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Prescribed Books: Published by NCERT, New Delhi

- BEEHIVE - Textbook for class IX
- MOMENTS - Supplementary Reader for Class IX
- WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS - Workbook in English for Class IX

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (Code No. 184) Course (2019-20) CLASS IX	
Textbooks	
Literature Reader	
PROSE (Beehive)	
1. The Fun They Had	7. Packing
2. The Sound of Music	8. Reach for the Top
3. The Little Girl	9. The Bond of Love
4. A Truly Beautiful Mind	10. Kathmandu
5. The Snake and the Mirror	11. If I were you
6. My Childhood	
POETRY	
1. The Road Not Taken	6. No Men Are Foreign
2. Wind	7. The Duck and the Kangaroo
3. Rain on the Roof	8. On Killing a Tree
4. The Lake Isle of Innisfree	9. The Snake Trying
5. A Legend of the Northland	10. A Slumber did My Spirit Seal
SUPPLEMENTARY READER (Moments)	
1. The Lost Child	6. Weathering the Storm in Ersama
2. The Adventures of Toto	7. The Last leaf
3. Iswaran the Storyteller	8. A House is Not a Home
4. In the Kingdom of Fools	9. The Accidental Tourist
5. The Happy Prince	10. The Beggar

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**ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (Code No. 184)
SYLLABUS CLASS - IX (2019-20)
SECTION - WISE WEIGHTAGE**

Section	Total Weightage 80
A Reading Skills	20
B Writing Skills with Grammar	30
C Literature Textbook and Supplementary Reading Text	30
Total	80

The annual examination will be of 80 marks, with duration of three hours.

SECTION A: READING 20 Marks

This section will have two reading passages

Q.1: A Factual passage 300-350 words with eight Very Short Answer type Questions. 8 marks

Q. 2: A Discursive passage of 350-400 words with four Short Answer type Questions to test inference, evaluation and analysis with four Very Short Answer Questions to test vocabulary. 12 marks

SECTION B: WRITING AND GRAMMAR 30 Marks

Q. 3: Writing an Article/ Descriptive Paragraph (person/ place/ event/ diary entry) in about 100-150 words based on visual or verbal cue/s. The questions will be thematically based on the prescribed books. 8 marks

Q. 4: Writing a short story based on a given outline or cue/s in about 150 - 200 words. 10 marks

Q. 5: Gap filling with one or two words to test Prepositions, Articles, Conjunctions and Tenses. 4 marks

Q. 6: Editing or omission 4 marks

Q. 7: Sentences reordering or sentence transformation in context. 4 marks

SECTION C: LITERATURE TEXTBOOKS 30 Marks

Q. 8. One out of two extracts from prose/ poetry/ play for reference to the context. Four Very Short Answer Questions: two questions of one mark each on global comprehension and two questions of one mark each on interpretation. (1x4=4 marks)

Q.9. Five Short Answer Type Questions from BEEHIVE AND MOMENTS (3 questions from BEEHIVE and 2 questions from MOMENTS) to test local and global comprehension of theme and ideas (30-40 words each) (2x5 = 10 marks)

Q.10. One out two long answer type questions from the book BEEHIVE to assess Creativity, imagination and extrapolation beyond the text and across the texts. (100-150 words) (8 marks)

Q.11. One out of two Long Answer Questions from the book MOMENTS on theme or plot involving interpretation, extrapolation beyond the text and inference or character sketch in about 100-150 words. (8 marks)

CLASS IX ASSESSMENT

TERM 1	ASSESEMENT	MARKS	TOTAL
	Term Examination	80	80
	Unit Test 1	40	10
	Listening & Speaking Skills Assessment: Answering questions based on an audio & speaking on a chosen topic	20	5
	Homework/Assignments/Regularity/Class Response etc.	5	5
TERM 2	ASSESSMENT	MARKS	TOTAL
	Term Examination	80	80
	Unit Test 2	40	10
	Listening & Speaking Skills Assessment: Answering questions based on an audio & speaking on a chosen topic (January-February 2018)	20	5
	Homework/Assignments/Regularity/Class Response etc.	5	5

**RUBRICS FOR ASSESSMENT****1. Notebook Assessment guidelines and Rubrics**

Before you hand in your work please check the following:

- Index is on the first page
- Date is on the top left
- Name of the chapter is underlined
- Questions and answers are numbered properly
- Adequate space is left between two answers

- Diagrams are drawn and labeled properly

You will be assessed on your notebooks according to the following rubric:

Weightage of marks	Parameters
1	Regularity –Submission on time
1	Neatness and Presentation (as per the checklist given above)
1	Content <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Quality of work • Independently completed task • Correction and follow up work after every task
2	Subject Specific Parameters (Right format, Cohesion in answers, Accuracy of Language, Adherence to word limit)

2. ASL (5 Marks)

Listening Skills (2.5 Marks)

An audio recording will be played and on the basis of their understanding of it, the students will complete a worksheet that will be given to them at the beginning of the assessment. The recording will be played twice.

RUBRICS FOR ASSESSMENT

Each correct answer	Total
(0.5m)	(2.5m)

Speaking Skills (2.5 Marks)

ASL

Speaking and Listening Skills (Pair interaction)

The students, in pairs, will be given a list of topics on a day in advance. Each pair will have to speak for 2 minutes each as well as pose one relevant question to their partner, which will be answered by the other.

RUBRICS FOR ASSESSMENT

<u>Grammar:</u> Express ideas and responses with ease in proper sentences (0.5m)	<u>Pronunciation:</u> Clear and easy to understand (0.5m)	<u>Vocabulary:</u> rich, precise and impressive vocabulary words used (0.5m)	<u>Comprehension:</u> able to comprehend and respond to all of the questions and the topic being discussed with ease. (0.5m)
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Recommended Reading List

1. Philida By André Brink
2. A Man Called Ove By Fredrik Backman
3. Elephant Whisperer By Lawrence Anthony
4. My Brilliant Friend (The Neopolitan Novels)- Elena Ferrante
5. The Book Thief By Markus Zusak
6. Room By Emma Donoghue
7. The White Tiger By Aravind Adiga
8. I'd Rather Wear Pyjamas By Chelsea Walker Flagg
9. The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time by Mark Haddon
10. Steve Jobs by Walter Isaacson
11. A Brief History Of Time-Stephen Hawking
12. To Kill A Mocking Bird - Harper Lee
13. City of Djinn- William Dalrymple
14. How To Find Love in A Bookshop By Veronica Henry
15. Fried Green Tomatoes At The Whistle Stop Cafe By Fannie Flagg
16. My Sister's Keeper by Jodi Picoult
17. The Moonstone- Wilkie Collins
18. The Strike Series by Robert Galbraith
19. The Goldfinch by Donna Tartt
20. Pope Joan-Donna Woolfolk Cross
21. The Lady of the Rivers - Philippa Gregory
22. The Godfather - Mario Puzo
23. To Kill A Mocking Bird - Harper Lee
24. Emma- Jane Austen
25. Gone With The Wind - Margaret Mitchell.
26. The Murder of Roger Ackroyd- Agatha Christie
27. Les Miserables - Victor Hugo
28. Inferno- Dan Brown
29. The Hobbit - J. R. Tolkien
30. The Murders in the Rue Morgue - Edgar Allan Poe
31. Daddy Long Legs- Jean Webster
32. Joy in the Morning - P G Wodehouse
33. The Help-Kathryn Stockett
34. Chanakya's Chant- Ashwin Sanghi
35. Life of Pi by Yann Martel
36. The Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins
37. Not Without My Daughter- Betty Mahmoody
38. The Colour of Water- James McBride
39. Luka and the Fire of Life- Salman Rushdie
40. The Nine-chambered Heart- Janice Pariat
41. The Princess Bride By William Goldman
42. The Keeper Of Lost Things By Ruth Hogan
43. The Secret Life Of Bees By Sue Monk Kidd
44. The Clifton Chronicles (7 book series) by Jeffrey Archer
45. The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole by Sue Townsend
46. The Perks of Being a Wallflower by Stephen Chbosky
47. The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini

48. Rebecca by Daphne du Maurier
49. Holes by Louis Sachar
50. The Joy Luck Club by Amy Tan



READING**I. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow:**

1. It is rare to find someone with good technical and communication skills. You can get far ahead of your colleagues if you combine the two early in your career. People will judge, evaluate, promote or block you based on your communication skills. Since habits form by repeating both good and bad forms of communication, learn to observe great communicators and adopt their styles and traits – in written and verbal forms. The art of listening and learning from each and every interaction, is another secret recipe. Develop the subconscious habit of listening to yourself as you speak and know when to pause.
2. Learning what not to say is probably more important than learning what to say. As your career develops, you will realise that the wise speak less. Speak when you have value to add, else refrain. Poorly constructed emails with grammatical errors are acceptable between friends, but they should be seriously avoided while communicating formally with your seniors. Avoid any communication in an emotional state when you might say things you will regret later. One unnecessary word uttered at the wrong time or place can ruin a relationship, career or even your life. Such is the power of words. If such a thing happens, you should immediately apologise, else it may haunt you for life.
3. Another problem to overcome is speaking too fast. Since our minds are working faster than our speech, we are inclined to speak fast. This does not necessarily mean that the person hearing it will get it any faster. On the contrary, it is always the reverse. So slow down, and think before you speak. “When I get ready to speak to people.” Abraham Lincoln said, “I spend two-thirds of the time thinking what they want to hear and one-third thinking what I want to say.” Adding humour and wit is also essential. But realise that not all jokes are funny and observe certain boundaries. Never say anything that could offend. Remember you are not a comedian who must offend as many people as you can to be witty.

On the basis of your reading of the above passage answer the following questions briefly:

Q.1 Why is it necessary to have good communication skills?

Q.2 How can communication skills be developed?

Q.3 What according to the writer, should be avoided while communicating?

Q.4 Why should you be careful when you tend to be humorous?

Choose the most appropriate meanings of the given words from the options provided:

(a) evaluate (para 1)

(i) estimate

(ii) assume

(iii) punish

(iv) evolve

(b) trait (para 1)

(i) treaty

(ii) trail

(iii) quality

(iv) liberty

(c) utter (para 2)

(i) flatter

(ii) speak

(iii) rot

(iv) unique

(d) haunt (para 2)

(i) hunt

(ii) chant

(iii) trouble

(iv) avoid

2. Read the passage given below and answer the questions that follow :

Chess is called the game of kings. It has been around for a long time. People have been playing it for over 500 years. The chess we play today is from Europe. Chess is a two - player game. One player uses the white pieces. The other uses the black pieces. Each piece moves in a special way. One piece is called the king. Each player has one. The players take turns moving their pieces. If a player lands on a piece, he or she takes it. The game ends when a player loses his or her king. There are a few more rules, but these are the basics.

Some people think that chess is more than a game. They think that it makes the mind stronger. Good chess players use their brains. They take their time. They think about what will happen next. These skills are useful in life and in chess. Chess is like a workout for the brain.

You don't always have lots of time to think when playing chess. There is a type of chess with short time limits. It's called blitz chess. In blitz chess, each player gets ten minutes to use for the whole game. Your clock runs during your turn. You hit the time clock after your move. This stops your clock. It also starts the other player's clock. If you run out of time, you lose. Games of blitz chess are fast - paced.

Chess is not just for people. Computers have been playing chess since the 1970s. At first they did not play well. They made mistakes. As time went on they grew stronger. In 1997, a computer beat the best player in the world for the first time. It was a computer called Deep Blue. Deep Blue was big. It took up a whole room. By 2006 a cell phone could beat the best players in the world. Chess sure has come a long way. Don't you think so?

(a) How does a game of chess end?

(b) How is playing chess good for people?

(c) How is chess more than a game?

(d) How is blitz chess different from regular chess?

(e) If it's your turn in blitz chess, what happens when you hit the clock?

(f) What is the main idea of the fourth paragraph?

(g) When did a computer first beat a strong human player in chess?

(h) How have computer chess programs changed over time?

3. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow:

Like all bad news and the common cold, allergies can pop up when you least expect them. I've been there, having suddenly developed an allergy to crocin (paracetamol) some years ago after having had it all my life to treat everything from headaches to fever and toothache. A seafood-loving friend found himself unable to breathe after having Thai food for dinner. A battery of expensive tests later, he was told that the tightness was not caused by a heart attack but by an allergy to shellfish something he ate once a week and had never reacted to before.

A stuffed or drippy nose, frequent sneezing, an itchy throat, rash, sinus, ear pain, difficulty in breathing, stomach cramps, and itchy, red or watery eyes are some of the common symptoms of an allergic reaction. Pollen dust, polluted outdoor air and indoor pollutants such as dust mites, animal dander, cigarette smoke and mould are among the common environmental pollutants, while other triggers include medicines, paints and chemicals in cleaners and cosmetics such as hair color and skin creams. Among foods, eight allergens amount to 90% of food allergies: milk, soy, wheat, egg, peanut, tree nuts, fish and shellfish.

Most of us wrongly believe that people with allergies are either born with the condition or develop identifiable symptoms in early childhood. You couldn't be more wrong. An allergy can occur at any time in your life and experts say its prevalence among adults is rising. While most people who develop allergies as adults have experienced some allergic reaction- either to the same or an unrelated trigger- before, a few have no history of sensitivity. In an acute immune reaction, the allergy trigger may be one but the symptoms are usually caused by a combination of factors. Stress, a sterile environment that prevents the body from developing a robust natural immunity and lifestyle-induced changes in the body's hormonal balance are thought to be some triggers. This is borne out by clinical evidence that shows that women are more likely to develop allergies at puberty, after pregnancy and at menopause, all of which point to hormonal causes.

Of course, avoiding the allergy trigger and taking an anti- allergy as soon as you can after exposure to an allergen is the best possible protection. Since pollen levels peak in the morning, people with breathing airway sensitivity or asthma should postpone outdoor exercises to later in the day or stick to exercising indoors as deeper and more rapid breathing induced by aerobic exercise causes more pollen and dust being inhaled which can wreck your airways and lungs. Since air pollutants tend to stick to clothes and hair, changing your clothes and washing your hair before going to bed lowers exposure.

Allergies in adults can be treated by using anti-allergy medicines. For those who do not respond to standard treatment, there's always the option of a series of allergy shots to help the immune system to build up a tolerance to the allergy. In most cases, though identifying and avoiding the allergen is enough to stay free of trouble.

Based on your reading of the passage, answer the following questions:

1. What are the common symptoms of an allergy?

2. What all can trigger an allergy? Mention triggers of all given categories.

3. What is an acute immune reaction?

4. How can you prevent yourself from getting allergies?

Answer the following by choosing the most appropriate option:

1. The opposite of '**expensive**': (para 1)

(a) Costly (b) cheap (c) rare (d) less

2. What do understand by '**trigger**' in para 3:

(a) Set off (b) set from (c) set to (d) set up

3. The word '**prevalence**' in para 3 means:

(a) Avalanche (b) occurrence (c) unexpected (d) unfulfilling

4. The word '**wreck**' in para 4 means :

(a) Save (b) sink (c) ruin (d) rack

4. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow:

Yet, the whole incident is ironical. I must thank Mr Tarapore for making me twice as determined to be a fast bowler. I have never forgotten that taunting tone of his, 'There are no fast bowlers in India. Ha!'

The problem of choosing the right diet was to come up again soon in my life. And how differently my family handled it! My first coach, Mr Desh Prem Azad, had come home once and informed my parents that I had the potential to be a pace bowler and that more care should be paid towards my diet. He recommended that I should drink a lot of milk and eat a lot of butter and other dairy products in order to gain physical strength. My father went out the next day and bought a buffalo! This was encouragement of the highest order. That buffalo was tied in the courtyard of our timber shop and there was not a day in my early life when an extra glass of milk was not available when I needed it. Such a gesture, coming from a man who knew nothing of sports, was indeed touching. The more I think of my father these days the more I admire him and respect him for what he did for me and how readily he did it. For a reasonably wealthy man, one buffalo might not have meant much but to take the trouble to go and buy one and 'park' it needed nobility of character and I am proud to say my father had that quality.

My brothers encouraged me a great deal too. They knew what cricket was. Romesh had studied only up to Matriculation before joining the family business. He had played some sports in his life but his heroes had been wrestlers. I don't mean it as a disrespect for him but I mention it only to bring out what Chandigarh was like in those days. It was still only a little more than a village.

It was Bhushan who represented the University in football and cricket and, in fact, led the cricket team too. He believed in giving the ball a whack or two and in our area he was a hero- the batsman who loved to hit the ball. And I can tell you he was fairly consistent too. He had much to do towards shaping my attitudes towards cricket and particularly towards batting. Bhushan too went into the family business after getting a degree in law.

What I appreciated most in my brothers was the selfless way in which they encouraged me to pursue my goals in cricket. They always said to me- 'You go ahead and play as long as you want to and we will look after the family business.' That was really nice of them. And we have always been a close knit family. After all, to both of them I was not Kapil Dev, the cricket super star but just Kapil, their kid brother.

Based on your reading of the passage, answer the following questions:

1. To whom is the author grateful and why?

2. What is ironical about the whole incident?

3. What influence did Kapil Dev's coach have on his diet?

4. What was the 'encouragement of the highest order'?

5. What does the author acknowledge about his father's character?

6. Why does the author say that 'I don't mean it as a disrespect' while mentioning that Romesh idolized wrestling?

7. What sporting talent did Bhushan have to his credit?

8. What does the author appreciate about his brothers?

5. Read the following passage and answer the questions that follow:

The habit of reading is one of the greatest resources of mankind; and we enjoy reading books that belong to us much more than if they are borrowed. A borrowed book is a guest in the house; it must be treated with punctiliousness, with certain considerate formality. You must see that it sustains no damage; it must not suffer while under your roof. You cannot turn down the pages, you cannot use it familiarly. And then, someday, although this is seldom done, you really ought to return it.

But your own books belong to you; you treat them with that affectionate intimacy that annihilates formality. Books are for use, not for show; you should own no book that you afraid to mark up, or afraid to place on the table, wide open, and face down. A good reason for marking favorite passages in books is that this practice enables you to remember more easily the significant sayings, to refer to them quickly, and then in later years, it is like visiting a forest where you once blazed a trail. You have the pleasure of going over old ground, and recalling both the intellectual scenery and your own earlier self.

Everyone should begin collecting a private library in youth; the instinct of private property, which is fundamental in human beings, can be cultivated with every advantage and no evils. One should have one's own bookshelves, which should not have doors, glass windows, or keys; they should be free and accessible to the hand as well as to the eye. The best of mural decorations are in books; they are more varied in colour and appearance than any wallpaper, they are more attractive in design, and they have the prime advantage of being separate personalities so that if you sit alone in the room containing six thousand books; and I have a stock answer to the invariable question that comes from strangers. "Have you read all of these books?" "Some of them twice." This reply is both true and unexpected. There are of course no friends like living, breathing, corporeal men and women; my devotion to reading has never made me a recluse. How could it? Books are of the people, by the people, for the people. Literature is the immortal part of history; it is the best and more enduring part of personality. But book-friends have this advantage over living friends; you can enjoy the most truly aristocratic

society in the world whenever you want it. The great dead are beyond our physical reach and the great living are usually almost as inaccessible; as for our personal friends and acquaintances, we cannot always see them. Perchance they are asleep, or away on a journey. But in a private library, you can at any moment converse with Socrates or Shakespeare or Carlyle or Dumas or Dickens or Shaw or Barrie or Galsworthy. And there is no doubt that in these books you see these men at their best. They wrote for you. They "laid themselves out", they did their ultimately their best to entertain you, to make a favourable impression. You are necessary to them as an audience to an actor; only instead of seeing them masked, you look into their innermost heart of hearts.

1. On the basis of the reading of the above passage, answer the following questions:

(a) Why are borrowed books considered as guests?

(b) What are the markings in books compared to?

(c) What are the two advantages of a private library?

(d) What are the advantages that book-friends have over living friends?

(e) Explain the line 'Laid themselves out.'

2 Find words in the passage that mean the same as:

- a) particular about following rules (para 1) _____
 b) destroy(para 2) _____
 c) basic (para 3) _____
 d) lasting (para 4) _____

6. Read the passage given below and answer the questions that follow:

We wish to offer today our thanks to the men and women of all races who have striven for India's freedom, the scholars of Europe who restored to us our pride and ancient culture, to the antiquarians and the archaeologists who discovered for us our own ruined cities, to the missionaries of all countries who chose the life of poverty in villages and served the poor and the desolate. To all we owe thanks.

Today, I remember those abroad who were the pioneers of our dream of freedom, men who are exiles if they are alive, forgotten if they are dead, who never sought, nor received recognition nor reward, only privation, persecution and death. But, all these today are immortal in our minds. We thank the Englishmen who were our friends, though many Englishmen were our enemies, not personal enemies but the victims themselves of a system of iniquitous imperialism. But those Englishmen who served us, became part of our Indian history, part of our struggle for India's independence. All of them we thank.

The battle of freedom is over. The struggle for peace begins. And my country, my India, that has never excluded friend or foe from her hospitality, my India that has taken knowledge from all over the world, that has offered knowledge and wisdom to the world, once more will she stand in the forefront of the world civilization, once more will she bring the message of peace, once more will she carry her lamp into the darkness of strife and hatred; and the nations of the world who are free, nations of the world who are not free, we pledge you our comradeship, our understanding, our love. Let us move together towards the great world fellowship of which we dream. Let us work together for the peace that will never be ended. Let us work for justice, for equity, for human rights but not privileges, for human duties but not prerogatives, let us be fellow citizens of a great free world of which our ancestors dreamed and for which we have striven. Men and women together, men and women of a common humanity, let no religion, no community, no text, no tongues divide us, for ours is a common destiny. Ours is a common wish and ambition to rebuild this broken world into the image of our heart's desire. And which country but India can take the lead in restoring the world to its pristine glory? We who have been the dreamers, the seers of visions, the creators of wisdom, the followers of renunciation, we, who have given the heroes of the independence struggle for India. We have run through the whole gamut of the world's adventures, of the world's emotions. We are the wise. We are reborn today of the crucible of your sufferings.

Nations of the world, I greet you in the name of India, my mother, my mother whose home has a roof of snow, whose walls are of living seas, whose doors are always open to you. Do you seek peace or wisdom, do you seek love and understanding, come to us. Come to us in faith, come to us in hope, come to us believing that all gifts are ours to give. Today, in the name of India, I give for the whole world the freedom of this India that had never died in the past, that shall be indestructible in the future and shall lead the world to ultimate peace.

a) Who are the foreigners whom the author thanks on the day of India's independence? Why?

b) Why are some exiled men immortal in our hearts?

c) How will India carry on the struggle for peace?

d) In what way is India ideally suited to be a leader of the world in restoring peace?

e) How does the author describe India as our mother?

f) Find words in the passage which have **meanings similar** to the words/phrases given below:

- i) Unjust (para 2)
- ii) melting pot (para 3)

g) Find words in the passage which have **meanings opposite** to the words/phrases given below:

- i) prosperity (para 2)
- ii) spoiled (para 3)

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

(1) Dr Kalam once said: "If people remember me as a good teacher that will be the biggest honour for me." Even though he was one of the foremost and most brilliant scientific minds of our country who later went on to become the 11th President of India, he wanted to be remembered as a teacher, an educationist.

(2) Dr APJ Abdul Kalam was born to a poor Tamil Muslim family, on 15 October 1931, at Rameshwaram in Tamil Nadu. He completed his schooling from Rameshwaram Elementary School. After graduating in Physics, he joined the Madras Institute of Technology and studied aerospace engineering. Born in humble circumstances, a young boy who sold newspapers as a boy to help his family make ends meet rose to the highest office in the land. And he did so not through the conventional route of a political career but through the dint of hard work as a scientist in government service.

(3) In 1958 joined the Defence Research and Development Organisation (DRDO). He soon moved to the Indian Space Research Organisation (ISRO), where he was project director of the SLV-III, India's first indigenously designed and produced satellite launch vehicle. Re-joining DRDO in 1982, Kalam planned the programme that produced a number of successful missiles, which helped earned him the nickname "Missile Man."

(4) From 1992 to 1997 Kalam was scientific adviser to the defense minister. His prominent role in the country's 1998 Pokhran II tests established Kalam as a national hero. Besides, Dr. Kalam also collaborated with Dr. Soma Raju, a cardiologist and developed a low cost coronary stent, an important instrument in treating heart diseases. A practical educationist, he chose to return to academia after his tenure as the President. Dr. Kalam was a visiting professor in various institutions of national and international repute like IIM Indore, Ahmedabad and Shillong. Besides, he also served as adjunct and visiting faculty at several research and academic institutions in India.

(5) He served as the president of India from 2002 to 2007. During his term as the president he was known as the 'People's President' a phrase that highlights the qualities of this endearing human being with a self-effacing nature. For the record, Dr. Kalam was the third president to receive the prestigious Bharat Ratna while in office. He is also the first bachelor and scientist to reside in the Rashtrapati Bhawan.

(6) As a Muslim steeped in Hindu culture, he was to many an oddity - a scientist who could recite classical Tamil poetry, who played the rudra-veena, a traditional South Indian instrument, and listened to Carnatic devotional music every day, but performed his namaz with no sense of incongruity.

(7) He wrote various books, including *India 2000*, *Ignited Minds*, *Mission India* and *The Luminous Sparks* and inspired and influenced generations of people. He grew up in an impoverished family but didn't let that stop him from achieving the goals of his life. He might not be present with us today, but his life itself is an inspiration to millions of Indians.

On the basis of your reading, complete the following sentences in not more than 10-15 words

- 1.1 Despite his numerous achievements, Dr Kalam wanted to be _____.
- 1.2 The socio-economic position of his family forced Dr Kalam to _____.
- 1.3 His rise to the position of the President was unusual because _____.
- 1.4 Dr. Kalam's life became an example of India's unity in diversity as _____.
- 1.5 The phrase 'People's President' reflects that Dr. Kalam was _____.
- 1.6 The fact that he didn't become a victim of his circumstances has made Dr. Kalam an _____.
- 1.7 Besides being a scientist, Dr. Kalam also contributed in the field of _____ as he _____.
- 1.8 The word from the passage which means the same as 'charming' is _____.
- (Paragraph 4-5)



WRITING SKILLS**Factual Description**

Factual description of a process or an event requires a step by step account of an activity, experiment, procedure.

The ideas should be systematically presented with important points coming first followed by not-so-important points. **Heading is an essential part of it and should be short and crisp.**

Make a note of tenses used in your description as most often this is the place that the students find difficult.

Language

The language used should be semi-formal in nature. Try to be simple, attractive and appealing. Also try not to show your linguistic ability. You should make your factual description in such a way that it shows your attention to detail and observatory skills.

EVENT

When did the event occur, venue of the event

Sequence of programme

Information about participants/ chief guests/judges

Kind of organization, people responsible for programme/arrangements

Results, if describing a contest

Value points

PERSON

Physical attributes

Intellectual and emotional qualities

Others' perception about him/her

Any other relevant trait of him/her by use of an incident

PLACE

Location

Dimensions

Special features about the place

OBJECT

Physical description (colour, design, material used, etc)

Utility value

Special features about the object

FORMAT

You usually start writing factual descriptions by writing the TITLE at the centre and then following it with regular paragraphs. A factual description would generally look like the following and for ease in organizing, the important areas have been marked.

Format for Factual descriptions

Word limit 80 – 100 words is generally the prescribed word limit for factual descriptions. But, be sure of it by regularly consulting your teachers.

Example

The following is an example of an object based factual description.

WASHING MACHINE

A washing machine is a convenient appliance that is used for washing clothes. The automatic washing machine has a central drum that is used for holding the clothes. There is a dispensing tray, where the detergent and additives can be put in. The control panel has knobs which control the temperature and allow users to select different modes of operation. The drum also helps to dry clothes by spinning like a centrifuge machine.

A washing machine is usually made of metal parts but some of them are reinforced plastic. They may be front opening or top loading.

(97 words) (The word count is for your information, not be written in examinations)

Description (SAMPLES)

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy by Douglas Adams (page 11):

"He was not conspicuously tall, his features were striking but not conspicuously handsome. His hair was wiry and gingerish and brushed backward from the temples. His skin seemed to be pulled backward from the nose. There was something very slightly odd about him, but it was difficult to say what it was. Perhaps it was that his eyes didn't seem to blink often enough and when you talked to him for any length of time your eyes began involuntarily to water on his behalf. Perhaps it was that he smiled slightly too broadly and gave people the unnerving impression that he was about to go for their neck." This description of Ford Prefect is sparky and full of action, you can practically see him smiling unblinkingly at you.

Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring by J.R.R. Tolkien (page 274):

"The face of Elrond was ageless, neither old nor young, though in it was written the memory of many things both glad and sorrowful. His hair was dark as the shadows of twilight, and upon it was set a circlet of silver; his eyes were grey as a clear evening, and in them was a light like the light of stars." You can almost feel night gathering as you read that passage, from the gray of evening to the appearance of the night sky, and the overall impression is one of great age despite the claim of agelessness.

Model descriptive writing:

1) The Laundry Room

The windows at either end of the laundry room were open, but no breeze washed through to carry off the stale odors of fabric softener, detergent, and bleach. In the small ponds of soapy water that stained the concrete floor were stray balls of multicolored lint and fuzz. Along the left wall of the room stood ten rasping dryers, their round windows offering glimpses of jumping socks, underwear, and fatigues. Down the center of the room were a dozen washing machines, set back to back in two rows. Some were chugging like steamboats; others were whining and whistling and dribbling suds

Two stood forlorn and empty, their lids flung open, with crudely drawn signs that said "Broke!" A long shelf partially covered in blue paper ran the length of the wall, interrupted only by a locked door. Alone, at the far end of the shelf, sat one empty laundry basket and an open box of Tide. Above the shelf at the other end was a small bulletin board decorated with yellowed business cards and torn slips of paper: scrawled requests for rides, reward offers for lost dogs, and phone numbers without names or explanations.

On and on the machines hummed and wheezed, gurgled and gushed, washed, rinsed, and spun.

2) Mabel's Lunch stood along one wall of a wide room, once a pool hall, with the empty cue racks along the back side. Beneath the racks were wire-back chairs, one of them piled with magazines, and between every third or fourth chair a brass spittoon. Near the center of the room, revolving slowly as if the idle air was water, a large propeller fan suspended from the pressed tin ceiling. It made a humming sound, like a telephone pole, or an idle, throbbing locomotive, and although the switch cord vibrated it was cluttered with flies.

At the back of the room, on the lunch side, an oblong square was cut in the wall and a large woman with a soft, round face peered through at us. After wiping her hands, she placed her heavy arms, as if they tired her, on the shelf.

Adapted from a paragraph in The World in the Attic, by Wright Morris (Scribner's, 1949).

3) The Subway Station

Standing in the subway station, I began to appreciate the place--almost to enjoy it. First of all, I looked at the lighting: a row of meager light bulbs, unscreened, yellow, and coated with filth, stretched toward the black mouth of the tunnel, as though it were a bolt hole in an abandoned coal mine. Then I lingered, with zest, on the walls and ceilings: lavatory tiles which had been white about fifty years ago, and were now encrusted with soot, coated with the remains of a dirty liquid which might be either atmospheric humidity mingled with smog or the result of a perfunctory attempt to clean them with cold water; and, above them, gloomy vaulting from which dingy paint was peeling off like scabs from an old wound, sick black paint leaving a leprous white undersurface. Beneath my feet, the floor a nauseating dark brown with black stains upon it which might be stale oil or dry chewing gum or some worse defilement: it looked like the hallway of a condemned slum building. Then my eye traveled to the tracks, where two lines of glittering steel--the only positively clean objects in the whole place--ran out of darkness into darkness above an unspeakable mass of congealed oil, puddles of dubious liquid, and a mishmash of old cigarette packets, mutilated and filthy newspapers, and the debris that filtered down from the street above through a barred grating in the roof.

Adapted from a paragraph in Talents and Geniuses, by Gilbert Highet (Oxford University Press, 1957).

4) The Kitchen

by Alfred Kazin

The kitchen held our lives together. My mother worked in it all day long, we ate in it almost all meals except the Passover seder, I did my homework and first writing at the kitchen table, and in winter I often had a bed made up for me on three kitchen chairs near the stove. On the wall just over the table hung a long horizontal mirror that sloped to a ship's prow at each end and was lined in cherry wood. It took up the whole wall, and drew every object in the kitchen to itself. The walls were a fiercely stippled whitewash, so often rewhitened by my father in slack seasons that the paint looked as if it had been squeezed and cracked into the walls. A large electric bulb hung down the center of the

kitchen at the end of a chain that had been hooked into the ceiling; the old gas ring and key still jutted out of the wall like antlers. In the corner next to the toilet was the sink at which we washed, and the square tub in which my mother did our clothes. Above it, tacked to the shelf on which were pleasantly ranged square, blue-bordered white sugar and spice jars, hung calendars from the Public National Bank on Pitkin Avenue and the Minsker Progressive Branch of the Workmen's Circle; receipts for the payment of insurance premiums, and household bills on a spindle; two little boxes engraved with Hebrew letters. One of these was for the poor, the other to buy back the Land of Israel. Each spring a bearded little man would suddenly appear in our kitchen, salute us with a hurried Hebrew blessing, empty the boxes (sometimes with a sidelong look of disdain if they were not full), hurriedly bless us again for remembering our less fortunate Jewish brothers and sisters, and so take his departure until the next spring, after vainly trying to persuade my mother to take still another box. We did occasionally remember to drop coins in the boxes, but this was usually only on the dreaded morning of "midterms" and final examinations, because my mother thought it would bring me luck.

Adapted from a paragraph in A Walker in the City, by Alfred Kazin (Harvest, 1969)

Sample : Factual Description of an event

Sports Day-2018

The Sports Day of Sanskriti School for the session 2018-19 was held on the 28th of December in the sports field, from 9am to 12pm. Students from grades 9th to 12th participated in the wide array of events that were organised, with their peers and families cheering them on from the stands.

The day's proceedings started with the speeches by the principal as well as the Chief Guest, Ms. Gayatri Singh. Thereafter, the sports captains hoisted the school flag and officially opened the ceremony. The various events included a high jump competition, a long jump competition, a 200m race as well as a relay race. The events were followed by a prize distribution ceremony, in which the Green House emerged victorious. Thereafter, all the participants from the four houses took to the field to sing the national anthem, after which they proceeded to their classes.

Diary Writing

Guidelines

1. A good diary writing contains the day, the date, place and even the time of writing. For example: Friday, 20th July, 2017
22:00
New Delhi
2. The style and tone is generally informal and personal. However, it depends on the subject. Sometimes the tone can be philosophical and reflective too. You can freely express your viewpoints and feelings.
3. As the diary is a writer's personal document, the diary entry doesn't need any signature. It is optional.

Q1. You have always suffered from 'stage fright'. Describe how you overcame this weakness of yours and ultimately won a prize in an Inter-School Debate Competition. Record your feelings in a diary.

Q2. At the end of the academic session of 2017-2018, you went on an adventure camp with your classmates. Since all students would be shuffled after being promoted to class IX, it was a bittersweet experience. Write a diary entry, describing your memories of this trip.

Q3. You had visited Antarctica as a part of the Young Explorers Programme and had an opportunity to see the polar ice caps melting and realised that the threat of global warming is very real. Write a diary in about 80-100 words on what a student can do to preserve the environment.

Article

Word limit: 150 words

Marks: 8

Purpose of writing an article:

The purpose of writing an article is to present information and opinions on a variety of themes in a sustained piece of writing, namely,

- Describing a place, person, his life and actions
- Narrating or describing an event
- Expressing views on some issue of social interest
- Expressing arguments in favour or against a stated hypothesis or event

Format:

- Give the title at the top. The heading should be eye-catching, and should encapsulate the central theme. Byline – by whom the article is written follows immediately.
- Introduction – the opening paragraph must
 - Ø Tell what the article is about
 - Ø Catch interest
 - Ø Have clear and precise language; may even use a definition or quotation
- Developing cause-effect relationship:
 - Ø Use facts to support your claims
 - Ø Give examples to support your views
 - Ø Present arguments in a coherent, logical and convincing manner
- Conclusion:
 - Ø Summing up including a consolidation of ideas
 - Ø Offering suggestions/ measures to improve the situation
 - Ø Personal observations and predictions

Remember:

- Use simple, coherent sentences
- Systematic presentation of ideas
- Make your article interesting by adding a touch of humour to it!
- Stick to the word limit (150 words)

Solved example:**Chaos on the Roads!**

-By Anmol Anand IX A

The BRT Corridor...the increasing traffic...stray cattle....there is chaos everywhere on the roads of Delhi. Traffic jams, honking, and, more importantly, accidents have become a menace for Delhites. The traffic situation is becoming worse day by day. School buses, office goers, DTC buses-all these congest the roads as soon as the sun rises. According to a recent report, Delhi today has as many numbers of cars as there were people in 1985 in Delhi.

The main cause of this ever increasing traffic is the rapidly increasing population and its demands. More people...more cars...more traffic....more jams. These traffic jams, road rage incidents have become a commonplace thing now days. People become agitated on account of constant honking and this in turn, leads to mental imbalance. Moreover, the emissions from the vehicles cause air pollution .The Delhi Metro and other construction projects have worsened the scenario because they hamper the traffic and lead to jams. As the route become complex, the traffic snarls become even more prominent. The only solution that may help to control this menace would be proper regulation of traffic, separate roads for buses and trucks, one way movement in crowded areas and awareness among the masses. If we are ready to adhere to these things we can definitely reduce the traffic chaos on the roads of Delhi and make it a more peaceful place to live in.

Partially solved:

Write an article on 'Is Today's Education Relevant to Students' Needs?'

Paragraph 1

Every year thousands of students pass out from numerous schools in India .How many of them are really sure about what they want to after class XII. Most of them are completely directionless. Their future is uncertain.....

Para2

There is a dire need.....

Para3

The real thing which is of prime importance is preparing them for real life situations.....

Para4

What is needed is a change in the attitude of parents and teachers.....

Para 5

Though some steps have been taken in this direction by the schools in the form of counselling sessions.....

Sample Article

As a denizen of Delhi, you are bothered about the increasing traffic jams in the city. Write an article for your school magazine, in about 120 words, expressing your views.

