

ENGLISH LITERATURE BOOK

(Supplementary Reader)

for

Class IX

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Punjab School Education Board

Sahibzada Ajit Singh Nagar (Mohali)

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FOREWORD

The Punjab School Education Board has continuously been engaged in the preparation and review of syllabi and textbooks. The main objective of preparing language textbooks is to provide the students with interesting and appropriate reading material. This aims to equip the students with the skills of listening, speaking, reading and writing so as to enable them to use these in their day-to-day life.

The Government of Punjab introduced English as a subject from Class I in the year 1998 due to a strong demand from the field. As a consequence, the Punjab School Education Board prepared new syllabi of English for Classes I to IX. New textbooks were prepared on the basis of these syllabi and new series of English Readers for Classes I to VIII were developed which are presently being used by all the schools in Punjab. This book is the 9th in the series.

The language package for class IX includes the Main Coursebook, the Literature Book (Supplementary Reader) and Grammar in Use. This Supplementary Reader is essentially designed to promote in the learner a love for reading by exposing him to good samples of English literature, hold up the mirror to different facets of life and to encourage the learner to read extensively on his / her own.

The book in hand has been prepared by Mrs. Harjit Vasudeva, former Director, Regional Institute of English, Chandigarh and vetted by Dr. Ramandeep Singh, Reader, Department of English, Guru Nanak Dev University, Amritsar and edited by Sh. Manoj Kumar, Subject Expert. (retired)

We would gratefully welcome comments and suggestions from teachers, experts and students as well to improve this book further.

Chairperson

Punjab School Education Board

ABOUT THE BOOK

(A Note to the Teachers)

This textbook, based on the new syllabus is a part of the package meant for class IX students. It comprises a Main Coursebook for intensive study, a Literature Book (Supplementary Reader) for extensive study and development of a taste for reading and a functional grammar book for further developing different language skills. These books aim at making the teaching and learning of English an interesting exercise by presenting a variety of real-life situations. They also fulfil the communicative, cultural and literary needs of the learner. The main objectives of teaching English at this stage are :

1. To develop communicative skills to enable them to perform different language functions.
2. To help them develop their cognitive and affective faculties.
3. To promote the skill of reading a text intelligently and imaginatively.
4. To enrich the learner's vocabulary — both active and passive.

The course is learner-centred. The learner is also encouraged to think creatively through questions given in each lesson. There are different types of exercises : Comprehension, Vocabulary, Grammar & Usage and Composition.

1. Comprehension exercises are used for the teaching of factual comprehension which will deepen students' understanding of the lesson.
2. Vocabulary exercises are used for vocabulary enrichment and development of reference skills.
3. Grammar and Usage contain a wide variety of exercises on different areas of functional grammar.
4. Composition is used to help learners write well-knit pieces to help them comprehend non-prescribed material.
5. The exercises at the end of the poems aim at helping the learners appreciate the poem and enjoy reading it.

It is hoped that the textbook would meet the learner's needs and help them develop the important language skills and use English effectively and meaningfully for purpose of communication.

Manoj Kumar
Subject Expert (retired)

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1

THE MAGIC VIOLIN

Dr. Anand Malik

An orphan lived in Sicily, Italy. He went around looking for work. He met a farmer who gave him the job of taking his goats to graze on the hills. Did the boy get paid for the work he did ? What happened when he wanted to leave the job ?

In Sicily, there once lived a boy who was always happy although he was very poor. His parents died when he was young, so he set out by himself to seek his fortune. He laughed merrily at everything and all through his troubles he was cheerful and happy. He went about the country looking for work, and at last one day he came to a farmhouse. He knocked at the door and the farmer came out.

‘What do you want ?’ the farmer asked angrily. He was a mean person and a miser and thought that the boy must be a beggar.

‘I want work,’ said the boy smiling. ‘And any kind of work.’

‘I see,’ said the miser less angrily, and he saw a way of getting something for nothing. ‘Well, you can come and look after my goats.’

So the boy went to live in the farmhouse, and every day he took the goats to the hills to graze.

At the end of three years, the boy wanted a change of work because he felt lonely in the hills. When he came home at night, he never saw anyone to talk to but the old farmer. One evening, he told his master that he wanted to leave him. He asked for his wages that he had earned during the three years on the farm.

‘Wages !’ cried the farmer angrily. ‘Wages ! I never said anything about the wages when I gave you work.’

‘That is so,’ answered the boy, ‘but no one ever works for nothing. I did not settle the wages then because I thought you are a just man.’

‘And I *am* a just man,’ roared the farmer. ‘No one has ever told me that I was not that before. You shall see ! I will pay your wages even though I do not owe you any.’

Then he gave the boy three copper coins for three year’s work. The boy looked at them and laughed. He put the coins in his pocket, took his shabby hat and went off whistling.

That night he slept under a haystack, and in the morning when he woke up, he saw an old beggar in front of him. The boy smiled and said:

‘Good morning, my friend, you are out of bed early.’

‘I am,’ replied the beggar. ‘I was so hungry that I could not have slept even if I had a bed of feathers to lie on. Can you spare me a copper coin or two ? I am so hungry.’

The boy put his hand into his pocket and took out the three copper coins that were his wages for three years.

‘Take these,’ he said cheerfully. ‘It took me a long time to earn them, but I can go back to the goats again and earn some more.’

As the beggar took the three copper coins, his rags fell from his body, and in their place appeared a black velvet cloak with silver work on it.

‘You are a good lad, I see,’ said the old man. ‘I am not a beggar. I am an angel. I can grant you two wishes. What do you want ? I can grant gifts to those who deserve them.’

The boy thought for a moment and said, ‘I would like to have a violin which plays music to make all men dance, and a gun that will always hit the thing at which I aim.’

The old man smiled and at once from beneath his cloak he brought out a violin and a gun. He gave them to the boy.

‘May they bring you the happiness that you deserve !’ he said and disappeared.

The boy made his way back towards the farm where he had worked for three long years for three copper coins, and just as he went near the gate, a bird flew up from a field. At once the boy aimed at it with his magic gun and, of course, hit the bird. As the bird fell, the farmer came out of the house and went to pick it up.

‘That is mine,’ he shouted.

‘Certainly,’ answered the boy. ‘But you may only have it by dancing for it.’

‘I will have none of your rudeness, you rascal,’ shouted the farmer. But before he could reach the bird, the boy began to play on his violin and the farmer had to dance. He danced and the boy would not stop playing.

‘Stop !’ shouted the tired farmer. ‘Stop, oh please stop ! I will give you a thousand pieces of silver if you only stop !’

‘Let us go and fetch them first,’ said the boy.

So, still dancing, the farmer went into his house and took the silver coins from beneath a board in the floor where he had hidden them; and the boy played on and on. It was only when the farmer held out the thousand pieces of silver to the boy that he stopped playing the violin.

Then he went on his way, but the farmer ran before him into the village and told the police that the boy was a thief.

The magistrate sent out the policemen and they soon caught the boy with the thousand pieces of silver that the farmer said he had stolen.

In those days, in Sicily, the punishment for stealing was death. It seemed impossible for such a poor boy to have such a large sum of money, so he was sentenced to be hanged at once.

The boy asked the magistrate to let him play the violin before he was hanged. The kind magistrate allowed him to do so.

The farmer cried out in alarm when he saw the hangman give the violin back to the boy and shouted to the magistrate:

‘He must not play ! He must not play ! Oh ! Do not let him play !’ But the magistrate only smiled and said :

‘It can do no harm. Let the poor lad play the violin for a few minutes; he is too young to die.’ So the boy began to play the violin. At once the magistrate and the hangman and the farmer and all the people, who were gathered in the marketplace to see the poor boy hanged, began to dance. They danced and danced and while the boy played, they could not stop dancing.

‘Oh ! Oh ! Oh !’ the magistrate cried. ‘I cannot go on, I cannot!’ But he had to dance because he could not stop.

‘Make him stop !’ cried the tired farmer. ‘Make him stop ! He can have my thousand pieces of silver if he stops.’

‘I shall die. I shall die !’ cried the hangman. ‘I can dance no more, make him stop !’

But the boy played on, and the magistrate and the hangman and the farmer looked like dead people dancing, for they had no strength left in them, but they could not stop.

At last the magistrate cried, ‘Stop, boy, stop ! You shall go free. The farmer gives you the thousand pieces of silver and I give you your freedom.’

‘Very well,’ said the boy, ‘tell the hangman to fetch my gun and silver pieces and I will stop.’

So the hangman danced away to the courthouse where the silver and the gun were kept. He returned with the boy’s things in his hands. The boy said:

‘Tie the gun to my belt and put the money in my pockets, because I trust no one any more. I shall not stop playing until I have that which is my own and I am too far away from you to catch me again.’

When the gun was tied to his belt and the money was in his pockets, he began to walk away, but he still played on the violin because he would not trust them.

The farmer and the magistrate and the hangman kept on dancing in the marketplace until the sound of the violin had died in the distance. Then they fell on the ground because they were all very tired. But the boy went on to find his fortune with his violin under his arm, his gun on his back and the thousand pieces of silver in his pockets.

A. GLOSSARY

<i>fortune</i>	:	luck
<i>troubles</i>	:	difficulties, sufferings
<i>mean</i>	:	unkind
<i>miser</i>	:	a person who does not like to spend money
<i>wages</i>	:	money earned by working for someone
<i>shabby</i>	:	in a bad shape
<i>spare</i>	:	give
<i>appeared</i>	:	came into sight, seen suddenly
<i>cloak</i>	:	a coat without sleeves
<i>deserve</i>	:	right to have
<i>rags</i>	:	torn clothes
<i>certainly</i>	:	sure, without doubt
<i>sentenced</i>	:	gave judgement
<i>alarm</i>	:	fear
<i>fetch</i>	:	go and bring

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Why did the boy go to the farmer ?
2. What did the farmer ask him to do ?

3. How much did the farmer pay him and when ?
4. Who did the boy give his three coins and why ?
5. What did the old man give to the boy ?
6. Where did the boy go then ? What happened there ?
7. Why did the magistrate punish him ? What was the punishment ?
8. How did the boy get the silver coins and his freedom back ?

C. DISCUSSION

The brain is mightier than a sword. Discuss.

D. SUGGESTED READING

The Five Continent Stories in Basic English By Dr. Anand Malik.

2

WISHES COME TRUE

Rabindranath Tagore

Sushilchandra wanted to do whatever pleased him-play all day, climb trees and miss school. Whereas his father Subalchandra longed to have his childhood back, so that he could study. The Lady of Wishes decided to fulfill their wishes for some time. Were they happy with the change ?



Subalchandra's son was called Sushilchandra. But a name always does not reflect the person. 'Subal' means 'strong', but he was rather frail; 'Sushil' was not so well behaved, though his name means just that.

The boy was always annoying the neighbours with his pranks, so his father would often run after him to punish him. But the father was rheumatic, while the boy ran like a deer, so the blows did not always hit the mark.

It was Saturday, when school closed early at two o'clock, but Sushil did not feel like going to school at all. There were several reasons for this. First, there was going to be a geography test; and second, there would be a fireworks show in the evening at the Boses', for which they were going to prepare from the morning. Sushil had planned to spend the whole day there. So he went back to bed when it was time for school. His father came and asked, "What's wrong ? Why are you in bed ? Aren't you going to school ?"

"I've got a tummy-ache. I can't go to school today," said Sushil.

Subal could easily see that the boy was making it up. So he said to himself, "Wait, I must teach him a lesson." Aloud he said, 'A tummy ache, is it ? Then you'd better stay at home all day. Hari can go by himself to see the fireworks at the Boses'. And don't have any of those toffees I got for you. Just lie down quietly while I mix you some of that bitter medicine." He locked the boy in and went off to prepare it.

Sushil was in a fix. He loved toffees just as much as he hated the bitter medicine. And he also wanted to go to the Boses' house. When Subal Babu returned with the huge bowl of medicine, Sushil got up from the bed and said, "My tummy's stopped aching ! I think I'll go to school."

"No, no," said his father, "just drink this up and rest." He forced the boy to swallow the medicine, locked the door again and left.

Sushil cried the whole day and thought, “If only I were as old as my father ! I could do just as I pleased – no one could lock me up.”

