did not look like a shepherd nor a herdsman and I looked at his black dusty clothes and his grey dusty face and his steel-rimmed spectacles and said, 'What animals were they ?'

'Various animals,' he said, and shook his head. "I had to leave them.'

'What animals were they ?' I asked.

'There were two goats and a cat and then there were four pairs of pigeons.'

'And you had to leave them ?' I asked.

'Yes. Because of the artillery. The captain told me to go because of the artillery.'

'And you have no family ?' I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.

'No,' he said, 'only the animals. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think what will become of the others'.

'What politics have you ?' I asked.

'I am without politics,' he said. 'I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometres now and I think now I can go no farther.'

'This is not a good place to stop,' I said. 'If you can make it, there are trucks up the road where it forks for Tortosa.'

'I will wait a while,' he said, 'and then I will go. Where do the trucks go ?'

'Towards Barcelona,' I told him.

'I know of no one in that direction,' he said, 'but thank you very much. Thank you again very much.'

He looked at me very blankly and tiredly, then said, having to share his worry with someone, 'The cat will be all right. I am sure. There is no need to be unquiet about the cat. But the others. Now what do you think about the others ?'

'Why, they'll probably come through it all right.'

'You think so ?'

'Why not ?' I said, watching the far bank where now there were no carts.

'But what will they do under the artillery when I was told to leave because of the artillery?'

'Did you leave the dove cage unlocked ?' I asked.

'Yes.'

'Then they'll fly.'

'Yes, certainly they'll fly. But the others. It's better not to think about the others,' he said.

'If you are rested I would go,' I urged, 'Get up and try to walk now.'

'Thank you', he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust.

'I was only taking care of animals,' he said dully, but no longer to me. 'I was only taking care of animals.'

There was nothing to do about him. It was Easter Sunday and the Fascists were advancing towards the Ebro. It was a grey overcast day with a low ceiling so their planes were not up. That and the fact that cats know how to look after themselves was all the good luck that old man would ever have.

- ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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About the Author :

Ernest Hemingway is an important name in modern American fiction. The appealing style of his novels and short stories has influenced the development of modern prose. His famous novel is "Farewell to Arms". He was awarded Noble Prize for literature in 1954.

About the Story :

It is a touching story about refugees who were displaced during the Spanish civil war. It was fought between the Republicans and the Spanish Fascists. In this story, a soldier is at a bridge and notices an old man who is not moving, even though he had no wish to play a part in the war. The narrator feels sad about the old man's fate and also of the other individuals who had to suffer during wars.

Glossary

pontoon bridge	-	river bridge supported by floating boats
staggered	-	stood or walked unsteadily
steep	-	rising or falling sharply
spokes	-	bars or wirerods that connect the hub of a wheel to its outer edge.
explore	-	find out
artillery	-	large guns mounted on wheels
forks	-	divides into two parts
urge	-	request someone earnestly
swayed	-	moved unsteadily
Easter Sunday	-	a Christian festival which falls on the third day after Good Friday.
overcast	-	darkened by clouds

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. The old man with _____ spectacles.

   (a) golden rimmed (b) silver rimmed

   (c) steel rimmed (d) plastic

2. The old man had to leave his animals because of _____.

(a) heavy rainfall (b) disaster

(c) earth-quake (d) artillery

3. The old man left the _____ unlocked.

(a) house (b) office

(c) dove cage (d) store room

4. Which animals did old man suppose to be alright?

(a) goats (b) cat

(c) pigeons (d) all of the above

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. The old man's native town was Tortosa. [ ]
2. The old man wore untidy clothes blackened with dust. [ ]
3. The trucks were advancing towards Barcelona. [ ]
4. The dove cage had been left unlocked. [ ]
5. The narrator felt sad about the old man's fate. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Where did the old man come from ?
2. Which animal could take care of itself ?
3. What was the age of the old man ?
4. On which day did the incident happen?
5. How can you say that the old man was the last person to leave the town ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. Why did the old man sit by the side of the road ?
2. Why could he not go any further ?
3. Why did the oldman have to leave his town ?
4. What did the old man say at the end ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. What activities were taking place on the pontoon bridge ?

2. What was the narrator's business at the bridge ?

3. How did the old man look like ?

ACTIVITY :

Imagine yourself as a companion of the old man. Analyse the problems faced by up-rooted people who became refugees as a result of the war. Narrate your experiences in the form of a diary entry.

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Uttanka's Gurudakshina

Once upon a time, when the wise men of India dwelt in forest hermitages and made their homes of mud and straw, there lived in such a hermitage, a young boy called Uttanka.

Many years passed by, and he grew up. Soon he had learnt all that his master could teach him.

One day he went to his master and said, "Dear master, you have taught me all these years, and yet I have never once repaid you. Tell me of some gift I may bring you that will please your heart."

His teacher said, "Child, there is nothing that I desire, Go to your mistress and ask her."

So Uttanka went to his mistress and, bowing low before her, asked her if there was anything she desired.

"Yes," she replied. "I have long cherished a wish to wear the earrings worn by the queen. Go to her and get them for me. In four days a feast will be held. I want to wear them on that day. Get the earrings for me and I shall know of your true devotion."

Uttanka, hearing this, was filled with dismay. Nevertheless, he set out through the forest to the city, where he knew the king dwelt.

He had not gone far, when he saw a huge bull coming towards him. As it drew nearer, Uttanka saw seated upon the bull a man so large that he drew back in fear. But the man called out, "Uttanka ! Drink this," and he held out a cup full of dirty water. Uttanka turned his head away, but the man said "Drink, Uttanka, it will help you on your way."

At last he came to the palace of the king. He boldly went inside and did not stop to look about him, till he saw the king himself seated upon the royal throne. "Sir," said Uttanka, bowing low, "I have come from a hermitage in the forest many miles from here. My mistress desires to wear the earrings of the queen on the feast day and if I do not take them to her, I will lose favour in my teacher's eyes."

The king smiled kindly upon the boy. "You must ask the queen," he said. "Go to her chamber and ask her."

Uttanka went to the queen's chamber but he could not find her. He went back to the king and said, "Sir, I cannot find her !"

The king looked at Uttanka as he stood there, with the dust of travel upon his clothes, and his hands and feet dirty and stained, "Is that how you would go to the queen ?" he said.

Uttanka felt ashamed. Washed and clean, he again went in search of the queen. This time he found her.

The queen held out her hand, and Uttanka saw the ear-rings sparkling in her palm. "You are a good child, Uttanka," she said. "I give you the ear-rings willingly. But beware ! These ear-rings have long been coveted by the Serpent King. Do not lose them."