Traffic Jams in Delhi

By ABC

The past few years have seen unprecedented increase in the number vehicles on the roads of Delhi. While this is good news for the multinational companies investing in India, it has given rise to some other problems. This is a grave issue as it has invariable led to a decline in the standard of living of the locals, thus, making it imperative for corrective measures to be taken.

The situation is resultant of an inadequate and underdeveloped public transport system and the lack of implementation of traffic regulations. There is also an increased preference for personal vehicle among the people nowadays. Narrow roads and illegal parking has contributed significantly to this. In our busy lives, where every minute is important, being snarled up in traffic can also lead to accidents and road rage.

It is only once traffic rules are adequately implemented and the public transport is improved can the capital city's traffic be reduced. Parking areas and rules should be clearly defined and a limit should be set on the maximum number of vehicles a family can own. Stringent implementation of rules, legal sanctions and public initiative are imperative for improving the situation.

Sample

Over the years there has been a steady increase in the number of students from different towns and cities of India seeking admission in colleges in the metropolitan cities. As a consequence, colleges in the metros have failed to accommodate the rising number of students due to severe shortage of seats.

Write an article for your school magazine drawing attention to the anxiety and pressure faced by students during admission time. Suggest ways to combat the shortage of seats. You are Mohan/Mohita, a student of A.K. International School, Agra.

Shortage of Seats in Colleges

By Mohan/Mohita

Over the years there has been a steady increase in the number of students seeking admission in colleges. Most of the students try to seek admission in colleges in the metropolitan cities. Hence, the colleges in the metros have failed to accommodate the rising number of students due to severe shortage of seats.

During the last decade, the number of students seeking admission has been rising by 10,000 students every year. The number of seats has remained stationary for the last five years. The result is quite disappointing. Thousands of students miss out their chance of getting higher education. Many others have to console themselves by enrolling themselves on the Correspondence Courses or the Distance Education coaching. The students as well as their parents have to face a lot of anxiety and pressure during the admission time.

The concerned authorities can't sleep over the problem any longer. The problem should be given the top priority. It demands a comprehensive solution. The colleges in the metros must take immediate steps to increase the number of seats. Another practical suggestion is to make provision for evening classes in the colleges. Evening classes in all the colleges can accommodate most of the students who can't get admission in the regular Day-colleges. Guest lecturers must be appointed to serve the needs. The authorities must wake up before it is too late.

Questions:

- 1) You are Nandini/Nalin, a social worker. You have observed that young boys and girls go on increasing their academic qualifications without proper direction. Most of them opt for a profession they are overqualified for while some of them drift into unsocial activities. Write an article on how this problem can be solved.
- 2) You are Rohini/Raghav. You have been asked to write an article on whether the gender roles in India are really changing. Talk about how women have entered every sphere of life now and are now holding top positions in top firms in almost every country. They are good at multi- tasking and have been successful in handling their homes and work places, all at the same time.
- 3) Reality shows on television are extremely popular amongst all sections of society and all age groups. Write an article for your school magazine on this topic in about 150 words. Discuss how these shows have helped the common man in coming to the fore and have provided a platform to the 'have-not' of the society in earning name and fame.
- 4) You are Amit / Anita. Head Boy / Head Girl of your school. You have been asked by your Principal to talk about 'The Importance of Punctuality in a Student's Life'. Write an article and use the following points to write your answer.
 - **Punctuality ... an important quality in life**
 - **Developed early in life**

- A valued trait
- Parents and teachers should act as role models for their children
- A Punctual man is given highest regard
- Practice it in everyday life...complete homework, class work on time
- Procrastination is an evil

Story Writing

Word limit: 150 words

Marks: 8

A short story focuses on only one incident, has a single plot, a single setting, a small number of characters, and covers a short period of time.

Plot: Select a situation. Define the time and place.

Main character: Define your protagonist and set your focus right about what he or she wants

Conflict: Suggest basic outlines of the conflict what all the trouble is going to be about. The complication describes all the troubles and incidents of action dramatized into scenes.

Dramatic intensity: After a crisis, a climax is reached. Then comes the turning point and the beginning of the end.

Resolution: Make clear the consequences of the action. There must be a clear connection to the narrative.

Twists in the plot make the story interesting. Innovative use of language and structure fused with humour, vivid descriptions and style, add flavour.

Questions:

1) Read the outline of a story given below. Write a short story using the outline and your own ideas. Assign a suitable title to it.

Three friends find a bag of money- agree to divide the money- all very hungry- one sent to buy food in village- wants all the money himself- so poisons the food- in his absence the other two plan to murder him- so when he comes back they murder him- then they eat the poisoned food- then they eat the poisoned food- they die-

2) Write a story in 150 words beginning "The plane was about to land when suddenly there was an announcement....."

3) Write a story in a minimum of 150 words developing the following idea further:
'The garden gate creaked open. She looked up and saw....'

4) Given below is the beginning of a story. Complete it.

She sat on the edge of the well looking down into the deep water below.....

5) It was their favourite time of the day. The children huddled around the old figure holding the book and smiled at her endearingly.....

6) Write a short story in 150-200 words on the basis of the hints provided:

Summer holidays had begun. Mohit was excited. His father had made arrangements for a trip to...

7) Using the hints given below develop a story in about 150-200 words:

We were on a school excursion to The National Arts gallery. We were busy watching the various art forms and the colours used. My friends were there with me, but all of a sudden I found myself all alone and the little boy in the portrait asking me....

GRAMMAR

I. ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VOICE

Examine the following sentences:

1 Anu has broken the window. (active)

The window was broken by Anu. (passive)

2 The company is launching a new car this year. (active)

A new car is being launched by the company. (passive)

In the above sentences, there are two major changes to be noted. Primarily, the subject and the object have exchanged their places and secondly the verbs have undergone a change. In an active voice sentence, the subject is active and in a passive voice sentence the subject is passive or inactive.

If the subject in the active voice sentence is unknown or unimportant or obvious, 'by+object' is omitted from the sentence in the passive voice.

We make milk from butter.

Butter is made from milk.

When a sentence has two objects, only one of the objects is taken to the subject position. The sentence can be changed into the passive in two ways:

Prakash told me a story. (active)

I was told a story by Prakash. (passive)

A story was told to me by Prakash.(passive)

When the verb in a sentence is intransitive, it cannot be changed into the passive form:

Snow falls in winter.

He left for Mumbai yesterday.

The children are enjoying themselves.

II SUBJECT VERB AGREEMENT

The verb always agrees with the subject in number or person

Lisa **loves** eating mangoes

They **love** playing chess

Here are some rules to remember:

- When the subject of a sentence is singular, the verb must also be singular. When the subject is plural, the verb must be plural.

Eg :Henry likes Deepak. (singular)

Henry and Deepak like Mary. (Plural)

- When the subject is of the phrase one of, followed by a plural noun, the verb is singular and agrees with one, which is singular.

Eg: one of the students in our class was praised by the teacher.

Priya is one of my best friends.

- When a sentence has two singular subjects joined by the conjunction and the verb must be plural.

Eg: Bishakha and Suman go to the same school

- When two or more nouns represent a compound name of one person or thing, then the compound is thought of as singular and takes a singular verb.

Eg: the horse and carriage is waiting at the door.

Slow and steady wins the race.

- When the subject is the introductory there , the verb agrees with the real subject that follows it.

Eg : there was a cruel king.

There are six teachers in our department.

- 'A lot of' and 'plenty of' take a plural verb when they denote number, they take a singular verb when they denote quantity or amount.

Eg : There is a lot of oil in Assam.

There are a lot of hill stations in our country.

Where are plenty of roses found?

There is plenty of water in the well.

- 'Both' always takes a plural.

Eg : both the hill stations were simply great.

- 'A number of' means 'several' or 'many' and is therefore always followed by a plural verb.

Eg : There have been a number of important incidents this year.

A large number of people are waiting to meet the prime minister.

- A singular collective noun like 'a herd of cattle' , 'a team of players' , 'a fleet of ships' , 'a troop of soldiers' and 'a bunch of flowers' always takes a singular verb.

Eg: There was a herd of cattle in the middle of the road.

This is a lovely bunch of flowers.

A troop of soldiers is marching through the streets.

- A dozen takes a plural verb

Eg: there are a dozen shoes in the cupboard.

- A pair of when applies to things like scissors, shoes, trousers, where two components are always thought of together, takes a singular verb.

Eg: A pair of scissors is lying on the table.

- A plural word must take a plural verb.

Eg : The scissors are in the drawer.

His trousers were very fashionable.

- Class names such as clothing, footwear, scenery, crockery, fruit, hair, furniture, stationery are singular and must take a singular verb.

Eg : the furniture here is of the best quality.

Fruit is very good for health.

- News is always treated as singular so is advice, business and information.

Eg: the news is that the President will visit our school next week.

This is good advice.

- Names of certain diseases, sciences and branches of knowledge which end with s are also singular.

Eg : mumps is a painful disease.

Mathematics is my favourite subject.

- Some of or half of take a plural verb if the reference is to number but a singular verb if reference is to amount or quantity.

Eg: some of the boys are dishonest.

Half of the books were sold.

- Many refers to number is thus plural; much refers to amount so is singular.

Eg: many of the apples were rotten.

Much of the truth was not told.

- People, poultry, repairs, clergy, studies, and cattle are always in plural.

Eg: The people of our town are very educated.

The clergy have arrived.

The cattle were grazing in the field.

- When a plural number applies to distances, weights, heights or amounts of money, it is taken as a whole and is therefore treated as singular. Thus it takes a singular verb.

Eg : thousand miles is a long distance.

One lakh rupees is a lot of money.

- If the title of a book or the name of a house or a hotel is plural it takes a singular verb since it is only one title or one building.

Eg : the adventures of Tom Sawyer is an interesting book.

- If two or more singular subjects are preceded by either, either of, neither, neither of, each, each of, everyone, many a, none, none of, nobody or somebody, the verb is the singular.

Eg : either Neetu or her brother has won the prize.

Everyone is equal in the eyes of God.

Each of the boys has worked well.

Neither of them comes on time.

Somebody has stolen my aunt's purse.

Nobody is to be blamed.

III. Reported Speech

Remember:

Speaker's words Reported statement changes

present simple ----- past simple

present continuous ----- past continuous

past continuous ----- past perfect continuous

present perfect/ past simple ----- past perfect

will ----- would

shall ----- should

is ----- was

must ----- had to

can ----- could

tomorrow ----- the next day/ the following day

yesterday-----the day before
here -----there
this -----that
today -----that day
tonight ----- that night
last Tuesday -----the previous Tuesday
the day after tomorrow ----- in two days time
ago ----- before/previously



WORKSHEET - 1

1) Fill in the blanks with the most appropriate option given below.

Always (a) _____ to answer the questions briefly. Do not write (b) _____ understanding what you (c) _____. Examiners (d) _____ give you a mark if they do not follow what you (e) _____ to say. You (f) _____ penalized for the mistakes provided you show a good understanding of the unseen passage.

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| (a) | i. trying
iii. try | ii. tried
iv. have tried |
| (b) | i. by
iii. with | ii. on
iv. without |
| (c) | i. are writing
iii. were writing | ii. wrote
iv. have been writing |
| (d) | i. will
iii. can not | ii. may not
iv. would |
| (e) | i. try
iii. have not tried | ii. is trying
iv. are trying |
| (f) | i. can be
iii. will be | ii. will not be
iv. would not |

2) Read the following conversation carefully and complete the following passage by making appropriate changes.

Dilip: I've been watching the sea and there hasn't been any trace of a ship.

Ralph: I told you yesterday too that we'll be rescued, so have patience.

Dilip: Why do you ask me to keep quiet whenever I say something?

Ralph: Have you ever said anything sensible?

Dilip said (a) _____ Ralph replied (b) _____ and so asked him to have patience. Dilip angrily asked Ralph (c) _____ to which Ralph wanted to know (d) _____.

3) Rearrange the following jumbled words to make meaningful sentences. The first one has been done as an example.

E.g. creatures/lack of/ is a/ there/growing/sensitivity/ for our/fellow/and respect

There is a growing lack of sensitivity and respect for our fellow creatures.

a) is being/drilled/into/by social/this attitude/a child/forces

b) by environmental/this/can/education/countered/only be

c) this is/ sadly,/cases/not/done/yet/in most

4) In the passage below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and after it, along with the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

How does a tree die? When it is cut down an axe. But sometimes we may end hurting or killing a tree without meaning. It may happen when we carve names or draw a heart a tree trunk by cutting at bark of a tree with knife. For, along with the bark we also cut the important tissue: the phloem, tissue that carries the food made the leaves to the different parts the tree.

- a) _____
 b) _____
 c) _____
 d) _____
 e) _____
 f) _____
 g) _____
 h) _____
 i) _____
 j) _____

5) The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction, against the correct blank number.

One always think that caterpillars are lazy creatures who do anything but eat. Recently research shows that this is not truth. While munching, they also talk to every other and decide on where to went for their next feast. Like much other creatures of the animal world, caterpillars also lived in community and exchange information about enemy or source of food. They communicate by drumming by the leaves.

- a) _____
 b) _____
 c) _____
 d) _____
 e) _____
 f) _____
 g) _____
 h) _____
 i) _____
 j) _____
 k) _____
 l) _____

Q 6 The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each line. Write the incorrect word and the correction. The first one has been done as an example: (4 marks)

The jungle was thick for dense. We	eg. For	and
had to hold on to the vines to avoiding	(a) _____	_____
slip on the mud paths. We had	(b) _____	_____
walked for four hours but everyone	(c) _____	_____
were tired. The sun was shining brightly	(d) _____	_____
generating heat and vapour which will	(e) _____	_____
soon turn from rain. We were given some	(f) _____	_____
bread and cheese. After we had ate, the	(g) _____	_____
trip began again. Some of the weaker	(h) _____	_____
members were already feeling tiring.		

Q 7. Read the conversation between a mother and her daughter and then complete the passage given below:

Mother: Who do you think will win the match?

Daughter: Who is wearing blue?

Mother: India

Daughter: Who are the men in yellow?

Mother: They are the Australians

Daughter: They will surely win the match.

Mother: Oh! Why do you feel so?

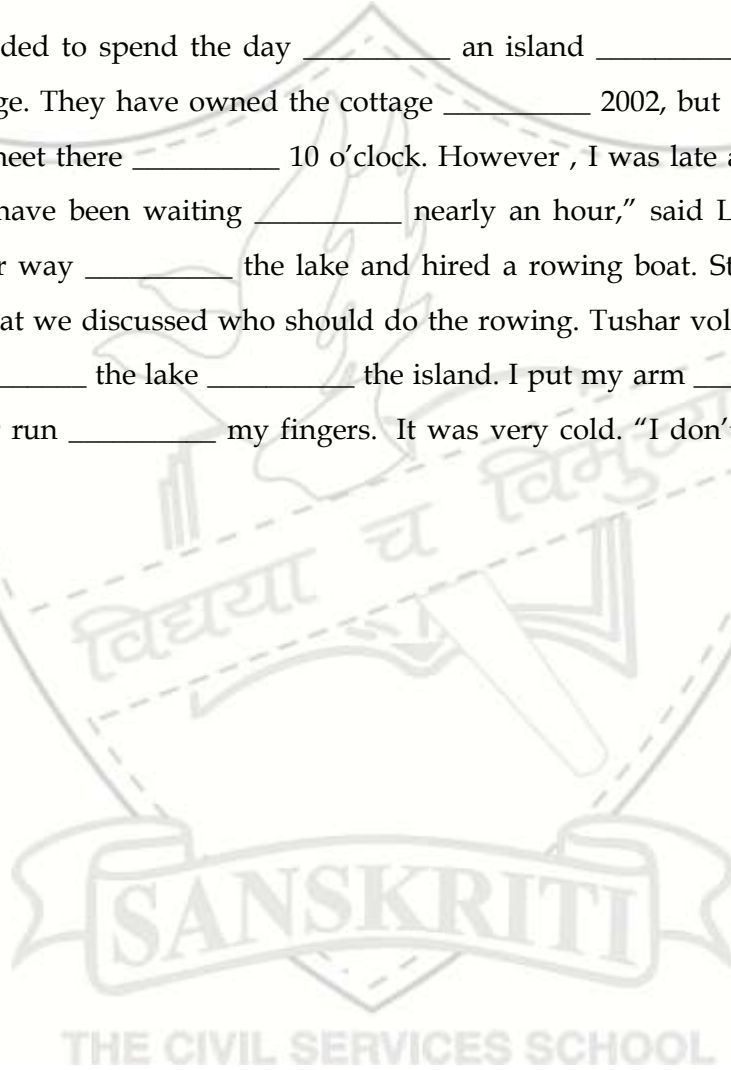
Daughter: There are 11 of them against just two Indians.

The mother asked her daughter who a)..... The daughter enquired who the ones in blue were. The mother replied that they were Indians. The girl then wanted b)..... When the mother said that they were Australians, the daughter emphatically c)..... The mother d)..... The daughter replied that there were 11 of them against just two Indians.

Q 8. Read the following paragraph and fill in the blanks with appropriate prepositions:

across	at	before	between	for	in
	into	near	on	off	over
	since	to	towards		

My friends and I decided to spend the day _____ an island _____ a lake _____ my parents' holiday cottage. They have owned the cottage _____ 2002, but don't use it very often. We had arranged to meet there _____ 10 o'clock. However, I was late and my friends arrived _____ me. "We have been waiting _____ nearly an hour," said Latha crossly "Sorry," I replied. We made our way _____ the lake and hired a rowing boat. Stepping _____ the jetty _____ the boat we discussed who should do the rowing. Tushar volunteered, and soon the boat was moving _____ the lake _____ the island. I put my arm _____ the side of the boat, letting the water run _____ my fingers. It was very cold. "I don't think we'll be able to swim today," I said.



WORKSHEET- 2

1) In the passage below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and after it, along with the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

In his book 'Pain: The Gift Nobody Wants', Dr Paul Brand

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| a) explores the purpose and value physical pain. | a) _____ |
| b) He is of opinion that pain is a very serious friend | b) _____ |
| c) that warns us of some danger the body and thus | c) _____ |
| d) protects us. If no warning in the form of pain, one | d) _____ |
| e) would not even hesitate to stick one's hand the fire | e) _____ |
| f) to retrieve a burning object. Our hand get singed and | f) _____ |
| g) we wouldn't even know. Little pain saves us from | g) _____ |
- a larger damage.

2) The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction, against the correct blank number.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Aesop prawns starts life as colourless, almost | a) _____ |
| transparent creatures who drift with the tide. On reaching | b) _____ |
| maturity, they drift inshore, reached out to grasp | c) _____ |
| the first passing seaweed and, once establish on it, | d) _____ |
| they proceed to colouring themselves to blended | e) _____ |
| with it. After a week, their colouring are complete | f) _____ |
| and they are safe from the close scrutiny. | g) _____ |

2) Rearrange the words and phrases given below to make meaningful sentences:

- i) South-East Asia/ are found/ tigers/ of the/ and/ in India/ most/ countries of/
-
-

- ii) forests/ live in/ plains/ they/ grassy/ and/
-
-

- iii) are plenty/ for them/ to hunt/ animals/here/ of other/ for food/ there/
-
-

iv) do not/ and/ and eat/ at / tigers/like/ great heat/ hunt / therefore/ night./

4) Change the following sentences from active voice to passive voice.

1. Someone had spilt ink on the rug.

2. Our teachers give us too much homework.

3. Everyone considered the woman a genius.

4. The council will hold a meeting in the town hall this evening.

5. People use this path as a shortcut to the station.

6. They did not tell me the truth.

7. The men are repairing the car.

8. The band was playing a lively dance tune.

9. Nobody is allowed to wear branded shoes in our school.

10. The girl said that some of the other students had gone to the auditorium.

WORKSHEET- 3**1) Fill in the blanks with suitable verb forms:****INDIAN-AMERICAN WINS DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY IN PHILADELPHIA**

Thu, May 20 Iraq war -veteran Indian -American doctor Manan Trivedi a) _____ the Democratic Party nomination to contest the November elections to the US House of Representatives from Pennsylvania Congressional district. A doctor-turned war-veteran, Trivedi, 35, (b) _____ Dough Pike, a former local journalist, (c) _____ margin of 672 votes; thus earning the right to challenge Republican incumbent Jim Gerlach in the November polls for Pennsylvania seat for the US House of Representatives. Conceding his defeat, Pike in a statement supported Trivedi. The elections (d) _____ Tuesday.

- (a) (I) won (II) had won (III) has won (IV) was won
 (b) (I) had defeated (II) been defeated (III) was defeated (IV) defeated
 (c) (I) through a narrow (II) with a narrow (III) to a narrow (IV) in a narrow
 (d) (I) was held on (II) were held on (III) been held on (IV) had been held on

2) In the passage below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and after it, along with the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

- a) Combat sports are sports based the skills used a) _____
 b) in fighting. In these sports, competitors b) _____
 c) may not unarmed as is the case with judo and c) _____
 d) boxing, or armed as fencing and archery. d) _____
 e) Fencing a combat sport using swords which e) _____
 f) is played on narrow platform 14m long. It is f) _____
 g) believed that fencing born out of the historical g) _____
 h) tradition swordsmanship. In fencing, the competitors h) _____
 i) to touch specific target areas on their opponent i) _____
 j) with their sword while avoiding touched themselves. j) _____

3) Rearrange the following jumbled words to make meaningful sentences. The first one has been done as an example.

E.g. is/it/that/attracts/so many/to it?/about prayers/people/what
 What is it about prayers that attract so many people to it?

a) offer/peace/of hope/and/of mind/a lot/ prayers

b) anything/the faith/they give/to believe/can/that/happen/you

c) an/ought/with/honest/heart/offered/prayers/to be

4) Fill in the blanks with the correct form of the verb given in brackets.

I _____ (looking) forward to next weekend. On Saturday my father and I _____ (go) to visit Hareton House, which _____ (be) a big old house on the edge of the town. It used to _____ (be) the home of a man called Joseph Fox. It has now _____ (be) turned into a kind of museum. Joseph Fox _____ (be) a wealthy businessman who _____ (travel) all over the world. He _____ (buy) interesting objects in each country he _____ and these _____ (be) now on display at the house. My mother and sister _____ (plan) to come with us but they have _____ (decide) to visit my grandmother instead. She _____ (fall) and _____ (break) her leg when she _____ (run) to catch a bus last week. _____ (be) an active woman, she _____ (feel) very frustrated at having to _____ (lie) in bed all day.



WORKSHEET- 4**1) Write the following sentences in reported speech:**

a) Mohan said, "I am going to meet a friend."

_____.

b) Ken asked, "What are you going to do tonight?"

_____.

c) I said, "I've been to Mexico."

_____.

d) "Don't be late," the teacher said to the students.

_____.

e) "Stop following me and go away" she shouted at him.

_____.

f) He said, "I am waiting for my wife."

_____.

g) She said, "We had been thinking of selling the house , but we have decided not to."

_____.

h) He said, "I have forgotten the combination of the safe."

_____.

i) "I'll do it tomorrow," he promised.

_____.

j) He said, "Where is the station?"

_____.

2) Complete the following passage by choosing the most appropriate options from the ones given below:

Like many Indian children, I grew up (a)_____ the vast, varied and fascinating tales of Mahabharata. Set (b)_____ the end of what the Hindu scriptures term Dvapur Yuga or the third age of the man a time (c)_____ the lives of the gods and the people still intersected, the epic weaves myth, history, religion, science and statecraft (d)_____ stories.

3) In the passage below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and after it, along with the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

Henry Ford, the founder of mass car production not

a) _____

the easiest person work for. He disliked chewing gum so he banned it his factories. Any worker who disobeyed the rule sent to chew in the street and his pay was deducted. Ford also wanted complete silence and men forbidden to whistle, sing or even talk working. One man was sacked because he was caught talking a colleague and looking around.

- b) _____
- c) _____
- d) _____
- e) _____
- f) _____
- g) _____

4) The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each line. Identify the error and write incorrect word and the correction in the blank given. The first one has been done as an example.

	Error	Correction
Next period they had History.		
The boys look forward to it eagerly.	(a) _____	_____
It was took by D. Pillai, who had earned a name in the school of kindness and good humour.	(b) _____	_____
He is reputed to have never frowned	(c) _____	_____
And sworn at the boys at any time. His method	(d) _____	_____
of teaching History conformed at no	(e) _____	_____
canon of education. He told a boys with a wealth of	(f) _____	_____
detail the private histories of Vasco da Gama, Clive, Hastings and others.	(g) _____	_____

5) Rearrange the words and phrases given below to make meaningful sentences:

i) of birds/ our planet/ by which/ millions/ have/which/some sort/ they communicate/ live on/ of language /

ii) sound/ as communication/ among birds/ plays/an important/ is concerned/ role/ as far/

iii) of/ species/one species/ birds/ also/ understand/ the language/ of other/

iv) also use/ to show/love/ hatred/ each other/ birds/body actions/ their/ or/ for/

6) Fill in the blanks using only one word in each blank:

History reveals that women enjoyed a privileged position in ancient India. We feel proud _____ the social order and culture that accorded respect _____ them. We hear of women sages and scholars _____ the Rigveda period. It was believed that gods lived in places where women were respected. Women were pushed _____ the background in the Brahmin age and as time passed, they completely lost their glory. Cut _____ from the mainstream of life, they became devitalized, secluded and sheltered. Their freedom was lost and they became fully dependent _____ the menfolk.

7) Read the conversation given below and then convert it into reported speech.

Rashmi : I have invited four friends for dinner tonight.

Renu: I will also call my friends.

Rashmi: What should we serve them for dinner?

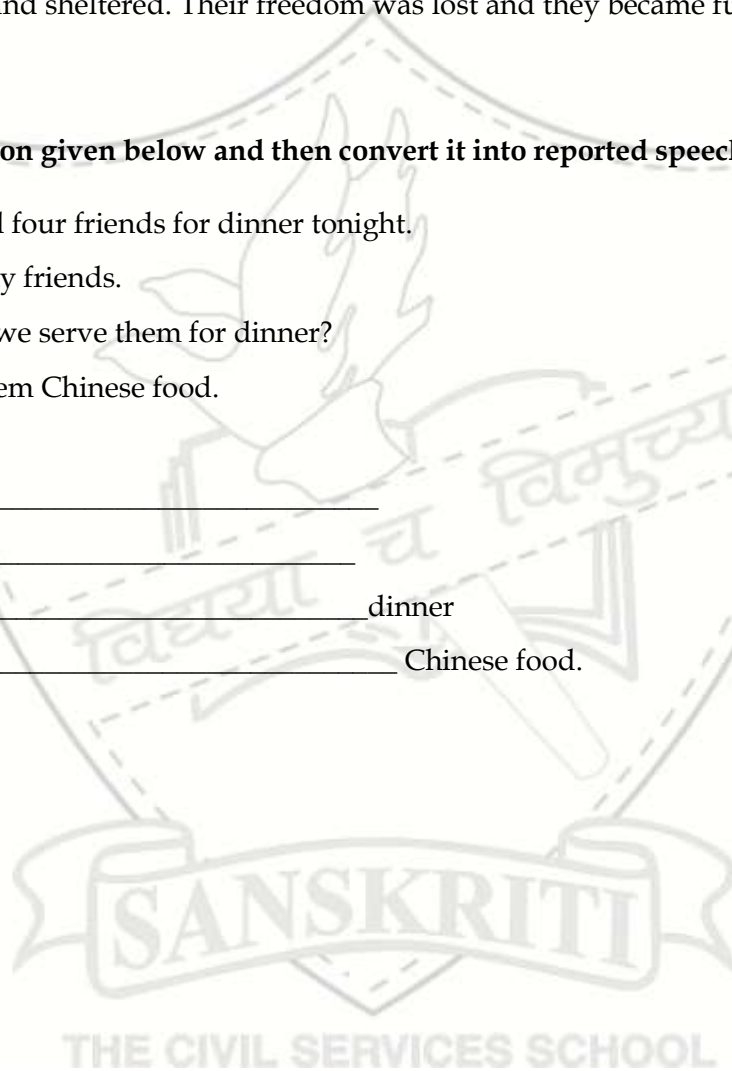
Renu: We can serve them Chinese food.

Rashmi told Renu _____

Then Renu said _____

Rashmi _____ dinner

Renu _____ Chinese food.



WORKSHEET- 5**1) Fill in the blanks with one word only:**

Child marriages _____ rampant in North India. The curse _____ to blight the lives of people _____ as the country stands _____ the threshold of the 21st century. Children bound _____ marriages are victims of blind customs and superstitions prevalent in rural areas and in certain urban concentrations as well. _____ seems to stop this anti-social practice _____ the Child Marriage Act passed as early as in 1929, which _____ child marriage a grave offence.

2) In the passage below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and after it, along with the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

The Egyptians embalmed their dead they believed the _____ a) _____
 deceased born after death for existence in the _____ b) _____
 afterlife. The Egyptians devoted great effort preserving _____ c) _____
 the lifelike appearances of corpses they believed that the _____ d) _____
 deceased needed physical bodies the next life. They _____ e) _____
 preserved bodies by drying them placing them within a _____ f) _____
 protective covering. Several styles of mummification _____ g) _____
 used, depending upon wealth of the deceased's family. _____ h) _____

3) The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction, against the correct blank number.

Situated at the southern bank of the Yamuna river, the Taj _____ a) _____
 Mahal is composed by four identical facades, each containing _____ b) _____
 the large central arch 33m high. A large bulb-shaped dome, of _____ c) _____
 73m tall, rises over the center, with four smaller domes _____ d) _____
 surrounding it. The building is raised at a square podium by _____ e) _____
 a minaret at each corner. It is flanked with two red sandstone _____ f) _____
 buildings – a mosque and its replica. Visitors approaches the _____ g) _____
 Taj by an imposing red sandstone gate, decorated by _____ h) _____
 inscriptions from the Koran.

3) Rearrange the following jumbled words to make meaningful sentences. The first one has been done as an example.

E.g. has/special/to those/who/to remain/walking/want/appeal/healthy

Walking has special appeal to those who want to remain healthy

a) and tones/other muscles/legs and/strengthens/the lungs/it

b) the heart/of heart/disease/more efficient/the risk/it/by making/decreases

c) walking/blood/pressure/cholesterol/reduces/and lowers/level/fitness

5) Read the following dialogues. Fill in the blanks to complete the passage.

Ram: Have you done today's English Homework?

Rajesh: No, I had to go to my uncle. So I could not do it.

Ram: Can you show me your notebook when you have done it?

Rajesh: Ok, I will.

Ram asked Rajesh (a) _____ . Rajesh answered in the negative saying

(b) _____ . Then Ram

requested Rajesh (c) _____ . Rajesh readily

agreed to this.

6) Complete the following paragraph by choosing the correct word/ words from the options given below.

When the old lady a) _____ to her flat she saw at once that the burglars b) _____ in her absence. Though he burglars themselves c) _____ no longer, there she saw at once that they d) _____ because there was a burning cigarette in the ashtray. Probably they e) _____ the lift coming up and f) _____ down the stairs. But in their hurry one of them dropped his wallet. The old lady called the police and all of them were arrested.

- | | | | | |
|----|---------------|------------------|-----------------------|-------------------|
| a) | i) return | ii) returning | iii) returned | iv) had returned |
| b) | i) break | ii) broke | iii) had broken | iv) were breaking |
| c) | i) be | ii) were | iii) was | iv) are |
| d) | i) just leave | ii) just leaving | iii) are just leaving | iv) had just left |
| e) | i) heard | ii) hear | iii) had heard | iv) hearing |

- f) i) run ii) were running iii) ran iv) had run

WORKSHEET- 6

1) Complete the following passage using the correct form of the verb in brackets:

Traffic lights were first _____ (use) in the 1920s. They are devices used for _____ (regulate) the flow of traffic. The early types controlled the traffic flow in cities only in three ways: they showed only a red light _____ (say) STOP, a green light _____ (say) GO, or a yellow light _____ (tell) the drivers to be ready for a change. Problems arose when at the crossroads some drivers _____ (want) to turn right, found themselves blocked by other vehicles _____ (go) straight across the junctions. _____ (prevent) from _____ (turn) right, they had _____ (stop) in the middle of the crossroads. Then, when the lights changed, vehicles _____ (come) from right angles to them were also blocked.

Various methods were invented _____ (deal) with this difficulty. One-way streets, _____ (design) to make right turns illegal, were introduced. Another method, _____ (see) at many intersections today, is to _____ (have) two different green lights, one with a vertical arrow, _____ (allow) vehicles _____ (go) straight ahead only, and the other, with a right-angled arrow, _____ (permit) right turns only. However, at most intersections left turns are free even when the light is red.

2) Complete the following passage by choosing the correct options:

(a) Five people _____ and 59 people were rescued from a disabled boat carrying suspected asylum-seekers in the Indian Ocean, Australia's government said on Sunday.

(i) has been dead (ii) have been dead (iii) has died (iv) were feared dead

(b) While speaking to the media persons at Kathmandu on Sunday, Prime Minister of Nepal, Madhav Kumar Nepal, said that _____ until the Maoist combatants were integrated and its paramilitary structure was dissolved.

(i) he will not resign (ii) he would not resign (iii) he could not resign (iv) he can not resign

(c) Twin blasts rocked a university in Islamabad a while back. Early reports say at least four persons died and _____ in the suicide attack outside the chairman's office.

(i) 16 were injured (ii) 16 are injured (iii) 16 have been injured (iv) 16 had been injured

(d) Thousands of people stepped out of their houses to witness the longest Solar eclipse in their lifetime. The next such total solar eclipse _____, in 2132.

(i) may only happen 105 years later (ii) will be happen 105 years later (iii) will only happen 105 years later (iv) might happen 105 years later.

3) In the passage below, one word has been omitted in each line. Write the missing word along with the word that comes before and after it, along with the correct blank number. Ensure that the word that forms your answer is underlined.

Peak hour traffic scenario a cartoonist’s delight. a) _____
 Hassled motorists wipe off sweat their forehead, b) _____
 accusing each other lack of traffic sense in loud c) _____
 voices. It is almost legendary now that one Asia’s d) _____
 wealthiest cities, Singapore, has one of calmest e) _____
 traffic. A number of major land use transportation f) _____
 studies carried out to prepare long term plans for g) _____
 Singapore Development. It was evident the planners h) _____
 that traffic congestion to be addressed first. i) _____

4) Rearrange the words and phrases given below to make meaningful sentences:

a) the result/their numbers/very quickly/ rabbits/ that/ grow/ breed/very easily/ with

b) a lot of/ by making /the/they/ damage/ holes/ cause/ in/ ground/

c)grass/ plants/and/ the/ they/ and / further damage/ eat up/ other /soil/ the/

d)in/ rabbits/commercial purposes/ are eaten /for/and/ Australia/they are/ Europe/bred/mostly/and/

5) Given below are a few sentence connectors. Use them appropriately in the passage that follows:

and	but	also	however	instead
or	so	therefore	too	

It was a wet 1) _____ windy night. I really wanted to spend the evening reading a book
 2) _____ watching television,3) _____ there was absolutely no chance of that. I had to
 attend a meeting of the Literati Club at the Community Centre. I would have loved to ring up 4)
 _____ say that I couldn’t go. 5) _____ , I had agreed to give a talk at the meeting, 6)
 _____ I couldn’t let everyone down. 7) _____ I always give my neighbour a lift to the
 meeting. She doesn’t have a car 8) _____ the bus service is very poor. She 9) _____

has no other means of getting there. I sometimes give one of the other members a lift 10) _____, 11) _____ she had already called to say that she was going with her friend 12) _____.

WORKSHEET- 7

1) Read the following dialogues. Fill in the blanks to complete the passage.

Ginnie: Why have you not brought my dress?

Dimpi: I haven't brought it because I had gone to my cousin's house with my mother, so I forgot to keep it.

Ginnie: Don't give me lame excuses. I want to know the truth.

Dimpi: I am sorry Ginnie. I was playing with my friends till late. I forgot that you needed it today.

Ginnie asked Dimpi (a) _____. Dimpi said that she (b) _____ Ginnie (c) _____ and further added that she wanted to know the truth. Dimpi said that she was sorry and further added that she was playing with her friends and she had forgotten that she needed it that day.

2) The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in the first nine lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction as given in the example against the correct blank number.

	Error	Correction
Gone <u>were</u> the days when classical dancing	(a) were	are
was anything your family forced on you as a kid.	(b) _____	_____
Today, more and more people are turning on it	(c) _____	_____
even as adults, to learn a new skill but tone up	(d) _____	_____
their body. Classical dance is much more than the	(e) _____	_____
weight loss exercise. Not only does it helps one	(f) _____	_____
relieve stress but it also give balance, strength.	(g) _____	_____
and flexibility.		

3) Read the following conversation and complete the passage that follows:

Mr. Bose: I see. Can you manage the post of a public relations executive? It will involve some degree of stress too.

Rohit :I'm sure I will be able to do the job competently. I know there will be difficult times, but I am used to handling problems as you can see from my resume.

Mr. Bose looked at the candidate Rohit and asked him (a) _____? He told him candidly that the job (b) _____ some degree of stress too. Rohit assured Mr. Bose that (c) _____ to do the job competently. He told him that he knew there would be difficult times and assured him again that he (d) _____ problems as he could see from his resume.

4) Complete the passage by choosing the correct options from those given below.

Sea water, (a) _____ freshwater or rainwater is very salty (b) _____ taste.

The saltiness (c) _____ due to the presence of (d) _____ minerals in seawater. The total amount of (e) _____ minerals is termed (f) _____ salinity and measured in grams of salt in a kilogram of salt water. (g) _____ feature of sea water is (h) _____ the amount of dissolved salt varies from place to place.

- (a) (i) dislike (ii) unlike (iii) like (iv) likely
 (b) (i) to (ii) in (iii) for (iv) as
 (c) (i) was (ii) has (iii) is (iv) are
 (d) (i) much (ii) little (iii) no (iv) many
 (e) (i) dissolving (ii) dissolved (iii) dissolved (iv) dissolve
 (f) (i) as (ii) like (iii) in (iv) for
 (g) (i) The (ii) An (iii) A (iv) Some
 (h) (i) which (ii) that (iii) this (iv) then

5) Fill in the blanks with the most appropriate option given below.