His father sat outside thinking, “My parents pampered me too much; that’s why I didn’t get proper education. If I get back my childhood ! This time I’d study properly and not waste time.”

Now the Lady of Wishes happened to pass that house and heard what the father and the son said. “Well, let me make their wishes come true for some time and see what happens !”

So she appeared before the father and told him, “You will have what you want. Tomorrow you will be your son’s age.” To the son she said, “You will be as old as your father tomorrow.” Both of them were happy to hear this.

Old Subalchandra did not sleep well at night; he fell asleep only towards the morning. But today a strange thing happened; he leapt out of the bed at the crack of the dawn. He discovered that he had become very small. He had got back all his teeth, and lost his beard and moustache. His clothes were now much too big for him.

Meanwhile our Sushilchandra just could not get up today. When at last he was woken up by his father’s shouts, he found that he had grown so much overnight that his clothes had burst their seams. His face was covered with grey stubble, and he had also become bald. He did not feel like getting up at all. He yawned again and again. The noise by his father finally made him get up.

Their wishes had come true, but it only made trouble for them. Sushil had always imagined that if he grew up and be free like his father, he would climb trees, dive into the pool, eat green mangoes, plunder birds’ nests and roam around all day long. He would come home and eat whatever he liked, whenever he liked, with no one to scold him. But strange to say, that morning he did not want to climb a tree. He did not want to swim either. He thought he would catch cold and have fever. He rolled out a mat and sat there, thinking quietly to himself.

Once he thought he should not give up all games so suddenly he should at least try. So he got up and tried to climb an *amra* tree nearby. As soon as he tried to pull himself up by a thin branch, it broke under his weight and he fell to the ground. Passers-by laughed loudly to see the old man playing childish pranks. With lowered head, he came back to his mat on the porch, called the servant and said, "Boy, bring me a rupee's worth of toffees from the market."

Sushil had always been fond of toffees. Every day at the shop near the school, he saw sweets of many colours, and bought some whenever he was given a few paise. He had always dreamt of stuffing his pockets with them when he had lots of money. Today his servant brought him a whole rupee's worth. He took a piece and started eating it; but the old man did not care for children's sweets. "Let me give them to my child-father," he thought; but at once decided, "No, it'll make the boy sick."

All the little boys who had played *kabaddi* with Sushil till yesterday came as usual, saw the old man and ran away. Sushil had always thought he would play *kabaddi* with his friends all day long if he were as free as his father; but now the sight of them only irritated him. "I am sitting in peace," he thought, "and here come these boys to bother me."

Subalchandra had the habit of sitting on the porch on his mat each day and think. "When I was young, I wasted my time in mischief. If I get my childhood back, I'd shut myself in my room and study quietly all day." But after getting his childhood, he did not like going to school. Sushil would ask him in the morning, "Baba, won't you go to school?" Subal would scratch his head, lower his eyes and say, "I've got tummy-ache, I can't go to school." Sushil would grow angry at this; "Oh, can't you? I also had lots of tummy-aches in my days when it was my time to go to school. I know your tricks."

Sushil began sending his little father to school by force. On returning home, Subal wanted to run about and play, but at that time old Subal wanted to put on his glasses and read aloud from the

Ramayana in a sing-song voice. Subal's noisy games disturbed him, so he would make Subal sit down with his slate and do sums. They were such long sums that his father took a whole hour to do a single one. In the evenings, a group of old men gathered in Sushil's room to play chess. To keep Subal quiet at that time, Sushil hired a tutor who kept Subal busy till ten at night.

Old Sushil too got into all kinds of trouble. Nothing he had liked as a child agreed with him any longer. He used to take a dip in the pond. On doing it now, his joints grew stiff and swollen, and he got rheumatism that took six months to cure. After that he bathed once every two days with warm water, and did not let Subal bathe in the pond either. If he jumped out of bed as he had done as a child, all his bones would ache. No sooner did he put a *paan* into his mouth, than he found he had no teeth to chew it with. By chance if he took up a comb, he would be reminded that he had no hair left.

Subalchandra, too, sometimes forgot how young he was. Imagining himself to be as old as before, he would turn up at old men's gatherings where they were playing cards or dice, and begin to talk like a grown-up. They would box his ears and send him away saying, "Run away and play."

At last Subal began to pray earnestly: "If only I were as old as my son Sushil, and free to do what I liked!" And Sushil would pray, "O Lord ! Make me as young as my father, so that I might play again as much as I want to. I can't control my father any more. He's become very naughty, and I'm worried about him all the time."

The Lady of Wishes now came again to ask, "Well, have you had enough of your wishes ?"

Both father and son bowed their heads as low as her feet. "Yes, mother, we've had enough. Please turn us back into what we were before !"

"All right," she said, "you will both be yourselves again tomorrow morning."

Next morning, Subal was the same old man as before, and Sushil woke up as the little boy he used to be. Both imagined they had been dreaming. Subal called his son and said, “Sushil, aren’t you going to start learning your grammar ?” Sushil scratched his head and said, “Father, I’ve lost my book.”

A. GLOSSARY

<i>frail</i>	:	weak
<i>annoying</i>	:	making people angry
<i>prank</i>	:	trick played on people as a joke
<i>rheumatic</i>	:	suffering from painful joints
<i>tummy-ache</i>	:	pain in the stomach
<i>make-up</i>	:	invent an excuse
<i>in a fix</i>	:	in a mess, in a bad situation
<i>pampered</i>	:	spoilt
<i>crack of dawn</i>	:	very early in the morning
<i>seams</i>	:	the line where two pieces of cloth are sewn together
<i>yawned</i>	:	still sleepy, so opened mouth wide open to breathe deeply
<i>mischief</i>	:	bad behaviour that makes people angry
<i>nothing agreed with</i>	:	made one feel ill or sick
<i>swollen</i>	:	become bigger than normal
<i>box ears</i>	:	pull someone’s ears

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Sushilchandra’s neighbours get angry with him ?
2. Why did Sushil not want to go to school one Saturday ? What happened then ?
3. Why did the Lady of Wishes grant wishes to both the father and the son ?

WISHES COME TRUE

4. What changes took place in Sushil ?
5. What happened to Subalchandra after his wish was granted ?
6. Why was Sushil kept busy in the evening ?
7. Was Subalchandra happy with the change ? Why ?
8. What happened when the Lady of Wishes changed them once more ?

C. DISCUSSION

Is it not necessary to be strict with children ? Discuss.

D. SUGGESTED READING

1. *Tales Told by an Idiot* by Mulak Raj Anand.
2. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain.

3

IN THE FLOOD

Thakazhi Sivasankara Pillai

There were heavy rains. The village was flooded. Chenna Paraya left the village along with his family. His dog was left behind. Was the dog safe ? What happened to him ?



The temple was the highest point in the village. But it was neck-deep in water- water, water everywhere. The villagers had all left for dry land. There were sixty-seven children huddled up in one room in the attic of the temple. There were also three hundred and sixty- seven men and women, as well as dogs, goats and fowls. All living together. No quarrels.

For two nights and a day, Chenna Paraya had been braving the flood alone. He had no boat. It was now three days since his landlord left. Channa Paraya had made a raised platform in the hut with coconut husks and poles. He stayed inside the hut for two days hoping that the water would recede. How could he leave the place so soon ! In the plot, there were a few trees of banana and a haystack, and leaving the place would certainly mean leaving them at the mercy of thieves.

Now the water had risen above the platform. It had sunk a part of the hut too. Chenna called out from inside. But who was there to listen to him ? His woman, who was pregnant, four kids, a cat and a dog were the only ones left there. And he knew his and their end was near as it would not take longer than a few hours for the whole hut to be submerged in water. It had been raining heavily and continuously for three days. Chenna came out of the hut by breaking open one row of the thatched roof and looked around. At some distance there was a catamaran. Chenna cried aloud to the boatmen. Luckily they heard him and came to help. He quickly pulled out his woman and kids as well as the cat and the dog through the crack of the wall.

The kids were getting on to the catamaran. “Chenna-cha, poohey,” Chenna heard someone shouting from the west. He turned around. “Come on, here.” It was Madiyathara Kunhappa calling from his rooftop. Chenna’s wife also got on to the catamaran. So did the cat. No one took notice of the dog who was still sniffing around in one corner of the hut. The catamaran started moving. Now it was in mid-water again.

Heavy rain started again. By then his master had reached Ambalapuzha at night. A huge crocodile came near the house. The

dog lowered his tail in fear and started barking. But the crocodile just went away.

The hungry dog howled from rooftop looking out into the dark and cloudy sky. His cries reached places far off. And those who were still guarding their houses must have said, "Ayyo, a dog is left alone on the housetop!" The dog cried out continuously for a long time. Then he was too tired to cry. From some house in the north, a man was chanting the Ramayana. For some time the dog turned towards the sound as if he was listening to the chant. Again he started crying. Soon nothing could be heard except the roar of the wind and the sound of the waves. It was early morning. The dog started groaning. Frogs started looking at him amazed. He looked at the thatched roofs. They were his only hope. No fire burnt anywhere. Fleas bit him and he drove them away with his paws.

The sun shone for some time. He dozed off in the sunlight. He jumped and barked when he saw the shadow of the banana leaf on the rooftop. Then the clouds appeared. It was dark once more. The wind stirred the water. The carcasses of animals floated around in the waves. The dog looked at them longingly.

A small boat was moving fast a little away from the house. The dog saw it, and stood up, wagging his tail. He watched till it disappeared. It started drizzling again. The dog stood on his hind legs. He looked helpless.

The drizzle stopped. A small boat came from the house in the north and stopped at the coconut tree. The dog wagged his tail and made noises. The boatman picked up a coconut from the tree, broke it and drank its juice. He then rowed off.

A crow sitting on a tree at a distance flew down on the carcass of a huge bull. Even as the dog was barking at it, the crow started eating the flesh of the dead animal. It took no notice of the dog. After some time it flew away.

In the afternoon, two men came that way in a small boat. The dog barked gratefully and wagged his tail. He wanted to get into the boat. "See there is a dog," said one of them. The dog moaned.

“Let it be there,” said the other. The dog opened his mouth and groaned. He tried to jump into the boat. But the boat moved off. The dog groaned once again. One of the boatmen turned back.

“AyyO.”

The cry came not from the boatman. It was from the dog.

There was nothing to be heard after that except the sounds of the waves. No one turned back thereafter. Only the dog stayed, looking at the boat till it disappeared. He climbed on to the roof once again, growling as if bidding farewell to the world. Perhaps he was trying to say that never again he would love a human being!

The night was terrible with rain and storm. The roof started moving in the waves. The dog almost fell off the rooftop twice. Then there appeared a long head from under the water. It was that of a crocodile. The dog started barking in great fear. There was also the sound of fowls wailing together from somewhere nearby.

“Where is the dog barking from ? Haven’t the people here gone away ?” Someone said from a boat carrying hay, coconuts and bananas. “Oh ! The dog is going to leap down.” And then the dog leapt down from the rooftop. One of the men got frightened and fell in the water, but the other man pulled him out. By then the dog had swum back to the roof and continued barking. The thieves took away all the bananas in the plot. “You will be sorry for this later,” they said to the dog who was barking madly. Then they loaded the boat with more hay. In the end, one of them climbed the rooftop. The dog bit him hard on the leg and he cried in pain. The other man gave the dog a blow on the belly with a pole. The dog wailed. The man bitten by the dog was crying in the boat. “Keep quiet,” the other man said. Both of them left the place. It was quite some time before the dog barked again. He was in pain.

There was no sound except that of the storm. No one heard the groan of the dog after that. Rotten corpses floated across the water here and there. Crows were eating them. There was no sound at all. The thieves were having a nice time.

After some time the hut came down and sank. Nothing could

be seen above the water. The loyal dog guarded his master's house till the end. Now he too was gone. The house stayed above the water until the dog was caught by a crocodile. It was as if the house did not go down before because of him.

Now the flood water was receding. Chenna came back, swimming to his hut in search of the dog. He found the body of the dead dog under a coconut tree. He turned it from side to side with his toe and examined it. He was not sure if it was his dog. One ear was bitten off. The colour had also changed as the body was all rotten.

