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ENGLISH

(First Language)

Standard X



PLEDGE

India is my country.

All Indians are my brothers and sisters.

I love my country and I am proud of its rich and varied heritage.

I shall always strive to be worthy of it.

I shall respect my parents, teachers and all my elders and treat everyone with courtesy.

I pledge my devotion to my country and its people.

My happiness lies in their well-being and prosperity.

રાજ્ય સરકારની વિનામૂલ્યે યોજના હેઠળનું પુસ્તક



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PREFACE

Gujarat State Board of School Textbooks has prepared a new textbooks as per the new curricula developed by the Gujarat State Secondary and Higher Secondary Education Board and which has been sanctioned by the Education Department of the Government of Gujarat. A panel of experts from Universities/Colleges, Teachers Training Colleges and Schools have put in a lot of efforts in preparing the manuscript of the subject. It is then reviewed by another panel of experts to suggest changes and weed out the mistakes, if any. The suggestions of the reviewers are considered thoroughly and necessary changes are made in the manuscript. Thus, the Textbook Board takes sufficient care in preparing an error free manuscript. The Board is vigilant even while printing the textbooks.

The Board has pleasure in publishing the Text book of **English, First Language** for **Std.10**. The Textbook Board is thankful to all those who have helped us in preparing this textbook. However, we welcome suggestions to enhance the quality of the textbook.

H. N. Chavda

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FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES

It shall be the duty of every citizen of India :

- (a) to abide by the Constitution and respect its ideals and institutions, the National Flag and the National Anthem;
- (b) to cherish and follow the noble ideals which inspired our national struggle for freedom;
- (c) to uphold and protect the sovereignty, unity and integrity of India;
- (d) to defend the country and render national service when called upon to do so;
- (e) to promote harmony and the spirit of common brotherhood amongst all the people of India transcending religious, linguistic and regional or sectional diversities; to renounce practices derogatory to the dignity of women;
- (f) to value and preserve the rich heritage of our composite culture;
- (g) to protect and improve the natural environment including forests, lakes, rivers and wild life and to have compassion for living creatures;
- (h) to develop the scientific temper, humanism and the spirit of inquiry and reform;
- (i) to safeguard public property and to abjure violence;
- (j) to strive towards excellence in all spheres of individual and collective activity so that the nation constantly rises to higher levels of endeavour and achievement;
- (k) to provide opportunities for education by the parent or the guardian, to his child or a ward between the age of 6 and 14 years as the case may be.

About the Book...

It gives us immense pleasure to put forth the new English (First Language) textbook designed for Standard X. The recommendations from the National Curriculum Framework (NCF) as well as the research and advancements in the field of education have been taken into consideration while designing this book. From the choice of the units to the design of activities, the effort has been to offer quality and variety to address the varying needs of learners.

The units have been selected in an eclectic manner – based on not only their literary aspect but also on their genre, themes and novelty of content. Following the learner-centred approach, we have selected interesting and motivating content and we hope that we will succeed in creating an engaging experience for students. Since English is no longer a language limited to England, the content has been finalized from a variety of sources including Indian. Among others, finer points such as ethics, gender equality, active citizenship, etc. have also influenced the choice of the units.

Of late, language education has turned interdisciplinary and has served effectively to develop cognitive and higher order thinking skills. This textbook is no exception to this development in that it attempts to make learners holistically experience the ethos of the time in which they live and grow – thus preparing them for the way ahead. The book attempts to present a balanced and rounded view of life, emphasizing scientific temper as well as sensibility.

The book is empirical in nature in that it does not follow any one approach to language learning. While many of the principles of Communicative Language Teaching (CLT) have been followed, functional and MODCOM approaches have also been considered. Vocabulary and grammar have been given express space. The notion is that the intended learners will benefit from metacognitive learning as well. Learning a language is a life-long endeavour and learning can take place in a variety of ways. Hence this book includes a selection of sections and activities diverse in nature. The book is divided into three sections: Prose, Poetry and Supplementary Reading. From the pre-task activity before the reading unit to the last post-task, the activities have been designed dynamically according to the units and the teaching points therein. However, each unit has regular scheme for activities. The prose units in the first section of the book have activities classified thus :

Activity I, is a **pre-reading** activity. The activity aims at brain-storming the learners to catch their attention, help them establish a link between their previous knowledge and what they are going to learn and to lead them to the main text. Most of the activities are open-ended and do not insist on getting the same answer from all the learners as the goal is to encourage innovative/unique responses and provide effective motivation to learn the new lesson.

Activity II, is the set of **reading comprehension** activities divided into three subsections : A, B and C. The aim is to enhance reading comprehension ability of the learners by helping them skim and scan through the texts. The learners are expected to read the text more than once to answer the questions of different types and length.

Activity III, the **vocabulary** activity, is to help learners comprehend the meanings of the words and use them in different contexts. The meanings of the vocabulary, comprehended while reading the lesson, are consolidated and the learners shall feel confident to use the words in different contexts.

Activity IV, is about strengthening **grammar** through CLT, where appropriateness in language use is emphasized over correctness, grammar is not ignored. The activity draws the learners' attention to the grammatical aspect of the language and provides opportunities to practise them in meaningful contexts.

Activity V, the **speaking** activity considers the reading comprehension, vocabulary and grammar as inputs to help the learners produce the language orally. The learners are provided opportunities to speak individually, in pairs and groups on different topics with reference to the contexts from the texts and also beyond it.

Activity VI is **writing**. Being the second productive skill (along with speaking), it has been kept the last. The learners get practice in different writing formats and styles that may be useful in their real life, outside the classroom. As in Activity V, all other previous activities, including speaking, may help the learners produce appropriate as well as correct language. However, immediate and effective feedback is essential to master any language skill.

The Poems in the textbook start with a short introduction of the poet followed by the introduction to the poem. The activity, at the end of the poem, not only offers some questions for better understanding of the poem but also draws the learners' attention to the poetic aspects and helps them appreciate the poem from the literary point of view.

The Supplementary Reading lessons help the learners cultivate interest and habit of independent reading. It also encourages the learners to read the texts of a comparatively longer length.

We are sure that learners, teachers and parents will make this book more meaningful by their inputs and efforts. We hope that this textbook provides the context and pretext to significantly advance the eternal journey of learning. All the Best !



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Unit : 1

Activity I

Look at the given Word Grid. Find out at least 15 words related to weather from it. Frame sentences and share with your partner.



Introduction

Ruskin Bond (1934-) is an eminent contemporary Indian writer of British descent. He was born in Kasauli, Himachal Pradesh and spent most of his childhood in Jamnagar, Shimla and Dehradun. He was sent to England for further education but he returned to India and became a prolific writer. His famous works include *The Room on the Roof*, *Our Trees Grow in Dehra*, *The Blue Umbrella*, *The Night Train at Deoli* and other stories. He was honoured with the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1992 followed by Padma Shri in 1999 and Padma Bhushan in 2014. Bond's versatile, original and elegant writing continues to endear him to readers around the world.

Rainy season is the favourite season of almost everyone. It gives new life and zest to all. But what do you do when it rains endlessly? Read on to know.....

A Short Monsoon Diary

June 24

The first day of monsoon mist, and it's strange how all birds fall silent as the mist so melancholy not only does conceal the hills, it blankets them in silence too. Only an hour ago the trees were ringing with birdsong. And now the forest is deathly still as though it were midnight. Through the mist Bijju is calling to his sister. I can hear him running about on the hillside but I cannot see him.

June 25

Some genuine early-monsoon rain, warm and humid and not that cold high altitude stuff we've been having all year. The plants seem to know it too, and the first cobra lily rears its head from the ferns as I walk up to the bank and post office.

The mist affords a certain privacy.

A school boy asked me to describe the hill station and valley in one sentence, and all I could say was "A paradise that might have been".

June 27

The rains have heralded the arrival of some seasonal visitors - a leopard, and several thousand leeches. Yesterday afternoon the leopard lifted a dog from near the servants' quarter below the school. In the evening, it attacked one of Bijju's cows but fled at the approach of Bijju's mother, who came screaming imprecations. As for the leeches, I shall soon get used to a little bloodletting every day.

Other new arrivals are the scarlet minivets (the females are yellow), flitting silently among the leaves like brilliant jewels, no matter how leafy the trees, these brightly coloured birds cannot conceal themselves, although, by remaining absolutely silent, they sometimes contrive to go unnoticed. Along come a pair of drongos, unnecessarily aggressive, chasing the minivets away.

A tree creeper moves rapidly up the trunk of the oak tree, snapping up insects all the way. Now that the rains are here, there is no dearth of food for the insectivorous birds.

August 2

All night the rain has been drumming on the corrugated tin roof. There has been no storm, no thunder, just the steady swish of a tropical downpour. It helps me to lie awake; at the same time, it doesn't keep me from sleeping.

It is a good sound to read by the rain outside, the quiet within – and, although tin roofs are given to springing unaccountable leaks, there is a feeling of being untouched by, and yet in touch with, the rain.

August 3

The rain stops. The clouds begin to break up, the sun strikes the hill on my left. A woman is chopping up sticks. I hear the tinkle of cowbells. In the oak tree, a crow shakes the raindrops from his feathers and caws disconsolately. Water drips from a leaking drainpipe. And suddenly, clean and pure, the song of the whistling thrush emerges like a dark sweet secret from the depths of the ravine.

August 12

Endless rain, and a permanent mist. We haven't seen the sun for eight or nine days. Everything damp and soggy. Nowhere to go. Pace the room, look out of the window at a few bobbing umbrellas. At least it isn't cold rain. The hillsides are lush as late-monsoon flowers being to appear – wild balsam, dahlias, begonias and ground orchids.

August 31

It is the last day of August, and the lush monsoon growth has reached its peak. The seeds of the cobra lily are turning red, signifying that the rains are coming to an end.

In a few days the ferns will start turning yellow, but right now they are still firm, green and upright. Ground orchids, mauve lady's slipper and the white butterfly orchids put on a fashion display on the grassy slopes of Landour. Wild dahlias, red, yellow and magenta, rear their heads from the rocky crevices where they have taken hold.

Snakes and rodents, flooded out of their holes and burrows, take shelter in roofs, attics and godowns. A shrew, weak of eyesight, blunders about the rooms, much to the amusement of the children.

“Don’t kill it,” admonishes their grandmother. “ Chuchundars are lucky - they bring money !”
And sure enough, I receive a cheque in the mail. Not a very large one, but welcome all the same.

October 3

We have gone straight from monsoon into winter rain.

Snow at higher altitudes.

After an evening hailstorm, the sky and hills are suffused with a beautiful golden light.

January 26

Winter rains in the hills.

In the hushed silence of the house when I’m quite alone, and my friend, who was here has gone, it is very lonely, very quiet, as I sit in a liquid silence, a silence within, surrounded by the rhythm of rain, the steady drift of water on leaves, on lemons, on roof, drumming on drenched dahlias and window panes, while the mist holds the house in a dark caress.

As I pause near a window, the rain stops.

And starts again.

And the trees, no longer green but grey, menace me with their loneliness.

March 23

Late March. End of winter

The blackest cloud I’ve ever seen squatted over Mussoorie, and then it hailed marbles for half an hour. Nothing like a hailstorm to clear the sky. Even as I write, I see a rainbow forming.

Glossary

melancholy (n) sad **heralded** (v) publicly announced **leeches** (n) bloodsucking aquatic or terrestrial worms **imprecations** (n) curses **bloodletting** (n) removal of blood (for purpose of treatment), **scarlet minivets** kind of tropical birds **contrive** (v) manage **drongos** (n) kind of bird **corrugated** (adj.) bent, curved **disconsolately** (adv.) unhappily **ravine** (n) deep narrow steep-sided valley **bobbing** (v) quick moving **Landour** a town **crevices** (n) holes **shrew** (n) mouse like animal, chuchundar **suffused** (v) spread over **caress** (v) gentle loving touch.

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The author could hear Bijju _____.
(a) chopping the sticks (b) crying in the forests
(c) running about on the hillside (d) singing songs loudly
- ‘A paradise might have been’ is the description of _____.
(a) hill station and landscapes (b) hill station and valley
(c) landscapes and forests (d) valley and landscapes
- The leopard had to flee at the approach of _____.
(a) a barking dog (b) Bijju’s mother
(c) the continuous rains (d) the leeches
- Grandmother advised the children not to kill chuchundars as they _____.
(a) are cute (b) are harmless
(c) bring ill-luck (d) bring money

5. The trees turning grey gives the diarist a feeling of _____.
- (a) attractiveness (b) dreariness
(c) loneliness (d) loveliness

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Why is the writer not able to see Bijju?
2. According to the diarist who are the seasonal visitors?
3. Why is there no dearth of food for the insectivorous birds?
4. How has lush monsoon growth reached its peak?
5. How is the silence within contrasted with the sound of winter rains in the hills?

C. Write in detail on :

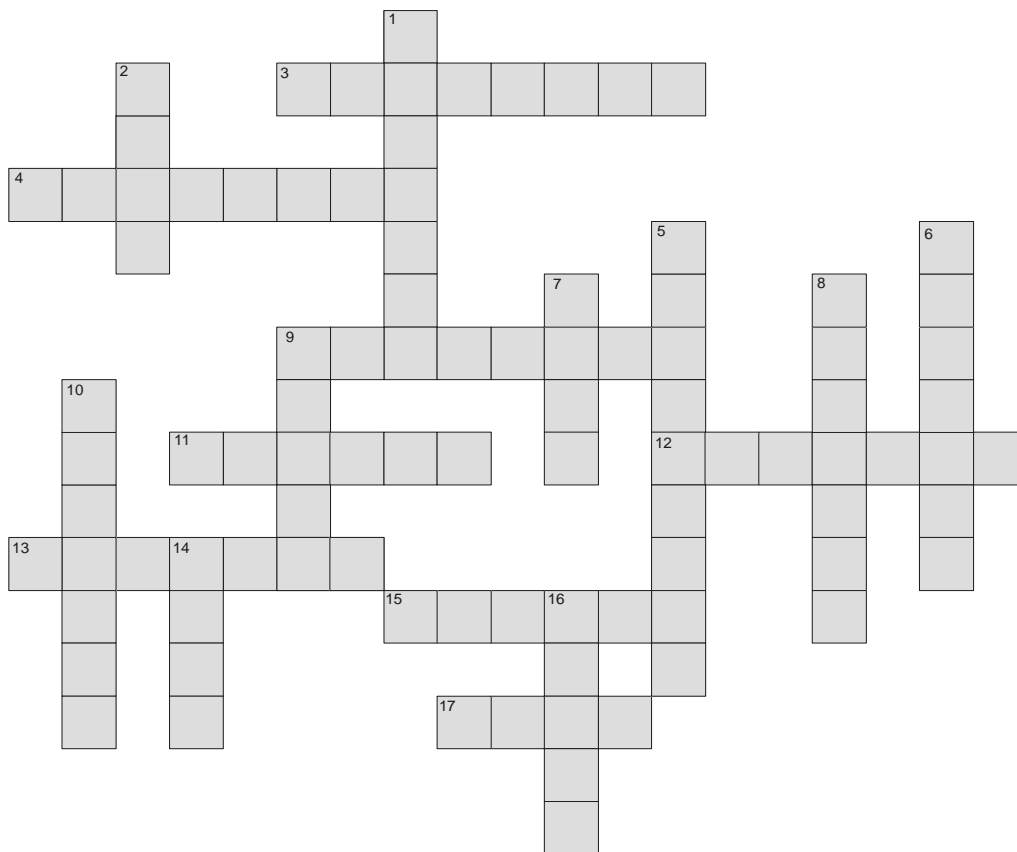
1. The ‘monsoon rain and the winter rain’: Comparisons and Contrasts.

Activity III

A. Arrange the words and phrases in each row from the least strong to the strongest.

- | | | | |
|-------------|----------------|-------------|---------------|
| 1. gale | breeze | hurricane | strong wind |
| 2. chilly | nippy | fresh | icy |
| 3. drizzle | downpour | cloud burst | thundershower |
| 4. blizzard | breath of wind | storm | gust of wind |
| 5. bright | sparkling | fair | brilliant |

B. Complete the following crossword puzzle.



Across :

3. a report saying what the weather is likely to be (8)
4. the light and heat that come from the sun (8)
9. extremely cold (8)
11. a short period of rain (6)
12. an extremely strong and dangerous wind that blows in a circle and destroys buildings as it moves along (7)
13. the weather condition that an area usually has (7)
15. one of the four periods of the year: spring, summer, autumn or winter (6)
17. slightly cold, but not too cold (4)

Down

1. a light and pleasant wind (6)
2. sunny and not raining, generally pleasant weather (4)
5. a sudden flash of light in the sky during a storm (9)
6. the loud noise in the sky that you hear during a storm (7)
7. describe weather that is not very cold or not as cold as usual (4)
8. a half circle of seven colours that you see in the sky when rain is falling and the sun shining (7)
9. a thin, white layer of ice that forms on surfaces at night when it is very cold, or a time when the temperature is very cold and water freezes (5)
10. extremely hot (7)
14. small drops of water in the air which make it difficult to see objects which are not near (4)

Activity IV

A. Read the sentences given below.

1. It was raining. The child sat at the window.
2. The teacher was drawing a figure on the blackboard. Students copied the curves in their notebooks.
(A) It was raining **as** the child sat at the window.
(B) **While** the teacher was drawing a figure on the blackboard, students copied the curves in their notebooks.

You must have noticed that sentences (A) and (B) indicate two actions taking place at the same time. The words in bold help the description.

When we describe two actions in a single sentence, they are either sequential or simultaneous. Each of the following items has two sentences describing two actions.

Connect them using **as/while** as shown in (A) and (B).

1. The manager flipped through the files. The workers tried hard to finish their production.
2. Sophia repaired the TV. Romesh checked the cable connection.
3. My activity partner searched for the information. I prepared a presentation framework.
4. The grasshopper sang and enjoyed spring. The ant worked hard and saved for the rainy day.
5. Rishma and Kriti went for a walk. Ritesh played games on his mobile device.

B. Look at the following sets of words.

Blanket - blankets/blanketing

Ring - ringing

Lift - lifted

Scream - screaming

In the above set of words, nouns are used as verbs.

Fill in the gaps choosing an appropriate form of the word given in the bracket.

It was _____ (rain) endlessly that day and I had to appear for my final examination. The sky had _____ (turn) darker and it _____ (look) as if it was _____ (go) to rain even harder. The _____ (wide) pool of water outside my house was sweeping in everything within its reach. Rain was _____ (drum) the roof and shutters as I tried to concentrate on reading for my examination. The previous night was more noisy because the clouds _____ (hail) marbles.

Activity V

A. With the arrival of the first rain many changes are seen in nature. We can smell the fresh earth and even hear the peacocks. Divide the class into groups of five. Each group makes a list of changes that are noticed. Present it to the class.

B. Monsoons can be heavy at times and cause natural disasters like floods. In times like this it is imperative to take certain precautions. Discuss with your partner and present a list of steps to be taken in case of floods.

Activity VI

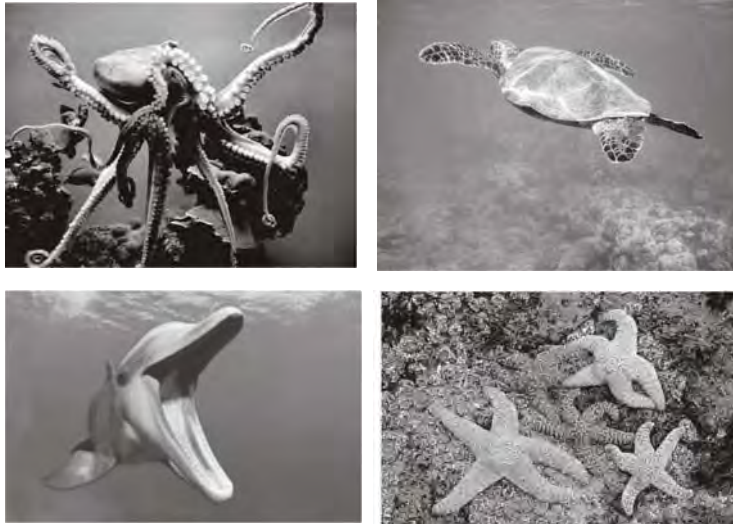
Water is the elixir of life. From ancient times, people have invented unique ways of harvesting/storing rainwater. Write a letter to the Municipal Commissioner / Sarpanch suggesting various means that can be adopted to conserve rain water.



Unit : 2

Activity I

Marine life is full of surprises and thrills. Given here are some images of life beneath the ocean. Imagine what else could be lying submerged on the ocean bed. Share your ideas with the class.



Introduction

Andrew Carter is a former editorial assistant at the Daily Beast Newspaper. Robert Ballard, who discovered the most famous wreck of the Titanic, provides some vital information to Carter.

All our dreams can come true if we have the courage to pursue them. This article conveys a powerful message that it is the strong will, confidence and inner strength of the human beings that lead them to astounding achievements.

The Man Who Found the Titanic

A hundred years ago tonight, the Titanic sank, taking more than 1,500 souls with it. Robert Ballard, who discovered the wreck, tells Andrew Carter about the secret expedition to find it.

Robert Ballard's life's dream was to find the most famous shipwreck in the world, but if not for the Cold War and two missing submarines, the Titanic might never have been found.

Ballard, who also discovered the wreck of the Bismarck and the USS Yorktown, became interested in ocean exploration as a child while reading '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea'. "From a very early age, I wanted to be Captain Nemo and I wanted to explore the ocean floor," he says. With his parents' encouragement, he joined the Navy, worked at the National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Administration, and became an oceanographer. After 53 years and more than 130 expeditions, the 69-year-old adventurer is "still at it and hoping for a new discovery."

Ballard had long been fascinated by Titanic, and always dreamed of finding it. Back in the 1970s, he led a failed expedition to do just that. But it wasn't until 1985, while serving as a naval intelligence officer, that he was able to secure the technology and funding that helped him finally discover it, 1,000 miles due east of Boston. Having helped the U.S. Navy develop unmanned submarines, Ballard thought the technology might be useful in finding the lost ship. The Navy had little interest in funding the search, but it was very interested in

finding the USS Scorpion and the USS Thresher, two nuclear submarines that were lost in the 1960s on either side of where the Titanic went down. With the Cold War still in its final throes, the Navy had to keep the true nature of the submarine search a secret. They told Ballard that if he could find the subs, then afterwards he could use their technology to search for the ship--but the world would think the expedition was about finding the Titanic from the beginning.

“The Navy didn’t want to disclose the location of those submarines, so we needed a cover story and Titanic was the cover story,” says Ballard. “I wanted to find the Titanic. The Navy just wanted our expedition to deflect from the true mission.” Of course, history would show that the expedition was successful on all fronts. Ballard was able to do reconnaissance on the missing submarines, and in the early-morning hours of September 1, the image of a boiler in the sand 12,000 feet beneath the surface signaled the discovery of the Titanic.

“There were two reactions almost simultaneously,” says Ballard. “The first reaction was celebration, we all jumped up shouting because we were near the end of the expedition and we thought we were going to fail. But that was followed quickly by a realization of where we were, that we were on a gravesite. We started seeing where the bodies had landed, that this was a cemetery, and it changed our emotional wall. It went from pure joy to thoughtful reflection.”

Rumors have surfaced over the years that Ballard wanted to keep the location of the wreck a secret to protect it from salvagers. ‘Not entirely true’, he says. The expedition was a joint U.S.-French effort, which meant, “There was no hope of protecting it from the French; the French were aboard. Although initially they said they wouldn’t salvage it, they reversed their decision and they knew the location because they were aboard and could write it down. So there was no secret among them, and they’re the ones that actually founded the salvage operation.” Since then more than 5,500 artifacts have been taken from the wreck site.

Ballard, who has long been outspoken against the recovery of objects from the Titanic, is disturbed by the salvage operation, not only because they are disturbing a gravesite, but because human exploration is damaging the ship. “We went back in 2004 and did it all over again, and we can show you exactly where the submarines had landed, where they had crushed the deck, where they had knocked off the crow’s nest, where they pulled fixtures off the ship, and where they tried to break off the telemotor, all the debris, all the garbage that they left behind.”

Further, Ballard sees “no point” in salvaging items from the sunken ship. “The artifacts on the Titanic are identical to the artifacts on her sister ship, so there wasn’t anything to be gained.” He adds that when he initially discovered the ship, he went to the 24 remaining survivors and various museums around the world, and “there wasn’t a single person or organization who supported recovering artifacts.”

Whether because of humans or because of bacteria consuming the ship, there is a good chance the Titanic will collapse completely within the next few decades. In the meantime, Ballard is determined to do his part to preserve the ship and prolong her life for as long as possible. He is currently applying for a permit to clean the rust off the hull and give the ship a fresh coat of paint. While the prospect of refurbishing a 100-year-old vessel lying 12,000 feet beneath the sea might seem daunting to anyone else, Ballard isn’t fazed. It’s the same technology they use to repair supertankers that are too big to go into dry dock. “They’ve actually developed underwater robots that are very simple, they have magnets, they attach to the hull and they can travel the length of the hull and clean the rust off. And then they actually have paint that can be applied underwater,” he says.

Still, Ballard does not want to give the impression that he is obsessed with the Titanic, or even that it is his favorite find. “I’ve done 135 expeditions. I’ve discovered things far more important than the Titanic,” he says. “The discovery of new life-forms in the Galapagos, the discovery of black smoke and mineral deposits that explain the chemistry of the world’s oceans. I’ve recently discovered ancient shipwrecks from 500 B.C. that are perfectly preserved in the bottom waters of the Black Sea. All of them have lessons to learn, they’re all important.”

But he certainly understands the enduring fascination. “Every generation has discovered the Titanic, whether it was the one that was alive when it sank, Walter Lord’s book, or my discovery, or Cameron’s movie, and now the 100th anniversary.” He also feels that the disaster has “all sorts of stories with heroes and villains, and I think everyone wonders what they would do if they were on the Titanic.”

The explorer shows no signs of slowing. This summer he plans to explore the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, before heading to America’s Territorial Trust Islands in the western Pacific.

Asked what his most important discovery is, he responds, “The one I’m about to make.”

Glossary

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea classic science fiction novel by French writer Jules Verne **Cold War** A state of political hostility that existed from 1945 to 1990 between countries allied to the Soviet Union and countries allied to the United States **USS** United States Ship **oceanographic** related to physical and biological aspects of the seas **throes** (n) violent pangs of suffering **deflect** (v) distract **do reconnaissance** investigate **salvagers** damagers **artifacts** Ame.(n) remains, objects of historical and cultural importance **crow’s nest** (n) platform for a lookout on a ship **fixtures** (n) objects firmly fixed in place **telemotor** (n) device to operate steering gear **hull** (n) body of ship **refurbishing** (v) restoring **daunting** (v) challenging **fazed** (adj.) discouraged **Galapagos** (n) volcanic islands in the Pacific Ocean.

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Ballard became interested in _____ as a child .
(a) new discoveries (b) nuclear submarines
(c) ocean exploration (d) U.S. Navy
- The emotions of the crew changed as they realised that _____.
(a) the expedition had ended (b) the expedition had failed
(c) their mission was successful (d) they were on a gravesite
- According to Ballard, _____ is damaging the ship .
(a) human exploration (b) human interference
(c) the shark (d) the submarine in the region
- _____ were developed to refurbish the ship.
(a) Special chemicals (b) Submarines
(c) Supertankers (d) Underwater robots
- The most important discovery of Ballard is the one _____.
(a) he first made (b) he is about to make
(c) he just made (d) no one else can make

B. Answer the following questions.

- Which personal factors support the secret expedition ?
- ‘The Navy just wanted our expedition to deflect’. Elaborate.
- How was pure joy turned to thoughtful reaction ? Explain.
- ‘Ballard is not obsessed with the Titanic’. Justify the statement.