2,000 DUCKS DIE OF POISONING IN COLOMBIA Bogota, May 19 (IANS/EFE)
 More than 2,000 migratory ducks from Canada (a) _____ after eating poisoned rice. The birds (b) _____ near the city of San Martin, municipal official Ramon Galvis told reporters. This is a criminal act because they (farmers) (c) _____, Galvis said. 'Every duck that ate the seeds ended up like this, dead'. The number of dead birds may be higher since thousands (d) _____, the official added.

- (a) (i) are dead (ii) have been (iii) have died (iv) had been
 (b) (i) were found dead in rural areas (ii) are found dead in rural areas (iii) found dead in rural areas (iv) has been found dead in rural areas
 (c) (i) have used poisoned seeds (ii) might have used poisoned seeds (iii) had used poisoned seeds (iv) used poisoned seeds
 (d) (i) comes to this area in search of food (ii) came to this area in search of food (iii) had come to this area in search of food (iv) come to this area in search of food

Q 6) Fill in the blanks with an appropriate word.

Birds and animals live in the lap (a) _____ nature and can predict the likely changes accurately. Swallows usually fly high (b) _____ the sky. But during a storm, they come down and fly close (c) _____ the ground. Watch the swallows carefully. If they fly low, you (d) _____ be sure of

strong winds. Even a toad is (e) _____ reliable weather man. Normally it is silent but (f) _____ the rain comes, it croaks happily.

Q7) The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each line. Write the incorrect word and the correction. The first one has been done as an example:

The jungle was thick for dense. We	eg.For	and
had to hold on to the vines to avoiding	(a) _____	_____
slip on the mud paths. We had	(b) _____	_____
walked for four hours but everyone	(c) _____	_____
were tired. The sun was shining brightly	(d) _____	_____
generating heat and vapour which will	(e) _____	_____
soon turn from rain. We were given some	(f) _____	_____
bread and cheese. After we had ate, the	(g) _____	_____
trip began again. Some of the weaker	(h) _____	_____
members were already feeling tiring.		

Q8 Read the conversation and then complete the passage given below:

Inspector: What is the matter, boys?

Varun: My bicycle is stolen.

Inspector: Where did you park your bicycle?

Varun: I parked it under a tree.

The Inspector asked the boys _____ . Varun replied _____ . The Inspector wanted to know _____ .
Varun told him _____ .

Q9. Complete the passage by filling in the blanks from the options given . The first one has been done for you.

In volcanic areas, underground water 1) can often rise to a temperature of 200° . Nowadays, wells 2) are _____ drilled to extract the steam that is used to drive turbines. This is 3) _____ of the world's fastest growing sources of energy. 4) _____ the water is heated by enormous reservoirs of cooling rock several kilometres across, geothermal steam is 5) _____ to be a renewable energy resource. Even in non-volcanic areas, underground water can 6) _____ heated by natural radioactivity. In this case, however, it is necessary to drill deeper before the water is as hot as 200° .

- | | | | | |
|----|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1) | i) could | ii) can | iii) must | iv) might |
| 2) | i) is | ii) been | iii) are | iv) being |

- | | | | | |
|----|-----------|-----------|---------------|----------|
| 3) | i) any | ii) some | iii) one | iv) few |
| 4) | i) As | ii) While | iii) Though | iv) Even |
| 5) | i) called | ii) said | iii) regarded | iv) told |
| 6) | i) be | ii) been | iii) being | iv) is |

WORKSHEET- 8
Grammar Worksheet

I) Fill in the blanks using an appropriate word:

The plant world is an immense store (a) _____ active chemical compounds. Nearly half the medicines we use today are herbal (b) _____ origin, and A quarter contains plant extracts or active chemicals (c) _____ directly from plants. Many more are (d) _____ to be discovered, recorded and researched; only a few thousand (e) _____ been studied. (f) _____ the globe, the hunt will always be on to find species that could form the bases of new medicines.

II) Read the passage given below. Each line has an error. Write the correct word along with the incorrect one in the space provided:

	Incorrect	Correct
Patriotism is a love for one's own country.	E.g. a	the
It teaches a man with love his own native land more than anything else.	(a) _____	_____
A patriot thinks that none sacrifice is to great for his own country. He is ever prepared to die with his motherland.	(b) _____	_____
But an narrow-minded exclusive patriotism is dangerous. Patriotism often make people unjust in their estimate for people of other countries.	(c) _____	_____
	(d) _____	_____
	(e) _____	_____
	(f) _____	_____
	(g) _____	_____
	(h) _____	_____

III) One word has been omitted in the passage given below. Find the missing word and write it in the space provided along with the word that comes before and after the word:

	Before	Word	After
India is current tourism hotspot. Some of the epithets used referring to the nation include 'Destination the Millennium' and 'Land Of All Seasons'. India a culture of warm hospitality.	(a) _____	_____	_____
In India it is that honouring guests equals to honouring God. Guest is welcomed	(b) _____	_____	_____
	(c) _____	_____	_____
	(d) _____	_____	_____
	(e) _____	_____	_____
	(f) _____	_____	_____

our home and hearth cheerful gratitude. This tradition has become the unique selling of the modern tourism industry.

(g) _____

(h) _____

IV) Fill in the blanks using the most appropriate word:

Conversation is indeed (a) _____ most teachable (b) _____ all arts. All you need to do in order to become a good conversationalist is to find a subject that (c) _____ you and your listener. You can talk about hobbies (d) _____ instance. But the important thing is to talk about the other person's hobby rather than your own. Therein lies the secret (e) _____ your popularity. There is nothing (f) _____ pleases people so much as your interest in their interest. A (g) _____ conversationalist can be effective (h) _____ if he/she is able to blend humour, wit, presence of mind, knowledge of various things and logical thinking (i) _____ fine proportion.

V) Rewrite the conversation using reported speech:

Avik: How will you reach the venue?

Bhavini: I am planning to take a cab.

Avik: is it possible for you to pick me up on the way?

Bhavini: sure. Are you carrying your laptop?

Avik: yes, it has the final presentation.

Avik asked Bhavini (a) _____. Bhavini said that (b) _____. Avik asked (c) _____. Bhavini agreed and then asked Avik (d) _____. Avik answers in the affirmative and then informed her (e) _____.

VI) Rearrange the following to make meaningful sentences:

1. Marceline/ living / Walter Disney/a farm / family/enjoyed/in/with/on/his

2. in Marceline/drawing/Walt/developed/it was/for/first/and art/that/a love

3. work/one/offer/a train/Walt/an/summer/got/to/on

4. snacks/he/on the/back/selling/walked/and newspapers/and/train/forth/

5. fascinated by /Walt/ and/his job/his life/rest/remained/for the/of/trains/enjoyed



Worksheet-9

Exercise 1

Read the conversation given below and complete the paragraph that follows.

Ganga: How did you spend your holidays?

Gautham: I went for cricket coaching. What did you do?

Ganga: I went for the NTSC coaching classes.

Gautham: At least during the holidays you could have enjoyed yourself.

Ganga: I enjoyed going for the coaching classes.

Ganga asked Gautham (a) _____ holidays. Gautham said that (b) _____ Cricket coaching and wanted to know (c) _____ during the holidays. When Ganga told him that she had gone for NTSC coaching classes, Gautham told her that she could have enjoyed herself during the holidays. Ganga replied that (d) _____ the coaching classes.

Exercise 2

Complete the following passage with the most appropriate words from the options given.

An ATM, or Automated Teller is (a) ____ (a, an, the, no word) simple machine which (b) ____ (acting, acted, acts, is acted) as an extension of a bank even (c) ____ (as, which, when, where) the bank is closed. The machine (d) ____ (was, is, has been, should be) usually placed (e) ____ (at, of, in, on) a small room with a security guard stationed outside. You can (f) ____ (withdraw, withdrawal, withdrawn, withdrew) money from your account, deposit cheques, order (g) ____ (a, an, the, no word) cheque book, get (h) ____ (my, our, somebody's, your) account statements etc. The ATMs work round the year 24 hours a day.

Exercise 3

On the basis of the newspaper headlines given, complete the sentences with the options give below each.

(a) China Develops Medical Robot

A Polytechnic University in China that can conduct surgeries.

- i) have developed a medical robot
- ii) has developed a medical robot
- iii) is developing a medical robot
- iv) will be developing a medical robot

(b) Bomb Blast Kills 17 Soldiers

A bomb blast in the cantonment area of Islamabad

- i) killed 17 soldiers

- ii) has killed 17 soldiers
- iii) had killed 17 soldiers
- iv) have killed 17 soldiers

(c) Suchitra Sen in Hospital

Bengali actress, Suchitra Sen with high blood pressure and fever.

- i) was admitted into hospital
- ii) is admitted into hospital
- iii) had been admitted into hospital
- iv) has been admitted into hospital

Exercise 4

Rearrange the following words and phrases to make meaningful sentences.

- (a) where / unproductive work / check / you are / in / wasting time

- (b) self-study / availability of time / for / check

- (c) to complete / you need / judge / the syllabus / how much time

- (d) for / allocate time / as per / different subjects / the need

Exercise 5

The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction in your answer sheet as given below against the correct blank number. Remember to underline the word you have supplied.

Newton had a little dog name Diamond name (incorrect) / named (correct)

One day when he is fifty years (a) _____

old, he went out of his room, left the (b) _____

dog asleep. On the table lie his (c) _____

papers. They contained all the discovery which (d) _____

he had made while the last twenty years. When (e) _____

he was gone, down rose little Diamond. He (f) _____

jumped upon the table and overthrow the lighted (g) _____

candle. The papers caught fire. They were reduce (h) _____

to a heap of ashes.

Exercise 6

Read the following conversation carefully and complete the following passage.

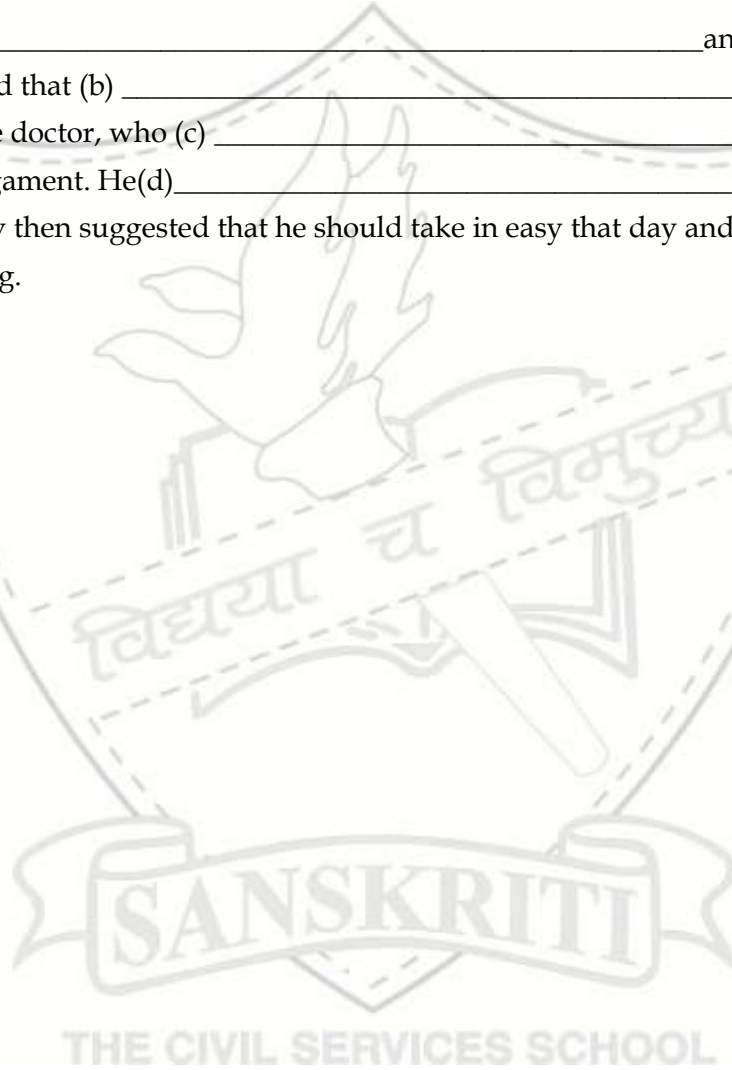
Ruby: Raj, how is your knee today? Is it still giving trouble?

Raj: No. It feels a lot better today. I went to a doctor and he told me it was only a pulled ligament. I should be fine for Saturday's game.

Ruby: Great. But why don't you take it easy today? Maybe just practice throwing. Don't do any running.

Raj: OK.

Ruby asked Raj (a) _____ and if it was still giving him trouble. Raj replied that (b) _____. He told him that he had gone to the doctor, who (c) _____ that it was only a pulled ligament. He (d) _____ for Saturday's game. Ruby then suggested that he should take it easy that day and just practice throwing and not do any running.



REVISION I

1. Rearrange the following jumbled words to make meaningful sentences. The first one has been done as an example.

E.g. has/special/to those/who/to remain/walking/want/appeal/healthy

Walking has special appeal to those who want to remain healthy

a) and tones/other muscles/legs and/strengthens/the lungs/it

b) the heart/of heart/disease/more efficient/the risk/it/by making/decreases

c) walking/blood/pressure/cholesterol/reduces/and lowers/level/fitness

2) Use the words given in brackets and fill in the blanks to complete the following passage:

My family (a) _____ (be) of five members. Each of them (b) _____ (be) very kind and helpful.

My mother, as well as my two sisters (c) _____ (is) good in household work. I, who (d) _____

(be) the eldest, (e) _____ (help) my father in shopping. Neither of my sisters (f) _____ (be)

arrogant, though they both (g) _____ (is) good in studies. All of us (h) _____ (is) good at

sports as well.

3) The points given below describe the procedure for opening a Savings Account in a bank. Read the procedure and then complete the following explanation using a phrase in each space. The first one has been done for you.

1. collect a form from the counter
2. fill in all the required information
3. attach passport size photographs
4. get form attested by an account holder
5. submit form along with Rs,1000/- at cash receipt counter
6. collect passbook on following day

The form for opening a Savings Account (a) can be collected from the counter. All the necessary

information (b) _____ in _____ and two passport size photographs (c)

_____. Next, the form (d) _____ by an account holder

in the same bank who would introduce the new account opener. The form (e)

_____ along with Rs. 1000/- at the cash receipt counter and a receipt (f)

_____ for the amount. The following day, the (g) _____ from the

bank.

4) Read the conversation given below and complete the following in Reported Speech:

Shopkeeper : Good morning! How can I help you, Sir?

Customer : I would like to buy a tennis racket for my son.

Shopkeeper : Would you like a Titanium or a wooden one?

Customer : Show me the different varieties before I decide.

Shopkeeper : Sir, all the rackets are on display in that corner. Please see them and let me know.

Shopkeeper: No ma'am, it is not for sale.

The shopkeeper wished the customer good morning and (a) _____
 _____. The customer said (b) _____
 _____ his son. The shopkeeper enquired whether he wanted a Titanium or
 a wooden one. The customer asked (c) _____
 _____. The shopkeeper told the customer (d)
 _____. He could see and let him know.

5) Join each of the following pairs of sentences using the conjunction given in brackets.

1. Work hard. You will pass. (If)

2. Give full attention to your studies. You will succeed. (Unless)

3. Hurry up. You will miss the train. (Unless)

4. Ruth ran very fast. She could not catch up with Mark. (Though)

5. He has already delivered a good performance. Nobody can question his eligibility. (Since)

6. I know. He is a brave boy. (That)

7. 'Would you like to accompany me?' He asked. (Whether)

8. We all respect him. He is an honest man. (Because)

9. She cannot go to work. She fully recovers from her illness. (Before)

10. Jane is quite warm and friendly. Her sister is quite warm and friendly. (Both...and)

1. Choose the most appropriate options to complete the dialogue given below:

Anchal : (a) _____ shouting wildly?

Mary : What is life without some sound and fury?

Anchal : I know that but I (b) _____ music from my teacher when school reopens if my project is incomplete.

Mary : (c) _____ in the next room and do your work?

Anchal : Are you sure if that room is sound proof?

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| (a) | i. could you stop | ii. can you stop |
| | iii. will you stop | iv. would you stop |
| (b) | i. would have to face | ii. will have to face |
| | iii. should have to face | iv. shall have to face |
| (c) | i. why can't you sit | ii. why don't you sit |
| | iii. why didn't you sit | iv. why shouldn't you sit |

2. There is an error in each line. Write the incorrect word identified. In the other, write the correct alternative. One has been done for you as example.

	Incorrect	Correct
Majority people know how important silence is.	<u>Majority</u> _____	Few _____
It is important for him whom initiates it,	(a) _____	
and him to who it is addressed.	(b) _____	
Raj may be good looking and have a MBA	(c) _____	
degree, but silence is an skill he is yet to master.	(d) _____	

3. Rearrange the following jumbled words to make meaningful sentences. The first one has been done as an example.

E.g. light/ is Earth's/ natural / the / sky/ Aurora /display /a /in

Aurora is a natural light display in the Earth's sky

a) regions /seen/ around/ auroras/ in the /predominantly/ Arctic and Antarctic/ are

b) Latin /Aurora/ from / dawn / for/ came/ the/ word

c) or southern lights/ sometimes /are /to / northern lights/ referred/ Auroras/ as/ polar lights,

4) Complete the passage by filling in the blanks by choosing the most appropriate alternative from those given below:

He has 1) _____ money yet he is not happy. 2) _____ reason is his desire for
 3) _____ and 4) _____ money. Whatever he has, he can't take care of properly.
 5) _____ times he has had IT raids on his bungalow and factories. If he learns to be satisfied, his
 misery can be reduced but 6) _____ will teach him?

- | | | | | |
|----|-------------|----------|---------------|-------------|
| 1) | i) a lot of | ii) more | iii) much | iv) many |
| 2) | i) Only | ii) The | iii) a | iv) That |
| 3) | i) only | ii) the | iii) a | iv) that |
| 4) | i) only | ii) the | iii) a | iv) that |
| 5) | i) Many | ii) Some | iii) A lot of | iv) The few |
| 6) | i) who | ii) one | iii) some | iv) none |

5) **Rearrange the following to form meaningful sentences:**

- hardly / koalas are / ever drink / animals that / water
- water supply / they get / they eat / from / all their / the leaves
- inhabited / tree leaves / so / by koalas / in areas / of / is high / demand / the
- one group / it takes / to support / several acres / of koalas / of trees



Academic Session: 2018-19
First Term Examination
Subject-English
M/4/1

Time: 3 hours

M.M.: 80

General instructions:

- This paper contains 5 printed sides and 11 questions
- Answer all the questions in the correct sequence
- No doubts or clarifications will be entertained. Make reasonable assumptions where required
- Neatness will be appreciated

Section A

Reading

(20)

Q1. Read the following passage carefully:

1. For decades, a lot of emphasis has been put on certain aspects of intelligence such as logical reasoning, Math skills, spatial skills, understanding analogies and verbal skills. Yet, researchers were puzzled by the fact that while Intelligence Quotient (IQ) could predict academic and professional success to a significant degree, there was something missing in the equation. Some of those with fabulous IQ scores were doing poorly in life. They could not explain why the smartest kid in the class may probably not end up being the most successful; why some people are able to remain calm in the midst of calamity while some others buckle under the pressure.

2. One of the major missing parts in the success equation is emotional intelligence. The phrase "emotional intelligence" was coined to describe qualities like understanding one's own feelings, empathy for the feelings of others and "the regulation of emotion in a way that improves one's life". They redefine what it means to be smart. They have concluded that people who manage their own feelings well and deal effectively with others are more likely to live contented lives. Besides, happy people are more apt to retain information and do so more effectively than dissatisfied people.

3. Research has shown that emotional health is fundamental to effective learning. Basically, a student who learns to learn is much more likely to succeed. We should design an emotional literacy program to help children learn to manage anger, frustration and loneliness. Students who are depressed or angry literally cannot learn. Children who have trouble being accepted by their classmates are two to eight times as likely to drop out.

4. On a personal level, emotional intelligence involves motivation and being able to focus on a goal rather than demanding instant gratification. A person with a high emotional intelligence is better at handling relationships of every kind. This is because they are capable of understanding the feelings of others. Highly intelligent people may lack the social skills that are associated with high emotional intelligence. Having a good memory or good problem solving abilities does not mean you are capable of dealing with emotions or motivating yourself. Thus, children need to be taught about emotional intelligence.

5. In conclusion, we now know that there is much more than the traditional qualities of intelligence that lead to success. Scientists have proven that emotional intelligence is just as important. Schools should be encouraged to teach students the skills necessary for emotional intelligence.

Answer the following questions briefly:

1x8=8

- a) What puzzled the researchers about intelligent quotient and success?
- b) What is emotional intelligence?
- c) Mention any two ways by which an emotional literacy program may help children.
- d) How is a person with high emotional intelligence better at handling relationships of all kinds?
- e) Mention at least two traditional qualities of intelligence.
- f) Why is having a good memory or a good problem solving ability no longer enough to be successful?
- g) Children who have trouble being accepted _____ (complete the sentence in your own words)
- h) Research has proved that happy people are _____ (complete the sentence in your own words)

Q2. Read the following passage carefully:

1. There are many aspects that are involved in taking care of elderly or aged people. Those who have the responsibility of taking care of the aged need to be aware of the various needs and requirements that the elderly have.

2. Elderly individuals who live on their own, without the support of anyone, may have a certain amount of financial needs. Such people need to fend for themselves for everything, including food, groceries, medicines etc. Pensioners have the benefit of a steady source of monthly income. Those who do not have any pension or other source of income would have to live entirely on their saving or through special senior citizens' government financial schemes or donations from charitable organisations.

3. It is natural that elderly people prefer staying at home in their old age. This brings the benefit of familiar surroundings and people around them. The homes of such people may be modified to accommodate their changing needs. There is the added benefit of familiar neighbours in the event of an emergency. Transportation is quick and easier for elderly people residing in areas that are familiar to them.

4. Health services are the most important requirement when it comes to elderly needs. Elderly people have age-related health issues. This is a normal part of life and cannot be avoided. Proper care and nursing facilities go a long way in keeping most of these health issues in check and also preventing them from causing any serious harm. Regular medical check-ups are useful to monitor the health of the

elderly and help in identifying serious health problems at the initial stage when treatment has a greater chance of success.

5. As people age, they often have difficulty digesting certain foods. A nutritious and balanced diet made up of foodstuffs that the digestive system is able to accept is of utmost importance. Very often, the diet needs to be altered taking into consideration the medicines that are consumed each day.

6. The elderly have social needs too. Being debilitated by age is no reason for the elderly to be confined to themselves or in their rooms. Modern medicine recognises as fact that the elderly, just as ordinary people, need to feel wanted, cared for and loved. The world over, kind-hearted people take turns to give companionship to the elderly. Oftentimes, just physical proximity is enough comfort for the elderly. Some read to them and some others chat with them.

Answer the following questions:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| | 12 |
| a) In what ways do the elderly have to take care of themselves? (Mention any 4) | 2 |
| b) What is the benefit of having a monthly pension? How do those without a pension survive? | 2 |
| c) What are the advantages of the elderly who live in their own homes? | 2 |
| d) What are some of the greatest needs of the elderly? How can one help them? | 2 |
| e) Find a word in paragraph 6 which means 'closeness'. | 1 |
| f) Explain the phrase 'to fend for themselves' as used in paragraph 2. | 1 |
| g) Give the antonym of the word 'charitable' in paragraph 2. | 1 |
| h) Find a word which means 'weak and infirm' in paragraph 6. | 1 |

Section B
Writing and grammar

(30)

- Q3** Write a **descriptive paragraph** about a favourite teacher in your Primary School in about **100-150 words**. 8
- Q4.** Write a short story in about 150-200 words using the following prompt: 10

Her best friend was missing and nobody had a clue why. She lay on her bed and hugged her pillow, and that's when she heard it, a scrunching sound. When she looked inside, there was an envelope with her name on – in her missing friend's handwriting...
Give an appropriate title to your story.

- Q5.** Complete the following passage by filling the blanks with an appropriate word: $\frac{1}{2} \times 8 = 4$
Arundhati Roy is an activist (a) _____ focuses on issues (b) _____ to social justice and economic inequality. She (c) _____ the Booker Prize in 1997 for her novel 'God of Small Things' (d) _____ has also (e) _____ two screenplays and several essays. (f) _____ writings on various issues (g) _____ been a subject of major controversy (h) _____ India.
- Q6.** The following passage has not been edited. There is one error in each of the $\frac{1}{2} \times 8 = 4$

lines. Write the incorrect word and the correction in your answer sheets.

	Error	Correction
There is some common truth in a common saying that dogs became attached to persons while cats are general attached to places. A dog will follow their master anywhere, so a cat keeps to the house it was used to. Even when the house changes hands, the cat will remain here, as long as that is treated kindly by the new owners.	a) _____	_____
	b) _____	_____
	c) _____	_____
	d) _____	_____
	e) _____	_____
	f) _____	_____
	g) _____	_____
	h) _____	_____

Q7. Read the conversation given below and complete the paragraph that follows: 1x4=4

Simon: Where have you been? I've called you six times.
 Raul: I was cleaning my room.
 Simon: You couldn't stop cleaning to answer your phone?
 Raul: I was cleaning my room so I could find the phone!

Simon called his friend Raul and asked him where he had been adding that (a) _____ . Raul replied that (b) _____. An angry Simon wanted to know if (c) _____ to which Raul replied that (d) _____.

Section C
Literature and Supplementary

(30)

Q8. 'When the humid shadows hover 1x4=4

*Over all the starry spheres
 And the melancholy darkness
 Gently weeps in rainy tears'*

- How does the poet describe the time before it rains?
- What are the 'starry spheres' that the poet refers to?
- Identify any one poetic device used in the given lines.
- Explain the phrase 'the melancholy darkness gently weep' in the given context.

Q9. Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words: 2x5=10

- How is the poem 'A Legend of the Northland' a cautionary tale? What is the message conveyed through it?
- What life lessons does one learn through the poem 'The Road Not Taken'?
- What qualities of the wind are brought out by the poet Subramania Bharati in the poem 'The Wind'? Is it ever beneficial?
- How does the stranger in the story 'The Lost Child' try to help the little boy when he is lost? Why does he succeed or fail?

- e) Why does the author say that Toto was not the sort of pet they could keep for long? Explain with reference to the story.

LITERATURE

Q10 Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

8

Prose

Discuss the dynamic relationship that Kezia shared with her father. Explain how different it was with her grandmother?

The Fun they Had-

Q11 Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

8

Isaac

Asimov

Isaac
(born
1920,
died April 6,

Gifted with the power of imagination and creativity, Iswaran managed to bring his rational and scientific-tempered master Mahendra under his spell.

Asimov

Discuss how a person like Mahendra came under the influence of Iswaran's storytelling. What nuances of the craft did the storyteller employ?

January 2,

Petrovichi, Russia –

1992, New York, U.S.) is an

American writer and a biochemist. He is best known for or edited about 500 volumes, of which the most In this short story, Asimov takes us to the future, children who chance upon a book as we know it technology has permeated almost all aspects of school life in the past would seem like. We also been replaced by telebooks and human teachers While the students can now 'attend' school in the where children would study and play together. provide to make our lives convenient, it cannot

his science fiction written for the layperson. He wrote famous are those in the Foundation and Robot series.

year 2157. He introduces us to two young today. Having been born in a world where human life, Margie and Tommy wonder what get a peek into the future where real books have have been substituted by mechanical teachers. comfort of their home, Margie imagines a school Despite all the comforts that technology can fulfil our need for companionship.

Reference to Context

"what a waste. When you're through with the book,

- Identify the speaker. Who is he/she
- What is being described as 'a waste'?
- What has 'it' been replaced by in the

you just throw it away, I guess."

speaking to?

Why?

speaker's time?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- How was the book found in the attic different to?
- Why did Margie hope that the County mechanical teacher together again?
- What kind of a school did Margie's

from those that Tommy and Margie were used

Inspector wouldn't know how to put her

grandfather attend?

Answer the following question in about 100-

150 words:

The future of the human civilisation hinges on describes a futuristic school with technology at content. With relevant examples, discuss the forecloses the possibility of human interaction.

technological advancements. Asimov's story the centre of it, yet the protagonist doesn't seem hazards of computer based education that

1. The Sound of Music

Part I: Evelyn Glennie

Deborah Cowley, writer and broadcaster, writes about Evelyn Glennie, is a Scottish virtuoso percussionist. She was the first full-time solo percussionist in 20th-century western society. Profoundly deaf (meaning severely impaired but not completely deaf) since the age of 12, the percussionist identifies notes by vibrations she feels through her feet and body; she insists her deafness is irrelevant to her ground-breaking, critically acclaimed work.

Cowley's article encapsulates the journey of the artiste as she follows her passion and leaves an indelible mark in the field of music, her physical shortcomings notwithstanding. The lesson shows her resilience, perseverance and humility. Glennie does not stop after achieving success and also devotes time to social causes.

Part II: Bismillah Khan

The second part of this section is about the shehnai and the name that is synonymous with shehnai in India, Bharat Ratan, Bismillah Khan. The lesson gives us an insight into the life of Khan, his devotion to his art and his love for India. Like Glennie, Khan also believed in reinventing his art and was a pioneer in his field. He was proud of his heritage and tried to promote classical music among the youth. Like Glennie, his humility and passion make him an icon of Indian classical music.

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

1. How did percussionist Ron Forbes help Evelyn in overcoming her limitations?

Sample Answer:

Percussionist Ron Forbes was the first person to recognize the untapped potential of Evelyn Glennie in the field of music despite her hearing impairment. Once he tuned two large drums to different notes for her, enabling her to feel the sensation of their beats. He repeated this exercise for her, making her realize that music could be felt too and not only be heard. From that point onwards, there was no looking back for Evelyn Glennie.

2. Evelyn Glennie is a stellar performer and a very humble person. Comment.

3. Describe the way in which Evelyn 'feels' music.

4. How is Ustad Bismillah Khan's life a perfect example of the rich cultural heritage of India?

5. How did a pungi evolve into a shehnai?

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

6. How is Evelyn Glennie a 'shining inspiration' for the differently abled?

7. Evelyn only had a physical limitation. Mentally, she was an exemplary woman with an indomitable spirit. Substantiate with suitable examples.

8. The biographies of Ustad Bismillah Khan and Evelyn Glennie inspire us to appreciate music and to be awake to the many sensations of music. Comment.

The Little Girl by Katherine Mansfield

Kathleen Mansfield Murry (1888-1923) was a prominent New Zealand modernist short story writer who was born and brought up in colonial New Zealand and wrote under the pen name of Katherine Mansfield.

The short story *The Little Girl* is the story of Kezia who was terrified of her father. We look at the family from the perspective of the little girl who sees her father as a giant. She stutters in his presence and has to be urged constantly to talk to him. Kezia finds solace in the company of her grandmother, who is compassionate and a good listener to the concerns of the little girl. She doesn't enjoy much freedom as a child. On an occasion, when Kezia is punished by her father for destroying important documents for his birthday gift, she questions why God had created fathers in the first place. It is much later, when her father comforts her after a nightmare that Kezia is able to connect with her father. He might be different from Mr Macdonald who spends time with his children, but he is definitely kind. There is acceptance as she forgives him for past actions and understands that he has to work hard.

Reference to Context

1. *'And every day he had to work and was too tired to be a Mr. Macdonald...'*

- Who is the 'he' referred to in the above lines?
- What did Kezia realize about her father? Explain with reference to the given line.

2. *"What did God make fathers for?" she sobbed.*

- Who is the speaker in the above line?
- Who is she speaking to?
- Explain the context of the given line.

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- Why was Kezia intimidated by her father? Explain with instances from the text.
- What was unusual about Kezia's stuttering?
- Describe the complex relationship between the father and daughter in the story. How did her
- What did Kezia observe about her neighbours? Why did she like Mr. Macdonald? father exhibit his love for her?

Sample Answer

The Macdonalds who lived next door made an exuberant, lively, playful family. Looking through the vegetable garden-wall, Kezia saw the five children playing with their father, turning a hose at him and the father tickling the children. When compared with her scary father who never played with her, Kezia saw the height of love between father and children next door and she loved the MacDonald family.

- Was Kezia's father justified in punishing her for ruining his great speech? Give reasons.
- Describe the relationship between Grandmother and Kezia.
- How did Kezia's mother going to the hospital bring about a change in the household? How did she become closer to her father? What precipitated this change?
- What was Kezia's nightmare? How would you interpret it?

A Truly Beautiful Mind

The lesson is a short biographical piece on Albert Einstein (1879-1955). It tells us about the life of one of the greatest scientific minds of the 20th century. Einstein was a non-conformist and abhorred unreasonable notions imposed by the society through its various institutions such as family and school. He could think out of the box and worked passionately in the field of science. We also meet

Mileva Maric, his first wife, who shared his passion for science. Einstein was not only a great scientist but also a far sighted and sensitive individual. He understood the devastating consequences of nuclear weapons and till end of his life, put up a fight to end the arms race.

Reference to Context

He also felt a special interest in a fellow student, Mileva Marie whom he found to be a clever creature.

- Who is he in the above extract?
- Mileva Marie was clever by what standards?
- What other interest did 'he' have at the university of Zurich?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- What did Einstein's mother mean by the remark about Mileva that 'She is a book like you.'?
- How was Einstein's 'Theory of Relativity', a scientific revolution?
- Why did Einstein leave the school in Munich for good?
- At what stage of life did Einstein evolve further from a genius in Mathematics and science to a world citizen?
- What character trait is evident by his selection of friends?
- What was Einstein's stance concerning nuclear weapons?

Sample Answer:

It was a letter by Einstein to the President of USA describing the ferocity of nuclear weapons in the hands of Germany that inspired USA to develop its own nuclear weapon. However Einstein was a pacifist, and shocked at the devastation caused by the bombs, in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, he fought against nuclear weapons and conducted a lifelong campaign for nuclear disarmament.

The Snake and the Mirror by Vaikom Muhammad Basheer (Translated by V. Abdulla)

Vaikom Muhammad Basheer (1908 –1994) was a Malayalam fiction writer from the state of Kerala in India. He was a humanist, freedom fighter, novelist and short story writer. He was noted for his path-breaking, disarmingly down-to-earth style of writing that made him equally popular among literary critics as well as the common man.

The Snake and the Mirror is about a homeopath who had just set up his practice. His earnings were meagre and he lived in a shabby house. He thought he was an eligible bachelor and admired his good looks. His grand plans for his marriage and future were rudely interrupted when he heard a thud and realised that there was a snake in the room. It soon slithered around his shoulder. He could not move or speak. Humbled by this unexpected encounter, he started thinking of God, a force more powerful than himself. Soon, however, the snake saw its reflection in the mirror and seemed to be enamoured of his own reflection. The narrator ran to save his life. He returned only to realise that he had left his house open and was robbed of his limited belongings and cash, all except, a dirty vest.

Reference to Context

'I was but a poor foolish stupid doctor.....'

- When and why does the doctor say this?
- What is the doctor's opinion about himself earlier ?
- What does it reveal about his state of mind?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- Was the doctor economically well off? Support your answer with information from the text.

Sample Answer:

No, he was not economically well off as he says he lived in a rented ,rat infested house without electricity. He had just started his medical practice and his earnings were poor. He also says that he had a mere sixty rupees in his trunk along with a few dhotis and kurtas and a solitary black coat.

- What does the author mean when he says, 'The wind god seemed to have taken off.....?'
- Why does the doctor say, ' I leapt into the yard and ran for all I was worth!'
- Was the author arrogant? Was he also courageous? Support your answer with incidents from the text.

My Childhood by A.P.J. Abdul Kalam

This autobiographical excerpt by the former president of the country, Dr. Kalam, shares some of his experiences from his childhood. He talks about the people who became his role models, his parents and his teachers. He learns humility and discipline from his father and kindness and charity from his mother. His teacher, Sivasubramaniam Iyer taught him an important lesson, to be persistent in face of challenges. The lesson shows us the impact that family, neighbourhood and school can have on children. It also shows us the change is an inevitable yet a gradual phenomenon. It takes time to let go of old, redundant habits, think rationally and embrace change.

Reference to Context

...but the strong sense of conviction Lakshmana Sastry conveyed ultimately reformed this young teacher.

- Who is Lakshmana Shetty?
- Who has been referred to as 'this young teacher' in the above extract? Why did he need to be reformed?
- What did Shetty do to bring about this reform?
- What is the meaning of the word 'conviction' ?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- How did the war impact the people of Rameshwaram?

Sample Answer:

Initially their town was completely unaffected by war. Things changed after India joined the Allied forces in the second world war. There was suspension of the train halt at Rameswaram station. The newspapers now had to be bundled and thrown out from the moving train on the Rameswaram Road

- Why does Kalam call his science teacher ' a rebel'?
- Discuss Sivasubramaniam Iyer's idea of bringing about social change?
- How does Kalam's father convince his mother to let Kalam leave his hometown for further studies?

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

Family is the first school of every child. The values that they learn from their parents and other family members often become essential traits of their personality. Kalam and his friends also inherited qualities such as kindness, humility and a fairb sense of judgement from their parents. Discuss with examples from the text.

Packing by Jerome K Jerome

This is an extract from the book 'Three Men in a Boat.'

Three Men in a Boat starts with three friends named Jerome, George, and Harris smoking together in their apartment in London. They are all hypochondriacs and always talk about their illnesses. After doing some research on various diseases at the British Museum, J. somehow concluded that he has all the diseases known to man except for housemaid's knee. The friends then make a plan of taking a vacation together as it would be good for their health. After some contemplation, they decide to spend a week rowing up the Thames with their dog, Montmorency.

The men then make the necessary arrangements for the trip and choose to bring a cover for the boat and sleep in it, instead of carrying a tent or living at an inn. They make a long list of items but then realize that they ideally need to only carry the essentials. Although they are friends, J. doesn't really like Harris and compares him at length to J.'s incompetent Uncle Podger. They finally decide to bring a hamper of food, clothing, a methylated spirit stove for cooking and a cover for the boat.