A. GLOSSARY

<i>huddle</i>	: to get close to one another
<i>attic</i>	: a space or room under the roof of a building house
<i>fowls</i>	: birds (<i>e.g.</i> hens) kept on a farm
<i>braving</i>	: showing courage, facing
<i>recede</i>	: become less, come down
<i>at the mercy of</i>	: helpless, at the kindness of
<i>pregnant</i>	: going to have a baby
<i>submerged</i>	: went under water
<i>thatched roof</i>	: roof made of dried grass
<i>catamaran</i>	: a fast-sailing boat
<i>sniffing</i>	: smelling
<i>howling</i>	: crying loudly
<i>chanting</i>	: singing
<i>groaning</i>	: making sound in pain, crying
<i>amazed</i>	: very surprised
<i>stirred</i>	: moved
<i>drizzling</i>	: raining in small drops, raining lightly
<i>wagging</i>	: moving, shaking
<i>rowed off</i>	: moved the boat away
<i>carcass</i>	: dead body of an animal

<i>growling</i>	:	making low noise in the throat to show anger
<i>moaned</i>	:	made low noise in pain
<i>wailed</i>	:	cried loudly in pain
<i>leapt</i>	:	jumped
<i>belly</i>	:	stomach
<i>rotten</i>	:	decayed, spoilt

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Where did the villagers take shelter ? Why ?
2. Why did Chenna Paraya not want to leave his hut ?
3. When did Chenna Paraya leave his hut ?
4. How did Chenna Paraya leave the village ?
5. Who went with Chenna Paraya ?
6. Why did the dog cry continuously ?
7. How long was the dog alone in the hut ?
8. Did anyone help the dog ?
9. Why did the two men come to Chenna Paraya's hut ?
10. Why did the thieves hit the dog ?
11. What happened to the dog in the end ?

C. DISCUSSION

1. Was Chenna Paraya unkind to his dog ? Discuss.
2. Animals and birds should not be kept as pets. Give arguments in favour of and against this statement.

D. SUGGESTED READING

1. *The Selfish Giant* by Oscar Wilde:
2. *My Family and Other Animals* by Gerald Durrell:

4

MY FATHER AND I

Ruskin Bond

Ruskin Bond lived with his father in Delhi. He enjoyed a lot with his father and did not want to leave him, but he was sent to a school in Simla. What happened after that ?

The two years I spent with my father were probably the happiest in my childhood. This was during World War II. The real war was being fought in Burma and the Far East, but Delhi was full of men in uniform. It was a glorious year in which we changed our residence at least four times.

Except for Sundays, I was alone during most of the day; my father's office in Air Headquarters was somewhere near India Gate. He'd return at about six, tired but happy to find me in good spirits. For although I had no friends during that period, I found plenty to keep me busy – my father's books, stamps, the old gramophone, hundreds of postcards which he'd collected during his years in England, a scrapbook, albums of photographs....And sometimes I'd explore the jungle behind the tents.

After living in the tent-house and then in a brick hutment, my father was permitted to rent rooms of his own on Atul Grove Road, a tree-lined lane not far from Connaught Place, which was then the hub and business centre of New Delhi. Keeping me with him had been quite unofficial; his superiors always wanted to know why my mother wasn't around to look after me. He was really hoping that the war would end soon, so that he could take me to England and put me into a good school there. He had been selling some of his more valuable stamps and had put quite a bit in the bank.

When winter came, my father's khakis were changed for dark blue RAF caps and uniforms, which suited him well. He was a good-looking man, always neatly dressed; on the short side but quite strong. He was over forty when he had joined up – hence the office job, deciphering (or helping to create) codes and ciphers. He was quite secretive about it all. He was certainly a reliable intelligence officer.

He did not have many friends in Delhi. Sometimes he visited Uncle Fred near the railway station, and sometimes he'd spend a half-hour with Mr Rankin who had a large drapery shop. Mr Rankin also collected stamps. The two of them would sit together in Mr Rankin's back office and exchange stamps.

Some Sundays, my father and I explored old tombs and monuments, but going to the pictures was what we did most. Connaught Place had several cinemas-the Regal, Rivoli, Odeon and Plaza, all very new and shiny-and they screened the latest Hollywood films.

Whenever my father talked about sending me to a boarding school, I used every argument to dissuade him. I had no interest in going back to school after a year's freedom and my father's companionship.

'Why do you want to send me to school again ?' I asked. 'I can learn more at home. I can read books, I can write letters, I can even do sums !'

'Not bad for a boy of nine,' said my father. 'But I can't teach you algebra, Physics and Chemistry.'

'Well, what would you like to be when you grow up ?'

'A tap-dancer.'

'We've been seeing too many pictures. Everyone says I spoil you.'

I tried another argument. 'You'll have to live on your own again. You'll feel lonely.'

'That can't be helped, son. But I'll come to see you as often as I can. You see they're posting me to Karachi for some time,

and then I'll be moved again-they won't allow me to keep you with me at some of these places. Would you like to stay with your mother ?'

I shook my head.

'With Calcutta Granny ?'

'I don't know her.'

'When the War is over, I'll take you with me to England. But for the next year or two we must stay here. I've found a nice school for you. It is a prep school for boys in Simla. And I may be able to get posted there during the summer.'

'I want to see it first,' I said.

'We'll go up to Simla together. Not now – in April or May, before it gets too hot. It doesn't matter if you join school a bit later – I know you'll soon catch up with the others.'

Before I went to the new school, there was a brief trip to Dehradun to meet my mother. My father felt that there was still a chance to make up with my mother, but it did not happen and they finally separated.

1944; the war was still on. No sooner was I back in the prep school than my father was transferred to Calcutta. In some ways this was a good thing because my sister Ellen was there, living with my 'Calcutta Granny', and my father could live in his own home for a change. Granny had been living in Park Lane after my grandfather's death.

It meant, of course, that my father couldn't come and see me in Simla during my mid-term holidays. But he wrote regularly – once a week, on an average.

The War was coming to an end, peace was in the air, but there was also talk of the British leaving India as soon as the War was over. In his letter, my father spoke of the preparations he was making to go back. There would be a new school for me in England, he said. Meanwhile, he was selling a large number of his stamps, so that we'd have some money to start afresh when he left the RAF.

My father's last letter to me was the only one that I was able to retain (apart from some of the postcards). It was a good example of the kind of letters he wrote to me, and you can see why I kept it.

AA Bond 108485 (RAF)
C/o 231 Group
Rafpost
Calcutta 20/8/44

My dear Ruskin

Thank you very much for your letter received a few days ago. I was pleased to hear that you were quite well and learning hard. We are quite okay here, but I am still not strong enough to go to work after the recent attack of malaria I had. I was in hospital for a long time and that is the reason why you did not get a letter from me for several weeks.

Do you need any new warm clothes ? Your warm suits must be getting too small. I am glad to hear that rains are almost over in the hills where you are. It will be nice to have sunny days in September when your holidays are on. Do the holidays begin from the 9th of September ? What will you do then ? Is there to be a Scout Camp at Taradevi ? Or will you catch butterflies on sunny days on the school Cricket Ground ? I am glad to hear you have lots of friends. Next year you will be in the top class of the prep school. You only have 3½ months more for the Xmas holidays to come round, when you will be glad to come home, I am sure, to do more stamp work and library study. The New Market is full of bookshops here. Ellen loves the market.

I wanted to write before about your writing, Ruskin, but forgot. Sometimes I get letters from you written in very small handwriting, as if you wanted to squeeze a lot of news into one sheet of paper. It is bad for your eyes to get into the habit of

writing small. I know your handwriting is good and that you came first in the class for handwriting, but try and form a large style of writing and do not worry if you can't get all your news into one sheet of paper – but stick to big letters.

We had a very wet month just passed. It is still cloudy. At night we have to use fans, but during the cold weather it is nice- not too cold like Delhi and not too warm either- but just moderate. Granny is quite well. She and Ellen send you their fond love. The last I heard a week ago, that William and all at Dehradun were well also.

I have still got the records and the gramophone and most of the best books, but as they are all getting old and some may not suit you – they are for children under 8 years- I will give some to William, and Ellen and you can buy some new ones when you come for Xmas. I am rearranging all stamps that became loose after people came and went through them. But as I am at home all day, unable to go to work as yet, I have lots of time to finish the work of rearranging them.

Well, Ruskin, I hope this finds you well. With fond love from us all. Write again soon. Ever your loving daddy

It was about two weeks after receiving this letter that I was given the news of my father's death. The frequent bouts of malaria had made my father weak, and a severe attack of jaundice did the rest. A kind but inept teacher, Mr. Murtough, broke me the news. He mumbled something about God needing my father more than I did, and of course I knew what had happened and broke down. It had never made sense to me why God should have needed my father more than I did, unless of course He envied my father's stamp collection. If God was Love, why did He have to break up such a loving relationship? What would happen to me now? Where would I live? Will I be put away in an orphanage?

The headmaster, Mr Priestley, saw me in his office and said I'd be going to my mother when school closed. He said he'd been told that I had kept my father's letters and if I wished he'd keep

them with him, He'd see that they were not lost. I handed them over – all except the one I reproduced here.

The day before we broke up for the school holidays, I went to Mr Priestley and asked for my letters. 'What letters?' He looked at me angrily. 'My father's letters,' I told him. 'You said you'd keep them for me.' 'Did I? I don't remember. Why should I want to keep your father's letters?' 'I don't know, sir. You put them in your drawer.' He opened the drawer and shut it. 'None of your letters is here. I'm busy now, Bond. If I find any of your letters, I'll give them to you.' I was asked to leave.

I never saw those letters again. And I'm glad to say that I did not see Mr Priestley again.

A. GLOSSARY

<i>probably</i>	:	perhaps
<i>glorious</i>	:	enjoyable
<i>residence</i>	:	house
<i>good spirits</i>	:	happy
<i>hub</i>	:	central, most important part
<i>unofficial</i>	:	not allowed by the government
<i>RAF</i>	:	Royal Air Force
<i>deciphering</i>	:	finding meaning, explaining
<i>drapery shop</i>	:	cloth shop
<i>secretive</i>	:	hid facts, did not tell
<i>intelligence officers</i>	:	officer who collects secret information of enemies
<i>explored</i>	:	walked around in order to learn
<i>argument</i>	:	discussion (often with anger)
<i>dissuade</i>	:	ask not to do something
<i>prep school</i>	:	preparatory school; a school for children between the age of 7-13 years

<i>separated</i>	:	(here) divorced
<i>afresh</i>	:	again
<i>retain</i>	:	keep something, continue to have something
<i>moderate</i>	:	neither too hot nor too cold
<i>recent</i>	:	that happened only a short time ago
<i>squeeze</i>	:	put together too closely
<i>inept</i>	:	not able to do something well
<i>mumbled</i>	:	said something without much opening the mouth; hence voice not very clear
<i>envied</i>	:	felt jealous, want to have the same thing as the other person has
<i>orphanage</i>	:	a place where children, whose parents have died, live together
<i>reproduced</i>	:	made a copy of the same letter

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Why did Ruskin Bond not want to leave his father ? How did he spend time in Delhi ?
2. What did Ruskin Bond father do for a living ?
3. Why was Ruskin Bond father so friendly with Mr Rankin ?
4. What arguments did Ruskin Bond give to stay with his father ?
5. Where did Ruskin Bond's father want to go after the War ?
6. Where was Ruskin sent back to study ?
7. Where did Ruskin's younger brother and sister live ?
8. Why did Ruskin Bond and his father go to Dehradun ? Was the visit successful ?

9. When did Ruskin's father write him the last letter ?
10. What advice did Ruskin's father give to the Ruskin ?
11. What happened to Ruskin's father ?
12. How did Ruskin lose almost all letters from his father ?

C. DISCUSSION

School is a temple of learning. Discuss.