C. Write in detail on :

- ‘The One I’m About to Make’.
- Ballard’s Early Life

Activity III

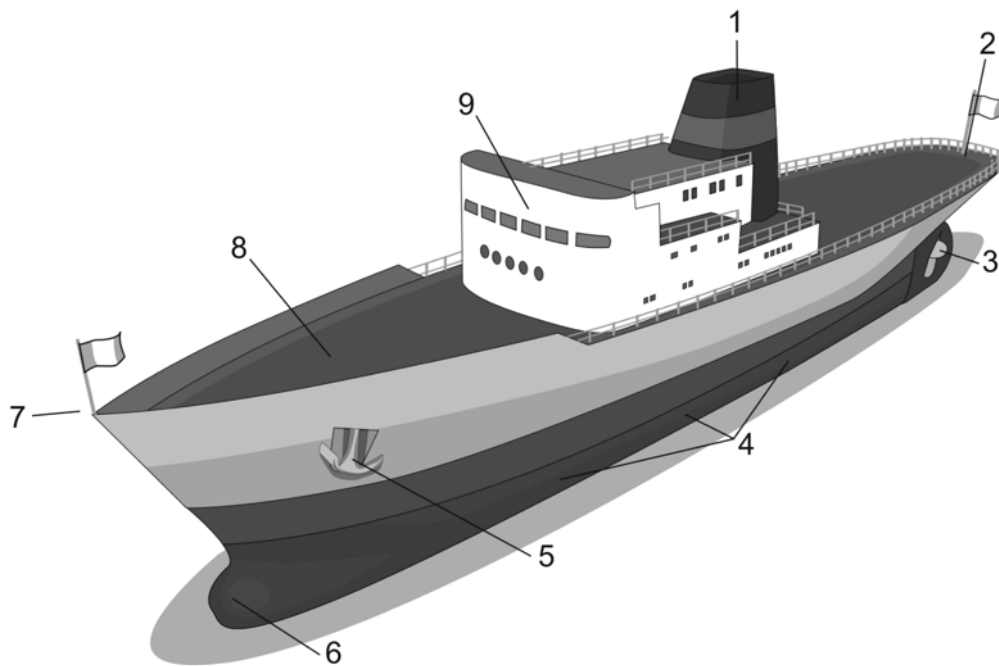
A. How much do you know about these words?

Mark your answers with an '√'

Word	I know what this word means.	I have seen or heard this word.	I don't know what this word means.
Continental shelf			
Continental slope			
Ocean basin			
Trench			
Abyssal plain			
Submarine canyons			
Seamounts			
Topography			
Coral reef			
Ridge			
Guyots			

- Practise saying each word aloud.
 - Look up the meaning of these words.
 - Write a sentence using each word you know.
- Put a (√) in the box after you complete each task .

B. Identify and write the parts of the ship.



Activity IV

A. Read the following sentences carefully.

- (1) The man is an adventurer. He found the Titanic.
- (2) The box has a cake. It is on the shelf.

Sentences (1) and (2) can be joined as shown below :

- a. The man **who** found the Titanic is an adventurer.
- b. The box **that/which** has a cake is on the shelf.

You must have noticed in the above sentences the function of the words in bold.

Now complete the following passage using appropriate words to fill in the gaps.

Dr. Jenkins, ___ had been practising medicine in the city for the last 20 years, passed away on 20th March. He was the one ___ founded the Association of Medical Practitioners in the city and started professional development activities. The activities ___ he started two decades ago have made the city a medical hub of the nation.

B. Read the following sentences carefully.

1. Do you know the man we just met? He is Mr. Murthy.
2. The company was established in 1990. Its name is in Fortune 500 list.

Again, sentences (1) and (2) can be joined as shown below:

- a. Do you know Mr. Murthy **whom** we just met ?
- b. The company **whose** name is on the Fortune 500 list was established in 1990.

Now join the following sentences as shown in the example:

The supervisor is an old man. He worked for us last year.

The supervisor who worked for us last year is an old man.

1. The people were very kind to me. I stayed with them in the winter holidays last year.
2. The irrigation system has failed in the state. It depends on a canal.
3. Uranium is used to produce nuclear power. Its atoms are radioactive.
4. The airliner landed safely. Its engines were damaged badly.
5. The television company is based in London. I talked to you about it.
6. The engineers were rewarded. They constructed the bridge.
7. The miners unfortunately have no insurance. Their job involves risk.
8. The crowd had gathered at the square. The crowd had several students.

Activity V

Throughout the centuries, brave explorers have fearlessly travelled the globe and beyond to discover new lands, people, animal species, riches and glory. Sir Edmund Hillary was the first man to reach the peak of Mount Everest, and U.S. astronaut Neil Armstrong was the first human to walk on the moon. These fearless explorers and many more have left an indelible mark on human history.

Now using the clues given below, identify the explorers. Work in groups of five and discuss the achievements and the challenges faced by these explorers and present your views to the class.

I sailed around the world and proved that the earth is round.

I discovered a new sea route to India.

I discovered the new world.

I am a Canadian film director, film producer, screenwriter, deep-sea explorer, director of the film Titanic and first person to make a solo dive to the deepest part of the ocean in the Mariana Trench.

I am a navigator and explorer who, in 1770, discovered and charted New Zealand and the Great Barrier Reef of Australia.

Activity VI

Prepare a chart presentation on various ships and water vessels mentioned in the lesson. You may need to visit the library or search on the internet. Present it to the class.



Unit-3

Activity I

A student's life is full of ups and downs. Many a time you are appreciated by teachers and parents whereas sometimes they have to scold you because they love you and wish the best for you. Some punishments can be positive. For example,

You can be punished by being asked to arrange books in the library or help a weak student. Discuss with your partner what other positive – constructive punishments can be given for the following :

If you are late at school _____.

If your homework is incomplete _____.

If you fight with your friend _____.

If you misbehave in the class _____.

What would you call this kind of punishment ?

Introduction

Count Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy (1828 - 1910), commonly known as Leo Tolstoy, was a Russian novelist, playwright, essayist and short story writer. His two famous works, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* are acknowledged as the greatest novels of all time. According to Mathew Arnold 'a novel by Tolstoy is not a work of art but a piece of life'.

Is punishment for the criminal or for the country? This satirical story elucidates the impractical steps taken to deal with a murderer. It's TOO DEAR !!!!

Too Dear

Near the borders of France and Italy, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, lies a tiny little kingdom called Monaco. Many a small country town can boast more inhabitants than this kingdom, for there are only about seven thousands of them all told, and if all the land in the kingdom were divided, there would not be an acre for each inhabitant. But in this toy kingdom there is a real Kinglet; and he has a palace, and courtiers, and ministers, and a bishop, and generals, and an army.

It is not a large army, only sixty men in all, but still it is an army. There were also taxes in this kingdom as elsewhere: a tax on tobacco, and on wine and spirits and a poll-tax. But though the people there drink and smoke as people do in other countries, there are so few of them that the King would have been hard put to feed his courtiers and officials and to keep himself, if he had not found a new and special source of revenue. This special revenue comes from a gaming house, where people play roulette. People play, and whether they win or lose, the keeper always gets a percentage on the turnover; and out of his profits he pays a large sum to the King. The reason he pays so much is that it is the only such gambling establishment left in Europe. Some of the little German Sovereigns used to keep gaming houses of the same kind, but some years ago they were forbidden to do so. The reason they were stopped was because these gaming houses did so much harm. A man would come and try his luck, then he would risk all he had and lose it, then he would even risk money that did not belong to him and lose that too, and then, in despair, he would drown or shoot himself. So the Germans forbade their rulers to make money in this way; but there was no one to stop the King of Monaco, and he remained with a monopoly of the business.

So now everyone who wants to gamble goes to Monaco. Whether they win or lose, the King gains by it. 'You can't earn stone palaces by honest labour,' as the proverb says; and the Kinglet of Monaco knows it is a dirty business, but what is he to do? He has to live ; and to draw revenue from drink and from tobacco is also not a nice thing. So he lives and reigns, and rakes in the money, and holds his court with all the ceremony of a real king.

He has his coronation, his levies; he rewards, sentences, and pardons, and he also has his reviews, councils, laws, and courts of justice: just like other kings, only all on a smaller scale.

Now it happened a few years ago that a murder was committed in this toy King's domains. The people of that kingdom are peaceful, and such a thing had not happened before. The judges assembled with much ceremony and tried the case in the most judicial manner. There were judges, and prosecutors, and jurymen, and barristers. They argued and judged, and at last they condemned the criminal to have his head cut off as the law directs. So far so good. Next they submitted the sentence to the King. The King read the sentence and confirmed it. 'If the fellow must be executed, execute him.'

There was only one hitch in the matter; and that was that they had neither a guillotine for cutting heads off, nor an executioner. The Ministers considered the matter, and decided to address an inquiry to the French Government, asking whether the French could not lend them a machine and an expert to cut off the criminal's head; and if so, would the French kindly inform them what the cost would be. The letter was sent. A week later the reply came: a machine and an expert could be supplied, and the cost would be 16,000 francs. This was laid before the King. He thought it over. Sixteen thousand francs! 'The wretch is not worth the money,' said he. 'Can't it be done, somehow, cheaper? Why 16,000 francs is more than two francs a head on the whole population. The people won't stand it, and it may cause a riot!'

So a Council was called to consider what could be done; and it was decided to send a similar inquiry to the King of Italy. The French Government is republican, and has no proper respect for kings; but the King of Italy was a brother monarch, and might be induced to do the thing cheaper. So the letter was written, and a prompt reply was received.

The Italian Government wrote that they would have pleasure in supplying both a machine and an expert; and the whole cost would be 12,000 francs, including travelling expenses. This was cheaper, but still it seemed too much. The rascal was really not worth the money. It would still mean nearly two francs more per head on the taxes. Another Council was called. They discussed and considered how it could be done with less expense. Could not one of the soldiers perhaps be got to do it in a rough and homely fashion? The General was called and was asked: 'Can't you find us a soldier who would cut the man's head off? In war they don't mind killing people. In fact, that is what they are trained for.' So the General talked it over with the soldiers to see whether one of them would not undertake the job. But none of the soldiers would do it. 'No,' they said, 'We don't know how to do it; it is not a thing we have been taught.'

What was to be done? Again the Ministers considered and reconsidered. They assembled a Commission, and a Committee, and a Sub-Committee, and at last they decided that the best thing would be to alter the death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. This would enable the King to show his mercy, and it would come cheaper.

The King agreed to this, and so the matter was arranged. The only hitch now was that there was no suitable prison for a man sentenced for life. There was a small lock-up where people were sometimes kept temporarily, but there was no strong prison fit for permanent use. However, they managed to find a place that would do, and they put the young fellow there and placed a guard over him. The guard had to watch the criminal, and had also to fetch his food from the palace kitchen. The prisoner remained there month after month till a year had passed. But when a year had passed, the Kinglet, looking over the account of his income and expenditure one day, noticed a new item of expenditure. This was for the upkeep of the criminal; nor was it a small item either. There was a special guard, and there was also the man's food. It came to more than 600 francs a year. And the worst of it was that the fellow was still young and healthy, and might live for fifty years. When one came to reckon it up, the matter was serious. It would never do. So the King summoned his Ministers and said to them:

'You must find some cheaper way of dealing with this rascal. The present plan is too expensive.' And the Ministers met and considered and reconsidered, till one of them said: 'Gentlemen, in my opinion we must

dismiss the guard.’ ‘But then,’ rejoined another Minister, ‘the fellow will run away.’ ‘Well,’ said the first speaker, ‘let him run away, and he be hanged!’ So they reported the result of their deliberations to the Kinglet, and he agreed with them. The guard was dismissed, and they waited to see what would happen. All that happened was that at dinner time the criminal came out, and, not finding his guard, he went to the King’s kitchen to fetch his own dinner. He took what was given him, returned to the prison, shut the door on himself, and stayed inside. Next day the same thing occurred. He went for his food at the proper time; but as for running away, he did not show the least sign of it! What was to be done? They considered the matter again.

‘We shall have to tell him straight out,’ said they ‘that we do not want to keep him.’ So the Minister of Justice had him brought before him.

‘Why do you not run away?’ said the Minister. ‘There is no guard to keep you. You can go where you like, and the King will not mind,’

‘I dare say the King would not mind,’ replied the man, ‘but I have nowhere to go. What can I do? You have ruined my character by your sentence, and people will turn their backs on me. Besides, I have got out of the way of working. You have treated me badly. It is not fair. In the first place, when once you sentenced me to death you ought to have executed me; but you did not do it. That is one thing. I did not complain about that. Then you sentenced me to imprisonment for life and put a guard to bring me my food; but after a time you took him away again and I had to fetch my own food. Again I did not complain. But now you actually want me to go away! I can’t agree to that. You may do as you like, but I won’t go away!’ What was to be done? Once more the Council was summoned. What course could they adopt? The man would not go. They reflected and considered. The only way to get rid of him was to offer him a pension. And so they reported to the King. ‘There is nothing else for it,’ said they, ‘We must get rid of him somehow.’ The sum fixed was 600 francs, and this was announced to the prisoner.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I don’t mind, so long as you undertake to pay it regularly. On that condition I am willing to go.’

So the matter was settled. He received one-third of his annuity in advance, and left the King’s dominions. It was only a quarter of an hour by rail; and he emigrated, and settled just across the frontier, where he bought a bit of land, started market-gardening, and now lives comfortably. He always goes at the proper time to draw his pension. Having received it, he goes to the gaming tables, stakes two or three francs, sometimes wins and sometimes loses, and then returns home. He lives peacefully and well.

It is a good thing that he did not commit his crime in a country where they do not grudge expense to cut a man’s head off, or to keeping him in prison for life.

Glossary

Kinglet (n) king (of a tiny kingdom) **bishop** (n) senior priest **poll-tax** (n) fixed citizen tax for right to vote **roulette** (n) gambling game with wheel and ball **rakes in the money** acquires large amounts of money **levees** (n) formal reception of guests at royal court **hitch** (v) obstacle **annuity** (n) fixed sum of money paid each year.

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. The King of Monaco had monopoly of _____ business.
(a) gambling (b) polls
(c) tobacco (d) wine
2. A _____ was committed in the toy king’s domain.
(a) kidnapping (b) murder
(c) robbery (d) suicide

3. The soldiers refused to execute the man's head as _____ .
 - (a) they did not know how to
 - (b) they had no resources
 - (c) they were paid less
 - (d) they were scared
4. The man showed no sign of _____ .
 - (a) being a criminal
 - (b) repentance
 - (c) running away
 - (d) sincerity
5. The only way to get rid of the man was to offer him _____ .
 - (a) a job
 - (b) a large sum of money
 - (c) a pension
 - (d) a piece of land

B. Answer the following questions .

1. How does the author describe the kingdom of Monaco?
2. What was done once the crime was detected?
3. Why did they have a problem in executing the murderer?
4. Why were gaming houses banned in Germany?
5. What was the hitch in executing the death punishment?

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Murderer's Shrewd and Practical Character
2. The Title 'Too Dear'

Activity III

A. Put each of the following words or phrases in their correct places below

wrongdoer	deterrent	law-abiding	death penalty
misdeeds	reform	humane	rehabilitate
barbaric	retribution	crime doesn't pay	corporal punishment

What is the purpose of punishment? One purpose is obviously to _____ the offender, to correct the offender's moral attitudes and anti-social behavior and to _____ him or her, which means to assist the offender to return to normal life as a useful member of the community. Punishment can also be seen as a _____ because it warns other people of what will happen if they are tempted to break the law and so prevents them from doing so. However, a third purpose of punishment lies, perhaps, in society's desire for _____, which basically means revenge. In other words, don't we feel that a _____ should suffer for his _____? The forms of punishment should also be considered. On one hand some believe that we should 'make the punishment fit the crime'. Those who steal from others should be deprived of their own property to ensure that criminals are left in no doubt that '_____'. For those who attack others, _____ should be used. Murderers should be subject to the principle 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' and automatically receive the _____. On the other hand, it is said that such views are unreasonable, cruel and _____ and that we should show a more _____ attitude to punishment and try to understand why a person commits a crime and how society has failed to enable him to live a respectful life.

B. Match each of the following common proverbs with the most appropriate situation from the list below .

(a) Nothing venture, nothing gain.

(b) Once bitten, twice shy.

(c) A bad workman blames his tools.

(d) Too many cooks spoil the broth.

(e) Pride comes before a fall.

1. I am not investing my money in that company again. I lost everything last time I did.

2. Unless you get on a bicycle, you will never know how to balance it.

3. He was over-confident. He thought he couldn't go wrong, but then he got complacent and failed the all-important exam.

4. Do we really need so many of us to do this job? Won't we get in each other's way?

5. It's not my fault I haven't finished this typing yet. It's not a very good machine and the stuff I have to copy is very difficult to read.

Activity IV

Read the following passage carefully.

India got its freedom **in** 1947. It was **on** the 15th of August. **By** the 1930s India had been gripped by a strong wave of nationalism. **On** 3 June 1947, Viscount Louis Mountbatten, the last British Governor-General of India, announced the partitioning of British India **into** India and Pakistan. With the speedy passage through the British Parliament of the Indian Independence Act 1947, **at** 11:57 **on** 14 August 1947, Pakistan was declared a separate nation, and **at** 12:02, just after midnight, India became an independent nation.

You must have noticed that the words in bold describe the relationship between the preceding and following terms/phrases.

A. Fill in the gaps in the following passage using the words given in the bracket.

(at, from, for, in, on, to)

Avur Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam was the 11th President of India. He held the office ___ 2002 ___ 2007. Kalam was born ___ October 15, 1931. He lived ___ Rameshwaram, Tamil Nadu. ___ the age of 83, he died ___ July 27, 2015 during a lecture ___ IIM, Shillong. He was rushed ___ the hospital after he fell sick while addressing the students ___ Shillong. Before he served as the President of India, he had been a scientist and science administrator ___ four decades.

B. Use appropriate prepositions to complete the following conversation.

Milan : Where are the guests?

Rita : The attendant has led them ___ the lounge.

Milan : Did they have a look ___ the models on display?

Rita : Not yet. But they will be back ___ no time.

Milan : I also want to talk ___ them.

Rita : Anything in particular? Please be ready ___ your arguments.

Milan : Yes. When are you leaving ___ Delhi?

Rita : Tomorrow. Have you already collected inputs ___ the manager?

Milan : Yes. Here they are.

Activity V

- A.** Imagine you are selling pieces of handicrafts. Your customers find that your products are very costly. Prepare a few reasons why the cost of your handicraft has gone up and present it to the class.
- B.** Nowadays the cost of food items is increasing and many people are not able to afford even basic means of life. In the midst of this scenario, we find that there are people who waste a lot of food at parties and while eating out. Jot down ways by which one can avoid wastage and share your ideas with your partner.

Activity VI

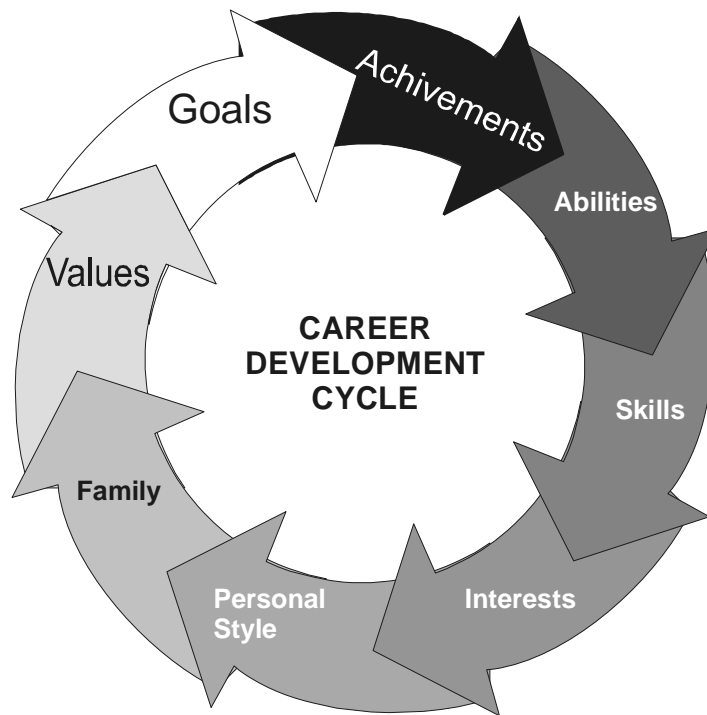
Write an email to the Police Commissioner complaining about the anti-social activities in your neighbourhood. Then read the email to your class.



Unit-4

Activity I

Planning your career is not an easy task. However, we can reduce the burden by proper choice. If we do what we love to do, the journey becomes a smooth on going process towards success. The following diagram shows the important factors in choosing a career. Now discuss with your partner, which one of these factors you consider important.



Introduction

Steven Paul Jobs (1955-2011) was an American information technology entrepreneur and inventor. He was the co-founder, chairman and CEO of Apple Inc., the CEO and investor of Pixar Animation Studios and a Member of the Walt Disney Company board of directors. Jobs is widely acknowledged as the pioneer of the microcomputer revolution of 1970's and 1980's along with Apple co-founder Steve Wozniak.

This speech, delivered by Steve Jobs to the graduating students of Stanford University on June 12, 2005 is one of his best speeches till date. The finely crafted speech providing incredible success tips is simple, emotional, motivational and has all the elements that connect deeply to the reader's soul.

You've Got to Find What You Love

I am honored to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. I never graduated from college. Truth be told, this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation. Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories.

The first story is about connecting the dots.

I dropped out of Reed college after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out?

It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out, they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: “ We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?” They said: “ Of course.” My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college.

And 17 years later, I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents’ savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn’t see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out, I could stop taking the required classes that didn’t interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting.

It wasn’t all romantic. I didn’t have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends’ rooms. I returned Coke bottles for the 5 cent deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the seven miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on. Let me give you one example:

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn’t have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and sans serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can’t capture, and I found it fascinating.

None of this had even a hope of any practical application in my life. But ten years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. If I had never dropped in on that single course in college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces or proportionally spaced fonts. And since Windows just copied the Mac, it’s likely that no personal computer would have them. If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do. Of course it was impossible to connect the dots looking forward when I was in college. But it was very, very clear looking backward ten years later.

Again, you can’t connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backward. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in somethings – your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life. My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky – I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz and I started Apple in my parents’ garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in ten years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4,000 employees. We had just released our finest creation – the Macintosh – a year earlier, and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually

we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30, I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

I really didn't know what to do for a few months. I felt that I had let the previous generation of entrepreneurs down – that I had dropped the baton as it was being passed to me. I met with David Packard and Bob Noyce and tried to apologize for screwing up so badly. I was a very public failure, and I even thought about running away from the valley. But something slowly began to dawn on me – I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected, but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.

During the next five years, I started a company named NeXT, another company named Pixar, and fell in love with an amazing woman who would become my wife. Pixar went on to create the world's first computer animated feature film, Toy Story, and is now the most successful animation studio in the world. In a remarkable turn of events, Apple bought NeXT, I returned to Apple, and the technology we developed at NeXT is at the heart of Apple's current renaissance. And Laurene and I have a wonderful family together.

I'm pretty sure none of this would have happened if I hadn't been fired from Apple. It was awful tasting medicine, but I guess the patient needed it. Sometimes life hits you in the head with a brick. Don't lose faith. I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me going was that I loved what I did. You've got to find what you love. And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on. So keep looking until you find it. Don't settle.

My third story is about death.

When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: "If you live each day as if it was your last, someday you'll most certainly be right." It made an impression on me and since then, for the past 33 years, I have looked in the mirror every morning and asked myself: "If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?" And whenever the answer has been "No" for too many days in a row, I know I need to change something.

Remembering that I'll be dead soon is the most important tool I've ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything – all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure – these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning, and it clearly showed a tumor on my pancreas. I didn't even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable, and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor's code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next ten years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells from the tumor. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a

microscope the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I'm fine now.

This was the closest I've been to facing death, and I hope it's the closest I get for a few more decades. Having lived through it, I can now say this to you with a bit more certainty than when death was a useful but purely intellectual concept :

No one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don't want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be, because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life's change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new. Right now the new is you, but someday not too long from now, you will gradually become the old and be cleared away. Sorry to be so dramatic, but it is quite true.

Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life. Don't be trapped by dogma—which is living with the results of other people's thinking. Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most important, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.

When I was young, there was an amazing publication called The Whole Earth Catalog, which was one of the bibles of my generation. It was created by a fellow named Stewart Brand not far from here in Menlo Park, and he brought it to life with his poetic touch. This was in the late 1960s, before personal computers and desktop publishing, so it was all made with typewriters, scissors and Polaroid cameras. It was sort of like Google in paperback form, 35 years before Google came along ; it was idealistic, and overflowing with neat tools and great notions.

Stewart and his team put out several issues of The Whole Earth Catalog, and then when it had run its course, they put out a final issue. It was the mid-1970s, and I was your age. On the back cover of their final issue was a photograph of an early morning country road, the kind you might find yourself hitchhiking on if you were so adventurous. Beneath it were the words: “ Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.” It was their farewell message as they signed off. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish. And I have always wished that for myself. And now, as you graduate to begin anew, I wish that for you. Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish.

Thank you all very much.

Glossary

relented (v) softened, gave in **tuition** (n) (*here*) fees **dorm room** (n) large sleeping room containing several beds **serif** (n) short line at the end of the main strokes of a character **sans serif** (n) font in which characters have no serifs **typefaces** (n) font **falling out** separation **entrepreneurs** (n) persons who organize and operate a business **screwing up** ruining, messing up **valley**(n) (*here*) silicon valley – IT hub in U.S.A. **renaissance** (n) rebirth **endoscope** (n) long slender medical instrument for examining the interior of a bodily organ or performing minor surgery **sedated** (v) tranquillised **hitchhiking** (v) travel by getting free rides from motorists.

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. The speaker's mother felt that he should be adopted by _____.
(a) college graduates (b) college professors
(c) lawyer couples (d) rich businessmen

2. Steve Jobs made Macintosh with beautiful typography as _____.
 (a) he knew calligraphy (b) he took typography course
 (c) he was artistic (d) his mother taught him
3. The only thing that kept the speaker going was _____.
 (a) his animation studio (b) his love for his work
 (c) his love for Laurene (d) his return to Apple
4. The speaker considers death as a/an _____ concept .
 (a) emotional (b) intellectual
 (c) social (d) universal
5. According to the speaker, we should follow our _____.
 (a) destiny (b) future
 (c) heart (d) past

B. Answer the following questions.

1. What did Steve Jobs actually mean by ‘You cannot connect dots looking forward but you can connect dots looking backwards.’?
2. Why did Steve Jobs’ mother refuse to sign the adoption paper ?
3. Mention the reasons that made Steve to drop out from College.
4. What made Steve feel that he had dropped the baton passed on to him ?
5. ‘I found what I loved to do early in life’. Elaborate.
6. The last paragraph gives a feeling of optimism. Do you agree? Explain.
7. Which tool did Steve come across that helped him make big choices ?

C. Write in detail on:

1. Steve Jobs’ Struggle after his Dropout from College
2. ‘ Stay Hungry. Stay Foolish’

Activity III

A Use a phrasal verb from the list to replace the words in bold. Make changes wherever necessary.

- | | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| came across | getting at | getting over | heading for |
| joined in | looked after | running into | running through |
| took after | looked like | | |

The first one has been done for you.

1. A special committee **investigated** (looked into) the government’s actions, but found nothing wrong.
2. Everyone said that Dhruvraj **was just like** _____ his father.
3. If things go on like this, the company is **going in the direction of** _____ disaster !
4. Our neighbour **took care of** _____ our cats while we were away.
5. When a man at the front started shouting, everyone else **did the same** _____.
6. I **found** _____ this article while I was doing my project.