Uttanka thanked her and started for home. Dusk was falling and he was tired. Leaning against the trunk of a tree, he rested, placing the ear-rings on the ground beside him. Suddenly, he saw a hand snatch the ear-rings and disappear. He sprang to his feet and turned round in time to see a man dressed in rags, running through the forest. Uttanka ran after him as fast as he could when suddenly the man changed into a snake which wriggled into a hole in the ground.

Uttanka was greatly distressed for, try as he did, he could think of no way to get through so small a hole. He sat down to lament his fate, when an old man appeared before him.

"Do not worry, my son," he said, "I have come to help you." Even as he spoke, there was thunder and lightning and a great thunderbolt fell. The whole earth shook with the force of it. Suddenly all was quiet again, but the next to where Uttanka stood was a big hole in the ground.

Uttanka entered the hole and found himself in the kingdom of Serpent King. He walked slowly along and came to two women weaving a piece of cloth. He asked them the way to the palace of the Serpent King. They did not heed him and went on with their weaving. He saw that their cloth was made of black and white threads.

Next he came to a wheel with twleve spokes. Six boys turned the wheel round and round. "What are you doing ?" he asked the boys. They did not answer him, and went on with their work. So he went on till he saw a man with a beautiful horse.

Uttanka went up to him. He was so struck with the horse that he bowed respectfully to the man and said, "O, Lord, I bow to you. Grant me a favour."

The man turned and said, "What can I do for you ?"

Uttanka replied, "Let the Serpent King be brought under my power."

"Blow into this horse," the man replied.

Uttanka went up to the horse and blew and blew, and from every hair of the horse's body darted a flame that shot through every space in the kingdom of the Serpent King. It burnt the houses till all the serpents rushed out, begging Uttanka to save their lives.

"Let the Serpent King return the ear-rings," said Uttanka.

All the serpents then clamoured for the king to return the ear-rings. He did so.

The man gave Uttanka the horse and in a few moments he was back at the hermitage, just in time to give the ear-rings to his mistress for the feast. She blessed him for his great courage.

When Uttanka related his adventures; his master smiled and said, "The dirty water you drank, my boy, was ambrosia, that will give you eternal youth. The two maidens weaving the black and white threads are night and day. The wheel with twelve spokes is the year with its twelve months and the boys, the seasons. The man was the God of Rain and the horse was the God of Fire. You have been well looked after, my child, and deserve my blessings. Go into the world now, for great fortune awaits you."

Thus, Uttanka, having fulfilled his duties, went into the world to seek his living. He was not as other men, for he knew that God protected him. He had nothing to fear.

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About the Story :

In Hindu mythology, Uttanka is the disciple of a famous sage. He goes through many hurdles in procuring the earrings desired by his guru's wife as Gurudakshina. Uttanka accomplished the task successfully.

Glossary

dwelt	-	lived
hermitage	-	a hermit's (saint's) living place
cherished	-	held dear
devotion	-	deep strong love
dismay	-	feeling of sadness and distress
coveted	-	desired eagerly
dusk	-	evening, twilight
rags	-	old and torn clothes
wriggled	-	moved with quick, short twisting
distressed	-	pained and sad
lament	-	sorrow or grief
thunderbolt	-	a flash of lighting with a simultaneous crash of thunder
heed	-	pay attention to, take care of
darted	-	moved forward suddenly & quickly
ambrosia	-	the food of the Gods, nectar

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. In which ceremony did the mistress wish to wear the earrings ?

   (a) marriage (b) a feast

   (c) fair (d) fashion show

2. When Uttanka started his journey, he saw a _____.

   (a) huge bull (b) horse

   (c) snake (d) eagle

3. Suddenly the man changed into _____ and went into a hole in the ground.

(a) an insect (b) a rat

(c) a snake (d) a horse

4. Two women were weaving a piece of cloth with_____ threads.

(a) red and blue (b) brown and pink

(c) yellow and green (d) black and white

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Uttanka lived in the palace. [ ]
2. The queen gave the earrings to Uttanka willingly. [ ]
3. A big hole was formed by thunderbolt in the ground. [ ]
4. The Serpent King did not return the earrings. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Where did Uttanka live ?
2. What was The wish of Uttanka's mistress?
3. What did the man on the horse offer Uttanka ?
4. Where did Uttanka place the earrings ?
5. Who took away the earrings ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. Why was Uttanka filled with sorrow on hearing the wish of his mistress ?
2. Why could Uttanka not find the queen in her chamber at first ?
3. What was the queen's advice to Uttanka ?
4. How did the teacher interpret Uttanka's various adventures ?
5. What wisdom and truth did Uttanka finally realize ?
6. How did Uttanka humble the Serpent King ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. Describe Uttanka's appearance when the king saw him ?
2. Explain how Uttanka managed to fulfill the wish of his mistress ?
3. What is the moral of the story - Uttanka's Gurudakshina ?

ACTIVITY :

Explain the significance of mythology ? Tell the class other mythological stories you have read.

High Maharajah

Summer was done. The sky that had been white with heat was blue. The days that had been long and heavy were short and gentle. All day now we could have flown our kites.

We flew them in the afternoons in the big paddock that had been cleared for the horses. There was no scrub there to trip us as we ran, no trees to trap or tear the kites.

My kite, like Lal's, was home-made. Its face was newspaper - brown paper was too heavy - but when it was swaying in the sky it looked grey and beautiful. But it was the tail that was really beautiful. It was red and green cloth that Ama had dyed especially to be beautiful.

Rashida's kite was different. It sang. It had come from India. When Rashida was born, an old friend of her father had sent it to him, for her. It had been bright green when she had first flown it, but that was a long time ago and it had had many coloured faces since then. But the sticks and the pierced bamboo reed that was the kite's voice, they were always the same.

The coloured paper to make its faces came from Song Ling, a Chinaman who had a store in town. Sometimes his goods were packed in coloured paper and he always saved it for us. A long time ago, in China, he had flown kites, too. Father kept the paper in a box. It was used only for Rashida's kite, which we all knew was special; it could sing.

We wound the kite strings round bamboo rollers which father had brought with him from the Punjab. He had been the best kite flyer in his village. He used to tell us stories of the kite seasons there and of the Basant Panchami, the spring festival, when all India flew kites and there were competitions to see who flew them best.

Ama told us stories, too, legends about brave young rajahs using kites as messengers of love, of a general who cheered his soldiers by tying a lantern to a kite and telling them it was the star of victory, of villagers who all night long flew singing kites so that they might sing away every harm and hurt.

But these things belonged to India and legend and not to Rashida, not to Lal and not to me. We flew our kites because we loved the dip and dive and sway of them against the sky, the tug of the string on the rollers in our hands. That was why we took the billy of flour and water paste, the paper for mending, the string and our kites down to the big paddock and chased the horses away from us, down to the far end where the trees were.