D. SUGGESTED READING

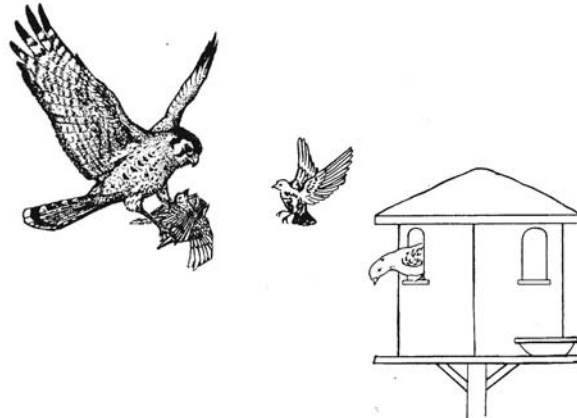
1. *The Letters of a Father to His Daughter* by Jawahar Lal Nehru.
2. *Friends in a Small Place* by Ruskin Bond.

5

I BECAME A GREAT FRIEND OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS

Georgi Ovlov

The author had caught a few grouse and he was carrying them in a basket to show them to the forester. But he changed his mind. What made him to do that ? He became a great friend of animals and birds. How did it happen ? Read on to find out.



Volga, shifting a heavy basket from one hand to another. At the bottom of the basket, was lying the grouse I had caught earlier. Of course, they got injured while they were being chased. I was taking them to the forester to show him my proud 'catch'. I was very happy for getting the grouse without using any gunfire ! When I came closer to the forester's house, I became more excited. Once I showed him the grouse, he'll go green with envy, I thought.

Suddenly a hawk swished by overhead and like lightning struck the poor starling that was singing on the bird box on the roof

of the forester's house, clutched it between its sharp claws and soared up into the sky. Its mate, hearing its last cry, came fluttering out of the bird box, and soared up to the clouds, and then dropped downwards like a stone. Its mournful cry echoed in the forest. But the cruel hawk did not leave the starling.

I felt sorry for the starling which was left behind with her young ones. But it was too late to help. And then an idea suddenly crossed my mind. "It's a pity I was too late to help the starlings, but just think how many animals and birds there are still in the world which need my help !" I said to myself.

I stopped and put my basket down on the ground. I was so lost in thought that I even broke up into sweat. "I thought, I had always done good to all my fellows, but it is not enough. I must do a lot more now." I then bowed low to the ground and it was as though a load had fallen off my shoulders.

I lifted the cover of the basket and looked at the grouse lying there, tied up and hardly breathing. I took them out, untied them, bathed their wounds, got some brown bread out of my knapsack, and fed the birds, cursing myself all the while.

"In what way are you better than a hawk ? Well, it is a bird of prey, so you expect it to kill birds. But you – you are a human being. What are you famous for ?" I said to myself. "For thinking of new ways of hunting – right ? For killing nature's creatures – right ? What wonderful things to be famous for !" If I had a gun at that time, I would have smashed it.

So, instead of going to the forester, I turned back and brought home the injured grouse. My wife and I soon put them on their feet again. Home became a better place for them for running about and clucking. A week later I went off for a holiday and took them with me. I took them to the glade I found them in, and put them in the same birch branches, fed them for the last time from the palm of my hands, and wished them a long happy life. "What's a bird ?" you may ask. "Why ? Just a ball of feathers ?" Not at all ! It is a noble soul. Flying from one tree to another, the grouse accompanied me all the way to Lake Astrakhanka, brushed my shoulder with

their wings to say goodbye and flew away. “Good luck to you, dear friends !” said I to them.

We have a saying, “If you swim across to the other side of the Volga, you’ll become clever.” So it was with me, not the first time, but certainly in the end. I realized my mistake and vowed I would never aim a gun at animals and birds again. And by doing so, I would be able to make up for all the harm I had done to them.

It was already lunch time when I reached Kuvshinka. My friends had already gone off to their rooms to rest and sleep. Not being used to taking an afternoon nap, I did not know what to do with myself. But as old folks say: “There’s no point sitting about – you only get your coat creased.” So I took a rod and went off to the lake.

It was a hot sunny day and everything seemed to be drooping in the blazing sun. Even the noisy willows had grown still and were waiting for the evening cool breeze.

I cast my line, dipped my feet into the water, and happily relaxed. I saw a mother duck clucking and calling to its offspring. Then a family of ducks came swimming in a single file like soldiers. Then suddenly a shadow fell on me. Looking up, I caught sight of a kite with its wing already shut, drooping like a stone on the ducklings. I pulled out the line out of the water, swung it round and caught the kite’s wings with the hook. It was a powerful bird and it soared up so fast that it threw me right across the willow. And maybe it is still flying along with the rod warning the other birds of what might happen to them.

As I lay there on my back, my body ached all over from the fall. I suddenly felt as though a cold coin had been pressed against my arm. I sat up and opened my eyes. I saw it was a hedgehog prodding my arm with his moist nose and pricking me gently with its prickles. Seeing I had noticed him, it went down the slope. Since he was injured, I went after him, so that I could help him and I saw a large beheaded adder. It seems the hedgehog wanted to tell me what had happened there, but before it could, it buried its nose in the ground and closed its eyes. But I still got the message. A snake’s poison is not lethal for the hedgehogs, I remember my father once telling me. I picked it up and cleaned the wounds on

its stomach. The forest, you know, certainly has the best remedies and they are all close at hand. I picked up a long silky blade of grass, took a sharp pine, and sewed up his stomach, so it was left with a neat seam, which looked like the work of a expert dressmaker. Then I gave the hedgehog birch juice to drink and put him down under the shade. It curled up like a ball and slept. So here another good deed I had done. It did not seem so hard after all – all you needed was goodwill, a kind heart and an able pair of hands.

The hedgehog's wound healed in seven days. By then he and I had become good friends – thick as thieves we were. When I went fishing, I'd find him already waiting for me there. He'd sit down beside me and gaze or close his eyes and sleep. I could hear his heart beating : knock-knock..... We especially enjoyed strolling in the woods. The hedgehog ran ahead showing me the way, and I followed him. He knew the woods like his own needles. He would take me to the loveliest beauty spots.

One day we went long into the woods. The hedgehog showed me the way and I followed him, picking mushrooms and ripe raspberries. All of a sudden he stopped and stood on his hind legs, listening and pointing his nose this way and that. I started wondering what was going to happen. Then he stood for a while longer, and then waved his paw and ran off. I hurried after him, the branches of trees cutting my face. While we were running up a slope, I heard a faint mosquito like whine. Soon the mosquito whine sounded more and more like a bear roaring. Usually I don't get scared, but when I saw the trees around me shaking and the leaves dropping off, my legs began to shake too. Whether I was frightened or not, I hadn't time to decide. I ran after the hedgehog. Suddenly I spotted a bear cub hanging down from a crevice high up in a cracked pine tree which had been hit down during a storm. He was howling.

I stopped feeling tired as soon as I saw the cub and suddenly felt strong like an ox. I rushed to the tree and split the tree down to its roots. The cub dropped down on to the ground crying. I picked him up and stroked his ears. I thought if he had a little sleep,

he'd forget all about it. But he cried and cried and there was no stopping. I tried to pat him but he just cried even louder and tears came rolling down his face in two streams. After some time it stopped crying. Then the cub and I climbed onto the dry ground.

Then I thought to myself, "Well, you rescued the duckling, and you've got the cub out of trouble. That means you've done something good for your friends !" I felt very happy. I noted that one has to start doing a good thing, and it at once leads to another good one, like paths in a forest. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open.

A. GLOSSARY

<i>Volga</i>	: a river in Russia
<i>grouse</i>	: a bird with a fat body and feathers on its back
<i>chase</i>	: run after
<i>excited</i>	: feeling very happy
<i>starling</i>	: a bird with dark shiny feathers. It has a noisy call.
<i>swished</i>	: flew quickly through the air while wings were making a soft sound
<i>clutched</i>	: held tightly
<i>fluttering</i>	: moving quickly
<i>knapsack</i>	: a small bag carried on the back
<i>smashed</i>	: broke something into pieces with force
<i>clucking</i>	: making noise
<i>birch</i>	: a tree with smooth bark and thin branches
<i>accompanied</i>	: went with (someone)
<i>nap</i>	: short sleep
<i>rod</i>	: fishing rod
<i>drooping</i>	: bending
<i>blazing</i>	: burning brightly
<i>willow</i>	: a tree with long thin branches and thin

	leaves, often growing near water
<i>relaxed</i>	: rested while enjoying
<i>offspring</i>	: a young one
<i>kite</i>	: a bird like a hawk
<i>hedgehog</i>	: a small animal like a rat, with needles on its back
<i>prodding</i>	: poking, pushing gently with an object
<i>prickles</i>	: pointed needles like parts on a hedgehog's body
<i>adder</i>	: a small poisonous snake
<i>lethal</i>	: deadly
<i>remedies</i>	: medicines
<i>gaze</i>	: to look at someone for a long time
<i>thudding</i>	: making noise while beating
<i>strolling</i>	: walking slowly in a carefree manner
<i>whine</i>	: long high sound often annoying
<i>spotted</i>	: noticed, saw
<i>crevice</i>	: a narrow space, a crack
<i>pine</i>	: a tall forest tree with leaves like needles
<i>stroked</i>	: moved hand gently
<i>rescued</i>	: saved somebody from danger

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Where was the writer going ?
2. Why was the writer of 'I Become a Great Friend of Animals and Birds' with his catch ?
3. Why did the writer of 'I Become a Great Friend of Animals and Birds' free the grouse and how did he help them ?
4. Why did the writer go to the lake ? What happened there ?
5. How did the writer of 'I Become a Great Friend of Animals and Birds' help the ducklings ?
6. How did the writer of 'I Become a Great Friend of Animals

- and Birds' save the hedgehog ?
7. Was the hedgehog grateful to the writer of 'I Become a Great Friend of Animals and Birds'? How do you know ?
 8. What happened when the writer of 'I Become a Great Friend of Animals and Birds' and the hedgehog were strolling in the forest one day ?
 9. What did the writer do then ?

C. DISCUSSION

1. Animals and birds can be the man's greatest friends. Discuss.
2. Do you agree with the writer that if you do good deeds there can be no looking back ? Give examples.

D. SUGGESTED READING

1. *Tales of Uncle Trivim* by Georgi Orlov.
2. *The Jungle Book* by Rudyard Kipling.

6

A LETTER TO GOD

G.L. Fuentes

Lencho's crop was destroyed by heavy rain. So he turns to God for help. He wrote to God a letter asking Him to send him money. He received a letter from God along with some money . Who actually sent the money? What did Lencho do then ? Read on.

The House – the only one in the entire valley – sat on the crest of a low hill. From this height one could see the river and the field of ripe corn dotted with the flowers that always promised a good harvest.

The only thing the earth needed was a downpour or at least a shower. Throughout the morning Lencho – who knew his fields intimately – had done nothing else but seen the sky toward the northeast.

“Now we’re really going to get some water, woman.”

The woman, who was preparing supper, replied: “Yes, God willing.”

The older boys were working in the field, while the smaller ones were playing near the house, until the woman called to them all : “Come for dinner

It was during the meal that, just as Lencho had predicted, big drops of rain began to fall. In the northeast huge mountains of clouds could be seen approaching. The air was fresh and sweet.

The man went out for no other reason than to have the pleasure of feeling the rain on his body, and when he returned he exclaimed :

“These aren’t raindrops falling from the sky, they are new

coins. The big drops are ten-cent pieces and the little ones are fives...”

With a satisfied expression, he regarded the field of ripe corn with its flowers, draped in a curtain of rain. But suddenly a strong wind began to blow and along with the rain very large hailstones began to fall. These truly did resemble new silver coins. The boys, exposing themselves to the rain, ran out to collect the frozen pearls.

“It is really getting bad now,” exclaimed the man, “I hope it passes quickly.”

It did not pass quickly. For an hour the hail rained on the house, the garden, the hillside, the cornfield, on the whole valley.

The field was white as if covered with salt. Not a leaf remained on the trees. The corn was totally destroyed. The flowers were gone from the plants. Lencho’s soul was filled with sadness. When the storm had passed, he stood in the middle of the field and said to his sons:

“A plague of locusts would have left more than this The hail has left nothing; this year we will have no corn....”

That night was a sorrowful one.

“All our work, for nothing.”

“There’s no one who can help us.”

“We’ll all go hungry this year....”

But in the hearts of all who lived in that solitary house in the middle of the valley, there was a single hope: help from God.