Jerome

Jerome is the narrator of the story and the entire gamut of events are depicted from his point of view. He is overconfident and rates his packing skills a bit too high. He is also arrogant and expects his friends to carry out the tedious part of packing while he sits back and passes orders. His friends, however, do not take him seriously and finally he has to struggle while trying to pack the bag. Jerome is both clumsy and forgetful. He first forgets to pack the shoes and then can't recall if he has put in his toothbrush or not. He unpacks the bag twice clumsily to accommodate the missing items. When his friends fumble while packing the hamper, he sits at the edge of the table and watches them because now it is his turn to have fun at their expense. However, he is an ordinary boy who ignores the shortcomings of his friends in the same way as he ignores his own.

George and Harris

George and Harris are the friends of the narrator, Jerome. Both of them are as clumsy, ill-organised, forgetful and casual as Jerome. They commit mistakes even while doing ordinary tasks and keep repeating their mistakes. Like Jerome, they too are mistaken about their talent to pack stuff and are over-confident about their performance. They damage or spoil many things like cups, pies, tomatoes, butter and lemons while packing the hamper. Their action amuses the readers, especially when they misplace the butter and search for it all over the place. Somehow, in spite of making a fool of themselves, while packing for the trip, they don't believe in any blame game and ignore each others' mistakes.

Montmorency – the pet dog

Montmorency is the pet dog of the three friends – Jerome, George and Harris. He is a pampered pet and knows no restraints on his behaviour. His animal instinct to probe everything creates a nuisance for his masters. He likes to be a part of all the activities going on in the house and gets excited to see the boys packing things. He doesn't mind being shouted at and does not even respond when they try

to move him away from the packed stuff. He is a super energized pet and '10 amount of scolding dampens his enthusiasm. He may ill-trained temperamental, destructive and meddlesome but he is loved by the readers as much as his masters.

His presence in the story makes it more interesting and amusing' .

1. *They fell into the suggestion with a readiness that had something uncanny about it.*
 - a) Who is the speaker and which suggestion is he talking about?
 - b) Who are *they* in the above extract?
 - c) What is the meaning of uncanny?
 - d) Why did their readiness to follow the suggestion seem uncanny to the speaker?
2. *They began in a light- hearted spirit, evidently intending to show me how to do it. I made no comment; I only waited.*
 - a) Who are they in the above extract and why are they in a light-hearted spirit?
 - b) What did they intend to show and why?
 - c) Why didn't the narrator make any comment? What is he waiting for?
 - d) Give another word for *evidently*.
3. Describe the way in which George and Harris packed the hamper.
4. Describe Montmorency's contribution in the packing. According to the narrator, which *natural, original sin* was he born with?
5. Discuss the humorous aspects of the chapter 'Packing'. How is humour used to bring out the human tendency of boastfulness and exaggeration? .(150 words)
6. *I rather pride myself on my packing.* The speaker's claims were rather hollow. Comment.(150 words)

Reach for the Top

Santosh Yadav was born on 10th October 1967 in village Joniyawas of Rewari District in Haryana. In spite of her rural background and in the prevalent social taboo forbidding education of girls in rural set up, she was able to force her way and continue her schooling. She graduated from the Maharani College, Jaipur, in Economic (Honours) in 1987 and also obtained her NCC 'C' Certificate, the following year. While studying in the prestigious Maharani College, Jaipur, she found her way to the Himalayas through the Aravali Mountains. In 1986 she did her Basic Mountaineering Course from the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering (NIM), Uttarkashi with 'A' Grading and saw snow / ice for the first time in her life. In the following year she did Advance Mountaineering Course from the same Institute, also with 'A' Grading.

Had she not been a mountaineer, Padmashri award winner Santosh Yadav (48) would have been an environmentalist. She was the first woman to climb the 29,035 feet high Mount Everest twice, in 1992

and 1993, and the first woman to climb it from its Kangshung face. Ms Yadav, a former Indo-Tibetan Border Police officer, is passionate about nature.

In Mumbai to deliver the second annual Radhika Rajan Leadership Lecture at IIT-Bombay, she urged students to be true to nature, not as a virtue but out of necessity.

Above all, she asked them to be patient and positive. "If you yearn for something without wistfulness but with happiness and faith, it comes to you. That's what pulled me through every situation and kept me going in good health. That comes from the state of mind," she said.

Narrating her story, she said, "I became a mountaineer by fluke. I was born in a village called Joniawas in Haryana in an affluent family that wanted to get me married at 14, as that was the norm then. I decided to stay in a hostel in Jaipur and continue with my studies to escape family attention. From my hostel room, I could see the Aravalli range. It fascinated me."

To view the mountains from close quarters, Ms Yadav decided to join the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering in Uttarkashi. There were many hurdles. Her father refused permission, so she decided to skip going home after exam and joined the institute directly. When her father got to know, he got ready to get her back home.

However, a hairline fracture kept her at home for 45 days, by which time Ms Yadav was through with her course. "I understood my father's concern that nobody would marry me if I became a mountaineer. But I never wanted to be one. I simply wanted to see the Himalayas," she said.

She had expected to return home after her month-long training at the institute, so she paid little heed to the instructors' lament that she had 'tiny lungs' compared to other girls, most of whom were from hilly areas. She was also underweight, but up ahead of her class. "Many of them were in a hurry to beat others. I was never competitive. I simply focused on my goal. Competitiveness breaks your rhythm; it breeds negative emotions like greed and envy. It harms you."

During her training, they tested her patience, compassion and perseverance. She says she scored well in physical tests because of her childhood habit of waking up early. "I would wake up at 4 am. Our lungs are very active from 3 am to 5 am, and the energy around is very good. I have kept up this practice, because of which my lungs, though small, have the maximum oxygen saturation among Everest climbers tested during a Japanese study," she said.

While climbing down from Mt Everest on one occasion, her fingers developed third-degree frostbite. "There were just crevices in the vertical slope down for which I needed to use my hands, and they were not working. Two foreign doctors told me there was nothing to do except to wait for a bit. I was told I'd lose all my fingers. At that time, I remembered my instructors' advice that the best medicine for high-altitude sickness is to come down, so I resolved to go down in spite of the weather."

She not only climbed down but also completed four days of travel in 23 hours. At some point, her hands started aching. "I was just happy to get sensation back." While doctors felt it was a subject of research, Ms Yadav said she succeeded because of her patience, presence of mind, and a balanced temperament.

Invoking Newton's third law of motion, she said it applies in life too. "Every action has a reaction. By staying positive, you are attracting positivity. This is not bookish knowledge but the gist of all my experiences," she said. Her respect for nature underlined most of her speech. "Nature is very powerful. If you approach it with a sense of humility, it will bless you. If you approach it with bravado, it will destroy you."

Having weathered many a storm successfully, she should know.

MARIA SHARAPOVA

Tennis champion Maria Sharapova became the first Russian woman to win Wimbledon and is an Olympic champion.

Born in Russia in 1987, Maria Sharapova moved to the U.S. at an early age and began training at the Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy. After turning professional at age 14, she burst into the spotlight by winning the 2004 Wimbledon women's singles title. Sharapova became the 10th woman to earn a career Grand Slam with her French Open win in 2012, and she added a second French crown in 2014. In 2016, she was suspended for two years by the International Tennis Federation following her positive test for a banned substance. After an appeal, her suspension was reduced to 15 months, allowing her to return to competition in April 2017.

Her father worked in the construction industry, and both parents were avid athletes. They had met in Gomel, a city in the Ukraine that was near the Chernobyl nuclear reactor, the site of the world's worst nuclear accident in April 1986, just a year before Sharapova was born. When her mother became pregnant, she and Yuri decided to move east to escape the potentially damaging radioactive effects of the accident. They settled in Nyagan, Siberia, where Sharapova was born. Yuri found work in the Siberian oilfields, but the climate was too cold for them. They saved their money for four years and finally were able to move to Sochi, a pleasant resort town on the Black Sea in the south of Russia.

Sharapova's parents liked to play tennis, and they gave her a racket as a toddler and began teaching her how to hit the ball. Because they could not afford a genuine child-size racket, they cut off the handle of an adult one for her to master instead. She proved a quick learner, and when she was six years old they traveled to Moscow for a youth tennis clinic. One of the celebrity athletes at the event was Czech-born Martina Navratilova (1956–), a nine-time women's singles winner at Wimbledon. Navratilova was impressed by Sharapova's skills and suggested to the parents that they contact the Nick Bollettieri Tennis Academy in Bradenton, Florida.

The Sharapovas decided to go to Florida and try to get Maria enrolled there. But only Yuri could get a visa (a document permitting a foreign citizen to legally enter the country) to travel to the United States, and so Yelena stayed behind in Sochi and waited for her visa application to be approved. They also needed money for the trip and had to borrow several hundred dollars from Yuri and Yelena's parents. This was an enormous sum for her parents, partly because Russia was in a state of financial chaos at the time, and average working families like hers struggled to obtain the basic necessities of life in the new, non-Communist era in which the state did not generously provide jobs, housing, and healthcare for all citizens. "My parents weren't stupid," Sharapova told Peter Kafka in Forbes. "The conditions in Russia weren't the best for tennis."

In 1994 Sharapova and her father arrived at the Bollettieri Tennis Academy in Bradenton, but they were told that admission to the school was by invitation only, and that the seven-year-old girl was too young to enter anyway. They remained in Florida, and a coach was found for her while her father worked as a waiter and took odd jobs to support them. She learned English in just four months, and her tennis skills steadily improved. At the age of nine, she and her father went back to the Bollettieri Academy, and she proved herself so well on a tryout that she was given a full scholarship to the \$46,000-a-year school.

Around this same time, Yelena Sharapova finally received her visa and was able to join her husband and daughter, ending a two-year separation. But when Sharapova entered the Bollettieri Academy, she had to live in its boarding school. She later hinted in interviews that it was a tough, competitive

atmosphere, and she was sometimes the target of bullying by the older girls. Her days included regular academic classes and as many as six hours a day on the tennis courts in practice sessions. At the age of eleven, she signed on with coach Robert Lansdorp, who had guided the careers of Sampras as well as Tracy Austin (1962–), a two-time U.S. Open winner, and Lindsay Davenport (1976–), who won three Grand Slam events between 1998 and 2000.

"Nothing scares me," she told Kazanjian, "because I'm not worried about failure. You never know until you try. So if you don't try, you've failed. All I know is, I'm starving to be the best."

Reference to Context

'She decided to fight the system in her own quiet way when the right moment arrived'

- What was the system that Santosh had to fight? How did she fight it? Explain with evidence from the text.
- What was the right moment?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- How do the biographies of Maria Sharapova and Santosh Yadav inspire you? What specific qualities from each of them would you like to imbibe?
- What according to you was the toughest point in Santosh Yadav's life? How might you have dealt with a situation like that?
- Describe an event from your life when you felt on top of the world. Explain your journey to the top. What odds did you have to face?
- Does gender play a role in success in life? Is it the same throughout the world? Elaborate using examples from the contemporary world.
- What are the recent controversies that Maria Sharapova has had to face? How has she dealt with these struggles? What are your views on use of medication for enhanced performances? Discuss.
- How did Santosh Yadav get into the record books?

Sample Answer:

Santosh Yadav got into the record books for the first time when she scaled Mt. Everest at the age of twenty. She became the youngest woman in the world to climb Mt. Everest. She scaled the Everest for the second time next year, thus becoming the only woman in the world to do so.

- Describe Santosh's fight against the system?

Sample Answer:

Right from the beginning Santosh had to fight the system to assert for her right to equality and education. She never lost her spirit and determination. She defied all the customs and traditions, which limit the girls within the spheres of family, marriage and children. She ventured into a man's domain to become a role model for others.

- Describe Maria's struggle to reach at the top of the world in the field of the women tennis.

Sample Answer:

Maria started working to achieve her goal at a very young age. She had to face separation from her mother and stay in completely unfamiliar and hostile surroundings for years. She also faced humiliation but never let it affect her negatively. She took it as a challenge and with her mental toughness and competitive nature, she succeeded in achieving her goal.

9. How are Maria's achievements significant?



Sample Answer:

Maria exemplifies the success achieved through hard work and dedication. Her mental strength, focus, dedication and determination make her an ideal role model for girls all over the world. Her success in her chosen field such as winning Wimbledon and then becoming world's No. 1 woman tennis player also makes her achievement significant.

The Bond of Love by Kenneth Anderson

Kenneth Douglas Stewart Anderson (8 March 1910 – 30 August 1974) was an Indian-born, British writer and hunter who wrote books about his adventures in the jungles of South India.

Kenneth Anderson was born in [Bolarum] and came from a British family that settled in India for six generations. His father Aryan Stewart Anderson was superintendent of the F.C.M.A. in Poona, Maharashtra and dealt with the salaries paid to military personnel, having an honorary rank of captain. His mother Lucy Ann née Taylor was the grand-daughter of John Taylor who, for his services, had been gifted land in Bangalore by Sir Mark Cubbon. Douglas like most British soldiers took an interest in sport hunting and influenced Anderson's interest in the outdoors and hunting.

Anderson went to Bishop Cotton Boys' School and also studied at St. Joseph's College, Bangalore. He was sent to study law at Edinburgh but he quit studies and returned to India. He worked for fifteen years in the posts and telegraph department and later worked at the British Aircraft Factory in Bangalore (later HAL) in the rank of Factory Manager for Planning. He owned nearly 200 acres of land across Karnataka, Hyderabad and Tamil Nadu. In 1972 he was diagnosed with cancer from which he died in 1974. He was buried at the Hosur road cemetery.

His love for the inhabitants of the Indian jungle led him to big game hunting and to writing real-life adventure stories. He often went into the jungle alone and unarmed to meditate and enjoy the beauty of untouched nature. As a hunter, he tracked down man-eating tigers and leopards. His kills include the Sloth bear of Mysore, the Leopard of Gummalapur, the Leopard of the Yellagiri Hills, the Tigress of Jowlagiri, the Tiger of Segur and the Tiger of Mundachipallam.

He is officially recorded as having shot 8 man-eating leopards (7 males and 1 female) and 7 tigers (5 males and 2 females) on the Government records from 1939 to 1966 though he is rumored to have unofficially shot over 18 man-eating panthers and over 15–20 man-eating tigers. He also shot a few rogue elephants.

Anderson's style of writing is descriptive, as he talks about his adventures with wild animals. While most stories are about hunting tigers and leopards – particularly man-eaters – he includes chapters on his first-hand encounters with elephants, bison, and bears. There are stories about the less 'popular' creatures like Indian wild dogs, hyenas, and snakes. He explains the habits and personalities of these animals.

Anderson gives insights into the people of the Indian jungles of his time, with woods full of wildlife and local inhabitants having to contend with poor quality roads, communication and health facilities. His books delve into the habits of the jungle tribes, their survival skills, and their day-to-day lives.

This incident is described in his book *Man Eaters and Jungle Killers* in the chapter entitled "The Maurauder of Kempekarai".

In his introduction to *Tales from the Indian Jungle*, Anderson writes: "He [Anderson] appears to be of the jungle himself, and we get the impression that he belongs there. This is the home for him and here is the place he would want to die; the jungle is his birthplace, his heaven and his resting place when the end comes."

The Bond of Love is story by Kenneth Anderson which shows the love of a human with a sloth bear whom she called 'Bruno'. Bruno was a sloth bear rescued by the author. Bruno was shot by the author's companions. Bruno gets attached to the author's wife. Soon in the story there are accounts of Bruno's life which shows how he spends the time with the author, with frequent accidents. As he grew in size he was sent to a zoo. The story then comes to effect when the author's wife wants to meet Bruno, the author thinking that he must have forgotten her takes her to the zoo, but after reaching there she came to know that it was true love. They with the permission of the superintendent of the zoo bring him back home. At home a separate island is made for the animal where the author's wife and the bear spend hours together.

Reference to Context

Back we went to Mysore again, armed with the superintendent's letter. Baba was driven into a small cage and hoisted on top of the car; the cage was tied securely, and a slow and careful return journey to Bangalore was accomplished.

1. Who are we in the above extract?
2. What effect did the Superintendent's letter have ?
- 3 What does the narrator mean by return journey to Bangalore?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

1. How was the problem of what to do with Bruno finally solved?

Sample Answer:

As Bruno was not feeling happy after getting separated from its foster family and was getting weak as a result, the author's wife went to meet Bruno. After seeing Bruno's pitiful condition they decided to bring it back to their home. They built a special cordoned area for Bruno with all the facilities befitting a playful bear. In this way, finally Bruno was back to its home.

2. Why was Bruno sent away to the Zoo and why was he brought back?
3. 'Love is mutual'. Illustrate with reference to "The Bond of Love"?

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

1. How can we justify that the statement a sloth bear has no sense of affection, memory and no individual characteristics is false.' Animals also feel the pleasure of love and the pain of separation'. Elaborate, in reference to the story, 'The Bond of Love'.



Kathmandu by Vikram Seth

Kathmandu is a travelogue written by Vikram Seth. It is the description of the two famous temples of Kathmandu. One is the Pashupatinath and the other is the Baudhnath Shrine. The author first visits Pashupatinath Temple where he finds that the atmosphere is of feverish confusion due to the crowd of Priests, hawkers, devotees, tourists, cows, monkeys, pigeons and dogs that roam through the ground. Only Hindus are allowed to enter inside the temple. He sees people performing different rituals performing on the bank of the holy river Bagmati. He also talks about the belief related to the end of the Kaliyug.

Next he visits Baudhnath Shrine. He observes that there is a sense of stillness in contrast to the Pashupatinath temple. It feels like a Haven of Quietness. There is complete silence and the atmosphere is.

There are Tibetan immigrants selling felt bags, silver jewellery antiques etc on the pavement of the road. After this, he roams the streets of Kathmandu and finds it extremely busy and more of a religious city. These streets are crowded with fruit sellers, hawkers of postcards etc. The shops sell western cosmetics, film rolls, chocolates etc. It is the noisiest city because of the honking sound of the cars, bells of bicycle and the low of the cows and filmy songs of the radios. He enjoys his visit to Kathmandu roaming in the busy market eating corn –on the cob, reading comics and Reader's Digest. However, he becomes tired and homesick and decided to return back to his home. He buys an air line ticket and returns back to his hotel. Closer to his hotel he hears the melodious sound of the flute seller which enchants him. His carefree style of selling flutes pleases him. It reminds him of the commonality of all mankind as the music of the flutes unites all mankind in one single thread of universality. He is fascinated. He eventually returns home with a flood of memories.

About the Author :

Vikram Seth is an Indian poet, novelist, travel writer, librettist, children's writer, biographer and memoirist.

Born in 1952 in Calcutta, India, Vikram Seth was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Stanford University and Nanjing University.

His father, Prem Nath Seth, was an executive of Bata Shoes and his mother, Leila Seth, a barrister by training, became the first female Chief Justice of the Delhi High Court.

He studied at St. Michael's High School, Patna and at The Doon School in Dehradun, where he edited The Doon School Weekly. After graduating from Doon, Seth went to Tonbridge School England, to complete his A-levels. [4][5][6] He also studied at St. Xavier's High School, Patna. Later he moved to the United Kingdom and read Philosophy, Politics and Economics at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He then pursued a Ph.D. in Economics at Stanford University though never completed it.

He has travelled widely and lived in Britain, California, India and China. His first novel, The Golden Gate: A Novel in Verse (1986), describes the experiences of a group of friends living in California. His acclaimed epic of Indian life, A Suitable Boy (1993), won the WH Smith Literary Award and the Commonwealth Writers Prize (Overall Winner, Best Book). Set in India in the early 1950s, it is the story of a young girl, Lata, and her search for a husband. An Equal Music (1999) is the story of a violinist haunted by the memory of a former lover.

Vikram Seth is also the author of a travel book, *From Heaven Lake: Travels Through Sinkiang and Tibet* (1983), an account of a journey through Tibet, China and Nepal that won the Thomas Cook Travel Book Award, and a libretto, *Arion and the Dolphin: A Libretto* (1994), which was performed at the English National Opera in June 1994, with music by Alec Roth.

His poetry includes *Mappings* (1980), *The Humble Administrator's Garden* (1985), winner of the Commonwealth Poetry Prize (Asia), and *All You Who Sleep Tonight: Poems* (1990). His children's book, *Beastly Tales from Here and There* (1992), consists of ten stories about animals told in verse. Vikram Seth's latest works include *Two Lives* (2005), a memoir of the marriage of his great uncle and aunt, and *Summer Requiem* (2015), a book of poems.

KEY POINTS

- Vikram Seth visit Pashupatinath temple and finds that only Hindus are allowed for darshan . There is an atmosphere of feverish disorder in and around Pashupatinath temple due to the crowd of Priests,hawkers , devotees , tourists , cows , monkeys , pigeons and dogs roam through ground .
- The author sees that the people are performing different rituals on the holy bank of Bagmati River.
- Next he visits Baudhnath Shrine which seems to him as Haven of Quietness. There is complete silence and still atmosphere.
- Tibetan immigrants were selling felt bags , silver jewellery antiques etc on the pavement of the road .
- The author finds that Kathmandu is more religious , vivid and mercenary city .
- It is the noisiest and busiest city because of thousands of tourists, vendors shouting, playing of film songs, honking sound of the vehicles .
- He enjoys his visit to Kathmandu by visiting Pashupatinath and Baudhnath shrine and roaming in the busy market eating corn –on the cob, reading comics and reader digest.
- Vikram enchanted by the melodious songs played by the flute seller he finds the way of selling his flute was different from other hawkers.
- The author becomes tired and feels home sick and decided to return home by air.

1. Answer the following with reference context

'But I am too exhausted and homesick...'

- Who is homesick and why?
- What does the person decide to do ?
- Where does the person decide to go after realizing that he is too exhausted and homesick?

2. What experience stirs the author the most and why?

3. 'In a curiously offhanded manner....'. Explain.

Sample Answer:

The flute player was more interested in playing the flute as opposed to the other hawkers who were passionately 'selling' their ware for money. The flute player was deeply involved in the act of playing his flute. The effect of his musical notes was the actual reward for him and the money he got on the sale of a flute was incidental. And so he was not excessively elated when he sold one of his flutes which surprised the author.

4. The author's description of Kathmandu creates a vivid picture of the city in the reader's mind. Write a diary entry describing a visit to a place whose sounds, sights and smells are deeply imprinted on your heart and mind. (150 words)

If I Were You by Douglas James

'If I Were You' is a short play written by American playwright and novelist Douglas James. His style is lucid and simple but his work is enlivened with a well-polished humour and crisp straight-forward dialogues. In this short play, James maintains the suspense till the end and the level of curiosity and interest is never broken throughout the play. Gerrard the central character of the play lives in the wilds of Essex. The intruder who resembles Gerrard, enters the cottage intending to murder Gerrard, and impersonate him. Gerrard, promised that he could help the intruder to escape from the police conveniently. Gerrard, is a witty man. He shows the intruder the various props he had - certain dresses, pairs of moustache etc. Gerrard, tells the intruder that he himself is a criminal and hiding away from the police. Gerrard, shows him his luggage and convinces him that he was getting ready to escape otherwise the police would catch him. The intruder now totally convinced that Gerrard, is also a criminal wishes to join him and calls Gerrard, his 'boss'. Gerrard, asks the intruder to leave the place in his car. But as soon as the Intruder is about to open the door, which is in fact the door of a cupboard Gerrard, pushes him into the cupboard and locks him up. Later Gerrard, informs the police about the Intruder.

At one point in the play we hear the Intruder saying confidently that he would not be hanged twice for the same crime - murder. This statement reveals the criminal psychology of not being afraid from the law. In such other instances Douglas James brings out the criminal mentality of the Intruder and also Gerrard's intelligence in dealing with the situation. A hidden message in the play is that maintaining one's presence of mind helps in adverse situations. The play is charming in its effects.

Reference to Context

This is all very melodramatic, not very original, perhaps, but...

- Identify the speaker and the spoken to.
- What does the speaker describe as 'melodramatic' and unoriginal and why?
- What does the speaker's response in the above situation reveal about him?
- Give another word for 'melodramatic'.

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

1. What all information did the intruder have about Gerrard before he broke into his house?

Sample Answer:

The intruder knew that he owned a car, which he calls a 'dandy bus'. He also knew that Gerrard didn't see too many tradespeople. If he wore his clothes and spectacles, he would appear more or less like him. He would be able to impersonate Gerrard easily and escape the Police forever.

2. Why does the intruder choose Gerrard as the man whose identity he wanted to take on?

3. What was the intruder's original plan to escape the Police?

4. How did Gerrard fool the intruder with his story?

5. 'A mystery which I propose to explain.' Which mystery is Gerrard talking about and how does he explain it?
6. Discuss the title of the play. Do you think it's an appropriate one? Give reasons. You may also suggest an alternative title.
7. What does Gerrard do for a living? Do you think he does it well? Explain with reasons.
8. Though both the characters speak the same language, they use it differently. What does that reveal about the two characters and their socio-cultural background? Discuss with any two examples from the text.

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

Gerrard is a man with quick wit and presence of mind. He manages to overpower an armed intruder without using any physical strength. In about 100-120 words, discuss how it is wiser to respond to unexpected situations sensible and patiently, instead of reacting to it impulsively. Use relevant examples from the text to justify your answer.

MOMENTS

The Lost Child by Mulk Raj Anand

Mulk Raj Anand (1905 –2004) was an Indian writer in English, notable for his depiction of the lives of the poorer castes in traditional Indian society. Anand is admired for his novels and their perceptive insight into the lives of the oppressed and their analysis of impoverishment, exploitation and misfortune.

The Lost Child is a story of a young boy narrated by an omniscient narrator (3rd person narration). Along with his parents, he is headed to the village fair. On the way, the sky, the fields, the insects and the birds he sees bewitch the curious boy. His mother constantly calls out to him, to ensure he keeps up with them. She tries to distract him. In the fair, a number of things draw his attention. He is, however, well aware that his father is a disciplinarian and would not buy him anything. Thus, he refrains from asking him for anything, until he reaches the roundabout. When he turns to ask his parents' permission, he could not see them around. The child cries and run around in panic and desperations. A kind stranger picks him and tries to console him. He offers the very things he wanted a while ago, but none of that matters anymore. Material things cannot substitute the sense of security that a child feels in the presence of his parents.

Q1. *His father looked at him red-eyed, in his familiar tyrant's way. His mother, melted by the free spirit of the day was tender and giving him her finger to hold...*

- a) What does the father's *familiar tyrant's way* suggest about his attitude towards his child?
- b) How was the mother's nature different?
- c) Explain *the free spirit of the day*.
- d) Give another word for a tyrant.

Q2. How did the inconsolable child react to the kind stranger's offers? Why did he give such a reaction?

Q3. What all did the child desire to have at the fair? How did his father and mother react to his pleas?

Q4. Why has the child's desire to go on a roundabout been described as a 'bold request'?

Sample Answer:

The child was familiar with the way his parents responded to his requests. He had earlier

expressed his desire for a toy, sweetmeats and a garland but his pleas had gone unheard and he even received a harsh look from his father. Therefore expressing a wish to go on a roundabout was a bold request and a risk he was taking, knowing his father's temper.

Q5. Despite his repeated pleas and lingering at the many stalls at the fair, the child was very obedient. Comment.

Answer the following questions in about 100-150 words:

Q6. Have you ever lost your way or been accidentally left behind? Describe your experience in the form of a diary entry in not more than 150 words, recalling the harrowing experience, your feelings and your eventual rescue from such a difficult situation.

Q7. How did the child react when his pleas were going unheard? How do you feel when you are denied your favourite things?

The Adventures of Toto by Ruskin Bond

Ruskin Bond (1934-present) is an Indian author of British descent. Most of his works are influenced by life in the hill stations at the foothills of the Himalayas, where he spent his childhood.

The Adventures of Toto is a humorous narrative on the exploits of a playful monkey names Toto. The story is also about the narrator's grandfather and his immense love for animals. He tried to shield Toto despite his antics and was sensitive towards him. Toto's pranks on the grandmother, their donkey named Nana and during their train journey to Saharanpur evoke humour. Keeping Toto was proving to be practically difficult and so the grandfather had to sell him back to the same tonga driver from whom he had first bought Toto.

1. Give a character sketch of the narrator's grandfather.
2. 'It was decided that Toto's presence be kept a secret.'
 - a) Who is Toto?
 - b) Who decided to keep it a secret and from whom?
 - c) Where was he kept and for how long?
3. Toto was a mischievous pet. Elucidate with examples from the text.
4. Who was Nana? How did Toto become acquainted with Nana? Describe the relationship that they shared.

Iswaran the Storyteller by R.K.Laxman

R.K. Laxman (1921 -2015) was an Indian cartoonist, illustrator, and humorist. He was best known for his creation The Common Man and for his daily cartoon strip, You Said It in The Times of India, which started in 1951. His creations also include the sketches drawn for the television adaptation of Malgudi Days which was written by his elder brother R. K. Narayan.

This story is about Mahendra, who works in a supervising firm, and his loyal and multi-talented cook, Iswaran. Avid reader, Iswaran enjoys narrating the most exciting stories in the most dramatic manner. Mahendra listens to his stories regardless of their credibility as these are his only source of entertainment. Iswaran has mastered the art of storytelling, with his dramatic gestures, strategic pauses, use of suspense and exaggeration and pointing out the finer details to make an impact on the listener. He scares Mahendra with one of his stories, forcing him to apply for a transfer.

Reference to Context

'From that day on Mahendra, for all his brave talk, went to bed with a certain unease. Every night he peered into the darkness outside through the window next to his bed, trying to make sure that there was no movement of dark shapes in the vicinity.'

- 1 What was the brave talk Mahendra is referring to?
- 2 Why was Mahendra uneasy?
- 3 Earlier than that day Mahendra had enjoyed what during night time.

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

1. Who was Ishwaran?
2. What had influenced Ishwaran's imaginative story telling?

Sample Answer:

Ishwaran's descriptions were greatly influenced by the Tamil thrillers running into hundreds of pages that he regularly read. Their imaginative descriptions and narrative flourishes could hold Ishwaran enthralled so while narrating even the smallest of incidents he would try to bring in suspense and a surprise ending to the account.

- 3 Describe the nature of the job Mahendra did?
4. What influenced Mahendra's decision to leave the work site. Do you think Mahendra's decision was consistent with scientific temper and his profession?
5. What did Ishwaran ask Mahendra on one auspicious day?
6. What happened after the most delicious dinner on that auspicious day?

Sample Answer:

That day after dinner when Mahendra enjoyed the most delicious dinner, unexpectedly Ishwaran launched into a most garish account involving the supernatural elements.

7. Why does the author say that Ishwaran seemed to more than make up for the absence of T.V. in Mahendra's living quarters?

8. Sample Answer:

The author says so because Ishwaran was a fascinating storyteller. He recounting everyday some story packed with adventure, horror and suspense whether the story was credible or not Mahendra enjoyed listening to it because of the inimitable way in which it was told.

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

1. What influenced Mahendra's decision to leave the work site? Do you think Mahendra's decision was consistent with scientific temper and his profession?

In The Kingdom of Fools by A.K Ramanujan

Based on a well-known folk tale, this is a story about a kingdom ruled by a vain and foolish king whose orders are blindly carried out by his equally unwise group of ministers. It is also the story of a greedy disciple who refuses to pay heed to the words of caution offered by his Guru. It is interesting that none of the characters have been given names, keeping with the tradition of folklore. The system of justice in this kingdom is not based on logic; instead the whimsical king and his ministers take decisions arbitrarily. The power-hungry king lacks foresight and is easily fooled by the wise Guru.

Reference to Context

'They are all fools... this won't last very long and you can't tell what they will do to you next....'

- Who says this to whom?
- What would 'not last very long'?
- What did 'they' do to the listener finally?

- What did the king and his ministers decide to do? Why?
- Why did the guru decide to leave the kingdom?

Sample Answer:

The guru was a wise man and he soon realized that the manner in which the kingdom was being run was impractical and would soon end up in a disaster. He did not want to be part of such an eventuality and so he decided to leave the kingdom.

- How did the disciple pay for his greed?
- Everyone must pay a price for being greedy. How does the story justify this statement.

The Happy Prince by Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde (1854 –1900) was an Irish poet and playwright. He is best remembered for his epigrams and plays. His greatest talent was for writing plays, and he produced a string of extremely popular comedies such as The Importance of Being Earnest.

A swallow, flying to Egypt to join his friends, stopped to rest at the feet of the statue of the Happy Prince. While he was alive he had only witnessed a sheltered and therefore, happy life. After his death, a gilded statue of the 'beloved' prince was erected in the middle of the town. Now he could witness the poverty and misery of his people and he was truly unhappy. He requested the swallow to take the precious jewels and layers of gold from his statue and give it to the people who need them. As winter approached, the prince was only a pale reminder of the beautiful statue that it was. The selfless swallow, unable to bear the cold, died and the lead heart of the prince was shattered. The sight of the ugly statue and the dead bird at its feet were unacceptable to the materialistic administrators of the town who only valued external beauty. The broken heart and the dead bird, thrown in the dust heap, found a place in heaven. They were valued for their inner beauty and lived forever in his city of gold and garden of paradise.

Reference to Context

"I have ordered flowers to be embroidered on it, but the seamstresses are so lazy."

- Identify the speaker.
- Which 'order' is she referring to?
- Is the seamstress really lazy? Give reasons for your answer.
- What do the above lines reveal about the speaker?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- What kind of life had the Happy Prince known while he was alive?

Sample answer:

While he was alive, the Prince had lived a very comfortable life inside his palace that kept out all forms of misery. Everybody called him Happy because that's the kind of life he had led, away from the sorrows of life.

- What pleasures did the swallow forgo to do the Happy Prince's bidding?(discuss at least2)

3. Comment on the significance of the title of the story 'The Happy Prince'
 4. Why did the swallow decide to quit his journey to Egypt and stay with the Prince forever?
 5. What does the swallow see when it flies over the city?
 6. What broke the heart of the Prince?
 7. What happened to the Prince and the swallow in the end? Did they deserve it? What does it tell you about the people of the city?
 8. The Happy Prince says 'There is no mystery greater than misery'. What is the meaning of these words? What message is the author trying to send across to the readers?
- (Value points: so much in the world yet there is starvation, poverty; never understand it truly till we experience it ourselves)

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

'As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful' said the professor of art in Oscar Wilde's The Happy Prince. We live in a world where outer appearance is used as the unit to measure Man's worth. Using suitable examples from the text, discuss human obsession with outward appearance and how we should value people for their inner worth.

Weathering the Storm in Ersama by Harsh Mander

Harsh Mander, fifty-five, social worker and writer, is a member of the National Advisory Council. He is also the founder of the campaigns Aman Biradari, for secularism, peace and justice; Nyayagrah, for legal justice and reconciliation for the survivors of communal violence; and Dil Se, for street children and homeless people. He is special commissioner to the Supreme Court of India in the Right to Food case, and director, Centre for Equity Studies.

Weathering the Storm in Ersama narrates the adventures of a young man Prashant who was marooned on a rooftop for two nights following a dreadful storm.

Prashant had gone to the coastal town of Erasma in Orissa to spend a day with his friend seven years after his mother's demise. It was that fateful day the storm lashed in full fury with heavy wind and rain. Trees were uprooted and water entered neck deep inside the friend's house. For two days, everyone took refuge on the roof till the situation calmed down a bit.

Although everyone tried to persuade Prashant to stay for a few more days as the situation had not fully settled, he was determined to move ahead. Using a stick to guide him, he waded his way through the water to his village, eighteen kilometres away. Once there, he sought the assistance of Red Cross to find out the whereabouts of his family. Slowly, he found each one of them.

The story leaves the message that we should withstand every hard situation and be brave and courageous.

1. As they waded through the waters, the scenes they witnessed grew more and more macabre.
 - a) Who are they in the above extract? Why are they wading through the waters?
 - b) Give another word for macabre.
 - c) Describe the scenes they witnessed.

- d) Where exactly do they witness the scenes?
2. What did Prashant see when he reached his village Kalikuda?
 3. Describe the devastation wreaked by the super cyclone that hit Orissa in 1999.
 4. "It was a journey he would never forget". Why has Prashant's journey from his friend's house to his own been described as an 'expedition' and that too an unforgettable one?
 5. How did Prashant alleviate the suffering of children and widows post the devastating cyclone?
 6. Why did Prashant fear the possibility of being bereaved for the second time?
 7. How did Prashant and his select group of youth and elders manage to overcome hard times post the cyclone?
 8. Explain the significance of the title of this chapter.

Answer the following questions in 100-150 words

9. In the face of adversity and complete deprivation, Prashant, a young teenager showed exemplary courage, determination and resilience. Substantiate with examples from the chapter, 'Weathering the Storm in Ersama'.
10. What all did Prashant do to remove the 'deathly grief' of the people of his community?

The Last leaf by O. Henry

O. Henry was an American writer whose short stories are known for wit, wordplay and clever twist endings. He wrote nearly 600 stories about life in America.

He was born William Sidney Porter on September 11, 1862, in Greensboro, North Carolina. His father, Algernon Sidney Porter, was a medical doctor. When William was three his mother died and he was raised by his grandmother and aunt. He left school at the age of 15 and then had a number of jobs, including bank clerk. O. Henry is credited for creation of The Cisco Kid, whose character alludes to Robin Hood and Don Quixote. The Arizona Kid (1930) and The Cisco Kid (1931) are among the best known adaptations of his works.

"The Last Leaf" concerns Johnsy, a poor young woman who is seriously ill with pneumonia. She believes that when the ivy vine on the wall outside her window loses all its leaves, she will also die. Her neighbour Behrman, an artist, tricks her by painting a leaf on the wall. Johnsy recovers, but (in a twist typical of O. Henry) Behrman, who caught pneumonia while painting the leaf, dies.

The main theme explored in the short story "The Last Leaf" by O. Henry is that of selflessness and sacrifice. Other minor themes also resurface from the text, and the most notable ones are the theme of hope and the theme of death.

This theme is illustrated by Behrman and his efforts to help Johnsy find a reason to live and something to hold on to. When he finds out that Johnsy is convinced that she will die once the last ivy leaf falls, the man is determined to do something to prevent her death. As an ultimate sacrifice, he gets out in the rain and snow in the middle of the night to paint an ivy leaf on the brick wall.