7. Listen carefully, the teacher is **explaining** _____ the details again.
8. Krishani is slowly **recovering from** _____ her illness.
9. I didn't understand what she is **trying to say** _____.
10. I keep **meeting** _____ Darsh in the library.

B. Complete the sentences with a suitable preposition.

1. Most people would expect a work environment to differ _____ an educational environment.
2. When you start your first job, you may find that you are not used _____ the way that your colleagues behave.
3. You may not understand what people are talking _____.
4. You may have to ask a lot of questions, and worry that other people can't rely _____ you.
5. Or you may find it difficult at first to cope _____ the demands your job places on you.
6. But there is no reason to suffer _____ a feeling of anxiety.
7. You have to concentrate _____ learning the job and understanding the people around you.
8. Don't worry that people are laughing _____ you, or making fun of you because you are new to the job.
9. You'll soon learn to deal _____ everyday problems, and gain in confidence.
10. Don't be afraid to ask for advice, and you'll soon be congratulating yourself _____ your success.

Activity IV

Read the following sentences carefully.

1. If I **had never dropped** in on that single course in the college, the Mac would have never had multiple typefaces.
2. If I **hadn't dropped out**, personal computers **might not have** wonderful typography.

Notice the words in bold. Similar sentences can be formed with a little variation.

3. Had I not started that company, I would have been working as a waiter.
4. None of this would have happened if I had not been fired from Apple.

A. Now fill in the gaps using appropriate forms of verbs given in brackets.

1. Had she learnt her lessons, she _____ (pass) her exam.
2. If she had been friendlier, she _____ (have) more friends.
3. If it had not been raining all day long, they _____ (visit) beautiful places.
4. If my watch _____ (not stop), I _____ (be) on time.
5. _____ she _____ (know) about your hospitalization, she _____ (visit) you.

B. Respond to the following situations as shown below.

Example: (i) Ritesh is driving.

If Ritesh had not been driving, he would have answered the call.

(ii) I did not go to school yesterday.

If I had gone to school yesterday, I would have known about the programme.

1. I did not know you were coming to this town.
2. Chinmay has planned to watch a movie tonight.
3. You are not in town.
4. It is very hot and humid today.
5. They had a lot of homework.

Activity V

You have a hobby. List five strong reasons why you want to pursue that particular hobby. Present it to the class.

Activity VI

Undertake a survey of less-privileged children living around you and find out reasons for their not going to school. Write a report on it.



Unit-5

Activity I

Previously we used to have joint families where people of three or more generations lived under one roof but now we have nuclear families. Would you prefer to live in a joint family or a nuclear family? Why? Discuss with your partner.

Introduction

William Stanley Houghton (1881 - 1913) was an English playwright. He was a prominent member of a group of dramatists known as the Manchester School of Dramatists. His plays include *The Intrigues*, *The Reckoning* and *The Master of the House*. His plays are set locally in Northern England but represent universal aspects of human nature.

The Dear Departed is a satire on the materialistic attitude of people who consider the elderly in the family a burden. The dialogues in the play are short, simple and precise but ironic.

The Dear Departed

CHARACTERS

MRS. AMELIA SLATER }
MRS. ELIZABETH JORDAN } SISTERS

MR. HENRY SLATER

MR. BEN JORDAN

VICTORIA SLATER (A GIRL OF TEN)

ABEL MERRYWEATHER

(The action takes place in a provincial town on a Saturday afternoon. The scene is the sitting-room of a small house in a lower middle-class district of a provincial town. When the curtain rises, Mrs. Slater is seen laying the table. She is a vigorous, plump, red-faced vulgar woman, prepared to do any amount of straight talking to get her own way. She is in black, but not in complete mourning. She listens a moment and then goes to the window, opens it and calls into the street.)

Mrs. Slater (sharply): Victoria, Victoria! D'ye hear? Come in, will you?

(Victoria, a precocious girl of ten, dressed in colours, enters.)

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

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

Mrs. Slater : They're coming to talk over poor grandpa's affairs. Your father sent them a telegram as soon as we found he was dead. (A noise is heard.) Good gracious, that's never them. (Mrs. Slater hurries to the door and opens it.) No, thank goodness! It's only your father.

(Henry Slater, a stooping, heavy man with a drooping moustache, enters. He is wearing

a black tail coat, grey trousers, a black tie and a bowler hat. He carries a little paper parcel.)

- Henry : Not come yet, eh?
- Mrs. Slater : You can see they haven't, can't you? Now, Victoria, be off upstairs and that quick. Put your white frock on with a black sash. (Victoria goes out.)
- Mrs. Slater : (to Henry) I'm not satisfied, but it's the best we can do till our new black's ready, and Ben and Elizabeth will never have thought about mourning yet, so we'll outshine them there. (Henry sits in the armchair by the fire.) Get your boots off, Henry; Elizabeth's that prying she notices the least speck of dirt.
- Henry : I'm wondering if they'll come at all. When you and Elizabeth quarrelled she said she'd never set foot in your house again.
- Mrs. Slater : She'll come fast enough after her share of what grandfather's left. You know how hard she can be when she likes. Where she gets it from I can't tell.
(Mrs. Slater unwraps the parcel Henry has brought. It contains sliced tongue, which she puts on a dish on the table.)
- Henry : I suppose it's in the family.
- Mrs. Slater : What do you mean by that, Henry Slater?
- Henry : I was referring to your father, not to you. Where are my slippers?
- Mrs. Slater : In the kitchen; but you want a new pair, those old ones are nearly worn out. (Nearly breaking down) You don't seem to realize what it's costing me to bear up like I am doing. My heart's fit to break when I see the little trifles that belonged to grandfather lying around, and think he'll never use them again. (briskly) Here! You'd better wear these slippers of grandfather's now. It's lucky he'd just got a new pair.
- Henry : They'll be very small for me, my dear.
- Mrs. Slater : They'll stretch, won't they? I'm not going to have them wasted. (She has finished laying the table.) Henry, I've been thinking about that bureau of grandfather's that's in his bedroom. You know I always wanted to have it after he died.
- Henry : You must arrange with Elizabeth when you're dividing things up.
- Mrs. Slater : Elizabeth's that sharp she'll see I'm after it, and she'll drive a hard bargain over it. Eh, what it is to have a low money-grubbing spirit!
- Henry : Perhaps she's got her eye on the bureau as well.
- Mrs. Slater : She's never been here since grandfather bought it. If it was only down here instead of in his room, she'd never guess it wasn't our own.
- Henry : *(startled.) Amelia! (He rises.)*
- Mrs. Slater : Henry, why shouldn't we bring that bureau down here now? We could do it before they come.
- Henry : *(stupefied)* I wouldn't care to.
- Mrs. Slater : Don't look so daft. Why not?
- Henry : It doesn't seem delicate, somehow.
- Mrs. Slater : We could put that shabby old chest of drawers upstairs where the bureau is now. Elizabeth could have that and welcome. I've always wanted to get rid of it. *(She points to the drawers)*
- Henry : Suppose they come when we're doing it.

Mrs. Slater : I'll fasten the front door. Get your coat off, Henry; we'll change it. (*Mrs. Slater goes out to fasten the front door. Henry takes his coat off. Mrs. Slater reappears.*)

Mrs. Slater : I'll run up and move the chairs out of the way.
(*Victoria appears, dressed according to her mother's instructions.*)

Victoria : Will you fasten my frock up the back, mother?

Mrs. Slater : I'm busy ; get your father to do it.
(*Mrs. Slater hurries upstairs, and Henry fastens the frock.*)

Victoria : What have you got your coat off for, father?

Henry : Mother and me is going to bring grandfather's bureau down here.

Victoria : (*After a moment's thought.*) Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes?

Henry : (*shocked.*) No, my child. Grandpa gave it your mother before he died.

Victoria : This morning?

Henry : Yes.

Victoria : Ah ! He was drunk this morning.

Henry : Hush ; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now.
(*Henry has fastened the frock, and Mrs. Slater appears carrying a handsome clock under her arm.*)

Mrs. Slater : I thought I'd fetch this down as well. (*She puts it on the mantelpiece.*) Our clock's worth nothing and this always appealed to me.

Victoria : That's grandpa's clock.

Mrs. Slater : Be quiet ! It's ours now. Come Henry, lift your end. Victoria, don't breathe a word to your aunt about the clock and the bureau.
(*They carry the chest of drawers through the doorway.*)

Victoria : (*to herself*) I thought we'd pinched them.
(*After a short pause there is a sharp knock at the front door.*)

Mrs. Slater : (*From upstairs.*) Victoria, if that's your aunt and uncle you're not to open the door.
(*Victoria peeps through the window.*)

Victoria : Mother, it's them !

Mrs. Slater : You're not to open the door till I come down. (*Knocking repeated.*) Let them knock away.
(*There is a heavy thumping noise.*) Mind the wall, Henry.
(*Henry and Mrs. Slater, very hot and flushed, stagger in with a pretty old-fashioned bureau containing a locked desk. They put it where the chest of drawers was, and straighten the ornaments, etc. The knocking is repeated.*)

Mrs. Slater : That was a near thing. Open the door, Victoria. Now, Henry, get your coat on. (*She helps him.*)

Henry : Did we knock much plaster off the wall?

Mrs. Slater : Never mind the plaster. Do I look all right ? (*Straightening her hair at the glass*) Just watch Elizabeth's face when she sees we're all in half mourning (*throwing him "Tit-Bits"*) Take this and sit down. Try and look as if we'd been waiting for them.
(*Victoria ushers in Ben and Mrs. Jordan, who is wearing a complete and deadly outfit of*

new mourning crowned by a great black hat with plumes.)

Mrs. Jordan : Well, Amelia, and so he's 'gone' at last.

Mrs. Slater : Yes, he's gone. He was seventy-two a fortnight last Sunday.

(She sniffs back a tear.)

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

Mrs. Slater : I don't see how.

Ben : It might have been one of us.

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

Mrs. Jordan : Oh, I couldn't do it. I really couldn't do it.

Mrs. Slater : *(suspiciously)* Couldn't do what ?

Mrs. Jordan : I couldn't start without getting the mourning. *(glancing at her sister)*

Mrs. Slater : We've ordered ours, you may be sure. *(acidly)* I never could fancy buying ready-made things.

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

Mrs. Slater : Oh, he's not been here yet.

Mrs. Jordan : Not been here ?

Ben : *(in the same breath)* Didn't you send for him at once ?

Mrs. Slater : Of course I did. Do you take me for a fool ? I sent Henry at once for Dr. Pringle, but he was out.

Ben : You should have gone for another. Eh, Eliza ?

Mrs. Jordan : Oh, yes. It's a fatal mistake.

Mrs. Slater : Pringle attended him when he was alive and Pringle shall attend him when he's dead. That's professional etiquette.

Ben : Well, you know your own business best, but...

Mrs. Jordan : Yes. It's a fatal mistake.

Mrs. Slater : Don't talk so silly, Elizabeth. What good could a doctor have done?

Mrs. Jordan : Look at the many cases of persons being restored to life hours after they were thought to be 'gone.'

Henry : That's when they've been drowned. Your father wasn't drowned, Elizabeth.

Ben : *(humorously)* There wasn't much fear of that. If there was one thing he couldn't bear, it was water.

Mrs. Jordan : *(pained)* Ben ! *(Ben is crushed at once)*

Mrs. Slater : *(piqued)* I'm sure he washed regular enough.

Mrs. Jordan : If he did take a drop too much at times, we'll not dwell on that, now.

Mrs. Slater : Father had been 'merry' this morning. He went out soon after breakfast to pay his insurance.

Ben : My word, it's a good thing he did.

Mrs. Jordan : He always was thoughtful in that way. He was too honourable to have 'gone' without paying his premium.

Mrs. Slater : Well, he must have gone round to the Ring-O'Bells afterwards, for he came in as merry as a sandboy. I says, "We're only waiting for Henry to start dinner." "Dinner," he says, "I don't

want no dinner, I'm going to bed!"

Ben : *(shaking his head)* Ah! Dear, dear.

Henry : And when I came in, I found him undressed sure enough and snug in bed.

Mrs. Jordan : *(definitely)* Yes, he'd had a 'warning'. I'm sure of that. Did he know you?

Henry : Yes, he spoke to me.

Mrs. Jordan : Did he say he'd had a 'warning'?

Henry : No. He said, "Henry, would you mind taking my boots off; I forgot before I got into bed."

Mrs. Jordan : He must have been wandering.

Henry : No, he'd got 'em in all right.

Mrs. Slater : And when we'd finished dinner I thought I'd take up a bit of something on a tray. He was lying there for all the world as if he was asleep, so I put the tray down on the bureau *(correcting herself)* on the chest of drawers and went to waken him. *(A pause)* He was quite cold.

Henry : Then I heard Amelia calling for me, and I run upstairs.

Mrs. Slater : Of course we could do nothing.

Mrs. Jordan : He was 'gone' ?

Henry : There wasn't any doubt.

Mrs. Jordan : I always knew he'd go sudden in the end.

(A pause, they wipe their eyes and sniff back tears)

Mrs. Slater : *(rising briskly at length; in a businesslike tone)* Well, will you go up and look at him now, or shall we have tea ?

Mrs. Jordan : What do you say, Ben ?

Ben : I'm not particular.

Mrs. Jordan : *(surveying the table)* Well then, if the kettle's nearly ready we may as well have tea first. *(Mrs. Slater puts the kettle on the fire and gets tea ready.)*

Henry : One thing we may as well decide now ; the announcement in the papers.

Mrs. Jordan : I was thinking of that. What would you put ?

Mrs. Slater : At the residence of his daughter, 235, Upper Cornbank Street, etc.

Henry : You wouldn't care for a bit of poetry ?

Mrs. Jordan : I like 'Never Forgotten'. It's refined.

Henry : Yes, but it's rather soon for that.

Ben : You couldn't very well have forgot him the day after.

Mrs. Slater : I always fancy ' A loving husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend'.

Ben : *(doubtfully)* Do you think that's right ?

Henry : I don't think it matters whether it's right or not.

Mrs. Jordan : No, it's more for the look of the thing.

Henry : I saw a verse in The Evening News yesterday. Proper poetry it was. It rhymed. *(He gets the paper and reads)* "Despised and forgotten by some you may be/ But the spot that contains you is sacred to we ."

Mrs. Jordan : That'll never do. You don't say 'Sacred to we'.

Henry : It's in the paper.

Mrs. Slater : You wouldn't say if you were speaking properly, but it's different in ...

Henry : Poetic license, you know.

Mrs. Jordan : No, that'll never do. We want a verse that says how much we loved him and refers to all good qualities and says what a heavy loss we've had.

Mrs. Slater : You want a whole poem, that'll cost a good lot.

Mrs. Jordan : Well, we'll think about it after tea, and then we'll look through his bits of things and make a list of them. There's all the furniture in his room.

Henry : There's no jewellery or valuables of that sort.

Mrs. Jordan : Except his gold watch. He promised that to our Jimmy.

Mrs. Slater : Promised your Jimmy! I never heard of that.

Mrs. Jordan : Oh, but he did, Amelia, when he was living with us. He was very fond of Jimmy.

Mrs. Slater : Well, (*amazed*) I don't know !

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

Mrs. Slater : I've not seen it.
(*Victoria jumps up from the sofa and comes behind the table*)

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

Mrs. Slater : He went out.

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

Mrs. Slater : To the Ring-O'-Bells, I'll be bound.

Ben : The Ring-O'-Bells ?

Mrs. Slater : That public-house that John Shorrock's widow keeps. He is always hanging about there. Oh, if he hasn't paid it ...

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

Mrs. Slater : I should think it was overdue.

Mrs. Jordan : Something tells me he's not paid it. I've 'warning', I know it; he's not paid it.

Ben : The drunken old beggar.

Mrs. Jordan : He's done it on purpose, just to annoy us.

Mrs. Slater : After all I've done for him, having to put up with him in the house these three years. It's nothing short of swindling.

Mrs. Jordan : I had to put up with him for five years.

Mrs. Slater : And you were trying to turn him over to us all the time.

Henry : But we don't know for certain that he's not paid the premium.

Mrs. Jordan : I do. It's come over me all at once that he hasn't.

Mrs. Slater : Victoria, run upstairs and fetch that bunch of keys that's on your grandpa's dressing table.

Victoria : *(timidly)* In grandpa's room ?

Mrs. Slater : Yes.

Victoria : I ... I don't like to.

Mrs. Slater : Don't talk so silly. There's no one can hurt you. *(Victoria goes out reluctantly)* We'll see if he's locked the receipt up in the bureau.

Ben : In where ? In this thing ? *(He rises and examines it.)*

Mrs. Jordan : *(also rising)* Where did you pick that up, Amelia ? It's new since last I was here. *(They examine it closely.)*

Mrs. Slater : Oh ! Henry picked it up one day.

Mrs. Jordan : I like it. It's artistic. Did you buy it at an auction?

Henry : Eh ? Where did I buy it, Amelia?

Mrs. Jordan : Yes, at an auction.

Ben : *(disparagingly)* Oh, *(second-hand)*.

Mrs. Jordan : Don't show your ignorance, Ben. All artistic things are second-hand. Look at those old masters. *(Victoria returns, very scared. She closes the door after her.)*

Victoria : Mother ! Mother !

Mrs. Slater : What is it, child?

Victoria : Grandpa's getting up.

Ben : What?

Mrs. Slater : What do you say?

Victoria : Grandpa's getting up.

Mrs. Jordan : The child's crazy.

Mrs. Slater : Don't talk so silly. Don't you know grandpa's dead?

Victoria : No, no; he's getting up. I saw him. *(They are transfixed with amazement; Ben and Mrs. Jordan left of table; Victoria clings to Mrs. Slater, right of table ; Henry near fireplace.)*

Mrs. Jordan : You'd better go up and see for yourself, Amelia.

Mrs. Slater : Here, come with me, Henry. *(Henry draws back terrified.)*

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

Abel : What's the matter with little Vicky ? *(He sees Ben and Mrs. Jordan.)* Hello ! What brings you here ? How's yourself, Ben ? *(Abel thrusts his hand at Ben, who skips back smartly and retreats with Mrs. Jordan to a safe distance behind the sofa.)*

Mrs. Slater : *(approaching Abel gingerly)* Grandfather, is that you ? *(She pokes him with her hand to see if he is solid)*

Abel : Of course it's me. Don't do that, 'Melia. What the devil do you mean by this tomfoolery?

Mrs. Slater : *(to the others)* He's not dead.

Ben : Doesn't seem like it.

Abel : *(irritated by the whispering)* You've kept away long enough, Lizzie; and now you've come you don't seem over - pleased to see me.

Mrs. Jordan : You took us by surprise, father. Are you keeping quite well?

Abel : *(trying to catch the words)* Eh ? What?

Mr. Jordan : Are you quite well ?

Abel : Ay, I'm right enough but for a bit of a headache. I wouldn't mind betting that I'm not the first in this house to be carried to the cemetery. I always think Henry there looks none too healthy.

Mrs. Jordan : Well I never ! *(Abel crosses to the armchair and Henry gets out of his way to the front of the table)*

Abel : Melia, what the dickens did I do with my new slippers?

Mrs. Slater : *(confused)* Aren't they by the hearth, grandfather?

Abel : I don't see them. *(observing Henry trying to remove the slippers)* Why, you've got 'em on, Henry.

Mrs. Slater : *(promptly)* I told him to put them on to stretch them, they were that new and hard. Now, Henry. *(Mrs. Slater snatches the slippers from Henry and gives them to Abel, who puts them on and sits in armchair)*

Mrs. Jordan : *(to Ben)* Well, I don't call that delicate, stepping into a dead man's shoes in such haste. *(Victoria runs across to Abel and sits on the floor at his feet)*

Victoria : Oh, grandpa, I'm so glad you're not dead ...

Mrs. Slater : *(in a vindictive whisper)* Hold your tongue, Victoria.

Abel : Eh ? What's that ? Who's gone dead ?

Mrs. Slater : *(loudly)* Victoria says she's sorry about your head.

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

Mrs. Slater : *(to Mrs. Jordan)* He's so fond of Victoria.

Mrs. Jordan : *(to Mrs. Slater)* Yes ; he's fond of our Jimmy, too.

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

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

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

Mrs. Slater : No one you know, father. A relation of Ben's.

Abel : And what relation of Ben's?

Mrs. Slater : His brother.

Ben : *(to Mrs. Slater)* Hang it, I never had one.

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

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

Mrs. Slater : *(prompting)* Frederick.

Mrs. Jordan : *(prompting)* Albert.

Ben : Er ... Fred ... Alb ... Isaac.

Abel : Isaac ? And where did your brother Isaac die?

Ben : In ... er ... in Australia.

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

Ben : Yes, five years.

Abel : Ay, ay. Are you going to the funeral?

Ben : Oh, yes.

Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan : No, no.

Ben : No, of course not. *(He retires to the left.)*

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

Mrs. Slater : *(taking up the kettle)* I'll make tea.

Abel : Come along now; sit you down and let's be jolly.

Mrs. Slater : Henry, give grandpa some tongue.

Abel : Thank you. I'll make a start. *(He helps himself to bread and butter)*
(Henry serves the tongue and Mrs. Slater pours out tea. Only Abel eats with any heartiness.)

Ben : Glad to see you've got an appetite, Mr. Merryweather, although you've not been so well.

Abel : Nothing serious. I've been lying down for a bit.

Mrs. Slater : Been to sleep, grandfather?

Abel : No, I've not been to sleep.

Mrs. Slater and Henry : Oh!

Abel : *(eating and drinking)* I can't exactly call everything to mind, but I remember I was a bit dazed, like I couldn't move an inch, hand or foot.

Ben : And could you see and hear, Mr. Merryweather?

Abel : Yes, but I don't remember seeing anything particular. Mustard, Ben. *(Ben passes the mustard.)*

Mrs. Slater : Of course not, grandfather. It was all your fancy. You must have been asleep.

Abel : *(snappishly)* I tell you I wasn't asleep, 'Melia. Damn it, I ought to know.

Mrs. Jordan : Didn't you see Henry or Amelia come into the room?

Abel : *(scratching his head)* Now let me think.

Mrs. Slater : I wouldn't press him, Elizabeth. Don't press him.

Henry : No, I wouldn't worry him.

Abel : *(suddenly recollecting.)* Ay, begad ! 'Melia and Henry, what the devil did you mean by shifting my bureau out of my bedroom?
(Henry and Mrs. Slater are speechless)
D'you hear me? Henry ! 'Melia!

Mrs. Jordan : What bureau was that, father?

Abel : Why, my bureau, the one I bought ...

Mrs. Jordan : (*pointing to the bureau*) Was it that one, father?

Abel : Ah, that's it. What's it doing here? Eh?

(A pause. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes six. Everyone looks at it.)

Drat me if that isn't my clock, too. What the devil's been going on in this house?

(A slight pause)

Ben : Well, I'd be hanged.

Mrs. Jordan : (*rising*). I'll tell you what's been going on in this house, father. Nothing short of robbery.

Mrs. Slater : Be quiet, Elizabeth.

Mrs. Jordan : I'll not be quiet. Oh, I call it double faced.

Henry : Now, now, Elizabeth.

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

Mrs. Slater : (*rising*) Remember where you are, Elizabeth.

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

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

Mrs. Slater : Then she can speak it outside, not here.

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

Mrs. Jordan : Yes, I will. I'll not see you robbed.

Abel : Who's been robbing me?

Mrs. Jordan : Amelia and Henry. They've stolen your clock and bureau. (*working herself up*) They sneaked into your room like a thief in the night and stole them after you were dead.

Henry and Mrs. Slater : Hush ! Quiet, Elizabeth!

Mrs. Jordan : I'll not be stopped. After you were dead, I say.

Abel : After who was dead?

Mrs. Jordan : You.

Abel : But I'm not dead.

Mrs. Jordan : No, but they thought you were.

(A pause. Abel gazes round at them.)

Abel : Oh ! Oh ! So that's why you're all in black today. You thought I was dead. (*He chuckles*) That was a big mistake. (*He sits and resumes his tea.*)

Mrs. Slater : (*sobbing*) Grandfather.

Abel : It didn't take you long to start dividing my things between you.

Mrs. Jordan : No, father ; you mustn't think that. Amelia was simply getting hold of them on her own account.

Abel : You always were a keen one, Amelia. I suppose you thought the will wasn't fair.

Henry : Did you make a will?

Abel : Yes, it was locked up in the bureau.

Mrs. Jordan : And what was in it, father?

Abel : That doesn't matter now. I'm thinking of destroying it and making another.

Mrs. Slater : (*sobbing*) Grandfather, you'll not be hard on me.

Abel : I'll trouble you for another cup of a tea, 'Melia ; two lumps and plenty of milk.

Mrs. Slater : With pleasure, grandfather. (*She pours out the tea.*)

Abel : I don't want to be hard on any one. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. Since your mother died, I've lived part of the time with you, 'Melia, and part with you, Lizzie. Well, I shall make a new will, leaving all my bits of things to whoever I'm living with when I die. How does that strike you ?

Henry : It's a bit of a lottery, like.

Mrs. Jordan : And who do you intend to live with from now?

Abel : (*drinking his tea*) I'm just coming to that.

Mrs. Jordan : You know, father, it's quite time you came to live with us again. We'd make you very comfortable.

Mrs. Slater : No, he's not been with us as long as he was with you.

Mrs. Jordan : I may be wrong, but I don't think father will fancy living on with you after what's happened today.

Abel : So you'd like to have me again, Lizzie?

Mrs. Jordan : You know we're ready for you to make your home with us for as long as you please.

Abel : What do you say to that, 'Melia?

Mrs. Slater : All I can say is that Elizabeth's changed her mind in the last two years. (*rising*) Grandfather, do you know what the quarrel between us was about?

Mrs. Jordan : Amelia, don't be a fool; sit down.

Mrs. Slater : No, if I'm not to have him, you shan't either. We quarrelled because Elizabeth said she wouldn't take you off our hands at any price. She said she'd had enough of you to last a life-time, and we'd got to keep you.

Abel : It seems to me that neither of you has any cause to feel proud about the way you've treated me.

Mrs. Slater : If I've done anything wrong, I'm sure I'm sorry for it.

Mrs. Jordan : And I can't say more than that, too.

Abel : It's a bit late to say it, now. You, neither of you cared to put up with me.

Mrs. Slater and Mrs. Jordan : No, no, grandfather.

Abel : Why, you both say that because of what I've told you about leaving my money. Well, since you don't want me I'll go to some that does.

Ben : Come, Mr. Merryweather, you've got to live with one of your daughters.

Abel : I'll tell you what I've got to do. On Monday next I've got to do three things. I've got to go to the lawyer's and alter my will ; and I've got to go to the insurance office and pay my premium; and I've got to go to St. Philips's Church and get married.

Ben and Henry : What!

Mrs. Jordan : Get married!

Mrs. Slater : He's out of his senses.
(*General consternation*)

Abel : I say I'm going to get married.

Mrs. Slater : Who to?

Abel : To Mrs. John Shorrocks who keeps the Ring-O'-Bells. We've had it fixed up a good while now, but I was keeping it for a pleasant surprise (*He rises*) I felt I was a bit of a burden to you, so I found someone who'd think it a pleasure to look after me. We shall be very glad to see you at the ceremony. (*He gets to the door*) Till Monday, then, twelve o'clock at St. Philip's Church. (*opening the door*) It's a good thing you brought that bureau downstairs, 'Melia. It'll be handier to carry across to the Ring-O'-Bells on Monday. (*He goes out*)

(The Curtain falls.)