"Rashida", I said, "there is no string for your kite."

She looked at the rollers. "I'll use ordinary string."

"Your kite's too big. Father said, you will have to use the thick string."

"It will be all right," said Rashida. "The wind is not strong today."

We were tying the string to the kites when Lal mentioned the High Maharajah. We looked up at the sky, looked in every direction.

"He is not here," said Rashida.

"He always comes when we fly our kites," I said.

"We can not fly them unless we ask him," said Lal, looking as though he would cry. "He is the king of the sky."

"We can't ask him," said Rashida, "if he's not here."

We stared at the third hill. It was from there that he always came.

"Perhaps he can see us," I said, "even if we cannot see him."

"But we have to ask," said Lal. "We always ask him first."

"I suppose we could salaam," said Rashida, "That should satisfy him." But it was Lal she was thinking about, not the High Maharajah.

We bowed very low towards the third hill. Then Rashida began grabbing at the kites.

We put Lal's kite up first, he was little and always needed help. Then Rashida and I put mine up, sometimes I needed help, too. Then Rashida put her own up; she was bigger than we were and she never needed help.

The kites flew high, riding the wind. The newspaper kites danced and Rashida's bright orange kite sang for them, sang for us, sang for the whole world. The string spun on the rollers, playing out and out, while the kites danced higher. They were pulling at our hands and arms and we were running with them. It was as though we were flying and dancing too.

Suddenly Lal gave a shout. "Look ! The High Maharajah !"

And there he was the -- High Maharajah of the Sky, the great eagle that owned the air. Serenely and without haste he circled the three kites. His wing hardly moved. He glided solemnly while they danced for him and Rashida's kite sang. And then, as if approving, he soared suddenly high -- higher than all the kites in the world. He circled once more, looking at us and then flew towards the third hill.

"He is beautiful", said Rashida.

"He is too big," I said,"I am glad he doesn't come close to us."

"He is the High Maharajah," said Lal "He would never hurt us."

“I want to fly”, said Rashida, and she jumped up and down with her kite as though she were flying already. “If I could fly I would go so far, so far up, that no kite could catch me. I’d be so high that you, Nimmi, and you, Lal, would look like ants -- would look smaller than ants. I would fly up so high that I could see all the world, everything, the whole world spread out like a carpet.” She flung out her arms, to show us how wide the world was. The roller fell from her hand and her kite began to leap away.

I screamed and Lal shouted and Rashida grabbed desperately to catch the string. It was cutting her hand, but she held on to it. With my free hand, I tried to pick up her roller. I had just got it when Rashida jerked the string -- to make it hurt less -- and it snapped. It snapped high up, farther than Rashida could jump, farther than we would reach. We could only stand -- Lal and I with our newspaper kites and Rashida with her useless string and watch the singing kite fly upwards and away from us like a bird that had been set free.

At home, Ama scolded Rashida and called her impatient. She sat disconsolate.

“No tears,” said Father, “I will write to India. We will get another singing kite.”

“It will not be the same,” said Rashida, “It will not be mine for being born.”

We were out searching for it when we saw Mr. Angus. He was our neighbour, a big man with a voice so loud it frightened you, but with so many smiles that it didn’t matter.

“Oh, Mr. Angus !” said Rashida. “Have you seen an orange kite ?”

“No kites today,” he said. “Not even orange ones.” Suddenly he looked up at the sky. “There is that eaglehawk again. Savage - looking brute.”

“It’s the High Maharajah,” I said, “He wouldn’t harm a fly.”

“Not thinking of flies,” said Mr. Angus. “Thinking of your father’s lambs. I’ll shoot him if he comes near my place.”

“You couldn’t shoot him !” We were shocked.

“You are right,” he said, “I couldn’t shoot him. Too quick, too mean, too cunning.”

I looked at his gun. “But if you see him again--”

“I’ll raise my hat to him.”

The next day Mr. Angus came to our place. He had brought some things from town that father wanted on the farm.

“That kite,” he said, “did you find it?”

“No,” said Rashida, “we will never find it.”

"Then you'd better look at these." He handed her a long thin parcel. "I will take them back, if you don't like them."

"Kites !" said Rashida, "Australian kites !"

There were three of them -- one pink, one green, one orange. Father and Mr. Angus put the sticks together and fitted the faces over them. They were big kites as tall as Lal and the orange one was for Rashida.

But when we were running down to the paddock to fly them, Rashida said, "It is not the same. There is no kite in Australia that can sing."

"What is the Maharajah doing ?" said Lal.

"He was there, at the foot of the third hill, flying low over the bush and scrub. Sometimes he swooped down out of sight. We watched and saw him do it many times. He would hover over the one place, circling and dipping, then he would fall towards the ground. He was like a kite that would not stay up.

"There must be something wrong with him," said Rashida.

"He must be hurt. Lal, you mind the kites. Nimmi and I are going to see what's the matter with him."

"I am not going," I said. "He's too big. We should go and get Father".

"We won't go close," said Rashida. "Just close enough to see if he is hurt."

I followed her then, as I always did.

The Maharaja had not risen for a long time, but we walked towards the scrub around which he had hovered. The track was overgrown. It was rocky and the trees grew low to the ground.

"We should go back now. He must have flown away."

"Just a little bit further." Rashida kept saying that.

At last she leant against a big rock. "We will go back now," she said, "He is nowhere here."

Suddenly, there was a noise from the other side of the rock. There was a movement of branches and a sound like a rushing wind. We looked up and saw red eyes, hooked bulk and huge red brown feathered body. The wings were beating over our heads and the great bird was very close.

We clung to each other, hiding our eyes, terrified. But we could not hide our ears. The beating of those mighty wings became the beating of our own hearts.

When Rashida realised that she raised her head and made me raise mine. High, high in the blue was the Maharajah, a speck, a tiny thing moving towards his hill.

Rashida went round to the other side of the rock and then called me to her, "Look !"

It was the singing kite. Its tail was caught in a bush. It was moving in the wind, bumping up and down. The sticks were broken. The orange face was slashed to pieces but the bamboo reed-the voice, the singer, the kite's own self -- was safe.

Ama scolded us at home. "You are not to go near any of these wild creatures."

But Father smiled. "Rashida is happy, "he said. "We can make her Australian kite sing."

Ama was holding the kite, looking at its torn paper. "This is what he could have done to you. He must have thought it was a living thing."

'But he didn't hurt us," said Rashida. "And he showed me where the kite was."

"He is a good Maharajah," said Lal.

Ama looked at him and then at all of us. "You will not go near him again," she said.