The theme of hope is illustrated in the story by Sue. Even though the doctor only gives Johnsy one chance in ten to recover, Sue does not lose her hope. Note that she tries to be optimistic in her interactions with Johnsy, lying to her about her chances to survive and hoping that Johnsy finds something to cling on to.

The theme of death is explored in several ways in the story. On the one hand, this theme is hinted at through the title of the story, where the word "last" represents something close to an end.

Henry also appears to be exploring the theme of friendship. There is the obvious friendship between Sue and Johnsy with Sue remaining focused on helping Johnsy get better. Also Behrman, though when first introduced to the reader comes across as being a cantankerous old man, is in reality fond of both Sue and Johnsy. This fondness is probably based on Behrman's understanding of how difficult life is for an artist. It is only at the end of the story that the reader realises just how committed or fond of Johnsy (and Sue) Behrman actually is when he sacrifices his own life in order to save Johnsy's.

It is also noticeable that Johnsy very early on in the story, gives up any hope of living or beating pneumonia. The doctor mirrors this lack of hope in many ways. He remains practical, aware that there is nothing he can do for Johnsy unless she herself also makes some form of commitment (to stay alive). He feels that rather than focusing on the leaves on the vine it would be more practical for her to focus on her recovery from pneumonia.

There is also some symbolism in the story, which may be important. Each leaf that Johnsy sees falling from the vine in many ways leads her into further despair. However when Behrman paints the one leaf, it symbolises hope for Johnsy. Something that is noticeable when her health improves on her discovery that the last leaf has not fallen.

The ending of the story is interesting because it is only at the end does the reader fully realize the sacrifice that Behrman has made. He has given his own life in order to save another person's life and in many ways the single leaf that he has painted on the wall is his masterpiece. It has rejuvenated Johnsy. Just as the pneumonia was taking a toll on her lungs (and breathing) the last leaf has given her back her breath or life. Something that is noticeable when the doctor arrives and notices an improvement in Johnsy's well-being. It is also interesting that on seeing the last leaf Johnsy no longer views life as negatively as she has previously done throughout the story. Rather she realises that 'it is a sin to want to die.' This line may be important as it is possible that Henry is suggesting that regardless of how one feels an individual should never give up. That they should keep trying just as Behrman did till the end when he finally managed to complete his masterpiece and restore hope into Johnsy's life.

1. " His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night."
 - a) Who is being talked about in the given lines?
 - b) What had the person being referred to here been doing on such a dreadful night?
 - c) His action had both, a happy result and a sad one. What were those?
2. What is the epidemic that afflicted Johnsy?
3. What did the doctor say was Johnsy's only chance to live?
4. Why did Johnsy keep counting the leaves on the ivy vine?
5. Who was Behrman? What was his life's mission?
6. What change comes over Johnsy on the second morning when she found the last leaf still on the vine?
7. Imagine you are Sue. Write a diary entry explaining why you lied to Johnsy about what he doctor had said and why you felt justified in doing so.(150 words)

8. What was Behrman's lifelong dream? Did he realize it? Explain with reference to the story.

Sample Answer:

Mr. Behrman's lifelong dream had been to paint a masterpiece. When Johnsy was on deathbed, he risked his life by going out in the stormy weather and painting the last ivy leaf on the wall after the original leaf had fallen. It was on seeing that the last leaf, with the falling of which she had associated her death, Johnsy got the hope and the will to live and was finally cured of her illness. But in the process of saving Johnsy's life, Behrman, exposed to the harsh weather of the night, drenched and soaking wet, caught pneumonia and died. He gave up his own life in saving another but his lifelong dream had come true. The painting was so brilliant and so life-like that it caused Johnsy to believe it was a real leaf. Thus in sacrificing his life, Behrman accomplished his lifelong dream of painting a masterpiece. The last leaf was indeed his last painting and masterpiece

A House Is Not a Home by Zan Gaudio

Zan Gaudio is a contributing author and editor of several volumes of the best-selling Chicken Soup for the Soul series, most notably Chicken Soup for the Teenage Soul III. She is also co-author of the award winning book, The Buddha Next Door. Zan is currently working on a documentary about Happiness, while also writing a weekly blog on the same subject. She is exploring what constitutes happiness in a time of change.

Teenage is a rebellious phase of a child's life. At this time, children not only grow but also face difficulties in daily routines or for that matter the changes taking place in their life invariably. This is a real incident of a teenager Zan Gaudio. This story starts when the narrator, a young school boy, leaves his junior school for a new high school. Zan finds this transition extremely painful and finds it difficult to settle in his new school and establish a bond with the new set of teachers and students.. He misses friends and teachers and feels displaced.

An unfortunate incident however, becomes a turning point in his life. His house catches fire one day and he believes that he has lost all people he has ever loved before which includes his mother and his dear cat.

One day while doing homework, he notices wisps of smoke coming out of the ceiling and very soon the house is engulfed by fire. He runs out calling for help. His mother comes out of the home with a metal box, which consists of family photographs and other mementos of his late father. However, even as the fire spreads, and the house is on the verge of destruction, his mother goes inside once again. When Zan sees that, he tries to rush in after her. A fireman notices him trying to go back in and doesn't allow him to move from his spot. Seeing the intense fire, Zan believes that his mother and his cat are lost forever. He is distraught at the thought that every single aspect of his life has been destroyed and every single person dear to him has been snatched away from him. After five hours of endless struggle the firefighters manage to put the fire out, and much to his relief his mother is brought out unscathed.

They spend the night at their grandparents' home. Eventually, they borrow money from the grandparents and rent a house in the neighborhood. At school, the news of the fire reaches the students and teachers. And the community pitches in to do all they can to help him reconstruct his life. The gifts that they give him makes him feel like its Christmas again and gesture touches him so deeply that he is finally able to make a connection with the new place and people. He is able to find meaning

in his life again and all the pieces seem to fit back right in. Much to his joy the cat is also recovered. Zan is elated, the events seem to have helped him build a new life and his joy knows no bounds.

Reference to Context

It always seems that bad news spreads quickly, and in my case it was no different. Everyone in high school, including the teachers, was aware of my plight.

1. What was the bad news?
2. What impact did the spreading of the news have on the speaker of the above extract?
3. How did the bad news change the behavior of the people towards him in the High School?

Answer the following question in about 30-40 words:

1. Why was the narrator being pushed to the Gym? What did he see when he reached there?
2. What experience did the narrator have in the first year of High School?
3. How did the narrator react in the aftermath of fire?

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

There is intrinsic goodness in every person. This goodness instills hope in human hearts and gives a new promise of a greater hope for human society and the nobility of humanity. Elaborate in the light of the chapter, 'A House Is Not a Home'.

The Accidental Tourist by Bill Bryson

William 'Bill' McGuire Bryson (born December 8, 1951) is a best-selling American author of humorous books on travel, as well as books on the English language and on scientific subjects.

In 2003, in conjunction with World Book Day, voters in Great Britain chose Bryson's book *Notes From a Small Island* as the book that best sums up British identity and the state of the nation. In the same year, he was appointed a Commissioner for English Heritage.

In 2004, Bryson won the prestigious Aventis Prize for best general-science book with *A Short History Of Nearly Everything*. This concise and engaging piece of literature explores not only the histories and current status of the sciences, but also reveals their humble and often humorous beginnings. One "top scientist" is alleged to have jokingly described the book as "annoyingly free of mistakes".

In 2005, Bryson was appointed Chancellor of Durham University, a city he had praised as "a perfect little city" in *Notes from a Small Island*.

In *The Accidental Tourist*, the author describes his experiences as a traveller. He writes about humorous things that have happened to him while on his journeys, such as knocking a drink over the person sitting next to him, or dropping the contents of his bag.

1. 'It's not much fun, but it does cut down on the laundry bills'?

- (a) What is not 'much fun'?
 - (b) How does it cut down on the laundry bills?
 - (c) Who is the author of the story?
2. What kind of a man does the narrator appear to be?

3. Was the narrator able to use his 'air miles' finally? Why? What was ironical about the whole incident?

Sample Answer:

No, he was unable to avail the air miles as the name on his ticket said Bill and the name on the airlines card had William on it. The lady at the counter refused to give him the air miles benefit as the names did not match. This was ironical as after many futile attempts to realize his air miles he had finally come so close to fulfilling his wish and then the unexpected names mismatch shattered his dream abruptly. It was even more ironical as Bill is actually a widely accepted nickname for William in England but the lady at the counter was unwilling to oblige.

4. How does he console himself on not flying to Bali?

5. The Accidental Tourist is told in a humorous way by a narrator who has an enviable ability to laugh at his own ineptitude and clumsiness. In a paragraph of about 150 words, give a humorous account of a similar journey/ visit/incident that you may have experienced.

The Beggar by Anton Chekhov

'Anton Chekhov was born in Russia in 1879. He studied medicine at Moscow University but he is known as a writer of stories and plays. He started writing stories even when he was a student. He died of tuberculosis in 1904 just at the age of 44. Today he is regarded as one of the greatest short story writers in the world.

In *The Beggar*, we have the themes of change, dishonesty, alcoholism, kindness, compassion, desperation, struggle, selflessness and gratitude.

Lushkov, due to his alcoholism, is no longer able to work and has to resort to begging in order to survive. He also begins to lie about his misfortune hoping that the story he creates will help him to get money from strangers. He knows that should a stranger be aware that he wants money so that he can continue to drink none will be given to him. In essence Lushkov is being dishonest in order to survive or feed his addiction to alcohol.

It is also interesting that due to his lying Skvortsov shows Lushkov little or no compassion believing that hard work will cure him of his homelessness and addiction to alcohol. Though some critics might suggest that the path Skvortsov follows is a noble one it turns out that Skvortsov's suggestion does not work for Lushkov and it is only through the kindness of Olga that Lushkov begins to really change his life and give up drinking. It is through listening and talking to Olga that Lushkov sees the error of his ways and is able to mend his life.

Throughout the story the reader senses that Skvortsov's goodwill is more about him boosting his ego than helping Lushkov. Rather than showing Lushkov compassion when they first meet Skvortsov is upset that Lushkov has lied to him.

Though some critics might suggest that Lushkov continued to lie to Olga about being unable to chop the wood and played on her good nature, it is more likely that Lushkov through his alcoholism was unable to physically exert himself.

It is also worth noting that though Skvortsov thinks he is acting out of charity he is in fact gaining something, whether it is chopping the wood or helping to move furniture. He cleanses his soul by way of paying Lushkov and in many ways patronizing him when it comes to Lushkov's alcohol intake. At no stage in the story is there a sense that Skvortsov understands Lushkov's alcoholism.

Olga attempts to help Lushkov by chopping the wood and giving him advice on the evils of alcohol. She takes more of an interest (selflessly) in Lushkov's life than Skvortsov does. It is also noticeable that

Lushkov is grateful to Olga, something that the reader becomes aware of when he is talking to Skvortsov at the theatre. Despite the passing of time he has not forgotten all the Olga has done for him, which appears to come as a surprise to Skvortsov, who feels as though he is the one who is responsible for helping Lushkov reclaim his life.

However the reality is that Skvortsov's words and deeds are no match for the actions of Olga who is the real impetus for change in Lushkov's life.

Reference to Context

But what else can I do? I can't get along without lying. No one will give me anything when I tell the truth, what can I do?"

- a. Identify the speaker and the spoken to.
- b. What did the speaker lie about?
- c. Did the speaker really have no choice? Give reasons.
- d. What do the above lines reveal about the speaker?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

1. Why did the beggar who claimed to be a school teacher seem familiar to Sergei?
2. How did his alcoholism affect Lushkoff's life?
3. **Sample answer:**
His addiction to alcohol had weakened him physically and psychologically. He had dull, drunken eyes and lacked physical strength. He had also lost his will to do something to alter his situation and live with dignity.
4. How did Lushkoff react when he was sent to the woodshed with Olga?
5. How did Sergei react when he saw Lushkoff at the theatre?
6. Did Lushkoff feel indebted to Sergei?
7. Why do you think Lushkoff stopped drinking?

Answer the following questions in about 100-150 words:

8. After Lushkoff reveals the truth behind his reformation, Sergei writes a diary entry describing the impact of this revelation. As Sergei, write a diary entry in 100-150 words.
9. We have always been taught to help those who are less privileged than we are. There are, however, different ways to help them. Chekhov's story puts forth two distinct ways of helping the destitute. How are they different from each other? Compare and contrast the method used by Sergei with that used by Olga. Which one was more effective and why?

POETRY

The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost

Robert Frost, the author of *The Road Not Taken*, writes about how a person must choose his or her own path in life. Everyone is a traveller and must choose how to live his or her life. This poem demonstrates Robert Frost's belief that the road a person chooses to follow in their life will define what kind of person they will become, and how fulfilling their life will be. He describes the choice as difficult, and with consequences. He reminds the reader that their choice may not be popular.

"The Road Not Taken" describes the path of a solitary traveller who pauses his travels in an effort to correctly choose his fate. He even feels sorry that he cannot travel both the paths as he has to choose only one out of the two.

Several factors define not only the traveller's life, but all people's lives as well. There will always be times in life when a decision that defines destiny and alters the course must ultimately be decided. Life is not always about the road taken, but sometime the road not taken.

Read the following extract and answer the questions by choosing the most appropriate alternative from those given below:

1. And both that morning equally lay...I doubted if I should ever come back.
 - a. What decision does the speaker take?
 - b. Does the speaker seem happy about this decision?
 - c. Which 'morning' is the narrator discussing in the first line?
2. I shall be telling thisall the difference.
 - a. Why shall the poet be telling ages and ages hence?
 - b. Why is the poet sighing in the end?
3. "And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth "
 - a) Explain ' Long I stood.....'
 - b) what does the road bent in the undergrowth imply?
 - c) How does the first road appear?

Answer the following questions in about 30 - 40 words:

1. What dilemma does the poet face in the poem?
2. Why does the poet choose the road less travelled by? Does he sound happy/ unhappy?
3. What do the two roads represent if we were to draw a parallel with our lives?

Long Answer Questions (100-150 words)

4. How is the poem 'The Road Not Taken' a reflection on taking up challenges, observing caution and remaining committed, while making decisions in life?
5. Justify the title of the poem.
6. Robert Frost's poem reflects the spirit of adventure and discovery that was characteristic of the time when the poem was written. Discuss.

Wind by Subramania Bharati(translated by A. K. Ramanujan)

Bharati (1882 – 1921), was a Tamil writer, poet, journalist, Indian independence activist and a social reformer from Tamil Nadu. His numerous works included fiery songs kindling patriotism during the Indian Independence movement.

His poem Wind is an inspiring poem that urges the readers to shake of the stupor and all forms of weakness and face the challenges of life. Bharati uses the metaphor of the wind to remind us that difficulties are inevitable and challenging. The anarchic energy of the wind creates chaos and can be intimidating. Bharati urges the reader to be strong. The wind winnows out the weak from the strong and crushes the former. Instead of running away from the wind, we must build stronger homes. Similarly, we should make ourselves stronger, physically and mentally. We should grow stronger with every challenge and be friends with the wind rather than hide from him.

1. ...the wind god winnows and crushes them all
He won't do what you tell him.
 - a) Explain the first line
 - b) Which character trait of the wind god comes out in the second line?
 - c) According to the poet, what all do we possibly tell the wind to do?
2. The wind blows out weak fires.
He makes strong fires roar and flourish.
 - a) Identify the poetic devices used in the above lines.
 - b) Explain the second line.
 - c) Give another word for flourish.
3. How can we befriend wind?
4. What all does wind do? Despite what wind does, why do we still need to be friends with him?
5. How is this poem a reminder to be resilient and not be vulnerable?
6. How does one benefit from facing a fierce wind? (150 words)

Rain on the Roof by Coates Kinney

Coates Kinney (1826 - 1904) was a lawyer, politician, journalist, and poet from the United States.

In the poem, the poet is lying on the bed on a rainy day. He can see the dark shadows of the clouds hovering over the sky. The clouds hide the stars and soon it begins to rain. The melancholy at the beginning is soon replaced by the soothing and softer sound of the rain. The light sound of the rain triggers his imagination and a thousand memories arise in his mind. Like a web, one memory leads to another. Soon, he thinks about his mother as she used to be when he was young. She looked at her darling dreamers (her children) with affection as they go to sleep. The melody of the rain forms a calming background as the poet remembers the fondness with which she looked at him at dawn.

1. Explain the importance of dreams in the poet's life.
2. Describe the effect of the falling rain on the poet/ what happens when the poet listens to the patter of the rain. How does it transform from an auditory effect to a deeply mental and psychological one?

3. What does each sound of the shingle create?

Sample Answer:

Every raindrop on the tiles of the roof creates a rhythm with the poet's heartbeat. This evokes thousands of dreams making his thoughts busy. While he focuses on the listening to the pitter-patter on the roof, his mind starts weaving recollections of fond memories of yesteryears.

4. *Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used in years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I feel her fond look on me
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.*

- Name the poem and the poet.
- What is the memory that comes to the poet?
- Who are the darling dreamers he refers to?
- Identify a word that means 'rectangular wooden tiles.'

5. *Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart
And a thousand recollections weave their air threads into
Woo as I listen to the patter of the rain upon the roof.*

- How does the poet describe the falling rain?
- What is the effect of the tinkle on the shingles?
- Describe what the poet means by the given lines.

6. *When the humid shadows hover
Over all starry spheres
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears*

- What are the humid shadows?
- Identify the poetic device used
- Why is darkness called melancholic?
- Identify the poetic devices used in the poem.

7. *Now in memory comes my mother,
As she used in years ago,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn:
O! I feel her fond look on me
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.*

- What is the memory that comes to the poet?
- Who are the darling dreamers he refers to?
- Trace a word from the extract that means "rectangular wooden tiles".

9. Explain how the poem 'Rain on the Roof' lauds the healing power of nature's rain.

10. There is an image of the past in the poem, 'Rain on the Roof'. Is this imagery similar to the ones used in the poem, 'The Road not Taken'? Explain.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree by William Butler Yeats

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), born in Dublin, Ireland, was the son of a well-known Irish painter, John Butler Yeats. He spent his childhood in County Sligo, where his parents were raised, and in London. Yeats became involved with the Celtic Revival, a movement against the cultural influences of English rule in Ireland, which sought to promote the spirit of Ireland's native heritage.

Innisfree seems an uninhabited island where Yeats spent his summer as a child. He suddenly remembers the place as he is walking down the busy street of a city (probably London). He expresses his longing to return to Innisfree, amid nature and its beauty. He longs to return to the simple life with its slow pace and tranquility. The colourful world of nature is contrasted to the grey and monotonous life of the city. The twist in the end is that Innisfree is more of a state of mind for the poet as he may not be able to leave the city yet he hears the low lapping sounds of the lake in the core of his heart.

*I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.*

Reference to Context

1. What does the poet mean by 'I will arise'?
2. In what way does the word now emphasize his state of mind?
3. Why does the poet want a small cabin of clay and wattles?

Short Answer Questions

1. What is the poet's idea about peace?

Sample Answer:

According to the poet peace is a heavenly bliss. It comes slowly in our life. We have to associate ourselves with the nature.

2. How shall the poet have peace in Innisfree?

Sample Answer:

The tiny island with green watery landscape will soothe his tired nerves. Far from the noise, the dull concrete surrounding and the hectic pace of life in a city, he will live happily in the lap of nature. In a small cabin build there a small cabin made of clay and fence he will hear the singing of the cricket. During evenings he will listen to the song of flying linnets, the sound of lake water lapping the shore and he will hear the song of the cricket in the morning. He will enjoy seeing, the beautiful mornings, the noon purple glow, the glimmer of midnight, shall all provide natural peace, beauty and harmony.

3. State the poetic devices used in the poem.
4. Briefly describe the theme of the poem
5. What does the island Innisfree symbolize?

Long Question (150 words)

6 How does the poet compare the life in the city with the life in a tiny Island? Where can one find long lasting happiness? Amidst nature and isolation or tranquility and solitude?

A Legend of the Northland by Phoebe Cary

Phoebe Cary (1824 -1871) was an American poet. She along with her sister, Alice Cary published volumes of poetry.

The poem tells the story of apostle, Saint Peter, who came across a lady baking cakes on her hearth. Hungry and tired, he asks her for a single cake. Despite having enough for herself, she could not even part with the smallest of the cakes. Infuriated by her selfishness and lack of charity, Saint Peter turns her into a woodpecker. The poem is a moral tale that cautions us about the consequences of greed and cruelty. Food, shelter and warmth are gifts that should be valued and shared. As a woodpecker, the lady would have to hunt for her food every day.

1. Why was the old lady in the poem turned into a woodpecker?
2. What did the person want from the old lady? Did he receive it?
3. What is a ballad?
4. What kind of person was the lady? Would she have reacted differently if she knew that the old man was St Peter? Why?

Sample Answer: *The old lady was blessed with food and shelter and still she was mean hearted ,selfish and, in a way, ungrateful. She did not feed the old man as she probably understood that he had nothing to offer in return for her cake. It can be assumed that such a selfish, greedy person would have acted differently, had she known that the old man was St Peter, in the hope of being richly rewarded by a saint.*

No Men Are Foreign by James Kirkup

James Falconer Kirkup (England, 23 April 1918 - Andorra, 10 May 2009) was a prolific English poet, translator and travel writer. He was brought up in South Shields, and educated at South Shields Secondary School and Durham University. He wrote over 30 books, including autobiographies, novels and plays. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1962.

During World War II he was a conscientious objector, and worked for the Forestry Commission and on the land in the Yorkshire Dales and at the Lansbury Gate Farm, Clavering, Essex. He taught at The Downs School in Colwall, Malvern, where W.H. Auden had earlier been a master. Kirkup wrote his first book of poetry, *The Drowned Sailor at the Downs*, which was published in 1947. From 1950 to 1952 he was the first Gregory Poetry Fellow at Leeds University, making him the first resident university poet in the United Kingdom.

In 1952 he moved south to Gloucestershire and became visiting poet at Bath Academy of Art for the next three years. Moving on from Bath, he taught in a London grammar school before leaving England in 1956 to live and work in Europe, the Americas and the Far East. In Japan, he found acceptance and appreciation of his work, and he settled there for 30 years, lecturing in English literature at several universities.

James Kirkup reminds us that the man-made differences are senseless though they have caused endless wars in the world and shed blood more than the water on the earth! Why do you feel more like an American and less like an Armenian? Why do you love India more and ignore the problems in

Afghanistan? Why do you join the Japanese Army but not Chinese? The reason is our narrow thinking. The poet warns us – get rid of the feelings of differences. Break the walls that separate nations and people. Under every uniform is the same human body, same human feelings, love, hatred, sympathy!

Human race is still under a great but slow evolution. Because it is still under progress and development, most countries encourage a negative patriotism and nationalist feeling. Under such a situation, every child is taught to love his nation more than others and consider the other nations as enemies at a time of war but this is wrong. It is time our students were taught to look at the earth as a single piece or a single home.

One should keep in mind that no human beings are distant, unfamiliar or far off. Underneath any colour of any soldier's uniform belonging to any nation, another human being breathes the breath of life just like any other person. The land that even our political enemies walk upon is the same earth like our own native soil that one fine day in different timings we shall all be laid to rest. In times of war or peace, even our international foes undergo the same trials, the way our native population experience. They too, like us, enjoy the bright sunshine day, breathe the same air from the atmosphere and drink the same water available on earth to survive. All people feed abundantly on the prosperity of agriculture and farming and may even starve to death in times of war and food shortage during long drawn winters if not stored appropriately. They also house more of the hard-working people with busy hands to survive a decent income and living. They toil in the same manner that we do. Our enemies also have the same kind of eyes the way we do, eyes that see, sleep and wake. We both have physical strength that can be won by brute force and the strength of the heart that can be won by love. Every population of every nation in this world recognizes and understands the true essence of the common life of people.

So let us all remember that whenever we are brainwashed and compelled to hate and kill our brothers, we only deceive, disown, betray and condemn ourselves to the curse of plaguing blood-thirsty arms against each other. When an imminent war between two hostile nations breaks out, it is our mother earth that we pollute to such an extent to create living hells of dust and fire that will violate the purity of our surroundings including our thoughts and actions.

Both hostile nations will suffer the same fate of shedding innocent blood. The air gets polluted on both the countries. To prevent such a catastrophe, we should begin with ourselves to accept that 'no men are foreign and no countries strange'

Reference to Context

Remember, no men are strange, no countries foreign

Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes

Like ours...

- What does the line 'no countries foreign' mean in the above lines?
- What are the different kinds of uniforms that the poet might be referring to?
- What message is the poet trying to send across in the above lines?

Answer the following questions in about 30-40 words:

- 'the land our brothers walk upon*

Is earth like this, in which we all shall lie.'

How does the poet bring out the similarities between human life in the above lines?

Sample Answer:

Men are brothers who go through the same stages of life. We all live on the same earth and are buried under it when we die.

2. How does Nature connect human beings to each other?
3. How does the poet present the act of hating other human beings as the recipe of self-destruction?

Answer the following question in about 100-150 words:

Wars mark borders that separate countries and people. Kirkup's poem deals with the similarities that underline all differences. Write a short note on the importance of recognising and valuing similarities in a world divided on the basis of race, colour, gender, religion and class.

The Duck and the Kangaroo by Edward Lear

Edward Lear

The British poet and painter known for his absurd wit, Edward Lear was born on May 12, 1812 and began his career as an artist at age 15. His father, a stockbroker of Danish origins, was sent to debtor's prison when Lear was thirteen and the young Lear was forced to earn a living. Lear quickly gained recognition for his work and in 1832 was hired by the London Zoological Society to execute illustrations of birds. In the same year, the Earl of Derby invited Lear to reside at his estate; Lear ended up staying on until 1836.

His first book of poems, *A Book of Nonsense* (1846) was composed for the grandchildren of the Derby household. Around 1836 Lear decided to devote himself exclusively to landscape painting (although he continued to compose light verse). Between 1837 and 1847 Lear traveled extensively throughout Europe and Asia.

After his return to England, Lear's travel journals were published in several volumes as *The Illustrated Travels of a Landscape Painter*. Popular and respected in his day, Lear's travel books have largely been ignored in the twentieth century. Rather, Lear is remembered for his humorous poems, such as "The Owl and the Pussycat," and as the creator of the form and meter of the modern limerick. Like his younger peer Lewis Carroll, Lear wrote many deeply fantastical poems about imaginary creatures, such as "The Dong with the Luminous Nose." His books of humorous verse also include *Nonsense Songs* (1871) and *Laughable Lyrics* (1877). Lear died on January 29, 1888 at the age of 76. Although the subject and form of his works varies greatly, all of Lear's poems can be characterised by his irreverent view of the world; Lear poked fun at everything, including himself in "By Way of a Preface." Many critics view Lear's devotion to the ridiculous as a method for dealing with or undermining the all-pervasive orderliness and industriousness of Victorian society. Regardless of impetus, the humor of Lear's poems has proved irrefutably timeless.

The Duck and the Kangaroo, both were very good friends. As the duck lived in a pond and does not get a variegated life of visiting world, he wanted to have a pleasure tour all around the world. So he requested the kangaroo to allow him to sit on the top of his tail and have a pleasure tour. The kangaroo accepted the wish, but at the same time put some conditions too. According to him the duck's feet were unpleasantly wet and cold. This may cause with rheumatism. At this the Duck assured him with the remedies he thought about. According to him he has already bought four pairs of woolen socks to put on. Besides he has bought a cloak to cover himself and he will smoke cigar too. In this way both the duck and the kangaroo started their tour and continued their happy journey.

1. *As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks*

Which fit my web-feet neatly.
 And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
 And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
 All to follow my own dear true
 Love of a Kangaroo!

- a) Who is the speaker and what dilemma does he have?
 - b) Why has the Duck bought socks and a cloak?
 - c) Explain the reason behind the Duck's immense love for a kangaroo?
 - d) Give another word for *worsted*.
2. Why does the Duck think of its pond as a nasty place of dwelling? Why is he envious of the Kangaroo?
 3. What request is made by the Duck to the kangaroo? How does the latter react to it?
 4. What reservations did the Kangaroo have to the Duck's request? What amicable agreement did they reach?

On Killing a Tree by Geive Patel

"On Killing a Tree" is a scathing criticism of human callousness and cruelty in chopping down trees for agriculture, urbanization and industrialization. Apparently, the poem reads like a 'How-to-Do' manual of killing a tree but actually, it is a passionate appeal not to cut trees. The poem also applauds the sturdiness and resilience of trees in that they take all kinds of attacks and wounds in their stride but refuse to die. They may be wounded, scarred or maimed, but they bounce back into life by healing themselves in due course of time. One wonders if human beings can ever have that kind of attitude to life.

The poem conveys the message that trees are living beings just like any other form of life. They have strong survival instincts and can withstand any type of assault, trauma or crisis. It is not easy to kill them, for they have a never-say-die attitude to life. Every time they are attacked, injured or scraped, they heal themselves and regain their glory. However, if they are uprooted and left in the air and the sun, they die. We human beings must live just as trees do.

This poem works on several levels. On the literal level, the poem talks about the act of cutting down trees. The poet here hints towards rampant deforestation and through this very visual representation wishes to communicate to the readers the dangers of deforestation.

He never directly advises the readers to stop cutting down trees. Instead, he goes on explaining with painstaking details as to how a tree should be cut down.

He uses the trick of reverse psychology to make the readers realize the pain inflicted on trees.

On another level, it is a social critique. It not only puts deforestation in a negative light, but it also exposes the violent nature of humans. It taps into the primal nature of human beings where survival of the fittest is the guiding mantra. On yet another level, it talks about human beings in general.

In this sense, the tree is symbolic of a human being. An individual is made up his/her roots (birth, upbringing and social surroundings). He/she acquires nourishment in the form of love, care and education from parents, teachers, peers. And when an individual is properly nourished on these, it becomes difficult to destroy him/her.

Here, death is also symbolic: as in, it represents spiritual death. But when the source of an individual's nourishment, by which his soul is made alive, is maimed, it becomes easy to kill the individual.

The poem is not only talking of keeping trees safe from harm, for the sake of our ecosystem, our earth; but it is also talking of protecting the spiritual lives of human beings for our society to be wholesome.

The poem is preoccupied with attributing human physicality and qualities to the tree, as seen in most other poems of Patel. This is probably due to his medical background. Most of his poems are tinged with a sense of growth, both organic and sensual.. this poem encompasses both in the form of the tree and human spirituality.

Nature has done its best to protect mankind. It is very difficult to destroy nature. Man's greed and lust for power is so great that he destroys nature only to kill himself.

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

*So hack and chop
But this alone won't do it,
Not so much pain will do it,
The bleeding bark will heal*

1. What does "it" in the second line signify?
2. Who does the hack and chop? Why do you think they do it?
3. Who is the narrator? What does the narrator mean by "but this alone won't do it".
4. What does the poet mean by bleeding bark? Do trees bleed? What effect does this word create?

Sample Answer:

By bleeding bark the poet means the harm inflicted on the bark of the tree by the hacking and chopping action of man. Trees do not bleed. The word bleed creates an effect of injury, torture and physical assault so as to remind the human beings of their cruel act. It evokes a feeling of pity and remorse for the tree that has been ill-treated and almost killed.

Short answer questions:

1. Why does it take much time to kill a tree?
2. Do you think the narrator wants the trees to be killed? Give reasons for your answers.
3. What needs to be done for the trees to regain its former size? What message does it give us?
5. Why do you think the root of the tree is very sensitive?

Sample Answer:

The root is sensitive as it has always remained away from the sun hidden under layers of earth. It is protected and secure, away from the sunlight. The root is the strength of the tree so the most guarded .It holds both the life and the probable death of the tree.

Long Question(150 words)

What does a tree symbolize? How is the title suitable? In what way has the poem projected man's greed and cruelty towards nature?

The Snake Trying W.W.E.Ross

William Wrightson Eustace Ross (June 14, 1894 – August 26, 1966) was a Canadian geophysicist and poet. He was the first published poet in Canada to write Imagist poetry, and later the first to write surrealist verse, both of which have led some to call him "the first modern Canadian poet."

Ross's passion for the natural world is evident in his poetry through its focus on Canada's physical environment. He published only two collections during his lifetime: *Laconics* (1930) and *Sonnets* (1932). After 1930 the majority of Ross's work was published in anthologies and literary magazines at the behest of editors. Though now considered to be Canada's first Imagist poet, Ross remained relatively unrecognized during his lifetime.

His first book, *Laconics*, "ratified Ross's claim as an innovative poetic craftsman by establishing an aesthetic bridgehead on the modern world, and the conditions under which poetry could be written in order to be reconciled with the modern world." It "collects the imagist poems Ross is best known for:" "The Fish," "The Diver," "The Dawn; the Birds," "The Snake Trying," "Gum," "The Creek," "The Walk": mostly, the poems of "North" that he had written that one night in April 1928.

In the poem, the poet tries to say that all snakes are not poisonous. Some of them are quite harmless.

It is foolish to kill a snake as soon as we see it. Even if a snake is poisonous, it will do us no harm if it doesn't see any danger from us. A snake always bites in self preservation and protection only. It does not hurt or harm anyone unprovoked. It is as harmless as any other creature. But sadly human beings, always try to kill a snake as soon as they see it.

1. Identify words from the poem that depict a sense of fear and loathing than man exhibits towards a snake.
2. What is the central theme of the poem?

Sample Answer:

There are two main themes in the poem: the relationship of people to nature and the narrator's own sense of identity. The narrator offers us two possible ways we can relate to the natural world. The first way is to admire the beauty and grace of the snake. Even though the snake has the potential to be dangerous, we are actually in no danger from it if we simply stand by and observe while it drinks, appreciating its grace and wildness. The second way to relate to nature is through fear and anger, destroying even the possibility of any form of competition or danger to humanity.

3. How does the poem throw light on the relationship between man and other beings?
4. Explain how the poem may be understood as a metaphor. Provide your own examples to draw parallel between whom the snake could represent and who the one chasing or pursuing it might be.
5. "O let him go
Over the water
Into the reeds to hide
Without hurt."
 - a) Name the poem and the poet
 - b) Who is the 'him' in the above lines?
 - c) Who is the poet appealing to and why?
 - d) Identify the poetic device used in the given lines.
6. Describe the appearance of the snake.
7. Where was the snake before anyone saw it and chased it away? Where does the snake disappear?
8. Write a diary entry as the snake in the poem.
9. Have you ever felt victimized? Have you observed anyone else being victimized for no fault of his or hers? Share your observation.

A Slumber did my Spirit Seal by William Wordsworth

William Wordsworth was born in Cumberland, England in 1770. He met with early tragedy in his young life as his mother died when he was only seven years old and he was orphaned at 13. Though he did not excel, he would eventually study at and graduate from Cambridge University in 1791. Wordsworth fell in love with a young French woman, Annette Vallon while visiting France. The two were separated after England and France declared war in 1793 and Wordsworth began to develop his radical ideology. Soon after, Wordsworth became friends with Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the two co-wrote, *Lyrical Ballads*, which contains some of the most well known poetry from both writers. Wordsworth's radical ideas did not last as he aged and by 1813, reunited with Vallon and their child, he moved to the Lake District. He continued to create poetry until his death at 80 in April of 1850. He held the position of England's poet laureate for the last seven years of his life.

“A Slumber did my Spirit Seal” is a short two-stanza poem, made up of two quatrains, or sets of four lines. The stanzas are simple in their formation and follow the rhyme scheme of ABAB CDCD. The rhythm and syllables of this piece are also constant. The second and fourth line of each stanza contains six syllables, while the first and third contain eight.

Summary

“A Slumber did my Spirit Seal” by William Wordsworth, tells of a speaker’s realization that his beloved is not immune to the ravages of time.

The poem begins with the speaker describing how up until now his “spirit” had been sealed off. His mind and soul had been protected from the realization that his love, Lucy, was going to be subject to aging, just like everyone else. Because he never actively acknowledged this fact he lived without “human fears.” His lack of fear made him unprepared for the shock of reality when his love died.

It had seemed to him, while she was still alive, and his spirit was in that trance-like state, that Lucy could not “feel / The touch of earthly years.” Time could not affect her as it does everyone else. This illusion was shattered.

The second stanza of the poem speaks of this realization. His love now has “no motion” or force to move through the world. Additionally, time and death have taken her sight and hearing from her. Aging has done to her what it does to every other living thing and she has become a true part of the earth. Just as the “rocks, and stones, and trees” change with time, so now, the speaker sees, does Lucy.

At the beginning of this short but complex narrative the speaker states that he has been consumed by a “slumber.” His “spirit” has been sealed up in a trance-like state that has kept him from seeing the truth of the world. Blinded by his idolized love for “Lucy,” who remains unnamed in this piece, the speaker has disregarded basic elements of life and death.

While in this trance he has “no human fears.” He did not acknowledge or worry about the things that most humans, especially lovers, do. The speaker did not think of an end to the relationship, or the possible aging and death of his beloved. These are things that surprise him, and that he describes as the poem continues.

It had “seemed” to the speaker, while his “spirit” was sealed up, that his love, Lucy, was immune from the “touch of earthly years.” She was to him, so beyond the realm of normal human women, that it was impossible to even fathom her death.

Whether he truly believed this to be true, that his beloved could not age, is not clear. Either way, he was unprepared when confronted with the truth.

In the second stanza the speaker is forced to come to his senses. He sees that she has died and regards her as now having “No motion.” She does not have the “force” that she did previously; to move her own body, or to wield the same power over him that she did when she was alive. That does not mean that he is unaffected by her death. He is surprised and shocked by the change in his circumstances. He speaks further on her new condition, saying that now she is unable to either “hear [or] see.” The “earthly years” have taken these senses away from her and have confined her to death. He now recognizes that she is, and always was, a part of “earth’s diurnal course.” She is impacted and changed by the daily progress of time, just like anyone else.