Glossary

Tit-Bits (n) a weekly magazine **precocious** (adj.) gifted **gallivant** (v) go in search of pleasure **prying** (adj.) offensively curious **daft** (adj.) foolish **ostentatiously** (adv.) showily **piqued** (v) irritated **snug** (adj.) cosy **tomfoolery** (n) foolish behaviour **dickens** (n) exclamations of confusion **drat** (interjection) exclamation of annoyance.

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Mrs. Slater is annoyed with Victoria because _____.
(a) she has not bothered about her grandfather's death
(b) she has not changed her dress
(c) she has sent a telegram to the Jordans
(d) she has wasted a lot of time with friends
- 'No, child, Grandpa gave it to your mother before he died'. The speaker of this line is _____.
(a) Amelia (b) Ben
(c) Henry (d) Isaac
- According to Mrs. Jordan, _____ was a fatal mistake.
(a) having tea with her sister (b) not sending for the doctor
(c) not visiting her sister for long (d) wearing a mourning dress
- _____ was happy to see Abel alive.
(a) Amelia (b) Henry
(c) Jimmy (d) Victoria
- Grandfather decided to get remarried as _____.
(a) he felt he was a burden (b) he loved Mrs. John Shorrocks
(c) his family was greedy (d) his health has deteriorated

B. Answer the following questions.

- Why does Mrs. Slater quickly shift the bureau?
- What are the qualities that best describe Victoria?
- What changes does the grandfather intend to make in his new will? What effect does it have on his daughters?

4. How did each member of the family react when they realised that the grandfather was not dead ?
5. What are the three things Abel intends to do ?

C. Write in detail on :

1. Mrs. Slater, Mrs. Jordan : A Comparison
2. The Irony of ‘ The Dear Departed’

Activity III

A. Select the word which is nearly opposite in meaning :

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| 1. Precocious: | unskilled, slow, liberal, talented |
| 2. Ostentatiously: | quietly, calmly, proudly, modestly |
| 3. Impassive: | communicative, nervous, composed, passionate |
| 4. Furtively: | secretly, publicly, honestly, frankly |
| 5. Malicious: | forgiving, harmless, helpful, sympathetic |
| 6. Gingerly: | incautiously, delicately, mindlessly, hesitantly |

B. Rewrite the following sentences, replacing the euphemisms, in bold, with more simple, direct words or phrases:

1. I'm afraid Mrs. Shah **passed away** last night.
2. **Senior citizens** are entitled to free bus travel in some countries.
3. His hat **had seen better** days.
4. After I finished college, I **had to run** between jobs often.
5. Raj often tells **tall tales**.
6. Unfortunatly Priya couldn't **get through** her exams.
7. After Tom's loss in business, he was **on the streets**.

Activity IV

You have already learnt and practised reported speech in previous years.

A. Read the following dialogue and rewrite them in reported speech.

Henry : Mother and me is going to bring grandfather's bureau down here.

Victoria : (*After a moment's thought*): Are we pinching it before Aunt Elizabeth comes ?

Henry (*shocked*): No, my child. Grandpa gave it to your mother before he died.

Victoria : This morning ?

Henry : Yes.

Victoria : Ah! He was drunk this morning.

Henry : Hush; you mustn't ever say he was drunk, now.

B. Rewrite the following passage in reported speech.

“May I come in, sir?” a boy standing at the door said to him. Then without waiting for his reply the boy entered the room and said, “Sir, I have come from Palashpur with a letter from Mr. Ajit Bose.” “Ajit Bose? How is he?” he said smiling. “He is not well. He has been suffering from a serious illness for two years,” the boy said. “How sad it is! May God cure him,” he said and asked, “Have you visited him ever ?” “ I see him every weekend.” “ Please convey my wishes and prayers to him” he said and the boy replied, “ Thank you. I will.”

Activity V

Look at the pictures given below. Work in pairs. Discuss what the pictures convey and present it to the class.



Activity VI

Visit an old-age home and talk to one of the persons there. Prepare a list of questions to take with you. After your visit, write a dialogue between you and the old person you met there.



Unit-6

Activity I

LEFT BRAIN

Logic
Analysis
Sequencing
Linear
Mathematics
Language
Facts
Think in words
Words of Songs
Computation



RIGHT BRAIN

Creativity
Imagination
Holistic Thinking
Intuition
ARTS(Motor Skill)
Rhythm (Beats)
Non-Verbal
Feelings
Visualisation
Tune of Songs
Daydreaming

The human brain is made up of two halves. These halves are commonly called the right brain and the left brain. For some reason, our right and left hemispheres control the 'opposite' side of our bodies. Given above is the list of functions of the left and right brain. If one hemisphere is more heavily involved in a specific function, it is often referred to as being dominant. Find out some famous personalities who are/ were left handed. Share the list with the class.

Introduction

Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), also known as Ben Franklin, was a renowned American author, inventor, scientist, diplomat, statesman, printer and publisher. He was one of the Founding Fathers of the U.S. who helped in the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin earned the title of 'The First American' for his early and indefatigable campaign for colonial unity. He is also remembered for the wit, wisdom and elegance of his writing.

Habits are formed and stereotyped because of culture and society. Some habits are considered good and some are bad. The same is true of our hands. The use of the right hand is more acceptable than that of the left hand. Almost all gadgets are made keeping in mind the right handed. **A Petition of the Left Hand** is a humorous and playful plea of the left hand.

Essay - I

A Petition of the Left Hand

I address myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regards to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us; and the two eyes of man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy, I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishment; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked; and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associated me with her upon some occasions; but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But conceive not, sirs, that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity. No; my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister, and I mention it in confidence upon this occasion, that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents—what would be the fate of our poor family? Must not the regret of our parents be excessive, at having placed so great a difference between sisters who are so perfectly equal? Alas! we must perish from distress; for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honour to prefer to you.

Condescend, sirs, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally.

I am, with a profound respect, Sirs, your most obedient servant,

The Left Hand.

Glossary

conjure (v) (here) request **conceive** (v) (here) believe **instigated** (v) provoked **subsistence** (n) survival **indisposition** (n) illness **gout** (n) painful big toe **rheumatism** (n) painful disorder of the joints, muscles or connective tissues **scrawl** (v) write carelessly **suppliant** (adj.) humble **condescend** (v) (here) be kind enough

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The left hand regards her fate as _____ .
 (a) helpful (b) joyful
 (c) unfortunate (d) unhappy
- _____ make the most injurious distinctions between sisters.
 (a) Friends (b) Parents
 (c) Relatives (d) Teachers
- The left hand considers herself to be _____ to her sister.
 (a) equal (b) identical
 (c) inferior (d) superior
- The left hand feels she is a victim of _____ .
 (a) imperfections (b) impoliteness
 (c) prejudices (d) pride
- _____ has helped the left hand to write the request.
 (a) A friend (b) Another hand
 (c) The father (d) The sister

B. Answer the following questions.

- Who is the victim? Why?
- Why does the left hand feel rebuked?
- What is the petition about?
- What does the left hand want at the end of the petition?

C. Write in Detail on :

1. Injustices Done to the Left Hand
2. A Petition of the Left Hand

Activity III

In English antonyms are often formed by adding prefixes to words. Use the prefixes appropriately in the blanks of the following phrases.

ir - il - im - in

Example : Formed x Unformed

1. an _____ resistible temptation
2. an _____ possible plan
3. an _____ legal business deal
4. an _____ accurate calculation
5. an _____ mature young man
6. an _____ convenient arrangement
7. an _____ logical answer
8. an _____ responsible boy
9. an _____ patient motorist
10. an _____ secure feeling
11. an _____ relevant question
12. an _____ polite letter
13. an _____ literate person
14. _____ frequent buses
15. _____ formal clothes

Activity IV

Read the following sentences carefully.

1. We have decided that your contract will not be renewed.
2. Someone broke the window yesterday.

Sentences 1 and 2 can be rephrased as follows.

1. It has been decided that your contract will not be renewed.
2. The window was broken yesterday.

Notice that the doer is not important in some of these sentences.

Now rewrite the following sentences as shown in the example.

My teacher rebuked me for not joining the group task.

Example : *I was rebuked for not joining the group task.*

1. The manager has promised higher wages to the employees.
2. The defence agencies have guarded the nation on all fronts.
3. They caught the thief.
4. The authorities have given up the project of building the road.

5. The governor will advise the ministers on problem-solving skills.
6. Students always look up to their teachers as role models.
7. Roma should rent out her house.

Activity V

For many people, being left-handed means there are a lot of little, everyday inconveniences that one has to deal with. For example, opening a tin or using a pair of scissors. Work with your partner and make a list of some other inconveniences that a left-handed person may experience. Share your finding with the class.

Activity VI

If you are a right-handed person, spend one entire day doing the same things with your left hand as you have been doing with the right hand and vice-versa if you are a left-handed person. Note down your experiences in a diary of 'Spending a Day with the Other Hand'.



Essay - II

Activity I

There is a saying which says 'Your right to swing your walking sticks ends where the other person's nose begins' What do you think this means? Discuss in the class.

Introduction

Alfred George Gardiner (1865 - 1946), better known as **Alpha of the Plough**, was a British journalist, author and editor. His best known writings are *Pillars of Society*, *Pebble on the Shore*, *Many Furrows* and *Leaves in the Wind*. His style is marked with humour and grace. His speciality lay in his ability to teach the basic truths of life in a simple and amusing manner.

The problem of being unconstrained lies in the fact that we are constrained by the world around us. This essay is a brilliant observation of the essayist on what liberty is. Mark the use of anecdotes and illustrations.

On the Rule of the Road

A fat old lady was walking with her basket down the middle of a street, in Petrograd, to the great confusion of the traffic and with no small threat to herself. It was pointed out to her that the pavement was the place for foot-passengers, but she replied: 'I'm going to walk where I like. We've got liberty now.' It did not occur to the dear old lady that if liberty unrestricted the foot-passenger to walk down the middle of the road, then the end of such liberty would be universal chaos. Everybody would be getting in everybody else's way and nobody would get anywhere. Individual liberty would have become social lawlessness.

There is a danger of the world getting liberty-drunk; it will do well to remind ourselves of what the rule of the road means. It means that in order that the liberties of all may be preserved, the liberties of everybody must be curtailed. When the policeman, say at Piccadilly Circus, steps into the middle of the road and puts out his hand, he is the symbol not of tyranny, but of liberty. You may not think so. You may, being in a hurry, and seeing your motor-car pulled up by this fellow, dishonour him to be interfering with your free use of the public highway. Then, if you are a reasonable person, you will reflect that if he did not incidentally, interfere with you, he would interfere with no one, and the result would be that Piccadilly Circus would be a maelstrom that you would never cross at all. You have to agree to a limitation of private liberty in order that you may enjoy a social order which makes your liberty a reality.

Liberty is not personal affair only but a social contract. It is an accommodation of interests. In matters which do not touch anybody else's liberty, of course, I may be as free as I like. If I choose to go down the street in a dressing-gown, with long hair and bare feet, who shall say me nay? You have liberty to laugh at me but I have liberty to be indifferent to you. And if I have fancy for dyeing my hair, or waxing my moustache (which heaven forbid) or going to bed late or getting up early, I shall follow my fancy and ask no man's permission. I shall not inquire of you whether I may eat mustard with my mutton. I may like mustard with my mutton. And you will not ask me whether you may follow this religion or that, whether you may marry the darklady or the fair lady.

In all these and a thousand other details, you and I please ourselves and ask no one's leave. We have a whole kingdom, in which we rule alone, can do what we choose, be wise or ridiculous, harsh or easy, normal or abnormal. But the moment we step out of that kingdom, our personal liberty of action becomes qualified by other people's liberty. I might like to practice on the trombone (musical instrument) from midnight till three in the morning. If I went on to the top of Helvellyn to do it, I could please myself, but if I do it in my bedroom my family will object, and if I do it out in the streets, the neighbours will remind me that my liberty to blow the trombone must not interfere with their liberty to sleep in quiet. There are lots of people in the world and I have to accommodate my liberty to their liberties.

We are all liable to forget this and unfortunately we are much more conscious of the imperfections of others in this respect than of our own. A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of social conduct. I believe that the rights of small people and quiet people are as important to preserve as the rights of small nationalities. When I hear the aggressive, bullying horn which some motorists deliberately use, I confess that I feel something boiling up in me which is very like what I felt when Germany came trampling like a bully over Belgium. By what right my dear sir, do you go along our highways uttering that ugly curse on all who obstruct your path? Can't you announce your coming like a gentleman? Can't you take your turn? Are you someone in particular? I find myself wondering what sort of person it is who can sit behind that hog-like outrage without realizing that he is the spirit of Prussia incarnate and a very ugly spectacle in a civilized world.

It is in the small matters of conduct, in the adherence of the rule of the road, that we pass judgement upon ourselves, and declare that we are civilized or uncivilized. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of common-place interaction that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey.

Glossary

maelstrom (n) (here) powerful stream of traffic **hog like outrage** anger like a male pig **incarnate** (adj.) personified

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Unrestricted liberty entitles you to _____ .
(a) do what other people say (b) do whatever you want
(c) follow all the rules (d) walk on the road
- The policemen on the road is a symbol of _____ .
(a) charity (b) liberty
(c) tyranny (d) violence
- It was pointed out to the old lady that the pavement was the place for _____ .
(a) beggars (b) cyclists
(c) foot passengers (d) vendors
- The writer has the liberty to go _____ and play the trombone in the middle of the night.
(a) on top of a mountain (b) to his room
(c) to the concert (d) to the seashore
- I confess that I feel something boiling up in me. The underlined phrase means _____ .
(a) feeling anxious (b) feeling worried
(c) getting frustrated (d) getting very angry

B. Answer the following questions.

- What does the phrase 'rule of the road' mean?
- How would individual liberty become social lawlessness?
- Explain with an example: 'Personal liberty of action becomes qualified by other people's liberty.'
- What does the essayist mean by 'Can't you announce your coming like a gentleman?'

C. Write in detail on :

1. 'Liberty is not a Personal Affair only but a Social Contract'

Activity III

As word formation rules are very general, people sometimes invent words, which can be easily understood. Don't be afraid to try this yourself! Do you understand these words?

copiability openable

Are they in your English Dictionary ?

Some nouns can be formed by adding **-al, -ment, or -tion** to a verb. Sometimes you need to change the spelling, too. Look at the examples...

try-trial

argue - argument

inform - information

consider - consideration

Complete each sentence by forming a noun from the verb in brackets .

1. Sanskriti made an _____ for the position of manager. (apply)
2. We need her _____ before we can go ahead. (approve)
3. Dhruv made an _____ to see me at two o'clock. (appoint)
4. Have you got _____ of your booking yet? (confirm)
5. This time his _____ was not believed. (deny)
6. This new center is an interesting _____. (develop)
7. He sued the company for unfair _____. (dismiss)
8. I'm afraid _____ is hard to find here. (employ)
9. She made a thorough _____ of the body. (examine)
10. Abeda gave no _____ for her absence. (explain)

Activity IV

Read the following passage carefully.

A computer is a general purpose device. It **can be programmed** to carry out a set of arithmetic or logical operations automatically. Since a sequence of operations **is readily changed**, multiple problems **are solved at the same time**.

Originally, computers **were conceived** to be numerical machines, but they **have been developed** further. Today computers **are being used** in every walk of life. Some scientists believe that computers **will be integrated** with the human body in the near future. We have reason to think that life **will have been transformed** to digital existence by the end of this century.

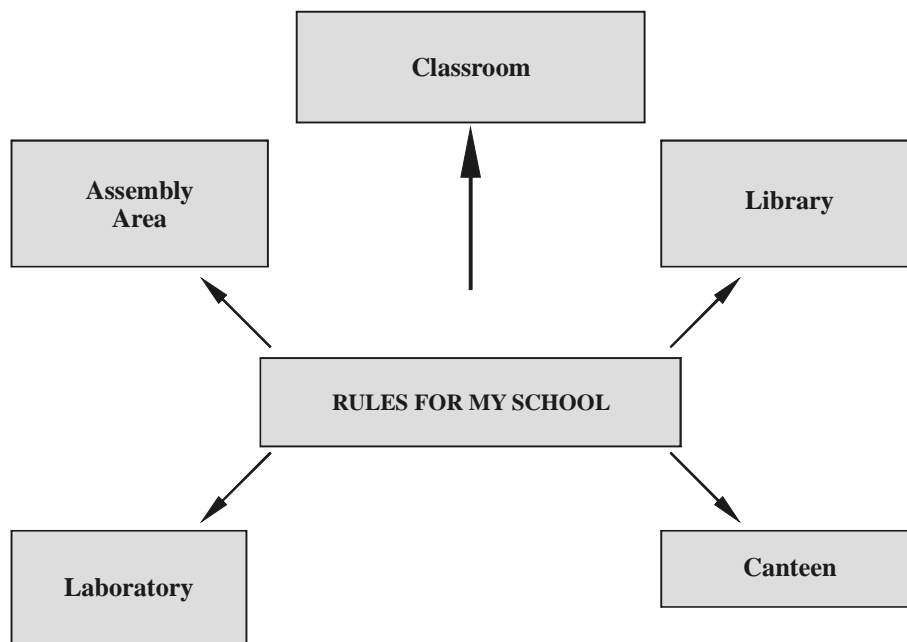
Look at the verbs in bold. They emphasize the actions rather than the doer.

Now fill in the gaps choosing the appropriate form of words given in the bracket.

Milk _____ (process) at several plants owned by Alpha dairy in the country. Some plants _____ (name) after the area in which they are set up, while others _____ (call) by their numerical reference. Initially, only one plant _____ (set up) by the company and that was way back in 1980. For the last decade or so, plants _____ (set up) aggressively and rapidly. The company _____ (be) under governmental control before it _____ (privatize). Looking at the future, the company hopes that its presence _____ (feel) across the globe.

Activity V

Given below are five areas in your school where there is a need to implement rules. Divide the class into groups of five. Assign one area to each group. Now each group will frame a set of five rules to be followed in these areas. Present these rules to the class.



Activity VI

Prepare a poster presentation on traffic rules with the help of your classmates. Display it on the school notice board and discuss with other students, sensitizing them about traffic rules.



Unit - 7

Activity I

Technology is the collection of techniques, skills, methods and processes used in the production of goods or services or in the accomplishment of objectives, such as scientific investigation. Technology can be the knowledge of techniques, processes, etc. and it can be embedded in machines, computers and devices.

Technology has made life easy. Discuss with your partner how technology has made your life comfortable.

Introduction

Andrew O'Hagan (1968 -) is a Scottish novelist, journalist, editor and critic. Some of his important works include *The Missing*, *Our Fathers*, *Personality*, *Be Near Me*. He was awarded the Winifred Holtby Prize for Fiction for *Our Fathers*. O'Hagan was selected among the top 20 young British novelists by the literary magazine *Granta* in their 2005 list.

In Praise of Technology reckons the technological advancement which has enhanced our style of living. It depends upon our discretion to become a slave of technology or become its master. Read on to know.

In Praise of Technology

I am as guilty as anyone of romanticising our simpler low-tech past. But the fact is, my smartphone is a godsend.

My daughter rolls her eyes whenever I begin my stories of woe. 'Tell the one about how you used to walk school alone,' she says. 'And how you used to swim outside, like in a pond or something, with frogs in it!'

'You know, darling. It wasn't so long ago. And it wasn't such a hardship either. There was actually something quite pleasant about, say, getting lost as you walked in a city, without immediately resorting to Google Maps.'

'As if!'

And so it goes. But I've been trying to examine the problem from a new angle, and I keep coming back to the same truth : life is better. One is almost programmed, if over the age of 35, to recall the superior days of a life less needy, the rich rewards of having to try and, having to do without. But the actual truth is that my childhood would have been greatly, no, infinitely, improved, if only I'd had a smartphone.

I mean, how could I never pretend life was even half tolerable in the 1970s ? I grew up in a world where people did mental arithmetic just to fill the time.

I've come fully round to time-saving apps. I've become addicted to the luxury of clicking through for just about everything I need.

Yesterday morning , for example, I realised I needed to know something about a distant relative for a book I'm writing. I'm old enough to remember when one had to go to libraries, then scroll for hours through hard-to-read microfiche and take notes, I wrote a whole book that way, my first, and it took forever and it didn't add much to most of the paragraphs.

Yesterday, I had the information from an archive website in about 20 minutes. Then I ordered a car from Uber to take me to teach a class. I emailed my notes to my office-computer from the car, dealt with -a dozen emails and read a review of a restaurant I was going to that evening.

Has something gone out of my experience of life by ordering all the shopping online rather than by pushing a cart around a supermarket ? Yes : A pain in my backside. It is all now done by a series of small, familiar flutterings over the keyboard, which I can do at my leisure, any time of day or night, without looking for the car

keys or running into hundreds of people who are being similarly tortured by their own basic needs.

I've always liked music, the sheer luxury of having a particular recording there when you want to hear it, but nothing in my long years of buying records can beat Spotify. I've heard many a nostalgist say there was something more, well, effortful, and therefore poetic, in the old system of walking for miles to a record shop. People become addicted to the weights and measures of their own experience. But we can't become hostages to the romantic notion that the past is always a better country.

There will, of course, always be people who feel alienated by a new thing, and there might be a compelling argument to suggest all this availability is merely a highspeed way of filling a spiritual gap in our lives. Yet I can assure you, there was no lack of spiritual gap in the lives of people living in small towns in 1982. It was just a lot harder to bridge that gap. We used to wait for years for a particular film to come on television. One had practically to join a cult in order to share a passionate interest. Communication was usually a stab in the dark: You might find someone to talk to about your favourite book, but more likely you wouldn't, unless you moved to New York.

Every day now there's something new to replace the old way of doing a crucial thing that was hard to do. Is it the middle of the night and you want to talk to someone about your roses? It is Christmas Eve in Rome and you want to know where to hear some music and light a candle?

Don't tell me the spiritual life is over. In many ways it's only just begun. Technology is not turning us into digits or blank consumers, into people who hate community.

Instead, there is evidence that the improvements are making us more democratic, more aware of the planet, more interested in the experience of people who aren't us. It's also pressing us to question what it means to have life so easy, when billions do not.

For me, life did not become more complex with technology, it became more amenable. And what a supreme luxury it is, being able to experience nowadays your own reach in the world, knowing that there truly is no backwater, except the one you happily remember from the simple life of yore.

My daughter was right to laugh. because what she was hearing, was a hint of vanity and a note of pride in my stories of the unimproved life. In point of fact, we burned with the desire to get out, to meet people, to find our voices.

My favourite record when I was a teenager, trapped in a suburban corner of old Europe was, 'How Soon is Now?' by the Smiths. I had taken a bus and a train and walked for miles to buy the record. It told a story about giving yourself up to experience.

I don't know where the physical record has gone. But the song is right here at the end of my fingertips as I'm typing. In the new, constantly improving world around us, it took me just 15 seconds to locate it.

Would anyone care to dance?

Glossary

romanticising (v) glamourising **microfiche** (n) small microfilm on which many pages of material have been photographed **Spotify** (n) commercial music streaming service **amenable** (adj.) responsive, open **yore** (n) (*old usage*) past

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. According to the author, his childhood would have been _____ if he had a smartphone.
(a) drastically ruined (b) greatly improved
(c) greatly ruined (d) infinitely improved

2. The author grew up in a world where people did _____ to pass their time.
 - (a) exercise
 - (b) household work
 - (c) meditation
 - (d) mental arithmetic
3. We should avoid believing that the _____.
 - (a) future is pleasant
 - (b) living present is more beautiful
 - (c) past is always better
 - (d) past is unpleasant
4. Technology is making our lives _____.
 - (a) less comfortable
 - (b) less modern
 - (c) more accessible
 - (d) more boring
5. Nostalgist is one who _____.
 - (a) fondly remembers the past
 - (b) forgets about the past
 - (c) unhappily remembers the past
 - (d) worries about the past

B. Answer the following questions.

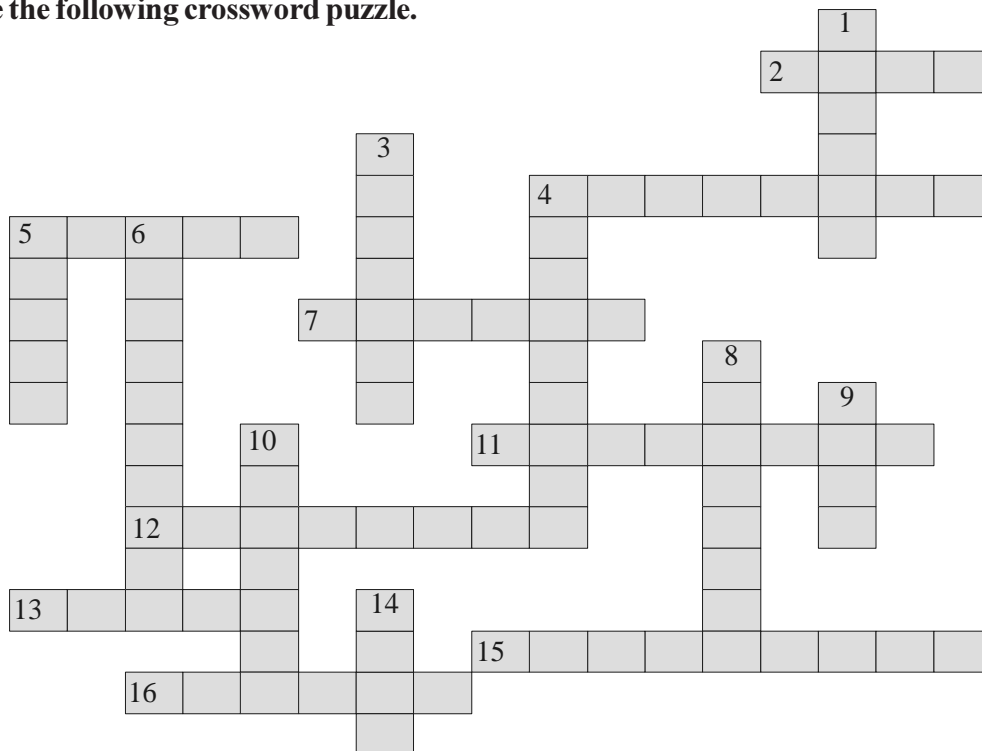
1. How does the writer regale his little daughter?
2. Why does the writer feel that his life now is better?
3. Compare and contrast life in 1970 and the present with reference to Andrew's experience.
4. 'Communication was usually a stab in the dark'. Explain.
5. Why does the writer feel that his daughter was 'right to laugh'?

C. Write in detail on :

1. 'In Praise of Technology'
2. 'Life is Better Today'

Activity III

Complete the following crossword puzzle.



Across :

2. Junk email sent to many people at once, usually involving advertising or offering services (4)
4. Pieces of equipment, such as the computer, keyboard, webcam etc (8)
5. When your computer suddenly stops working (5)
7. A computer expert who can break through security to damage computers with viruses or steal data (6)
11. A program which protects your computer from damage by other users (8)
12. A way of making an internet website so that you can find it easily (8)
13. A piece of software that is on your computer without your knowledge and runs against your wishes (5)
15. A permanent high-speed internet connection (9)
16. This thing on your screen can indicate two things ; (1) where your mouse pointer is, or (2) where the next character typed will be entered in a line of text (6)

Down :

1. To move a file from your computer onto the internet (6)
3. To replace something with a newer version (7)
4. A word, phrase, or image that you can click on to move to a new document or a new section within the current document (9)
5. To push one of the buttons on the mouse (5)
6. The area where you type the address of the web site you want to view (7,3)
8. To move a file from the internet to your computer (8)
9. An online personal diary with thoughts and opinions as well as links to other websites (4)
10. A program you use to view websites (7)
14. A small picture on the screen that shows the type of file or program (4)

Activity IV

A. Read the following sentences.

- a. I lived in a flat when I was a child.
- b. When he was a student, he would play golf every weekend.