Outside, in the yard, Rashida said, "The High Maharajah of the Sky has given me my song, and I will thank him." She salaamed very solemnly towards the third hill and, after a moment when I almost laughed, so did Lal. And so did I.

- MENA ABDULLAH

- RAY MATHEW

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About the Authors :

Mena Abdullah : She spent her childhood in Sydney. Abdullah's stories have been described as the best example of short fiction. She contributed short stories to the bulletins. She collaborated with Ray Mathew to produce a collection of stories "The Time of Peacock" : Stories (1965).

Ray Mathew (1919-2002) was an Australian author. Mathew wrote poetry, drama, plays, novels and literary criticism and also worked as a freelance writer. His famous work with Mena Abdullah is "The Time of Peacock" : Stories.

About the Story :

This is a short story of the Indian children Lal, Nimmi and Rashida and their activities in rural Australia in the 1950s. The story recreates a fascinating world where these children enjoy flying the kites and their concern involving attachment and compassion for the giant eagle christened as the High Maharajah.

Glossary

paddock	-	a small field or enclosure where horses are kept
scrub	-	bush
pierced	-	went through
reed	-	a small thin piece of bamboo producing sound
wound	-	rolled round
legends	-	old stories that may or may not be true
billy	-	a metal can with a lid and a handle
grabbed	-	seized suddenly and roughly
serenely	-	calmly and in an untroubled manner
soared	-	flew or rose high in the air
glide	-	fly using air currents, without moving wings, fly effortlessly
solemnly	-	seriously and reflecting tradition
leap	-	jump
scolded	-	spoke angrily
disconsolate	-	very unhappy
brute	-	a wild animal
swooped	-	moved rapidly downwards through the air

hover	-	stay in the air at one place / float / move in circles over one place in the air
speck	-	a very small spot
creature	-	a living organism, animal, beast

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. Rashida's kite was different because it _____.

   (a) danced (b) sang

   (c) jumped (d) played

2. The paste of flour and water used for mending kites is called _____.

   (a) gum (b) fevicol

   (c) billy (d) tape

3. High Maharaja usually came from -

   (a) the third hill (b) the fields

   (c) the paddock (d) the valley

4. Mr. Angus had a _____.

   (a) bow (b) gun

   (c) pistol (d) sword

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Rashida's kite was home-made using a newspaper. [ ]
2. Song Ling never flew a kite. [ ]
3. High Maharajah was a giant eagle. [ ]
4. There was no kite in Australia that could sing. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Who was Song Ling ?
2. Who is the High Maharaja in the text ?
3. Who was Mr. Angus ? What were his peculiarities ?
4. How did the children thank the High Maharajah ?

5. Name the three children who flew kites everyday ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. What type of kites did Lal and Nimmi have?
2. How was the kite of Rashida different ?
3. What did the long thin parcel contain ? Why was it handed over to Rashida's father by Mr. Agnus ?
4. What did Rashida imagine while flying the kite with Lal and Nimmi ?
5. Did Rashida get back her singing kite ? Where was it found ?
6. Do you think that High Maharaja helped in searching Rashida's kite ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. How could Rashida's kite sing ? Where did it come from and when ?
2. Who brought the Australian kites ? What do you know about these kites ?
3. What was Ama's fear on seeing the torn kite ? Why didn't Rashida agree to Amma's views ?

ACTIVITY :

Kite-flying is an adventure for most people. Does it affect the flight of birds in sky? Discuss with reference to 'High Maharajah'.

****

The Imp and The Peasant's Bread

A poor peasant went off early one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a piece of bread. He got his plough ready, put his coat round the bread, hid it under a bush and started work. After a while, when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant stopped ploughing, let the horse loose to feed, and went to get his coat and his breakfast.

He lifted the coat, but the bread was gone! He looked and looked, turned the coat over and shook it, but the bread was gone, The peasant could not understand this at all.

'That's strange,' he thought; 'I saw no one, yet someone has been here and has taken the bread!'

It was an imp who had stolen the bread!'

It was an imp who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant swear and call on the name of the Devil.

The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast, but, 'it cannot be helped,' said he. 'After all, I shall not die of hunger! No doubt, whoever took the bread needed it. May it do him good!'

He went to the well, had a drink of water and rested for a while. Then he caught his horse fastened it to the plough and began ploughing again.

The imp was upset because he had not made the peasant do wrong, and he went to the Devil, his master, to report what had happened.

He came to the Devil and told how he had taken the peasant's bread, and how the peasant, instead of swearing, had said, 'May it do him good!'

The Devil was angry and replied, 'If the man got the better of you, it was your own fault - you don't understand your business! If the peasants and their wives do that kind of thing, we shall be lost. The matter can't be left like that! Go back at once and make things right. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you thrown into holy water!'

The imp was frightened. He hurried back to earth, thinking how he could make up for his mistake. He thought and thought, and at last he thought of a good plan.

He changed himself into a working man and went to work with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a low-lying damp place. The peasant took his advice and sowed there. The year happened to be a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all burned up by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew

thick and tall and heavy with grain. Not only had he enough grain to last him for the whole year, but he had also much to spare.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill, and it happened to be a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and the ears did not fill, but the peasant's crop, on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain to spare than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could crush the grain and make vodka from it; and the peasant made vodka and began to drink it himself and to give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and claimed proudly that he had now succeeded where he had failed before. The Devil said that he would come and see for himself.

He came to the peasant's house and saw that the peasant had invited his wealthy friends and was giving them drinks. His wife was offering the drink to the guests and as she took it round she fell against the table and a glassful splashed on to the floor.

The peasant spoke angrily to his wife. 'What are you doing, you foolish woman? Do you think that this good drink is dirty water that you can pour all over the floor, you careless creature?

The imp made a sign to the Devil, his master. 'See', he said, 'that is the man who made no trouble when he lost his only piece of bread.'

The peasant still shouted angrily at his wife, and began to carry the drink to his guests himself. Just then a poor peasant, who had not been invited, came in, on his way from work. He greeted everyone, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. He was tired after his day's work, and felt that he would like a drop of vodka. He sat and sat, getting thirstier and thirstier, but the host did not offer him any, but only said, 'I cannot find drink for every one who comes here.'

This pleased the Devil; but the imp laughed happily and said, 'Wait. There is more to come yet!'

The rich peasants drank and their host drank too and they began to say nice things about each other and made speeches full of lies.

The Devil listened and listened and praised the imp.

'If the drink makes them so much like foxes that they begin to cheat each other, soon they will all be in our hands.'

'Wait for what is coming, 'said the imp. 'Let them drink another glass each. Now they are like foxes, shaking their tails and trying to please each other but soon you will see them like fierce wolves.