Now, she has cemented her place within the Earth and is holding an even more important spot in its progression. She is “Rolled round” in the Earth and has become one, physically, and spiritually, with

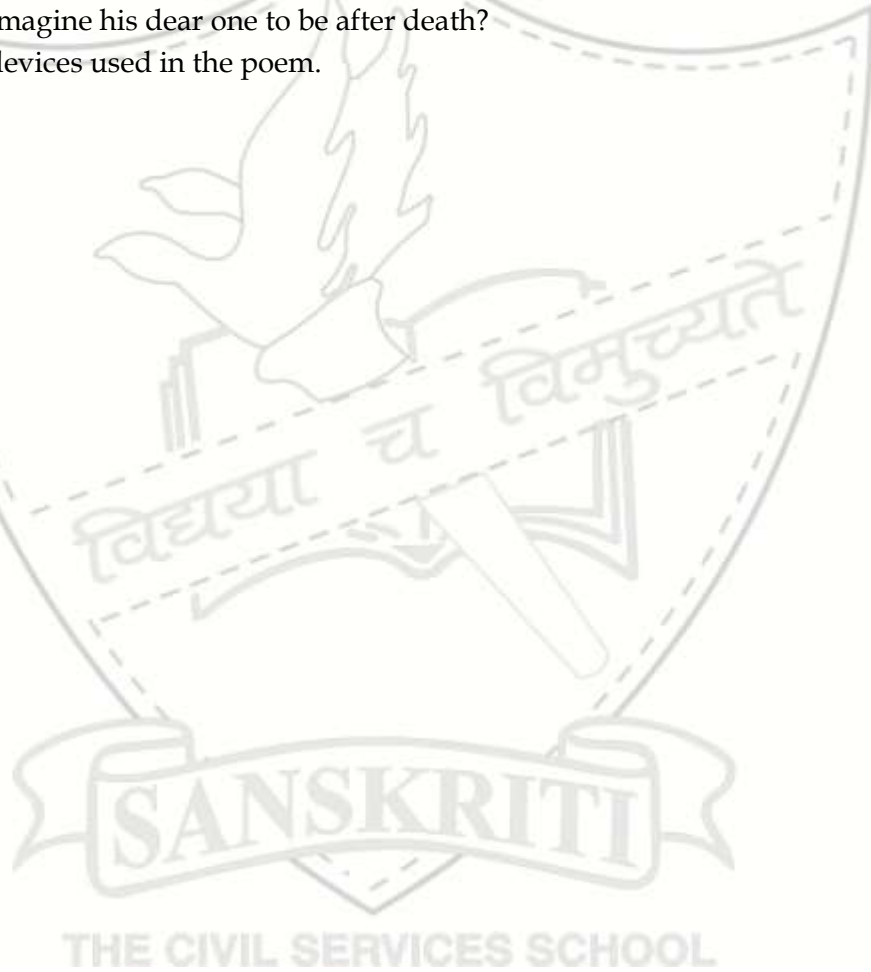
the “rocks, and stones, and trees.” Just as they do, she ages, and just as she does, they make up the foundation of the Earth.

1. How does the title of the poem, ‘A Slumber did my Spirit Seal’, convey the impact of the loss experienced by William Wordsworth?

Sample Answer:

The poet is struck with grief at the loss of his dear one. However, instead of an outward outpouring of grief, he is in a stupor (slumber) which has numbed (seal) his senses (spirit) and he is stunned to stone.

2. Why does the poet say, ‘she neither hears or sees...’?
3. Why do you think the poet has no human fears?
4. How does the poet imagine his dear one to be after death?
5. Mention the poetic devices used in the poem.



Literary Terms & Poetic Devices

- Imagery is the use of language to represent experiences of the senses --- what can be seen, heard, touched, tasted, and smelt. With vivid, skillful imagery, poets and other writers can evoke deeply felt responses from the reader.
- When you find a reference to some person, character, or event—real or fictional, past or present – you have encountered an allusion. It can come from literature, myth, history or even any religious book. Have you heard of the expression ‘sour grapes?’ This expression refers to a fable in which a fox who could not reach a bunch of grapes said they were probably sour anyway.
- A figure of speech, in which two basically unlike things are directly compared, usually with *like* or *as*, is called a simile. A writer sees and brings out the likeness in the two items in a fresh and clear way. Eg. Snow white’s skin was as white as snow, and her lips were like a red rose.
- A metaphor is an implied comparison between things essentially unlike, often with no clue words. It does not use the words *like* or *as*. It is not always confined to poetry: it occurs even in daily conversation. You may refer to a studious classmate as a ‘bookworm’ and someone who is speechless may be called ‘tongue-tied.’
- In poetry, exaggeration is called hyperbole. In advertising, similar exaggeration is called hype. For example you might read a claim that you can ‘recapture the magic of childhood’ by buying a certain collector’s doll that is a ‘big’ seven inches high. Another good example is ‘I’m so hungry I could eat a bear,’ or ‘He cried his eyes out.’
- Alliteration is the repetition of initial and stressed sounds at the beginning of words or in stressed syllables of words. A common example is tongue twisters. Alliteration is popular in our language (safe and sound, rough and ready, through thick and thin) because it gives pleasure in itself. But it is also used where possible to echo the sense and provide emphasis. It creates melody, establishes mood, calls attention to certain words and points to similarities and contrasts.
- Onomatopoeia is the use of words having sounds that suggest their meaning or which imitate the sound associated with them. Eg. The buzzing of bees, the hiss of a snake.
- Tone is the author’s or poet’s attitude, stated or implied, towards a subject or audience. The tone can be serious, indignant, angry, sad, humorous.
- Personification is when human characteristics are assigned to nonhuman things. Eg. ‘Oreo – Milk’s favourite Cookie’ (Slogan on a packet of Oreo cookies).
- Irony is in general, a contrast between what really is and what appears to be. You have probably heard the expression ‘Thanks a lot!’ used sarcastically, spoken in a way to mean, ‘Thanks for – nothing.’ You might have come in from a snowstorm and remarked, ‘Nice day, uh?’ In each case you are saying one thing while meaning another, often emphasizing that meaning by the tone of your voice.

-Identify what literary / poetic device the underlined words refer to:

1) *Nothing is so beautiful as spring---*

When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush

Thrush’s eggs look little low heavens.... _____

2) The Romeo whistled at the pretty girl. “Will you be my Juliet?” he called. _____

3) He looked at her and gave his heart away. _____

4) As he got out of his strawberry- coloured car, his immense fists looked like two slabs of slightly gnawed ham. He waddled over to the counter and snarled under his garlic-laden breath....

5) She pushes cloth _____

through a pounding needle, under,
around, and out,
breaks thread with a snap
against finger bone.
Sleeve after sleeve, sleeve.
It is easy. The same piece.

For eight or nine hours, sixteen bundles maybe

250 sleeves to ski coats, all the same.

It is easy.

6) To him the moon was a silver dollar, spun into the
sky by some mysterious hand; the sun was a golden coin...

7) The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
The murmuring of innumerable bees

8) Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever.

9) He looked like a horse with a burr under its saddle.

10) Only the champion daisy trees were serene. After all, they were part of a rain forest already two thousand years old and scheduled for eternity, so they ignored the men and continued to rock the diamondbacks that slept in their arms. It took the river to persuade them that indeed the world was altered."

(Toni Morrison, *Tar Baby*)

11) I had to get up in the morning at 10 o'clock at night, half an hour before I went to bed, eat a lump of cold poison, work 29 hours a day down mill, and pay mill owner for permission to come to work, and when we got home, our Dad would kill us, and dance about on our graves singing "Hallelujah."

12) "I'm a night owl, Wilson's an early bird," he said.

13) Every time I see ya
My senses tell me hubba
And I just can't disagree.
I get a feeling in my heart that I can't describe. . . .

It's sort of whack, whir, wheeze, whine
Sputter, splat, squirt, scrape
Clink, clank, clunk, clatter
Crash, bang, beep, buzz
Ring, rip, roar, retch
Twang, toot, tinkle, thud
Pop, plop, plunk, pow
Snort, snuck, sniff, smack
Screech, splash, squish, squeak
Jingle, rattle, squeal, boing

Honk, hoot, hack, belch."

Extra Reading Material for literature:

Contents:

- | | |
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| 1. Insert knob A in Hole B | Isaac Asimov |
| 2. A Pair of Mustachios | Mulk Raj Anand |
| 3. Those Three Bears | Ruskin Bond |
| 4. The Nightingale and The Rose | Oscar Wilde |
| 5. Excerpt on Galileo's Struggle with the church (reading material for Einstein) | Robert Frost |
| 6. Mending the Wall | Robert Frost |
| 7. Skilful Cartoonist and master Satirist: R.K.Laxman + another story based on the art of storytelling | |
| 8. After Twenty Years | O. Henry |
| 9. Dusk | Saki |
| 10. Flowers for Algernon | Danel Keyes |
| 11. God Sees the Truth But Waits | Leo Tolstoy |
| 12. The Sniper | Liam O' Flaherty |

INSERT KNOB A IN HOLE B

- Isaac Asimov

Dave Woodbury and John Hansen, grotesque in their spacesuits, supervised anxiously as the large crate swung slowly out and away from the freight-landing pod and onto the waiting transporter vehicle. With nearly a year of their hitch on the Mars-5 Colony Station behind them, they were understandably weary of filtration units that clanked, hydroponic tubs that leaked, air generators that hummed constantly and stopped occasionally.

"Nothing works," Woodbury would say mournfully, "because everything is hand assembled by ourselves."

"Following instructions," Hansen would add, "written by an idiot."

There were undoubtedly grounds for complaint there. The most expensive thing about a spaceship was the room allowed for freight so all equipment had to be sent across space to Mars disassembled and "nested". All equipment had to be assembled at the Mars-5 Colony Station itself with clumsy hands, inadequate tools and with blurred and ambiguous direction sheets for guidance.

Painstakingly, Woodbury had written complaints - to which Hansen had added appropriate adjectives - and formal requests for relief of the situation had made their way back to Earth.

And Earth had responded. A special Mars robot had been designed, with a positronic brain crammed with the knowledge of how to properly assemble any disassembled machine in existence.

That robot was in the crate being unloaded now and Woodbury was trembling as they drove the transporter back to the Colony Station...

"First," he said, "it overhauls the Food-Assembler and adjusts the steak attachment knob so we can get the meat rare instead of burnt."

They entered the Colony Station and attacked the crate with dainty touches of the demoleculizer rods in order to make sure that not a precious metal atom of their special assembly-robot was damaged.

The crate fell open!

And there within it were five hundred separate pieces - and one blurred and hard-to-understand instruction sheet to help them assemble their newest gadget!

A Pair of Mustachios

-Mulk Raj Anand

There are various kinds of mustachios worn in my country to mark the boundaries between the various classes of people. Outsiders may think it stupid to lay down, or rather to raise, lines of demarcation of this kind, but we are notorious in the whole world for sticking to our queer old conventions, prides and prejudices, even as the Chinese or the Americans or, for that matter, the English. And, at any rate, some people may think it easier and more convenient to wear permanent boundary-lines, like mustachios, which only need a smear of grease to keep them bright and shiny, rather than to wear frock coats, striped trousers and top hats, which constantly need to be laundered and dry-cleaned, and the maintenance of which is already leading to the bankruptcy of the European ruling classes. With them clothes make the man but, to us, mustachios make the man.

So we prefer the various styles of mustachios to mark the differences between the classes. And very unique and poetical symbols they are too. For instance, there is the famous lion moustache, the fearsome upstanding symbol of that great order of resplendent rajas, maharajas, nawabs and English army generals who are so well known for their devotion to the King Emperor. Then there is the tiger moustache, the uncanny, several-pointed moustache worn by the unbending, unchanging survivals from the ranks of the feudal gentry who have nothing left but pride in their greatness and a few mementoes of past glory granted by the former emperors, a few gold trinkets, heirlooms and bits of land. Next there is the goat moustache—a rather unsure brand, worn by the nouveau riche, the new commercial bourgeoisie and the shopkeeper class who somehow don't belong—an indifferent, thin little line of a moustache, worn so that its tips can be turned up or down as the occasion demands—a show of power to some coolie or humility to a prosperous client. There is the Charlie Chaplin moustache worn by the lower middle class, by clerks and professional men. There is the sheep moustache of the coolies and the lower orders, the mouse moustache of the peasants, and so on. In fact, there are endless styles of mustachios, all appropriate to the wearers and indicative of the various orders, as rigorously adhered to as if they had all been patented by the Government of India. And any poaching on the style of one class by members of another is resented.

There was a rumpus in my own village the other day about a pair of mustachios. It so happened that Seth Ramanand, the grocer and moneylender, who had been doing well out of the recent fall in the price of wheat by buying up whole crops cheap from the hard-pressed peasants and then selling them at higher prices, took it into his head to twist the goat moustache, integral to his order and position in society, at the tips, so that it looked nearly like a tiger moustache. Nobody seemed to mind very much because most of the mouse-moustached peasants in our village are beholden to the local moneylender. Besides, the Seth had been careful enough to twist his moustache so that it seemed nearly, though not quite, like a tiger moustache.

But there lives in the vicinity of our village, in an old dilapidated Moghul style house, a mussulman named Khan Azam Khan, who claims descent from an ancient Afghan family whose heads were noblemen and councillors in the court of the great Moghuls. Khan Azam Khan, a tall, middle-aged man, is a handsome and dignified person, and he wears a tiger moustache and remains adorned with the faded remnants of a gold-brocaded waistcoat, though he hasn't even a patch of land left. Some people, notably the landlord of our village and the moneylender, maliciously say that he is an

impostor. Others, like the priest of the temple, concede that his ancestors were certainly attached to the Court of the Great Moghuls, but as sweepers. The landlord, the moneylender and the priest are manifestly jealous of anyone's long ancestry, however, because they have all risen from nothing – and it is obvious from the stately ruins around Khan Azam Khan what grace was once his and his forefathers. Only Khan Azam Khan's pride is greatly in excess of his present possessions and he is inordinately jealous of his old privileges and rather foolish and headstrong in safeguarding every sacred brick of his tottering house against vandalism.

Khan Azam Khan happened to go to the moneylender's shop to pawn his wife's gold nose-ring one morning and he noticed the upturning tendency of the hair on Ramanand's upper lip which made the moneylender's goat moustache look almost like his own tiger moustache.

'Since when have the lentil-eating shopkeepers become noblemen?' he asked sourly. 'I don't know what you mean, Khan', Ramanand answered. 'You know what I mean!' said the Khan. Look at the way you have turned the tips of your moustache upwards. It almost looks like my tiger moustache. Turn the tips down to the style proper to the goat that you are! Fancy the airs of people nowadays!' 'Oh, Khan, don't get so excited,' said the moneylender, who was nothing if he was not amenable, having built up his business on the maxim that the customer is always right. 'I tell you, turn the tip of your moustache down if you value your life!' raged Khan Azam.

'If that is all the trouble, here you are', said Ramanand, brushing one end of his moustache with his oily hand so that it dropped like a dead fly. 'Come, show me the trinkets. How much do you want for them?'

Now that Khan Azam Khan's pride was appeased, he was like soft wax in the merchant's sure hand. His need, and the need of his family, for food, was great and he humbly accepted the value which the moneylender put on his wife's nose-ring. But as he was departing, after negotiating his business, he noticed that though one end of the moneylender's moustache had come down at his behest, the other end was still up.

'A strange trick you have played on me,' the Khan said.

'I have paid you the best value for your trinket, Khan, that any moneylender will pay in these parts,' he said,

'It has nothing to do with the trinket,' said Azam Khan, 'but one end of your moustache is still up like my tiger moustache though you have brought down the other to your proper goat's style. Bring that other end down also so that there is no aping by your moustache of mine.'

'Now Khan,' said the moneylender, 'I humbled myself because you are doing business with me. You can't expect me to become a mere worm just because you have pawned a trinket with me. If you were pledging some more expensive jewellery I might consider obliging you a little more.'

'Bring that tip down!' Khan Azam Khan roared, for, the more he had looked at the moneylender's moustache the more the still upturned tip seemed to him like an effort at an imitation of his own.

'Now, be sensible, Khan,' the moneylender said, waving his hand with an imperturbable calm. 'All right, the next time you come to do business with me, I shall bring that tip down,' answered the moneylender cunningly.

Khan Azam Khan managed to control his murderous impulses and walked away. But he could not quell his pride, the pride of generations of his ancestors who had worn the tiger moustache as a mark of their high position. To see the symbol of his honour imitated by a moneylender – this was too much for him. He went home and fetched a necklace which had come down to his family through seven generations and, placing it before the moneylender, said: 'Now will you bring that tip of your moustache down?'

'By all means, Khan,' said the moneylender. 'But let us see about this necklace. How much do you want for it?'

'Any price will do, so long as you bring the tip of your moustache down,' answered Azam Khan. After they had settled the business, the moneylender said: 'Now Khan, I shall carry out your will.' And he ceremoniously brushed the upturned tip of his moustache down. As Azam Khan was walking

away, however, he noticed that the other tip of the moneylender's moustache had now gone up and stood dubiously like the upturned end of his own exalted tiger moustache.

He turned on his feet and shouted: 'I shall kill you if you don't brush that moustache into the shape appropriate to your position as a lentil-eating moneylender!' 'Now, now, Khan, come to your senses. You know it is only the illusion of a tiger's moustache and nowhere like your brave and wonderful adornment,' said the greasy moneylender. 'I tell you I won't have you insulting the insignia of my order!' shouted Azam Khan.

'I wouldn't do it, Khan, even if you pawned all the jewellery you possess to me,' said the moneylender.

'I would rather lose all my remaining worldly possessions, my pots and pans, my clothes, even my house, than see the tip of your moustache turned up like that!' spluttered Azam Khan.

'Achcha, if you care so little for all your goods and chattels you sell them to me and then I shall turn that tip of my moustache down,' said the moneylender. 'And what is more, I shall keep it flat. Now, is that a bargain?' 'That seems fair enough,' said the landlord from under the tree where he was preparing for a siesta.

'But what proof have I that you will keep your word?' said Azam Khan.

'We shall draw up a deed, here and now,' said the moneylender. 'And we shall have it signed by the five elders of the village who are seated under that tree.'

'Now, there is no catch in that,' put in the landlord. 'I and four other elders will come to court as witnesses on your behalf if he doesn't keep his moustache to the goat style ever afterwards.'

'I shall excommunicate him from religion if he doesn't keep his word,' added the priest, who had arrived on the scene on hearing the hubbub.

'Achcha,' agreed Azam Khan. And he forthwith had a deed prepared by the petition writer of the village, who sat smoking his hubble-bubble under the tree. And this document, transferring all his household goods and chattels, was signed in the presence of the five elders of the village and sealed. And the moneylender forthwith brought both tips of his moustache down and kept them glued in the goat style appropriate to his order. Only, as soon as Khan Azam Khan's back was turned he muttered to the peasants seated nearby: 'My father was a Sultan.'

And they laughed to see the Khan give a special twist to his moustache as he walked away maintaining the valiant uprightness to the symbol of his ancient and noble family, though he had become a pauper.

Those Three Bears

-Ruskin Bond

Most Himalayan villages lie in the valleys, where there are small streams, some farmland, and protection from the biting winds that come through the mountain passes in winter. The houses are usually made of large stones and have sloping slate roofs so the heavy monsoon rain can run off easily. During the sunny autumn months, the roofs are often covered with pumpkins, left there to ripen in the sun.

One October night, when I was sleeping at a friend's house in a village in these hills, I was awakened by a rumbling and thumping on the roof. I woke my friend and asked him what was happening.

'It's only a bear,' he said.

'Is it trying to get in?'

'No. It's after the pumpkins.'

A little later, when we looked out of a window, we saw a black bear making off through a field, leaving a trail of half-eaten pumpkins.

In winter, when snow covers the higher ranges, the Himalayan bears come to lower altitudes in search of food. Sometimes they forage in fields and because they are short-sighted and suspicious of anything that moves, they can be dangerous. But, like most wild animals, they avoid humans as much as possible.

Village folk always advise me to run downhill if chased by a bear. They say bears find it easier to run uphill than down. I am yet to be chased by a bear, and will happily skip the experience. But I have seen a few of these mountain bears in India, and they are always fascinating to watch.

Himalayan bears enjoy pumpkins, corn, plums, and apricots. Once, while I was sitting in an oak tree hoping to see a pair of pine martens that lived nearby, I heard the whining grumble of a bear, and presently a small bear ambled into the clearing beneath the tree. He was little more than a cub, and I was not alarmed. I sat very still, waiting to see what he would do.

He put his nose to the ground and sniffed his way along until he came to a large anthill. Here he began huffing and puffing, blowing rapidly in and out of his nostrils, so that the dust from the anthill flew in all directions. But the anthill had been deserted, and so, grumbling, the bear made his way up a nearby plum tree. Soon he was perched high in the branches. It was then that he saw me.

The bear at once scrambled several feet higher up the tree and lay flat on a branch. Since it wasn't a very big branch, there was a lot of bear showing on either side. He tucked his head behind another branch. He could no longer see me, so he apparently was satisfied that he was hidden, although he couldn't help grumbling.

Like all bears, this one was full of curiosity. So, slowly, inch by inch, his black snout appeared over the edge of the branch. As soon as he saw me, he drew his head back and hid his face.

He did this several times. I waited until he wasn't looking, then moved some way down my tree. When the bear looked over and saw that I was missing, he was so pleased that he stretched right across to another branch and helped himself to a plum. I couldn't help bursting into laughter.

The startled young bear tumbled out of the tree, dropped through the branches some fifteen feet, and landed with a thump in a pile of dried leaves. He was unhurt, but fled from the clearing, grunting and squealing all the way.

Another time, my friend Prem told me, a bear had been active in his cornfield. We took up a post at night in an old cattle shed, which gave a clear view of the moonlit field.

A little after midnight, a female bear came down to the edge of the field. She seemed to sense that we had been about. She was hungry, however. So, after standing on her hind legs and peering around to make sure the field was empty, she came cautiously out of the forest.

Her attention was soon distracted by some Tibetan prayer flags, which had been strung between two trees. She gave a grunt of disapproval and began to back away, but the fluttering of the flags was a puzzle that she wanted to solve. So she stopped and watched them.

Soon the bear advanced to within a few feet of the flags, examining them from various angles. Then, seeing that they posed no danger, she went right up to the flags and pulled them down. Grunting with apparent satisfaction, she moved into the field of corn.

Prem had decided that he didn't want to lose any more of his crop, so he started shouting. His children woke up and soon came running from the house, banging on empty kerosene tins.

Deprived of her dinner, the bear made off in a bad temper. She ran downhill at a good speed, and I was glad that I was not in her way.

Uphill or downhill, an angry bear is best given a very wide path

"She said that she would dance with me if I brought her red roses," cried the young Student; "but in all my garden there is no red rose." From her nest in the holm-oak tree the Nightingale heard him, and she looked out through the leaves, and wondered.

"No red rose in all my garden!" he cried, and his beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Ah, on what little things does happiness depend! I have read all that the wise men have written, and all the secrets of philosophy are mine, yet for want of a red rose is my life made wretched." "Here at last is a true lover," said the Nightingale. "Night after night have I sung of him, though I knew him not; night after night have I told his story to the stars, and now I see him. His hair is dark as the hyacinth-blossom, and his lips are red as the rose of his desire; but passion has made his face like pale ivory, and sorrow has set her seal upon his brow." "The Prince gives a ball to-morrow night," murmured the young Student, "and my love will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break."

"Here indeed is the true lover," said the Nightingale. "What I sing of, he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing. It is more precious than emeralds, and dearer than fine opals. Pearls and pomegranates cannot buy it, nor is it set forth in the market-place. It may not be purchased of the merchants, nor can it be weighed out in the balance for gold." "The musicians will sit in their gallery," said the young Student, "and play upon their stringed instruments, and my love will dance to the sound of the harp and the violin. She will dance so lightly that her feet will not touch the floor, and the courtiers in their gay dresses will throng around her. But with me she will not dance, for I have no red rose to give her"; and he flung himself down on the grass, and buried his face in his hands, and wept.

"Why is he weeping?" asked a little Green Lizard, as he ran past him with his tail in the air. "Why, indeed?" said a Butterfly, who was fluttering about after a sunbeam.

"Why, indeed?" whispered a Daisy to his neighbour, in a soft, low voice.

"He is weeping for a red rose," said the Nightingale.

"For a red rose!" they cried; "how very ridiculous!" and the little Lizard, who was something of a cynic, laughed outright.

But the Nightingale understood the secret of the Student's sorrow, and she sat silent in the oak-tree, and thought about the mystery of Love.

Suddenly she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She passed through the grove like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed across the garden.

In the centre of the grass-plot was standing a beautiful Rose-tree, and when she saw it, she flew over to it, and lit upon a spray.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are white," it answered; "as white as the foam of the sea, and whiter than the snow upon the mountain. But go to my brother who grows round the old sun-dial, and perhaps he will give you what you want." So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing round the old sun-dial.

"Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are yellow," it answered; "as yellow as the hair of the mermaiden who sits upon an amber throne, and yellower than the daffodil that blooms in the meadow before the mower comes with his scythe. But go to my brother who grows beneath the Student's window, and perhaps he will give you what you want."

So the Nightingale flew over to the Rose-tree that was growing beneath the Student's window. "Give me a red rose," she cried, "and I will sing you my sweetest song." But the Tree shook its head.

"My roses are red," it answered; "as red as the feet of the dove, and redder than the great fans of coral that wave and wave in the ocean cavern. But the winter has chilled my veins, and the frost has nipped my buds, and the storm has broken my branches, and I shall have no roses at all this year." "One red rose is all I want," cried the Nightingale. "Only one red rose! Is there any way by which I can get it?"

"There is a way," answered the Tree; "but it is so terrible that I dare not tell it to you." "Tell it to me," said the Nightingale, "I am not afraid." "If you want a red rose," said the Tree, "you must build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with your own heart's-blood. You must sing to me with your breast against a thorn. All night long you must sing to me, and the thorn must pierce your heart, and your life-blood must flow into my veins, and become mine." "Death is a great price to pay for a red rose," cried the Nightingale, "and Life is very dear to all. It is pleasant to sit in the green wood, and to watch the Sun in his chariot of gold, and the Moon in her chariot of pearl. Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn, and sweet are the bluebells that hide in the valley, and the heather that blows on the hill. Yet Love is better than Life, and what is the heart of a bird compared to the heart of a man?" So she spread her brown wings for flight, and soared into the air. She swept over the garden like a shadow, and like a shadow she sailed through the grove.

The young Student was still lying on the grass, where she had left him, and the tears were not yet dry on his beautiful eyes. "Be happy," cried the Nightingale, "be happy; you shall have your red rose. I will build it out of music by moonlight, and stain it with my own heart's-blood. All that I ask of you in return is that you will be a true lover, for Love is wiser than Philosophy."

The Student looked up from the grass, and listened, but he could not understand what the Nightingale was saying to him, for he only knew the things that are written down in books. But the Oak-tree understood, and felt sad, for he was very fond of the little nightingale who had built her nest in his branches. "Sing me one last song," he whispered; "I shall feel very lonely when you are gone."

So the Nightingale sang to the Oak-tree, and her voice was like water bubbling from a silver jar. When she had finished her song the Student got up, and pulled a note-book and a lead-pencil out of his pocket. "She has form," he said to himself, as he walked away through the grove, "that cannot be denied her; but has she got feeling? I am afraid not. In fact, she is like most artists; she is all style, without any sincerity. She would not sacrifice herself for others. She thinks merely of music, and everybody knows that the arts are selfish. Still, it must be admitted that she has some beautiful notes in her voice. What a pity it is that they do not mean anything, or do any practical good." And he went into his room, and lay down on his little pallet-bed, and began to think of his love; and, after a time, he fell asleep.

And when the Moon shone in the heavens the Nightingale flew to the Rosetree, and set her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang with her breast against the thorn. All night long she sang, and the thorn went deeper and deeper into her breast, and her lifeblood ebbed away from her.

She sang first of the birth of love in the heart of a boy and a girl. And on the topmost spray of the Rose-tree there blossomed a marvellous rose, petal followed petal, as song followed song. Pale was it, as first, as the mist that hangs over the river- pale as the feet of the morning, and silver as the wings of the dawn.

But the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished." So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and louder and louder grew her song.

And a delicate flush of pink came into the leaves of the rose. But the thorn had not yet reached her heart, so the rose's heart remained white, for only a Nightingale's heart's-blood can crimson the heart of a rose. And the Tree cried to the Nightingale to press closer against the thorn. "Press closer, little Nightingale," cried the Tree, "or the Day will come before the rose is finished." So the Nightingale pressed closer against the thorn, and the thorn touched her heart, and a fierce pang of pain shot through her. Bitter, bitter was the pain, and wilder and wilder grew her song, for she sang of the Love that is perfected by Death, of the Love that dies not in the tomb.

And the marvellous rose became crimson, like the rose of the eastern sky. Crimson was the girdle of petals, and crimson as a ruby was the heart.

But the Nightingale's voice grew fainter, and her little wings began to beat, and a film came over her eyes. Fainter and fainter grew her song, and she felt something choking her in her throat. Then she gave one last burst of music. The red rose heard it and opened its petals to the cold morning air.

“Look, look!” cried the Tree, “the rose is finished now”; but the Nightingale made no answer, for she was lying dead in the long grass, with the thorn in her heart.

And at noon the Student opened his window and looked out. “Why, what a wonderful piece of luck!” he cried; “here is a red rose! I have never seen any rose like it in all my life. It is so beautiful that I am sure it has a long Latin name”; and he leaned down and plucked it. Then he put on his hat, and ran up to the Professor’s house with the rose in his hand.

The daughter of the Professor was sitting in the doorway winding blue silk on a reel, and her little dog was lying at her feet. “You said that you would dance with me if I brought you a red rose,” cried the Student. “Here is the reddest rose in all the world. You will wear it to-night next your heart, and as we dance together it will tell you how I love you.”

But the girl frowned. “I am afraid it will not go with my dress,” she answered; “and, besides, the Chamberlain’s nephew has sent me some real jewels, and everybody knows that jewels cost far more than flowers.”

“Well, upon my word, you are very ungrateful,” said the Student, angrily; and he threw the rose into the street, where it fell into the gutter, and a cartwheel went over it.

“Ungrateful!” said the girl. “I tell you what, you are very rude; and, after all, who are you? Only a Student. Why, I don’t believe you have even got silver buckles to your shoes as the Chamberlain’s nephew has”; and she got up from her chair and went into the house.

“What a silly thing Love is,” said the Student as he walked away. “It is not half as useful as Logic, for it does not prove anything, and it is always telling one of things that are not going to happen, and making one believe things that are not true. In fact, it is quite unpractical, and, as in this age to be practical is everything, I shall go back to Philosophy and study Metaphysics.”

So he returned to his room and pulled out a great dusty book, and began to read.

Excerpt on Galileo’s Struggle with the church (reading material for Einstein)

The Galileo affair was a sequence of events, beginning around 1610, culminating with the trial and condemnation of Galileo Galilei by the Roman Catholic Inquisition in 1633 for his support of heliocentrism.

On this day in 1633, chief inquisitor Father Vincenzo Maculano da Firenzuola, appointed by Pope Urban VIII, begins the inquisition of physicist and astronomer Galileo Galilei. Galileo was ordered to turn himself in to the Holy Office to begin trial for holding the belief that the Earth revolves around the Sun, which was deemed heretical by the Catholic Church. Standard practice demanded that the accused be imprisoned and secluded during the trial.

This was the second time that Galileo was in the hot seat for refusing to accept Church orthodoxy that the Earth was the immovable center of the universe: In 1616, he had been forbidden from holding or defending his beliefs. In the 1633 interrogation, Galileo denied that he “held” belief in the Copernican view but continued to write about the issue and evidence as a means of “discussion” rather than belief. The Church had decided the idea that the Sun moved around the Earth was an absolute fact of scripture that could not be disputed, despite the fact that scientists had known for centuries that the Earth was not the center of the universe.

This time, Galileo’s technical argument didn’t win the day. On June 22, 1633, the Church handed down the following order: “We pronounce, judge, and declare, that you, the said Galileo... have rendered yourself vehemently suspected by this Holy Office of heresy, that is, of having believed and held the doctrine (which is false and contrary to the Holy and Divine Scriptures) that the sun is the

centre of the world, and that it does not move from east to west, and that the earth does move, and is not the centre of the world."

Along with the order came the following penalty: "We order that by a public edict the book of Dialogues of Galileo Galilei be prohibited, and We condemn thee to the prison of this Holy Office during Our will and pleasure; and as a salutary penance We enjoin on thee that for the space of three years thou shalt recite once a week the Seven Penitential Psalms."

Galileo agreed not to teach the heresy anymore and spent the rest of his life under house arrest. It took more than 300 years for the Church to admit that Galileo was right and to clear his name of heresy.

(source: www.history.com)

Mending Wall

By Robert Frost

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing:
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made,
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbour know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go.
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"
We wear our fingers rough with handling them.
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
There where it is we do not need the wall:
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbours."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbours? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,

But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbours."



Skilful Cartoonist and master Satirist: R.K.Laxman



The Face on the Wall

by E. V. Lucas

We were talking of events which cannot be explained by natural causes at Dabney's last evening. Most of us had given an instance without producing much effect. Among the strangers to me was a little man with an anxious face. He watched each speaker with the closest attention, but said nothing. Then Dabney wishing to include him in the talk, turned to him and asked if he had no experience he could narrate - no story that could be explained. He thought a moment. "Well," he said, 'not a story in the ordinary sense of the word; nothing like most of your examples. Truth, I always believe, is not only stringer than a made up story, but also greatly more interesting. I could tell you an occurrence which happened to me personally and which strangely enough completed itself only this afternoon."

We begged him to begin.

"A year or two ago," he said, "I was in rooms in an old house in Great Ormond Street. The bedroom walls had been painted by the previous tenant, but the place was damp and there were great patches on the walls. One of these - as indeed often happens - exactly like a face. Lying on a bed in the morning and delaying getting up I came to think of it as real as my fellow lodger. In fact, the strange thing was that while the patches on the wall grew larger and changed their shapes, this never did. It remained just the same.

"While there I fell ill with influenza, and all day long I had nothing to do but read or think, and it was then that the face began to get a firmer hold of me. It grew more and more real and remarkable. I may say that it filled my thoughts day and night. There was a curious curve of the nose and the forehead was remarkable, in fact the face of an uncommon man, a man in a thousand."

"Well, I got better, but the face still controlled me, found myself searching the streets for one like it. Somewhere, I was convinced, the real man must exist, and him I must meet. Why, I had no idea; I only knew that he and I were in some way linked by fate. I often went to places where people gather in large numbers - political meetings, football matches, railway stations. But all in vain. I had never before realized as I then did how many different faces of man there are and how few. For all faces differ, and yet they can be grouped into few types."

"The search became a madness with me. I neglected everything else. I stood at busy corners watching the crowd until people thought me mad, and the police began to know me and be suspicious. I never looked at women; men, men, men, all the time."

He passed his hand over his brow as if he was very tired. "And then," he continued. "I at last saw him. He was in a taxi driving east along Piccadilly. I turned and ran beside it for a little way and then saw an empty one coming. 'Follow that taxi,' I said and leaped in. The driver managed to keep it in sight and it took us to Charing Cross. I rushed on to the platform and found my man with two ladies and a little girl. They were going to France. I stayed there trying to get a word with him, but in vain. Other friends had joined the party and they moved to the train in one group."

I hastily purchased a ticket to Folkstone, hoping that I should catch him on the boat before it sailed; but at Folkstone he got on the ship before me with his friends, and they disappeared into a large private cabin. Evidently he was a rich man."

"Again I was defeated; but I determined to go with him, feeling certain that when the voyage had begun he would leave the ladies and come out for a walk on the deck. I had only just enough for a single fare to Boulogne but nothing could stop me now. I took up my position opposite his cabin door and waited. After half an hour the door opened and he came out, but with the little girl. My heart beat fast. There was no mistaking the face, every line was the same. He looked at me and moved towards the way to the upper deck. It was now or never, I felt."

"Excuse me," I stammered, "but do you mind giving me your card? I have a very important reason in asking it."

"He seemed to be greatly surprised, as indeed well he might; but he granted my request. Slowly he took out his case and handed me his card and hurried on with the little girl. It was clear that he thought me mad and thought it wiser to please me than not."

"Holding the card tight in my hand I hurried to a lonely corner of the ship and read it. My eyes grew dim; my head reeled; for on it were the words; Mr. Ormond Wall, with an address at Pittsburgh,

U.S.A. I remember no more until I found myself in a hospital at Boulogne. There I lay in a broken condition for some weeks, and only a month ago did I return."

He was silent.

We looked at him and at one another and waited. All the other talk of the evening was nothing compared with the story of the little pale man.

"I went back," he started once again after a moment or so, "to Great Ormond Street and set to work to find out all I could about this American. I wrote to Pittsburgh; I wrote to American editors; I made friends with Americans in London: but all that I could find out was that he was a millionaire with English parents who had resided in London. But where? To that question I received no answer."

"And so the time went on until yesterday morning, I had gone to bed more than usually tired and slept till late. When I woke, the room was bright with sunlight. As I always do, I looked at once at the wall on which the face is to be seen. I rubbed my eyes and sprang up. It was only faintly visible. Last night it had been clear as ever - almost I could hear it speak. And now it was a ghost of itself."

"I got up confused and sad and went out. The early editions of the papers were already out. I saw the headline, 'American Millionaire's Motor Accident.' You all must have seen it. I bought it and read. Mr. Ormond Wall, the Pittsburgh millionaire, and party, motoring in Italy, were hit by a wagon and the car overturned. Mr. Wall's condition was critical."

"I went back to my room and sat on the bed looking with unseeing eyes at the face on the wall. And even as I looked, suddenly it completely disappeared."

"Later I found that Mr. Wall died of his injuries at what I take it to be that very moment."

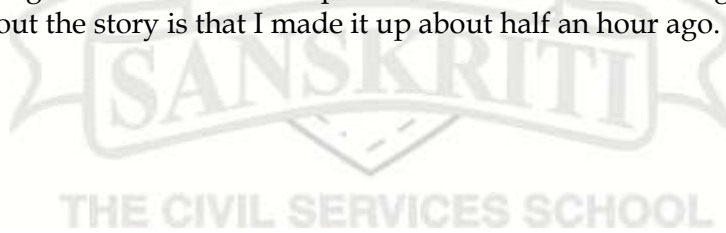
Again he was silent.

"Most remarkable," we said, "most extraordinary," and so forth, and we meant it too.