The above sentences can also been written as :

- a. I **used to** live in a flat when I was a child.
- b. He **used to** play golf every weekend when he was a student.

The words in bold are used to describe what happened in the past, but does not happen anymore.

Read the text again and pick out at least five sentences that tell you what happened in the past but does not happen anymore.

B. Rephrase the following sentences as shown

Example :(i) I walked to college everyday when I was a student.

I used to walk to college everyday when I was a student.

(ii) As a student Tara never cooked.

Tara never used to cook as a student.

- 1) The earlier teacher was very strict.
- 2) Sylvia exercised daily when she was in the US.
- 3) Richard and Rohit were clever students.

- 4) My friends helped me practise my skill.
- 5) We never bunked classes when we were students.

B. Complete the following conversation in a similar manner, using the verbs given in the bracket.

Mehar : Hi Roshni, I just got a new bicycle.

Roshni : Wow ! That's great. Congratulations!

Mehar : I _____ (get) tired walking to school and back, but now it will be convenient for me to commute to school.

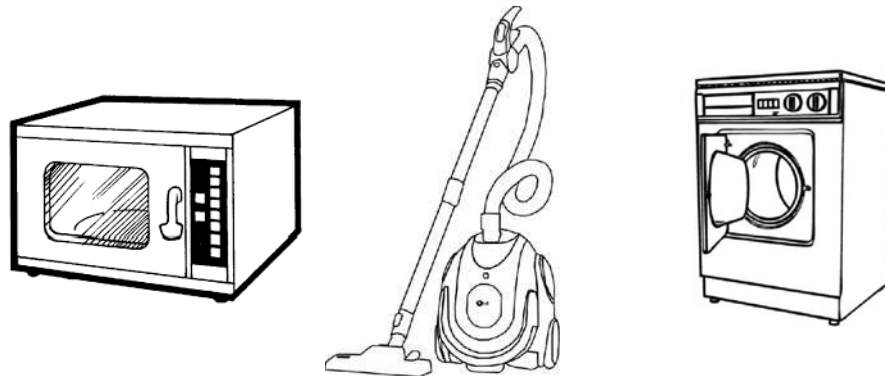
Roshni : Bicycles _____ (be) popular a decade or two back, but now few people use it.

Mehar : Yes, my father _____ (ride) ten miles a day when he was young.

Roshni : Bicycles _____ (be) less expensive as well.

Activity V

- A. Have gadgets made our lives simpler or have we become slaves to gadgets? List five advantages and five disadvantages of gadgets. Share your views with the class.
- B. Given below are pictures of gadgets used in our homes. You want to gift your mother one of these on Mother's Day. Which one will you choose and why ? Discuss with your partner.



Activity VI

Write an essay on ' Life without Technology'.



Unit -8

Activity I

Here is a stanza from 'Once Upon a Time' by Gabriel Okara. Read it aloud.

There was a time indeed
they used to shake hands with their hearts
but that's gone, son.
Now they shake hands without hearts
while their left hands search
my empty pockets.
So I have learned many things, son.
I have learned to wear many faces
like dresses – homeface,
officeface, streetface, host face,
Cocktail face, with all their conforming smiles
like a fixed portrait smile.

What does the poet convey through this stanza ? Discuss in the class.

Introduction

Rasipuram Krishnaswami Laxman (1921 - 2015) was a renowned Indian cartoonist and humourist. He created the daily comic strip **YOU SAID IT** in *The Times of India* which mocked at the Indian social and political life through the eyes of a common man. He also published numerous short stories, essays and travel articles. His novels include *The Hotel Rivera* and *The Messenger*. He was awarded the Padma Bhushan, The Padma Vibhushan and The Ramon Magsaysay Award.

The Gold Frame is about hypocrisy of people. Enjoy the delicately sketched irony in the story.

The Gold Frame

The Modern Frame Works was actually an extra-large wooden packing case mounted on wobbly legs tucked in a gap between a drug store and a radio repair shop. Its owner, Datta, with his concave figure, silver-rimmed glasses and a complexion of seasoned timber, fitted into his shop with the harmony of a fixture.

He was a silent, hard-working man. He gave only laconic answers to the questions his customers asked and strongly discouraged casual friends who tried to intrude on his zone of silence with their idle gossip. He was always seen sitting hunched up, surrounded by a confusion of cardboard pieces, bits of wood, glass sheets, boxes of nails, glue bottles, paint tins and other odds and ends that went into putting a picture in a frame. In this medley a glass - cutter or a pencil stub was often lost and that was when he would uncoil from his posture and grope impatiently for it. Many times he had to stand up and shake his dhoti vigorously to dislodge the lost object. This operation rocked the whole shop, setting pictures on the walls gently swinging.

There was not an inch of space that was not covered by a picture; gods, saints, hockey players, children, cheap prints of the Mona Lisa, national leaders, wedding couples, Urdu calligraphy, the snow clad Fujiyama and many others co-existed with a cheerful incongruity like some fabulous world awaiting order and arrangement.

A customer standing outside the shop on the pavement, obstructing the stream of jostling pedestrians, announced, 'I want this picture framed.' Datta, with this habitual indifference, ignored him and continued to be

engaged in driving screws into the side of a frame. 'I want a really good job done, no matter how much it costs.' The customer volunteered the information, unwrapping a faded newspaper and exposing a sepia-brown photograph of an old man. It was sharp and highly glazed in spite of its antiquity.

'What sort of a frame would you like?' Datta asked, still bent over his work.

'The best, of course. Do you expect I would stint where this great soul is concerned?'

Datta gave a side glance and caught a glimpse of the photograph; just another elderly person of those days, he told himself; a standard portrait of a grandfather, a philanthropist, a social worker, with the inevitable whiskers and top-heavy cascading turban it could be any one of these. At least half a dozen people came to him every month bearing similar portraits, wanting to demonstrate their homage to the person in the picture in the shape of a glittering frame.

The customer was describing the greatness of the old man; extravagant quality of nobility, compassion and charity were being generously attributed to him in a voice that came close to the chanting of a holy scripture, '... If this world had just a few more like him, believe me, it would certainly have been a different place. Of course, there are demons who may not agree with me. They are out to disgrace his name and destroy his memory. But he is God in my home!'

'What sort of a frame do you want?' Datta interrupted. 'Plain, wooden, lacquer, gold plastic or just enamel painted?' He waved a casual hand towards a picture on the wall. The customer silently surveyed the various frames. After some time Datta heard him mumble, 'I want the best...'

'I don't have any second-rate stuff in my shop,' Datta said.

He was shown a number of samples; plain, decorative, floral, geometrical, thin, hefty and so forth. The customer was baffled by the variety. He examined the selection before him for a long time as if he was unsure of his judgement and was afraid of enshrining his saviour for ever in some ugly cheap frame.

Datta came to his rescue and recommended one with a profusion of gold leaves and winding creepers and, in order to clear any lingering doubt he might still harbour in regard to its quality, added: 'It is German! Imported!'

The customer at once seemed impressed and satisfied. Datta next asked, 'You want a plain mount or a cut mount?' and watched the puzzled look return. Again he helped the man out by showing his various mounts and suggested that a cut mount looked more elegant.

'All right, let me have a cut mount then. Is that a cut mount?' he asked, pointing to a framed picture on the wall of a soulful-looking lady in an oval cut mount. 'I like that shape. Will it cost much?' 'No. Frame, mount, glass all cost seventeen rupees.'

The customer had expected it would be more. He pretended to be shocked all the same and tried to bargain. Datta withdrew to his corner without replying and began to cut a piece of plywood. The customer hung about uncertainly for some time and finally asked, 'When will you have it ready?' and barely heard the reply over the vibrating noise of the saw on the plywood, 'Two weeks from today.'

Datta had learnt by long experience that his customers never came punctually. They came days in advance and went away disappointed or came months later, and some never turned up at all and their pictures lay unclaimed in a box, gathering dust and feeding cockroaches and silver fish. Therefore he made frames for those who came to him and visited him at least twice before he actually executed their orders.

Ten days later the tall, rustic-looking man appeared and enquired, 'Has the picture been framed? I was passing by and thought I could collect if it was ready.'

Datta cast a side look at him and continued with his work. 'I know I have come four days early,' the customer grinned nervously. 'Will it be ready by Tuesday?'

Datta merely nodded without shifting attention from a tiny nail which he, with precise rhythmic strokes, was driving into a frame, but sensed the man's obsessive attachment to the photograph. He told himself there

would be trouble if he did not deliver the order on the promised date.

Next morning he made that his first job, keeping aside all the others. The photograph was lying on a shelf among many others. He took it and carefully kept it on a wooden plank on the floor. Then he looked for the pencil stub for marking the measurement. As usual it was missing. He swept his hand all round him impatiently, scattering fragments of glass and wood.

False shapes that he mistook for the pencil harassed him no end and stoked his anger. Frustrated in all his attempts to find it, he finally stood up to shake the folds of his dhoti an ultimate move which generally yielded results. But he shook the folds so violently that he upset a tin containing white enamel paint and it fell right on the sacred photograph of the old man, emptying its thick, slimy contents on it.

Datta stood transfixed and stared at the disaster at his feet as if he had suddenly lost all faculty of movement. He could not bring himself even to avert his eyes from the horror which he seemed to be cruelly forced to view. Then his spectacles clouded with perspiration and helpfully screened his vision.

When at last he fully recovered his senses he set about rescuing the picture in such desperate hurry that he made a worse mess of it. He rubbed the picture so hard with a cloth that he peeled off thin strips of filmy coating from its surface. Before he realised what he had done half the old man's face and nearly all of his turban were into thick black specks sticking to the enamel smeared on the rag in his hand.

He sat with both hands clutching his head; every nerve in his head throbbed as if it would tear itself apart if he did not hold it down. What answer was he going to offer to the customer who had a fanatic devotion to the photograph he has just mutilated beyond recovery? His imagination ran wild, suggesting nightmarish consequences to his own dear self and to the fragile inflammable shop.

He racked his brain for a long while till sheer exhaustion calmed his agitated nerves and made him accept the situation with a hopeless resignation. Meanwhile the plethora of gods, saints and sages gazed down at him from the walls with a transcendental smile. With a fervent appeal in his heart, he stared at them.

In his state of mind, it did not register for quite a while that a particular photograph of a person on the wall had held his attention rather more than it was qualified to do. It was an ordinary portrait of a middle-aged man in a dark suit and striped tie. Resting his right arm jauntily on a studio prop made to look like a fluted Roman pillar, Datta was amazed to see that he had a faint likeness to the late lamented old man. The more he gazed at the face the more convincing it appeared to him. But he dismissed the old resemblance he saw as one of those tricks of a thoroughly fagged-out mind. All the same, at the back of his mind an idea began to take shape; he saw the possibility of finding an acceptable substitute!

He brought down the old wooden box in which he had kept all the photographs unclaimed over the years. As he rummaged in it, panicky cockroaches and spiders scurried helter-skelter all over the floor. Unmindful of them, Datta anxiously searched for the brownish photographs of the old man's vintage. Soon there was a pile before him; he was surprised he could pick up so many which qualified to take the old man's place. But he had to reject a lot of them. In most of the portraits the subjects sported a very conspicuous flower vase next to them, or over-dressed grandchildren sat on their laps and therefore had to be rejected. Luckily, there was one with which Datta felt he could take a fair risk; the print had yellowed a bit noticeably but he calculated that the total effect when put in a dazzling gold frame would render it safe.

After a couple of hours' concentrated work, he sat back and proudly surveyed the old man's double, looking resplendent in his gold frame. He was so pleased with his achievement that he forgot he was taking perhaps one of the greatest risks any frame-maker ever took! He even became bold enough to challenge the customer if his faking was discovered. 'Look, my dear man', he would say, 'I don't know who has been fooling you! That's the picture you brought here for framing. Take it or throw it away!'

The days that followed were filled with suspense and anxiety. Datta feared that the customer would surprise him at an unguarded moment making him bungle the entire, carefully-thought-out plot. But the man

turned up promptly a couple of days later. At that moment Datta was bent over a piece of work and slightly stiffened as he heard the voice, shrill with expectation, ask, 'Is it ready?'

Datta's heart began to race and to compose himself, he let a whole minute pass without answering. Then he put aside the scissors in his hand with slow deliberation and reached out to take the neatly wrapped package in a corner.

'Ah, it is ready!' the customer exclaimed with childish delight, at the same time mumbling flattering tributes to Datta for his promptness and so on. He spread his arms widely with dramatic exuberance to receive the photograph as if it was actually a long lost person he was greeting.

But Datta took his time removing the wrapper from the frame. The customer waited impatiently, filling in the time showering more praises on his worshipful master who was to adorn the wall of his home.

Datta finally revealed the glittering frame and held it towards him. The customer seemed visibly struck by its grandeur and fell silent like one who had entered the inner sanctum of a temple.

Datta held his breath and watched the man's expression. With every second that passed he was losing his nerve and thought that in another moment he would betray the big hoax he had played.

Suddenly he saw the customer straighten; the reverential look and benevolent expression vanished from his face.

'What have you done?' he demanded, indignantly. For Datta the moment seemed familiar for he had already gone through it a thousand times night and day since he splashed the white paint on the original photograph. Several times he had rehearsed his piece precisely for this occasion. But before he could open his mouth the customer shouted with tremendous authority in his bearing, 'Now, don't deny it! I clearly remember asking for a cut mount with an oval shape. This is square. Look!'

Glossary

wobbly (adj.) shaky **laconic** (adj.) brief and to the point **grope** (v) fumble **incongruity** (n) inappropriateness **sepia-brown** (n) reddish brown **antiquity** (n) oldness **stint** (v) give in limited amount **cascading** (adj.) flowing **lacquer** (n) glossy coating **profusion** (n) richness **transfixed** (v) hypnotised **avert** (v) avoid **multilated** (v) destroyed **plethora** (n) very large number **transcendental** (adj.) non-natural **fervent** (adj.) intense **fagged-out** drained out **rummaged** (v) searched haphazardly **scurried** (v) moved hurriedly **resplendent** (adj.) splendid **bungle** (v) manage awkwardly **sanctum** (n) sacred place

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Datta's shop was fully covered with _____.
(a) bits of wood (b) cardboard pieces
(c) frames (d) pictures
- The man in the photograph was treated like a/an _____ in his home.
(a) angel (b) god
(c) guide (d) mentor
- Datta had learned by long experience that his customer _____.
(a) always asked for discount (b) always came in haste
(c) never came punctually (d) never praised his work

4. The paint was spilt on the photograph as Datta _____.
- (a) kicked the tin in anger
 (b) shook his dhoti violently and upset the tin
 (c) stood up and the tin fell down
 (d) was frustrated and dropped the paint
5. The customer was annoyed at the picture as _____.
- (a) it looked larger than life
 (b) it was changed
 (c) the frame was changed
 (d) the frame was spoilt

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Draw a pen-portrait of Datta.
2. What attitude did the customer have to the framing of the photograph ?
3. How was the photograph damaged ?
4. In what other way would you plan to repair the damage caused ?
5. Suggest another probable ending to the story.

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Efforts Made by Datta to Frame the Photograph
2. Hypocrisy of the Customer

Activity III

A. Match each occupation on the left below with the most appropriate tool or pieces of equipment on the right.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. doctor | a rake |
| 2. gardener | a hose |
| 3. jockey | a saw |
| 4. chef | an axe |
| 5. fireman | a baton |
| 6. lumberjack | a stethoscope |
| 7. conductor | a rolling pin |
| 8. blacksmith | an anchor |
| 9. carpenter | a whip |
| 10. photographer | a spanner |
| 11. mechanic | an exposure metre |
| 12. sailor | an anvil |

B. Frame sentences using both words in the same sentence.

Activity IV

A Read the following sentences.

1. Buy two shirts **and** get one free.
2. **If** you buy two shirts, you get one free.
3. Buy two shirts so **that you** get one free.

All the sentences express the same meaning. Words in bold help clarify the meaning

Rephrase the following sentences as shown in the example. Make changes wherever necessary. Use the words given in the bracket.

He tried his best, but he didn't succeed.

Example : Though he tried his best, he didn't succeed.

(Though, when, if, although, that, who)

1. The clown entered the circus ring and the children started clapping.
2. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.
3. You have to hurry or you will miss the bus.
4. The battle has been won but the war isn't over yet.
5. The country has made great progress, but we still have a long way to go.
6. You have to be 18 years old or you can't vote.
7. Leprosy is curable and everybody knows this.
8. He is a magician from Turkey and he has performed all over the world.

B. Convert the following sentences as shown in the example below.

John admitted his guilt.

Example : John admitted that he was guilty.

1. I am sure to win the race.
2. I have informed him of his success.
3. Alice is said to be a good doctor.
4. His appearance proclaimed his innocence.
5. My father built a palatial house.

Activity V

The portrait that you got made of yourself was not up to your satisfaction as the painter had made several modifications. Tell your partner about your reactions when you saw your portrait.

Activity VI

You had gone to visit a painting exhibition in your city. Write a letter to your friend sharing your experience of the exhibition.



Unit - 9

Activity I

Read the following quotations carefully.

1. “If you think you ‘can’, or ‘can’t’, you are right.”
2. “It’s not whether you get knocked down, it’s whether you get up.”

Do these quotations motivate you ? Discuss with your partner.

Introduction

Chanda Kochhar (1961 -), born in Rajasthan and educated in Mumbai, is now the Managing Director and CEO of a leading Indian bank. She received an honorary Doctor of Law from Carleton University, Canada. She is recognized for her role in shaping retail banking in India and is listed by Forbes as one of the World’s 100 Most Powerful Women. She was conferred the Padma Bhushan in 2011.

Chanda Kochhar’s letter, addressed to her daughter, is an inspirational letter that represents feelings that every mother would want to share with her daughter.

Letter to My Daughter

Dear Aarti,

It makes me feel so proud today to see you standing in front of me as a confident young woman right on the threshold of an exciting journey through life. I am looking forward to seeing you grow and flourish in the years ahead. This moment has also brought back memories of my own journey, and the life-lessons I learnt along the way. When I think of those times, I realize that most of these lessons were actually learnt in my childhood, mostly through examples set by my parents. The values that they instilled in my formative years gave me the foundation on which I try to live my life even today.

Our parents treated all three of us—two sisters and a brother equally. When it came to education, or our future plans, there was no discrimination between us based on our gender. Your grandparents always had the same message for the three of us that it was important to focus on what gave us satisfaction and to work towards it with utmost dedication. That early initiation enabled us to develop into confident individuals capable of taking decisions independently. This also helped me when I started out on my own journey of self-discovery.

I was only a young girl of 13 when my father passed away from a sudden heart attack, leaving us unprepared to take on life without him. We had been protected from life’s challenges so far. But without warning, all that changed overnight. And my mother, who had been a homemaker till then, faced the responsibility of raising three children all on her own. It was then that we realized how strong she was and how determined to do her duty in the best possible manner. Slowly, she discovered a flair for designing and textiles, found herself a job with a small firm, and quickly made herself indispensable to them. It must have been challenging for her to shoulder the responsibility of bringing up her family single-handed, but she never let us feel like it was a task for her. She worked hard till she saw all of us through college and we became independent. I never knew that my mother had such a wealth of self-assurance and belief within her.

As a parent with a full time job, one must not let work affect the way you relate to your family. Remember the time you were studying in the US and the announcement of my becoming MD and CEO of a bank ? I was

splashed across all newspapers. I remember the mail you wrote to me a couple of days later. ‘You never made us realize that you had such a demanding, successful and stressful career. At home, you were just our mother,’ you wrote in your email. Live your life in the same way, my darling.

I also learnt from my mother that it is very important to have the ability to handle difficult situation and keep moving forward in life, no matter what. Even today I can remember the equanimity and calmness with which she handled the crisis on hand when my father passed away. You have to handle the challenges and emerge stronger from them, rather than allow them to bog you down. I remember how, in late 2008, we were faced with a situation where the bank’s survival was in jeopardy in the face of a global economic meltdown. I got down to work, systematically communicating with all stakeholders – from the smallest depositor to the sophisticated investors, and from regulators to the government.

It was during this period that I took a couple of hours off one day to attend your brother’s squash tournament. I did not know it then, but my very presence at the tournament went a long way in reinstalling customer confidence in the bank. A few mothers at the tournament came and asked me if I was Chanda Kochhar and when I replied in the affirmative they said that if I could still find time to attend a tournament in the midst of a crisis, it meant that the bank was in safe hands and they need not worry about their money !

It was also from my mother that I learnt the importance of adapting to circumstances and not being afraid of the unknown. While working hard for my career, I looked after my family, and have been there for my mother and in-laws when they needed me around. They reciprocated in kind with their unconditional love and support for my career. Remember that relationships are important and have to be nurtured and cherished. Also keep in mind that a relationship is a two way street, so be ready to give a relationship just as you would expect the other person to be giving to you.

My career would not have progressed the way it did were it not for your father who never once complained about the time I spent away from home. Your father and I nurtured our relationship despite the fact that we were both busy with our own career, and I am confident you will do the same with your partner, when the time comes. If you had complained and whined about my extended absence from home, I would never have had the heart to make a career for myself. I am blessed with a great and supportive family and I really hope you too will be as fortunate when you set out on your own !

I remember the day your board exams were about to commence. I had taken leave from work so that I could take you to the examination hall myself. When you realized I was coming, you told me how you were used to going for your exams alone for so many years. It hurt me to hear you say that, but I also think in some ways, having a working mother made you much more independent from a very young age itself. You not only became independent, but also stepped into the nurturer’s role for your younger brother and never let him miss my presence. I learnt to have trust and faith in you and you have now grown into a wonderful independent woman. I now use the same principle at work to make our growing population of younger talent take on larger responsibilities.

I believe in fate but I also believe that hard work and diligence plays a very important role in our lives. In a larger sense, we all write our own destiny. Take destiny in your own hands, dream of what you want to achieve, and write it in your own way. As you go ahead in life, I want you to climb the path to success one step at a time. Aim for the sky, but move slowly, enjoying every step along the way. It is all those little steps that make the journey complete.

As you go forward, you will sometimes have to take difficult decisions, decisions that others might scorn at. But you must have the courage to stand up for what you believe in. Make sure you have that conviction to do what you know is right, and once you have it, don’t let skeptics distract you from your path.

Aarti, there is no limit to what a determined mind can achieve, but in achieving your goal, don’t compromise on the values of fair play and honesty. Don’t cut corners or compromise to achieve your dreams. Remember to be sensitive to the feelings of people around you. And remember, if you don’t allow stress to

overtake you, it will never become an issue in your life.

Remember that good times and bad times will be part of your life equally, and you have to learn to handle both with equanimity. Make the most of life's opportunities and learn from every opportunity and challenge that life brings along.

Lovingly yours,

Mumma

Glossary

formative (n) early **indispensable** (adj.) essential **equanimity** (n) steadiness of mind **jeopardy** (n) risk **economic meltdown** state economic crisis **whined** (v) grumbled **diligence** (n) dedication

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence .

1. According to the writer, _____ leads us to become confident individuals.
(a) dedication (b) hesitation
(c) procrastination (d) satisfaction
2. 'To be in a nurturer's role' means _____.
(a) to plant (b) to save
(c) to take care of (d) to water
3. The author feels _____ to have a supportive family.
(a) blessed (b) bored
(c) confused (d) unfortunate
4. The advice not given by writer is _____.
(a) aim for the sky (b) dream of what you want to achieve
(c) take big steps to achieve right path (d) take destiny in your hands
5. The mother wants her daughter to be _____.
(a) confident, strong, creative (b) hardworking, multi -talented, trustworthy
(c) hard working, multi-talented, strong (d) strong, confident, hardworking

B. Answer the following questions.

1. What is the importance of values imbibed in early age?
2. What helped the writer in her journey of self-discovery?
3. Why does the writer feel that her mother had a wealth of self-assurance and belief within her ?
4. In what way was the writer motivated by her mother to handle difficult situations?
5. How did having a working mother help Aarti ?

C. Write in detail on:

1. 'Don't Let Skeptics Distract You from Your Path.'
2. Importance of Family Support for the Writer

Activity III

A. Write synonyms of the following words and frame sentences using the same:

equanimity, skeptics, diligence, reciprocate, jeopardy, indispensable, instill

B. Frame sentences using all the words in each group. Change the order of the words if necessary, using new words where required.

1. while- lend a sympathetic ear - Nadeem - problems

Example : Please lend a sympathetic ear while Nadeem talks about his problem.

2. my strong- the policy-conviction - misguided - people - they

3. child - family - help - members - learn - manners

4. easily - students - tired - distracted - when - especially

5. discussions - a decision - take - before - hold - stakeholders - issue

Activity IV

Read the following sentences carefully.

A. The book was boring. I started watching TV.

B. The job opportunities after this course are not attractive. I will take up another course.

The above sentences can also be written thus:

A. The book was **too** boring to be read, so I started watching TV.

B. The job opportunities after this course are not attractive **enough**, so I will take up another course.

You can use ‘too’ and ‘enough’ similarly.

A. Fill in the blanks with ‘too’ or ‘enough’ to complete the sentences.

1. I know Reshma is very sincere but she isn't tall _____ to play in the school basketball team.

2. The tea is _____ cold to be enjoyed. Shall we warm it up a little?

3. I think this shirt is _____ big for me to wear. I would like to give it to you.

4. He was not good _____ to play in the school band so the teacher chose another student.

5. Some of the problems in the Maths exam were _____ difficult for me to answer, so I got low marks.

6. The racer couldn't drive fast _____ to win the World Championship.

7. Look! This knife is _____ blunt to chop the onions.

B. Answer the questions using ‘too’ as shown in the example. There can be more than one correct answer.

Example: Why can't elephants jump? Because elephants are too heavy to jump.

1. Why can't a child drive a car? _____.

2. Why couldn't you solve the problem? _____

3. Why couldn't he drink the coffee? _____

4. Why can't she touch the ceiling? _____

5. Why can't you walk to school? _____

C. Rewrite the following sentences using ‘enough’ and removing ‘too’ as shown in the example.

Example: The book was too boring to be read so I stopped reading it. The book was not interesting enough to be read so I stopped reading.

1. I was too sick to go to work so I stayed at home on Monday _____

2. The room was too dark for me to find my pink gloves _____

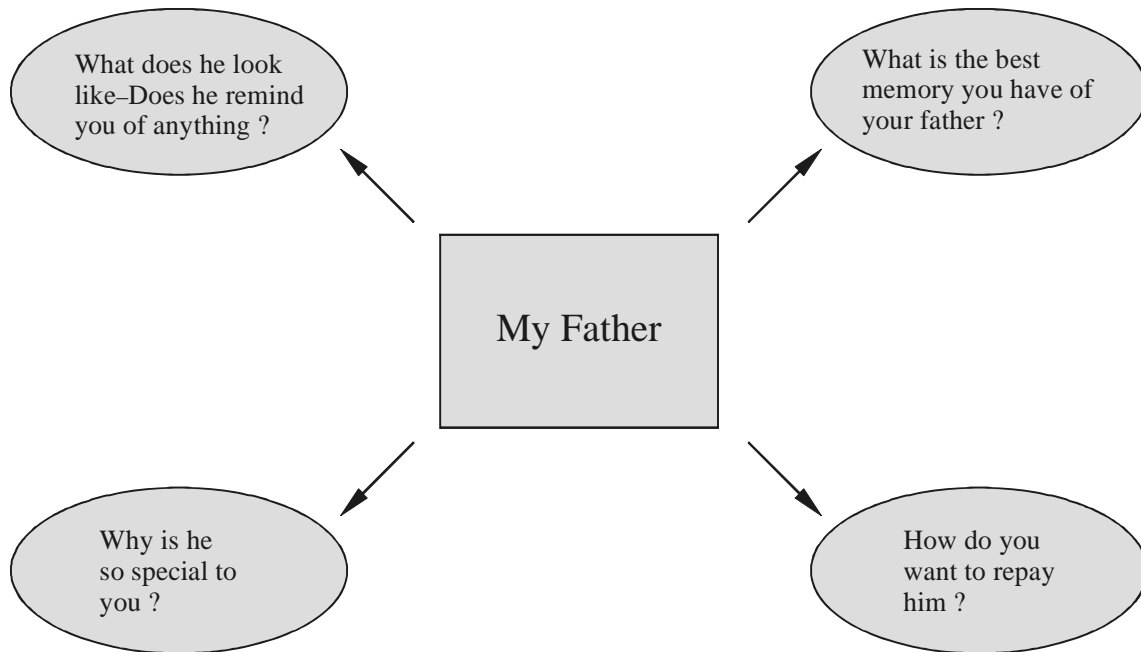
3. The horse was too wild for the jockey to ride so I decided not to. _____

4. He was too foolish to answer the question. _____

5. It is too hot to wear the coat. _____

Activity V

'Father' is one of those few words whose very mention inspires a flurry of emotions in the heart of every person. Look at the word web given below. Use the hints given in the bubble and compose a short poem for your father. Read it out to the class.