The peasants drank another glass each and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of making soft speeches they began to grow angry and shout at one another. Soon they began fighting and hit one another on the nose. The host joined in the fight and he too was well beaten.

The Devil watched all this with great delight.

'This is fine, ' he said.

But the imp replied, 'Wait - the best is yet to come. Wait till they have had a third glass. Now they are fighting like wolves, but let them drink one more glass and they will be like pigs.'

The peasants had their third glass and started to behave just like animals. They made strange noises and shouted, without knowing why, and did not listen to one another.

Then the guests began to go. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all walking unsteadily, first this way and then that way along the street. The host went out to say good-bye to his guests, but he fell on his nose into some water, covered himself with mud from head to foot and lay there making a noise like a pig.

This pleased the Devil even more.

'Well,' he said, 'you have discovered a fine drink and have quite made up for your mistake about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. I suppose you first put in fox's blood and that was what made the peasants as clever as foxes? Then, I suppose, you added the blood of wolves; that is what made them fierce like wolves? And at the finish you must have put in the blood of pigs to make them behave like pigs.'

'No', Said the imp, 'I did not do it that way. I only made certain that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of wild animals is always in men; but as long as men have only as much corn as they need, it is kept under control. At that time the peasant did not make any trouble over losing his last piece of bread. But when he hade corn to spare, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it and I showed him a pleasure - drinking and when he began to turn God's good gifts into strong drink for his own pleasure, the blood of the fox, the wolf and the pig in him all showed itself. If only he goes on drinking, he will always be a wild animal !'

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him for his former mistake and gave him a position of high honour.

- COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

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About the Author :

Count Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy (1828-1910) known as Leo Tolstoy was born in an aristocratic Russian family. He ranks among the world's top story writers. He is best known for the novels - War and Peace, Anna Karenina and Resurrection. He also wrote plays as well as numerous philosophical articles.

About the Story :

The story is based on a folk tale, about how an imp tempts a peasant and by corrupting him brings out the beast in him. It is a story with deep meaning. This story narrates that a man is satisfied when he is poor but when he has excess money he finds ways of getting pleasure out of it. It also reveals the true nature of man. The story not only amuses us but, is also a cautionary tale against the dangers of alcohol.

Glossary

peasant	-	a country person, farmer
imp	-	little devil, a mischievous spirit
devil	-	chief spirit of evil and an apponent of God
damp	-	not dry, slightly wet
vodka	-	a kind of wine, Russian drink
swearing	-	using rude or offensive language
hurried	-	moved rapidly or in great haste
claimed	-	demanded something as rightful or due
splash	-	move in water so that drops of it go in all directions
pleased	-	satisfied, happy and delighted
unsteadily	-	unstable, shaky
certain	-	definite, confident
praised	-	approved / admired

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. Who stole the peasant bread ?

(a) a neighbour (b) an imp

(c) a farmer (d) a child

2. The imp changed himself into a _____.

(a) farmer (b) working man

(c) businessman (d) devil

3. The peasant crushed the grain and made _____ from it.

(a) juice (b) herbal drink

(c) vodka (d) medicine

4. The Devil _____ the imp and forgave him for his former mistake.

(a) rebuked (b) taught

(c) praised (d) hated

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast. [ ]
2. The imp advised the peasant to sow corn on the hill. [ ]
3. The peasant's crop was burnt up by the sun. [ ]
4. The Devil came to the peasant's house. [ ]
5. The peasant shouted angrily at his wife. [ ]
6. The peasant became good natured after drinking vodka. [ ]
7. The imp mixed the blood of animals in the drink. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. How did the imp steal the peasant's bread ?
2. What did the peasant say when he lost his breakfast ?
3. How many years did the devil give the imp to make things right ?
4. What happened to the peasant's crop in the first year ?
5. What did the peasant's do with the extra grain had ?
6. How did the peasants behave after having the first glass of vodka ?

(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :

1. What did the peasant not understand when he lifted his coat ?
2. What happened when the imp advised the peasant to sow the corn on the hill ?

3. How did the peasant behave when his wife fell and a glassful splashed on to the floor ?

4. How did the peasants behave after having had their third glass of drink ?

5. What was the imp's answer when the Devil asked him about mixing the blood of animals in the drink ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

1. What lesson does the story teach you ?

2. How did the Imp succeed in his plan to corrupt the gentle peasant ?

3. "The blood of wild animal is always present in men". Explain.

ACTIVITY :

Do you think that the peasants behaved like animals due to the effect of alcohol ? If yes, discuss the harmful consequences of excessives consumption of alcohol on human body.

****

RESOLUTION

Anna, a young boy, had just returned to his village from the college hostel during his summer vacation. As he trudged towards his home, he saw the sun going below the horizon and the western skies flashed with the orange-russet streaks of light.

The scene of the setting sun always put him in low spirits. He himself didn't know, why ?

The land was dry and parched. At places it appeared as if futile attempts had been made at ploughing, the ploughed ridges had hardened. Here and there, cactii of different shapes grew. A solitary crow perched on the old *babul* tree.

Anna was struck by the unusual tranquillity all around, which was pierced by the collective twittering of the birds soaring high in the skies. The jovial fields where the farmers ploughed, enjoyed and sang, the meadows where the cattle grazed - why were they deserted ?

He missed the chirpy, little faces plucking berries from the thorny *ber* trees or playing cricket with their battered bats and small, stiff stems of trees as wickets.

Anna watched the fallow land spread across the distant horizon with eyes wide open, but did not perceive a human soul. He was unable to comprehend what the matter was. Strange thoughts crossed his mind. Has something inauspicious happened in his little village ?

He treaded with quick steps, but his luggage slackened his pace.

He passed by the village *paathshaala*, where the evening classes were held for the children and the youth. The silence of this familiar place jarred on his ears - no students sitting on the sack-mats, no reprimanding by the *master-saab*, no nodding heads memorizing tables - *'do ekam do, do duni chaar',* no heads bent low over their slates, no writing boards propped up against the wall to dry in the air.

Anna moved ahead. The village *chaupaal* was empty. As he came close to the houses, he thought of the pleasant aroma of the evening food being cooked, which used to make him ravenous, but this familiar smell, too, was missing. the village dog barked at him. Has he become a stranger in his own village ?

Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of the *chowkidaar,* a frail man, with milk-white beard, wearing a shabby *dhoti-kurta.*

Anna asked, "Baba. what's the matter ? Where have the villagers gone ?"

The old man answered, "All the villagers have gone to the village temple to offer special midnight prayers to appease God, as there is a severe drought in the village. Although, there was sufficient rainfall this year, yet all the sources of water have dried up. To them it is indicative of the fury of God."