“Don’t be so upset, even though this seems like a total loss. Remember, no one dies of hunger.”

“That’s what they say : no one dies of hunger....”

All through the night, Lencho thought only of his one hope: the help of God, whose eyes, as he had been instructed, see everything, even what is deep in one’s conscience.

Lencho was an ox of a man, working like an animal in the

fields, but still he knew how to write. The following Sunday, at daybreak, he began to write a letter which he himself would carry to town and place in the mail.

It was nothing less than a letter to God.

“God,” he wrote, “if you don’t help me, my family and I will go hungry this year. I need a hundred pesos in order to sow my field again and to live until the crop comes, because the hailstorm....”

He wrote “To God” on the envelope, put the letter inside and still troubled, went to town. At the post office, he placed a stamp on the letter and dropped it into the mailbox.

One of the employees, who was a postman and also helped at the post office, went to his boss laughing heartily and showed him the letter to God. Never in his career as a postman had he known that address. The postmaster – a fat amiable fellow – also broke out laughing, but almost immediately he turned serious and tapping the letter on his desk, commented :

“What faith ! I wish I had the faith of the man who wrote this letter. Starting up a correspondence with God !”

So, in order not to shake the writer’s faith in God, the postmaster came up with an idea : answer the letter. But when he opened it, it was evident that to answer it he needed something more than goodwill, ink and paper. But he stuck to his resolution: he asked for money from his employees, he himself gave part of his salary, and several friends of his were obliged to give something for an act of charity.

It was impossible for him to gather together the hundred pesos, so he was able to send the farmer only a little more than half. He put the money in an envelope addressed to Lencho and with them a letter containing only a single word as a signature : God.

The following Sunday Lencho came a bit earlier than usual to ask if there was a letter for him. It was the postman himself who handed the letter to him while the postmaster, experiencing the contentment of a man who has performed a good deed, looked on

from the doorway of his office.

Lencho showed not the slightest surprise on seeing the money; such was his confidence – but he became angry when he counted the money.... God could not have made a mistake, nor could he have denied Lencho what he had requested.

Immediately, Lencho went up to the window to ask for paper and ink. On the public writing table, he started to write, with much wrinkling of his brow, caused by the effort he had to make to express his ideas. When he finished, he went to the window to buy a stamp which he licked and then affixed to the envelope with a blow of his fist.

The moment that the letter fell into the mailbox the postmaster went to open it. It said :

“God: Of the money that I asked for, only seventy pesos reached me. Send me the rest, since I need it very much. But don’t send it to me through mail, because the post office employees are a bunch of crooks.”- Lencho.

A. GLOSSARY

<i>crest</i>	: top
<i>downpour</i>	: heavy rainfall
<i>predicted</i>	: told before hand
<i>draped</i>	: (here) covered
<i>locusts</i>	: large number of insects that eat up leaves, thus causing damage to trees and crop
<i>solitary</i>	: alone
<i>conscience</i>	: knowledge of our own acts and feelings
<i>pesos</i>	: currency used in Latin American countries
<i>amiable</i>	: friendly, pleasant
<i>tapping</i>	: hitting gently
<i>resolution</i>	: firm decision
<i>obliged</i>	: compelled

wrinkling : shrinking (one's brow)
affixed : stuck
bunch of crooks: a group of cheats

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Where was Lencho's house located ? Did he have any neighbours ?
2. When did it start raining ?
3. What was Lencho's family doing when it started raining ?
4. Why did Lencho go out ? What did he observe ?
5. Why did Lencho's sons run out ? Were they happy ? How do you know ?
6. Why did Lencho become unhappy after the storm ? What did he say ?
7. What did Lencho think throughout the night ?
8. Who did Lencho write to for help ? What did he write in his letter ?
9. How did he address the envelope ? What did he do after that ?
10. Who took the letter to the postmaster ?
11. What did the postmaster do then ? Why did he do so ?
12. When did Lencho receive the letter from 'God' ? Who gave it to him and where ?
13. Was Lencho surprised to receive the money ? Why ?
14. Why was Lencho angry after counting the money ?
15. Did Lencho write back to God ? Why did he do so ?
16. What did Lencho write ?

C. SUGGESTED READING

Half a Rupee Worth by R.K. Narayan.

7

THE LAST LEAF

O. Henry

*Johnsy was very ill. She felt she would not recover from illness.
Who saved her life and how ?*

Sue and Johnsy, two young artists, shared a small flat. The flat was on the third storey of an old house.

Johnsy fell very seriously ill in November. She had pneumonia. She would lie in her bed without moving, just gazing out of the window. Sue, her friend, became very worried. She sent for the doctor. Although he came every day, there was no change in Johnsy's condition.

One day, the doctor took Sue aside and asked her, "Is anything worrying Johnsy ?"

"No," replied Sue. "But why do you ask ?"

The doctor said, "Johnsy, it seems, has made up her mind that she is not going to get well. If she doesn't want to live, medicines will not help her."

Sue tried her best to make Johnsy take an interest in things around her. She talked about clothes and fashions, but Johnsy did not respond. Johnsy continued to lie still on her bed. Sue brought her drawing board into Johnsy's room and started painting. To take Johnsy's mind off her illness, she whistled while working.

Suddenly, Sue heard Johnsy whisper something. She quickly rushed to the bed and heard Johnsy counting backwards. She was looking out of the window and was saying, "Twelve !" After some time, she whispered "eleven", then "ten", then "nine", "eight", "seven". Sue anxiously looked out of the window. She saw an old ivy creeper climbing halfway up the brick wall opposite their window. In the strong wind outside, the creeper was shedding its leaves.

"What is it, dear ?" Sue asked.

“Six,” whispered Johnsy. “They are falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred leaves. There are only five left now.”

“It is autumn,” said Sue, “and the leaves will fall.”

“When the last leaf falls, I will die,” said Johnsy with finality. “I have known this for the last three days.”

“Oh, that’s nonsense,” replied Sue. “What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well ? The doctor is confident that you will get better.”

Johnsy did not say anything. Sue went and brought her a bowl of soup.

“I don’t want any soup,” said Johnsy. “I am not hungry... Now there are only four leaves left. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I will sleep forever.”

Sue sat on Johnsy’s bed, kissed her and said, “You are not going to die. I can’t draw the curtain for I need the light. I want to finish the painting and get some money for us. Please, my dear



friend,” she begged Johnsy, “promise not to look out of the window while I paint.”

“All right,” said Johnsy, “finish your painting soon for I want to see the last leaf fall. I’m tired of waiting. I have to die, so let me go away peacefully like one of those poor, tired leaves.”

“Try to sleep,” said Sue. “I have to paint an old miner. I will call Behrman up to be my model.”

Sue rushed down. Behrman lived on the ground floor.

He was a sixty-year-old painter. His lifelong dream was to paint a masterpiece but that had remained a dream. Sue poured out her worries to Behrman. She told him how Johnsy was convinced that she would die when the last leaf fell.

“Is she stupid ?” asked Behrman. “How can she be so foolish ?”

“She is running a high temperature,” complained Sue. “She refuses to eat or drink and that worries me a lot.”

“I will come with you and see Johnsy”. Behrman said.

They tiptoed into the room. Johnsy was sleeping. Sue drew the curtains together and they went to the next room. She peeped out through the window. There was only one leaf on the creeper. It was raining heavily and an ice-cold wind was blowing. It seemed as though the leaf would fall any minute now. Behrman did not say a word. He went back to his room.

Johnsy woke up next morning. In a feeble voice, she asked Sue to draw the curtains. Sue was nervous. She drew back the curtains very reluctantly.

“Oh !” Sue exclaimed as she looked at the creeper.

“Look, there is still one leaf on the creeper. It looks quite green and healthy. In spite of the storm and the fierce winds, it didn’t fall.”

“I heard the wind last night,” said Johnsy. “I thought it would have fallen. It will surely fall today. Then I’ll die.”

“You won’t die,” said Sue. “You have to live for your friends.

What would happen to me if you die ?”

Johnsy smiled weakly and closed her eyes. After every hour or so she would look out of the window and find the leaf still there.

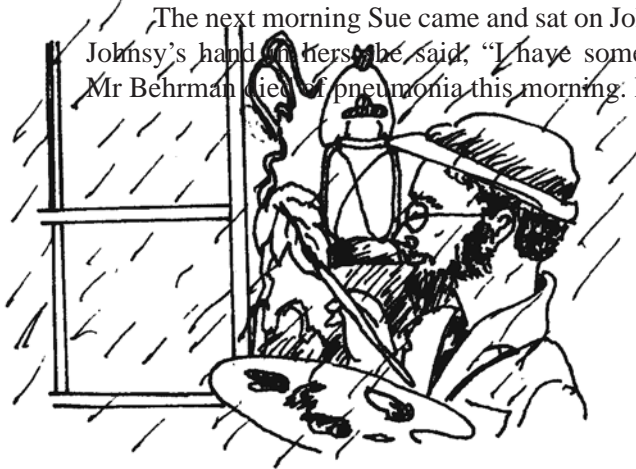
In the evening, there was another storm but the leaf did not fall. Johnsy lay for a long time looking at the leaf. Then she called out to Sue.

“I have been a bad girl. You have looked after me so lovingly and I have not cooperated with you. I have been depressed and gloomy. The last leaf has shown me how wicked I have been. I have realised that it is a sin to want to die.”

Sue hugged Johnsy. Then she gave her lots of hot soup and a mirror. Johnsy combed her hair and smiled brightly.

In the afternoon the doctor came. After examining his patient he told Sue, “Johnsy now has the will to live. I am confident she’ll recover soon. Now I must go downstairs and see Behrman. He is also suffering from pneumonia. But I am afraid, there is no hope for him.”

The next morning Sue came and sat on Johnsy’s bed. Taking Johnsy’s hand in hers, she said, “I have something to tell you. Mr Behrman died of pneumonia this morning. He was ill for only



two days. The first day the janitor found him on his bed, his clothes and shoes were wet and he was shivering. He had been out in that stormy night.”

Then they found a ladder and a lantern still lighted lying near his bed. There were also some brushes and green and yellow paints on the floor near the ladder. “Johnsy dear,” said Sue, “look out of the window. Look at that ivy leaf. Haven’t you wondered why it doesn’t flutter when the wind blows ? That’s Behrman’s masterpiece. He painted it the night the last leaf fell.”

A. GLOSSARY

Ivy : a climbing plant (creeper) with dark green shiny leaves.

made up mind :decided

respond : to say something do some action as an answer

whisper : speak softly in a low voice

anxious : feeling worried

shedding : dropping

convinced : completely sure about something

masterpiece : an excellent piece of art

tiptoed : walked on the front of feet so as not to make any noise

peeped out : looked out

feeble : weak

nervous : afraid, worried

reluctant : unwilling to do something

cooperate : do something as someone wants a person to do

depressed : very sad, without hope

gloomy : very sad

wicked : *morally bad in principle*

- hugged* : put one's arm around someone to show love
janitor : caretaker, one who is paid to look after buildings
flutter : move quickly and lightly
fierce : marked by extreme and violent energy

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Who were Sue and Johnsy ? What happened to Johnsy ?
2. What did Johnsy feel about her illness ?
3. What did Sue do to make her feel happy ?
4. Why did Johnsy look at the Ivy leaves carefully ?
5. Who was Behrman ?
6. Why did Sue call Behrman to her room ?
7. How was Johnsy saved ?
8. What happened to Behrman and why ?
9. What was Behrman's masterpiece ?

C. DISCUSSION

1. Doctor cures but God saves. Discuss.
2. Do you think Behrman was right in sacrificing his life? Why?

D. SUGGESTED READING

The Gift of Magi by O'Henry.

8

The BEWITCHED JACKET

Dino Buzzati

The author got a suit made from an unknown tailor. He found that the jacket of that suit had magical powers. It gave him lots of wealth. Was the author happy with this unexpected wealth ? Let's find out.

One night during a reception at a house in Milan, I met a man about forty years old who looked handsome because of his clothes.

I don't know who he was; I was meeting him for the first time, and at the introduction, as it always happens, it was impossible to get his name. But after some time, I found myself near him, and we started talking. He seemed to be a gentle person, but with an air of sadness. I complimented him for his clothes and I asked him who his tailor was. He smiled curiously, as if he knew I would ask this question. 'Nearly no one knows him,' he said. "Still, he's a great master."