Activity VI

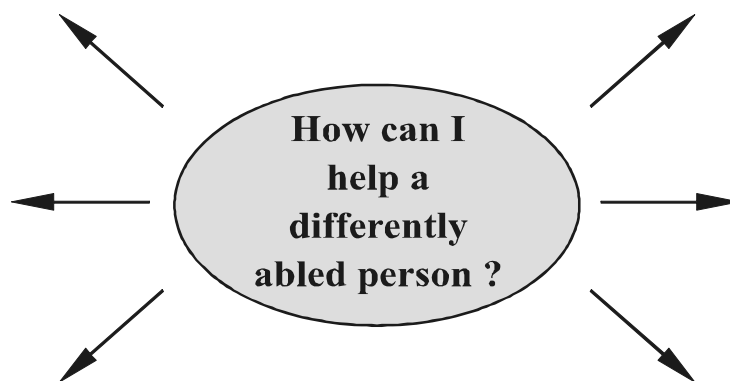
A prominent motivational speaker is visiting your school. As Head Boy/Girl, draft a notice, giving all the details for the school notice board.



Unit-10

Activity I

Look at the Mind map given below. You can help the differently abled in a number of ways. What do you think you can do ? Fill in the bubbles.



Introduction

Neela Satyanarayan (1949) is a retired IAS officer who was appointed as the first woman State Election Commissioner of Maharashtra. She held prominent positions in the fields of revenue, home, forest, social and other departments of the government. She has also made notable achievements in literature and music and has penned many songs and composed music for the Indian Cinema. She is a recipient of several awards in the fields of literature and culture.

As Agatha Christie says “A mother’s love for her child is like nothing else in the world. It knows no law, no pity : it dares all things and crushes down remorselessly all that stands in its path.”

One Full, One Half

One Full, One Half is a poignant autobiographical account of the mother of a child suffering from Downs Syndrome. Read on to discover the Power of a mother’s love. My own faith in Chaitanya started giving me abundant strength. I no longer wanted to hide myself from the glaring eyes of the world. I took him around with me. He went with us everywhere like any normal child. We were not sorry or uncomfortable carrying him around.

If help was required for him at public places, I was not embarrassed to seek it from people around. I did not mind telling them that he was a special child. I was not scared of people’s curious looks and awkward questions. I could talk about Chaitanya’s problem calmly. As my mind opened further, I could discern a new hope springing in my heart. I felt happy I was a special mother.

The special school did Chaitanya a lot of good. He was now a much more confident person, adored by his teachers, his friends and his school staff. His speech improved and expression became clearer. His social manners became laudable.

Academically, he was still lagging behind the expected standard of learning but it was okay. He started developing an all-round interest in craft, art, music, dancing and sports.

Early in 1997-98, when he returned from state level school sports, he had two prizes to his credit and a silver medal. He had won his laurels in athletic events and the silver medal in running race.

When I saw the prizes and read the citation Chaitanya had received, I was stupefied, in total disbelief, then hugged him, kissed him and cried unabashedly to my heart's content. That day, I cried for the first time out of joy and a sense of being vindicated. Without practice he had competed with approximately 1800 children drawn from various schools all over the state. He was subsequently selected for the marathon race, but he could not practice due to a health problem. "May be next year, he would," I assured myself, and I, as his proud mother, would proudly chronicle his future achievements and success to inspire other mothers of the world.

Looking back at my own life, I feel that it is the spirit with which we can accept our life gracefully is what matters ultimately; and it is love which nourishes us. All other things are unimportant. Chaitanya has made me look inwards. His handicap does not disturb me any longer. He and I shall live with it and can still be happy. The mental strength which he has given to me is inexhaustible.

One day, as both of us got into a public transport bus, Chaitanya offered to buy the tickets for us.

"One full, one half," he said to the conductor beaming with joy.

Looking at him, I wondered whether he was really only a half. An incomplete person? Was I really full? Complete in all aspects? Why do then normal people feel that they are 'full' and others like Chaitanya are half or incomplete? Chaitanya's world is complete in itself, pure and innocent while our lives are full of deceit, jealousies, ill feelings.

His words have intrigued me ever since. Whenever I think of Chaitanya, I feel he is complete in himself although a little different from us. How could I call him only a half? The half, incomplete person was myself and not him. The distance for the bus was the same for both of us. Only the tickets were priced differently.

The day the world sees him the way I do, it will not be a one full or a one half world. It will be a one full world—a world full of love, caring and sharing.

Glossary

discern (v) recognize **laudable** (v) praiseworthy **stupefied** (adj.) dumb with astonishment **unabashedly** (adv.) without embarrassment **vindicated** (adj.) liberated **inexhaustible** (adj.) unlimited **intrigued** (v) fascinated

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. According to the writer, _____ leads us to become confident individuals.
(a) dedication (b) dissatisfaction
(c) perfection (d) procrastination
2. The author felt happy that she was the _____.
(a) mother of a boy (b) mother of a special child
(c) special mother of a boy (d) special mother of a special child
3. The _____ of Chaitanya was made praiseworthy by the special school.
(a) behaviour (b) expression
(c) social manners (d) speech
4. 'The mental strength which he has given to me is inexhaustible.' The sentence suggests that _____.
(a) her son exhausts her (b) her son is mentally strong
(c) her son is mentally weak (d) her son provides her mental strength
5. Chaitanya's world, complete in itself, is full of _____.
(a) deceit (b) happiness
(c) ill feelings (d) innocence

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Why did the mother not feel sorry for the child?
2. How did the special school help Chaitanya?
3. What were Chaitanya's achievements?
4. What changes should take place in the attitude of people towards the differently abled people?

C. Write in detail on :

1. Writer's Optimism

Activity III

A. Underline the word which is correct. There can be more than one correct answer.

1. Bye for now. I'll see you rather *later/soon/obviously*.
2. Everyone acted well, but I thought that Kasim did *absolutely/fairly/particularly* well.
3. Chinmay can't *quite/really/surprisingly* decide what he wants to study at university.
4. If you work *hard/extremely/hardly*, I'm sure you'll be a success.
5. *Technically/Exactly/Apparently*, this is one of the best low-cost cameras currently available.
6. Aastha danced *gracefully/completely/academically* at the function.
7. Darshraj, can you speak up, I can't *quite/rather/really* hear you.
8. *Luckily/Really/Ultimately*, we managed to catch the train at the last moment.
9. I'm leaving tomorrow *early/extremely/quite* in the morning, so I'll say goodbye now.
10. *Approximately/Subsequently/Absolutely* 1000 rupees I have saved.

B. Parts of the body are used as verbs in the sentences below. Fill in the blanks appropriately.

(shin, eye, mouth, finger, back, foot, head, leg, shoulder, elbow)

1. I am not sharing my piece of cake with you. Don't _____ it.
2. It's your fault! Don't leave me to _____ all the blame!
3. There was a crowd of people there. I had to _____ my way through.
4. As there was no vehicle available, we had to _____ our way through mountains.
5. If customers _____ a book a lot, it gets dirty.
6. I'm having my house painted. It's very expensive. I don't know how I'm going to _____ the bill.
7. Karim couldn't hear me because of the noise, so I had to _____ what I wanted to say.
8. He's very fit and strong. Watch him _____ up that tree like a monkey.
9. It has been announced that the Foreign Minister will _____ a delegation to China next month.
10. A large manufacturing firm had offered to _____ the Himalayan expedition.

Activity IV

A. Read the following sentences carefully.

- a. Rupesh repaired his bicycle.
- b. Kripal cut his hair.

These sentences can be rephrased if Rupesh and Kripal asked someone else to work for them.

- a. Rupesh got his bicycle repaired.
- b. Kripal got his hair cut.

Change the following sentences as shown in the examples.

Mitesh cooked for his friends.

Example : Mitesh's friends made him cook for them.

1. Sachin paid the bill for everyone.
2. Ahmed repaired the bicycle for her.
3. Rajni has been taking care of the accounts for me.
4. My friend will pick me up.
5. My brother cleaned the house for his wife.

B. Fill in the gaps with the appropriate form of verbs given in the brackets.

1. Why don't you get your old car _____ (repair).
2. How _____ you are ! (irritate).
3. My mom always makes me _____ (clean up) my room on Sunday morning.
4. Can you help me in _____ (paint) my room ?
5. The baby wants us to let her _____ (stay) outside the house.

Activity V

- A. Work in pairs and list out some of the problems faced by Chaitanya and some of his achievements. Discuss with your partner.
- B. Given below are pictures of famous personalities who in spite of their physical challenges, reached heights of success. They believed that 'Disability is a state of mind.' Find out more about their physical challenges and their achievements. Present it to the class.



Activity VI

Visit a school for the differently abled people. Prepare a report on what you saw and experienced there.



Unit-11

Activity I

Women who choose to be different :



Here are some images of Indian lady officers.

Why have they chosen a unique career for themselves ? Discuss with your partner.

Introduction

Pooja Thakur is a Wing Commander in the Indian Air Force. The daughter of a retired Colonel, Pooja joined the Air Force in 2000. She became the first woman to lead a tri-services Guard of Honour at Rashtrapati Bhavan when President Obama visited India for the Republic Day Parade in January 2015.

Pooja Thakur serves as a beacon for the present generation to instill in them the values of hard work, determination and sincerity. This is a TED talk delivered to school students.

Pushing Yourself to Limits

Jay Hind !

How are you, everybody? Thank you so much for having me here. It's a platform where I had not thought I would be on, a few years ago. Well, actually speaking, it started all in the year 2000, when, you know, if I may call myself a pretty little girl into the outlandish gates of something new, scared at the outset, I surely did not know what I was getting into the new arena of the Air Force Academy. Well-mannered, prim and proper, I was suddenly being shouted at, spoken rudely to, rolling, haunching, sit-ups, push-ups, washing ten clothes in the middle of the night, sleeping only for two hours. All this was besides the studies.

Second day in the academy and healthy but not able to run 10 kilometers all across the academy. Half way down I would all double up, break pace, breathing heavy—trying to catch my breath, what I thought was “That’s it!” I told my instructor, “Sir, I think I want to faint, I am going to puke!” What did I get back? “If you faint, make sure you pick your nose because you are going to fall down like a plank, and if you are going to

puke, hurry up. You are not going to do that here.” So I had heard that whether you puke or faint or die, but you keep going. So within the first three days, I surely wanted to die. With my parents coming up to leave me, I had five minutes uniting with them in the evening. My tears would not stop rolling down. My mother wasn’t sure what she had got me into. She told me, “Let’s take you back.” I did not want to stay, but “Can I give up?” That was a thought that scared me even more. It wasn’t only me; it was the unit where I was. What changed was that smiles appeared and smiles made me happy. Those smiles thereafter translated to my family, who smiled along with my success.

This is something that I learnt in one of those days when I needed to push myself to my limits. What I feel is that your mind is testing to think the high scores. They are just high scores—scores that limit you, scores that restrict you. How you get ahead of your limits, your high scores is something that is dependent upon you. So by the end of academy I had excelled but at the same time I had also learnt to carry the bicycle for a long number of kilometers, with lesser number of pins, I could have put in my hair and milliliters of oil I can put in my hair, because that’s what happened in the academy—you are made to sit up in a row and take a bottle of oil and are supposed to empty the whole thing on your hair!

So with all that happening, I realized that your potential is not in your comfort zone. It is somewhere outside. It is not where I am standing right now. It is there where you are sitting. I need to cross this red carpet which limits me to be able to do something special. Our mind is limited but it is capable of doing things which we do not think possible. The fire is within us. You go from one place to the other and you meet new people and you set up your routine. So I wanted to do something more. So I said hello to the opportunity and started skydiving. Well, let me tell you that there is nothing sensible in jumping from a serviceable aircraft. And how I learnt is, how it goes in my way is that you don’t have assisted jumps, you don’t have tandem jumps. You talk on the ground everything. So that is more or less like being taught how to swim on a blackboard and told to try on for the first time in the Indian Ocean! So that is how it happens but the training is drooling. And I managed and it was good. The first jump we all needed to be above the average and so I tried it.

I was a mother of two by then and I still wanted to do it. The first jump, you know, it leaves you static. The moment you come down yelling—yelling with excitement. So that’s how the first jump happened. The second one you want to relieve the excitement. You want to feel the exhilaration again.

The third you think “What the hell am I doing here?”

And what if one of your fellow trainees has a strange feeling and instead of jumping he just sits down at the end of the ramp of the aircraft, clinging on to whatever life support is available? But you have to go on. For the first five jumps I don’t have to worry about opening my parachute. It opened by itself. But if you want to graduate further, and putting it simply, I need to be opening my parachute myself while falling down a thousand feet in about 5 seconds. Could I do it? I needed to see and jump; I need to look down those ten thousand feet and see the ground so far away and I have to see the aircraft that I am standing on—totally, purely serviceable—in the air. But I need to see down, I need to jump. Could I do it? I wasn’t sure. Something I need to push on. Push on—Push myself. PUSH, PUSH, PUSH! What do I mean? ‘Persist Until Something Happens.’

I turned back and told my instructor, “Keep telling me how much back to go.” He keeps telling me how much back to go, till my feet are half out the ramp—in the air! This is how I started my sky-diving. Doing that for some time, I got used to the feeling and then I can see the ground and can jump. This is how sky-diving happened. I graduated, but at that time a lot of people around me after five jumps did not graduate to where everything you do you do by yourself. If I had limited myself, I would not have reached so high and I would not have been able to be a part of the first women’s skydiving team of India.

At the same time, I would not have the most memorable day of my life that was when I jumped from fourteen thousand feet amidst big layers of cloud. I was jumping and clouds past by me—...zuppp..z..upp...zuppp (They actually make that sound). You have your first ‘relative’ in your life, because you are jumping from a clear sky. So this relative makes you feel how fast you are dropping to the ground which you actually can’t see

because of the clouds with only an altimeter in your hand to trust and a backpack to hang on. So all the time I kept thinking and I kept checking my altimeter – that I was falling too fast, that I was going to hit the ground because I was not able to see it and I was sure that the ground is real close. At every five seconds I would check my altimeter and see how far I was and I would feel that it was wrong that something was wrong with the device.

You can't open up your parachute right at the beginning. There is a certain height where you open up your parachute. So you have got to take care of that. And of course, parachute issues can give you some fractures and shoulder dislocations and all. But you know, sky-diving and I needed to push myself to my limits happened. There are a lot of things in life and a lot of discoveries that are possible because of the capacity to push ourselves to limits. Capacity and the ability which you and I share. We both share the same ability, the same capacity to be able to push ourselves to something which is beyond what we think is possible for us. This possibility will define us. The definition of ourselves is the ability to do and overcome the impossible. Impossible is just an opinion. It is not a declaration. It is a potential which will come up when you see something is impossible. It is temporary, totally temporary. It is different for you, different for me. It is different for today and of course it will be different for tomorrow.

Coming on thereafter, you know, you get into that routine of yours—what we feel when we get into the routine that is very easy, doing the same thing day after day, getting back to work, and doing everything that we do every day. But sometimes life pushes you into doing something which is different. What is important is that life should not be pushing you into doing it, something which is into you. Determination is with you. Determine how much you can push yourself. That will actually lead to a greater potential. Once you start pushing yourself right from the beginning, it goes on beyond activities; beyond episodes – special episodes, of probably inventing something, special episodes of pushing myself into jumping out of the aircraft. It flows onto your normal routine, it flows onto your normal work, it flows onto your talents, your passions, and everything at all. And that's how one of the things came up in my career, the development of the idea of a mobile game. We thought that the students are not going to look at just advertisements. You need to impress their minds, let them know that there is something like the air force. That's when we designed Indis's first 3-D air combat game. You need to go on to a path that is not routine, that is not made by you. You probably need to go to where there is no path.

Thereafter you need to go beyond, and that's where the guard of honour happened. It scares you sometimes, but there is a lot of responsibility into doing your best. But at the same time, there is a lot of responsibility of the agenda behind you. The agenda behind you, the reputation of the services behind you, and eventually the reputation of the nation behind you because after all you are giving it to a foreign dignitary. It scares you, but sometimes what scares you is worth a try. If something you want to do scares you, it might be something you should try. So let's talk about one of these times when you put your best foot forward.

There is something I want to share. When I was young, my parents (my father was in the army) were shifted from one place to another. Two years – not more than two years have I stayed at a place. So it all begins in the beginning when you are sitting there, probably it's already done for you or if it's not done for you, it is never too late. You would shift from one place to another, going from one posting to the other, meeting new people. You are going to change your school every year. You are not leaving your friends behind, but you have to make new friends. You have to get adjusted into that new school wherein all the kids are already friends and probably look at you with some hatred first. Nobody at the school knows but my mom knows that I used to be such a cry-baby. Early in the morning I would wail and cry, become a fussy girl, not wanting to go to school because I didn't know anybody or probably I did not like anybody. I didn't like the students sitting next to me, or the way teachers taught or I didn't like my books or the way my school looked. There could be innumerable reasons for not going to school but all my parents did was to tell me “You can do it!” And every time I used to fake it, I used to fake it, that I was confident, that I am not scared. I belong there. When you

start doing that regularly, eventually (it might take days, it might take weeks, it might take months or it might take years) you will become that person, that confident person. You can do it with each and every walk of life. If you are speaking in a conference and there are people who think that you speak loud, you must pick yourself up and think of speaking less loud and be more polite. You become accustomed to people like that and by your third meeting you are prim and proper and speak just appropriately. That is something you learn over the years and is something you got to push yourself to do.

There are a lot of things – every mention, every discovery, be it Edward Murphy or Thomas Edison after failing a thousand times – everybody has gone up the boiling limit, pushing themselves up. Nothing ever happens in life by sitting there. Why do you want your life to come push you up to your limits, to be able to test your limits? It is something you need to get up yourself and do? It is more gratifying if you have control over them. Instead of sitting there, you want to do something special – something that will bring your greater potential in the forefront rather than life giving you ups and downs. You would probably succeed even then but when you have the control, it is more gratifying, more satisfying, it is more successful.

I have delivered a small talk and I will end up with a saying by Henry David Thoreau, who says ‘What lies before us and what lies behind us is a small matter compared to what lies within us.’ When we bring out into this world what lies within us, a miracle will happen.

Glossary

outlandish (adj.) unconventional, unusual **puke** (v) vomit **serviceable** (adj.) operational **tandem** (adv.) one behind the other **drooling** (v) salivating **altimeter** (n) instrument that measures the height above ground, used in navigation

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- The speaker was scared of _____.
(a) the idea of continuing (b) the idea of giving up
(c) the punishments (d) the rules
- It was necessary for a student to _____ to graduate in the academy.
(a) help fellow mates to open the parachute (b) jump from a height
(c) open the parachute oneself (d) take five consecutive jumps
- According to the speaker, the most memorable day of her life was when she _____.
(a) earned the license to fly (b) graduated from the academy
(c) jumped from fourteen thousand feet (d) won the prize for best cadet
- The speaker calls _____ as her first relative.
(a) air (b) clouds
(c) rain (d) sky
- If you are scared of something you want to do, you should _____.
(a) accept it (b) escape and try something else
(c) think about it (d) try it again

B. Answer the following questions.

- Write about Pooja’s experiences at the Academy.
- What does Pooja say about leaving one’s comfort zone?
- How did Pooja’s persistence help her?
- ‘You probably need to go where there is no path’. Explain.
- What is Pooja’s success mantra?

C. Write in detail on :

1. The Most Memorable Day of Pooja Thakur’s Life
2. Lessons Learnt from Pooja’s Experience

Activity III

A. Replace the phrasal verbs in the letter with verbs from the box to make it more formal

meet	continue	respond	remedy	investigate	achieve	complain
------	----------	---------	--------	-------------	---------	----------

Dear Pooja Thakur,

Thank you for your letter of 23rd May 2016 about the bad service you experienced at this hotel. I promise you, we will look into this problem at once and get back to you as soon as possible. We always try to go for the highest standards of services, and if we have failed to live up to those standards, we will immediately seek to sort out the situation. Meanwhile, we hope you will go on making Basil Park Hotels your first choice for all your business and leisure travel.

Yours sincerely,
 Yogi Bhatt
 (General Manager)

B. A register is a variety of a language used for a particular purpose or in a particular social setting.

Which professional registers are these phrasal verbs associated with? Put each of them into one of the three categories below. Use a dictionary if necessary:

sell up	sum up	log in	take over	put forward	backup
gloss over	boot up	scroll down	base upon	hack into	turn over
bail out	carry forward	square up	print off		

Computer and Technology	Academic Lectures/ Writing	Money and Business

Activity IV

A. You feel it is a pleasant day. Say so to your friend.

Example: It is a beautiful day, isn't it?

Use question tags as shown in the example.

1. Your friends are looking at a menu in a restaurant. They find the food priced high.
2. You really enjoyed the film. What will you say to your friends?

3. You and your sister are listening to a woman singing. What will be your comment on the woman's voice?
4. In a garment trial room you have put on a new shirt. You come out and show it to your family members. What will you say?
5. You need a notebook. How will you ask Sandeep if he has a notebook?

B. Read the following sentences carefully.

- a. Rakesh **can** find out programming errors instantly. (ability)
- b. Your jacket is elegant. It **must** be very expensive. (assumption)

Notice the words in bold. They express a special meaning that is written in the brackets.

Now read the following situations and use words in brackets to write sentences as shown. Choose the modal auxiliaries from the common bracket.

(can, could, have to, may, might, must, should)

Example : I can't find George anywhere. He must have gone shopping. (shopping)

1. Rajveer does not play cricket. He _____ though. (football)
2. I am working tomorrow, but you _____. (come)
3. I have already been to Japan. I _____ London but it is not final yet. (go)
4. Parking is free. You _____. (not pay)
5. The deadline is tomorrow. I _____ (complete) my assignment today.
6. The sky is overcast. It _____. (rain)
7. Since my luggage was missing, I _____. (file complaint)

Activity V

- A.** Some of the most worthy goals are also the most difficult to achieve. Major accomplishments can take a tremendous amount of time and effort, and it is easy to get discouraged and give up. Imagine that your partner is losing hope in the goal that he has set for himself. Prepare a small piece of advice and present it to your friend.
- B.** We all want specific things in our life; the problem is how to reach what we desire. It's not always easy to reach our goals, but are there any tricks to reach them? Look at the image given below. It details the steps to reach a goal. Now, prepare an action plan and present it to the class.

**SET GOAL.
MAKE PLAN.
GET TO WORK.
STICK TO IT.
REACH GOAL.**

Activity VI

Write a letter to your uncle and aunt telling them what you want to become and how you plan to accomplish your dreams.



Unit-12

Activity I

Life is an opportunity gifted by God to explore this world. Here are some images that you may find familiar. Some people love to travel and some avoid travelling. Do you think travelling is full of uncertainties and dangers? Is it safe to stay home with all the comforts around you? Discuss with your class.



Introduction

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), better known by his pen name Mark Twain, was an American author, humourist, journalist, lecturer, entrepreneur and inventor. He authored several novels including two major classics of American Literature namely :*The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. He has a distinctive narrative style which is funny and often satirical.

Applying for an insurance is a personal decision and is something we don't often put on our priority list. It represents part of a good financial planning. But if it is applied only out of insecurities, it needs a rethinking.

Danger of Lying in Bed is a satire.

The Danger of Lying in Bed

The man in the ticket office said: "Have an accident insurance ticket, also?"

"No." I said, after studying the matter over a little. "No, I believe not; I am going to be travelling by rail all day to day. However, tomorrow I don't travel. Give me one for tomorrow."

The man looked puzzled. He said:

"But it is for accident insurance, and if you are going to travel by rail "...

"If I am going to travel by rail, I shan't need it. Lying at home in bed is the thing I am afraid of."

I had been looking into this matter. Last year I travelled twenty thousand miles, almost entirely by rail; the year before, I travelled over twenty-five thousand miles, half by sea and half by rail; and the year before that I travelled in the neighborhood of ten thousand miles, exclusively by rail. I suppose if I put in all the little odd

journeys here and there, I may say I have travelled sixty thousand miles during the three years I have mentioned. And never an accident.

For a good while I said to myself every morning: "Now I have escaped thus far, and so the chances are just that much increased that I shall catch it this time. I will be shrewd, and buy an accident ticket." And to a dead moral certainty I drew a blank, and went to bed that night without a joint dislocated or a bone splintered. I got tired of that sort of daily bother, and fell to buying accident tickets that were good for a month. I said to myself, "A man can't buy thirty blanks in one bundle."

But I was mistaken. There was never a prize in the lot. I could read of railway accidents every day—the newspaper atmosphere was foggy with them; but somehow they never came my way. I found I had spent a good deal of money in the accident business, and had nothing to show for it. My suspicions were aroused, and I began to hunt around for somebody that had won in this lottery. I found plenty of people who had invested, but not an individual that had ever had an accident or made a cent. I stopped buying accidents tickets and went to ciphering. The result was astounding. 'THE PERIL LAY NOT IN TRAVELLING, BUT IN STAYING AT HOME.'

I hunted up statistics, and was amazed to find that after all the glaring newspaper headings concerning railroad disasters, less than three hundred people had really lost their lives by those disasters in the preceding twelve months. The Erie road was set down as the most murderous in the list. It had killed forty-six or twenty-six, I do not exactly remember which, but I know the number was double that of any other road. But the fact straightway suggested itself that the Erie was an immensely long road, and did more business than any other line in the country; so the double number of killed ceased to be matter for surprise.

By further figuring, it appeared that between New York and Rochester the Erie ran eight passenger trains each way every day – sixteen altogether; and carried a daily average of 6,000 persons. That is about a million in six months – the population of New York city. Well, the Erie kills from thirteen to twenty-three persons out of its million in six months; and in the same time 13,000 of New York's millions die in their beds! My flesh crept, my hair stood on end. "This is appalling!" I said, "The danger isn't in travelling by rail, but in trusting to those deadly beds. I will never sleep in a bed again."

I had figured on considerably less than one-half the length of the Erie road. It was plain that the entire road must transport at least eleven or twelve thousand people every day. There are many short roads running out of Boston that do fully half as much; a great many such roads. There are many roads scattered about the Union that do a prodigious passenger business. Therefore it was fair to presume that an average of 2,500 passengers a day for each road in the country would be about correct. There are 846 railway lines in our country, and 846 times 2,500 are 2,115,000. So the railways of America move more than two millions of people every day; six hundred and fifty millions of people a year, without counting the Sundays. They do that, too – there is no question about it; though where they get the raw material is clear beyond the jurisdiction of my arithmetic; for I have hunted the census through and through, and I find that there are not that many people in the United States, by a matter of six hundred and ten millions at the very least. They must use some of the same people over again, likely.