The *chowkidaar* heaved a deep sigh and said, "The villagers are starving and their existence is in peril. They have nothing to look forward to. A few villagers have already migrated to the cities in search of jobs, thinking that this village is cursed."

Anna decided that he will not join the villagers in the temple.

He thought that the village folk do not endeavour to find a solution to any grave problem because of the lack of proper education. If things become unbearable, they need God to descend on earth to fight their battle. They hopefully wait for an *avatar*. In the hour of crisis, they do not realize that "God helps those who help themselves."

Evening gave way to twilight and twilight sank into darkness. He was alone in his hut. He turned up the wick of the lantern. Its sooty chimney became bright.

Anna's thoughts flew back to the past. He remembered how his parents, inspite of the stringent financial conditions, sent him to a prestigious science college in the city. His strong will to prove himself, won him the award of the best student of the college.

Anna was firmly determined that after completing his education, he would return to his small village and work for its upliftment. He always thought of employing modern methods of farming in his village and educating the villagers on environment, water management and other issues.

He was totally different from his other classmates, who always dreamt of earning in dollars and leading a luxurious life in a foreign country.

As he was reflecting on the goal of his life, his eyelids became heavy and he went off to sleep.

Anna, then saw a macabre vision. There were "Bombs, bombs, everywhere and not a place to hide." He could clearly see the blazing homes, dilapidated buildings, charred, mangled bodies and mounds of corpses. The entire atmosphere was resounding with the whining sounds, cries of lamentation and agony.

He heard a pathetic voice, "My throat is parched. Can someone give me a drop of water ?" and within a few moments the feeble voice became silent. Leaks of blood sprang from the lines of the old, wrinkled face.

On the other side, a heart-rending shriek of a woman was audible to him. She had gone insane, because she had lost everything. She was holding the dead body of her child in her arms and staring at the body with vacant eyes. Another explosion and she attained eternal peace.

Anna, then saw an incredible sight. The waters of all the rivers and oceans had turned red. He wondered, why ? Is it the blood of the human-beings ?

There was a tormenting pain within him and a deep horror in his eyes. He shrieked, "No, it can not be true."

However, it was true. The Third World War had started and the reason for this tragic event was "Water Crisis". The countries with huge stores of pure water were being attacked by other countries to capture their water-pockets. Will the entire humanity perish ?

He woke up trembling and then realized that it was just a dream. He thought that his dreadful nightmare could turn into a reality if no steps were taken for the proper management of water. He was now firmly determined to impart training to the youth of the village on water management techniques, who in turn would train the entire village.

It was three o' clock. The temple prayers were over. All the villagers were returning with a solemn expression on their faces. Women were holding the drowsy children in their arms.

The young village boys, great pals of Anna,were very keen to meet him. Within no time, they reached his house. Warm hugs were exchanged. Anna narrated his terrible dream to them and they realized that only *'pooja-paath'* will not solve this grave water problem.

They discussed the importance of trees in conserving water. In the forests, water seeps gently into the ground as vegetation breaks the fall. This ground water in turn, feeds wells, lakes and rivers. Protecting forests means protecting water 'catchments'. They resolved that they will motivate everyone to plant and take care of at least one tree and prevent the indiscriminate cutting of trees.

Mahesh, a vibrant boy, with glowing eyes said, "I know that over the years, rising population, growing industrialization and expanding agriculture have pushed up the demand for water."

He further said that people should develop a habit of saving water in their day-to-day lives because, "every drop matters."

Ramuda, a bright chap with calm, meditative face made his presence felt and said, "In urban areas, the construction of houses, footpaths and roads has left little exposed earth for water to soak in. In parts of the rural areas of India, flood water quickly flows to the rivers, which then dry up soon after the rains stop. If this water can be held back, it can seep into the ground and recharge the groundwater supply."

Mahesh looked at Anna with questioning eyes, "*Bhaiya*, I have heard of rain-water harvesting. What is it ?"

"Rain water harvesting essentially means collecting rain water on the roofs of the buildings and storing it underground for later use. Not only does this recharging stop ground water depletion, it also raises the declining water level and can help increase water supply. It is

necessary to stop the decline in groundwater levels, prevent sea-water from moving landward and conserve surface water run-off during the rainy season", explained Anna.

They realized that there is enough water and the need of the hour is to manage the available resources properly.

All of them made a very strong resolution that they would start a movement for the conservation of the most precious thing on earth, that is, water. They pledged, "We will start this noble work from today, only."

Their faces lit up, along with the landscape. The glorious sun was rising in the crimsoned east. Anna was elated to see this beautiful sight. The rising sun always kindled optimistic feelings in his heart.

The rising sun became a symbol of hope for the young, enthusiastic villagers. It seemed to beckon a brighter future for mankind. The boys knew that every morning the first rays of the rising sun will remind them of their firm resolution.

- MANEESH GOYAL

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About the Author :

Maneesh Goyal is born and educated in Rajasthan. He is a dedicated social worker, great philanthropist and a successful administrator. He teaches modern methods of farming and water conservation techniques to the villagers. He writes stories on issues concerning social responsibilities, social welfare and environmental protection.

About the Story :

The story, "Resolution", lays stress on the importance of water, which is the most precious natural resource in present scenario. This story is very inspiring and thought provoking. Though written in a very simple style, it succeeds in leaving a great impact on the heart of the reader. It ends with a resolution of Anna and other villagers to plant trees and conserve water to save the future of mankind.

Glossary

resolution	-	firm determination
trudged	-	walked laboriously
solitary	-	alone, single
parched	-	dried up due to heat or sunlight
tranquility	-	peace, calm
battered	-	broken, beaten up
inauspicious	-	ill omened or unlucky
slackened	-	slowed
reprimanding	-	scolding, chiding
aroma	-	a pleasant smell
ravenous	-	extremely hungry
appease	-	to make less angry by satisfying demand, to gain the good will of
sooty	-	covered with black smoke
dilapidated	-	in very bad condition because of age or neglect
charred	-	burnt
whining	-	uttering pitiful cries
lamentation	-	an expression of grief or sorrow
agony	-	great mental or bodily suffering

incredible	-	unbelievable, beyond understanding
tormenting	-	causing severe mental or physical suffering
perish	-	suffer destruction; rot / decay / die
catchments	-	an area from which rainfall drains into a river
depletion	-	the act of decreasing something
elated	-	felt very pleased.