'Can I ?

'Oh, try, try. His name is Corticella, Alfonso Corticella, via Ferrara 17.'

'He will be expensive, I imagine.'

'I believe so, but I swear I don't know. He made me this suit three years ago, and still he hasn't sent me the bill,' he replied.

'Corticella, via Ferrara 17, did you say?' I asked.

'Exactly,' the stranger answered. And he left me to join another group of people.

At via Ferrara 17, I found the house. The tailor himself came to let me in. He was a little old man with his hair dyed black. I explained to him how I got his address, praised his cutting, and

asked him to make me a suit. He selected a grey wool, then he took my measurements, and offered to come to my house for the fitting. I asked him the price. There was no hurry, he answered. 'What a nice man !' I thought at first. But while I was returning home, I realized that the old man had left me feeling uneasy. (Perhaps because of his much too warm smiles.) In short, I had no wish to see him again. But now the suit had been ordered. And after three weeks it was ready.

When they brought it to me. I tried it (the iacket. trouser and



vest) in front of a mirror. It was a masterpiece. Yet, I don't know why, I didn't feel like wearing it. And weeks passed by, before I decided to wear it.

That day I shall never forget. It was a Tuesday in April and it was raining. When I wore the suit, I was pleased because it fitted me well.

As a rule, I don't put anything in the right jacket pocket; in the left one I keep my card. After a few hours, at the office I just put my hand into the right pocket. I noticed there was a piece of paper inside. Was it the tailor's bill ?

No. It was a ten-thousand-lire note. I was astonished. I certainly had not put it there. I looked at the note carefully. Was it a counterfeit note ? I looked at it in the light. I compared it with the other ones. There was no difference. I thought it must be Corticella's. Perhaps a customer had come to make a payment. The tailor did not have his wallet with him just then, so he slipped the money into my jacket, which might be hanging nearby. These things happen.

I rang up my secretary. I wanted to write a letter to Corticella, to return the money that was not mine. Yet (and I can't say why I did it), I slipped my hand into the pocket again.

'Is there anything wrong, sir ? Do you feel ill ?' asked my secretary. I might have turned pale as death. In my pocket, my fingers touched another piece of paper – which had not been there a few minutes before.

'No, no, it's nothing,' I said with a little dizziness. 'It happens to me sometimes. Maybe I'm a little tired. You can go now, dear. I wanted to dictate a letter, but we'll do it later. Only after my secretary left, I took out the piece of paper from my pocket. It was another ten-thousand-lire note. Then I tried the third time. And a third bank note came out.

My heart began to race. It was something mysterious. Just like a fairy tale-difficult to believe. I left the office and went home. I wanted to be alone. Luckily, my maid had already gone. I shut the

doors and lowered the blinds. I began to take out the notes one after another, very quickly. My pocket was never empty. I did it again and again, with a fear that the miracle may end any time. I wanted to continue day and night, until I had billions. But at a certain point the flow diminished.

There was a heap of notes before me. The important thing was to hide them, so no one might get wind of it. I emptied an old trunk full of rugs and put the money, arranged in many piles, at the bottom. Then I slowly began counting. There were 58 million lire.

I woke up the next morning after the maid arrived. She was amazed to see me in bed wearing a suit. I tried to laugh, explaining that I had drunk a little too much the night before. The maid asked me to take off the suit, so that at least she could give it a brushing.

I answered that I had to go out immediately and didn't have time to change. Then hurriedly I went to a store selling ready-to-wear clothes to buy another suit of the same kind; I would leave this one in the maid's care; "mine" I would hide in a safe place.

I didn't know whether I was living in a dream. On the street, I was continually feeling my pocket through my raincoat. Each time I breathed a sigh of relief. I could feel the paper money.

But an incident dampened my joy. There was news of a bank robbery in the morning papers.

A bank's armoured car was carrying money to the main office when it was stopped and cleaned out in Viale Palmanova by four criminals. As people gathered around the scene, one of the criminals began to shoot and a man was killed. But, above all, the amount of the loot struck : it was 58 million lire !

Was there a connection between my sudden wealth and the theft that had happened almost at the same time ? Is it foolish to think so ? What's more, I am not superstitious, but the incident left me a little confused.

The more you get, the more you want. I was already rich.



But I wanted to get richer. And the same evening I set to work again. This time it was 135 million.

That night I could not close my eyes. I was confused. At dawn I leaped from the bed, dressed, and ran outside to get the newspaper.

As I read, I lost my breath. A terrible fire, which had begun in a warehouse, had half destroyed a building on the main street, via San Clora. The fire had destroyed the safes of a large real estate company which had more than 135 million in cash. Two firemen were also killed while putting out the fire.

Now I knew where the money in my pocket came from crimes, blood and death. But I was not willing to blame myself for that. I continued taking out money from my pocket. It was easy. I slipped my hand into the pocket and my fingers always touched bank notes. The money, the divine money !

I soon bought a huge villa (though I chose to live in the old house), bought paintings, drove around in big automobiles, and after leaving my firm for “reasons of health”, travelled through the world with wonderful women.

I knew whenever I drew money from my pocket, something painful happened in the world. But still I continued. And the tailor ? I telephoned him to ask for the bill, but no one answered. In via Ferrara, when I went in search of him, they told me that he had gone abroad, they didn't know where.

One morning, in the building where I lived for many years, they found that a sixty-year-old retired woman had killed herself because she had mislaid her monthly pension of 30 thousand lire, which she had collected a day before. That money was with me now. ‘Enough, enough !’ I thought. I had to get rid of the jacket. I decided to destroy it.

By car, I arrived at a valley in the Alps. I left the car at a grassy clearing and started towards the forest. Not a living soul was there. I went beyond the forest and reached the rocky ground. Here, between two huge boulders, I pulled the bewitched jacket from my knapsack, and set it on fire. In a few minutes, only ashes were left. But as the flames were dying out. I heard a human voice. It was only two or three metre away. “Too late, too late !” it said. Terrified, I turned around. But I saw no one. I jumped from one rock to another to look for the person. Nothing. There were only rocks.

Overcoming the fear. I went to the valley. I was happy that the jacket was not with me any more. I was free at last. And rich, luckily.

But my car was not at the grassy clearing. And after I returned to the city, I saw my villa had disappeared; in its place there was a field with a notice “Municipal Land For Sale”. There was no money left in my saving accounts. And there was dust, nothing but dust, in my old trunk.

I know that it's still not over. I started working again in the

same place with great difficulty. I am sad and worried, but no one takes notice of my state. I know some day my door bell will ring. I'll answer it and find the cursed tailor before me asking for the final settling of my account.

A. GLOSSARY

<i>bewitched</i>	: having magical powers
<i>jacket</i>	: coat
<i>complimented</i>	: praised, said nice words
<i>curious</i>	: eager to know something
<i>reception</i>	: a party to welcome someone, celebrate something
<i>astonished</i>	: very surprised
<i>lire</i>	: Italian unit of money (like rupee)
<i>counterfeit</i>	: not real
<i>realized</i>	: became aware, understood
<i>dizziness</i>	: giddiness
<i>miracle</i>	: something that one does not expect happens
<i>rug</i>	: thick material like a carpet
<i>piles</i>	: a number of things lying one on the top of another
<i>blinds</i>	: window shades, covering
<i>dampen</i>	: make feeling less strong, dull
<i>armoured</i>	: bullet-proof
<i>cleared out</i>	: stole everything
<i>superstition</i>	: faith in magic
<i>divine</i>	: holy
<i>automobiles</i>	: motors, cars, etc.
<i>mislay</i>	: put something somewhere and not found it for some time

<i>clearing</i>	: open place in the forest where there are no trees
<i>boulders</i>	: huge rocks
<i>terrified</i>	: frightened
<i>cursed</i>	: hateful

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Who did the author meet at a party ?
2. Why was the author impressed by the man he met at a party?
3. Where did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' get his suit made ?
4. Why was the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' not keen to wear the suit ?
5. What did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' find in the right pocket of the jacket ? What happened after that ?
6. Why did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' not return the suit to the tailor ?
7. What did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' do after coming home ?
8. Why did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' buy another suit ?
9. What did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' do with the money ?
10. Did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' know that there was a connection between the ill gotten money and the bad happenings ?
11. Why did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' still want more money ?
12. Why did the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' decide to destroy the jacket ? What happened when he was destroying it ?
13. Do you think the author of 'The Bewitched Jacket' was a

happy man after getting rid of the jacket ? Why ?

C. DISCUSSION

1. Ill-gotten money does not make a person happy. Discuss.
2. Mystery stories are not sensible. They should not be taught. Do you agree ? Why ?

D. SUGGESTED READING

Mystery Stories by Helen Cresswell.

9

THE KING WHO LIMPED

MONICA THORNE

There is a new king. He does not like sycophants, so he wants to test his courtiers. How does he do that? Read

**CHARACTERS**

THE KING

THE PRIME MINISTER

CHANCELLOR

A COURTIER

TWO LADIES-IN-WAITING

TWO NEIGHBOURS

TWO HERALDS

A PAGE

A DOG

SCENE: In the Audience Room of the palace, the courtiers are waiting for the king. The Prime Minister, the Chancellor and the Ladies-in-waiting are anxious to meet the new king.

PRIME MINISTER [*who is plump and important-looking*]. Well, I think it is simply stupid having a king none of us has ever seen. Why, he might be a Chinaman or an African for all we know.

FIRST LADY [*who is tall and slim, looking up from the book on her knee*]. Don't be silly.

SECOND LADY [*who is short and fat-very fat-looking up from the hand mirror she has taken out of her bag*]. You shouldn't call the Prime Minister silly. It's not respectful !

FIRST LADY. Why not, if he is silly ?

CHANCELLOR. It doesn't matter how silly he is if he's the Prime Minister.

PRIME MINISTER [*rising and sitting on the throne, pushing the CHANCELLOR off the arm*]. Please, I beg you to stop quarrelling.

CHANCELLOR. You'll get into trouble if you are found sitting on the throne. You'd better get up.

THE COURTIER [*who is a handsome young man, with a kind heart*]. I expect the Prime Minister found the steps hard, didn't you, your Excellency ?

PRIME MINISTER. Very hard, and His Majesty is keeping us waiting a long time. I am anxious – very anxious.

FIRST LADY. What about ?

PRIME MINISTER. About this new king whom none of us know. Why, he may be a tyrant – a perfect tyrant !

SECOND LADY [*putting her hair straight*]. What's a tyrant ?

FIRST LADY. One who makes you eat rice pudding when he knows you hate it.

SECOND LADY. I like rice pudding.

FIRST LADY. You like anything to eat !

CHANCELLOR. Will you stop being rude to one another ?

The King may be here at any moment. What are you staring at out of that window ?

COURTIER [*kneeling on the window-seat*]. There are crowds of people in the street, and it is pouring with rain. They don't seem to mind a bit. Now they are all waving their hands.

[*The sound of a trumpet is heard.*]

Ah ! Here he comes. [*Craning nearer to the window.*]

Well, that's queer !

SECOND LADY. What's queer ?

COURTIER. Never mind, you'll soon see.

SECOND LADY. But I want to know now.

[*The trumpet is heard again, and this time it sounds nearer.*]

FIRST LADY. You'd better get up off that throne, Jim Crow.

PRIME MINISTER. Stop calling me Jim Crow. My name is James Crowther-SIR James Crowther.

CHANCELLOR [*as a third trumpet sounds*]. Here comes His Majesty ! [*Both he and the PRIME MINISTER puff themselves out importantly and stand on either side of the throne.*]

SECOND LADY. I do hope he is handsome. [*She rises and smooths her dress.*]

CHANCELLOR. Of course he is handsome.

PRIME MINISTER. I hope he won't want his own way too much.

CHANCELLOR. Of course he won't want his own way too much.

COURTIER [*rising*]. Why shouldn't he want his——

PRIME MINISTER. Be quiet ! Here he is !