San Francisco is one-eighth as populous as New York; there are 60 deaths a week in the former and 500 a week in the latter – if they have luck. That is 3,120 deaths a year in San Francisco, and eight times as many in New York – say about 25,000 or 26,000. The health of the two places is the same. So we will let it stand as a fair presumption that this will hold good all over the country, and that consequently 25,000 out of every million of people we have, must die every year. That amounts to one-fortieth of our total population. One million of us, then, die annually. Out of this million ten or twelve thousand are stabbed, shot, drowned, hanged, poisoned, or meet a similarly violent death in some other popular way, such as perishing by kerosene lamp and hoop-skirt conflagrations, getting buried in coal mines, falling off housetops, breaking through church or lecture-room floors, taking patent medicines, or committing suicide in other forms. The Erie railroad kills from

23 to 46; the other 845 railroads kill an average of one-third of a man each; and the rest of that million, amounting in the aggregate to the appalling figure of nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand six hundred and thirty-one corpses, die naturally in their beds! You will excuse me from taking any more chances on those beds. The railroads are good enough for me.

And my advice to all people is, Don't stay at home any more than you can help; but when you have got to stay at home a while, buy a package of those insurance tickets and sit up nights. You cannot be too cautious.

[One can see now why I answered that ticket agent in the manner recorded at the top of this sketch.]

The moral of this composition is, that thoughtless people grumble more than is fair about railroad management in the United States. When we consider that every day and night of the year full fourteen thousand railway trains of various kinds, freighted with life and armed with death, go thundering over the land, the marvel is, not that they kill three hundred human beings in a twelve month, but that they do not kill.

Glossary

ciphering (v) calculating **appalling** (adj.) horrifying **prodigious** (adj.) impressive **presumption** (n) assumption taken for granted **hoop-skirt** (n) lightly curved skirt **conflagrations** (n) extensive fires **hoop-skirt conflagrations**- as these skirts were made of highly inflammable material, they caused massive fires in many cases in the 19th century

Activity II

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. The author is afraid of _____.
(a) cooking at home (b) lying in bed at home
(c) train accidents (d) train travels
2. The Erie road was considered as most _____.
(a) hazardous (b) murderous
(c) risky (d) unsafe
3. The author wants an insurance for _____.
(a) flying to New York (b) studying accidents
(c) the day he is travelling (d) the day he is not travelling
4. As the author has escaped thus far, he feels he should _____.
(a) buy an accident ticket (b) not buy an accident ticket
(c) not travel by train (d) travel by train
5. The author advises people to _____.
(a) avoid train travels (b) go to bed and forget everything
(c) stay at home with insurance tickets (d) travel regularly with insurance tickets

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Why does the author say 'a man can't buy thirty blanks in one bundle'?
2. Why was Mark Twain afraid of lying in bed?
3. Do you agree with the narrator's justification to the ticket agent? Give reasons.
4. Why does Mark Twain say 'I'll never sleep in bed again'?
5. How would you describe Erie road traffic?
6. What argument is the narrator making through this essay?

C. Write in detail on:

1. The Irony in the Lesson
2. The Moral of the Story

Activity III

A. Put each of the following words or phrases in its correct place in the passage below:

departure lounge	board	check-in desk	departure-board	
departure - gate	security guard	duty-free	immigration officer	
hand-luggage	check	excess baggage	check in	taxi
passengers	announcement	runway	trolley	
conveyor-belt	on board	take off	security check	

When travelling by air you have to get to the airport early in order to _____ about an hour before your flight. If you have a lot of luggage, you can put it on a _____ and push it to the _____ where someone will _____ your ticket and weigh your luggage. If you have _____, it can be expensive. Your heavy luggage is put on a _____ and carried away. A light bag is classed as _____ and you can take it with you on to the plane. An _____ looks at your passport and a _____ checks hand luggage before you go into the _____ to wait till your flight is called. If you want to, you can buy some cheap _____ goods here. Then you see on the _____ or you hear an _____ that you must _____ your plane. You go through the _____, then there is sometimes a _____ before you actually enter the plane. When all the _____ are _____, and when the captain and his crew are ready in the cockpit, the plane begins to _____ to the end of the _____. Finally, permission is received from the control tower and the plane moves faster and faster in order to _____.

B. Use a dictionary to find compound words beginning with 'sea'.

Complete each sentences with one of these words. One has been done for you.

1. Last year we didn't go to the mountains. We went to the seaside instead.
2. There's a restaurant near the harbour that serves wonderful _____.
3. The beach was covered in piles of smelly green _____.
4. This town is very high up. It's a thousand metres above _____.
5. We drove along the _____ but we couldn't find anywhere to park.
6. Tourists were throwing bread to the flying _____ behind the ship.
7. Luckily I had taken some travel pills so I didn't feel _____.
8. Children were building sand castles on the _____.

C. Identify the Road Signs:



Activity IV

A. The following sentences can be used to make suggestions to watch a film.

Notice their construction.

- * *Why don't we go to the cinema?*
- * *Let's go to the cinema. What do you think?*
- * *How about going to the cinema?*
- * *I'd like to see a film. How about you?*

Some more ways to suggest the same idea are :

- * *How do you feel about seeing a film?*
- * *Fancy seeing a film?*
- * *We could always see a film.*
- * *Watching a film is an idea.*
- * *It would be nice to see a film.*

Write your responses to the following situations as shown below.

1. Help your partner decide which TV to buy: Why don't you buy a 32 inch TV?
2. Warn your partner against doing something.
3. Suggest that your partner change his/her plans.
4. Help your partner make up his/her mind.
5. Suggest doing an activity together.
6. A stranger wants to reach the railway station and asks you for options.

B. The following is a dialogue between Chris and Jatin. Fill in the gaps using appropriate forms of verbs given in brackets.

Jatin : Hi Chris, what are you planning for this weekend?

Chris : What _____? (do)

Jatin : I don't know. Do you _____ any ideas? (have)

Chris : Why _____ we _____ a film? (see)

Jatin : That sounds good to me. Which film shall we see?

Chris : Let's _____ 'Action Man-4'. (watch)

Jatin : I'd rather not. I don't like violent films. How about _____ to 'Mad Doctor Brown'? I hear it's quite a funny film. (go)

Chris : OK. _____ see that. When is it on? (let)

Jatin : It's on at 8 o'clock at the Rex. _____ we _____ a bite before the film? (shall+have)

Chris : Sure, that sounds great. How about _____ to that new Italian restaurant 'Michetti's'? (go)

Jatin : Great idea! Let's _____ there at six. (meet)

Chris : OK. See you at 'Michetti's' at six. Bye.

Jatin : Bye.

Activity V

Staying in bed beyond the early hours of morning may sound wonderful but it can seriously damage your health. You may have heard of the proverb 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.' Prepare a speech on the benefits of early rising and present it to the class.

Activity VI

Collect newspaper cuttings related to accidents published in local newspapers. Prepare a collage highlighting safe driving, observing traffic rules and the need for insurance. Prepare five slogans based on your collage.



Poetry

1.

Leave this Chanting

Introduction

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) was a Bengali poet, novelist, painter and an educator. His best known works are *Gitanjali*, *Gora* and *Ghare Baire*. He introduced the best of Indian culture to the West and is regarded as the outstanding creative artist of modern India. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1913.

Leave this Chanting is the eleventh poem in *Gitanjali*. Tagore glorifies the life of humble labourers and rejects the ascetic way of life. The poem has a universal appeal.

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark
Corner of a temple with doors all shut?
Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground
And where the path-maker is breaking stones.
He is with them in sun and in shower,
And his garment is covered with dust.

Put off thy holy mantle and even like him
Come down on the dusty soil!
Deliverance?
Where is this deliverance to be found?
Our master himself has joyfully taken
Upon him the bonds of creation;
He is bound with us all forever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside
Thy flowers and incense!
What harm is there if thy clothes become
Tattered and stained?
Meet him and stand by him in toil
And in sweat of thy brow.

Glossary

dost (v.) (*Old English*) do **thou** (pronoun) (*Old English*) you **thine** (pronoun) (*Old English*) your **thee** (pronoun) (*Old English*) you **thy** (pronoun) (*Old English*) your **mantle** (n.) robe

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. According to Rabindranath Tagore, God is with those people who _____ day and night.
a) chant b) labour c) meditate d) pray
2. What do the lines ‘... Upon him the bonds of creation; He is bound with us all for ever.’ mean?
a) Both God and we are separate. b) God has not created us.
c) God is bound to us as he has created us. d) We are bound to God.

3. Tagore says God is not _____.

- a) in the lonely dark corner of a temple
- b) where the pathmaker is not breaking stones
- c) where the tiller is tilling the hard ground
- d) with the tiller in sun and shower

4. 'Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple?' – The figure of speech used in this line is

- _____.
- a) Alliteration
 - b) Litotes
 - c) Simile
 - d) Transferred epithet

5. 'Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.' The figure of speech used in the line is

- _____.
- a) Alliteration
 - b) Climax
 - c) Litotes
 - d) Synecdoche

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Bring out the significance of the opening lines of the poem.
2. How does Tagore glorify the life of humble labourers?
3. What does the poet urge the ascetics to do?
4. Explain in your own words what 'deliverance' means to Tagore.
5. How can one really find God, according to the poet?



Introduction

Joseph Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was an English journalist, short story writer, poet and novelist. He was famous for a wide range of works including *The Jungle Book*, *Kim* and *The Man Who Would Be King*. He was the first English language writer to be awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907 and is also the youngest recipient till date.

The Way through the Woods is a part of Kipling's collection of short stories known as *Rewards and Fairies*. Each story in this collection is followed by a poem. The poem simply and delicately describes the abandoned road in the woods.

They shut the road through the woods
 Seventy years ago.
 Weather and rain have undone it again,
 And now you would never know
 There was once a road through the woods
 Before they planted the trees.
 It is underneath the coppice and heath
 And the thin anemones.
 Only the keeper sees
 That, where the ring-dove broods,
 And the badgers roll at ease,
 There was once a road through the woods.
 Yet, if you enter the woods
 Of a summer evening late,
 When the night -air cools on the trout-ringed pools
 Where the otter whistles his mate,
 (They fear not men in the woods,
 Because they see so few.)
 You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
 And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
 Steadily cantering through
 The misty solitudes
 As though they perfectly knew
 The old lost road through the woods...
 But there is no road through the woods.

Glossary

coppice (n) bush **heath** (n) low evergreen shrub **anemones** (n) herbs with tuberous roots and beautiful flowers **broods** (v) sit on eggs **badger** (n) short legged animal **cantering** (v) riding with pace

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence .

1. The _____ is the witness to the road.

(a) Dove	(b) Gardener
(c) Horse	(d) Keeper

2. 'They shut the road through the woods / Seventy years ago.' In this line, 'They' probably refers to _____.
- (a) animals (b) travellers
(c) unknown people (d) trees
3. Who has undone the road again?
- (a) The animals (b) The plants
(c) The people (d) Weather and rain
4. 'They fear not men in the woods,/Because they see so few'. The figure of speech used in this line is _____.
- (a) Euphemism (b) Metaphor
(c) Synecdoche (d) Tautology
5. The figure of speech used in the line, 'You will hear the beat of a horse's feet, And the swish of a skirt in the dew,' is _____.
- (a) Climax (b) Metaphor
(c) Onomatopoeia (d) Synecdoche

B. Answer the following questions.

1. The word 'they' appears both in the first and second stanza. Explain who it refers to in both the stanzas.
2. Who do you think is travelling? Justify your answer.
3. How has the poet created an element of mystery in the poem?
4. What can be heard on late summer evenings? What do you think causes these sounds?



Introduction

Sylvia Plath (1932-1963) was an American poet, novelist and short story writer who is credited with advancing the genre of confessional poetry. She is best known for her collections of poems, *The Colossus and other Poems* and *Ariel* and the semi autobiographical *The Bell Jar*. She was awarded a posthumous Pulitzer Prize for *The Collected Poems* in 1982.

The Mirror is a poem, written in free verse, in which a mirror is personified. It is endowed with human traits, commenting on its owner who grows older as the mirror watches.

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
 Whatever I see I swallow immediately
 Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
 I am not cruel, only truthful,
 The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
 Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
 It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
 I think it is part of my heart. But it flickers.
 Faces and darkness separate us over and over.
 Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
 Searching my reaches for what she really is.
 Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
 I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
 She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
 I am important to her. She comes and goes.
 Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
 In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
 Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Glossary

unmisted (adj.) clear **speckles** (n) spots **flickers** (v) flashes **reaches** (n) (here) depths

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- 'I have no preconceptions.' Who says this?
 - The lady
 - The mirror
 - The poet
 - The wall
- The lady began using this mirror _____.
 - after marriage
 - as a young girl
 - recently
 - when she drowned
- Why are the candle and the moon called 'liars'?
 - Because they make people beautiful.
 - They can't talk.

- (c) They do not hide the blemishes of people.
(d) They hide the blemishes of people and make them look beautiful.
4. Name the figure of speech used in the line 'Whatever I see I swallow immediately.'
(a) Metaphor (b) Personification
(c) Simile (d) Synecdoche
5. The figure of speech used in the line 'Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish,' is
(a) Climax (b) Hyperbole
(c) Metonymy (d) Simile

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Why has the mirror no preconceptions?
2. In what way is the mirror disturbed?
3. How does the mirror convey the fact that the woman looking at her reflection in the lake is deeply distressed?
4. Why does the mirror consider itself 'the eye of a little god'?
5. Why does the mirror feel it is not cruel?
6. What are the differences and similarities between the mirror and the lake?



Introduction

T.S. Eliot (1888-1965) was a pioneer modern poet, dramatist and literary critic of the 20th century. Known for his innovative and experimental style, Eliot is credited with articulating apprehensions and consciousness of the disillusioned generation of the 20th century.

The Rum Tum Tugger, however, is a poem in a lighter vein. The poem draws our attention to the similarities between human and feline personality traits. Rum Tum Tugger is a rebel cat whose behaviour can be summarised thus: ‘perverse, preening and independent’.

The Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat:
 If you offer him pheasant he would rather have grouse.
 If you put him in a house he would much prefer a flat,
 If you put him in a flat then he'd rather have a house.
 If you set him on a mouse then he only wants a rat,
 If you set him on a rat then he'd rather chase a mouse.
 Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat
 And there isn't any call for me to shout it:
 For he will do
 As he do do
 And there's no doing anything about it!

The Rum Tum Tugger is a terrible bore:
 When you let him in, then he wants to be out;
 He's always on the wrong side of every door,
 And as soon as he's at home, then he'd like to get about.
 He likes to lie in the bureau drawer,
 But he makes such a fuss if he can't get out.

Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat
 And there isn't any use for you to doubt it:
 For he will do
 As he do do
 And there's no doing anything about it!

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious beast:
 His disobliging ways are a matter of habit.
 If you offer him fish then he always wants a feast;
 When there isn't any fish then he won't eat rabbit.
 If you offer him cream then he sniffs and sneers,
 For he only likes what he finds for himself;
 So you'll catch him in it right up to the ears,
 If you put it away on the larder shelf.
 The Rum Tum Tugger is artful and knowing,
 The Rum Tum Tugger doesn't care for a cuddle;
 But he'll leap on your lap in the middle of your sewing,

For there's nothing he enjoys like a horrible muddle.
 Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat
 And there isn't any need for me to spout it:
 For he will do
 As he do do
 And there's no doing anything about it!

Glossary

rum (adj.) unusual, strange **tum** (n) informal for stomach **pheasant** (n) a large bird with a rounded body and long tail **grouse** (n) a medium to large bird with a plump body and feathered legs **bureau** (n) a writing desk with drawers and typically an angled top opening downwards to form a writing surface **disobliging** (adj.) deliberately unhelpful, uncooperative **sneer** (v) smile or speak in a contemptuous or mocking manner **larder** (n) a room or large cupboard for storing **spout** (v)(here) express one's views.

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Rum Tum Tugger always finds himself on the wrong side of the _____.
 a) door
 b) house
 c) wall
 d) window
- When does the cat make a fuss?
 a) When he does not get food.
 b) When he is beaten.
 c) When he is scolded.
 d) When he is trapped somewhere.
- What does the cat enjoy?
 a) Horrible muddle
 b) Meddlesome affair
 c) Terrible puddle
 d) Troublesome quarrel
- What does the poet do to keep the food away from the cat?
 a) Eats it up.
 b) Puts it in the larder.
 c) Puts it on the shelf.
 d) Throws it away.
- The figure of speech used in the line 'When you let him in, then he wants to be out;' is _____.
 a) Anastrophe
 b) Anticlimax
 c) Antithesis
 d) Apostrophe

B. Answer the following questions.

- Which qualities, described at the beginning of the poem, make the cat 'a curious cat'?
- Why does the poet call the cat 'a bore'?
- What, in the poem, suggests that the cat is 'artful and knowing'?
- 'There is no doing anything about it.' Elaborate.
- Write the rhyme scheme of the poem.
- Comment on the personification used in the poem, highlighting the character of the cat.



Introduction

Emily Elizabeth Dickinson (1830-1886) was an American poet. An introvert by nature, she wrote prolifically. A cache of poems was discovered from her room posthumously. Her first collection of poems was published in 1890.

A Bird Came Down the Walk is a short but powerful poem. It juxtaposes, with effective use of imagery, the gentility and brutality of mankind.

A bird came down the walk:
 He did not know I saw;
 He bit an angle-worm in halves
 And ate the fellow, raw.
 And then he drank a dew
 From a convenient grass,
 And then hopped sidewise to the wall
 To let a beetle pass.
 He glanced with rapid eyes
 That hurried all abroad,
 They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
 He stirred his velvet head
 Like one in danger; cautious,
 I offered him a crumb,
 And he unrolled his feathers
 And rowed him softer home
 Than oars divide the ocean,
 Too silver for a seam,
 Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
 Leap, plashless, as they swim.

Glossary

Seam (n) (here) stitch

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- Which of the following is not done by the bird?
 - Drink dew from the grass
 - Eat an angleworm
 - Fly away
 - Perch on the speaker's finger
- The word 'plashless' means _____.
 - beautifully
 - harshly
 - roughly
 - smoothly
- The phrase 'he unrolled his feathers' suggests that bird is ready to _____.
 - drink
 - eat
 - fly
 - hop

4. 'They looked like frightened beads, I thought' The figures of speech used in the line are _____.
- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| a) Alliteration and Climax | b) Anticlimax and Simile |
| c) Euphemism and Litotes | d) Simile and Anastrophe |
5. 'Than oars divide the ocean,' the poetic device used in the line is _____.
- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| a) Euphemism | b) Metonymy |
| c) Personification | d) Transferred Epithet |

B. Answer the following questions.

1. What are the activities of the bird as described by the poet?
2. Compare and contrast the beauty of nature as seen in the poem.
3. Describe the meticulous flight of the bird.
4. Identify the metaphors used in the poem. Are they used effectively? Explain.
5. Explain the use of imagery in the poem.



Introduction

Dr. Gieve Patel (1940 -) is regarded as one of the prominent Indian poets writing in English today. His works include poems like *Evening*, *Forensic Medicina*, *From Bombay Central Squirrels in Washington* and a collection of plays *Mister Behram and other plays*.

On Killing a Tree is an elaborate but poignant description of the difficulties of cutting down the tree and the agony it undergoes.

It takes much time to kill a tree,
 Not a simple jab of the knife
 Will do it. It has grown
 Slowly consuming the earth,
 Rising out of it, feeding
 Upon its crust, absorbing
 Years of sunlight, air, water,
 And out of its leperous hide
 Sprouting leaves.

So hack and chop
 But this alone won't do it.
 Not so much pain will do it.
 The bleeding bark will heal
 And from close to the ground
 Will rise curled green twigs,
 Miniature boughs
 Which if unchecked will expand again
 To former size.

No,
 The root is to be pulled out
 Out of the anchoring earth;
 It is to be roped, tied,
 And pulled out snapped out
 Or pulled out entirely,
 Out from the earth-cave,
 And the strength of the tree exposed,
 The source, white and wet,
 The most sensitive, hidden
 For years inside the earth.
 Then the matter
 Of scorching and choking
 In sun and air,
 Browning, hardening,
 Twisting, withering,
 And then it is done.

Glossary

jab (n) a quick stab or blow **leperous** (adj) (here) appearing decayed

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. By 'leperous' of the tree the poet means _____.
(a) a decayed tree (b) a tree having leprosy
(c) a weak tree (d) dull hide
2. In 'Miniature boughs which if unchecked' 'unchecked' means _____.
(a) uncontrolled (b) uncut
(c) unknown (d) unnoticed
3. The sprouting of green leaves signifies that the tree is _____.
(a) decayed (b) healthy
(c) perennial (d) withered
4. The figure of speech in the line 'The bleeding bark will heal' is _____.
(a) Metaphor (b) Personification
(c) Simile (d) Tautology
5. The figure of speech in the line 'It is to be roped, tied, pulled out snapped out' is _____.
(a) Climax (b) Paradox
(c) Personification (d) Simile

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Why does the poet say it is not easy to kill a tree?
2. How does the poet make a mockery of those who cut down trees?
3. Identify the elements of nature that nurture a tree.
4. Explain the use of symbolism in the poem.



Introduction

Amrita Pritam (1919-2005), an Indian poet, novelist and essayist, authored over a hundred books of poetry, fiction, biographies, essays, a collection of Punjabi folk songs and an autobiography that have been translated into several Indian and foreign languages. She is acclaimed for the novel *Pinjar* and the poem *Ode to Waris Shah*. In 1956, she became the first woman to win the Sahitya Akademi Award. She is also the recipient of Bharatiya Jnanpith, the Padma Shri, the Padma Vibhushan and the prestigious Sahitya Akademi Fellowship which is given for lifetime achievement.

I Will Meet You Yet Again has been translated from Punjabi by Nirupama Dutt. The original title in Punjabi is *Main Tenu Phir Milangi*. This poem was written by the poet on her deathbed. This exquisite poem affirms the poet's love with the promise to meet again.

I will meet you yet again
 How and where? I know not.
 Perhaps I will become a
 figment of your imagination
 and may be, spreading myself
 in a mysterious line
 on your canvas,
 I will keep staring at you.
 Perhaps I will become a ray
 of sunshine, to be
 embraced by your colours.
 I will paint myself on your canvas
 I know not how and where
 but I will meet you for sure.
 May be I will turn into a spring,
 and rub the foaming
 drops of water on your body,
 and rest my coolness on
 your burning chest.
 I know nothing else
 but that this life
 will walk along with me.
 When the body perishes,
 all perishes;
 but the threads of memory
 are woven with enduring specks.
 I will pick these particles,
 weave the threads,
 and I will meet you yet again.

Glossary

figment of your imagination something imagined or created by your mind.

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence .

1. The poet is unaware of the ways and means to _____ the loved one.
(a) get (b) know
(c) love (d) meet
2. 'In a mysterious line on your canvas' suggests that the loved one is a/an _____.
(a) architect (b) painter
(c) poet (d) teacher
3. The poet would not come back in the form of _____.
(a) a drop of dew (b) a figment of imagination
(c) a foaming spring (d) a ray of sunshine
4. _____ will walk along with her.
(a) Memory (b) Particles
(c) Thoughts (d) Threads
5. 'When the body perishes, all perishes'. The figure of speech in the line is _____.
(a) Euphemism (b) Irony
(c) Simile (d) Tautology

B. Answer the following questions.

1. When will the poet gaze at the beloved?
 2. How does the poet assure the beloved that she would meet him?
 3. 'But that this life will walk along with me'. Explain.
 4. What would the poet take along with her after death?
 5. Write a note on the central theme of the poem.
-

Introduction

Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967), British war-poet, is best remembered for his angry and compassionate poems of the World War-I and which brought him public and critical acclaim. Avoiding the sentimentality of many war poets, Sassoon wrote of the horror and brutality of trench warfare and contemptuously satirized generals, politicians, and churchmen for their insensitive and blind support of the war.

Dreamers is a sonnet. Some people may think that soldiers are always brave and think of heroic deeds, but in fact during the battle they also hope for the warmth of their family and home.

Soldiers are citizens of death's grey land,
 Drawing no dividend from time's to-morrows.
 In the great hour of destiny they stand,
 Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows.
 Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win
 Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.
 Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin
 They think of firelit homes, clean beds and wives.

I see them in foul dug-outs, gnawed rats,
 And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,
 Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,
 And mocked by hopeless longing to regain
 Bank-holidays, and picture shows, and spats,
 And going to the office in the train.

Glossary

death's grey land battlefield **dugouts** (n) fortification below ground (in the battlefield) **spats** (n) leather material worn over the middle part of the shoe

Activity

Read the poem carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

- 'Soldiers are citizens of death's grey land' means _____.
 (a) soldiers don't die in the battlefield
 (b) soldiers don't live in the battlefield
 (c) soldiers dream of death in the battlefield
 (d) soldiers live and die in the battlefield
- The soldiers dream of _____.
 (a) dead-bodies in the battlefield
 (b) firelit homes, clean beds and wives
 (c) flaming fatal climax
 (d) ruined trenches and foul dug outs
- The soldiers hopelessly long for _____.
 (a) bank-holidays (b) battlefield
 (c) going home in the train (d) both (a) and (b)

4. 'Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,' Which stage of the soldier's life does this line refer to?
(a) Adulthood (b) Childhood
(c) Infancy (d) Old age
5. 'And mocked by the hopeless longing to regain.', the figure of speech used in this line is _____.
(a) Anastrophe (b) Anticlimax
(c) Climax (d) Personification

B. Answer the following questions.

1. How does the poet describe the scene of the battlefield after the war?
2. What, according to poet, is expected from the soldiers?
3. 'In the great hour of destiny they stand,/Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows' - Explain.
4. Repetition is used in a poem to add emphasis, unity or power. What effect does it create in this poem?
5. Sassoon wrote 'Dreamers' in the 1920's to counteract the view that going to war was a great adventure. Do some people today still glorify combat?



Supplementary Reading

1.

The Parson's Pleasure

Introduction

Roald Dahl (1916-1990) was a prolific British novelist, short story writer, screen-writer and fighter pilot. Dahl's short stories are known for unexpected endings. His works champion the kind-hearted and portray the underlying warm sentiment making him one of the greatest story-tellers of the world. With his great range and style of writing, the author was able to attract readers from all sections and age-groups.

Written in a humorous undertone, **The Parson's Pleasure** juxtapose human greed with the folly of simple looking folks.

Mr. BOGGIS stopped the car just short of the summit, got out and looked around. It was perfect. He could see for miles.

Over on the right he spotted a medium farmhouse. Beyond it was a larger one. There was a house that might be a Queen Anne, and there were two likely farms over on the left. Five places in all. Then he drove to the other side of the hill, where he saw six more possibles: five farms and one big Georgian house. He ruled out the latter. It looked prosperous, and there was no point in calling on the prosperous.

Apart from the fact that he was at this moment disguised as a clergyman, there was nothing very sinister about Cyril Boggis. By trade a dealer in antique furniture, with a shop in the King's Road, Chelsea, Boggis had achieved a considerable reputation by producing unusual items with astonishing regularity. When asked where he got them, he would wink and murmur something about a little secret.

Boggis's little secret was a result of something that happened on a Sunday afternoon nearly nine years before, while he was driving in the country. The car had overheated and he walked to a farmhouse to ask for a jug of water.

While he was waiting for it, he glanced through the door and spotted a large oak armchair. The back panel was decorated by an inlay of the most delicate floral design, and the head of a duck was carved on either arm. 'Good God,' he thought. This thing is late seventeenth century! He poked his head in further. There was another one on the other side of the fireplace! Two chairs like that must be worth at least a thousand pounds up in London.