COMPREHENSION

(A) Tick the correct alternative :

1. Who had returned to his village from the college hostel ?

   (a) Ramuda (b) Mahesh

   (c) Anna (d) Chowkidaar

2. Which scene put Anna in low spirits ?

   (a) the rising sun (b) the old babul tree

   (c) the setting sun (d) the village

3. They discussed the importance of _____.

   in conserving water :

   (a) temples (b) birds

   (c) trees (d) villagers

4. The Third World War had started and the reason for this tragic event was --

   (a) food crisis (b) oil crisis

   (c) water crisis (d) money crisis

(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :

1. Anna had just returned to college. [ ]
2. The village Chaupaal was empty. [ ]
3. All the sources of water have a lot of water. [ ]
4. Anna saw a pleasant dream. [ ]
5. Rain water harvesting essentially means collecting rain water. [ ]
6. The need of the hour is to waste the available resources. [ ]

7. The rising sun became a symbol of hope for the young villagers. [ ]

(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :

1. Why did Anna return to his village ?
2. What did Anna miss on his way home ?
3. Describe the Chowkidar's appearance.
4. What did Anna want to do after completing his education ?
5. What did Anna's classmate dream of ?
6. What incredible sight did Anna see in his nightmare ?
7. What was the reason of the Third World War in Anna's dream ?

(D) Answer the following questions in to 30-40 words each :

1. What did Anna see when he returned to his home ?
2. Why did Anna think that he had become a stranger in his own village ?
3. What did Anna determine to do after the nightmare ?
4. Describe the scene at the Pathshala ?
5. What was the Chowkidar's reply to Anna's question ?
6. How did the rising sun become the symbol of hope ?

(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :

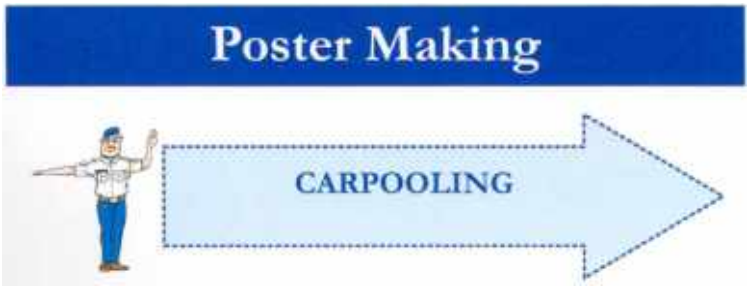
1. What is the message of the story ? Discuss.
2. What is the role of trees in conserving water ?
3. What is rain water harvesting ?
4. What was the resolution of the villagers ?

ACTIVITY :

Working in group of four, make a list of the various methods of water conservation. Write an article on water conservation.

****

ROAD SAFETY EDUCATION



Carpooling (also known as car-sharing, ride-sharing and lift-sharing), is the sharing of car journeys so that more than one person travels in a car.

By having more people using one vehile, carpooling reduces each person's travel costs such as fuel costs, tolls, and the stress of driving. Carpooling is also seen as a more environmentally friendly and sustainable way to tavel as sharing journeys reduce carbon emissions, traffic congestion on the roads and the need for parking spaces. Authorities often encourage carpooling, especially during high pollution periods and high fuel prices.



A poster used to promote carpooling as a way to ration gasoline during World War II

- Taking ideas from the given poster, design another one encouraging your schoolmates to form carpools. These can then be displayed on the school notice boards.

- Prepare a data sheet to collect data regarding travelling destinations and modes of transports used by your classmates. Use this information to facilitate formation of car pools in your class.

Comprehension Passage



DRIVING IS A PRIVILEGE, NOT A RIGHT !

What you need to know before you begin ....



You must have a driver's license to operate a vehicle of any kind on a public highway or parking facility in India.

Every state has a government agency that issues driver's licenses. In each state, this agency is called the Regional Transport Authority or RTO. These agencies may refuse to issue or renew a license if you don't meet the restrictions set by them.



Having a driver's license is a privilege, not a constitutional right.

The Responsibility Factor :

When you are issued a driver's license, you are also issued with many responsibilities. You must continue to demonstrate your ability to drive safely on the road. If you fail to demonstrate this ability, you will be issued traffic tickets, or even have your license suspended or revoked. A lot of responsibility comes with a driver's licence. You have to drive safely, obey the traffic laws, and respect the rights of other drivers. Not only should you concentrate on your own driving, you should also be well aware of the other vehicles around you. Driving safely also includes how and where you park your car. Passengers in your car put their safety in your hands and expect you to drive safe as well.

You also have a financial responsibility when it comes to driving. Every driver needs to have automobile insurance that covers any potential damages or injuries that he or she causes. If a minor is issued a license, then the parent (s) or guardian (s) of that minor are responsible for any finanial consequences.

Eligibility for Learner License :

1. Age eligibility : 18 years
   For vehicles upto 50 CC engine capacity & without gear : 16 years
   (Provided parent, guardian consent obtained)
   For commercial vehicle : 20 years
2. Conversant with Traffic rules & regulations.

Eligibility for Permanent License :

1. You should have a valid learner license.
2. You should apply after 30 days and within 180 days from the date of issuance of learner license.
3. You should be conversant about the vehicle systens, driving, traffic rules & regulations.



Attitudes :

Finally, safe driving requires a good atitude. You should not be stressed, tired, or distracted; driving should be your only focus. You need to be both mentally and physically capable of controlling your vehicle.

There are many consequences for neglecting any or all of these responsibilities, so make sure you know what they are and comply with them.

Before you proceed, consider these Indian road fatality statistics :

- 133,938 people were killed and more than three times this number injured in motor vehicle collisions in the year 2010.
- An average of 443 persons died each day, roughly one every 3 minutes.
- 61.2% of the victims of accidents were aged between 15 to 44 years. This group of persons accounted for nearly two thirds of all the persons killed in accidents during the year.
- There were 12,188 pedestrian deaths.
- 15% of all fatalities were alcohol related.
- 18 people died every hour in road accidents.
- Road traffic fatalities have been increasing at about 8% annually for the last 10 years and show no signs of decreasing.

Source : NCSA (National Center for Statistics and Analyses) Fatality Analysis 2010

Teenage Driving :

According to the NCSA more than 20,000 teens die each year from injuries resulting from car collisions, making it the number one killer of teens in India. Typical reasons include a lack of driving experience, poor vehicle control, risk-taking and failure to wear seat belts.

Read the above passage and answer the questions that follow :

Q1 Driving is not a ....., it is a .....given to us by the .....if we .....

Q2 When can an individual be issued a driver's license ?

.....

.....

Q3 Majority of road accidents take place because .....

.....

.....

Q4 What attitudes dictate safe driving ?

.....

.....

Q5 Why do teenage drivers run more risk on the road ?

.....

.....

.....

.....



Q6 Irresponsible drivers can put the life of pedestrians into

.....

(synonym of risk, beginning with 'J')

Q7 Why does the above passage provide us with road fatality statistics ?

.....

.....

.....

Q8 What are the two essential steps we all must take before beginning to drive ?