[*Two HERALDS enter, blowing their trumpets. They are followed by the KING who wears a bowler hat and walks with a pronounced limp. Behind him comes a PAGE*

carrying a dog on a cushion. Behind the PAGE walk two NEIGHBOURS each of them holding a lead attached to the dog's collar. As the KING goes up to the throne, the gentlemen bow and the ladies courtesy, but there is a buzz of astonishment at the KING's unusual appearance.]

SECOND LADY [*in a whisper*]. What a funny hat !

PRIME MINISTER [*in a whisper*]. Why, he limps !

KING [*seating himself on the throne*]. Well, here we are at last.

[The HERALDS seat themselves on the steps of the throne with their legs crossed.]

PRIME MINISTER [*looking at the NEIGHBOURS who have stayed near the door with the dog and the PAGE*]. Your Majesty, if I may be so bold as to ask – who are these persons ?

KING. Oh, I caught them in the street, fighting, so I brought them in here to find out what it was all about. They were holding up the traffic. [*To NEIGHBOURS.*] You'd better sit down and wait.

[The NEIGHBOURS sit on the floor with their legs crossed, and the PAGE sits between them holding the dog. Now and again they each try to pet the dog.]

CHANCELLOR. It is very unusual to bring common people into the palace, Your Majesty !

KING. What did you expect me to do ? Let them go on fighting ?

PRIME MINISTER. No, Your Majesty – but–

KING. But – but – but! But me no more buts ! I'm going to “arbitrate” between them.

SECOND LADY. What does “arbitrate” mean ? [*She says this in a loud whisper.*]

FIRST LADY [*who has more sense; in her ordinary voice*]. Decide which is in the right and which is not.

SECOND LADY. Oh ! I see. What a funny hat !

[Everyone stares at the KING's bowler hat.]

KING *[taking off his hat and looking at it, then putting it back on his head again]*. My hat. What's wrong with my hat ? It's a very good hat.

CHANCELLOR. No doubt, Your Majesty. But our previous King wore a crown.

KING. What ! In this blazing sun ? It's a wonder he didn't die of sunstroke.

PRIME MINISTER. Oh, no, Your Majesty, he died of old age.

KING. Well, that's the disease no one can avoid.

CHANCELLOR *[to the HERALD nearest him, handing him his coronet]*. Take this away and bring me a hat.

KING. Well, I suppose we had better get on with business.

What do we do first ?

[The two HERALDS return and hand hats to the CHANCELLOR and the PRIME MINISTER, who put them on. The HERALDS seat themselves as before.]

PRIME MINISTER *[as he puts on his hat]*. We kiss your hand, Your Majesty.

KING. It's a queer idea; but I suppose it is usual.

CHANCELLOR *[putting on his hat]*. Quite, Your Majesty.

PRIME MINISTER. Quite.

SECOND LADY. Quite.

KING. Come along then, and let's get it over.

[The PRIME MINISTER goes up to the throne, and walking with a limp like the KING, goes down on one knee and kisses the KING'S hand.]

What's the matter with you ? Are you lame ?

PRIME MINISTER. I have cramp in my leg, Your Majesty.

[*The CHANCELLOR follows, exactly imitating the PRIME MINISTER.*]

KING. Have you got cramp, too ?

CHANCELLOR [*limping backwards from the throne*]. I have rheumatism, I think, Your Majesty.

[*The SECOND LADY follows, also limping.*]

KING. What ! Another one with rheumatism ?

SECOND LADY. No, a sprained ankle, Your Majesty.

KING. Dear me, how unfortunate. Cramp, rheumatism, and a sprained ankle. Are you sure I've come to the right place ? This is the palace, isn't it, and not a convalescent home ?

[*The FIRST LADY and the COURTIER follow, but they do not limp. While this is going on, the SECOND LADY rubs her ankle and the CHANCELLOR and PRIME MINISTER rub their legs.*]

KING [*to the FIRST LADY as she kneels*]. Have you nothing the matter with you ?

FIRST LADY. No, I'm afraid not, Your Majesty. [*As she returns to her place.*] I've always been very healthy.

KING [*to the COURTIER as he kneels*]. Or with you ?

COURTIER. I trust so, Your Majesty.

KING. Dear me, you seem to be a young man with a mind of your own.

COURTIER. I trust so, Your Majesty.

KING. Now [*pointing to the two NEIGHBOURS*], what would you do with these two quarrelsome people ?

[*The NEIGHBOURS are pulling at the dog, and just at this moment the PAGE gives them each a sharp dig in the ribs*]

with his elbows.]

PRIME MINISTER. If I may suggest, Your Majesty, I should put them both in prison.

KING. What for ?

CHANCELLOR. If I may suggest, Your Majesty, for causing a breach of the peace.

SECOND LADY. What is a breach of the peace?

FIRST LADY. Be quiet. You are one !

KING [*to the* COURTIER]. What would you do ?

COURTIER. I should listen to what they have to say.

KING. A good idea. [*To the* NEIGHBOURS.] Come forward, and let us hear what you have to say for yourselves.

[They drop the dog's leads and come forward and kneel at the foot of the throne.]

PRIME MINISTER and CHANCELLOR [*together*]. If I may suggest.....

KING. Sit down, for goodness' sake, and be quiet for a minute, and stop suggesting. [*To the* NEIGHBOURS *as the* PRIME MINISTER *and* CHANCELLOR *sit on the top step of the throne looking crushed.*] Now, my men, what were you fighting about ?

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. The dog belongs to me, Your Majesty, and he says it is his. [*Pointing his finger at the other man.*]

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. He lies, Your Majesty. The dog is mine. It was given to me by my brother last August.

KING. Go and fetch your brother.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. I am afraid that is impossible, Your Majesty. My brother is dead.

KING. Well, a dead witness is of no use to you, that's certain.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. Do not believe him, Your Majesty. I found the dog starving in the street, and took it home three months ago. It has been with me ever since.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. It is not true, Your Majesty. He would never be kind to a starving animal. He is a hard man.

KING. Well, one of you must be lying. Which is it ?

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. Not I, Your Majesty, I have never told an untruth in my life.

KING. Humph ! You must be a most remarkable man.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. I am a man of few words, Your Majesty, but I still say the dog is mine.

KING. Is there anyone here who knows these two men ?

[All shake their heads and murmur "No".]

Then we can get no evidence. What is to be done now ?

COURTIER. Keep the dog yourself, Your Majesty. Then no one can quarrel about it.

KING. But I don't care for dogs. I like cats better. Besides, I want to find out which is the real owner. Also the dog is certainly not mine. I have no right to it. *[To FIRST LADY.]* What would you do about it ? You, I mean – the lady who did not limp.

FIRST LADY. Oh, I hardly know ! Why not divide the dog in two and give them half each ?

KING. A splendid idea. *[To NEIGHBOURS.]* Do you men agree to that ?

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. If Your Majesty thinks fit.

KING *[to SECOND NEIGHBOUR]*. And you, my man ?

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. No, no ! I do not agree to that !

Let him keep the dog, Your Majesty ! It is a good little dog. I cannot bear to see it harmed ! Let him have the dog.

KING. Humph ! It seems quite clear which is the owner.

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. I am, Your Majesty. May I have my dog and go home now, please, Your Majesty ?

KING *[to FIRST NEIGHBOUR]*. You said you had never told an untruth

in your life. It seems to me you have never done much else.
 [To HERALDS.] Take him off to prison !

[The HERALDS seize him.]

FIRST NEIGHBOUR. But why, Your Majesty ? I have done nothing wrong ! Is it justice, Your Majesty, to put an innocent man in prison ? [He is struggling to free himself from the two HERALDS.]

KING [*severely*]. Be still, you rascal. You will go to prison for two reasons. First, because you caused a breach of the peace by fighting in the street, and second, because you tried to steal this dog which does not belong to you. Away with him !

[The HERALDS lead him off.]

PRIME MINISTER. But Your Majesty, if I may suggest.....

KING. Go on, suggest !

PRIME MINISTER. You are still not certain that this man is not the rightful owner of the dog, and.....

KING [*interrupting impatiently*]. Oh, yes, I am. This other man is the rightful owner of the dog. He is fond of his dog and could not bear to see it harmed. [To the SECOND NEIGHBOUR.] Take your dog home now, and on your way out, call in at the palace kitchen and tell the cook to give you a bone for him – but not a chicken bone. Chicken bones are bad for the little fellow.

SECOND NEIGHBOUR. Thank you, Your Majesty. [He turns to go out, but is stopped by the PRIME MINISTER, who takes him by the shoulders and walks him to the door backwards.]

CHANCELLOR. The late king would have punished both for being a nuisance and had the dog destroyed.

KING. I am not the late king. I am the new king [*meaningly*], as you will soon discover. Have you still got rheumatism ?

CHANCELLOR. Yes, Your Majesty.

[The KING rises, takes off his bowler hat and puts it on the throne, then walks quite naturally up to the CHANCELLOR.]

KING. Have you still got rheumatism ?

CHANCELLOR. No-o-o, Your Majesty. The - er- pain is going off.

KING. Ah ! So the pain is going off. I thought so. Why are you wearing a bowler hat ? It looks ridiculous !

CHANCELLOR. Because it is a sunny day, as you yourself said, Your Majesty. *[He bows deeply, and his bowler hat, which is much too small for him, falls off, and is picked up by the COURTIER, who hangs it on the back of the throne.]*

KING. Rubbish ! You limped because I limped, and you wore a bowler hat because I wore one. It is pouring with rain, but you say it is a sunny day, because I said it was a sunny day. You, my dear Chancellor, are what is politely known as a sycophant.

SECOND LADY. What is a sycophant ?

KING. You are – and the Chancellor is – and the Prime Minister. You, all tried to flatter me, by imitating all the foolish things I did.

PRIME MINISTER. It is usual to agree with the king, Your Majesty.

KING *[striding up to him]*. Usual ! Rubbish ! Because, if a thing is usual, does it mean that it is sensible or right ? If I do stupid things, is that any reason why you should do them ? *[The KING snatches the bowler hat off the PRIME MINISTER'S head, and hands it to the COURTIER, who hangs it on the other side of the throne.]* I put on a limp, and wore a funny hat to find out if there were any honest people in this court. I've found two.

SECOND LADY. We are honoured, Your Majesty.

KING. Oh, I didn't mean you ! You *[to the COURTIER]* are honest. You can become my Prime Minister. Perhaps together we shall be able to settle a few little wars. And you *[to the FIRST LADY]* are honest, too. You are made chief Lady-in-waiting. Perhaps then there will be less gossip in the palace.

SECOND LADY. But I am chief Lady-in-waiting, Your Majesty.

KING. So much standing on your feet must tire you when you have a sprained ankle. You had better go home and rest it well. [*To HERALDS, who have returned, and stand one on either side of the door waiting for orders.*] Take those bowler hats and put them in the town museum. The audience is over. [*The KING walks out, followed by the PAGE and the HERALDS carrying the bowler hats. The others remain staring at one another in amazement as the curtain falls.*]

A. GLOSSARY

Herald	: a person who announces important news
Page	: a young male attendant
Sychophant	: a person who tries to win favour by flattery
<i>limped</i>	: couldn't walk properly because of injury in the leg
Chancellor	: a title of a senior state officer
plump	: a little fat
<i>Excellency</i>	: a title used while talking to / talking about some important official
<i>anxious</i>	: feeling worried, nervous
<i>tyrant</i>	: a cruel ruler
<i>rude</i>	: not showing respect
<i>craning</i>	: stretching one's neck to see something / someone
<i>queer</i>	: strange, unusual
<i>trumpet</i>	: a long brass musical instrument
<i>puff</i>	: Show oneself too full of pride
<i>smoothes</i>	: removes creases from the dress
<i>herald</i>	: a person who announces the arrival of a

king

- pronounced* : very noticeable, clear
courtesy : show respect by doing an action
buzz : low, soft sounds produced while talking
holding up : blocking the movement
expect : hope for
whisper : talk in a very low tone into someone's ear
previous : earlier, former
avoid : stop from happening, prevent
coronet : a small brass musical instrument like a trumpet
get on with : begin
queer : funny, odd, strange
cramp : sudden tightening of a muscle which causes pain
imitating : copying
sprain : injury which makes the part of the body swell; it is painful
convalescent : a kind of hospital where people go to get home well after a serious illness
quarrelsome : one who argues a lot; picks up fights
sharp dig : strong and sudden push
breached : broken
remarkable : unusual
evidence : proof
care for : like
splendid : excellent, great
innocent : not guilty
seize : hold

<i>severely</i>	: harshly, angrily
<i>interrupting</i>	: saying something to stop another person from speaking
<i>flatter</i>	: butter up, say nice words that a person does not deserve in order to gain something
<i>gossip</i>	: talk about other people which is unkind and untrue
<i>audience</i>	: meeting
<i>over</i>	: ended

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Why were the courtiers anxious ?
2. How did the king look like ?
3. Who did the king bring with him ? Why ?
4. Why were the two men fighting ?
5. Why did the Chancellor and the Prime Minister walk with a limp ?
6. Who else did not walk properly ? Why ?
7. How did the king return the dog to the right owner ?
8. Why did the king send the first neighbour to prison ?
9. Why was the king not pleased with the Chancellor and the Prime Minister ?
10. How was the first lady rewarded ?
11. Why were the courtiers amazed at the king's behaviour ?