When the woman of the house returned, Boggis asked if she would like to sell her chairs. They weren't for sale, she said, but just out of curiosity, how much would he give? They bargained for half an hour, and in the end, of course, Boggis got the chairs for less than a twentieth of their value.

Returning to London in his station wagon, Boggis had an idea. If there was good stuff in one farmhouse, why not in others? On Sundays, why couldn't he comb the countryside? The isolated places, the farmhouses, the dilapidated country mansions, would be his target. But country folk are a suspicious lot. Perhaps it would be best if he didn't let them know he was a dealer. He could be the telephone man, the plumber, the gas inspector. He could even be a clergyman...

Boggis ordered a large quantity of superior cards on which the following legend was engraved:

The Reverend Cyril Winnington Boggis
President of the Society for the Preservation of Rare Furniture
In association with The Victoria and Albert Museum

From now on, every Sunday, he was going to be a nice old parson travelling around on a labour of love for the 'Society,' compiling an inventory of the treasure that lay hidden in country homes. The scheme worked. In

fact, it became a lucrative business. And now it was another Sunday. Boggis parked some distance from the gates of his first house, the Queen Anne. He never liked his car to be seen until a deal was made. A dear old clergyman and a large station-wagon never seemed quite right together. But there was nothing of value in the house.

At the next stop, no one was home. The third, a farmhouse, was back in the fields. It looked rambling and dirty. He didn't hold out much hope for it. Three men were standing in the yard. When they caught sight of the small, pot-bellied man in his black suit and parson's collar they stopped talking and watched him suspiciously. The farm owner was a stumpy man with small shifty eyes whose name was Rummins. The youth beside him was his son Bert. The short man with broad shoulders named Claude, was a neighbour.

"And what exactly might you be wanting?" Rummins asked.

Boggis explained at some length the aims and ideals of the 'Society for Preservation of Rare Furniture'. "We don't have any," said Rummins "You're wasting your time." "Now just a minute, sir," Boggis said, raising a finger. "The last man who said that to me was an old farmer in Sussex, and when he finally let me into his house, d'you know what I found? A dirty-looking old chair in the kitchen that turned out to be worth four hundred pounds! I showed him how he could sell it, and he bought himself a tractor with the money. Rummins shifted uneasily on his feet. "Well", "he said, "there's no harm taking a look." He led the way into an exceedingly filthy living-room.

And there it was! Boggis saw it at once and gasped. He stood staring for ten seconds at least, not daring to believe what he saw before him. It couldn't be true!

At that point, Boggis became aware of the three men watching him intently. They had seen him gasp and stare. In a flash, Boggis staggered to the chair and collapsed into it, breathing heavily.

"What's the matter?" Claude asked

"It's nothing," he gasped. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"I thought may be you were looking at something," Rummins said.

"No, no," Boggis said. "It's just my heart. It happens every now and then. I'll be all right."

He must have time to think he told himself. Take it gently, Boggis. Keep calm, these people may be ignorant but they are not stupid. And if it is really true...

To a layman what he had seen might not have appeared particularly impressive, covered as it was with dirty white paint but it was a dealer's dream. Boggis knew that among the most coveted examples of eighteenth century English furniture are three pieces known as "The Chippendale Commodes."

A trifle unsteadily, Boggis began to move around the room examining the other furniture, one piece at a time. Apart from the commode it was a very poor lot.

"Nice oak table," he said. "Not old enough to be of any interest. This chest of drawers." Boggis walked casually past the commode. "Worth a few pounds, I dare say. A crude reproduction, I'm afraid."

"That's a strong bit of furniture", Rummins said. "Some nice carving on it too."

"Machine-carved," Boggis replied, bending down to examine the exquisite craftsmanship. He began to saunter off, frowning as though in deep thought. "You know what?" he said, looking back at the commode. "I've wanted a set of legs something like that for a long time. I've got a table in my own home, and when I moved house, the movers damaged the legs. I'm very fond of that table. I keep my Bible and sermon notes on it."

He paused, stroking his chin. "These legs on your chest of drawers could be cut off and fixed on to my table."

"What you mean to say is you'd like to buy it," Rummins said.

"Well. . . it might be a bit too much trouble. It's not worth it."

"How much were you thinking of offering?" Rummins asked. "Not much, I'm afraid. You see, this is not a genuine antique. I'm not so sure." Rummins said. "It's been in here over 20 years, I bought it at the Manor

House when the old Squire died. Bert, where's that old bill you once found at the back of one of the drawers." "You mean this?" Bert lifted out a piece of folded yellowing paper from one of the drawers and carried it over to his father.

"You can't tell me this writing ain't awfully old." Rummins said, holding the paper out to Boggis, whose arm was shaking as he took it. It was brittle and it crackled slightly between his fingers. The writing was in a long sloping copper plate hand.

Edward Montagu, Esq

Debtor To Thos Chippendale :

A large Mahogany Commode Table of exceeding fine wood, very rich carved set upon fluted legs, two very neat shaped long drawers in the middle part and two ditto on each side, with rich chased Brass Handles and Ornaments the whole completely finished in the most exquisite. . . 87 pounds

Boggis was fighting to suppress his excitement. With the invoice, the value had climbed even higher. What in heaven's name would it fetch now – twelve thousand pounds, fourteen? Maybe fifteen or even twenty?

He tossed the paper contemptuously on to the table and said quietly, "It's exactly what I thought, a Victorian reproduction. This is simply the invoice that the seller gave to his client."

"Listen, Parson," Rummins said, "how can you be so sure it's a fake? You haven't even seen it underneath all that paint."

"Has anyone got a knife?" asked Boggis

Claude produced a pocket-knife. Working with apparent casualness, Boggis began chipping the paint off a small area on top of the commode. "Take a look."

It was beautiful – a warm little patch of mahogany glowing like a topaz, rich and dark with the true colour of its two hundred years.

"What's wrong with it?" Rummins asked.

"It's processed! Without the slightest doubt this wood has been processed with lime. That's what they use for mahogany, to give it that dark aged colour. Look closely. That touch of orange in among the dark red-brown is the sign of lime."

"How much would you give?" Rummins asked.

Boggis looked at the commode, frowned and shrugged his shoulders, "I think ten pounds would be fair."

"Ten Pounds!" Rummins cried. "Don't be ridiculous, Parson. Look at the bill! It tells you exactly what it cost. Eighty-seven pounds! Now it's antique. It's worth double!"

"If you'll pardon me, no, sir, it's not. It's a second-hand reproduction. But I'll tell you what, I'll go as high as fifteen pounds."

"Make it fifty," Rummins said.

"My dear man," Boggis said softly, "I only want the legs. The rest of it is firewood, that's all."

"Make it thirty-five," Rummins said.

"I couldn't sir, I couldn't! I'll make you one final offer. Twenty pounds."

"I'll take it," Rummins snapped. "Oh, dear," Boggis said. "I shouldn't have started this."

"You can't back out now. Parson. A deal's a deal."

"Yes. Yes, I know. Perhaps if I got my car, you gentlemen would be kind enough to help me load it."

Boggis found it difficult not to break into a run. But clergymen never run they walk slowly. Walk slowly Boggis, keep calm, Boggis, There's no hurry now. The commode is yours.

Back in the farmhouse, Rummins was saying, "Fancy him giving me twenty pound for a load of junk like this."

"You did very nicely. Mr. Rummins", Claude told him. "You think he will pay you?"

"We don't put it in the car till he do."

"And what if it won't go in the car?" Claude asked. "He'll just say the hell with it and drive off."

Rummins paused to consider this alarming prospect.

“I’ve got an idea,” Claude went on. “He told us that it was only the legs he was wanting. So all we got to do is cut ‘em off, then it’ll be sure to go in the car. All we’re doing is saving him the trouble of cutting them off when he gets home.”

“A great good idea,” Rummins said, looking at the commode. Within a couple of minutes, Claude and Bert had carried the commode outside and Claude went to work with the saw. When all the legs were severed. Bert arranged them carefully in a row.

Claude stepped back to survey the results. “Just let me ask you one question, Mr Rummins,” he said slowly. “Even now, could you put that enormous thing into a car?”

“Not unless it was a van.”

“Correct!” Claude cried. “And parsons don’t have vans. All they’ve got usually is piddling little Morris Eights or Austin Sevens.”

“The legs is all he wants,” Rummins said. “If the rest of it won’t go in then he can leave it. He can’t complain. He’s got the legs.”

“Now you know better than that, Mr. Rummins,” Claude said patiently. “You know very well he’s going to start. Knocking the price if he don’t get every single bit of this into the car. So why don’t we give him his firewood now and be done with it.”

“Fair enough,” Rummins said. “Bert, fetch the axe.”

It was hard work, and it took several minutes before Claude had the whole thing more or less smashed to pieces.”

“I’ll tell you one thing,” he said straightening up, wiping his brow “That was a really good carpenter put this job together and I don’t care what the Parson says.”

“We’re just in time,” Rummins called out. “Here he comes.”

Glossary

sinister (adj) suggesting evil intent **inlay** (n) decoration made by fitting pieces of wood, stone and metal
dilapidated (adj) in a very bad condition **mansions** (n) large and imposing houses **engraved** (v) carved or cut into a block used for printing or print from such a block **inventory** (n) a detailed list of all the items in stock
lucrative (adj) producing a sizeable profit **stumpy** (adj) short and thick **layman** (n) someone who is not a clergyman or a professional person **Chippendale** (n) (Thomas Chippendale) A British cabinetmaker remembered for his graceful designs **commodes** (n) here, a tall elegant chest of drawers **saunter off** walk leisurely and with no apparent aim **fluted** (v) in the shape of a flute **chased** (v) here, cut a groove into **contemptuously** (adv) in a disdainful manner **chipping** (v) (here), scraping **severed** (adj) detached by cutting **piddling** (adj) small and of little importance **smashed** (v) broken into pieces, as by striking or knocking over

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentences.

1. What was Cyril Boggis’s profession?

(a) Clergyman

(b) Countryman

(c) Dealer in antique furniture

(d) Woodcutter

2. How old was the large oak armchair which was decorated with floral design?

(a) a hundred years

(b) King George’s time

(c) seven centuries old

(d) seventeenth century

3. What was the most coveted example of eighteenth century English furniture known as?
(a) the armchair (b) the chippendale commodes
(c) the dining table (d) the oak table
4. The touch of orange in among the dark red-brown is the sign of
(a) dressing table (b) lime
(c) mahogany (d) topaz
5. 'Boggis staggered to the chair and collapsed.' The word 'staggered' here means _____.
(a) breathed heavily (b) breathed with difficulty
(c) walked briskly (d) walked with difficulty

B. Answer the following questions.

1. Why would Boggis frequently go to the countryside?
2. Which 'scheme' does Boggis refer to?
3. Describe negotiation skills of Boggis with reference to 'The Chippendale Commodes.'
4. Does Mr. Boggis get what he wants at the end of the story? Explain.
5. Bring out the humour reflected in the story.



Introduction

Thomas Loren Friedman (1953-) is an American journalist and author. He writes extensively on foreign affairs, global trade, the Middle East, globalisation and environmental issues. He has won the prestigious Pulitzer Prize three times.

We human beings use all the natural resources for our needs. In the process we are involved in innumerable activities that cause irreparable damage to nature, upsetting the balance that existed in the past. Read (**Out of Africa**) to know what this columnist has to say....

Ndiamaguene, SENEGAL—I am visiting Ndiamaguene village in the far northwest of Senegal. If I were giving you directions I'd tell you that it's the last stop after the last stop—it's the village after the highway ends, after the paved road ends, after the gravel road ends and after the desert track ends.

Turn left at the last baobab tree.

It's worth the trek, though, if you're looking for the headwaters of the immigration flood now flowing from Africa to Europe via Libya. It starts here.

It begins with a trickle of migrants from a thousand little villages and towns across West Africa like Ndiamaguene, a five-hour drive from the capital, Dakar. I visited with a team working on the documentary 'Years of Living Dangerously,' about the connection between climate change and human migration, which will appear this fall on the National Geographic Channel.

The day we came, April 14, it was 113 degrees—far above the historical average for the day, a crazy level of extreme weather.

But there is an even bigger abnormality in Ndiamaguene, a farming village of mud-brick homes and thatch-roof huts. The village chief gathered virtually everyone in his community to receive us, and they formed a welcoming circle of women in colorful prints and cheerful boys and girls with incandescent smiles, home from school for lunch. But the second you sit down with them you realize that something is wrong with this picture. There are almost no young or middle-aged men in this village of 300. They're gone.

It wasn't disease. They've all hit the road. The village's climate-hammered farmlands can no longer sustain them, and with so many kids—42 percent of Senegal's population is under 14 years old—there are too many mouths to feed from the declining yields. So the men have scattered to the four winds in search of any job that will pay them enough to live on and send some money back to their wives or parents.

This trend is repeating itself all across West Africa, which is why every month thousands of men try to migrate to Europe by boat, bus, foot or plane. Meanwhile, refugees fleeing wars in Syria, Iraq and Afghanistan are doing the same. Together, these two flows pose a huge challenge for the future of Europe.

Tell these young African men that their odds of getting to Europe are tiny and they will tell you, as one did me, that when you don't have enough money to buy even an aspirin for your sick mother, you don't calculate the odds. You just go.

"We are mostly farmers, and we depend on farming, but it is not working now," the village chief, Ndiougu Ndiaye, explained to me in Wolof, through a translator. "After a series of on/off droughts in the 1970s and 1980s, the weather patterns stabilized a bit, until about 10 years ago", The chief added, "Then, the weather got really weird. The rainy season used to always begin in June and run to October. Now the first rains might not start until August, then they stop for a while, leaving fields to dry out, and then they begin again. But they come back as torrential downpours that create floods. "So whatever you plant, the crops get spoiled." "You reap no profits."

The chief, who gave his age as 70 but didn't know for sure, could remember one thing for certain: When he was young he could walk out to his fields any time during the planting season "and your feet would sink into" the moist earth. "The soil was slippery and oily and it would stick to your legs and feet and you would have to scrape it off." Now, he said, picking up a fistful of hot sand, the soil "is like a powder— it is not living anymore."

Has he ever heard of something called "climate change"? I asked. "We heard about it on the radio, and we have seen it with our own eyes," he answered.

The temperature is different. The winds are different. They're hot when they should be cold.

The chief's impressions are not wrong. Senegal's national weather bureau says that from 1950 to 2015, the average temperature in the country rose two degrees celsius, much faster than anticipated, and since 1950, the average annual rainfall has declined by about 50 millimeters (about two inches). So the men of Ndiamaguene have no choice but to migrate to bigger towns or out of the country.

The lucky few find ways to get smuggled into Spain or Germany, via Libya. Libya was like a cork on Africa, and when the U.S. and NATO toppled the Libyan dictator, but did not put troops on the ground to help secure a new order, they essentially uncorked Africa, creating a massive funnel through chaotic Libya to the Mediterranean coast.

The less lucky find work in Dakar or Libya or Algeria or Mauritania, and the least lucky get marooned somewhere along the way—caught in the humiliating twilight of having left and gained nothing and having nothing to return to. This is creating more and more tempting recruiting targets for jihadist groups like Boko Haram, which can offer a few hundred dollars a month.

The chief introduced me to Mayoro Ndiaeye, the father of a boy who left to find work. "My son left for Libya one year ago, and since then we have no news—no telephone, nothing," he explained. "He left a wife and two children. He was a tile fixer. After he made some money [in the nearby town] he went to Mauritania and then to Niger and then up to Libya. But we have not heard from him since."

The father started to tear up. These people live so close to the edge. One reason they have so many children is that the offspring are a safety net for aging parents. But the boys are all leaving and the edge is getting even closer.

Which means they are losing the only thing they were rich in: a deep sense of community. Here, you grow up with your family, parents look after children and children then look after parents, and everyone eats and lives together.

But now with the land no longer producing enough, "everyone has a [male] family member who has had to leave," said the chief. "When I was young, everyone in the family was together... The mother would be in the house and the man would go to the farm. And everyone stayed with their family, and now it is not what it used to be. I am afraid of losing my community, because my people can't live here anymore."

Africa has always had migrants, but this time is different. There are so many more people and so much less natural capital—Lake Chad alone has lost 90 percent of its water—and with cellphones everyone can see a better world in Europe.

Gardens or walls? It's really not a choice. We have to help them fix their gardens because no walls will keep them home.

Glossary

incandescent (adj.) bright **climate hammered** affected due to climate

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. '... It was 113 degrees-far above the historical average for the day.' The line suggests _____.
(a) extremely hot weather (b) moderate climate condition
(c) pleasant climate (d) record setting weather
2. The writer found that _____ were missing from the village.
(a) good social manners (b) infrastructural facilities
(c) sustainable farmlands (d) young or middle aged men
3. _____ is not the reason for crops getting spoilt.
(a) The dried out fields (b) The irregularity of rainy season
(c) The moist earth (d) The torrential downpours
4. The concept of having more children has evolved due to _____.
(a) children leaving home (b) children taking care of parents
(c) social taboos (d) social traditions
5. The father in this article is afraid of losing his _____.
(a) community (b) family
(c) farmland (d) son

B. Answer the following questions.

1. What was wrong with the picture according to the writer?
2. Write in your own words the description of Ndiomagune at the beginning of the article.
3. How has climate change affected the family ? Compare the soil then and now.
4. Explain the plight of the 'least lucky'.
5. Why have the men left their villages?
6. In what way is Europe going to be affected in the future?



Introduction

A teacher remains in the memory of students, long after they have left their educational institutions. Read **My Most Unforgettable Guru**, published in a leading magazine to know about these personal experiences.

The Guiding Light

By Dr. Padma Jha

As standard IV students in Patna’s Notre dame Academy, we were assigned a composition: “The Person I Admire the Most.” My classmates chose Gandhiji or Pandit Nehru. *How can I write about them when I’ve never seen them?* I wondered. I shared my dilemma with Sister Mary Laurette, the English teacher.

“Whom do you want to write about, honey?” she queried.

“Mira Didi”, I said. My elder sister Mira was an excellent student.

“Why not?” Sister Mary Laurette replied encouragingly. I earned a “Very good” for my composition.

Do you think Sister Mary Laurette expects Padma to be equally clever like her sister?

An American nun who’d been in India for years, she was tall with beautiful light eyes and always impeccable in her spotless white habit. There was a cross around her neck and rosary beads clicked softly as she walked by. She taught in unique ways. For maths class, she’d pretend she was a shopkeeper and the students her customers. We’d pay for ‘goodies’ with matchsticks and pebbles, having fun as we learnt.

In standard VI, she tried to teach us Hindi songs but we giggled at her accent. She was embarrassed, but didn’t scold us. She just left the class, but soon returned happily and taught us an English lullaby. In 1970, when an anti-English fanatic once threw tar during an *Angrezi Hatao Andolan* agitation, she remained serene. “Don’t worry”, she said, “I’ll just go back and change.”

A stickler for perfection, she detested tardiness and untidiness. “Take a needle and thread and bring the torn sides together!” she’d exclaim if she saw a hole in our socks. “Don’t leave everything to your mothers!”

She had a strong sense of justice. Once after I’d got into some mischief, my history teacher was reprimanding me outside Sister’s office-she was now the Principal. When I was unfavourably compared to Mira Didi, Sister Mary Laurette emerged.

“Mira is Mira and Padma is Padma,” she gently told the teacher. “Let’s not forget that.”

When I was in Standard IX, we were to have special craft classes with materials from the US. The hefty craft fees were beyond my family’s budget. I went to Sister. “Don’t worry”, she said soothingly. “You are exempt from craft fees, my child.”

I kept in touch with Sister Mary Laurette for many years, even after I married and moved. She returned to the US and, eventually, we lost touch. Now a Principal, I try to emulate Sister Laurette every day, hoping to do justice to her legacy.

The Optimist

By Dr. Ali Khwaja

Our school’s physical education teacher and scoutmaster, Mr Clarence Patabhi, had come as a substitute for our 10th standard class teacher for a day. To keep 40 boisterous boys engaged, he started off with “Tell me, what would you like to be one day when you’ve fulfilled all your ambitions?”

Most 15-year-olds of my generation didn't have plans for the next year, let alone for life. "Engineer, sir," someone said.

"Good! But what do you want to achieve in the long years of your engineering career?" Silence.

"I want to be the richest business man in the city," said another.

"Fine," Mr Pattabhi accepted. "But what business would you like to do?" Silence again. Another classmate admitted: "I don't know sir, I will do whatever my father asks me to."

When my turn came, I must have spoken on impulse: "Sir, I would like to be the President of India." The boys all burst out laughing, but Mr Pattabhi walked over to me. "Stand up," he said. I stood up and froze in horror.

To my surprise, the teacher put his arm around me. "Why are you all laughing?" he asked the class, "Don't you know that any Indian can aspire to become the President? Why can't Ali be the President one day?" Heads went down, the laughing stopped, and I felt ten feet tall!

"Have lofty long-term ambition," Mr Pattabhi said, "and keep setting realistic short-term goals that will take you one step closer to your main goal."

The next day, Mr Pattabhi pulled me aside after the scout session. "Why don't you work hard for the President's Scout award?" Every President Scout used to be honoured personally by the President at Rashtrapati Bhavan – an extraordinary honour. After that, Mr Pattabhi spent hours after class training me. It took more than a year of tests, skill development, camps and service activities-and I made it! In 1967, President Dr Zakir Hussain presented me with a badge and certificate, prized possessions to this day.

I went on to study engineering at IIT Bombay and got a Ph.D. in behavioural sciences. Today, I run a centre that counsels people facing various challenges. I also train people to become counsellors. Of course, you know I haven't become President, not yet. But I haven't given up.

The Caring Headmaster

By Dr. N Gopalkrishnan

When our family shifted to Kumbakonam, Tamil Nadu, in 1951, I started class 10 a month late at the town's Native High School and had to do a lot of catching up. From being a topper, I dropped to below average. I disliked the thatched roof classroom, the noisy street outside and the maths teacher, who kept me standing when I didn't answer his question.

After being punished a few times, I feigned illness and stayed away from school for a whole week. Addressing me as 'the boy who comes to school for a day and is then absent for a week,' the maths teacher asked me another question and I was made to stand again.

I'm not coming back, I decided. For the next three months I played truant. I'd leave home daily with my books and lunch, go to the park or to a temple and while away the time, occasionally studying everything except maths. I'd return home in the evenings and send the monthly school fees through a classmate-until the headmaster, Mr T.V. Swaminatha Iyer, also my English teacher, got suspicious. *The fees are paid regularly*, he wondered, *but where is the boy?*

A strict disciplinarian, Mr Iyer was known as 'The Lion.' One day when I returned home and demanded coffee after *'tiresome day at school'*, the door to the inner room opened and out came my headmaster! I expected a big scolding, maybe even a cane.

How would you have counselled Gopalkrishnan if you had been his principal?

Instead, he listened to my story and gave me a stern parental advice, telling me I could become anything-a teacher, a professor or a scientist- if only I applied myself. Condoning my long absence, he took me to my

class the next day and requested the maths teacher to be kind and supportive. The headmaster then spent time with me everyday after class, reviewing my lessons, lifting my spirits and prodding me on. I started to enjoy school and soon returned to being academically inclined.

I passed high school creditably, and went on to earn my Ph.D. in Chemistry.

I've always remembered this great headmaster for his deep compassionate and caring nature. Others in his place may have dismissed me, given my conduct, but he decided to ask why I behaved that way and worked at a solution. I retired recently after a long teaching career, and, thanks to Guru Iyer, I always try to bring out the best in my students.

The Time Saver

By Charles Chettiar

A teacher was absent one morning in 1993 and we were delighted at getting a free period. Soon the boys of class 5D were throwing paper balls at each other. As this cacophony was being unleashed, in walked Father Simon Borges, smiling, in his pristine white cassock.

Our class grew deathly still we hadn't expected the Principal to walk in on us as we braced ourselves for a well-deserved reprimand, Father Borges spoke coolly. "I'll tell you about a way to save time," he said. "You must have a personal timetable for yourselves too."

For a ten-year-old, it was a new idea, a time table for home! Father Borges went on to draw columns on the blackboard and explain how to formulate a personal timetable. "Study one subject for an hour each day," he said, "Then devote more time for a subject you need to understand better, one you find hard. Then choose your playtime..." I hadn't realised it at that time, but it was an exercise in taking control of our lives, a lesson in order and organization.

As I put the principal's idea to work, it did wonders for an average student like me. Mentally scheduling studies and playtime became a joy in itself, since school got over by 1 pm and I was free the rest of the day. My marks started to move up. Gradually I was at the top of my class.

It didn't happen overnight but, as the years rolled by, a well-defined To-Do list for my whole day became a habit. Using it, I did well in SSC exams and got into engineering college on merit. Later, I started writing short stories, and at age 31 today, I'm half-done with my first novel. The fact that I have a full-time job as an instrumentation engineer doesn't interfere with my writing profession, nor does anything else I do come in the way of my engineering work.

As for Father Borges, he was the one who renovated our St John the Baptist School Church, Thane, and its present bell tower owes its exemplary design to him. Father Borges, now 74, is still happily serving the Archdiocese of Bombay. I recently shifted house to the Mumbai suburb of Kurla, and was amazed to see a plaque bearing the name of Father Simon Borges—a large cemetery here, too was renovated by him! An educator par excellence, I can imagine how his timetables must still be serving him. I often marvel at how a good priest converted a free period, which would have otherwise gone waste, to a part of my very being.

Glossary

condoning (v) (here)ignoring **cacophony** (n) harsh discordant mixture of sounds, an unpleasant mixture of loud sounds **reprimand** (n) formal expression of disapproval, to express to someone your strong official disapproval of them **Archdiocese** (n) the area of which an Archbishop in some Christian Churches is in charge **boisterous** (adj.) noisy, energetic, cheerful **impulse** (n) sudden strong and unreflective urge or desire to act

Activity

Read the lesson carefully.

A. Choose the correct option and rewrite the complete sentence.

1. Mr. Swaminatha Iyer got suspicious because _____.
 - a) Gopalkrishna attended school
 - b) the boy didn't attend school
 - c) the boy was at home
 - d) the fees were paid regularly
2. Who has been called 'an educator par excellence' and 'a good priest'?
 - a) Father Borges
 - b) Mery Laurette
 - c) Mr. Swaminathya Iyer
 - d) Padma Jha
3. Whom did Padma Jha admire at a very young age?
 - a) Gandhiji
 - b) Her elder sister Mira
 - c) Pandit Nehru
 - d) Sister Mary Laurette
4. When Mr.Pattabhi came to know about Ali's ambition to be the President of India he _____.
 - a) suggested to him not to have long term ambition.
 - b) suggested to him to work hard for a President's Scout Award.
 - c) told him to keep setting realistic short-term goal.
 - d) told him to have long term ambition.
5. Why do you think students here remember their teachers ?
 - a) For having taught them lessons of their life.
 - b) For their compassion and love.
 - c) For their dressing style.
 - d) For their knowledge.

B. Answer the following questions.

1. 'Sister Laurette' had a strong sense of justice'. Illustrate.
2. In what way does Dr.Padma Jha give justice to the legacy of Sister Laurrett ?
3. 'Teacher's appreciation plays a major role in developing the students' career.' Explain with reference to the experience of Dr. Ali Khwaja.
4. What were Mr.Pattabhi's views on goal setting ?
5. Describe Dr. N. Gopalkrishnan's experience at the new school when his family shifted to Kumbakonam.
6. Dr.N.Gopalkrishnan says, 'I always try to bring out the best in my students.' Elaborate.
7. Draw a pen-portrait of Father Simon Borges.
8. How did time management help Charles Chettiar?