"Yes," said the stranger. "There are three extraordinary, three most remarkable things about my story. One is that it should be possible for a patch on the wall of a house in London not only to form the features of a gentleman in America but also to have a close association with his life. Science will not be able to explain that yet. Another one is that the gentleman's name should bear any relation to the spot on which his features were being so curiously reproduced by some unknown agency. Is it not so?"

We agreed with him, and our original discussion on supernatural occurrences set in again with increased excitement, during which the narrator of the amazing experience rose up and said good-night. Just as he was at the door, one of the company recalled us to the cause of our excited debate by asking him, before he left what he considered the third most exciting thing in connection with his deeply interesting story. "You said three thing, you know?" said he.

"Oh, the third thing," he said, as he opened the door, "I was forgetting that. The third extraordinary thing about the story is that I made it up about half an hour ago. Good-night again."



The policeman on the beat moved up the avenue impressively. The impressiveness was habitual and not for show, for spectators were few. The time was barely 10 o'clock at night, but chilly gusts of wind with a taste of rain in them had well nigh depeopled the streets.

Trying doors as he went, twirling his club with many intricate and artful movements, turning now and then to cast his watchful eye adown the pacific thoroughfare, the officer, with his stalwart form and slight swagger, made a fine picture of a guardian of the peace. The vicinity was one that kept early hours. Now and then you might see the lights of a cigar store or of an all-night lunch counter; but the majority of the doors belonged to business places that had long since been closed.

When about midway of a certain block the policeman suddenly slowed his walk. In the doorway of a darkened hardware store a man leaned, with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. As the policeman walked up to him the man spoke up quickly.

"It's all right, officer," he said, reassuringly. "I'm just waiting for a friend. It's an appointment made twenty years ago. Sounds a little funny to you, doesn't it? Well, I'll explain if you'd like to make certain it's all straight. About that long ago there used to be a restaurant where this store stands--'Big Joe' Brady's restaurant."

"Until five years ago," said the policeman. "It was torn down then."

The man in the doorway struck a match and lit his cigar. The light showed a pale, square-jawed face with keen eyes, and a little white scar near his right eyebrow. His scarfpin was a large diamond, oddly set.

"Twenty years ago to-night," said the man, "I dined here at 'Big Joe' Brady's with Jimmy Wells, my best chum, and the finest chap in the world. He and I were raised here in New York, just like two brothers, together. I was eighteen and Jimmy was twenty. The next morning I was to start for the West to make my fortune. You couldn't have dragged Jimmy out of New York; he thought it was the only place on earth. Well, we agreed that night that we would meet here again exactly twenty years from that date and time, no matter what our conditions might be or from what distance we might have to come. We figured that in twenty years each of us ought to have our destiny worked out and our fortunes made, whatever they were going to be."

"It sounds pretty interesting," said the policeman. "Rather a long time between meets, though, it seems to me. Haven't you heard from your friend since you left?"

"Well, yes, for a time we corresponded," said the other. "But after a year or two we lost track of each other. You see, the West is a pretty big proposition, and I kept hustling around over it pretty lively. But I know Jimmy will meet me here if he's alive, for he always was the truest, stanchest old chap in the world. He'll never forget. I came a thousand miles to stand in this door to-night, and it's worth it if my old partner turns up."

The waiting man pulled out a handsome watch, the lids of it set with small diamonds.

"Three minutes to ten," he announced. "It was exactly ten o'clock when we parted here at the restaurant door."

"Did pretty well out West, didn't you?" asked the policeman.

"You bet! I hope Jimmy has done half as well. He was a kind of plodder, though, good fellow as he was. I've had to compete with some of the sharpest wits going to get my pile. A man gets in a groove in New York. It takes the West to put a razor-edge on him."

The policeman twirled his club and took a step or two.

"I'll be on my way. Hope your friend comes around all right. Going to call time on him sharp?"

"I should say not!" said the other. "I'll give him half an hour at least. If Jimmy is alive on earth he'll be here by that time. So long, officer."

"Good-night, sir," said the policeman, passing on along his beat, trying doors as he went.

There was now a fine, cold drizzle falling, and the wind had risen from its uncertain puffs into a steady blow. The few foot passengers astir in that quarter hurried dismally and silently along with coat collars turned high and pocketed hands. And in the door of the hardware store the man who had

come a thousand miles to fill an appointment, uncertain almost to absurdity, with the friend of his youth, smoked his cigar and waited.

About twenty minutes he waited, and then a tall man in a long overcoat, with collar turned up to his ears, hurried across from the opposite side of the street. He went directly to the waiting man.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asked, doubtfully. "Is that you, Jimmy Wells?" cried the man in the door.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the new arrival, grasping both the other's hands with his own. "It's Bob, sure as fate. I was certain I'd find you here if you were still in existence. Well, well, well! --twenty years is a long time. The old gone, Bob; I wish it had lasted, so we could have had another dinner there. How has the West treated you, old man?"

"Bully; it has given me everything I asked it for. You've changed lots, Jimmy. I never thought you were so tall by two or three inches."

"Oh, I grew a bit after I was twenty." "Doing well in New York, Jimmy?"

"Moderately. I have a position in one of the city departments. Come on, Bob; we'll go around to a place I know of, and have a good long talk about old times."

The two men started up the street, arm in arm. The man from the West, his egotism enlarged by success, was beginning to outline the history of his career. The other, submerged in his overcoat, listened with interest.

At the corner stood a drug store, brilliant with electric lights. When they came into this glare each of them turned simultaneously to gaze upon the other's face.

The man from the West stopped suddenly and released his arm.

"You're not Jimmy Wells," he snapped. "Twenty years is a long time, but not long enough to change a man's nose from a Roman to a pug."

"It sometimes changes a good man into a bad one, said the tall man. "You've been under arrest for ten minutes, 'Silky' Bob. Chicago thinks you may have dropped over our way and wires us she wants to have a chat with you. Going quietly, are you? That's sensible. Now, before we go on to the station here's a note I was asked to hand you. You may read it here at the window. It's from Patrolman Wells." The man from the West unfolded the little piece of paper handed him. His hand was steady when he began to read, but it trembled a little by the time he had finished. The note was rather short.

"Bob: I was at the appointed place on time. When you struck the match to light your cigar I saw it was the face of the man wanted in Chicago. Somehow I couldn't do it myself, so I went around and got a plain clothes man to do the job.

JIMMY."

Dusk by SAKI

Norman Gortsbey sat on a bench in the Park, with his back to a strip of bush-planted sward, fenced by the park railings, and the Row fronting him across a wide stretch of carriage drive. Hyde Park Corner, with its rattle and hoot of traffic, lay immediately to his right. It was some thirty minutes past six on an early March evening, and dusk had fallen heavily over the scene, dusk mitigated by some faint moonlight and many street lamps. There was a wide emptiness over road and sidewalk, and yet there were many unconsidered figures moving silently through the half-light, or dotted unobtrusively on bench and chair, scarcely to be distinguished from the shadowed gloom in which they sat.

The scene pleased Gortsbey and harmonised with his present mood. Dusk, to his mind, was the hour of the defeated. Men and women, who had fought and lost, who hid their fallen fortunes and dead hopes as far as possible from the scrutiny of the curious, came forth in this hour of gloaming, when their shabby clothes and bowed shoulders and unhappy eyes might pass unnoticed, or, at any rate, unrecognised.

A king that is conquered must see strange looks,

So bitter a thing is the heart of man.

The wanderers in the dusk did not choose to have strange looks fasten on them, therefore they came out in this bat-fashion, taking their pleasure sadly in a pleasure-ground that had emptied of its

rightful occupants. Beyond the sheltering screen of bushes and palings came a realm of brilliant lights and noisy, rushing traffic. A blazing, many-tiered stretch of windows shone through the dusk and almost dispersed it, marking the haunts of those other people, who held their own in life's struggle, or at any rate had not had to admit failure. So Gortsby's imagination pictured things as he sat on his bench in the almost deserted walk. He was in the mood to count himself among the defeated. Money troubles did not press on him; had he so wished he could have strolled into the thoroughfares of light and noise, and taken his place among the jostling ranks of those who enjoyed prosperity or struggled for it. He had failed in a more subtle ambition, and for the moment he was heartsore and disillusioned, and not disinclined to take a certain cynical pleasure in observing and labelling his fellow wanderers as they went their ways in the dark stretches between the lamp-lights.

On the bench by his side sat an elderly gentleman with a drooping air of defiance that was probably the remaining vestige of self-respect in an individual who had ceased to defy successfully anybody or anything. His clothes could scarcely be called shabby, at least they passed muster in the half-light, but one's imagination could not have pictured the wearer embarking on the purchase of a half-crown box of chocolates or laying out ninepence on a carnation buttonhole. He belonged unmistakably to that forlorn orchestra to whose piping no one dances; he was one of the world's lamenters who induce no responsive weeping. As he rose to go Gortsby imagined him returning to a home circle where he was snubbed and of no account, or to some bleak lodging where his ability to pay a weekly bill was the beginning and end of the interest he inspired. His retreating figure vanished slowly into the shadows, and his place on the bench was taken almost immediately by a young man, fairly well dressed but scarcely more cheerful of mien than his predecessor. As if to emphasise the fact that the world went badly with him the new-corner unburdened himself of an angry and very audible expletive as he flung himself into the seat.

"You don't seem in a very good temper," said Gortsby, judging that he was expected to take due notice of the demonstration.

The young man turned to him with a look of disarming frankness which put him instantly on his guard.

"You wouldn't be in a good temper if you were in the fix I'm in," he said; "I've done the silliest thing I've ever done in my life."

"Yes?" said Gortsby dispassionately.

"Came up this afternoon, meaning to stay at the Patagonian Hotel in Berkshire Square," continued the young man; "when I got there I found it had been pulled down some weeks ago and a cinema theatre run up on the site. The taxi driver recommended me to another hotel some way off and I went there. I just sent a letter to my people, giving them the address, and then I went out to buy some soap – I'd forgotten to pack any and I hate using hotel soap. Then I strolled about a bit, had a drink at a bar and looked at the shops, and when I came to turn my steps back to the hotel I suddenly realised that I didn't remember its name or even what street it was in. There's a nice predicament for a fellow who hasn't any friends or connections in London! Of course I can wire to my people for the address, but they won't have got my letter till to-morrow; meantime I'm without any money, came out with about a shilling on me, which went in buying the soap and getting the drink, and here I am, wandering about with twopence in my pocket and nowhere to go for the night."

There was an eloquent pause after the story had been told. "I suppose you think I've spun you rather an impossible yarn," said the young man presently, with a suggestion of resentment in his voice.

"Not at all impossible," said Gortsby judicially; "I remember doing exactly the same thing once in a foreign capital, and on that occasion there were two of us, which made it more remarkable. Luckily we remembered that the hotel was on a sort of canal, and when we struck the canal we were able to find our way back to the hotel."

The youth brightened at the reminiscence. "In a foreign city I wouldn't mind so much," he said; "one could go to one's Consul and get the requisite help from him. Here in one's own land one is far more

derelict if one gets into a fix. Unless I can find some decent chap to swallow my story and lend me some money I seem likely to spend the night on the Embankment. I'm glad, anyhow, that you don't think the story outrageously improbable."

He threw a good deal of warmth into the last remark, as though perhaps to indicate his hope that Gortsby did not fall far short of the requisite decency.

"Of course," said Gortsby slowly, "the weak point of your story is that you can't produce the soap."

The young man sat forward hurriedly, felt rapidly in the pockets of his overcoat, and then jumped to his feet.

"I must have lost it," he muttered angrily.

"To lose an hotel and a cake of soap on one afternoon suggests wilful carelessness," said Gortsby, but the young man scarcely waited to hear the end of the remark. He flitted away down the path, his head held high, with an air of somewhat jaded jauntiness.

"It was a pity," mused Gortsby; "the going out to get one's own soap was the one convincing touch in the whole story, and yet it was just that little detail that brought him to grief. If he had had the brilliant forethought to provide himself with a cake of soap, wrapped and sealed with all the solicitude of the chemist's counter, he would have been a genius in his particular line. In his particular line genius certainly consists of an infinite capacity for taking precautions."

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With that reflection Gortsby rose to go; as he did so an exclamation of concern escaped him. Lying on the ground by the side of the bench was a small oval packet, wrapped and sealed with the solicitude of a chemist's counter. It could be nothing else but a cake of soap, and it had evidently fallen out of the youth's overcoat pocket when he flung himself down on the seat. In another moment Gortsby was scudding along the dusk-shrouded path in anxious quest for a youthful figure in a light overcoat. He had nearly given up the search when he caught sight of the object of his pursuit standing irresolutely on the border of the carriage drive, evidently uncertain whether to strike across the Park or make for the bustling pavements of Knightsbridge. He turned round sharply with an air of defensive hostility when he found Gortsby hailing him.

"The important witness to the genuineness of your story has turned up," said Gortsby, holding out the cake of soap; "it must have slid out of your overcoat pocket when you sat down on the seat. I saw it on the ground after you left. You must excuse my disbelief, but appearances were really rather against you, and now, as I appealed to the testimony of the soap I think I ought to abide by its verdict. If the loan of a sovereign is any good to you — "

The young man hastily removed all doubt on the subject by pocketing the coin.

"Here is my card with my address," continued Gortsby; "any day this week will do for returning the money, and here is the soap — don't lose it again it's been a good friend to you."

"Lucky thing your finding it," said the youth, and then, with a catch in his voice, he blurted out a word or two of thanks and fled headlong in the direction of Knightsbridge.

"Poor boy, he as nearly as possible broke down," said Gortsby to himself. "I don't wonder either; the relief from his quandary must have been acute. It's a lesson to me not to be too clever in judging by circumstances."

As Gortsby retraced his steps past the seat where the little drama had taken place he saw an elderly gentleman poking and peering beneath it and on all sides of it, and recognised his earlier fellow occupant.

"Have you lost anything, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, a cake of soap."

FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON

Daniel Keyes

FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON Daniel Keyes progris riport 1-martch 5, 1965

Dr. Strauss says I shud rite down what I think and evrey thing that happins to me from now on, I dont know why but he says its importint so they will see if they will use me. I hope they use me. Miss Kinnian says maybe they can make me smart. I want to be smart. My name is Charlie Gordon. I am 37 years old. I have nuthing more to rite now so I will close for today.

progris riport 2-martch 6

I had a test today. I think I faled it. And I think maybe now they wont use me. What happind is a nice young man was in the room and he had some white cards and ink spillled all over them. He sed Charlie what do vo see on this card. I was very skared even tho I had my rabbits foot in my pocket because when I was a kid I always faled tests in school and I spillled ink to.

I told him I saw a inkblot. He said yes and it made me feel good. I thot that was all but when I got up to go he said Charlie we are not thrn yet. Then I dont remember so good but he wantid me to say what was in the ink. I dint see nuthing in the ink but he said there was picturs there other pepul saw some picturs. I couldnt see any picturs. I reely tryed. I held the card close up and then far away.

Then I said if I had my glases I coud see better I usally only ware my glases in the movies or TV but I said they are in the closit in the hall. I got them. Then I said let me see that card agen I bet Ill find it now.

I tryed hard but I only saw the ink. I told him maybe I need new glases. He rote something down on a paper and I got skared of faling the test. I told him it was a very nice inkblot with littel points all around the edges. He looked very sad so that wasnt it. I said please let me try agen. Ill get it in a few minits becaus Im not so fast sometimes. Im a slow reeder too in Miss Kinnians class for slow adtilts but I'm trying very hard.

He gave me a chance with another card that had 2 kinds of ink spilled on it red and blue.

He was very nice and talked slow like Miss Kinnian does and he explained it to me that it was a raw shok. He said pepul see things in the ink. I said show me where. He said think. I told him I think a inkblot but that wasn't rite eather. He said what does it remind you-pretend something. I closed mv eyes for a long time to pretend. I told him I pretend a fowutan pen with ink leeking all over a table cloth.

I don't think I passed the raw shok test progris riport 3-martch 7

Dr Strauss and Dr Nemur say it dont matter about the inkblots. They said that maybe they will still use me. I said Miss Kinnian never gave me tests like that one only spelling and reading. They said Miss Kinnian told that I was her bestist pupil in the adult nite school becaus I tryed the hardist and I reely wantid to lern. They said how come you went to the adult nite scool all by yourself Charlie. How did you find it. I said I asked pepul and sum

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body told me where I shud go to lern to read and spell good. They said why did you want to. I told them becaus all my life I wantid to be smart and not dumb. But its very hard to be smart. They said

you know it will probably be temporary. I said yes. Miss Kinnian told me. I don't care if it hurts.

Later I had more crazy tests today. The nice lady who gave it to me told me the name and I asked her how do you spell it so I can write it in my progress report. THEMATIC APPERCEPTION TEST. I don't know the first 2 words but I know what test means. You got to pass it or you get bad marks. This test looked easy because I could see the pictures. Only this time she didn't want me to tell her the pictures. That mixed me up. She said make up stories about the people in the pictures.

I told her how can you tell stories about people you never met. I said why should I make up lies. I never tell lies any more because I always get caught.

She told me this test and the other one the raw-shok was for getting personality. I laughed so hard. I said how can you get that thing from inkblots and photos. She got sore and put her pictures away. I don't care. It was silly. I guess I failed that test too.

Later some men in white coats took me to a different part of the hospital and gave me a game to play. It was like a race with a white mouse. They called the mouse Algernon. Algernon was in a box with a lot of twists and turns like all kinds of walls and they gave me a pencil and a paper with lines and lots of boxes. On one side it said START and on the other end it said FINISH. They said it was amazing and that Algernon and me had the same amazing to do. I didn't see how we could have the same amazing if Algernon had a box and I had a paper but I didn't say anything. Anyway there wasn't time because the race started.

One of the men had a watch he was trying to hide so I wouldn't see it so I tried not to look and that made me nervous.

Anyway that test made me feel worse than all the others because they did it over 10 times with different amazings and Algernon won every time. I didn't know that mice were so smart, maybe that's because Algernon is a white mouse. Maybe white mice are smarter than other mice.

progress report 4-Mar 8

Their going to use me! I'm so excited I can hardly write. Dr Nemur and Dr Strauss had an argument about it first. Dr Nemur was in the office when Dr Strauss brought me in. Dr Nemur was worried about using me but Dr Strauss told him Miss Kinnian recommended me the best from all the people who she was teaching. I like Miss Kinnian because she's a very smart teacher. And she said Charlie you're going to have a second chance. If you volunteer for this experiment you might get smart. They don't know if it will be permanent but there's a chance. That's why I said ok even when I was scared because she said it was an operation. She said don't be scared Charlie you've done so much with so little I think you deserve it most of all.

So I got scared when Dr. Nemur and Dr. Strauss argued about it.

Dr. Strauss said I had something that was very good. He said I had a good motivation. I never even knew I had that. I felt proud when he said that not every body with an eye-q of 68 had that thing. I don't know what it is or where I got it but he said Algernon had it too.

Algernon's motivation is the cheese they put in his box. But it can't be that because I didn't eat any cheese this week.

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Then he told Dr Nemur something I didnt understand so while they were talking I wrote down some of the words. He said Dr. Nemur I know Charlie is not what you had in mind as the first of your new brede of intelek** couldnt get the word) superman. But most people of his low ment** are host** and uncoop** they are usually dull apath** and hard to reach. He has a good natcher hes intristed and eager to please.

Dr Nemur said remember he will be the first human beeng ever to have his intelijence tripled by surgicle meens.

Dr. Strauss said exakly. Look at how well hes lerned to read and write for his low mentel age its as grate an acheve** as you and I lerning einstines therey of **vity without help. That shows the inteness motor-vation. Its comparat** a tremen** achev** I say we use Charlie.

I dint get all the words but it sounded like Dr Strauss was on my side and like the other one wasnt.

Then Dr Nemur nodded he said all right maybe your right. We will use Charlie. When he said that I got so exited I jumped up and shook his hand for being so good to me. I told him thank you doc you wont be sorry for giving me a second chance. And I mean it like I told him. After the operashun Im gonna try to be smart. Im gonna try awful hard.

progris riport 5-Mar 10

Im skared. Lots of the nurses and the people who gave me the tests came to bring me candy and wish me luck. I hope I have luck. I got my rabbits foot and my lucky penny. Only a black cat crossed me when I was comming to the hospitul. Dr Strauss says dont be supersitis Charlie this is science. Anyway Im keeping my rabbits foot with me.

I asked Dr Strauss if Ill beat Algernon in the race after the operashun and he said maybe. If the operashun works Ill show that mouse I can be as smart as he is. Maybe smarter. Then Ill be abel to read better and spell the words good and know lots of things and be like other people. I want to be smart like other people. If it works perminint they will make everybody smart all over the wurd.

They dint give me anything to eat this morning. I dont know what that eating has to do with getting smart. Im very hungry and Dr. Nemur took away my box of candy. That Dr Nemur is a grouch. Dr Strauss says I can have it back after the operashun. You cant eat befor a operashun....

progress report 6-Mar 15

The operashun dint hurt. He did it while I was sleeping. They took off the bandijis from my head today so I can make a PROGRESS REPORT. Dr. Nemur who looked at some of my other ones says I spell PROGRESS wrong and told me how to spell it and REPORT too. I got to try and remember that. I have a very bad memary for spelling. Dr Strauss says its ok to tell about all the things that happin to me but he says I should tell more about what I feel and what I think. When I told him I dont know how to think he said try. All the time when the bandijis were on my eyes I tryed to think. Nothing happened. I dont know what to think about. Maybe if I ask him he will tell me how I can think now that I am supposed to get smart. What do smart people think about. Fancy things I suppose. I wish I knew some fancy things already.

progress report 7-mar 19

Nothing is happening. I had lots of tests and different kinds of races with Algernon. I hate that mouse. He always beats me. Dr. Strauss said I got to play those games. And he said some time I got to take those tests over again. Those inkblots are stupid. And those pictures are stupid too. I like to draw a picture of a man and a woman but I won't make up lies about people.

I got a headache from trying to think so much. I thought Dr Strauss was my friend but he doesn't help me. He doesn't tell me what to think or when I'll get smart. Miss Kinnian didn't come to see me. I think writing these progress reports are stupid too.

progress report 8-Mar 23

I'm going back to work at the factory. They said it was better I should go back to work but I can't tell anyone what the operation was for and I have to come to the hospital for an hour every night after work. They are gonna pay me money every month for learning to be smart.

I'm glad I'm going back to work because I miss my job and all my friends and all the fun we have there.

Dr Strauss says I should keep writing things down but I don't have to do it every day just when I think of something or something special happens. He says don't get discouraged because it takes time and it happens slow. He says it took a long time with Algernon before he got 3 times smarter than he was before. That's why Algernon beats me all the time because he had that operation too. That makes me feel better. I could probably do that amazed faster than a regular mouse. Maybe some day I'll beat him. That would be something. So far Algernon looks smart permanent.

Mar 25 (I don't have to write PROGRESS REPORT on top any more just when I hand it in once a week for Dr Nemur. I just have to put the date on. That saves time)

We had a lot of fun at the factory today. Joe Carp said hey look where Charlie had his operation what did they do Charlie put some brains in. I was going to tell him but I remembered Dr Strauss said no. Then Frank Reilly said what did you do Charlie forget your key and open your door the hard way. That made me laugh. They're really my friends and they like me.

Sometimes somebody will say hey look at Joe or Frank or George he really pulled a Charlie Gordon. I don't know why they say that but they always laugh. This morning Amos Borg who is the 4 man at Donnagans used my name when he shouted at Ernie the office boy. Ernie lost a package. He said Ernie for god's sake what are you trying to be a Charlie Gordon. I don't understand why he said that.

Mar 28 Dr Strauss came to my room tonight to see why I didn't come in like I was supposed to. I told him I don't like to race with Algernon any more. He said I don't have to for a while but I should come in. He had a present for me. I thought it was a little television but it wasn't. He said I got to turn it on when I go to sleep. I said your kidding why should I turn it on when I'm going to sleep. Who ever heard of a thing like that. But he said if I want to get smart I got to do what he says. I told him I don't think I was going to get smart and he puts his hand on my shoulder and said Charlie you don't know it yet but your getting smarter all the time. You won't notice for a while. I think he

was just being nice to make me feel good because I don't look any smarter.

Oh yes I almost forgot. I asked him when I can go back to the class at Miss Kinnian's school. He said I won't go there. He said that soon Miss Kinnian will come to the hospital to start and teach me special.

Mar 29 That crazy TV kept up all night. How can I sleep with something yelling crazy things all night in my ears. And the nutty pictures. Wow. I don't know what it says when Im up so how am I going to know when Im leeping.

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Dr Strauss says its ok. He says my brains are lerning when I sleep and that will help me when Miss Kinnian starts my lessons in the hospitol (only I found out it isn't a hospitol its a labatory.) I think its all crazy. If you can get smart when your sleeping why do people go to school. That thing I don't think will work. I use to watch the late show and the late late show on TV all the time and it never made me smart. Maybe you have to sleep while you watch it.

progress report 9-April 3 Dr Strauss showed me how to keep the TV turned low so now I can sleep. I don't hear a thing. And I still dont understand what it says. A few times I play it over in the morning to find out what I lerned when I was sleeping and I don't think so. Miss Kinnian says. Maybe its another langwidge. But most times it sound american. It talks faster then even Miss Gold who was my teacher in 6 grade. I told Dr. Strauss what good is it to get smart in my sleep. I want to be smart when Im awake. He says its the same thing and I have two minds. Theres the subconscious and the conscious (thats how you spell it). And one dont tell the other one what its doing. They dont even talk to each other. Thats why I dream. And boy have I been having crazy dreams. Wow. Ever since that night TV. The late late late show.

I forgot to ask him if it was only me or if everybody had those two minds.

(I just looked up the word in the dictionary Dr Strauss gave me. The word is subconscious. adj. Of the nature of mental operations yet not present in consciousness; as, subconscious conflict of desires.) There's more but I still dont know what it means. This isnt a very good dictionary for dumb people like me.

Anyway the headache is from the party. My friends from the factery Joe Carp and Frank Reilly invited me to go to Muggsys Saloon for some drinks. I don't like to drink but they said we will have lots of fun. I had a good time.

Joe Carp said I shoud show the girls how I mop out the toilet in the factory and he got me a mop. I showed them and everyone laffed when I told that Mr. Donnegan said I was the best janiter he ever had because I like my job and do it good and never miss a day except for my operashun.

I said Miss Kinnian always said Charlie be proud of your job because you do it good.

Everybody laffed and we had a good time and they gave me lots of drinks and Joe said Charlie is a card when hes potted. I dont know what that means but everybody likes me and we have fun. I cant wait to be smart like my best friends Joe Carp and Frank Reilly.

I dont remember how the party was over but I think I went out to buy a newspaper and coffe for Joe and Frank and when I came back there was no one their. I looked for them all over till late. Then I dont remember so good but I think I got sleepy or sick. A nice cop brot me back home Thats what my landlady Mrs Flynn says.

But I got a headache and a big lump on my head. I think maybe I fell but Joe Carp says it was the cop they beat up drunks some times. I don't think so. Miss Kinnian says cops are to help people. Anyway I got a bad headache and Im sick and hurt all over. I don't think Ill drink anymore.

April 6 I beat Algernon! I didnt even know I beat him until Burt the tester told me. Then the second time I lost because I got so excited I fell off the chair before I finished. But after that I beat him 8 more times. I must be getting smart to beat a smart mouse like Algernon.

But I dont feel smarter.

I wanted to race Algernon some more but Burt said that's enough for one day. They let me hold him for a minit. Hes not so bad. Hes soft like a ball of cotton. He blinks and when he opens his eyes their black and pink on the eges.

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I said can I feed him because I felt bad to beat him and I wantedto be nice and make friends. Burt said no Algernon is a very specshul mouse with an operashun like mine, and he was the first of all the animals to stay smart so long. He told me Algernon is so smart that every day he has to solve a test to get his food. Its a thing like a lock on a door that changes every time Algernon goes in to eat so he has to lern something new to get his food. That made me sad because if he couldnt lern he woud be hungry.

I don't think its right to make you pass a test to eat. How woud Dr Nemur like it to have to pass a test every time he wants to eat. I think Ill be friends with Algernon.

April 9 Tonight after work Miss Kinnian was at the laboratory. She looked like she was glad to see me but scared. I told her dont worry Miss Kinnian Im not smart yet and she laffed. She said I have confidence in you Charlie the way you struggled so hard to read and right better than all the others. At verst you will have it for a little wile and your doing something for science.

We are reading a very hard book. Its called Robinson Crusoe about a man who gets merooned on a dessert Iland. Hes smart and figers out all kinds of things so he can have a house and food and hes a good swimmer. Only I feel sorry because hes all alone and has no frends. But I think their must be somebody else on the iland because theres a picture with his funny umbrella looking at footprints. I hope he gets a frend and not be lonely.

April 10 Miss Kinnian teaches me to spell better. She says look at a word and close your eyes and say it over and over until you remember. I have lots of truble with through that you say threw and enough and tough that you dont say enew and tew. You got to say enuff and tuff. Thats how I use to write it before I started to get smart. Im confused but Miss Kinnian says theres no reason in spelling.

Apr 14 Finished Robinson Crusoe. I want to find out more about what happens to him but Miss Kinnian says thats all there is. Why.

Apr 15 Miss Kinnian says Im lerning fast. She read some of the Progress Reports and she looked at me kind of funny. She says Im a fine person and Ill show them all. I asked her why. She said never mind but I shouldnt feel bad if I find out everybody isnt nice like I think. She said for a person who god gave so little to you done more then a lot of people with brains they never even used. I said all my friends are smart people but there good. They like me and they never did anything that wasnt nice. Then she got something in her eye and she had to run out to the ladys room.

Apr 16 Today, I lerned, the comma, this is a comma (,) a period, with a tail, Miss Kinnian, says its important, because, it makes writing, better, she said, somebody, coud lose, a lot of money, if a comma, isnt, in the, right place, I dont have, any money, and I don't see, how a comma, keeps you,

from losing it.

Apr 17 I used the comma wrong. Its punctuation. Miss Kinnian told me to look up long words in the dictionary to learn to spell them. I said what's the difference if you can read it anyway. She said it's part of your education so now on I'll look up all the words I'm not sure how to spell. It takes a long time to write that way but I only have to look up once and after that I get it right.

You got to mix them up, she showed? me" how to mix! Them (and now; I can! mix up all kinds" of punctuation, in! my writing? There, are lots! of rules? to learn; but I'm getting them in my head. One thing I like about, Dear Miss Kinnian: (that's the way it goes in a business letter if I ever go into business) is she, always gives me' a reason" when--I ask. She's a gen'ius! I wish I could be smart" like, her; (Punctuation, is; fun!)

Apr 18 What a dope I am! I didn't even understand what she was talking about. I read the grammar book last night and it explains the whole thing. Then I saw it was the same way as Miss Kinnian was trying to tell me, but I didn't get it.

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Miss Kinnian said that the TV working in my sleep helped out. She and I reached a plateau. That's a flat hill.

After I figured out how punctuation worked, I read over all my old Progress Reports from the beginning. Boy, did I have crazy spelling and punctuation! I told Miss Kinnian I ought to go over the pages and fix all the mistakes but she said, "No, Charlie, Dr. Nemur wants them just as they are. That's why he let you keep them after they were photostated, to see your own progress. You're coming along fast, Charlie."

That made me feel good. After the lesson I went down and played with Algernon. We don't race any more.

April 20 I feel sick inside. Not sick like for a doctor, but inside my chest it feels empty like getting punched and a heartburn at the same time. I wasn't going to write about it, but I guess I got to, because it's important. Today was the first time I ever stayed home from work.

Last night Joe Carp and Frank Reilly invited me to a party. There were lots of girls and some men from the factory. I remembered how sick I got last time I drank too much, so I told Joe I didn't want anything to drink. He gave me a plain coke instead.

We had a lot of fun for a while. Joe said I should dance with Ellen and she would teach me the steps. I fell a few times and I couldn't understand why because no one else was dancing besides Ellen and me. And all the time I was tripping because somebody's foot was always sticking out.

Then when I got up I saw the look on Joe's face and it gave me a funny feeling in my stomach. "He's a scream," one of the girls said. Everybody was laughing.

"Look at him. He's blushing. Charlie is blushing."

"Hey, Ellen, what'd you do to Charlie? I never saw him act like that before."

I didn't know what to do or where to turn. Everyone was looking at me and laughing and I felt naked.

I wanted to hide. I ran outside and I threw up. Then I walked home. It's a funny thing I never knew that Joe and Frank and the others liked to have me around all the time to make fun of me.

Now I know what it means when they say "to pull a Charlie Gordon." I'm ashamed.

progress report 11 April 21 Still didn't go into the factory. I told Mrs. Flynn my landlady to call and tell Mr. Donnegan I was sick. Mrs. Flynn looks at me very funny lately like she's scared.

I think it's a good thing about finding out how everybody laughs at me. I thought about it a lot. It's because I'm so dumb and I don't even know when I'm doing something dumb. People think it's funny when a dumb person can't do things the same way they can. Anyway, now I know I'm getting smarter every day. I know punctuation and I can spell good. I like to look up all the hard words in the dictionary and I remember them. I'm reading a lot now, and Miss Kinnian says I read very fast. Sometimes I even understand what I'm reading about, and it stays in my mind. There are times when I can close my eyes and think of a page and it all comes back like a picture.

Besides history, geography and arithmetic, Miss Kinnian said I should start to learn foreign languages. Dr. Strauss gave me some more tapes to play while I sleep. I still don't understand how that conscious and unconscious mind works, but Dr. Strauss says not to worry yet. He asked me to promise that when I start learning college

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subjects next week I wouldn't read any books on psychology-that is, until he gives me permission.

I feel a lot better today, but I guess I'm still a little angry that all the time people were laughing and making fun of me because I wasn't so smart. When I become intelligent like Dr. Strauss says, with three times my I.Q. of 68, then maybe I'll be like everyone else and people will like me.

I'm not sure what an I.Q. is, Dr. Nemur said it was something that measured how intelligent you were--like a scale in the drugstore weighs pounds. But Dr. Strauss had a big argument with him and said an I.Q. didn't weigh intelligence at all. He said an I.Q. showed how much intelligence you could get, like the numbers on the outside of a measuring cup. You still had to fill the cup up with stuff.

Then when I asked Burt, who gives me my intelligence tests and works with Algernon, he said that both of them were wrong (only I had to promise not to tell them he said so). Burt says that the I.Q. measures a lot of different things including some of the things you learned already, and it really isn't any good at all.

So I still don't know what I.Q. is except that mine is going to be over 200 soon. I didn't want to say anything, but I don't see how if they don't know what it is, or where it is--I don't see how they know how much of it you've got.

Dr. Nemur says I have to take a Rorshach Test tomorrow. I wonder what that is.

April 22 I found out what a Rorshach is. It's the test I took before the operation--the one with the inkblots on the pieces of cardboard.

I was scared to death of those inkblots. I knew the man was going to ask me to find the pictures and I knew I couldn't. I was thinking to myself, if only there was some way of knowing what kind of pictures were hidden there. Maybe there weren't any pictures at all. Maybe it was just a trick to see if I

was dumb enough to look for something that wasn't there. Just thinking about that made me sore at him.

"All right, Charlie," he said, "you've seen these cards before. remember?"

"Of course I remember." The way I said it, he knew I was angry, and he looked surprised.

"Yes, of course. Now I want you to look at this. What might this be?"

What do you see on this card? People see all sorts of things in these inkblots. Tell me what it might be for you-what it makes you think of."

I was shocked. That wasn't what I had expected him to say.

"You mean there are no pictures hidden in those inkblots?"

He frowned and took off his glasses. "What?"

"Pictures. Hidden in the inkblots. Last time you told me everyone could see them and you wanted me to find them too."

He explained to me that the last time he had used almost the exact same words he was using now. I didn't believe it, and I still have the suspicion that he misled me at the time just for the fun of it. Unless--I don't know any more--could I have been that feeble-minded?

We went through the cards slowly. One looked like a pair of bats tugging at something. Another one looked like two men fencing with swords. I imagined all sorts of things. I guess I got carried away. But I didn't trust him any more, and

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I kept turning them around, even looking on the back to see if there was anything there I was supposed to catch. While he was making his notes, I peeked out of the corner of my eye to read it. But it was all in code that looked like this:

WF+A DdF-Ad orig. WF-A SF + obj

The test still doesn't make sense to me. It seems to me that anyone could make up lies about things that they didn't really imagine? Maybe I'll understand it when Dr. Strauss lets me read up on psychology.

April 25 I figured out a new way to line up the machines in the factory, and Mr. Donnegan says it will save him ten thousand dollars a year in labor and increased production. He gave me a \$25 bonus.

I wanted to take Joe Carp and Frank Reilly out to lunch to celebrate, but Joe said he had to buy some things for his wife, and Frank said he was meeting his cousin for lunch. I guess it'll take a little time for them to get used to the changes in me. Everybody seems to be frightened of me. When I went over to Amos Borg and tapped him, he jumped up in the air.

People don't talk to me much any more or kid around the way they used to. It makes the job kind of lonely.

April 27 I got up the nerve today to ask Miss Kinnian to have dinner with me tomorrow night to

celebrate my bonus. At first she wasn't sure it was right, but I asked Dr. Strauss and he said it was okay. Dr. Strauss and Dr. Nemur don't seem to be getting along so well. They're arguing all the time. This evening I heard them shouting. Dr. Nemur was saying that it was his experiment and his research, and Dr. Strauss shouted back that he contributed just as much, because he found me through Miss Kinnian and he performed the operation. Dr. Strauss said that someday thousands of neurosurgeons might be using his technique all over the world.

Dr. Nemur wanted to publish the results of the experiment at the end of the month. Dr. Strauss wanted to wait a while to be sure. Dr. Strauss said Dr. Nemur was more interested in the Chair of Psychology at Princeton than he was in the experiment. Dr. Nemur said Dr. Strauss was nothing but an opportunist trying to ride to glory on his coattails.

When I left afterwards, I found myself trembling. I don't know why for sure, but it was as if I'd seen both men clearly for the first time. I remember hearing Burt say Dr. Nemur had a shrew of a wife who was pushing him all the time to get things published so he could become famous. Burt said that the dream of her life was to have a big shot husband.