.....

.....

.....

Q9 Explain the meaning of the title "Driving is a Privilege, not a Right".

.....

.....



3 teens killed in late-night Gurgaon crash

Injured Driver Was Drunk, May Not Have Licence: Cops



Q10 Find words in the passage which mean the same as :

(a) permit - .....

(b) cancel - .....

(c) conform - .....

(d) violent impact - .....

Fill in Appropriate Words



HELP ACCIDENT VICTIMS IN GOLDEN HOUR :

Read the following passage and fill in the blanks using appropriate words :

Making the case : A Case Study



In May 2000, when 22 year old Stuart Strachan went to the aid ..... a Motorcyclist, who crashed ..... bike near Stuart's home, he didn't know what to expect. Having run ..... an embankment the man, suffering ..... shock, was trying to get up. Stuart saw that the man had. ..... badly injured in the crash ..... part of one of his legs had been severed. Stuart had learnt first aid as part of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme as a student ..... school, and had since become a Red Cross volunteer, but he had never been in such a situation. He knew he had to ..... his first aid knowledge to what was facing him now.





He laid the man ....., talked to him, and tried to stabilize the situation. As he tried to raise the man's legs, he ..... see that already a great deal of blood had been lost and knew that he had to ..... pressure to the artery. When ..... ambulance arrived, due to the nature of the injury and the scene of the accident, the crew asked Stuart if he was alright and if he could carry ..... applying pressure to the wound. Stuart continued to help, applying presure ..... the crew tried to stabilize the man until ..... A&E doctor arrived. Stuart had been attending to the man for ..... 40 minutes. The man, once stabilized, was transferred to hospital. While medics were unable to save the man's ....., his life was saved. Stuart received a commendation ..... the District Ambulance Officer, and the police and medical team believe ..... had it not been ..... his knowledge and intervention, the outcome for the man, a married father of two, may have been very different. The consensus here ..... clear : Many pre-hospital deaths may be preventable ..... injuries may have been less long-term impact ..... casualties could be treated immediately be non-medical people who had basic first ..... knowledge.

Speech Writing



About Buzzed Driving

Buzzed driving is drunk driving. Getting behind the wheel after even just one too many drinks can lead to diaster.

Read Evan's Story

I went out for dinner with some friends. During dinner I had a couple of drinks and on the way home I was stopped by policemen and asked to pull over. They asked me to blow into a breath analyser and the alcohol was found to be above the permissible limit. I was arrested immediately and taken to police lock up. I had never thought I would end up in jail - a very humiliating and unpleasant experience.

Getting a Driving Under Influence (DUE) affected my life in many ways. Both, socially and financially, it was depressing, embarrassing and stressful. Going to jail, having to pay a heavy fine - it was horrible! How could I have got myself into such a situation. For a few years, with the unpleasant memories fresh in my mind, I was very careful not to mix drinks and driving. But like all offenders - I, too, had a short memory. I did it again.



I didn't really think of the consequences, I think I was intoxicated, a little hazy, but I definitely didn't realize I was drunk. Before I knew what was happening, everything blocked out.

It was the first time that I had to ask for help. I had to ask for help for everything, to get to places, to go to the grocery store, to take my kids to their football games. I really had to reach out and ask for help and that was really hard for me. It was embarrassing to have to tell his friend parents "No, I can't pick them up or I can't take my turn driving them to the mall". It was hard on me and hard on them.

I remember the police officer asking me 'Do you have a child with you?' seeing the child seat in the back. I wass very offeneded, 'No, of course there is no child with me? But the fact is I could have hurt someone very badly. Thank God, that I didn't. If you're going to go out and drink, find a designated driver before you do. Driving while buzzed is drunk driving.

NOW Show your support to end 'buzzed driving' by writing out a speech condemning drunk driving. This appeal will be read out by you at a seminar on 'Drunk Driving' organized by your school for your parents. Use the above story to make your speech informative. **'Drunk Driving' organized by your school for your parents. Use the above story to make your speech informative. 'Drunk Driving'.**

Follow Up Activity :

Take a PLEDGE to make good decisions by not driving under the influenece of alcohol. Take the time to share pledge with others and with your help, we can end buzzed driving.

-: Repeat Together :-

I'm going to be smart; when I begin to drive, I won't drive while buzzed. Even just one too many drinks can impair my driving and lead to devastating consequences It's just not worth it. Buzzed driving is drunk driving, so I am going to make sure I make responsible choices that don't endanger me and others

Section 185 of Motor Vehicle Act can punish a driver under influence of alcohol with a fine upto Rs. 2000 or imprisonment with a term which may extend upto 6 months. With a subsequent offence within 3 years, inprisonment increases to 2 years and a fine of Rs. 3000.



The legal limit is below 30 mg of alcohol in every 100 ml of blood





Drunken driving: 4 injured as two cars collide on MB Road

New Delhi: In yet another alleged case of drunken driving, the Saket police has lodged a cross FIR against two drivers after their vehicles collided on the Mehrauli-Badarpur Road close to the Saket Mandir Marg area. The accident — involving a Honda Civic car and a Maruti 800 — left all four occupants of the car injured. A case under IPC sections 279, 337 and 339 has been registered at the Saket police station.

According to the police, the Honda Civic occupants were overspeeding. "Since prima facie we felt both the Civic car occupants — Harsh Sharma (27), a resident of Friends Colony and Neha (24), a resident of GK-I — were drunk, we have decided to go for an alcohol test," said a senior police officer.

Both cars have been impounded. While Harsh and Neha have been admitted to Max Balaji Hospital in Saket, the occupants of the Maruti 800, Azam and Sayyid have been admitted to Batra Hospital. Both of them are stated to be critical.

The incident took place around 2am when Harsh and Neha were returning home after a late dinner from Saidullah Jab area. "The Maruti had taken a wrong U-turn as a result of which the cars had a head-on collision," said an officer. The police is further investigating the case.

The incident comes 2 days after a drunk man had mowed down a cyclist near Tilak Marg. The accused who was coming to his house in Malviya Nagar was driving his i 10 car rashly and hit a cyclist on Sunday morning. The police arrested the accused and he was later granted bail by the court.

Road Traffic Accidents in India - Present Scenario

- In 2010, India recorded 1,34,000 road accident deaths, the highest in the world. The World Bank trends put this figure at 2,00,000 annually.

- About 5,20,000 road accident injuries and 4,90,000 road accidents occured in 2010. About 56 accidents per hour (one accident per minute).

- If a person meets with a road accident in India, there is an over 30 percent chance of death.

- Around 53 percent of the people who die in India are males in the most productive age group of 20 to 50 years.

- The number of people killed has increased four times from 1970 to 2009.