C. DISCUSSION

1. Do you like the king's way of finding out the honest people in his court ? Why ?
2. Sycophancy is a slow poison for a country's progress. Discuss.

D. SUGGESTED READING

Modern One act Plays for Schools edited by J M Charlton.

10**THE DIAMOND MAKER**

H. G. Wells

The author met a young man who made diamonds. He had a few diamonds which he wanted to sell. Could he do that ? Why ?

I was in Chancery Lane until nine in the evening. After the day's hard work. I was too tired to do anything. I decided to go to the Embankment, and rest my eyes and cool my head by looking at the variegated lights upon the river. And through the arches of Waterloo Bridge one can watch different colours of lights. One can also see the Tower of west minister.

"A warm night," said a voice at my side.

I turned my head, and saw a man who was leaning over the parapet beside me. It was a nice face, not unhandsome, though pinched and pale enough. I looked at him curiously. He looked intelligent.

"Very warm," said I, "but not too warm for us here."

"No," he said, still looking across the water. "It is pleasant enough here....just now."

"It is good," he said after a pause, "to find anything so peaceful as this in London. After one has been going about business all day. I don't know what one would do if there were not peaceful corners." He spoke with long pauses between the sentences. "Sometimes I feel like throwing the whole thing over-name, wealth, and position – and take to some small trade."

He became silent. I looked at him in astonishment. If ever I

saw a man hopelessly hard up, it was the man in front of me. He was ragged, and he was dirty, unshaven and unkempt; he looked as though he had been left in a dustbin for a week. And he was talking to me of the worries of a large business. I almost laughed.

“One can have high position through hard work. No doubt, there are some worries – but it gives you power. And you can also help the poor,” said I.

He stared at me angrily and said, “You won’t understand.”

He looked at me carefully for a moment. “No doubt it is very strange. You will not believe me even when I tell you. I feel it is quite safe to tell you. I really have plans for a business, a very big business. But there are troubles just now. The fact isI make diamonds.”

“I suppose,” said I, “you are out of work just at present ?”

“I am sick of this. People don’t believe me,” he said impatiently, and suddenly he unbuttoned his wretched jacket and pulled out a little canvas bag that was hanging by a cord round his neck. From the bag he took out a brown pebble. “I wonder if you know what this is ?” He handed it to me.

A year or so ago, I studied for a science degree in London so that I could learn Physics and Mineralogy. The thing looked like an uncut diamond of the darker type, though far too big, and so it had the form of an octahedron. I took out my penknife and tried to scratch it – but failed. I leaned forward towards the gas-lamp and tried the thing on my watch-glass. I got a white line across that easily.

I looked at him with rising curiosity. “It certainly is rather like a diamond—if so, it is a very big diamond. Where did you get it ?”

“I tell you I made it. Give it back to me,” he said. He put it back in the bag hastily and buttoned the jacket. “I will sell it to you for a hundred pounds,” he suddenly whispered. With that I got suspicious again. “The thing could just be a lump of some hard substance called Corundum. That also looks somewhat like a

diamond. If it was a diamond, how did he get it, and why should he offer it at a hundred pounds ?”

We looked into one another’s eyes. He looked honest ; at that moment I believed him. It was really a diamond he was trying to sell to me. Yet I am a poor man, a hundred pounds I cannot part with and no sane man would buy a diamond by gas-light from a ragged tramp on his personal warranty only. Still, a diamond made me imagine of many thousands of pounds. Then I thought of a robber. I decided not to think of buying it.

“How did you get it ?” said I.

“I made it,” he replied.

I had heard something of *Moissan*, but I knew his artificial diamonds were very small. I shook my head.

“You seem to know something about artificial diamonds. I will tell you a little about myself, perhaps then you might like to purchase it. ” He turned around with his back to the river, and put his hands in his pockets. He sighed, “I know you will not believe me.”

“Diamonds, ” he began, “are made by throwing carbon out of combination in a suitable flux and under a suitable pressure. The carbon crystallises out, not as black-lead or charcoal-powder but as small diamonds. This much chemists have known for years, but no one has yet found out how to have the right pressure for the best results. Therefore, the diamonds made by chemists are small and dark, and worthless as jewels. Now I, you know, have given up my life to this problem – given up my life to it !

“I began to work on diamond-making when I was seventeen and now I am thirty-two. One has to work hard for years together. It might take all the thoughts and energies of a man for ten years or twenty years. If one succeeds, the hard-work pays.”

He paused and looked for my sympathy. His eyes shone hungrily. “To think,” said he, “that I am on the verge of making millions, and here.....” he sighed.

“I had,” he said, “about a thousand pounds when I was

twenty-one, and this I earned by a little teaching. I thought it would enable me to keep my researches going. A year or two I spent in studying mainly at Berlin and then I continued on my own. The trouble was the secrecy. You see, if once I had let out what I was doing, others might have gained. And it was important that if I really wanted to make a pile, people should not know it was an artificial process. One could make diamonds by the ton. So I had to work alone. At first I had a little laboratory, but money began to run out. I had to conduct my experiments in a wretched unfinished room in Kentish Town, where I slept on the floor among all my apparatus. The money simply flowed away. I tried to keep things going by a little teaching, but I am not a very good teacher, and I have no university degree. I don't have much education except in Chemistry and I found I was spending a lot of my time and energy for very little money. But I got nearer and nearer the thing. Three years ago I solved the problem of the composition of flux, and got the right pressure by putting this flux and a certain carbon composition into a closed-up gun barrel, filling it up with water, sealing it tightly and heating it."

He paused.

"Rather risky," said I.

"Yes. It burst and damaged all my windows and a lot of my apparatus; but I got a kind of diamond powder nevertheless. Then I came across some works of *Daubre*. He exploded dynamite in a tightly – screwed steel cylinder, too strong to burst. I learnt how he crushed rocks into a muck. The kind of muck found in South Africa, which is known for its diamonds. It cost me a lot, but I got a steel cylinder made for this purpose after his pattern. I put in all my stuff and my explosives, built up a fire in my furnace, and went out for a walk."

I could not stop laughing at his casual manner. "Did you not think it would blow up the house ? Were there other people in the place ?"

"Perhaps it was thoughtless. But it was in the interest of

Science,” he said. “There was a coster–monger family on the floor below, and a begging letter–writer in the room behind mine, and two flower women were upstairs. But maybe some of them were out.’

“When I came back, the things were just where I left them, among the white-hot coals. The explosive hadn’t burst the case off. And then I had a problem to face. You know right time is very important in crystallization. If you hurry the process, the crystals are small – it is only by continuous standing that they grow to any size. I made this apparatus cool in two years, letting the temperature go down slowly during that time. And I was now quite without money. I had hardly a penny in the world to keep myself going.”

“I can’t tell you what hardships I faced while I was making the diamonds. I sold newspapers, held horses and opened cab-doors. For many weeks I addressed envelopes. Once for a week I had eaten nothing all day, and a little man taking his girl out, gave me six pence to show off. Thank Heaven ! Although I was very hungry, I went and spent it all on coals, so that fire could burn.”

“At last three weeks ago, I put the fire out. I took my cylinder and unscrewed it while it was still very hot. And I scraped out the lava– like mass and turned it into powder. And I found three big diamonds and five small ones. As I sat on the floor working, my door opened and my neighbour, the begging letter-writer, came in. He was drunk as usual. He called me an Anarchist and a scoundrel. ‘Never you mind,’ said he, and gave me a wink, and hiccupped. He leaned against the door and told me how he had been prying in to my room and how he had gone to the police that morning, and how they had taken down everything he said about me. I suddenly realized I was in trouble. Either I should have to tell the police my little secret, and get the whole thing blown up or be punished for being an Anarchist. So I at once gathered my diamonds and left the house.”

“If I go to a jeweller, he asks me to wait. He goes and whispers to a clerk to fetch a policeman. Then I say I cannot wait. And I found out a man who bought stolen goods. I tried to sell a

story goes. I wonder what had happened to him.

Sometimes I think that I have missed a big opportunity of my life. He may, of course, be dead and his diamonds carelessly thrown aside – one, I repeat, was almost as big as my thumb. At times I feel I should have at least risked a few pounds.

. GLOSSARY

<i>embankment</i>	:	a wall on the river to keep the water back
<i>variegated</i>	:	different coloured
<i>parapet</i>	:	a wall along the edge of a bridge / a roof
<i>pinched</i>	:	thin
<i>leaning</i>	:	resting against something
<i>pause</i>	:	stop doing something for a short period
<i>astonishment</i>	:	a feeling of great surprise
<i>wretched</i>	:	very bad, (here torn)
<i>impatiently</i>	:	irritatingly, angrily
<i>mineralogy</i>	:	study of minerals
<i>crystal</i>	:	a mineral clear and transparent like ice
<i>octahedron</i>	:	a kind of crystal having eight sides
<i>hastily</i>	:	quickly, not trying to wait
<i>ragged</i>	:	old and torn
<i>tramp</i>	:	a person who has no home or a job, a beggar
<i>flux</i>	:	a substance mixed with carbon, mineral. etc. to make a special mixture
<i>crystallizes</i>	:	forms crystals
<i>energies</i>	:	efforts
<i>on the verge of</i>	:	about to, close to
<i>composition</i>	:	different parts
<i>gun- barrel</i>	:	a cask, a brass barrel broad in the middle and flat on both ends
<i>screwed</i>	:	tightened
<i>muck</i>	:	dirt, mud
<i>stuff</i>	:	things

<i>explosive</i>	:	material that can burst and damage things <i>e.g.</i> a bomb
<i>casual</i>	:	not showing much care, not looking worried
<i>costermonger</i>	:	a person who sells fruits and vegetables placing them on a cart
<i>scrapped</i>	:	rubbed
<i>Anarchist</i>	:	a person who does not follow the rules of the government
<i>scoundrel</i>	:	a person who treats others badly
<i>wink</i>	:	to close one eye and then open it quickly
<i>hiccup</i>	:	a sharp sound made in the throat—it can't be controlled easily
<i>prying</i>	:	trying to find out secretly

B. COMPREHENSION

1. Why did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' go to the river ?
2. Who did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' meet there ?
3. Was the man rich ? How do you know ?
4. How did the man get the diamonds ?
5. Why did the author not buy the diamond from him ?
6. Where did the man do his experiments ?
7. Why did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' want to keep his diamond— making a secret ?
8. What did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' learn from Daubre ? What did he do then ?
9. Where did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' get the money to make diamonds ?
10. How many diamonds did he finally get and how ?
11. Why did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' leave his room at once ?
12. Who did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' try to sell the diamonds before he met the author ?
13. Why could the author of 'The Diamond Maker' not sell the diamonds ?
14. How did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' lose one of his diamonds ?

14. How did the author of 'The Diamond Maker' lose one of his diamonds ?
15. What do you think happened to the author of 'The Diamond Maker' in the end ?

C. DISCUSSION

1. Should the author have bought some diamonds from the diamond maker ? Why ?
2. One should not be allowed to do experiments in which explosives are used in places where people live. Discuss.

D. SUGGESTED READING

1. The Complete Short Stories by H G Wells.
2. The Diamond Necklace by Guy de Maupassant.