April 28 I don't understand why I never noticed how beautiful Miss Kinnian really is. She has brown eyes and feathery brown hair that comes to the top of her neck. She's only thirty-four! I think from the beginning I had the feeling that she was an unreachable genius--and very, very old. Now, every time I see her she grows younger and more lovely.

We had dinner and a long talk. When she said I was coming along so fast I'd be leaving her behind, I laughed.

"It's true, Charlie. You're already a better reader than I am. You can read a whole page at a glance while I can take in only a few lines at a time. And you remember every single thing you read. I'm lucky if I can recall the main thoughts and the general meaning."

"I don't feel intelligent. There are so many things I don't understand."

She took out a cigarette and I lit it for her. "You've got to be a little patient. You're accomplishing in days and weeks what it takes normal people to do in a lifetime. That's what makes it so amazing. You're like a giant sponge now, soaking things in. Facts, figures, general knowledge. And soon you'll begin to connect them, too."

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You'll see how different branches of learning are related. There are many levels, Charlie, like steps on a giant ladder that take you tip higher and higher to see more and more of the world around you. "I can see only a little bit of that, Charlie, and I won't go much higher than I am now, but you'll keep climbing up and up, and see more and more, and each step will open new worlds that you never even knew existed." She frowned. "I hope . . . I just hope to God--"

"What?" "Never mind, Charles. I just hope I wasn't wrong to advise you to go into this in the first place." I laughed. "How could that be? It worked, didn't it? Even Algernon is still smart."

We sat there silently for a while and I knew what she was thinking about as she watched me toying with the chain of my rabbit's foot and my keys. I didn't want to think of that possibility any more than elderly people want to think of death. I knew that this was only the beginning. I knew what she meant about levels because I'd seen some of them already. The thought of leaving her behind made me sad.

I'm in love with Miss Kinnian.

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progress report 12 April 30 I've quit my job with Donnegan's Plastic Box Company. Mr. Donnegan insisted it would be better for all concerned if I left. What did I do to make them hate me so? The first I knew of it was when Mr. Donnegan showed me the petition. Eight hundred names, everyone in the factory, except Fanny Girden. Scanning the list quickly, I saw at once that hers was the only missing name. All the rest demanded that I be fired. Joe Carp and Frank Reilly wouldn't talk to me about it. No one else would either, except Fanny. She was one of the few people I'd known who set her mind to something and believed it no matter what the rest of the world proved, said or did--and Fanny did not believe that I should have been fired. She had been against the petition on principle and despite the pressure and threats she'd held out.

"Which don't mean to say," she remarked, "that I don't think there's something mighty strange about you, Charlie. Them changes. I don't know. You used to be a good, dependable, ordinary man--not too bright maybe, but honest. Who knows what you done to yourself to get so smart all of a sudden. Like everybody around here's been saying, Charlie, it's not right."

"But how can you say that, Fanny? What's wrong with a man becoming intelligent and wanting to acquire knowledge and understanding of the world around him?"

She stared down at her work and I turned to leave. Without looking at me, she said: "It was evil when Eve listened to the snake and ate from the tree of knowledge. It was evil when she saw that she was naked. If not for that none of us would ever have to grow old and sick, and die."

Once again, now, I have the feeling of shame burning inside me. This intelligence has driven a wedge between me and all the people I once knew and loved. Before, they laughed at me and despised me for my ignorance and dullness; now, they hate me for my knowledge and understanding. What in God's name do they want of me?

They've driven me out of the factory. Now I'm more alone than ever before.

May' 15 Dr. Strauss is very angry at me for not having written any progress reports in two weeks. He's justified because the lab is now paying me a regular salary. I told him I was too busy thinking and reading. When I pointed out that writing was such a slow process that it makes me impatient with my poor handwriting, he suggested I learn to type. It's much easier to write now because I can type seventy-five words a minute. Dr. Strauss continually reminds me of the need to speak and write simply so people will be able to understand me. I'll try to review all the things that happened to me during the last two weeks. Algernon and I were presented to the American Psychological Association sitting in convention with the World Psychological Association. We created quite a sensation. Dr. Nemur and Dr. Strauss were proud of us.

I suspect that Dr. Nemur, who is sixty--ten years older than Dr. Strauss--finds it necessary to see tangible results of his work. Undoubtedly the result of pressure by Mrs. Nemur. Contrary to my earlier impressions of him, I realize that Dr. Nemur is not at all a genius. He has a very good mind, but it struggles under the spectre of self-doubt. He wants people to take him for a genius. Therefore, it is important for him to feel that his work is accepted by the world. I believe that Dr. Nemur was afraid of further delay because he worried that someone else might make a discovery along these lines and take the credit from him.

Dr. Strauss on the other hand might be called a genius, although I feel that his areas of knowledge are too limited. He was educated in the tradition of narrow specialization; the broader aspects of background were neglected far more than necessary—even for a neurosurgeon.

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I was shocked to learn that the only ancient languages he could read were Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and that he knows almost nothing of mathematics beyond the elementary levels of the calculus of variations. When he admitted this to me, I found myself almost annoyed. It was as if he'd hidden this part of himself in order to deceive me, pretending—as do many people I've discovered—to be what he is not. No one I've ever known is what he appears to be on the surface.

Dr. Nemur appears to be uncomfortable around me. Sometimes when I try to talk to him, he just looks at me strangely and turns away. I was angry at first when Dr. Strauss told me I was giving Dr. Nemur an inferiority complex. I thought he was mocking me and I'm oversensitive at being made fun of. How was I to know that a highly respected psychoexperimentalist like Nemur was unacquainted with Hindustani and Chinese?

It's absurd when you consider the work that is being done in India and China today in the very field of his study. I asked Dr. Strauss how Nemur could refute Rahajamati's attack on his method and results if Nemur couldn't even read them in the first place. That strange look on Dr. Strauss' face can mean only one of two things. Either he doesn't want to tell Nemur what they're saying in India, or else—and this worries me—Dr. Strauss doesn't know either. I must be careful to speak and write clearly and simply so that people won't laugh.

May 18 I am very disturbed. I saw Miss Kinnian last night for the first time in over a week. I tried to avoid all discussions of intellectual concepts and to keep the conversation on a simple, everyday level, but she just stared at me blankly and asked me what I meant about the mathematical variance equivalent in Dorbermann's Fifth Concerto.

When I tried to explain she stopped me and laughed. I guess I got angry, but I suspect I'm approaching her on the wrong level. No matter what I try to discuss with her, I am unable to communicate. I must review Vrostadt's equations on Levels of Semantic Progression. I find that I don't communicate with people much anymore.

Thank God for books and music and things I can think about. I am alone in my apartment at Mrs. Flynn's boardinghouse most of the time and seldom speak to anyone.

May 20 I would not have noticed the new dishwasher, a boy. Of about sixteen, at the corner diner where I take my evening meals if not for the incident of the broken dishes. They crashed to the floor, shattering and sending bits of white china under the tables. The boy stood there, dazed and frightened, holding the empty tray in his hand. The whistles and catcalls from the customers (the cries of "hey, there go the profits!" ..."Mazeltov!". . . and "well, he didn't work here very long which invariably seem to follow the breaking of glass or dishware in a public restaurant) all seemed to confuse him.

When the owner came to see what the excitement was about, the boy cowered as if he expected to be struck and threw up his arms as if to ward off the blow.

"All right! All right, you dope," shouted the owner, "don't just stand there! Get the broom and sweep that mess up. A broom . . . a broom, you idiot! It's in the kitchen. Sweep up all the pieces."

The boy saw that he was not going to be punished. His frightened expression disappeared and he smiled and hummed as he came back with the broom to sweep the floor. A few of the rowdier customers kept up the remarks, amusing themselves at his expense.

"Here, sonny, over here there's a nice piece behind you...."

"C'mon, do it again." "He's not so dumb. It's easier to break'em than to wash'em. . ."

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As his vacant eyes moved across the crowd of amused onlookers, he slowly mirrored their smiles and finally broke into an uncertain grin at the joke which he obviously did not understand.

I felt sick inside as I looked at his dull, vacuous smile, the wide, bright eyes of a child, uncertain but eager to please. They were laughing at him because he was mentally retarded. And I had been laughing at him too. Suddenly, I was furious at myself and all those who were smirking at him. I jumped up and shouted, "Shut up! Leave him alone! It's not his fault he can't understand. He can't help what lie is! But for God's sake . . . he's still a human being!"

The room grew silent. I cursed myself for losing control and creating a scene. I tried not to look at the boy as I paid my check and walked out without touching my food. I felt ashamed for both of us.

How strange it is that people of honest feelings and sensibility, who would not take advantage of a man born without arms or legs or eyes--how such people think nothing of abusing a man born with low intelligence. It infuriated me to think that not too long ago, I like this boy, had foolishly played the clown.

And I had almost forgotten. I'd hidden the picture of the old Charlie Gordon from myself because now that I was intelligent it was something that had to be pushed out of my mind. But today in looking at that boy, for the first time I saw what I had been. I was just like him!

Only a short time ago, I learned that people laughed at me. Now I can see that unknowingly I joined with them in laughing at myself.

That hurts most of all.

I have often reread my progress reports and seen the illiteracy, the childish naivete, the mind of low intelligence peering from a dark room, through the keyhole, at the dazzling light outside. I see that even in my dullness I knew that I was inferior, and that other people had something I lacked--something denied me. In my mental blindness, I thought that it was somehow connected with the ability to read and write, and I was sure that if I could get those skills I would automatically have intelligence too.

Even a feeble-minded man wants to be like other men. A child may not know how to feed itself, or what to eat, yet it knows of hunger.

This then is what I was like, I never knew. Even with my gift of intellectual awareness, I never really knew. This day was good for me. Seeing the past more clearly, I have decided to use my knowledge and skills to work in the field of increasing human intelligence levels. Who is better equipped for this work? Who else has lived in both worlds? These are my people.

Let me use my gift to do something for them.

Tomorrow, I will discuss with Dr. Strauss the manner in which I can work in this area. I may be able to help him work out the problems of widespread use of the technique which was used on me. I have several good ideas of my own.

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There is so much that might be done with this technique. If I could be made into a genius, what about thousands of others like myself? What fantastic levels might be achieved by using this technique on normal people? Or geniuses?

There are so many doors to open. I am impatient to begin.

progress report 13

May 23 It happened today. Algernon bit me. I visited the lab to see him as I do occasionally, and when I took him out of his cage, he snapped at my hand. I put him back and watched him for a while. He was unusually disturbed and vicious.

May 24 Burt, who is in charge of the experimental animals, tells me that Algernon is changing. He is less co-operative; he refuses to run the maze any more; general motivation has decreased. And he hasn't been eating. Everyone is upset about what this may mean.

May 25 They've been feeding Algernon, who now refuses to work the shifting-lock problem. Everyone identifies me with Algernon. In a way we're both the first of our kind. They're all pretending that Algernon's behavior is not necessarily significant for me. But it's hard to hide the fact that some of the other animals who were used in this experiment are showing strange behavior.

Dr. Strauss and Dr. Nemur have asked me not to come to the lab any more. I know what they're thinking but I can't accept it. I am going ahead with my plans to carry their research forward. With all due respect to both of these fine scientists, I am well aware of their limitations. If there is an answer, I'll have to find it out for myself. Suddenly, time has become very important to me.

May 29 I have been given a lab of my own and permission to go ahead with the research. I'm on to something. Working day and night. I've had a cot moved into the lab. Most of my writing time is spent on the notes which I keep in a separate folder, but from time to time I feel it necessary to put down my moods and my thoughts out of sheer habit.

I find the calculus of intelligence to be a fascinating study. Here is the place for the application of all the knowledge I have acquired. In a sense it's the problem I've been concerned with all my life.

May 31 Dr. Strauss thinks I'm working too hard. Dr. Nemur says I'm trying to cram a lifetime of research and thought into a few weeks. I know I should rest, but I'm driven on by something inside that won't let me stop. I've got to find the reason for the sharp regression in Algernon. I've got to know if and when it will happen to me.

June 4

LETTER TO DR. STRAUSS (copy)

Dear Dr. Strauss:

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of my report entitled, "The Algernon-Gordon Effect: A Study of Structure and Function of Increased Intelligence," which I would like to have you read and have published. As you see, my experiments are completed. I have included in my report all of my formulae, as well as mathematical analysis in the appendix. Of course, these should be verified. Because of its importance to both you and Dr. Nemur (and need I say to myself, too?) I have checked and rechecked my results a dozen times in

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the hope of finding an error. I am sorry to say the results must stand. Yet for the sake of science, I am grateful for the little bit that I here add to the knowledge of the function of the human mind and of the laws governing the artificial increase of human intelligence.

I recall your once saying to me that an experimental failure or the disproving of a theory was as important to the advancement of learning as a success would be. I know now that this is true. I am sorry, however, that my own contribution to the field must rest upon the ashes of the work of two men I regard so highly.

Yours truly, Charles Gordon encl.:rept.

June 5 I must not become emotional. The facts and the results of my experiments are clear, and the more sensational aspects of my own rapid climb cannot obscure the fact that the tripling of intelligence by the surgical technique developed by Drs. Strauss and Nemur must be viewed as having little or no practical applicability (at the present time) to the increase of human intelligence.

As I review the records and data on Algernon, I see that although he is still in his physical infancy, he has regressed mentally. Motor activity is impaired; there is a general reduction of glandular activity; there is an accelerated loss of co-ordination.

There are also strong indications of progressive amnesia. As will be seen by my report, these and other physical and mental deterioration syndromes can be predicted with statistically significant results by the application of my formula.

The surgical stimulus to which we were both subjected has resulted in an intensification and acceleration of all mental processes. The unforeseen development, which I have taken the liberty of calling the Algernon-Gordon Effect, is the logical extension of the entire intelligence speed-up. The hypothesis here proven may be described simply in the following terms: Artificially increased intelligence deteriorates at a rate of time directly proportional to the quantity of the increase.

I feel that this, in itself, is an important discovery.

As long as I am able to write, I will continue to record my thoughts in these progress reports. It is one of my few pleasures. However, by all indications, my own mental deterioration will be very rapid. I have already begun to notice signs of emotional instability and forgetfulness, the first symptoms of the burnout.

June 10 Deterioration progressing. I have become absentminded. Algernon died two days ago. Dissection shows my predictions were right. His brain had decreased in weight and there was a general smoothing out of cerebral convolutions as well as a deepening and broadening of brain fissures.

I guess the same thing is or will soon be happening to me. Now that it's definite, I don't want it to happen. I put Algernon's body in a cheese box and buried him in the back yard. I cried.

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June 15 Dr. Strauss came to see me again. I wouldn't open the door and I told him to go away. I want to be left to myself. I have become touchy and irritable. I feel the darkness closing in. It's hard to throw off thoughts of suicide. I keep telling myself how important this introspective journal will be. It's a strange sensation to pick up a book that you've read and enjoyed just a few months ago and discover that you don't remember it. I remembered how great I thought John Milton was, but when I picked up *Paradise Lost* I couldn't understand it at all. I got so angry I threw the book across the room. I've got to try to hold on to some of it. Some of the things I've learned. Oh, God, please don't take it all away.

June 19 Sometimes, at night, I go out for a walk. Last night I couldn't remember where I lived. A policeman took me home. I have the strange feeling that this has all happened to me before—a long time ago. I keep telling myself I'm the only person in the world who can describe what's happening to me.

June 21 Why can't I remember? I've got to fight. I lie in bed for days and I don't know who or where I am. Then it all comes back to me in a flash. Fugues of amnesia. Symptoms of senility—second childhood. I can watch them coming on. It's so cruelly logical. I learned so much and so fast. Now my mind is deteriorating rapidly. I won't let it happen. I'll fight it. I can't help thinking of the boy in the restaurant, the blank expression, the silly smile, the people laughing at him. No--please--not that again. . .

June 22 I'm forgetting things that I learned recently. It seems to be following the classic pattern--the last things learned are the first things forgotten. Or is that the pattern? I'd better look it up again.... I reread my paper on the Algernon-Gordon Effect and I get the strange feeling that it was written by someone else. There are parts I don't even understand. Motor activity impaired. I keep tripping over things, and it becomes increasingly difficult to type.

June 23 I've given up using the typewriter completely. My coordination is bad. I feel that I'm moving slower and slower. Had a terrible shock today. I picked up a copy of an article I used in my research, Krueger's *Uber Psychische Ganzheit*, to see if it would help me understand what I had done. First I thought there was something wrong with my eyes. Then I realized I could no longer read German. I tested myself in other languages. All gone.

June 30 A week since I dared to write again. It's slipping away like sand through my fingers. Most of the books I have are too hard for me now. I get angry with them because I know that I read and understood them just a few weeks ago. I keep telling myself I must keep writing these reports so that somebody will know what is happening to me. But it gets harder to form the words and remember spellings. I have to look up even simple words in the dictionary now and it makes me impatient with myself.

Dr. Strauss comes around almost every day, but I told him I wouldn't see or speak to anybody. He feels guilty. They all do. But I don't blame anyone. I knew what might happen. But how it hurts.

July 7 I don't know where the week went. Today's Sunday I know because I can see through my window people going to church. I think I stayed in bed all week but I remember Mrs. Flynn bringing food to me a few times. I keep saying over and over I've got to do something but then I forget or maybe it's just easier not to do what I say I'm going to do.

I think of my mother and father a lot these days. I found a picture of them with me taken at a beach. My father has a big ball under his arm and my mother is holding me by the hand. I don't remember them the way they are in the picture. All I remember is my father drunk most of the time and arguing with mom about money. He never shaved much and he used to scratch my face when he hugged me. My mother said he died but Cousin Miltie said he heard his mom and dad say that my father ran away with another woman.

When I asked my mother she slapped my face and said my father was dead. I don't think I ever found out which was true but I don't care much. (He said he was going to take me to see cows on a farm once but he never did. He never kept his promises. . .)

July 10 My landlady Mrs Flynn is very worried about me. She says the way I lay around all day and don't do anything I remind her of her son before she threw him out of the house. She said she doesn't like loafers. If I'm sick it's one thing, but if I'm a loafer that's another thing and she won't have it. I told her I think I'm sick. I try to read a little bit every day, mostly stories, but sometimes I have to read the same thing over and over again because I don't know what it means. And it's hard to write. I know I should look up all the words in the dictionary but it's so hard and I'm so tired all the time.

Then I got the idea that I would only use the easy words instead of the long hard ones. That saves time. I put flowers on Algernon's grave about once a week. Mrs Flynn thinks I'm crazy to put flowers on a mouse's grave but I told her that Algernon was special.

July 14 It's Sunday again. I don't have anything to do to keep me busy now because my television set is broke and I don't have any money to get it fixed. (I think I lost this month's check from the lab. I don't remember) I get awful headaches and aspirin doesn't help me much. Mrs Flynn knows I'm really sick and she feels very sorry for me. She's a wonderful woman whenever someone is sick.

July 22 Mrs Flynn called a strange doctor to see me. She was afraid I was going to die. I told the doctor I wasn't too sick and that I only forget sometimes. He asked me did I have any friends or relatives and I said no I don't have any. I told him I had a friend called Algernon once but he was a mouse and we used to run races together. He looked at me kind of funny like he thought I was crazy. He smiled when I told him I used to be a genius. He talked to me like I was a baby and he winked at Mrs Flynn. I got mad and chased him out because he was making fun of me the way they all used to.

July 24 I have no more money and Mrs. Flynn says I got to go to work somewhere and pay the rent because I haven't paid for over two months. I don't know any work but the job I used to have at Donnegan's Plastic Box Company. I don't want to go back there because they all knew me when I was smart and maybe they'll laugh at me. But I don't know what else to do to get money.

July 25 I was looking at some of my old progress reports and it's very funny but I can't read what I wrote. I can make out some of the words but they don't make sense. Miss Kinnian came to the door but I said go away I don't want to see you. She cried and I cried too but I wouldn't let her in because I didn't want her to laugh at me. I told her I didn't like her any more. I told her I didn't want to be smart any more. That's not true. I still love her and I still want to be smart but I had to say that so she'd go

away. She gave Mrs Flynn money to pay the rent. I dont want that. I got to get a job.

Please . . . please let me not forget how to read and write. .

July 27 Mr Donnegan was very nice when I came back and asked him for my old job of janitor. First he was very suspicious but I told him what happened to me then he looked very sad and put his hand on my shoulder and said Charlie Gordon you got guts. Everybody looked at me when I came downstairs and started working in the toilet sweeping it out like I used to. I told myself Charlie if they make fun of you dont get sore because you remember their not so smart as you once that they were. And besides they were once your friends and if they laughed at you that doesnt mean anything because they liked you too.

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One of the new men who came to work there after I went away made a nasty crack he said hey Charlie I hear your a very smart fella a real quiz kid. Say something intelligent. I felt bad but Joe Carp came over and grabbed him by the shirt and said leave him alone you lousy cracker or Ill break your neck. I didnt expect Joe to take my part so I guess hes really my friend.

Later Frank Reilly came over and said Charlie if anybody bothers you or trys to take advantage you call me or Joe and we will set em straight. I said thanks Frank and I got choked up so I had to turn around and go into the supply room so he wouldnt see me cry.

Its good to have friends.

July 28 I did a dumb thing today I forgot I wasnt in Miss Kinnians class at the adult center any more like I used to be. I went in and sat down in my old seat in the back of the room and she looked at me funny and she said Charles. I dint remember she ever called me that before only Charlie so I said hello Miss Kinnian Im redy for my lesin today only I lost my reader that we was using. She startid to cry and run out of the room and everybody looked at me and I saw they wasnt the same pepul who used to be in my class.

Then all of a sudden I remembered some things about the operashun and me getting smart and I said holy smoke I reely pulled a Charlie Gordon that time. I went away before she come back to the room. Thats why Im going away from New York for good. I dont want to do nothing like that agen. I dont want Miss Kinnian to feel sorry for me. Evry body feels sorry at the factory and I dont want that eather so Im going someplace where nobody knows that Charlie Gordon was once a genus and now he cant even reed a book or rite good.

Im taking a cuple of books along and even if I cant reed them Ill practise hard and maybe I wont forget every thing I lerned. If I try reel hard maybe Ill be a littel bit smarter than I was before the operashun. I got my rabbits foot and my luky penny and may'be they will help me.

If you ever reed this Miss Kinnian dont be sorry for me Im glad I got a second chanse to be smart becaus I lerned a lot of things that I never even new were in this world and Im grateful that I saw it all for a little bit. I dont know why Im dumb agen or what I did wrong maybe its becaus I dint try hard enuff. But if I try and practis very hard maybe Ill get a little smarter and know what all the words are. I remember a littel bit how nice I had a feeling with the blue book that has the torn cover when I red it. Thats why Im gonna keep trying to get smart so I can have that feeling agen. Its a good feeling to know things and be smart. I wish I had it rite now if I did I would sit down and reed all the time. Anyway I bet Im the first dumb person in the world who ever found out something importent for

sience. I remember I did something but I dont remember what. So I gess its like I did it for all the dumb pepul like me. Good-by Miss Kinnian and Dr Strauss and evreybody.

And P.S. please tell Dr Nemur not to be such a grouch when pepul laff at him and he would have more frends. Its easy to make frends if you let pepul laff at you. Im going to have lots of frends where I go.

P.P.S. Please if you get a chanse put some flowrs on Algernons grave in the bak yard....

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GOD SEES THE TRUTH, BUT WAITS**By Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoi**

IN the town of Vladímir lived a young merchant named Iván Dmítritch Aksyónof. He had two shops and a house of his own.

Aksyónof was a handsome, fair-haired, curly-headed fellow, full of fun, and very fond of singing. When quite a young man he had been given to drink, and was riotous when he had had too much, but after he married he gave up drinking, except now and then.

One summer Aksyónof was going to the Nízhny Fair, and as he bade good-bye to his family his wife said to him, 'Iván Dmítritch, do not start to-day; I have had a bad dream about you.'

Aksyónof laughed, and said, 'You are afraid that when I get to the fair I shall go on the spree.'

His wife replied: 'I do not know what I am afraid of; all I know is that I had a bad dream. I dreamt you returned from the town, and when you took off your cap I saw that your hair was quite grey.'

Aksyónof laughed. 'That's a lucky sign,' said he. 'See if I don't sell out all my goods, and bring you some presents from the fair.'

So he said good-bye to his family, and drove away.

When he had travelled half-way, he met a merchant whom he knew, and they put up at the same inn for the night. They had some tea together, and then went to bed in adjoining rooms.

It was not Aksyónof's habit to sleep late, and, wishing to travel while it was still cool, he aroused his driver before dawn, and told him to put in the horses. Then he made his way across to the landlord of the inn (who lived in a cottage at the back), paid his bill, and continued his journey.

When he had gone about twenty-five miles, he stopped for the horses to be fed. Aksyónof rested awhile in the passage of the inn, then he stepped out into the porch and, ordering a samovár[1] to be heated got out his guitar and began to play.

Suddenly a tróyka[2] drove up with tinkling bells, and an official alighted, followed by two soldiers. He came to Aksyónof and began to question him, asking him who he was and whence he came. Aksyónof answered him fully, and said, 'Won't you have some tea with me?' But the official went on cross-questioning him and asking him, 'Where did you spend last night? Were you alone, or with a fellow-merchant? Did you see the other merchant this morning? Why did you leave the inn before dawn?'

Aksyónof wondered why he was asked all these questions, but he described all that had happened, and then added, 'Why do you cross-question me as if I were a thief or a robber? I am travelling on business of my own, and there is no need to question me.'

Then the official, calling the soldiers, said, 'I am the police-officer of this district, and I question you because the merchant with whom you spent last night has been found with his throat cut. We must search your things.'

They entered the house. The soldiers and the police-officer unstrapped Aksyónof's luggage and searched it. Suddenly the officer drew a knife out of a bag, crying, 'Whose knife is this?'

Aksyónof looked, and seeing a blood-stained knife taken from his bag, he was frightened.

'How is it there is blood on this knife?'

Aksyónof tried to answer, but could hardly utter a word, and only stammered: 'I -- I don't know -- not mine.'

Then the police-officer said, 'This morning the merchant was found in bed with his throat cut. You are the only person who could have done it. The house was locked from inside, and no one else was there. Here is this bloodstained knife in your bag, and your face and manner betray you! Tell me how you killed him, and how much money you stole?'

Aksyónof swore he had not done it; that he had not seen the merchant after they had had tea together; that he had no money except eight thousand roubles[3] of his own, and that the knife was not his. But his voice was broken, his face pale, and he trembled with fear as though he were guilty.

The police-officer ordered the soldiers to bind Aksyónof and to put him in the cart . As they tied his feet together and flung him into the cart , Aksyónof crossed himself and wept. His money and goods were taken from him , and he was sent to the nearest town and imprisoned there . Enquiries as to his character were made in Vladi ´mir. The merchants and other inhabitants of that town said that in former days he used to drink and waste his time, but that he was a good man . Then the trial came on: he was charged with murdering a merchant from Ryaza ´n, and robbing him of twenty thousand roubles.

His wife was in despair, and did not know what to believe. Her children were all quite small; one was a baby at her breast. Taking them all with her, she went to the town where her husband was in gaol. At first she was not allowed to see him; but, after much begging, she obtained permission from the officials, and was taken to him. When she saw her husband in prison-dress and in chains, shut up with thieves and criminals, she fell down, and did not come to her senses for a long time. Then she drew her children to her, and sat down near him. She told him of things at home, and asked about what had happened to him. He told her all, and she asked, 'What can we do now?'

'We must petition the Tsar not to let an innocent man perish.'

His wife told him that she had sent a petition to the Tsar, but that it had not been accepted.

Aksyónof did not reply, but only looked downcast.

Then his wife said , 'It was not for nothing I dreamt your hair had turned grey . You remember? You should not have started that day .' And passing her fingers through his hair , she said: 'Ványa dearest, tell your wife the truth; was it not you who did it?'

'So you, too, suspect me!' said Aksyónof, and hiding his face in his hands , he began to weep . Then a soldier came to say that the wife and children must go away ; and Aksyónof said good-bye to his family for the last time.

When they were gone, Aksyónof recalled what had been said, and when he remembered that his wife also had suspected him, he said to himself, 'It seems that only God can know the truth, it is to Him alone we must appeal, and from Him alone expect mercy.'

And Aksyónof wrote no more petitions; gave up all hope, and only prayed to God.

Aksyónof was condemned to be flogged and sent to the mines. So he was flogged with a knout, and when the wounds made by the knout were healed, he was driven to Siberia with other convicts.

For twenty-six years Aksyónof lived as a convict in Siberia. His hair turned white as snow and his beard grew long, thin, and grey. All his mirth went; he stooped; he walked slowly, spoke little, and never laughed, but he often prayed.

In prison Aksyónof learnt to make boots, and earned a little money, with which he bought The Lives of the Saints. He read this book when there was light enough in the prison; and on Sundays in the prison-church he read the lessons and sang in the choir; for his voice was still good.

The prison authorities liked Aksyónof for his meekness, and his fellow-prisoners respected him: they called him 'Grandfather,' and 'The Saint.' When they wanted to petition the prison authorities about anything, they always made Aksyónof their spokesman, and when there were quarrels among the prisoners they came to him to put things right, and to judge the matter.

No news reached Aksyónof from his home, and he did not even know if his wife and children were still alive.

One day a fresh gang of convicts came to the prison . In the evening the old prisoners collected round the new ones and asked them what towns or villages they came from , and what they were sentenced for. Among the rest Aksyónof sat down near the new-comers, and listened with downcast air to what was said.

One of the new convicts, a tall, strong man of sixty, with a closely-cropped grey beard, was telling the others what he had been arrested for.

'Well, friends,' he said, 'I only took a horse that was tied to a sledge, and I was arrested and accused of stealing. I said I had only taken it to get home quicker, and had then let it go; besides, the driver was a personal friend of mine. So I said, "It's all right." "No," said they, "you stole it." But how or where I

stole it they could not say. I once really did something wrong, and ought by rights to have come here long ago, but that time I was not found out. Now I have been sent here for nothing at all. . . . Eh, but it's lies I'm telling you; I've been to Siberia before, but I did not stay long.'

'Where are you from?' asked some one.

'From Vladímir. My family are of that town. My name is Makár, and they also call me Semyónitch.'

Aksyónof raised his head and said : 'Tell me, Semyónitch, do you know anything of the merchants

Aksyónof, of Vladímir? Are they still alive?'

'Know them? Of course I do . The Aksyónofs are rich, though their father is in Siberia: a sinner like ourselves, it seems! As for you, Gran'dad, how did you come here?'

Aksyónof did not like to speak of his misfortune. He only sighed, and said, 'For my sins I have been in prison these twenty-six years.'

'What sins?' asked Makár Semyónitch.

But Aksyónof only said, 'Well, well -- I must have deserved it!' He would have said no more , but his companions told the new -comer how Aksyónof came to be in Siberia : how some one had killed a merchant and had put a knife among Aksyónof's things, and Aksyónof had been unjustly condemned.

When Makár Semyónitch heard this , he looked at Aksyónof, slapped his own knee, and exclaimed, 'Well this is wonderful! Really wonderful! But how old you've grown, Gran'dad!'

The others asked him why he was so surprised , and where he had seen Aksyónof before; but Makár Semyónitch did not reply. He only said: 'It's wonderful that we should meet here, lads!'

These words made Aksyónof wonder whether this man knew who had killed the merchant; so he said 'Perhaps, Semyónitch, you have heard of that affair or maybe you've seen me before?'

'How could I help hearing? The world's full of rumours. But it's long ago, and I've forgotten what I heard.'

'Perhaps you heard who killed the merchant?' asked Aksyónof.

Makár Semyónitch laughed, and replied, 'It must have been him in whose bag the knife was found! If some one else hid the knife there, "He's not a thief till he's caught," as the saying is. How could any one put a knife into your bag while it was under your head? It would surely have woke you up?'

When Aksyónof heard these words , he felt sure this was the man who had killed the merchant . He rose and went away. All that night Aksyónof lay awake.

He felt terribly unhappy, and all sorts of images rose in his mind. There was the image of his wife as she was when he parted from her to go to the fair. He saw her as if she were present; her face and her eyes rose before him; he heard her speak and laugh. Then he saw his children, quite little, as they were at that time: one with a little cloak on, another at his mother's breast. And then he remembered himself as he used to be -- young and merry. He remembered how he sat playing the guitar in the porch of the inn where he was arrested, and how free from care he had been. He saw, in his mind, the place where he was flogged, the executioner, and the people standing around; the chains, the convicts, all the twenty-six years of his prison life, and his premature old age. The thought of it all made him so wretched that he was ready to kill himself.

'And it's all that villain's doing!' thought Aksyónof. And his anger was so great against Makár Semyónitch that he longed for vengeance , even if he himself should perish for it . He kept repeating prayers all night , but could get no peace . During the day he did not go near Makár Semyónitch, nor even look at him.

A fortnight passed in this way . Aksyónof could not sleep at nights, and was so miserable that he did not know what to do.

One night as he was walking about the prison he noticed some earth that came rolling out from under one of the shelves on which the prisoners slept . He stopped to see what it was . Suddenly Makár Semyónitch crept out from under the shelf, and looked up at Aksyónof with frightened face. Aksyónof tried to pass without looking at him , but Makár seized his hand and told him that he had dug a hole under the wall, getting rid of the earth by putting it into his high-boots, and emptying it out every day on the road when the prisoners were driven to their work.

'Just you keep quiet, old man, and you shall get out too. If you blab they'll flog the life out of me, but I will kill you first.'

Aksyónof trembled with anger as he looked at his enemy. He drew his hand away, saying, 'I have no wish to escape, and you have no need to kill me; you killed me long ago! As to telling of you -- I may do so or not, as God shall direct.' Next day, when the convicts were led out to work, the convoy soldiers noticed that one or other of the prisoners emptied some earth out of his boots. The prison was searched, and the tunnel found. The Governor came and questioned all the prisoners to find out who had dug the hole. They all denied any knowledge of it. Those who knew, would not betray Makár Semyónitch, knowing he would be flogged almost to death. At last the Governor turned to Aksyónof, whom he knew to be a just man, and said:

'You are a truthful old man; tell me, before God, who dug the hole?'

Makár Semyónitch stood as if he were quite unconcerned, looking at the Governor and not so much as glancing at Aksyónof. Aksyónof's lips and hands trembled, and for a long time he could not utter a word. He thought, 'Why should I screen him who ruined my life? Let him pay for what I have suffered. But if I tell, they will probably flog the life out of him and maybe I suspect him wrongly. And, after all, what good would it be to me?'

'Well, old man,' repeated the Governor, 'tell us the truth: who has been digging under the wall?'

Aksyónof glanced at Makár Semyónitch, and said 'I cannot say, your honour. It is not God's will that I should tell! Do what you like with me; I am in your hands.'

However much the Governor tried, Aksyónof would say no more, and so the matter had to be left.

That night, when Aksyónof was lying on his bed and just beginning to doze, some one came quietly and sat down on his bed. He peered through the darkness and recognized Makár.

'What more do you want of me?' asked Aksyónof. 'Why have you come here?'

Makár Semyónitch was silent. So Aksyónof sat up and said, 'What do you want? Go away, or I will call the guard!'

Makár Semyónitch bent close over Aksyónof, and whispered, 'Iván Dmítritch, forgive me!'

'What for?' asked Aksyónof.

'It was I who killed the merchant and hid the knife among your things. I meant to kill you too, but I heard a noise outside; so I hid the knife in your bag and escaped out of the window.'

Aksyónof was silent, and did not know what to say. Makár Semyónitch slid off the bed-shelf and knelt upon the ground. 'Iván Dmítritch,' said he, 'forgive me! For the love of God, forgive me! I will confess that it was I who killed the merchant, and you will be released and can go to your home.'

'It is easy for you to talk,' said Aksyónof, 'but I have suffered for you these twenty- six years. Where could I go to now? . . . My wife is dead, and my children have forgotten me. I have nowhere to go. . . .'

Makár Semyónitch did not rise, but beat his head on the floor. 'Iván Dmítritch, forgive me!' he cried.

'When they flogged me with the knout it was not so hard to bear as it is to see you now . . . yet you had pity on me, and did not tell. For Christ's sake forgive me, wretch that I am!' And he began to sob.

When Aksyónof heard him sobbing he, too, began to weep.

'God will forgive you!' said he. 'Maybe I am a hundred times worse than you.' And at these words his heart grew light, and the longing for home left him. He no longer had any desire to leave the prison, but only hoped for his last hour to come.

In spite of what Aksyónof had said, Makár Semyónitch confessed his guilt. But when the order for his release came, Aksyónof was already dead.

(Written in 1872.)

The Sniper By Liam O'Flaherty

The long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city, machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

On a rooftop near O'Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders was slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student, thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.

He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He finished the sandwich, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, he took a short drought. Then he returned the flask to his pocket. He paused for a moment, considering whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash might be seen in the darkness, and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk.

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself against the parapet of the roof. The sniper took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street. He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it, until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen – just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armoured car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street, fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the gray monster.

Then round the corner of a side street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof where the sniper lay. An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking toward the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the turret wall. The woman darted toward the side street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He stooped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm was dead. "I'm hit," he muttered.

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was no pain--just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breastwork of the parapet, and ripped open the sleeve. There was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound. the arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome the pain.

Then taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the ends with his teeth.

Then he lay still against the parapet, and, closing his eyes, he made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath all was still. The armoured car had retired speedily over the bridge, with the machine gunner's head hanging lifeless over the turret.

The woman's corpse lay still in the gutter.

The sniper lay still for a long time nursing his wounded arm and planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the roof. The enemy on the opposite roof covered his escape. He must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle. Then he pushed the rifle slowly upward over the parapet, until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the centre of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap clipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hand with him.

Crawling quickly to his feet, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper, seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across, with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards – a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of a barber's shop beneath and then clattered on the pavement.

Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand, and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with a concussion and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed.

Taking the whiskey flask from his pocket, he emptied it a drought. He felt reckless under the influence of the spirit. He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company commander, to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot, whoever he was. He wondered did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but around here all was quiet.

The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine gun stopped.

Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his brother's face.